

Diana Bagshaw and Jan Van den Haute Bid McCluer Farewell

Can an 18-year-old girl from Australia, educated at an all-girls school of 600, find happiness in a coeducational school of 3800? The answer is yes. Just ask Diana Bagshaw, exchange student from Australia.

This year has gone by so quickly that I find it hardly seems right to be saying "Farewell" so soon. I never imagined that my year in the U.S. was going to be like this and on looking back over the past 10 months, I realize that it has been the greatest experience in my life.

School life here has been so different from school life back home. The atmosphere is so much more vivacious and the curriculum much broader and not as involved. Then there's the difference in size--McCluer is so much larger than my own all girls school of 600.

All this has been an experience for me, but most important of all, I have been able to make friends with the American students. It would be impossible for me to get to know everyone in the school, but I feel that the ones I know have been such good friends and have really made my stay worthwhile. I only hope that during the years, our friendships will continue to grow.

Not only attending the high school, but actually living with an American family has been terrific. My family and I have become very attached and have learned so much from each other. Just living with America people has given me the opportunity to get the right impressions, too. The American people are so friendly and interesting.

It has been a wonderful year and it makes me feel sad to think that it is almost over. I shall never forget my 12 months as an ex-

One's senior year is a time filled with experiences, but few seniors can look back on a year spent in a strange country among foreign speaking people. Jan Van den Haute, foreign exchange student from Belgium, is one of these.

When I left Belgium last August, this year was a big question mark. What would my family be like? How would school life be? Did I know enough English?

Now, almost nine months later, I know that this year has been the greatest I'll ever have. I've learned a lot this year. Not only were school life and studies quite different, but I've also learned to see Americans the way they are; their problems, their beliefs and their ideals. I've seen other viewpoints and I've changed many of mine.

I was amazed by the great amount of responsibility and involvement that is given to the students in the states and at McCluer especially. Club life and sports are much more stressed than in any school in Belgium. I was given a chance to play on the soccer team, to perform in the Talent Show and in the musical "Camelot," and I really enjoyed it. Something that really impressed me is the friendliness and help that everybody at McCluer gave, the teachers as well as the students.

I've made many friends and though I won't remember them all, there are some I'll never forget. I sincerely hope that I'll see many of you back here or in Belgium. For the many things I've learned here, I'm grateful and, in turn, hope that I, too, have given you something of myself and of my country. Thanks to all of you who helped to make this year the greatest ever.

est ever.



McCLUER SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

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May 29, 1968

AT SHERATON JEFFERSON HOTEL —

Spring Prom Ballroom Glitters

An evening in the Gold Room attracted a thousand McCluer students on Friday, May 24, from 8-11:30. The Sheraton-Jefferson Hotel



tel on 12th and Locust, downtown, housed the 1968 Junior-Senior Prom, given by the Juniors. Junior Committee chose to have the prom off-campus to avoid the threat of inclement weather ruining the evening.

This was the first year the Prom was off-campus. Tickets went on sale on Monday, May 6. Only five hundred tickets could be sold due to the limited capacity of the Gold Room; however, there were enough tickets for all. Over three hundred were sold the first day to seniors who were given preference. By May 8, only fifty tickets were left to be sold. They sold for \$4.00 to McCluer students and \$8.00 for off-campus guests. No sophomores were permitted to attend.

The Gold Room in French Pro-

with Miss Marcella Winn, main teacher.

Seniors Await Formalities

As Graduation Nears

The biggest class in McCLURE's history will graduate this year, with 1,084 students. Before the commencement ceremonies Friday night, the Baccalaureate Service will be held Sunday.

Graduation will take place June 7 at Kiel Auditorium. Commencement ceremonies will last from 8:15 to 10:15. This year unlimited guests may be brought; no seats will be reserved.

At the ceremony, the class Valedictorian and Salutatorian, who will be chosen after grades are submitted, will both give speeches.

The senior class gift will be accepted by Dr. Warren N. Brown, superintendent of the Ferguson-Florissant School District. Another gift will be awarded that night to the Valedictorian by Mr. Norman Wolff, President of the Ferguson-Florissant Board of Education.

Mr. Wolff will also award diplomas to the seniors as they graduate. This is the first year that only diplomas will be given; in the past, certificates and diplomas were both awarded to each pupil. Dr. Merlin Ludwig, principal, will also be there to add his congratulations. When each student has been given his diploma he will have his picture taken by a photographer from Earl Webb Studio. These pictures will be offered for sale later.

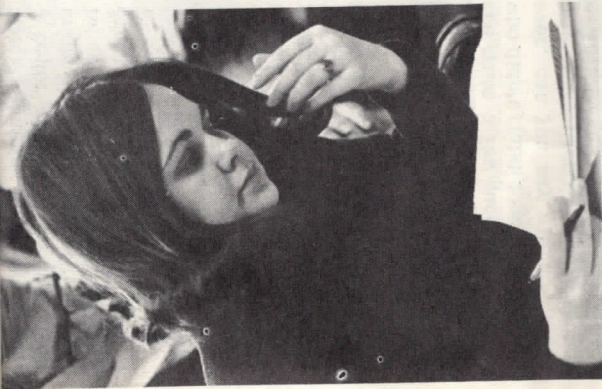
McCLURE's orchestra will play during the ceremony. The Senior Choir will sing "The Impossible Dream."

Buses will run to Kiel from McCLUER for any who need a ride. Tickets will be sold in advance for 50 cents.

The Baccalaureate service will be held in the M-4 auditorium, Sunday, June 2. An annual religious service held for graduating seniors, the invitation also includes their family and friends.

Reverend Adolf P. Friz, pastor of the Salem Evangelical and Reformed United Church of Christ and Reverend Dudley G. Kern, pastor of Parker Road Baptist Church, will be the guest speakers at the 8:15 service. Reverend Friz will deliver the message while Reverend Kern will offer the Invocation and the Benediction. Both speakers are fathers of graduating seniors.

McCLURE's orchestra will play the Processional and the Recessional at the service. The Senior Choir will sing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."



Diana Bagshaw

30 Sophomores Plan '69 Prom

The creators of the 1969 Prom were announced May 7, when 30 members of the future junior class were elected to Junior Committee. Dave Bregenzer was elected by the committee as its chairman, and Sue Haddenhorst was appointed chairman of arrangements.

Members of Committee

Other members of the committee are Sandi Atkins, Bonnie Baker, Judy Bertelsmeyer, Marilyn Brown, Sue Burns, Jill Chalcraft, Margi Collins, Mary Dokmo, Vicki Dozier, Terry Dudley, Liz Foote, Karen Giebe, Marsha Hollocher, Jim Homan, Pat Joyce, Dottie Koclanes, Gayle Kruenegal, Carol LaVielle, Luann Langenbartles, Rose Leon, Ellen Lester, Linda Litzger, John McIntyre, Debbie Teepe, Vicki Travis, Maureen Trushel, Barb Voss, and Nancy Roediger.

tions of candies and tissue flowers. Refreshments of punch and finger sandwiches were on hand. Couples could have their portraits taken in color by Vincent Price studios for \$10.00. The music was provided by Johnny Pulson, well known dance band.

Prom weekend is perhaps the busiest for students. In past years picnics were the Sunday after the Prom. Picnickers would get home late Sunday evening and return to school the next day, exhausted. Picnicking on Saturday this year, and recovering on Sunday remedied this situation. There were a variety of events on Saturday, May 25. Several parks frequented by students either have a lake or river for swimming. The food is usually furnished by the girls and is consumed by boys and girls alike. Ball playing and boating are favorite pastimes during the day.

Jan Van den Haute



All Around McCluer

Key Club is wrapping up its activities this year by hosting a picnic for the handicapped students of Frank Ackerman School.

The picnic will be held May 26 at the Rockwood's Reservation.

The Club has recently elected its officers for the 1968-69 school year. They are: Steve Chilton, president; Nick Giordano, vice-president; Randy Russell, secretary; and Neil Curry, treasurer.

Other officers include: Dennis Brommelhorst, project chairman, Tod Dappert, program chairman, Jim Schwartz, social chairman; Jim Brown, public relations director; Pete Nick New McCluer Advertisement Bulletin Chairman man.

* * * *

Congratulations! To the new 1968-69 GAA officers: Carol Russo, president; Nancy Ozenberger, vice-president; Pat Baier, secretary; Sue Watkins, treasurer; Pat Sweeney, social committee chairman.

Juniors Elect Gift Committee

Juniors took part in an election, May 7 to select 25 members of the 1969 Senior Committee. The main job of Senior Committee is to choose a gift they feel is appropriate to give the school. Randy Russell was elected by the committee as its chairman. In addition to heading the committee, Randy will have to call the names of the 1300 members of the class of '69, as they receive their diplomas.

Other members of the committee include: Alice Aldridge, Robin Arnbruster, Barb Barth, Cindy Bell, Bonnie Bertelsmeyer, Marsha Butler, Debbie Corkhill, Ann Estes, Carol Frey, Jackie Jaspering, Bev Khonle, Barb Lester, Sally Litzsinger, Jan McLaughlin, Leslie Moore, Cindy Northway, Joe Pauley, Al Rubin, Steve Rybacki, Sandy Schaefer, Sue Statler, Becky Squires, Pat Weaver, and Joyce Wittmer.

1968 Finale

May 27-29	Senior Final Exams
May 30	Memorial Day Holiday (No School)
May 31	Athletic Banquet
June 2	Baccalaureate
June 3-6	Final Exam Week (Sophomores and Juniors only)
June 7	School Closes; No attendance
	Commencement at Kiel Auditorium



salutatory greetings last time the red telephone on london's desk was ringing. for this issue's episode of super-president, begin here:

your red telephone is ringing, london, said hubba. you better answer it.

london did so. hello? yeah. really?! yeah. okay. yeah. sure. uh-huh. sure. well, good-bye.

what was that all about? asked deemed risk.

wrong number, replied london.

say, said cluck clippered, di d you hear that nellyson rockefeller is running for president?

sure, said held-up fouled-up. did you hear that balmy kidney won both the indiana and nebraska primaries?

yep, replied hubba. but don't worry. i'll still be

our party's man at the convention in august.

of? course, said london. after all, i'll be behind you all the way, and you know what good that will do you!

that point, muttered hubba, has worried me!

well, said deemed, i don't think we have to worry about eureka. who's eureka? asked cluck.

you mean you don't know who eureka is? asked london.

eureka, said held-up, is some upstart politician who's trying to cause trouble for hubba.

oh, now i remember, said cluck. he's the same one who caused trouble for london, isn't he?

right, replied hubba.

don't worry, said london, he's nothing to worry about.

the voice of experience speaks, muttered hubba.

say, said deemed, i just had a thought!

what? asked cluck. another sneaky political plan?

well, sort of. why don't we all meet out at london's ranch and

have a cook out. then we can decide who's to

be the party's candidate.

hey, protested hubba, i thought we already decided on me.

you might be it, but we have to make it look good.

excellent idea! said london. out to my ranch!

isn't it fiendishly clever of me to keep you hangin' on like this? will they or won't they pick hubba as their candidate at the cook out? find out next year!

fiendish

Letter to the Editor:

A Student's Reaction to Dr.

When Frank Williams, a Negro student at McCLUER, heard of Dr. Martin Luther King's assassination, he put his thoughts into a letter and composed a song to express his feelings. Part of the letter and song were found stuffed inside a school desk, and because they seemed to express a thought worth sharing, were passed on to the SCOOP staff. We asked Frank to reconstruct the letter and song.

Dear students:

To me, Dr. King was a great. He not only helped the Negro, but the white man as well. He wanted both races to live together in peace. As for me, I wish the same. I think that the white and black races should walk together in peace. For that matter all races and all people should work together in peace. Just think how much better the world would be if all people thought as Dr. King did. I believe that some day men will have to work together even to survive.

We must learn to love all people

Coming Attractions

Tired of the same old ordinary backyard variety of summer activities? If so, there are several summer happenings that you may not be aware of, and which might liven up your summer.

At the National Guard Armory a series of dance concerts will be held. Groups such as the Grateful Dead, Moby Grape, Canned Heat, and the Mothers of Invention will be featured. Tickets will be \$2.50 in advance and \$3.00 at the door.

More interested in just listening and watching? Kiel Auditorium and Washington University are sponsoring some events this summer. The big Teenage Fun Fair

King's Death

fought for what he believed in; now he is gone. We, the people of the United States, and of the world, must fight for what Dr. King believed in - and for what we believe in.

About the song--I have forgotten the word and the thing. But anyone can write a song about Dr. King if you have any love for him. I did not pay too much attention to Dr. King until he died. I just wrote this letter to show how I feel now. Frank Williams

Y'all Do Come Back!

Temptations dangle in front of us all of our lives. Right now, many of you are facing a new one; now that you're past 16, why not just forget to come back next year? It would be so easy to do.

With this in mind, we've invented a game called "Which Reason Is Mine?" All you have to do is choose a number that fits you, and read. Oh yes--there's one more thing; before saying, "But I'm different, it won't be like that for me," THINK. Why won't it?

1) School is boring. I'd rather be out on my own than sit in this place and do the same things day after day.

Conjure up an image--Fred. Staring out the window, doodling on his notebook. He is bored, bored, bored. If you'll take a casual glance at his thoughts, you can see they all start with "After I get out of this dump . . ." Fred's thinking about just forgetting the whole thing and getting a job. Look in on Fred again. School finally got so dull he just had to get out. He now has a job. His job is to put little thingamagits into little dilly-woppers. That's what Fred does all day. He puts little thingamagits into little dilly-

she's getting to be a little old-fashioned now. A generation ago, many people picked up their knowledge through experience. But since, life has speeded up and become more complex. There just isn't enough time or leisure to learn as much through experience.

3) I want a job so I can help out my family, and so I can have my own spending money.

Larry wants more money. He figures that at the end of high school, he'll just get a job anyway, so if he starts earlier, he'll be an independent money-earner longer. It stands to reason that the longer you make money the more money you'll make, doesn't it?

Larry still wants more money. Sure, he got a job, and a pretty good-paying one, too. And, he thought, one with opportunities for advancement. But, in actual practice, he soon discovered that at promotion time, the boss cast a more friendly eye on those with high school diplomas. That extra spending money Larry wanted? When he came right down to it, he hadn't gained that much. And when you consider the extra money

"Will the Real Patriot Please Stand Up?"

Tired of those traitors messing up the country with their anti-war marches, right? Tired of those unAmerican jokes about the President, right? Tired of all the fuss over the draft, right? Right!

We can't really blame you. The average American has been brought up to believe that one is to accept, never to question. From childhood we have been told to pledge allegiance not only to the United States but to the people who make its laws as well. We have been taught to believe that "you can't fight Washington," and that our government is set up so the people can change laws they dislike. Considering this, it is not very hard to realize why people get upset when they see peace marchers "ruining" the dignity of our country. The phrase "my country right or wrong" has become so embedded in our minds that we view people who don't support the government as unpatriotic and unAmerican. The average person has been shackled by cliches and worn-out morals for so long that he has forgotten what patriotism really is.

To some, patriotism is Fourth of July oratory and pride in our military strength. This can certainly be a part of patriotism, but a superficial part at best. True patriotism is loving one's country and wanting it to be admirable and sound. This can be achieved only if a country follows policies which are morally "right." But how can a policy be "right" if it conflicts with the interests of humanity or the principles on which our government is based? The individual must decide for himself what is "right." Certainly our government has our best interests at heart, but it can and does make mistakes. When it goes wrong, are we supposed to support the mistake or try to correct it? What good does it do to pretend that our government is infallible? Because we love our country we should try to keep it "right," even if we must demonstrate to do so. That is patriotism.

perform there in July, and a tentative date has been set for an appearance by Simon and Garfunkel.

Washington University is sponsoring a series of music concerts which will run throughout June and July. The Little Symphony will perform. Two special music concerts—one given by the Yale University Music Department, and another by the Washington University String Quartet—will be held on June 12 and 30, respectively. All these programs will be held at the Quadrangle at Washington U.

And, as always, the Municipal Opera will be the high spot for many people this summer. This season the featured show will be "Hello Dolly" with the all-Negro cast. The production, which stars Pearl Bailey, will take a few days off from its Broadway engagement to come here. Other musicals of "My Fair Lady" and "The Sound of Music" to name just a few.

For those interested in courses for the summer, there is always summer school here at McCluer. More exciting, however, is Webster College's offer of a course on the philosophy of love. Also, Washington U. is offering two special courses this summer for students who will be high school seniors: the Senior Art Workshop and the American Freedom Summer Institute.

The Art Workshop covers all facets of art, and costs \$55. The Freedom Institute is for students interested in Social Studies, and those who want to take it should have a recommendation from their school. Students enrolled in this course will live on the campus. For more information on both courses call the Student Activity Building at Washington U.

Of course, if you like the old, ordinary backyard variety of things to do over the summer, have fun—painting the house, mowing the lawn, visiting relatives, watching soap operas, and wishing you were back in school again.

hard, he may get promoted to a job where he puts little dilly-woppers into little thingamagigits.

Why? Because most jobs offered to people without high school educations are not exactly thrilling. Sure, school gets boring. But who wouldn't rather be bored for two more years rather than trapped in boredom and discontent for the rest of his life?

2) I want to be a free and independent person now.

Jim has an independent spirit. He feels trapped in school. He wants to get out on his own. The way Jim figures it, he'll learn all he needs to know through that great teacher, Experience. So who needs school?

Jim still has an independent spirit. But he still feels tied down. Now he's not imprisoned in an 8:30 to 2:45 schoolday, but in an 8 to 6 workday. Also, he keeps trying to catch up, but it always seems that he's just getting farther behind. He doesn't have time to read, or even think about anything—all his time is taken up by his job, which is just manual labor.

Even though Experience is supposedly man's greatest teacher, you'll be sorry.

special training so that he'll have a better chance at promotion, he might even have lost a little. Public education is about the cheapest education available.)

Why? Look at it this way. A high school graduate, on the average, will earn \$50,000 more during his adult years than a person who quits school after eighth grade. Four years of high school equals about 720 days. That means that each of those days is worth about \$70 to you.

But it would be naive to say that it is impossible to get a good job without a good education. There are quite a few successful people who didn't finish high school. However, can you say with a straight face, "I'm dropping out of school so that I can be a success?" The fact that people can be successful without a high school education is not a reason for dropping out, it's only an excuse and not even a good one; for every successful dropout, there are innumerable unsuccessful dropouts.

So--don't make it rough on yourself. It's you that will make you or break you. Don't kick the door shut in your own face. And don't lock yourself out of the good life. Or you'll be sorry.

Scoop

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Last Will and Testament

Being of sound mind and body, I, Leslie Jones, bequeath to Bill Ryall my chemistry notes.

I, Mike C. Hagene, being of sound body and questionable mind leave: 1) my parking stop to Joyce Wittmer; she'll have to furnish her own car; 2) my blue jeans to Joyce Barkhurst; 3) my handkerchief to Lexi Land; 4) my "Comet" jacket to Mr. Tshannen (or I flunk).

To the Senior Class of next year, I, Ted Nolde, hereby formally submit in my Testament one and a half boxes of leftover '68 student calendars. (They are the first calendars to become a legend in their own time!)

I, John Calvin Kluge, do will the McCluer High School Key Club to forthcoming senior Stephen Chilton, praying that he will always lead with service in mind. Also, I do will all my long winded poetry to my sister, Charlene Kluge, that she also may become a recognized "fanatic."

I, James Ford, hereby will one book, titled: How To Cut Classes and Seldom Get Caught, to any 69er.

Being of sound mind I, Art Smith hereby bequeath to the whole junior, sophomore, and freshman class the whole school.

I, Steve W., being of sound mind and body bequeath my Australian hippopotamus and saddle plus my membership in the Australian hippo riding club to my dearest friend, Milt C.

I, Linda Wick, do hereby will all of my past memories of Wal-ly's beloved math class.

I, Bev Unwer, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath to all the dirty twerwriter covers in

I, Ron Stevens, will the 643 holes and ruts in the M-2 parking lot to all who get parking permits next year.

I, Jim Richards, will my orange shoestrings to Mrs. Roman.

I, Keith S. Eckberg II, do hereby will my old red coat to any person who can afford to clean it.

I, Dee Williams, leave to my sister, Cher Williams, all of my old typing passes.

I, Karen Shanks, hereby give as my last will and testament one "acid" painting and a bottle of moldy turpentine to Frank Arico.

Even though I am not of sound mind and body, as we all know, I, Laughing Boy, will all my laughs at McCluer to the Scoop room and to Mr. Severson, where I know they will be greatly appreciated and respected.

I, Sue Greenquist, leave to Mr. Frede a vacuum cleaner for his podium, and, to Joyce Barkhurst, one of my trusty, toasty, anti-draft T-shirts.

We, the Mob, leave to Mr. Frede a baton with a wrist strap, and several trumpet lessons.

Our eighth hour English class, most of us being of sound minds, will all of the class notes we can find in our lockers to whoever needs them.

I, Debbie Smith, being of sound mind, finally, will my tremendous understanding of the human race and a bottle of Excedrin for the headache we've given him, to Mr. Morris. To the following Pep Club members I will: a warm, sunny day to decorate cars to the Homecoming Chairman; free passes to the games to Executive Committee, and to Sally Litzinger a can of Ban spray to spray at offensive football players.

I, Mary Mazzoli, hereby will

I, Gary Villani, leave Karen Delisle my fond feeling in appreciation of the good times we had together.

I, Barry Rinderknecht, will my batting and fielding average to all sophomore and junior athletes. I'll throw in my strike-outs, too. You can have them.

Being of sound mind, body, etc., I, F.C., will Janet Campbell my guidance counselor. May she wear her down in good health.

I, #352650, a senior being of reasonably sound mind hereby proclaim that I wish to leave: 1) A bronzed IMC pass forged by candidates for office during a mad quest for electioneering knowledge used by Richard Nixon; 2) A medicine bag, incense, and a magic feather once used by the school nurse to cure snake bites; 4) A lock of hair plucked gently from the head of Mr. Maddox as a memory of his great resemblance to Lou Costello of Abbott and Costello. And last, I would like to leave (with a diploma.)

I, John Clay, would like to leave Pat to John Finn.

To Dr. Ludwig I, Neil McCall leave my hair and beard; to Mr. Bouslough I leave a can of Coke from second hour Student Commons.

I, Debbie Gale, leave to Marty Ackmann my tact, my patience, my general good nature, and the coveted Butterfly Award, handed down from generation to generation.

I, Mike Burton, leave one beat-up motorcycle to the M-3 guidance office.

Dear Seniors

Dear Seniors:

Graduation is a glad time and a sad time. It is a glad time because the faculty shares the joy you feel in your achievements. We are glad also when we realize that we have had the chance to touch your lives, even though none of us will ever really know the degree of influence we have had on each of you.

This is a sad time because we realize that we will never see many of you another time--a realization that hurts us more than you can comprehend in these days of excitement. You have touched our lives, too, and it becomes a difficult experience to bid you farewell.

As you leave McCluer, I have a personal wish for you in the difficult and golden days ahead. I wish that each of you will become a compassionate person. As Bertrand Russell said, "The root of the matter, if we want a stable world, is a simple and old-fashioned thing, a thing so simple that I am almost ashamed to mention it for fear of the derisive smile with which the wise cynics will greet my words. The thing I mean is love, Christian love, or compassion."

We desperately need a stable world, and there is great hope in my heart for your generation because you are capable of compassion. You are sensitive to others. This is a quality that you must cultivate. If you can blend sensitivity with a young heart and temper your actions with responsibility, you can achieve my wish. To become a compassionate person is not easy. It requires, first of all, that you develop a purpose for your life. Once you establish a purpose for your life, you will appreciate others. However, too many people do not know why they exist. You must find out why you are here if you want to be a person capable of loving your fellow-man.

Perhaps the following poem will have meaning for you as it has for me in determining the purpose of our existence:

For some folks, the big thing is money,
For some folks, the big thing is fame,
And for some would be pretty and witty
For some, life's sort of a game.

For some, there is no great objective,
For some, life's whole goal is to rate,
But some are a lot more selective,
They plan--have a voice--in their fate.

For these are the people with purpose,
And these are the ones whose lives count,
To them, tasks make up life's surface,
And obstacles--things to surmount.

Goodbye. I will miss you very much!

Sincerely,

Merlin A. Ludwig
Principal

Class of '68 Returns

Giant,

gel I leave a lifetime permit to enter into the deep, dark depths of that place otherwise known as 'Dev's Basement.'

I, Kathy Gorr, being of sound mind, do bequeath all the paint mess, and good times to next year's Pep Club Publicity Committee.

I, Bob Lowe, would like to leave my patience with Mrs. McKeen, formerly Miss Raidt, who without a doubt had a fine year in our home room. She loved it!!

I, Nancy Sigoloff, would like to will my "smile" sign to Madelyn Brown to use when needed; especially for next year's Student Council Election.

I, Joan Walker, will the choir with all of its clutter to all my sophomore and junior friends who will have to live with it next year.

I, J.R., leave to the girls' P. E. class of '69 my moldy gym socks.

I, Al Fischer, leave to Wayne Cooley my vaulting pole in hopes that he will jump eight feet next year, and my dirty towels to wash his car with.

I leave to the librarians all the books I stole from the library. (Anonymous, for obvious reasons.)

I, Pat Burns, will my neat, clean gym shirt, #23022 to John Reale.

I, Jan Butcher, will the toys in my attic to Nancy Day.

"in" number 1999--the reune-in. The purpose was to share spiritual inspiration by comparing accomplishments of the past ten years since graduating from McCLUER.

Baskets of flowers were awarded to those with the best accomplishments in certain areas. In the category of biggest accomplishment, a four-way tie resulted. Larry Busch, John Kiehl, Jim Milson, and Ted Nolde each had gained more than 175 pounds. This was a result of playing an average of five band jobs a night, all paid for with a free dinner, every night for ten years straight. They intend to retire soon and live off the fat of the land.

The most unusual accomplishment was achieved by Jan Van den Haute. He was recently the first doctor to perform a tonsillectomy while standing on his hands. He is currently touring the western hemisphere giving lectures on his technique.

Jim Marco performed the record-breaking accomplishment of laughing continuously for 128 hours. Running a close second was Nancy Evans. As house mother for the Kappa Psi fraternity at Rolla, she has chaperoned 130-raided parties. She is trying to beat the world record of 142.

A basket of flowers for the earliest accomplishment went to Carolyn Krieger. Only three weeks after graduation Carolyn was chief story teller at Mother Goose Nursery School, a position which has been unchallenged.

Debbie Gale, Chris Huber, and Rich Spillenkothen all received rose buds for future accomplishments. Chris and Debbie intend to run for president and vice president, respectively, on the same ticket. Rich intends to oppose them in the 1978 elections.

To achieve her artistic accomplishment, Nancy Bane used the typewriter. Her typewritten picture of Abraham Lincoln shows promise of even greater achievement, as soon as she learns to type a curved line. Several peo-

portrait will serve as an inspiration to Kathy Gorr, who hasn't been able to think of anything to paint since she left senior advisory.

In the theatrical field of achievement, Greg Kurtz was the greatest inspiration, especially to the fellows. His back stage advances have brought him more acclaim than his acting.

Close behind Greg were Bill Mueller and John Hertenstein. They replaced the Smothers Brothers, Rowan and Martin, and Huntley and Brinkley.

Russ Husted succeeded in the most infamous accomplishment. He reached a speed of 145 mph on Sinks Road before meeting Tom Lima (doing merely 120 mph) coming from the other direction on a curve. Fortunately they were both thrown clear of their tricycles and escaped with only a few bruises.

A basket of flowers went to Cheryl Tuckett simply for arriving before the reune-in was over.

"My Passionate Dreams" earned the basket for literary accomplishment for Nancy Driscoll. The book was based on tape recordings of her talking in her sleep. Another tie occurred in the athletic achievement category. Jackie Huber proved a great inspiration by going over a series of three

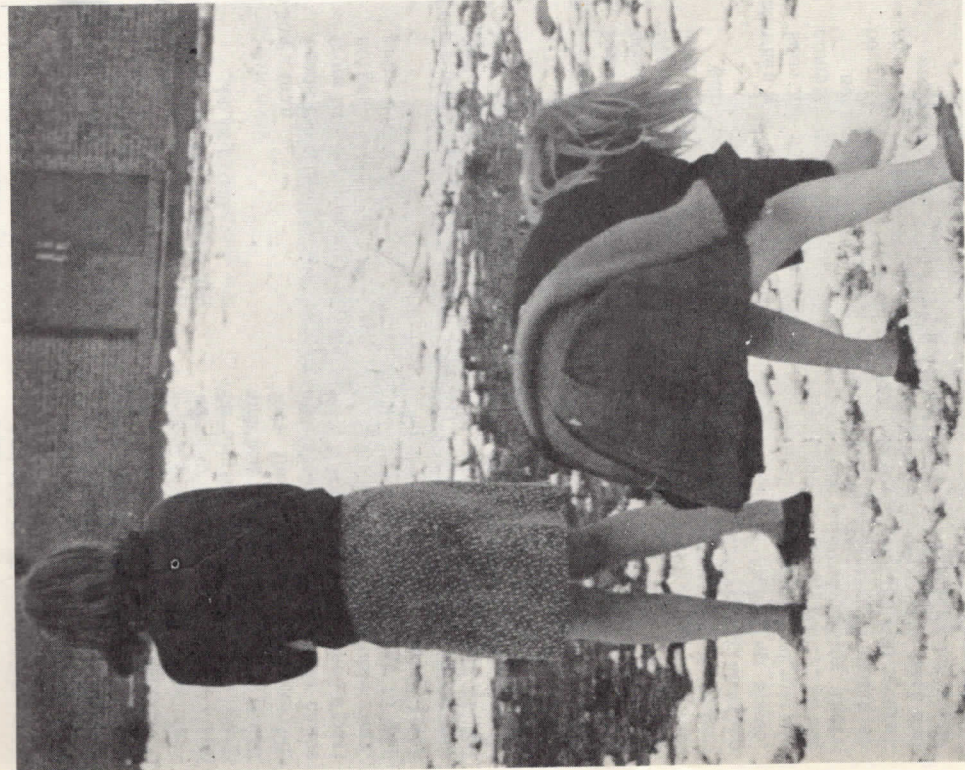
ing, in only one minute and 59 seconds. Equally inspiring baseball star, Barry Rinderknecht, had accumulated a batting average of .200.

Possibly the greatest military achievement of all times was gained by Larry Kurtz. After graduating from West Point, he became technical advisor for 25 war movies. He is hoping the next one breaks even at the box office.

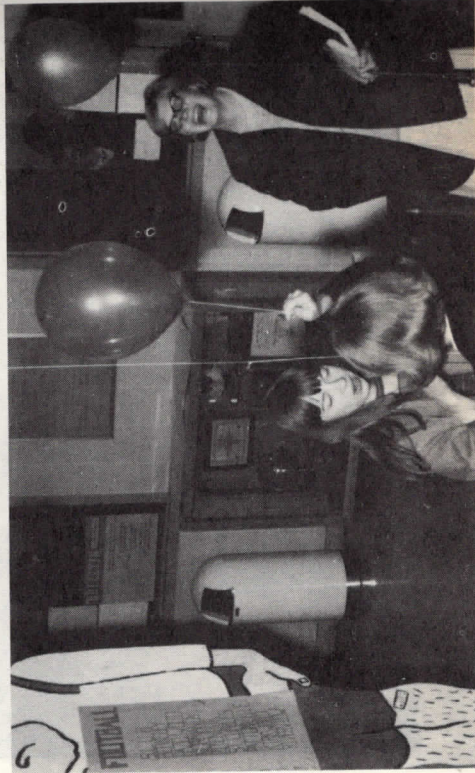
There were many more inspiring accomplishments than there were baskets of flowers. Brenda Hackworth ended her life of crime by returning several hundred rolls of toilet paper to the Normandy Bowling Alley.

In an inspiring show of strength Pam Mestamacher beat every male challenger in Indian wrestling. Also stepping into the male-dominated world, Sue Greenquist became editor-in-chief of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. However, she recently resigned this position after a discussion with its publishers concerning policy.

To conclude the reune-in, a plane dropped 1100 carnations on the graduates. They symbolized everyone's greatest accomplishment, that of successfully graduating from McCLUER.

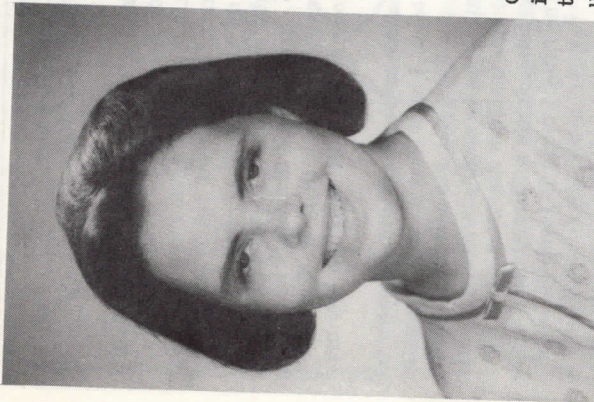


There was no end to snowballing this year.



Up, up and away SCOOOP

May 29, 1968



Joan Walker

Plans for Summer And School Year, Here and Abroad.

Joan Walker, senior, will be attending school in Europe next year as part of the International Youth Exchange. Sponsored by the Ferguson Presbyterian Church, Joan will be living with a family in one of the French-speaking countries in Europe. Joan had to go through a long screening process which included writing essays and an autobiography, and being interviewed several times before being selected as an exchange student.

Similarly, Ayome Owaku from Japan will be attending McCLUER and will be living with sophomore Debbie Gidden's family. This is the first year that the Ferguson Presbyterian Church will try such a double exchange. Two years ago they sponsored a boy from Ethiopia.

'Remember Me Always'

by Debbie Gale

One thousand ninety-nine McCLUER students will be ejected into the cold cruel world on June 7. Some will be anxious to try their luck in the working world. Others will be eagerly yet timidly entering the college world. Still others will be "escaping" into the marriage world. And all will be given a piece of paper called a diploma. This paper will be earned by a few, barely won by others, and not deserved by many.

Seniors' Choices Are Nationwide

Approximately 60% of McCLUER's graduating class enrolls in a college on a full time or part time basis the year following graduation. This means that around 600 students in the class of '68 will be attending some college or university in the fall.

More statistics released by the guidance office (from a follow-up report of last year's graduating class) reveal that 90% of those going on to college attend schools here in Missouri. Only 60 students ventured off to out-of-state schools.

Perhaps the reason for this is that the nearness of the Missouri schools allows high school sophomores and juniors the opportunity to visit the campuses. This certainly makes it easier for a student to decide if a certain school is exactly what he is looking for. Students interested in an out-of-state school often have only the catalogue to consult. It is with this in mind that SCOOP has listed the following seniors who will be attending schools outside of Missouri. Underclassmen with an interest in one of the schools may want to contact one of these people for information on the school.

Here's our list: Air Force Academy: John Busch; Antioch College: Jeff Andrews; Baylor University: Becky Lewis; Carleton: Gary Behle; Cornell (Iowa): Nancy Driscoll.

I will be one of the 1,099.

We will be sitting in alphabetical order waiting for our brief second of glory when our name is called. But instead of glory we will probably have a painful sensation in our stomachs that is fear. What if we trip or drop the diploma in front of the parents and friends who at that moment will seem like enemies?

And then it will be all over. Our relatives will swarm about commenting and congratulating. But then we look around, we will realize that we will never again see our friends in exactly the same way as we see them now.

Of course, most of us will go to the Alumni Reception next year and flash our rings, our knowledge, and our sophistication, but it will not be the same.

No matter how we hated or loved the school, we were a part of McCLUER. No matter how happy or unhappy we were to graduate we shared the good and the bad about our school.

Many memories were shared though not remembered in the same light. We shared the weekly reminder of how great McCLUER is, the loud rude assemblies, and the tragic airplane crash. But we also shared friends and opportunity.

McCLUER has nothing to do with



Well you see, doc, it was like this . . .

Science Club Adrift For Second Time

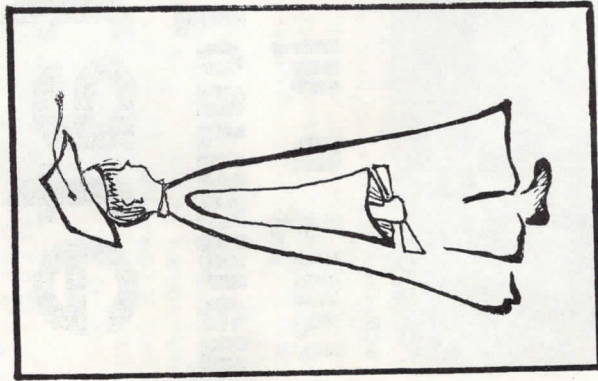
By Chuck Vogel

Here we were--floating down a series of rapids at 40 mph in a sinking canoe. Gloriosky, it was a nightmare! What was I doing here? What would anybody be doing here?

To answer those questions, I will have to go back to the evening of April 19. It was at this time that the danger-loving McCLUER Science Club set off on another thrill-packed Float Trip, and, fortunately or unfortunately, I was going along. Shaking my head sadly, I commented that it was going to be a long weekend. That was the understatement of the century.

out of St. Louis headed towards Fredericktown, the first blow struck. The sky opened and torrents of rain fell upon our helpless little caravan of five cars, ten canoes and twenty-five people. For the drivers, the trip was especially bad. Visibility was poor and driving conditions worse. It's a wonder we made it.

But make it we did--to the St. Francis River, where we found that the bridge across the river had been washed out because of high water. The rain was increas-



Reflections of Yesterday

by Karen Fischer

Dear Diary,

Sept. 5--Today was the first day of school. Some seniors made me sit on the floor of the bus because I was a sophomore. Then I managed to make a fool out of myself in front of some other seniors by tripping over my own feet. Don't think I can take much more from them.

Oct. 2 -- Accidently found my advisory. Now I miss that extra lunch shift. Went to my first football game against Hazelwood and was rejected by my friends after talking to "the enemy." Finally learned fight song.

Nov. 21 -- Fell asleep in history and got an "F" for the day when my snoring disturbed the class. Met a really great-looking guy today. Too bad though; he's going

Deep In the Wilds of Colombia

by Vicki Snodgrass

"The pen of my mother is in the refrigerator." Why don't you try to learn the Colombian for that? Real useful knowledge, isn't it?

It may be, especially for Judy Woody, Joe Waltz, Tom Elliott, Diane Goerner, Judith Lesser, Brian Phillips, and Kenneth Wichmann. These young people, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Phil Klasskin, (young people themselves), are now preparing for over a three-week stay in Colombia, South America. Maybe they won't ever have to say "The pen of my mother is in the refrigerator," but they will certainly have to be able to manage other Colombian phrases. At the same time that these seven are struggling with Colombian (a corruption of Spanish) five young people from Colombia are struggling with the English for "Que hora es?"

How come? Well, the purpose of this trip to South America, sponsored by the YMCA, is to develop outdoor YMCA camps for the youngsters in South America. The five South Americans will come to the U.S. to a YMCA camp called Camp Lakewood here in St. Louis. They will observe how to supervise outdoor residential camps. And the nine Americans going to Colombia will attempt to teach Colombian counselors there this same skill.

The location for all this activity will be Camp Bochica, which is 30 miles from the major city of Bogotá, Colombia, and about 5,000 feet up in the air. The camp used to be a work camp for a construction company. Now, it is very evil-

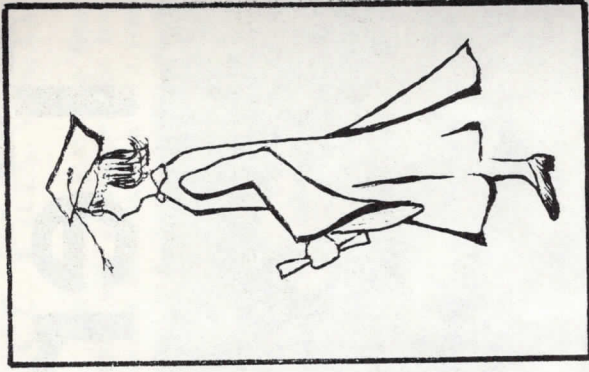
dently a play-camp. It has--on a 12-acre hillside--17 buildings, a small swimming pool, a large dining hall, and one level recreation area.

However, everything isn't quite as civilized as it sounds. Right now, an epidemic of yellow fever is ravaging the area. And the region is, after all, a mountain jungle. Also, since there aren't too many washing machines and dryers around, the wash will have to be done in the river, and hung out to dry in the sun. Other unpleasant elements of the journey, or at least preparation for the journey, are the five shots you are required to take to get a passport. The tetanus and smallpox shots aren't bad; it's those three typhoid shots that get you!

The favorable aspects, believe it or not, do far outweigh the slightly terrorizing ones. For example, the nine YMCA volunteers are all invited to spend a night at the home of the American ambassador to Colombia. Also, after they set up camp, they will tour South America for four days. At this time, they will be able to swim in the Caribbean and visit any Colombian natural wonders they wish to see. Most important, they will be able to gain a knowledge of people--black, red, yellow or white--to break down their preconceived notions about their neighbors to the South. After all, a primary objective of this exchange trip is "to develop greater

understanding of cultural differences and similarities" among nations. But before play comes the work. Colombian children who are coming to the camp will be from six to fourteen years of age. There will be three one-week sessions of camp, and three different groups of children will live at the camp each session. The YMCA camp counselors will instruct the children in swimming, tumbling, and any other skills and games which were previously taught only to the wealthy at private camps.

And what will our travelers bring back with them? We think what they leave behind them is more important. In Colombia, as in many South American countries, there is the belief that all Americans are rich, selfish and stand-offish. This is the view they get from Americans who live in little "clique" American communities, who send their children to American schools, who avoid any other contact with the people of the country. But actual contact--such as that which the American camp workers will have with the little children and teenagers who come to be trained in counseling--will help dispel warped conceptions on both sides. So, while these seven young people are having a great time, they will be serving as our ambassadors of good will to Colombia.



Who Do You Think You Are?

by Liz Vosevich

"There are 1210 sophomores, 1250 postophomores, seniors, and 1040 seniors attending McCluer High School."

"Hey, wait a minute; what happened to the juniors?!"

"Juniors !?!!?"

"Yeah, you know, the class between the sophomore and senior year."

"Oh, you mean the postophomores?"

"Post-what? I said, whatever happened to the juniors?"

"My dear fellow, they've been extinct for . . . let me see now . . . oh, a very lo-oo-ng time. But don't be discouraged. The change was for the better. You see by eliminating 'juniors' we've made room for a class greater than . . . well, greater than sophomores and seniors. Now we have a group with traits of both."

"What do you mean by that?"



Early Moment

sticks for the first time at a Christmas. Gained four pounds from the rooftops. Back to the ol' exercise and diet, I'm afraid.

Jan. 1 -- Woke up with a terrific headache and can't imagine why. Wish this pencil wouldn't write so loud.

Feb. 18 -- Cut up sports page with articles about wrestling Comets taking State. Had to buy Dad a new newspaper.

March 8 -- Got my driver's license! . . . and then almost had three accidents. Talk about luck, I lied about my age to get into the show cheaper and missed meeting a letterman because he thought I was too young. Honesty is the best policy.

April 28 -- Went to a love-in at Forest Park. Decided to be a hippie this summer, parents permitting. Now if I can only stand the long hair.

May 24 -- Read over diary and decided that I did some pretty stupid things this year. Thank heavens there's always September.

Jan. 1 -- Woke up with a terrific headache and can't imagine why. Wish this pencil wouldn't write so loud.

April 5, 1968

Today we sit here
Cast in our skepticism.
A man died yesterday.

Why do we laugh at him?
Scorn at him?

Why must we

Be this way?

Can't we see

He died for them?

This I say--

Let us open our hearts.

His cause was just,

His cause was peace.

His cause

We should not crease.

Rich Montagne

Bill Mueller, senior, appears a King Arthur righting wrongs in a scene from "Camelot".

Let's Wrap It All Up

Books. History books, English books, chemistry books. Notebooks. Assignment books, Library books and friends' books all contribute to locker build-up.

Papers stuffed between the pages. Crammed into shelf corners. Accumulated stacks on metallic floors.

Umbrellas hidden but for their cane handles, beneath colorful piles of cellophane, candy bar wrappers, and aluminum foil. Coats hanging limply to their lifeline hooks; scarves and unmatched gloves draped from the pockets.

Sweaters tossed carelessly over them--just for today, of course. That's almost two thousand lockers to be cleaned.

Lines. Snack bar lines, cafeteria lines, "pick up your senior rings here" lines. Yearbook lines--final chance lines. "Register for summer school now" lines.

Impatient and never-ending lines. "What do you mean out of ice cream? It's 90 degrees out there! All winter you complained you couldn't sell enough . . ."

"But I ordered a blue stone and this is smoked pearl. Look--even the initials are wrong . . ."

"\$6.50? You must be kidding. See? I'm laughing . . ."

"I don't even want to go to summer school. What am I doing here registering?"

Finals. English finals, Latin finals, driver's education finals. Long finals, hard finals, "I couldn't care less" finals, and "Wish I

had studied" finals. Finals over facts you never heard of and never want to hear of again.

Expressions -- worried, anxious, fearful, relieved. "Will he pass me? And can I get that last half credit? He can't stop me from graduating . . ." "Just one more week . . ." "But college? Already?" "I made it, I really made it . . ."

Lockers slammed. Books returned. Papers burned. Coats back home. Trash cans full. Lines disappeared. Finals graded. Expressions vacant.

Empty halls.

Power

I hear of

black power
white power

capitalist power
communist power

why not

peace power?

May 29, 1968

SCOOP

Page 5

Jackie Moxley



Jane Mansfield as Guinevere sings of her love in "Camelot".

Tennis Takes State



Larry Schnelle practices the low hurdles.

Cindermen Win North County District Meet

by Bill Cole

Jim Schmuck led McCLUER to its second North County District Championship this year anchoring the two-mile and mile relays and winning the 880-yard relay. McCLUER qualified nine individuals and four relay teams. The Comets piled up 56-1/2 points and Riverview came in second with 27.

As the trackmen have not lost a single dual meet this year, it was only natural that Hazelwood should go under, too. McCLUER won with 72 to Hazelwood's 60.

The two-mile relay won once more with a time of 8:30.7. The two-mile relay was a new event this year and McCLUER is doing well in it. Total McCLUER points were 114 to Riverview's 77.

McCluer Captures State Tournament As Tennis Comets Win in a Fluri

by Larry Brandon

Long empty rows of lockers and benches. A death-like silence hanging in the air. On a blackboard in huge letters the words "We're No. 1", mute testimony to the tennis team's State victory.

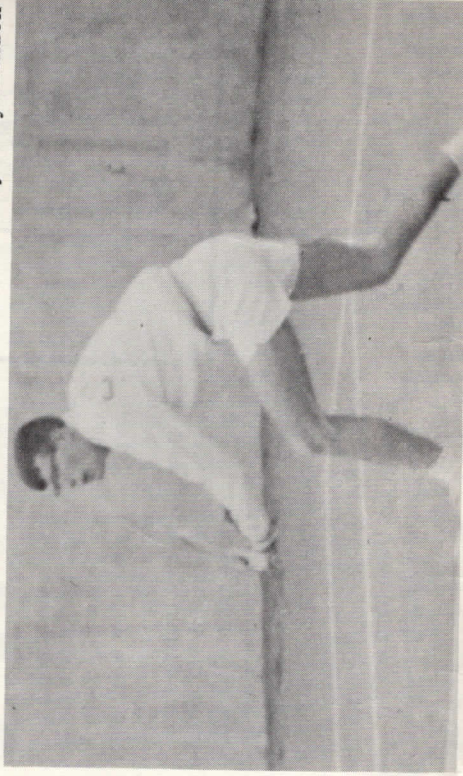
But State isn't just writing "We're No. 1" on a blackboard. It's days, weeks, months, and even years of practice. Practicing on a serve, completing a follow through, or delivering a smashing backhand.

State is also matches. Countless matches with schools; all of them ready, willing, and sometimes able, to hand you a defeat. Matches that determine whether you will compete for State or read about it in the newspaper. Matches that bring personal glory or a new team standing. Matches that leave a bitter taste in your mouth or the smell of success.

"One at a time" the coach had said, and one at a time their opponents fell.

Congratulations to the 64 girls chosen for the 1968-69 Pom Pom Corps. Sixteen of the girls will be seniors, twenty-three will be juniors, and twenty-two will be sophomores.

Bev Kohnle is president; Nancy Lane is head instructor; Leslie Moore is secretary treasurer.



Gene Fluri returns a ball in a singles match at McCluer.

On May 3, the team traveled to Country Day, and 142 high schools wished they hadn't as the Comets walked off with the District Championship. On May 16, the Comets took the Conference Tennis Championship with a 5-0 win over Pattonville. Then on May 20, McCLUER's boys were pitted against Granite City -- a team undefeated for the past two seasons with a record of 34 straight wins. Even this giant fell as McCLUER handed down a 3-2 defeat. The record stands -- 19 straight wins for McCLUER, 1968 State Tennis Championships.

It was like this all season.

Baseball Comets

The Sports Scene

did take fourteenth out of 150 Missouri teams.

Scoring over twice as many points as their opponents, McCLUER stopped Normandy this year. It was an 89-43 victory. The two-mile relay team won again with a time of 8:32.0. Ken Ruediger took first in the 120-yard high hurdles posting a startling time of 14.7 seconds. Nick Francis won the 440-yard spring with a 52.6. Paul Mertens tossed the discus a distance of 142 feet 11 inches for another first place. Hagene, Waltz, Burton, Schmidt, and Brunner also took first in their events; 100-yard dash, mile, two-mile, pole vault, and long jump, respectively.

The B-team cindersmen also won with a score of 73-1/2 - 40-1/2, an impressive victory.

Just a Little Bit Better

by Chuck Vogel

This was it. The year of the Comet. The year of the Champion. Looking back at the sports of the year, we see a few very outstanding moments. Who could forget that thrilling State basketball championship race when McCLUER got within four places of the top?? Then came the tremendous thrill of taking a State Wrestling Championship, followed by the District Championship taken by our track team. What more could a school ask for?

This was also the year of such great stars as Quarterback Steve Miller who set 12 new school records in football.

And how about Randy Rubin and Harry Brown, the two superstars who led the wrestling Comets to that glorious victory at Lee's Summit? Their first-in-State performance will be long remembered around McCLUER.

Without Nick Francis and Rich Dueser, our basketball team would probably not have made it as far as they did. These boys were just a part of a great team that made us feel just a "little bit prouder" of McCLUER.

placed first in their events, as well as Mertens in the discus and Ruediger in the high hurdles.

The McCLUER Cindersmen stomped Pattonville with an unbelievable score of 96-36, almost three times as many points as the opponent. Comets won 13 out of 16 events and took seconds and thirds in the three they lost.

B-Team lost by only one point with 61-62.

The future looks bright for the Cindersmen. Many of this year's placers were juniors; among them are Ron Thompson and Jack Mannebach running the 880 and 440. Dwain Atkins also runs a good 880 and Harry Thies a good 440. Joe Waltz promises a good mile as well as Dave Cartwright in the two-mile. Of course, we couldn't forget to mention our ace hurler, Ken Ruediger.

by Pat Patterson

McCLUER's baseball Comets have finished their season with a final record of 13-7, with a probable standing of third in Conference. A rainy season has caused the regular playing schedule to be somewhat abridged.

"Our biggest problem was scoring critical runs, getting hits when men were on base," commented Coach Ed Tschannen. "Our luck evened out toward the end of the season," he said, "but the State Tournament was unfortunately early this year. We hit the ball well, but many times it was right at someone."

The diamond Comets had a good defensive team this year, with a pitching staff that really proved itself in spite of an ill-omened pre-season. Jim Yorg was on top, 6-1, allowing four runs in 44 innings, and only six walks. Ron Gabbard, 4-3, led in strikeouts, having 52 in 39 innings. Rich Deuser, 2-2, did fairly well, and Coach Tschannen expects to have him back next year along with Mike Donohue, Mike Schultz, and John Reale.

Jim Yorg had seven runs batted in, and four hits with 19 times at bat. Steve Miller, catcher, collected 12 RBI's. Tom Satterly, shortstop, got seven, and Ritchie Gorczyca, right fielder, hit in 11 runs.

But the steadiest all-round player for McCLUER seems to be Greg Baker, first baseman. He ended up with a .333 average and six RBI's, the leading hitter on a team with a combined average of about .220.

This year's team roster carried 16 juniors who will be hard put next year to hold their positions on the team ahead of some fine sophomore ball players.

"This team was as good as any around," said Coach Tschannen, "and the difference was some bad luck early in the season. But they were a tough team who competed well and never let up."

Monday, Rich Spillenkothan attended a dinner honoring him and the 108 other scholar-athletes from the St. Louis area. Being selected for this honor by Dr. Ludwig and Coach Tschannen is probably the highest tribute that can be paid to any athlete at McCLUER. To give you some idea of the caliber of person a scholar-athlete must be, here is a look at last year's scholar-athletes.

Last year, Jim Foor was the McCLUER scholar-athlete honored at the Post-Dispatch-sponsored dinner. In addition, he was one of the seven from the St. Louis area chosen to go to Dallas to be honored by the American Academy of Achievement. Jim considered this a tremendous honor and an experience that any boy would be thrilled to take part in. He said that he especially enjoyed meeting the famous people gathered including several well-known authors and scientists.

Jim earned these honors because of his high scholastic standing and his great pitching ability. In two years of pitching for McCLUER, Jim registered 232 strikeouts in

115 innings, allowing only 37 hits and 16 earned runs during that period. His overall record was 13 wins, 3 losses, and four of those victories came on no-hit, no-run performances by Jim.

Since graduation, Jim has continued to excel in both athletics and academics. He is currently attending Missouri University at Columbia.

In the professional baseball draft last summer, Jim was the first-round choice of the Detroit Tigers. After signing with the Detroit organization, he was assigned to the Lakeland Tigers ball club in the Florida State League, an A league. In the half season he was with the team, he compiled a record of three wins against six losses, with an earned run average of 2.59.

After school is out this year, Jim will go back to Lakeland for two weeks of training and will then be assigned to a team. He says that he is anxious for school to be out so that he can get back to baseball, and adds, "I'm having a great time. Some people think that it (baseball) is work, but I haven't come to that stage yet."



Terry Niblett tries to score in a B-team practice game.