

## Senior Memories

'67 Seniors know that this year was different. It was the "Year of the **Cougars!**"

To begin with, we left our skis and found ourselves in the bottom of the ocean with Beowolf and Grendel.

### Anglo-Saxon Riddle (On Death)

If you search for me, you are foolish, for  
 I am not to be found until the time I  
 Wish to find you and flay you and keep you my slave  
 In dark and in daylight, in valley and dell.  
 From morning 'til midnight, I hunt for my prey.  
 Men say I am cruel, and lay crunching blows  
 But this is my duty—destiny to seal;  
 And only that moment tells when it happens.  
 (When I tie you and bind you as stiff as a ramrod  
 To drag you on with me, to travel my way.)  
 As for men, though they do not say, they know they owe  
 To me a certain type of selfish debt which  
 Means to me and man a great deal as it should;  
 To any man and me. (Now you will find my name;  
 Who can in my folly, make you travel my way  
 As I wish you to and **when** in my own time.)

Luther S. Hollowell

Friday morning pep rallies broke the monotony and we heard  
 "The Epic of the Cougars."

I sing a song of supermen  
 of men of mighty will,  
 Of Cougar Craig and Kenny, the Quick,  
 And Sloan the "Terribill"

Of Mitch, Randy, Bill and Bruce,  
 And faithful Nurse Calhoun  
 Against these and all the rest,  
 The Lions will perish soon!

Our boys are ready, mean, and tough,  
 And do not courage lack  
 For they are led by a demon-sprite,  
 Jack, our quarterback!

## The Epic of the Cougars (Cont'd.)

Tonight, we face the Brownwood Lions  
 At Shotwell Stadium.  
 We meet those poor defenseless Lions,  
 Who'll surely meet their doom.

The living tide of human bombs  
 Our boys will hold the line  
 And push back the weak and weary Lions,  
 Who just aren't worth a dime!

Everyone will watch us win  
 Tonight beneath the stars;  
 Helmets will pop and heads will spin  
 And the bones will get some jars—

But remember this in the midst of fight  
 When your heart is tired and heavy,  
 Poems are made by fools like I'm  
 But only a Cougar can get a **Lion!**

Kent Churchill

Memories to be remembered. A person we will miss next year, but we won't forget him.

## The Senior Play

Sharon Crawford

Strained faces, tired eyes, jumpy nerves—  
 Two months' tension had mounted.  
 "Happy, sacred, excited. You name it, I am it!"—  
 His good luck touch gave new energy.  
 One had laughed, loved, and shared.  
 Friendships gained; some renewed.  
 A tense moment of a forgotten line—not remembered now.  
 Nothing compared with the first burst of applause;  
 Nothing hurt as its last echo.  
 As the final curtain closed, a small part of each died—  
 A precious part of a sweet time remembered.  
 All these things now begin to fade—  
 The lingering taste is sweetly strange—  
 The memory as fleeting and magical as summer smoke.