

Presidential Hopefuls Face Mock Election



Posters and slogans vie for space as students campaign for their favorites.

City-Suburbs Swap Planned

A student concerned with urban problems can do many things to awaken himself to the city situation. He can read current magazines with topical articles. He can watch commentaries on television. Or he can do as a group of McCluer students are doing and plan a program for personal contact with urban issues.

Thirty-seven concerned students met with Dr. Merlin Ludwig, principal, on October 8 to discuss the possibility of a student exchange between McCluer and an urban high school. Although final plans are not yet confirmed, the group hopes to send approximately 70 students to an inner-city school, with McCluer hosting an equal number of students. The exchange will be handled through the Public Relations Committee of the Student Council.

Heading the planning group is Wayne Cooley, Student Council president, who explained that promotion of better relations between two communities and a chance for both schools to learn about each other are the chief purposes of the exchange.

McCluer Does Care

"The exchange is a great idea because the students could learn so much from contact with a city school, rather than with another suburban school. It would also be

While voting-age Americans cast their ballots for the Presidential candidate of their choice on November 5, McCluer students will vote for the presidential candidate of their choice at a mock election.

To kick off the election, a political rally will be held November 4 in the M-4 gym for social studies students. Volunteer student politicians will deliver ten-minute campaign speeches and then answer questions.

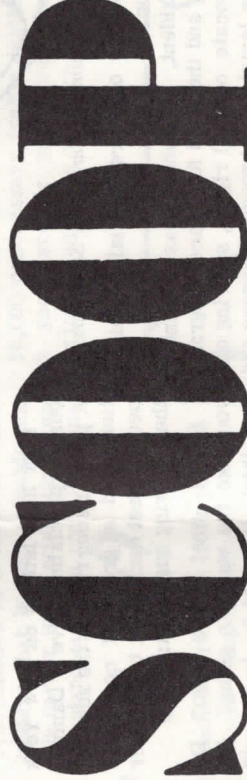
On the day following the rallies, elections will be held during advisory periods, using IBM cards.

Results will be announced at the end of the day over the intercom.

"These elections have something very definite to do with student involvement in the affairs of the country. Electing representatives of the American people to public office is quite a responsibility," Sally Nusbaum, Election Committee chairman explained.

The purpose of this rally, according to Mr. William Emrick, social studies teacher, is to stress the importance of being able to discuss crucial election issues intelligently.

"This convention, as it may



McCLUER SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Volume 41 Number 5 Ferguson-Florissant R-2 School District October 31, 1968

Advisory to 'Happen'

What radical ideas lurk deep in the minds of the McCluer student body? Will changes occur? If so, who is masterminding the plot?

A three-week trial advisory program was initiated during fifth and seventh hours beginning October 18. Since that time students have been given a choice of attending study hall, watching movies or

well be called, is to represent the true democratic system of political persuasion as closely as possible," Mr. Emrick elaborated. "Every effort has been made to insure truth and promote thought on controversial issues."

"If you tend to be vague and unclear, if you try to please everyone, and if you're generally unsure about who to vote for, why not come to the mock election and see how the pros do it?" Mr. Emrick challenged.

New Centers

Offer Programs

Florissant youth soon will have two new social facilities available to them in the form of the North County YWCA Center and a proposed Youth and Civic Center.

A century-old building located on 315 St. Francois will be dedicated November 3 as the North County YWCA.

Planned activities include Youth and Civic Center. Teen clubs for junior and senior high students and workshops in drama, careers, modern dance, and Latin American cooking. Other offerings will include classes in folk dancing, painting, modeling, drivers education, and swimming. Interest dialogue groups, and a newspaper published entirely by youth are also being planned.

A Coffee House will be open on the fourth Friday, and Teen Town on the second Saturday of each month. For additional information, contact Mrs. Martha Greenlaw at TE 8-6660.

The proposed Youth and Civic Center to be located on North Waterford and St. Catherine will be a new structure, not a 100-year-old building.

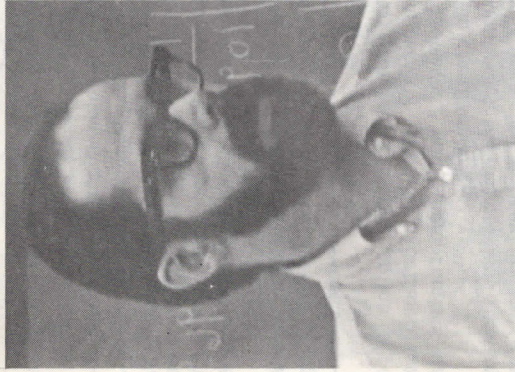
Dancer, Musician

To Tutor Students

Students interested in music and modern dance have a chance again this year to participate in Metropolitan Educational Center in the Arts sponsored activities.

Bill Frank, a professional dancer on leave from the Alwin

the Advanced Modern Dance Class at McCluer receive instruction from Mr. Frank every Tuesday and Thursday for two hours each day.



Mr. Peter Lewis

Kay Aydt and Karen Gregg, seniors, and Denise Murkin and Linda Hutton, juniors, are among thirty students receiving additional instruction from Mr. Frank every Saturday at Washington University. The group plans to present concerts at various high schools in the St. Louis area.

For students interested in music, Peter Lewis, composer-in-residence at SIU Edwardsville, is conducting classes every Thursday from 4 p.m. until 6 p.m. in the Choir Room. These classes deal primarily with composition.

Mike Brown, Jan Campbell, Barb Clapp, Brian Finkelstein, Laura Long, Carol Pettibone, Greg Quartz, and Cathy Woebling from McCluer are among twelve students from the North County area involved in this program. Out of these students, Mr. Lewis will select a class of six students. The selection will be based on their musical knowledge.

and really cares about what's going on," explained Wayne.

Philosophy Reflected in Study

Cheryl Williams, senior, a Planning Committee member, believes that the student exchange idea reflects a basic McCluer philosophy.

"McCluer is for students," she explained. "The student exchange idea illustrates the administration's theory that students should be involved. The best way the faculty and administration can help students learn is to let them help educate themselves.

Students to Compare Schools

"The exchange will also give students an opportunity to compare McCluer to other schools in respect to facilities and administrative policies. It's a good way for them to see how much McCluer offers and to realize the liberties we have," she added.

School To Be Selected

Before the exchange can be put into motion, an urban school must be selected and transportation arrangements made. Through the exchange, McCluer students could well provide new views on critical problems of the city.

ered during the trial program will be discussed and, hopefully, solutions to the problems will be reached.

On November 8, all advisories will have the opportunity to participate in the new program. For the first three weeks the program will be on Fridays only.

The new advisory programs will go into full swing on November 27. On Fridays and Mondays, activities such as records, television, and just plain gab-sessions will be held in different rooms.

On Wednesdays, guidance programs will be held for all the students. In one room will be a lecture on colleges, in another a speaker on jobs, and in another suggestions on how to take tests. Students may choose which session they will attend. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, Student Council reports will be given. A study hall will be provided each day for those students who have homework to do.

The new advisory program was formulated by a subcommittee of Student Council known as Advisory Committee. Chairman of the committee is Jack Mannebach, senior. Sponsor is Miss Regina Jerzwick, head of the social studies department.

With the close of the six-week trial and evaluation period, the proposed change in advisory class may very well become a reality.



Banjo, Mr. Sheridan Whiteside's playboy friend, shocks prim and proper Miss Preen by sweeping her off her feet in a scene from "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

'The Man Who Came to Dinner' To Be Presented by Sophomores

A yearly sophomore play has become an integral part of McCluer's traditions. Three years ago the class of '68, under the direction of Miss Mary Blackburn, presented "Charley's Aunt," McCluer's first Sophomore Play. The enthusiasm and acclaim the play received prompted Miss Blackburn to present "Our Town" with the class of '69. When Miss Blackburn retired, Mrs. Sue Mekeel followed up the tradition of the Sophomore Play by directing the class of '70 in "Visit to a Small Planet." The play was so successful that she is directing the fourth sophomore production at McCluer this year.

The play "The Man Who Came to Dinner" promises to be the best sophomore presentation McCluer has ever had. Mrs. Mekeel had the largest sophomore class McCluer has ever had from which to choose her cast. She has modernized the play and the class of '71 has begun rehearsals already.

In the play, Sheridan Whiteside, well-known television and radio orator, portrayed by Steve Maxwell, having dined at the home of the Stanley family, (played by Preston Page, Myrana Brown, Pattie Sweeney and Steve Coburn), slips on the doorstep as he is leaving, breaking his hip. A tumultuous six weeks of confinement follows. The Stanley living room is monopolized by the irritable invalid; ex-convicts are invited to meals; and transatlantic calls run up a telephone bill of \$784. The arrival of strange gifts from Mr. Whiteside's friends further destroys domestic tranquility. Just as it seems Mr. Whiteside is well enough to depart, a crash is heard--has something else happened?

"The Man Who Came to Dinner" will be presented November 22, 23, 25 at 8 p.m. in the M-1 gym. Admission is 75 cents in advance and \$1.00 at the door. On Sunday, November 24 there will be a special performance for the junior high school students at 2:00. Admission is 50 cents.

an indoor swimming pool, a convertible skating rink, a theater and council hall, and an arts and crafts gallery.

Construction will be decided by Florissant citizens in a spring bond election, according to Mrs. John Weber, secretary of the Youth and Civic Center committee.



Nancy Hediger makes up Steve Maxwell for the title role of "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

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Faces in the Presidential Election: Hubert, Dick . . .



Humphrey article by Sarah Russell

Hubert Humphrey has a past worthy of a presidential candidate; the same cannot be said for Mr. Nixon.

As a Senator and Vice President, Humphrey was a founder of the Peace Corps, the Job Corps, and the Food for Peace Program. He has always been a strong advocate of civil rights, steering one of the earliest pieces of civil rights legislation through Congress and being instrumental in getting the first civil rights plank included in the Democratic Platform.

Another Humphrey cause has been labor--he won the respect of union leaders by his opposition to the Taft-Hartley Act and other union restrictive measures.

Now let's compare the pasts of the two candidates. While Humphrey was espousing the causes of civil rights and unions, where was Nixon? He was busy playing one of the leading roles in Joe McCarthy's play "Let's See Who Can Find the Most Commies."

Nixon's first victim was Helen Douglas, a Senatorial opponent. According to the Congressional Quarterly Publication: "Nixon's charges that Mrs. Douglas, a prominent liberal Democrat, voted frequently with a . . . man whose voting record was often depicted as pro-Communist established the image of Nixon as a ruthless person."

Another victim of this Spanish Inquisition was one of the developers of the atomic bomb, J. Robert Oppenheimer, whose crime was to fear the possible results of a hydrogen bomb.

Why Compare?

Why? Why are we presenting a comparative view of the three major Presidential candidates? Well, why not?

In our form of government it is essential that each citizen be as well informed about its workings as possible. This includes a good knowledge of each Presidential candidate. After all, in the '72 election many of us will be able to vote. It takes practice to judge a candidate on his qualities, not just on the emotions he raises. We call this our head-start program.



Nixon article by Liz Yosevich

Since 1960, America has steadily declined in prestige. Now she is ready to cast her vote for salvation; a vote for Richard Nixon and the Republican party.

In the past five years, the Johnson administration in particular and the Democratic party in general have shown their inability to cope with domestic as well as world problems. The result is a confused, disillusioned, and disgruntled American public yearning for better leadership. Such leadership will be provided by the Republican party and Dick Nixon.

Hubert Humphrey may have envisioned several government programs four or five or even twenty years before they were put into effect--but America can't wait that long for someone to pull us out of the abyss that was created during the reign of the present administration.

Richard Nixon has taken a positive attitude in this year's campaign simply because he knows that he has "Built a better mousetrap." He is not against welfare for minority or ethnic groups; he's for bolstering the economy which hangs precariously over our heads.

He's not against the U.S. being the world's policeman; he's for us being the world's conscience, as in the case of the refugee Biafrans. He's not against stopping the bombing of North Vietnam; he's for establishing an honorable peace.

Give a Damn

Foot high letters on New York busses proclaim "Give A Damn." A popular song repeats the admonition. And a group of concerned people meet each week to consider the following questions:

School--what makes it go? Do you like the way it's going? Do you think it could be improved? Does anything about it really bother you? Or do you think that there's something wrong with it but you just can't pin it down?

If you've ever thought of the above questions, you're not alone. Every Thursday the Philosophy Committee, a group of interested students and teachers, informally meet and in a free forum discussion, express their ideas about various school related problems and try to think of some way to constructively change them.

Your help is needed. If you're a person who really "gives a damn," why don't you attend a meeting and express your views?

ever done and all the things he has ever been. On these grounds, Hubert Humphrey is the best man for the job.

Confound! Underground?!

Of late there has been a craze for underground newspapers and magazines on high school campuses. McCluer has not escaped this fad, and it can boast one or two of its own. I talked to one of the students who operates such a paper, and asked why he published it.

"Why not?! Everyone else is! Seriously, though, I guess an underground paper has a lot of attraction because it's supposed to be sneaky and everything. In fact, ours was so sneaky I was even called down to the office!"

"Wow," I said, "you mean you were actually called down to the office just because you put out an underground paper?"

"Right. But nothing ever came of it, so recently we put out another issue."

"Yes, I read it. What do you want to accomplish with your paper?"

"Well, we want to get people to think about the problems we outline in it. Really, though, I guess we'll be doing pretty well if we get people thinking about anything at all--a lot are out of practice, you know."

"Yes, I run into them everyday. One more question: do you think the students and faculty have accepted your paper?"

"Oh, I think so. After all, it's there! One problem, however. It used to be that our paper had an aura of mystery and excitement because it was . . . well, because because it was . . . well, because it was underground! But now it's read, it's accepted, and it's . . . well it's aboveground! In fact, it's so aboveground that it's not much fun anymore. Guess we'll have to think of something else to do with our time."

Scoop Staff

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Thursdays after school in the Guidance Office. Watch the daily bulletin for details.

is s.d.s. really
a c.i.a. plot?

Electoral College: Who Needs It?

by Richard Lieding

Back during the days of the Great Constitutional Convention, there was instituted a most curious instrument. It arose as a compromise in an age of economic and political chaos. Still surviving, this instrument is called the Electoral College. It is the system by which we elect Presidents.

On election day each voter casts a ballot for a prechosen elector when he votes for a Presidential candidate. Later, the electors meet (each state having as many as it has Senators and Representatives combined) and elect the President, an act which requires a total of 270 or more votes.

The main fault with this system is it allows a minority to dictate to the majority. For instance, if the eight most populous states vote for electors favoring the same candidate, these electors would be sufficient in number to elect a President that the majority might not have voted for in the general election.

The College is archaic and detrimental to democracy. The people are allowed to vote directly for Congressmen and Senators; why not for President? The Electoral College must go.

And George Too

Wallace article by Kathy VanderKraats

Rise up, Americans! Defend your right to your own opinions. Think for yourself--don't let a few uninformed rumormongers influence your opinion of George C. Wallace, candidate for President.

Most citizens desire the same things--law and order, peace, economic security--and most politicians promise them. Idealism is commendable, but not when it goes to extremes. You just can't solve problems without being realistic about them, and George Wallace is a realist.

A bloody riot can't be stopped by a gentle admonition. Let's face it--brute force is needed to quell a riot. And the only thing which will prevent people from rioting is the knowledge--and fear--of power behind authority.

Most politicians are afraid to promise a strong police force because they fear the voter's disapproval. So they sacrifice their convictions for votes. Wallace, however, won't compromise his convictions because the truth cannot be compromised.

If our present Vietnam policy continues, we will continue fighting for the next twenty years and talking peace for the next thirty. Why not give the Viet Cong an ultimatum to end the war? If they don't meet the deadline, we enforce our threats and win the war. Wallace believes the world respects the United States, and no one would declare war on us for fear of self-annihilation. So why let them push us around?

Wallace might be radical, but he's a man with America's best interests at heart. He believes America is a great nation with almost overwhelming potential, and he wants us to use that potential well.



Wasted Potential of McCluer Is Tremendous

by Chris Huber

"To think of college as a mere preparation for future living is to carry forward an attitude -- soul destroying even on the high school level -- which postpones meaning, living, and fulfillment so much into the future as to rob the present of its legitimate zest. Oberlin College is by no means alone in a tendency, cultivated by the grubbing of students at least as much as by the whip-lashings of instructors, to think of assignments and rules as obstacles to be endured rather than as opportunities to be cherished or as protections to be understood."

Thus began a letter I received this summer from Oberlin College where I am planning to go to school. It applies to all of us, however "even on the high school level."

The attitude of postponement, of existing for the future, is part of McCluer, and is noticeable, for instance, in the frequent use of the term "laboratory" to describe the school. This has always implied to me that what we do is experimental, as opposed to currently relevant. We are not a "laboratory," in the sense that what we do here is to be filed for future application, our immediate actions being impotent and our "learning" being from models and mock-ups. Each McCluerite is a citizen of the U. S., Missouri, his city, school district, and school. We are citizens as much as any adult. You might say, "but we cannot vote," and I would answer that voting is the least of a citizen's tools with which he may shape his own destiny. Many adults ignore their right to vote, but those who have a true concern don't merely vote; they exercise the important democratic

techniques of persuasion, of utilizing a free press, free speech, and the freedom of assembly to influence established authority, or to replace that authority through elections. Certainly this power of influence is available to anyone who bothers to use it responsibly and intelligently. Knowledge about specific problems with specific solutions is available to us. Are we to ignore problems that are indeed our own during our years at McCluer? Are we not yet considered to be people?

Indeed, if McCluer is a "laboratory" it is so in the sense that the school is a micro-cosmic community, larger than many towns. Its dynamics are largely unique to itself, and attempts to mimic other communities is a form of make-believe that is less valuable than the harder job of attempting to understand our own complex human

community. The world's troubles are here and are discernable on a McCluer scale. They are reachable and curable on a McCluer scale. We will learn to solve problems by solving them, not by creating models with model problems to solve.

There is emphasis on what we will become, but we don't face the question of "what are we, now?" We look at ourselves and are content to say "I am a high school student. My role is clear cut. I will become a person later, when I am 21 or when I graduate from high school or college. Right now I am a stereotype. I should be concerned with teenage things and high school things." What is our relationship to the world now? Must we not say "I am responsible for 50,000 unnecessary traffic deaths a year, archaic penal methods, primeval methods of international

problem solving, pollution and overpopulation. I am responsible for the deaths of John Kennedy, Malcolm X, George Lincoln, Rockwell, Martin Luther King, and Robert Kennedy."

You and I are responsible for a sick world; who else can be, but each and all of us? We belong to a sick world with beautiful potential, and that world belongs to us. Being accountable for such a burden needn't create in us a sense of overwhelming despair. It only need be a living reality. Supposedly, we are being given tools to solve problems and to function with a sense of self-worth in a democratic beaurocracy. Instead, we let ourselves be sheltered in a "laboratory" where all but a make-believe world is remote from us, and we let much of the infinite, truly dazzling potential of McCluer go to waste. The world is at our fingertips.

Censorship - Or Is It?

The following Letter to the Editor seemed an apt subject for comment. Witness:
To the Editor:

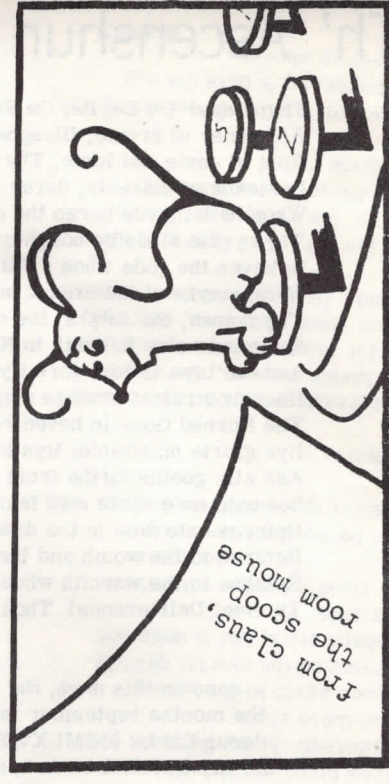
Have you seen the November 13 issue of Newsweek? No? Well, look in the library and you'll find it--less the cover. Seems Miss Jane Fonda originally adorned the cover--in something approaching a state of undress! Well, our puritanical librarians took it upon themselves to protect us from this worldly evil. Thank heavens! What would we do without such people to protect us? Can you imagine the sudden crime increase that would have occurred here at McCluer if this had slipped through their fingers? Goodness!

Unfortunately the writer of this letter failed to consider that a student might have taken the cover for his own purposes. However, library censorship is a topic often discussed but rarely under-

stood. School would undoubtedly receive from parents if these books were placed on open shelves.

The fact is that occasionally parents do complain. Such complaints are considered carefully, but only after the complainant fills out a form which asks such questions as, "To what in the book do you object?" and "Are you aware of the judgement of this book by literary critics?" Often, such questions cause the complainant to think more about the book, and he usually withdraws his complaint.

As the money for new books is limited, the needs of the student body are considered when choosing new material. Book reviews in magazines and newspapers, nationally distributed book lists, and teacher and students' requests are all factors which help the librarians choose the books. No book is censored merely because it contains "dirty words."



This is the first episode in a new series by claus (rhymes with louse), the Scoop room mouse. In it he satirizes everything from government to school life to mouse is back!

and no thanks to the crest staff who harbor a monstrous

and these four may be loaned to any student who has received permission from a teacher. This is done to minimize the complaints which the out one of the many books stored behind the counter at the St. Louis County Library. Then they might have reason to cry "censorship!"



Letters to the Editor . . .

To the McCluer student body:

It seems everybody gets tired of school sooner or later. If they think they're wise by quitting, they're sadly mistaken. It might sound good to make some money while working instead of going to school and not getting paid for it.

In my particular job, I have to get up at 5:45 a.m., catch a bus at 6:15, catch another bus farther up the line and be at work by 7:00 in the morning. I used to leave for school at this time last year!

Even though \$2.75 sounds fairly good for an hours' work, after they take the taxes away, it doesn't look like much. And all the

black is
beautiful

jobs I've had have been quite dirty ones. At least you can't say McCluer is an unkept place to be.

Many people want jobs instead of going to school. Well, as I see it, going to school is sort of a job, and everyone is being paid off in education. Truer words were never spoken when you hear: To get a good job, get a good education.

Donn Strohle, '68
Dearest Scoop: (gag)

In your first issue of Scoop you mentioned your great desire for letters from the students. Well, I wrote one (being spokesman for a large and powerful group within McCluer) but it wasn't published. Why?

I know that you object to freedom of speech because some words in the letter weren't exactly everyday words. But notice the sheer eloquence in the speeches of Harry

Truman. He really told it like it was. I doubt that there are any students within McCluer that have never used these words before or don't use them in everyday talk. It's time to face reality. Time has come today.

(We demand to see this in PRINT!!!) signed:

Aqueduct Angels--a non-profit hellis-angels organization to preserve peace through destruction.

We appreciate your letters, really we do, but we just can't print them all. Instead we try to pick a representative letter on a given subject for publication, as we did on the replies to the "Riot or Respect" article.

We'd be glad to acknowledge your letters even if they're not printed, if you'd include your name. Names withheld on request.

penbrot! sure to excite, yeah. so begin here:

once upon a time, and a very good time it was, too, there existed an island many leagues at sea called the isle of penbrot. and an ordinary island it was, too, by chance, though not through small luck, this isle of penbrot was part of the domain of good king cindersnap, who through no small trick of genius fiefed it to the son of his dear friend and neighbor, good king sumzumdumdudum. the son, who ran (and sometimes walked and sat) by the name pladic was known to all those who knew and loved him (his subjects, naturally) as prince pladic, prime prince of perennial tulips and all that happens in the fiefdom of penbrot. or prince pladic for short. as was customary in those times, prince pladic had complete control over his subjects.

but they did not mind, for they found him a compassionate and benevolent prince. or at least that's what the town criers said, at any rate, penbrot did flourish, after a fashion, under his scepter, so no one minded too much when the prince had one of his occasional fits of bad humor.

but enough, and let's go to penbrot and the great hall of prince pladic's castle where he is holding court.

in sooth, said prince pladic, bring forth the first case. aye, your lordship, said the uniformed attendant. prithee me, said prince pladic when the first case was standing respectfully before him, what's it with ye? sire, said the first case while humbly touching his nose to the floor, i am but a poor serf.

beshrew me if it's true! remarked prince. aye, sire, and that's not all. i also have a daughter. really?!

aye. and a damsel fair be she, too.

whilst every passing minute i grow more interested. proceedeth. whilst wandering through the woods one day, my daughter-- the damsel fair--fell victim to the charm of a witch. the

charm is thus: her lips be sealed shut until the time comes when some mighty warrior killeth the witch!

by m' faith! exclaimed prince. ye mean that...

aye. my daughter is at loss to speaketh a word!

'tis a fiendish curse, said the prince, but i think i might be able to assist ye.

wouldst ye? couldst ye? ay, my wish cometh true! prithee,

sire--what's in it for ye?

well (chuckle, chuckle), that can be decided anon. at present, i must plan how to killeth the witch!

yes, how will prince pladic kill the witch? by sword or magical saying? find out for sure next time!

from

claus, the scoop room mouse

give a damn



Cosgrove

etchings

you know he never was yours
really
but the impact he left on your mind
that brought tears to your
eyes,
that deep surge of overwhelming
that
made you catch your
breath
will be forever imprinted in your
memory
And the tears roll down your
cheeks

by L. G.

An Announcement..

The "John Doe Society" is
rapidly losing membership. It
seems the members just don't want
to get involved.

Anon.

Alone

Unshakeable depression
sets in upon my remorse mind.
I cry.

How terribly sad to be forgotten
and unloved.

Girls like her come but once
to a world like this, Her hair
was golden yellow. . . .
her face had shone with laughter.
But she left. . . left me without even
knowing
the full extent of my love.

Now, sitting in the dark,
I wait. Alone in this
deep, dark, and very lonely
world.

And time moves on, knowing full well
that it is the only thing that can
never be forgotten.

Mr. Somebody

Ignorance

In the gutter lay:

dirt
kleenex
shoestring
morning newspaper

The sign read: Help Keep Our City Clean--Don't

In the gutter were heaped:

dirt
kleenex
shoestring
three cigarette stubs

In the woods profusely bloomed:

phlox
violets
mayflowers
giant trillium

jack-in-the-pulpit
lillies-of-the-valleys

The sign read: Do Not Pick The Wildflowers. .

In the woods sparsely bloomed:

jack-in-the-pulpit
white trillium
mayflowers
violets
phlox

Graffiti

I worked like a slave
where I broke the dish
there followed by a
dishonourable removal from
the kitchen

and from there
to reading poetry

and tales of souls writhing in
agony and humiliation.

I didn't get it so

I
went back to washing dishes
but they weren't clean enough
to suit her

and I was expelled once more
from the kitchen
more dishonourably than before.

And then when I threw the book down

because I was so dumb
and couldn't get it,

then, I took a walk

And then when they yelled at me
for walking on the grass

I wrote dirty words
on their wall.

by K.R.

Th' Ascenshun of Satanne

Thyne eye! Oe Devile, Oe Satanne of tyme,
 Redeamer of cryme, Blasphemer of mynde.
 Goat of envie and luste, Thy ende be in syghte.
 Desiever of inocents, darke is Thy lyghte.
 Whoe hath mayde baren the chylde and the faune, 5
 Thy ryghte shale be noughte botte eternale wronge.
 In heven the gode whoe didst once abyde thear
 Wille mayke of the exeunt in dawne sone come near.
 The faunes, the satyrs, the chylderen of tyme
 Shale rule o'er th'earth in Nayture Divyne. 10
 And the lawe is love fore Hym, Love is the Lawe.
 Hee whoe rulest amonge men, wisest of alle.
 The Horned Gode in heven reighneth supreme,--
 Hys glorie manifolde, Hys loke notte mene.
 Ase alle goethe forthe from the womb to returne, 15
 Soe unto mee shale mye faune be notte spurned.
 Returne unto mee in the dawne of the worlde,
 Returne to the womb and the darke hevy folde,
 Returne to the warmth whoe is primale and swete,
 To mee! Deliverance! Thou art Love complete! 20

A Litterbug . . .

.

--done on this daye, the twentieth of
 the monthe september in the year of our lorde
 Jesus Christ MCMLXVIII, ase wase dictayted by
 the angel Mettatron in hys angellyke tongue,
 bye ye grande Magus 9^o=2^o of ye Kabbablistic
 Mysteries*, Faust aleph-null.

* Ordo Kabbalistis Mysteriorum.

Pink Shirts and Tangerines

Peace of mind runs places where
 once lay in my garden there
 gentle raindrops in your hair
 mind so free of ill and care
 mind continues, travels on
 her place you have gone
 e somber flowers have been
 wn
 ou have spent time there alone
 further to your time of chains
 ich just shadows now remain
 ou have gone from times of
 oom
 put them in a silent tomb
 now have overcome despair
 private struggle is complete
 , love, life, hope have now
 gun
 old life ended; now the sun.

by Charles Kmucha



Joanne Liberatre

'I've grown tired . . .'

I've grown tired of the city.
 Oh the people interest me,
 I can no longer go quickly though:
 They seem to be quicker each day.
 I'm an old man
 And I sometimes forget to look
 at my clock
 But never at the people or
 the things around me.
 Macy's big 4th of July display
 was Santa Claus and a
 Christmas tree.
 No one noticed.
 Strange

by Mary Boschert

faces deep in loneliness

faces deep in loneliness
 each with searching eyes
 to look upon unbroken gloom
 that bleeds the darkness still

to look among the crowded streets
 to find a lonely heart
 to weep for one to love
 and gather glowing hopes

faces deep with emptiness
 people without memories
 of springtime walks and valentines
 moonlit nights and tender eyes

they die alone each day
 and softly welcome rain
 to comfort wooden faces
 carved by aching tears.

by J.M.

The Tiger

The tiger
 paces
 Up and down a steel cage
 Impatient with the desire
 For what he wants most--
 freedom

My emotions
 pace
 Like the tiger
 But the cage is my mind
 For I am unable to free
 The sensations of
 Pure Joy

The pacing becomes
 faster
 And faster until
 I am about to burst from
 Within

Please, PLEASE free
 my mind
 Or I shall truly go
 Insane

by L. G.

The Voices

Who Will Cry for Us?

When the time comes for all good men to come to the aid of their countries

And they do.

And the world comes to its flaming

end in the last great war

Because they did.

Who will cry for us?

When there is no man left

When thousands of years of knowledge

are gone

When there is no one left to watch the sunset

and sing of it

When there is no one left to lie in the grass

and make love

When happiness and sadness and love and hate are gone

with man's other "gifts"

When those things that men struggled

are gone

Who will cry for us?

I think no one.

by 104199

It's Just for Fun or
Bloody Swimming
in Holy Water Ponds

Bloody water in swimming hole ponds
Stinks of a slaughter-house filth
And sinks from view like a sun going down,
Yet remains, just the same.
Water bloody in swimming hole ponds;
A sight sore for sad eyes
That search for you and me
Who remain yet the same?
Holy water in bloody swimming ponds
Sprinkles from the wet, hairy heads
Of emerging swimmers, continually;
Yet the same, they remain.
Ponds swimming in bloody water holes
While men march, stiffly
After ideals long gone--sunk;
What remains just the same?
Bloody water in swimming hole ponds
Stinks of a slaughter-house filth
And sinks from view like a sun going down,
Yet remains, just the same.

--zurch

Check One for Your Life

There I lay,
Head against a
pillow;
And as I lay there,
supine on the green
grass;
I watch five minute
my life? your life?
And two people--
Two people walk By.
And one, . . . without
the other,
know we ourselves, each
one,
We say "hi"--"bye"
forever.

--zurch

Two People

Where are you going?
Siberia
By bus?
No, I'm swimming.
Why are you here?
I need a ticket to swim or else
I get pulled over by fuzzies
for swimming without a license.
Oh.
Wanna come?
I can't swim.
Neither can I. I use a rubber
duck.
I don't want to go to Siberia.
I'm going to Boston.
Ever been to Siberia?

Bus Stop

No.

Then how do you know you do

want to go?

Because I want to go to Bo

and I have no more time for

insane babbling. You are w

and make no sense. You are c

ing your life in this foolishm

Who are you to tell me, I'm

wasting my life?

I am president of Flabby

Orthopedic Shoe Company. I m

started from scratch. I m

something of myself.

What?

What do you mean what!

What have you done lately that

was fun?

Well--

Want to come--it's not too late.

Who knows I might even hitch

hike off of Moby Dick.

No--I do not want to come.

miss my bus. Good day.

Give my regards to the Boston

babblers.

This is your bus conductor.

bus routes to Boston have be

re-routed through Siberia a

vice-versa. We hope it wi

make for a more scenic rid

Enjoy it and relax. The rid

doesn't last long.

Anderson

Two people . . .
Are they blind?
... you'd think that one would help guide the other
Neither one moves . . .
... as if their feet were in cement
Someone would (should?) help them . . .
They don't KNOW . . .
... or do they?
Are they blind?
I don't know.

I been here before
It's the very last page
last chance for a score
to add a little sage
to this life of mine
what's happenin' man?
of that is just fine
no hum (with a fan)
shall we dine?

by P.

of the Grotesque

The Adventure

By the tomb, the noble tomb, he stands;
Golden-showered, wreathed in hyacinth,
Proud in every limb, strong enough to lift an ox.
Of high station in life he is, the one visiting
this tomb drowned in ivy, this burial place
of the ages.
It is whispered that this sacred place
holds the secrets of powers primeval.
He has come to find the truth of this place.

Rooted at the entrance, he is unable to move
as the magic overwhelms him. The slab
slides back, revealing a hole of complete blackness.
He is afraid, but he enters. Melting into the
breath of the hole, he becomes one with the vapour,
he is absorbed into the walls.
Gliding silently, he feels in the distance a warmth,
senses a light though he cannot see it.
He moves toward it and he once again "sees".
He sees a hand, his hand, dismembered,
smoldering in the brain of the fire,
He wonders not at this, for he has become the fire,
consuming the useless flesh.
The hand is turned to ashes now,
he crawls to another chamber.
Here are two forms, both draped in black;
before them an egg.
They are gambling, seriously, desperately,
and the stakes--the egg.

One of the figures turns slowly, its eyes
dull white and glowing. Many thoughts are
concealed behind those eyes.
The eyes turn once again to the game,
having devoured the mortal quickly.
Now the other shape stirs, but it does not
look away from its cards.
The man finally finds a tongue with which
to speak.
"Who are you?" he wonders hoarsely,
his voice ramming itself from wall to wall.
There is no answer.

Suddenly the man realizes that he has become
the egg, trapped inside the egg. He can do
nothing but wait for the outcome of the game.
Uncountable aeons later, this man, this egg,
becomes impatient. He wants to know who
wins the egg.
This egg-soul cries out. The figure of the
cold eyes turns, saying "Why want you to
know? No difference makes it who wins.
All is the same in the end."

RAVEN



"It was the truth that made the
people grotesque."
This quote and the term "gro-
tesque," as we mean it, come
from Sherwood Anderson's book
Winesburg, Ohio. His grotesques
battle with life and with them-
selves with only one twisted and
insufficient weapon, their own
particular truths.
Concerning the people whose
writings appear on these pages--
some are beautiful, some unbeau-
tiful, some "fit in," some don't.
They are grotesques because they
are hungry for their truths, or
have found their truths, and be-
cause almost all of them are carry-
ing on a sweaty, and sometimes
bloody, struggle with the world.

Mister lived a tight schedule
he counted each hour and minute
down to the tenth--all correctly
decimated;
he had a time for eating, sleeping,
working
every humanly duty had its hour
yes, he lived an orderly timetable;
one late morning, as the clock
hands raced
Mister lost a minute through some
mistake
and searching desperately, he lost
his mind,
then his life;
calculation is a timely death
for fools who plot each moment
as Mister now tries to calculate
incredible eternity.
by J.M.

Mister

Dune Watchacallit?

by Connie Cropper

Poor little bug -- it just didn't have a chance. It started out like a roaring wasp and ended up like a smashed mosquito. What a fate for a Volkswagen. But then . . . Revival . . . Reincarnation ! And America's first Dune-Buggy was renovated by Scott McKenzie of San Fernando, California!

Although these unusual looking sport-machines are thought to be a new thing, they really aren't new at all. Only the current upsurge in popularity is new. V. W. sport-buggies have been around since the early sixties.

A great deal of time was spent and a great deal of problems were encountered in the construction of this fabulous little car. For example, in the original days of the buggies, some were built without even a simple floor pan -- or even a grated screen to keep gigantic rocks from breaking the driver's legs. However, the sport-buggy enthusiasts were also trail people, and the rocks and dust soon convinced them of the value of such a pan and of a body for their buggy. Thank heavens!

The "off road" machine soon began showing up in big city parking lots as well. Observers were attracted by the wheeled oddity and soon manufacturers had the fiberglass bodies moving on the production line. Naturally, with full production and facilities ready to go into gear, the Fun Buggy triggered a complete line of accessories. These include such extra price items as all-weather removable hardtops, which made the buggy usable in cool, rainy weather as well as in the summer months; a recessed hood for spare tires; bucket seats; straight windshields; fold-down windshields; chrome headlights and door hinges . . . also brake kits, skid plates and others. ("--Oh, well.)

Putt . . . Putt . . . Putt . . . If your "roaring wasp" looks more like a "smashed mosquito," consider a transformation possibility. Not everyone believes in reincarnation; but for those of us who do, look at the kind of bug you could end up with.

Who WERE You?

by Liz Vosevich

"My first love is parapsychology."

Parapsychology? My determination to find out more about this mystifying subject brought me to the home of Mr. Clarence Valley, a truck driver for Lee American, and a firm believer in parapsychology--reincarnation, ESP, UFO's, and other psychic phenomena.

An average American with an average family living in an average home -- but Mr. Valley is a man with an uncanny ability to make one feel at ease while discussing his favorite subject.

"I like to bend someone's ear whenever I get the opportunity," he smiled.

With this, Mr. Valley plunged into the task at hand. "Did you know," he queried, "that there are thousands of documented cases where police, private detectives, psychic investigators, and journalists have proved that people have been reincarnated?"

You Call This Art?

He hangs menacingly in the front of Room 2009, the object of long moments of puzzled scrutiny. Touch his clay-latex body and you recoil; squeeze him and you are repulsed. His temporary name.. Rat, and his legal identification....contemporary sculpture.

Meanwhile, far on another side of the room stands a second sculpture. She calls for equal time, but in this case, to be admired. Her timeless name.... Venus de Milo.

Posters and pictures ranging from today's Beatles to cave drawings promote an atmosphere that can only be called "unschool-ish." In fact, Mrs. Sheila Kriemelman, art appreciation teacher (but more appropriately, guide), encourages all contributions to further clutter up the place and lend it atmosphere.

Art appreciation is McCluer's uncourse-course, the one period in the day when the students decide for themselves what they want to learn. Art is life, and so in actuality they are learning to appreciate just that. Techniques include media such as slide projectors, films (professional and student-made), records, tape recorders, and vocal presentation--by one or two at a time, or most influential, by the whole class. Discussions, class or small group, on Art or on Life, replace the common lecture.

In this manner, art is followed throughout history--the idea being to never lose sight of what it is today or of what each individual student considers it to be. Individual creativity is encouraged in every art field--music, dance, and literature, as well as in the visual arts. But participation is not compulsory.

This year a new philosophy has been introduced into art appreciation instruction. Called Allied Arts, it is a "glorified art appreciation course" where each student works independently or in groups at one of five stations each day. The Baroque period (which greatly influenced today's art forms such as psychedelic light shows and pop music--yes, even Janis Joplin) is the subject and is being studied by the art students and by Mr. Larry Marsh's World History classes. Creative projects conclude the six-week study.

Art appreciation is not confined to Room 2009. Occasionally classes are taken to undiscovered recluses such as Euclid....the subject of last issue's Collage. (Rat, by the way, was purchased from Craft Alliance, and is shared by the three classes). Outside talents are also brought into the room, such as Robert Strobridge, an art professor at Webster College who last year presented a mass-media bombardment here.

Art cannot be restricted to a class, to a specific time, or to



"Rat"



Venus de Milo

Compulsion

Feet shuffle softly down a deserted hall, aimlessly heading nowhere. That sure is a long hallway, isn't it? But then, you've got plenty of time with only a future waiting at its end. So shuffle on.

Hands buried deep in empty pockets, vainly searching for ... What? Is there something there to distract your attention from that



"I get a book per month from a club, and I've read most of them," he said. "You know," he continued, "there are many famous people who have led previous lives."

"For example, when Gen. Patton landed in France during WW II, he knew the country intimately -- but not from this lifetime. He consciously remembered it from being a Roman soldier under Caesar."

Mr. Valley believes that a person can be reincarnated many times but that you don't remember other lives until you are able to handle them. In each successive life, spiritual growth is progressive -- you grow closer towards perfection. Maybe by physical standards you have regressed -- a wealthy man might become an auto mechanic, but spiritually you will have progressed.

"Another point is that you can come back any race, creed, color, or sex!"



As he continued, I became more engrossed in the commentary and he would stop every now and then to remind me to take notes.

"Here's something you might be interested in. Have you heard of Edgar Cayce? He's the 'sleeping' psychic known to thousands of people throughout the world. He was a medical diagnostician and prophet. Often when doctors couldn't find the cause of some ailment, Cayce could find it through his psychic powers. In fact when he suffered a paralysis of the throat that the doctors couldn't cure, he looked within himself for the cause of the affliction.

"That brings up the universal law of cause and effect. For every action there is an opposite and equal action. That is to say, if in one of your lifetimes you cripple someone, in another lifetime you will be crippled. Thus, there is no such thing as needless suffering."

The topic shifted to religion. Mr. Valley stressed that reincarnation does not offend religious beliefs and that even some Catholic priests are devout believers in it. "In fact," Mr. Valley commented, "if we lived only once the idea of a just God would be a lie because of the many innocent people who are crippled and die from afflictions. With reincarnation in mind, we can see how God is truly just.

"Many famous people believe in psychic phenomena" was his next remark. "Jeane Dixon, who later predicted John Kennedy's assassination, told FDR when and where he would die. The result was that there was less confusion for Truman because Roosevelt prepared him for the Presidency. But that was getting into another branch of psychic phenomena. Reluctantly I pulled myself away after making arrangements to talk to Mr. Valley again.

(Continued)

have to keep looking...

This is solitude, with only your thoughts to speak with you. Only your mind to guide you, your hands to create as your thoughts direct. Do you dare deafen yourself to its voice? Who else is there to dictate to you?

But yellow! flashes! fireworks! explosives! voices! People!!!! Yes, there are all sorts of people again, milling around you. Blocking that distant view ahead (to your relief.) Cheering! Excitement! Emotion! Life living once more. Where are you now? What do you care?

Except that if you'll check again you'll see that those people are leaving you, deserting you to your solitude. They're all fading... you can get the full benefit of distance ahead again. What's it all mean? Why won't somebody tell you?

Now there's but a single voice remaining. Listen to it; you have no choice.

Black and Eerie . . .

Halloween Images

Silence. A round, creamy moon lights a starless sky. Tranquility. A smiling pumpkin face guards your door. Stillness. A rust-colored leaf sleeps peacefully where it fell. Serenity. A pet cat breathes softly in his bed in a kitchen corner.

Bong... bong... The town clock strikes midnight. The wind begins a chilly howl. The yowling black cat arches his back in alarm. The dark figure with pointed hat and ragged broom shrouds the lunar circle. Cackling laughter echoes from an inky, bottomless cave as bats sweep in and out at will. Grotesque faces, some without flesh, peer in your door as you become encased in a translucent but ebony coffin...

You awaken with a start. You drank too much cider last night. It was a dream. Or was it??!

see it. McCluer's art appreciation course emphasizes this as it stresses the boundless capabilities of every person's mind.

collage

A room barely lit by candles, a bare stage, people. A guitar and a person appear on the stage. Strings vibrate, a mouth opens, magic results. Minds remain spellbound as images and emotion flow into hearts. This rope of song ties the people together; they become one.

The strings are stilled, the mouth closes, the stage is bare once more. But something lingers; the bodies before the stage feel closer than before. They have gained a little piece of truth, and perhaps they are better for it.

A song has always been on the lips of the people--the common people, the working people, the happy people, the grieving people. Always, they have expressed their emotions through song. Even if they were too poor for paints and canvas or their fingers too crippled to play an instrument, there was always a voice to be raised, to let out the sadness or to share the happiness. The music of these people is truly "folk" music.

Modern, space-age, mass-media people also need to express themselves. They have discovered this heritage from the past and taken it again to heart, because it still expresses what they want to say.

Who should be designated as the founder of the modern revival of folk music? Alan Lomax, of the early nineteen-hundreds, and later Carl Sandburg, collected the songs of the American people. During the thirties, a dustbowl Okie by the name of Woody Guthrie became the singing spokesman for the wandering poor of the Depression.

During the fifties a new generation of folksingers came along. Among them was the great Pete Seeger, who unquestionably knows more about American folk music than any other man alive today. Most familiar to today's teenagers are Peter, Paul, and Mary who brought folk music back into popularity during the early sixties. They make their arrangement of ballads and folk songs sophisticated enough for the tastes of today's audiences. The unique voice of Joan Baez brought protest songs to the public's attention.

Now, many young folksingers are showing their talents--artists like Judy Collins, Joni Mitchell, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Eric Anderson, and Buffy St. Marie.

Whether a folksinger does a sixteenth-century ballad, a Negro spiritual, or a Bob Dylan song, those of the folk music fraternity understand what the song and the singer are trying to express. They are able to see the same images and feel the same emotions that were seen and felt centuries ago because of the delicate but versatile medium of the folk song.

