

All Around McCluer

First and foremost Scoop would like to apologize to Mr. Reiner Krieger for the misspelling of his first name in the September 9 issue of Scoop. It isn't often, but sometimes Klaus and Reiner have been confused.

Those aspiring to become Thesplan members will want to note a correction to the Thesplan points scale published in the September 9 issue. A total of 15-30 hours equals one point toward the 10 points needed to become a candidate for Thesplans, not the 30-40 hours as listed in the "Anne Frank" article.

Florissant YWCA is planning an interracial dialogue with an inner city YWCA. For further information contact Mrs. Martha Greenlaw at TE 8-6660. Dialogue will be for youth.) Dick Gregory, comedian, author, and civil rights worker, will speak at the Jewish Community Center in St. Louis on October 27 at 8:30 p.m.

Dr. Merlin Ludwig, principal, has developed a theme for '68-'69, which he titles "Student Involvement in Learning." Under the auspices of Education Committee, students will have a chance to give suggestions on planning--new buildings, new schools, and new curriculum. There will be open seminars on these and other subjects. Since the third week of September, Dr. Ludwig has randomly chosen names from the student directory to discuss informally, in groups of 15, problems which face students and which should be changed. Dr. Ludwig will appear before the Church of the Master Youth Fellowship on October 6 to discuss changes with the church's McCluer and Hazelwood members.

Congratulations to Dave Cartwright, Pat Garrett, Karen Kienker, Jay Eggert, Steve Skedzeleski and Vicki Snodgrass - National Merit Semi-Finalists. More about this in the next issue.

Study Hall and Advisory Boast Revised Programs

Last year 14% of McCluer's 4000 students participated in an experimental Student Commons program. Because of its success, the program will be resumed again this year.

The program was set up for students having second and eighth hour study halls, who were issued Student Commons cards. Those entering the program were allowed to visit the IMC, the Guidance Office, walk the grounds or go to the M-2 cafeteria where students

Scoop

McCLUER SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

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September 26, 1968

Young Life Offers Young Religion

Question marks, 7:30 buttons, hustle jerseys. These are Young Life greeting cards. Sophomores, juniors, seniors. These are Young Life people.

"I've been going since Christmas last year," says Sally Nusbaum, senior, "I love it. It gets me to thinking. I wouldn't think about God on my own. Gordon is fantastic!" So what is there in Young Life for you? Gordon Nelsen, the club's sponsor, speaks of it this way:

"Young Life is an informal gathering to investigate Christianity. It might be geared for you and it might not. There are various reasons why kids come."

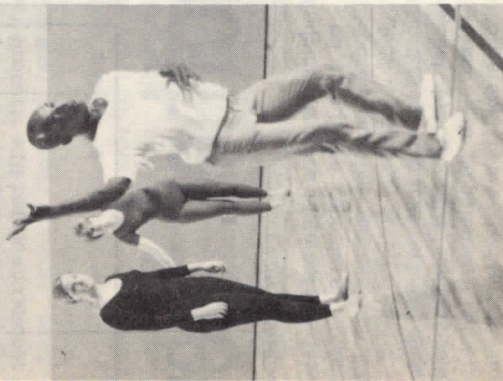
Young Life was introduced to McCluer last year by Mike Hagene, '68 graduate, and Pat Kallweit, now a student at Rockford, Illinois. Both had attended club meetings in Webster Groves and Kirkwood, and had gone to the summer camp. They were so enthused about Young Life that they decided to get a McCluer Club started. At first only their close friends came, and it seemed like a "closed affair." Then more kids came, and pretty soon attendance records were hitting 84, 98, and 105 for one meeting. Gordon Nelsen began leading the group in songs, skits, and discussions.

During the spring, over 20 Young Lifers sold candy to help pay their way to summer camp. "Hustle jerseys" are also sold to send inner-city kids to camp on scholarships.

Summer came, and 30 members from Kirkwood and Webster Groves, and 12 members from McCluer bussed out to Frontier Ranch in Colorado. One member also went to Castaway Club in Minnesota. These camps are operated by a "work crew" of kids from all over the U.S.

Gordon Nelsen has high hopes for the fall and winter program. "We only have two strict rules for you to abide by if you want to become a member. One is you have to be young. The second is you have to be alive, and breathing. I mean, you have to be warm and you have to make some kind of movements."

Last year's members will probably agree with him. Religion in not forced on you; it is an open, relaxed atmosphere for everyone.



Bill Frank

"Professionals in Residence" is a new teaching technique adopted by Mrs. Arlas Ballard in her modern dance classes. Mrs. Ballard has as her guest instructor, Mr. Bill Frank of the Murray Lewis Dance Company. Mr. Frank arrived at McCluer September 17 and will remain for three months,

P.T.C. open house is set for October 7 at 7:30 p.m. Again this year, parents will choose only three out of the six classes to attend, due to time allotment.

Cast for Fall Play Spins Into Motion

In a tense, breathless moment, a family waits in agonized silence, praying for their lives. Amid sighs and nervous laughter, doubt of safety is expressed, but the group turns their faith and hope to God.

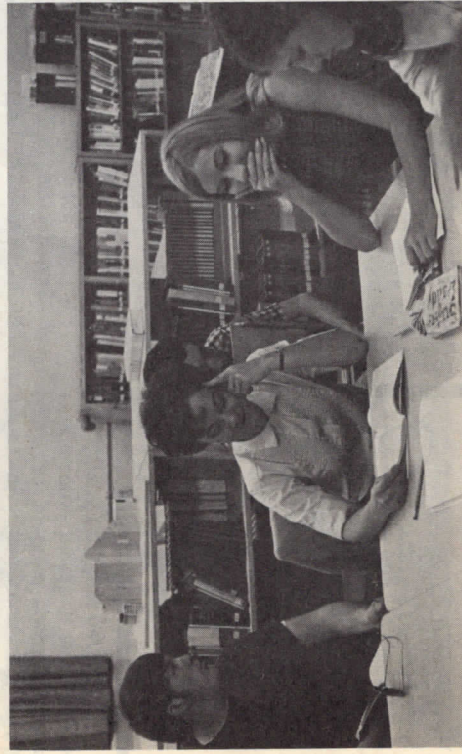
"The Diary of Anne Frank" is the drama of two Jewish families who have taken refuge in the attic of a Dutch business establishment in Amsterdam. The story depicts the everyday lives of two normal families in a quite abnormal situation.

Mr. Frank, played by Lee Howis, junior, is the mainstay of the group who provides most of the moral support and keeps the household tolerable. Mrs. Frank, portrayed by Gail Troske, junior, is a gentlewoman whose personality is closely reflected by her eldest daughter, Margot, played by Lila Hill, junior. Rebellious Anne, depicted by Sherrill Roof, sophomore, has few of the gentle qualities of the rest of her family, but has a great trust in mankind as all the rest.

Others in the cast include Tim Willis, Ruthe Ingerson, Shirley Harlen, seniors; Mike Rocchio, Stan Hammann, juniors; and Mike Fiegis, sophomore.

"The Diary of Anne Frank" will be presented October 18, 19, and 21 at 8:00. Tickets will be 75¢ in advance or \$1.00 at the door.

Two matinees will be presented on October 15 and 17 for sophomores only. On Sunday, October 20 at 2:00 there will be a matinee for junior high students only. All three matinees will cost 50¢. Tickets may be purchased from any drama student.



A tinge of humor is detected as actors read through "Anne Frank."

Committee for '68-'69, expects the program to resume sometime in the middle of October. "In the future we will try to give more freedom and responsibility to the students. We will ask students for ways of improvement and new concepts in education, and we will stress the importance of using the time to the fullest extent."

Improvements will be made to remedy such things as trash on the floor, noise in the hall, and the insufficient supply of workers. A questionnaire will be handed out to help orientate the program to student opinion.

An added feature is the plan to expand Student Commons to all study hall hours. Success in the beginning will be the determining factor in later expansion. Last year, less than 1% abused the privilege of Student Commons.

Advisory to Take New Form

A questionnaire on how to improve the advisory hour was distributed last year; its results were examined by a Student Council appointed committee and those results will be introduced this year.

The advisory committee is headed by Jack Mannebach, senior, and his co-chairmen, Anna Estes, Ron Thompson, Donna Porter and Harry Thies, all seniors. The committee is sponsored by Miss Regina Jerzewiak.

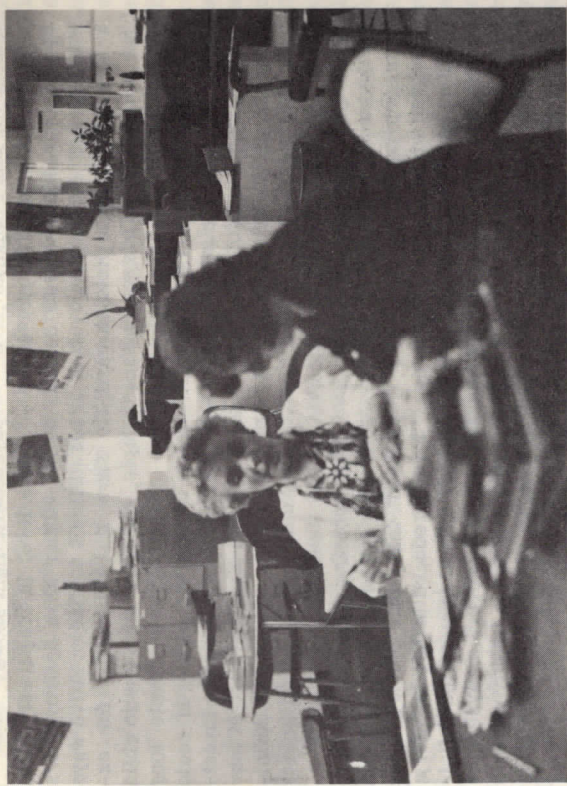
The program will begin on October 7 with the hour filled with planned activities, ranging from movies to school spirit pep talks. Mondays and Fridays are activity days, while Tuesdays and Thursdays are reserved for Student Council, and Wednesdays for the guidance office. Following the ninth week of the revised advisory program an evaluation sheet will be distributed to students for their appraisal.

SOPHOMORES WELCOME

Sophomores are encouraged to try out for the sophomore play, "The Man Who Came to Dinner," on Mon., Sept. 30, Tues. Oct. 1 and Fri., Oct. 4. Immediately after school in Room 5214 in M-5. Sophomores may sign up for crews in their English classes. Production dates will be Nov. 22, 23, 24 and 25.

to talk about God. Maybe we can help find some answers for you. We'd like to have a crack at it."

Officers for this year's club have not yet been elected, but meetings are underway. The next one will be held September 30, 7:30 p.m. at Joyce Wittmer's house, 2340 Derhake. Directions are easy to come by; just ask anyone wearing a question mark or 7:30 button.



Miss Berger assisting student in Guidance's Inauguration Week.

Guidance Has New Form

The Guidance Department is all new. Or at least the carpeting and furniture are. According to Mr. Burnside, chairman of Guidance, this year the Department will try to be more "student-conscious" rather than "counselor-centered" as it was last year. The goal of the guidance staff is to get students to want to come into the office.

To make the students feel more comfortable, the office has been completely remodeled with sofas and soft chairs set up for a living room effect.

One great advantage to this new arrangement is that the student doesn't sign up to see his counselor. When he walks in, there is usually someone there with whom he can consult immediately. However, if there is a specific counselor with whom he'd like to speak, there is usually only a short wait.

As last year, Guidance has many useful services to offer. These include such references as the "Occupational Outlook Handbook" and "Barron's Profile of American Colleges." Guidance is also able to give out test scores at a moment's notice.

Chicago revisited was the scene in the recent Student Council assembly. Even though Assembly Committee was in charge, I was surprised to learn that the actual festivities were arranged by someone else who is an expert at such things. I talked to him after the third assembly. He had this to

say: "Very fine. Very fine. Everything went beautifully!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"The assemblies. I must say, for the third week of school they

turned out marvelously. Let me explain the strategy. My committee decided that if we wanted a successful organization in assemblies, we should follow an example. The goal we sought to reach was an assembly like the Democratic Convention."

"That was an awfully hard mountain to climb," childish behavior was planned?"

"But we did it! That's why I'm so elated!"

"How, exactly, did you accomplish it?"

"Well But what about the

“First of all, we planted some of our members in the audience to make duckcalls and encourage gen-

eral mumbling during the speeches. I must say -- that part succeeded greater than I'd expected time."

plastic
is
forever

by Cathv Dalpino

The film "A Thousand Clowns" will be shown tonight at 7:30 in the Florissant Valley Junior College library. The comedy is a delightful comment on the individual vs. society and stars Jason Robards and Barbara Harris. Admission is 50¢.

"A Thousand Clowns" is the first in a series of films to be presented on Thursday evenings at the college. "The Pawnbroker" will be shown October 3.

by Steve Bristow

Chicago last month was a picture of mass confusion. Cries of "police brutality" have risen from the voices of many people. And when the trouble started the reporters were ready. We saw

Demonstrators were injured and supposedly beaten for no reason. But let's look at the other side. Many policemen were injured. Chains, knives, and guns were but a few of the weapons confiscated from the "peace loving" yippiets. The yippiets broke city ordinances, damaged property, and in general tried to provoke violence. In spite of this, not a single demonstrator was killed by "overreaction" or accident.

The Chicago Police Department was warned by the F.B.I. that agitators were heading to Chicago to Mace, although it had been boiled

demonstrators could not have talked to all the reporters. Things looked bad, but no one was killed.

As for the case of the innocent bystanders I can say only this: How do policemen know the difference between a demonstrator and a bystander? Granted, many demonstrators are recognizable by their hair, beards, and smell. Some, however, are not. Innocent bystanders should stay at home.

Many people say that the use of force was the wrong method. But I ask those who condemn the Chicago police, what method would they use in a case like this? Apparently, no one has found one.

collage

It's Soul, Brother.

You can't pin it to a definition, compare it to other styles of music, or in any other way confine it, classify it, or restrain it. It's Soul, and that's saying it all.

It's Aretha Franklin wailing her message to reach the depths of an Eskimo's being...Otis Redding offering his soul to say what others feel but cannot begin to express.. The Supremes dressed in sequined evening gowns but clothed in sincerity.

It's Sunday evening, October 6 at Kiel Auditorium with Smokey Robinson and the Miracles.

Or it's a picture of what you have already seen and possibly experienced:

Glistening bodies dipping rhythmically from side to side as arms gesture their come-on. Grins flashing communication of that new dimension of our-generation-brotherhood. Participants consequently being joined by those companions who can see, and feel, and understand what has come to be.

Two people loving, holding each other without passionate display. He bending over her, only gently, and she placing her hand in his, only lightly touching. But the feeling there for all to witness as together they weave intricate patterns across a languid floor.

Make Room, Noah

by Larry Brandon

Houdini was his name and escaping was his game. Threenights in a row I awoke to find this hamster upon my chest, wishing me a pleasant night's sleep. To do this remarkable feat, he had to escape from his cage, crawl down

Rhythmic claps pulsating through an auditorium, smothering the customary drone of incidental conversation prior to a live performance. The 10,000 paid, becoming one body, desiring. Demanding. The bond strengthening. Looking less into each other and experiencing more with each other. Reaching the peak.

It's Soul.

Colored or white, it is brothers united. It is peace. Yes, and love, wrapped up together; there is no reason left to think past the emotional bond.

Hidden Persuaders

by Debbie Rath

The male lead enters with running make-up. BOING! A spring pokes through the couch cushion. PLOP! A door knob comes off in his hand. His wife enters, stage left, in darkness. The lights finally come on.

She is attired in a bright red and orange plaid dress--three sizes too large. She turns around as though forgetting something--several empty cereal boxes and a brown paper bag hit her in the face.

The microphone falls silent. A picture crashes to the floor. The staircase shivers and collapses. A loud shout rings out from backstage...

Talk about a bad play! Yet try to picture the actors on an empty stage without appropriate costumes and make-up. Both scenes just go to show how important such things are.

Contrary to popular belief, stage crew members do build a sturdy set. They have to--they're the ones who must test it out before the actors use it. If a door knob is loose, it is quickly tightened. When a platform sways, braces are deftly applied to make it more durable. Should the stairs collapse--well, the actors try to ad lib.

Props committee members could be compared to cowboys in a rodeo. Their job is to "round-up" all of the little necessities for use on stage. Camelot, last spring's musical, required a large dog in one scene. When a large

enough one was located, he refused to cooperate and nearly pulling an actor off the end of the stage! He was quickly replaced. Some peculiar props were required for

Fountain of Hope

At last it's reached its destination. Now what? How about a nice cheering up? May-



6:20 a.m.

Doodles

by Mary Boschert

Doodle psychology is a game worth playing. A fun game. An exciting game. Just take a doodle--any kind will do--and study it. You might be surprised by what you learn about the doodler's personality.

Take, for example, the organized doodler. Everything is in great detail. His doodles are almost too organized, with every line and scribble exactly right. Such organization could show a regimented mind.

Then there are number doodlers. These obviously math-oriented minds doodle not only the numbers themselves but they also doodle problems. The easy kind like

$$a + \sqrt{\frac{d}{c}} - |t| = 4c^2$$

$$+ d^2 (x|s - 4c \cdot sx) + 4y (-6x)$$

Alphabets are doodled no doubt by those who, since kindergarten, have had to print their ABC's daily. They really hate the alphabet and show it by doodling letters all over everything.

Name doodlers write their names big, little, neat, sloppy, slanted, straight, spread out,

crunched together. These people are probably afraid they will be forgotten. Perhaps they feel a need to develop a more unique signature so they will be remembered for this if for nothing else. Yet these people are not conceited. Instead they are insecure and feel inferior.

People who doodle in 's are masochists of a sort. They feel they have to test themselves. Instead of just trying to go through the maze, they feel they must also create it. They are torturing their brains as well as their eyes. (Try looking at a  for a long time. You'll see what I mean.)

The common circle doodlers may be classified either as well-rounded or as dull. The rounder the circle the duller the life. (Dull people go around in circles.) What other kinds of doodles and doodlers are there?

Hmm! My pages of doodles have circles. And they have squares. And there are song words. And there are spirals. And there are square spirals. And.....



room, and climb up my bed. Talk about loyalty.

Houdini was only one of many animals who have taken up residence either permanently or temporarily in our home through the years.

For instance there were the three mother cats who produced five kittens apiece in two days. Have you ever tried to give away 15 kittens plus three prolific female cats? Believe me, no one has that many friends--or enemies.

The snake pit was more fun. That project involved at least a dozen boys, three shovels, five snakes, and a ton of dirt. Our fame grew until a member of the A.S.C.P.A. made us liberate the snakes. Unfortunately, my basement was the liberation site. My mother still refuses to go uncortorted into the basement.

I blame my fascination for snakes on my dad. I was introduced to them at an early age when a can of small ringneck snakes Dad had captured escaped in our house. I didn't get out of my crib for a week.

Have you ever tried to find electric candles or a monkey's paw? The prop members say it's not easy.

The light men sit precariously on a three-tiered scaffold, trying desperately to keep the light on the actors. In the light and sound booths, colleagues converse via headphones.

Without programs or publicity, a play perishes. Without a house manager or director, a play collapses.

And without an audience, a play is doomed!

Closer Than They Think

You're pushed into a dark room. Listen. A telephone's ringing. No, it's a recording of a phone. Don't talk--just listen. Producers and televisions flash on. Watch all you can. Look around you. Watch, listen, take in all you can. Walk out, don't say a word. Just think. Are you aware of what's going on around you?

What I have just described is a mass-media bombardment. It was just one of the happenings experienced this summer by 200 high school kids of every race, religion and creed who lived and worked together in harmony at Trout Lodge in Potosi, Missouri. The program was sponsored by the University of Missouri.

"It was just wild; I couldn't take in enough," said one girl about the bombardment. Groups met to discuss each movie, speaker or program during the three-day session. Discussions were led by college students.

With the absence of adults, teenagers spoke freely.

"If adults would just let us alone, I think a lot of problems would be solved," said Sheri, a Jewish girl from Kansas City. Sue, from Hazelwood, commented, "My parents act so dumb about integration, but I'd never tell them that."

"You know what would happen if our parents were put in this situation?" asked Eric, a Negro boy from McKinley. "The whites would stay in their little group, the colored in another and the Jews in a third. We aren't doing that. Why do they?"

dots, or some yellow daisies floating on the surface? It needs some excitement in its life too, you know. You can't just let it sit there "gurgling" for something spectacular to happen.

Come on, give it a little thought. See if you can't come up with something outstanding to brighten up its home a little. Why not a "Beautify the M-3 Lobby" campaign? We have the crest, the murla, the calendar, and various posters, but wouldn't you say a little more is needed? Let's make the Senior gift of '68 really outstanding!

Saturday Review

by Kathy Anderson

With the aid of his mate Ursula, his ape named Ape, and Sheep, his faithful dog (who in reality is a two-ton elephant), George of the Jungle fights to preserve the savagery and primitive ways of the tropical playground. I wonder what Freud would have done with George? A-a-a-h-h-h-h!

Meanwhile in a posh penthouse apartment in a big metropolitan city, we find Henry Cabot Henderson the III (known in CRIME FIGHTER'S MONTHLY as Super Chicken) talking to his sidekick, personal aide, and all-round Tonto, Fred. Fred has just tripped over a bar stool while bringing Henry the super-sauce, which will transform the ordinary, fearless-feathered fowl into an ordinary, fearless-feathered super fowl. "You knew the job was dangerous when you took it, Fred!"

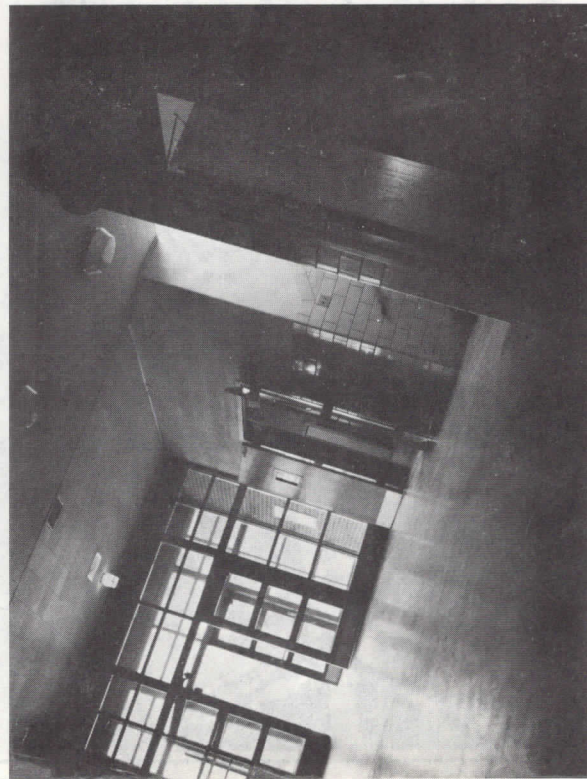
Commercial time!...Whew! I made it back in...Did I miss any --no...he's coming--he's coming!

"And turning into the last lap of the big race, still ahead of all those other dastardly dare-devils, is Tom Slick, America's Bonnie Prince Charlie of racing. Aiding him at the pit-stop (?) is Tom's sweetheart and part-time friend, Marigold, and Gertie Growler-- a nice 80-year-old lady garage owner. Tom is racing in the famed car, the Thunderbolt Greaseslapper."

The "Thunderbolt ..." what? Oh, well. Yeah Tom!!

Now let me see. What comes next? I think I'll watch...what? Oh no, Mom! Please don't turn it off! But, it'll be a whole week before I see them all again! Imagine--a whole week! Oh, well, at least I can keep practicing--George, George, George of the Jungle, friend to you and me. A-a-a-h-h-h-h!

5:15 p.m.



September 26, 1968

SCOOP

Page 3

Vision No. 3

The cold,
the vengeful cold is slicing into me,
slipping into my veins,
reaching slyly into my heart.

It knows well its purpose.

But I, I resist with all my strength
this terror.

I seek the fires, I run to warm climates
I try to find solace with other humans;

I tell them of the voiceless ghostbody . . .
its fingers creeping through my veins,
its eyes growing nearer to my precious-kept heart.

But the other humans shake their heads,
they do not feel the cold.

I scream and writhe in my complete loneliness
but suddenly,

I hear a soundless voice,
speaking to me through
the layers
of my soul.

It whispers to me three words
and finally, I see the truth
as I shed the layers of my once-strangled soul,
and let the beautiful cold delve deep
into my heart.

And a word I have sometimes seen,
but never believed in,
this word, ecstasy, flashes into my eyes.

Dear God,

Hey Mr. God,
Why am I here?
And what about my colored friend down
the street.

Have You a plan?
Say;

about
the . . .
Political corruption
Morality
Poverty
Bombs
Riots
Wars

--and--

All the other niceties that
innocents are born into . . .
Things aren't right,
or am I wrong?

Send a message, miracle or sumptin
Box #13, Earth.

Mike Phillips

Knowing Sadness

In the distance exists a star	Before and never will again
And you struggle and you strive	Because you love it.
And you pay with your body and	But the star does not want you and
Soul and Mind to reach that star	it
Because you love it.	Turns away and leaves you to your
Finally the star is known and	tears
touched	And you watch it go but you do not
And you have reached it and you feel	Stop it
Such a joy that you have never felt	Because you love it.



by Joyce Childress

On Vietnam

Listen to the crying.
Does anyone care?
See them all dying.

Inside I Am

Vision No. 1

I saw a flower
in the greenwood, traditionally beautiful.

By strode a horse, typically muscled;
ate the flower, roots and all.

Along came an artist, drably talented;
painted the horse with the flower in its stomach.

Nearby crouched a panther, proudly evil;
sprang on the artist, devoured him happily:
left the painting, half-finished.

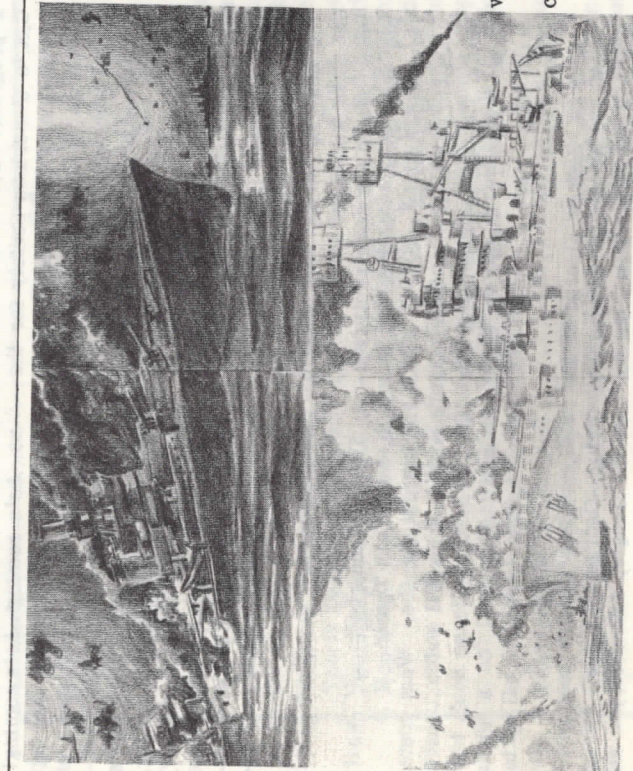
Next to the greenwood, lived the panther ever after,
til one day.

By came death, upon a lamb skin,
expectedly dark, commonly called master.

Up sprang the panther,
eyes flowing ancient passions,
bowed to the cowering master:

Devoured him politely and lay to rest.

RAVEN



by Dan Grossmann

Twilight Tide of Darkness

The twilight tide of darkness
Ebbs into my room
The inky shadows deepen
And bring out sighs of gloom

A young man in the shadows
Contemplates alone
His memory's a storybook
His characters his own

He wanders and he rambles
Thru the annals of his mind
His heart is saddened at the thought
Of the girl he left behind

An incomplete affair of love
That could have been complete
The life together he had planned
Crumbled at his feet.

And so the fractured fairy tale
Faded in the gloom
A man sighs in the darkness
Of a dark and lonely room.

*music—Rick Buckner
lyrics—Brad Robinson*

This is one of the songs written
and performed by Ceramic
Marshmellow, local folk group.

Time of Trees

I have misplaced the Van Allen belt,
the sewers, and drainage,
the urban renewal,
suburban centers.
I cannot remember--
names of literary critics.
I know what I know?
Am I the child I was?
living the life that is mine.
I am young and half asleep.
Now--a time of waters,
a time of trees.

1968
A.F.

Spirals

darkness rushing
ever creeping
onto infinity

moving over dead bodies
of civilizations past
who had one brief golden moment
and perished in the afterlight

glory greater than any ever known
is forgotten quickly
when ashes complement the hillside

why do we cry 'change things' when
our brief golden moment is nearing the end
civilization runs in foolish spirals
which cannot be altered
when our time comes
there will be no turning it back

Mr. Somebody



by Gary Cooper

Gray

Gray. Everything's gray. Look at the sky . . . the beautiful blue sky is gone . . . it's all the same dull, indecisive color. The windows and frames, doorways, even part of the ceiling. Cabinets, chairs, table tops, pencil lead, newspapers. All gray. Isn't that odd.

What was that?

Was it a bird? Yes . . . yes. A bird. Thank God for birds. White birds. I wonder what kind it was? Oh well. White birds symbolize hope. Maybe the gray will dissolve.

But wait. Wait. It's not turning lighter -- the gray is lingering . . . It . . . it's getting darker. No . . . no, it . . . it can't. Please God, oh please make it light again. Why? Why is everything so black! All the birds are gone. But what happened to the Hope they carried with them? Oh God--no--is that gone too? Is it black like everything else? Dear God--please--please give us some light. I don't want it all to be black. Please give us back the gray! Please!

Pray for a gray world.

Kathy Anderson

Silence and Sorrow

I have two children;
silence and sorrow.
Each a separate thing;
yet one.
Silence whispers through
to me.
And sorrow just now
come.

J. W.

Void Image

the void image of
someone i know
lurks somewhere
in the light

i cannot recog-
nize it or is
it i (?)
don't want to (?)

the ride in the
haunted house
is an attraction

C.K.

December's Children

"December's children, children of
stone
born into a dustfree world
so free it chokes them
stones carved by the master
craftsman
his work intricate yet
all look the same.

each one is a prize worth more
than nothing each an original
each a duplicate of another.

except when two stones hit and chip
and people say: "oh too bad
they are ruined!"

too bad i am ruined

Asphalt Jungle

I live in the asphalt jungle

I have telephone poles for trees, fire hydrants for a lake and the asphalt for a yard.

I live in Harlem, the south side of Chicago, the west side of New York . . . or just down the block;

This is my world where I live.

I fight in the rumbles . . . I have no toys . . .

I steal your cars, I smash your windows . . . I have no under-standing . . .

I play among the squalid alleys, paper-filled, steaming stench of human sweat and garbage; a sea of flies and insects.

This is my world where I live.

I carry my knife and have no security;

I spit and curse and have no love;

I roam in the cold blackness of the night;

I am as sly and slimy as the oil scum on the water;

I trudge through a wet misery and sorrow . . .

This is my world where I live.

I drink; I have no manhood

I am but a sad child, clinging to the breast of hate; resting in the arms of hate, in the arms of loneliness.

This is my world where I live.

And You, do you know my world, my world of asphalt, of hate, of stench, of sorrow, of sweaty bodies and diseased hearts?

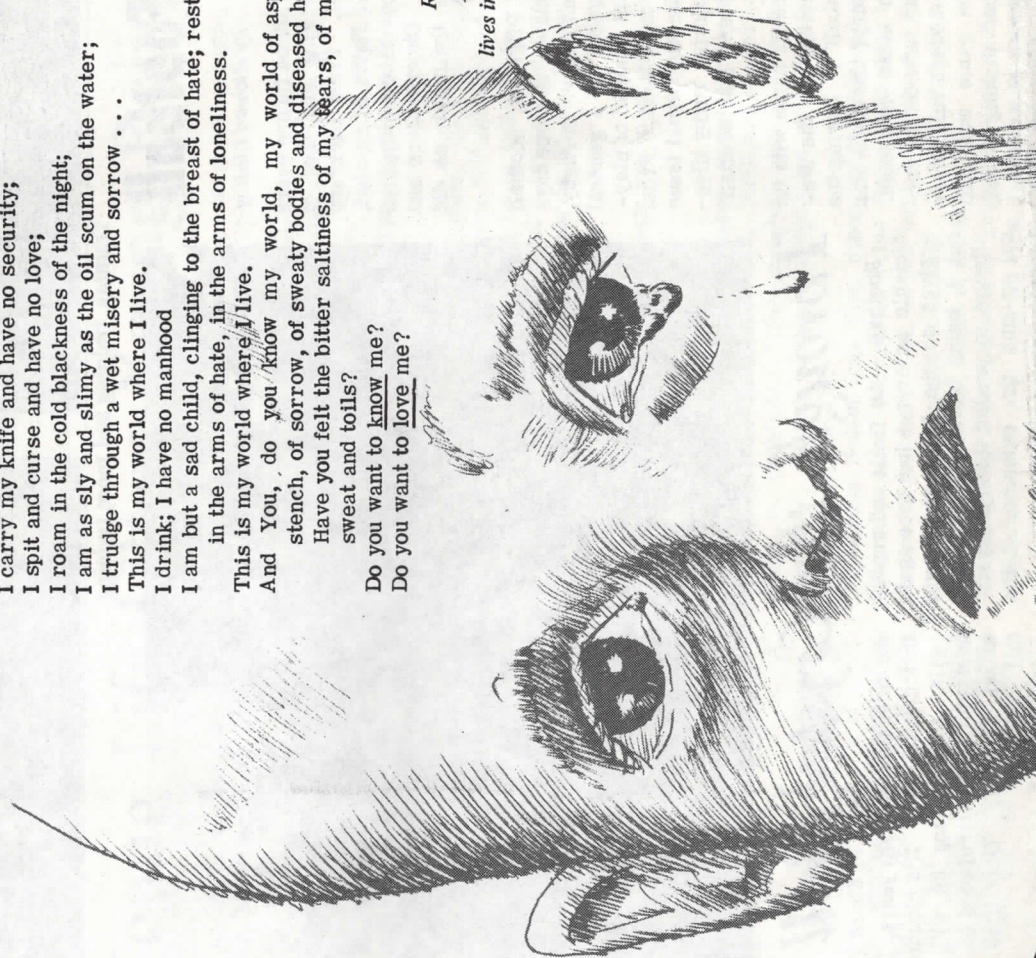
Have you felt the bitter saltiness of my tears, of my sweat and toils?

Do you want to know me?

Do you want to love me?

Rick Murphy
19 years old

lives in St. Louis ghetto



horrible flashes
of (un) truth are more
than i

can stand and i
want to run away
yet am willing to
pay the price

to go in again
not knowing where
i'm going yet i
can only go

into or out of
backwards or
sdrawof
there is not, other way

C.K.

'a wind rushes '

A wind rushes in the void
blowing clouds to maybe
dust to where
a figure huddled.
there drops a chewed cigar
and a life joins the dust.

A.F.

Poets Are Inside-Out People

Poets are inside out people
Words are mirrors whose held
image depends on who looks
at them,

people in words see the world
poets in words see themselves;
through words people know things,
a poet knows things

and there is the word.

What is he to do with word that stands
for thing when he "knows" thing -?-

Why look for world in the words
when he sees the world --
thus, in words he looks for self . . .

then what does a poet mean when
he says, "tree"?

don't ask me,
I'm just a leaf.

Gary Suter

Hello, Your Ugliness

Hello, Your Ugliness, How do you do!
i am happy and Honoured to meet you. YOU are rekown for your,
shall we say . . .

coarse features and uh obese? figure.

?how did you do it?

born that way? what a s*h-ame

but there's one good thing about it you know. THINK of all
the good you're doing for mankind think of all the

'people' that look at you and say to themselves 'eveninnothatugly'

Just think of all the comfort you've given them. You are
truly a selfless SOUL

You're Majesty!!

??YOUR MAJESTY?!!?

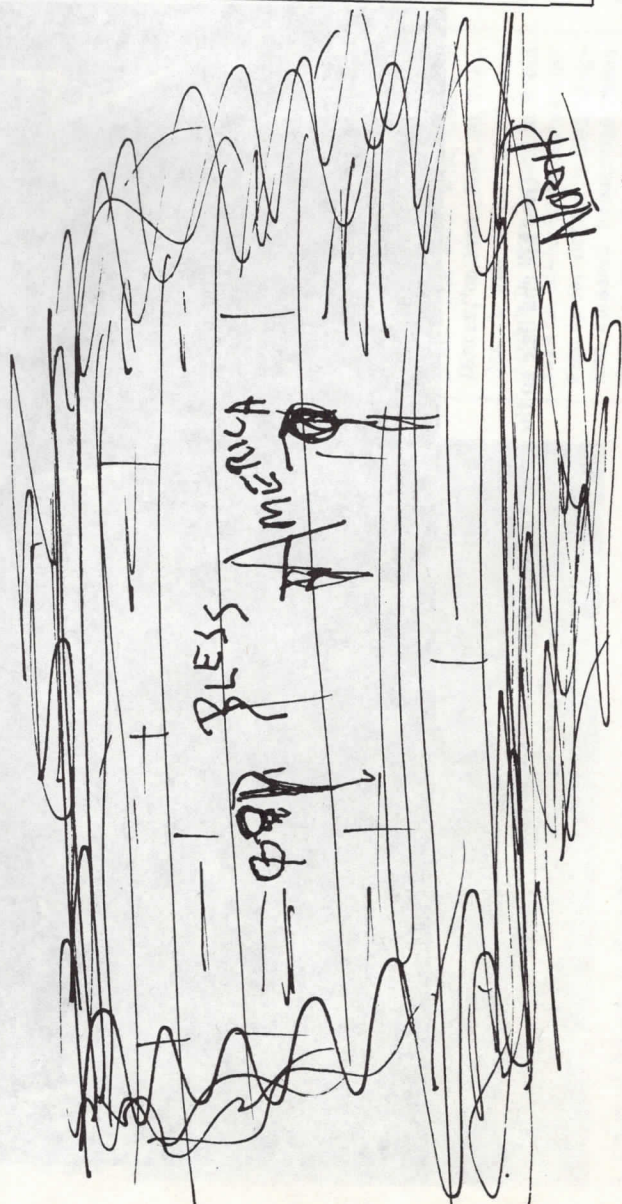
. . . now why do you suppose he did that why did he hafta
go and kill hisself . . . the INGRATE

Now we'll have to find a new KING to reign over our gracious-
and glorious kingdom of
earth ?

RAVEN

IF YOU WRITE, PAINT, or DRAW creatively please consider sub-
mitting it to us. We would print it with your name or anonymously as
you specify, but do sign it so we can contact you if necessary. Poetry
or stories of any length, form or subject are what we want. Don't
think you are bragging if you give it to us. We will judge it good or
not, so you are just saying, "Here, I wrote this and feel sorry for your
empty page." Pictures of any type or subject we also need-- especially
anything unusual. Don't worry, it will all be returned after careful
and grateful use.

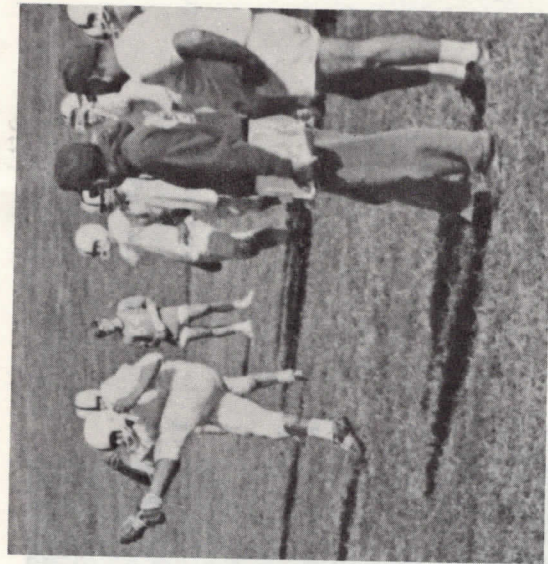
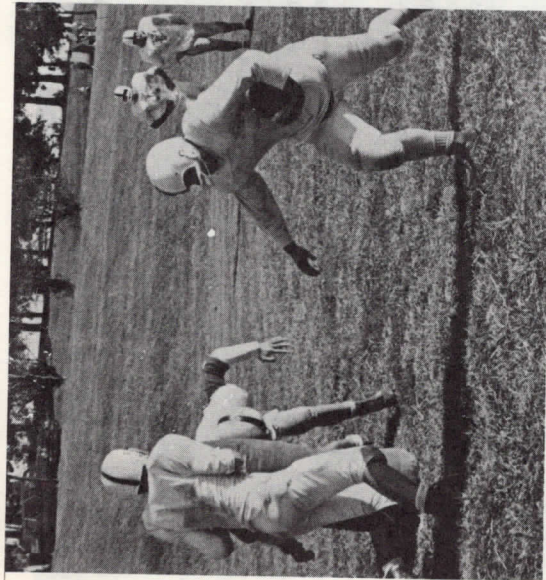
Just put writing in the SCOOP box in the M-13 lobby. For art work,
notify us via the SCOOP box first and then we'll arrange to get it without
harming it.



September 26, 1968

SCOOP

Page 5



Training, training and more training . . .

King Football

by Richard Lieding

From his gridiron throne every fall rules the king and lord of sports, football. From backyard to professional fields of combat, teams lock in combat over disputed area of land. Cheerleaders and fans cheer for their side as did Romans of old.

As did the Pilgrims, football came from England. In those days it was known as rugby. In rugby, two teams engaged in a general free-for-all; any number of players could be on a team. From time to time, the King would issue an edict proclaiming rugby illegal---maybe his team lost too often?

Rugby changed its name with its nationality, coming to the New World as "football". During the nineteenth century, the game was still played in mass confusion. Then around the turn of the century, the first modern rules were set down. The game was still one of two lines dishing it out, but the midshipmen of Annapolis



Through the Crystal Ball

by Chuck Vogel

Football --as fickle and unpredictable as ever-- has once again arrived on the McCluer campus, but I, being fast and tricky, will attempt to predict through mystical means the outcome of the tell.

Football Comets Again Hit the Road

by Jim Holmes

Man your battle stations! This is the thunderous cry as football returns. With the addition of State playoffs, McCluer can look forward to one of the most hotly contested seasons we have ever known. To get into these playoffs and come out as State champs, a team is going to have an explosive offense together with a tough, stingy defense.

The gridiron Comets have the makings of both of these. They have enough returning lettermen to guard against a big loss in vital experience. And with one of the state's finest coaching staffs, the Comets have a lot to be thankful for.

Comets to Race Pirates Sept. 30

St. Charles may have a tough time September 30 when they tangle with Coach George Hollowell's McCluer team. The advantage is all for the Comets-- Coach Hollowell knows what to expect from St. Charles since he coached there last year.

"Needless to say, a victory for McCluer would make me very happy, and I think our boys can do it. They have a lot of pride in their team and this means a good try for a victory."

Last year St. Charles finished sixth, McCluer eighth in the state.

At the Edwardsville Tournament September 21 McCluer took fourth behind Kirkwood, Belleville West and Hazelwood. Twenty-nine teams ran in the meet. Mike Patterson, Don O'Donnell, Tom Senadenos, Dave Cartwright, Joe Waltz, Ron Thompson and Steve Bristow ran for the Comets.

At the same tournament, McCluer's sophomores took first in their meet with a score of 47

"Offensively, Harold Thies is running well," says Mr. Jerry Dwyer, offensive coach. To go with Harry's fine running, the offensive line is blocking effectively. The addition of Mr. Emmet Perry as line coach has greatly increased the development of a fine blocking line. The ends, fast and deceptive, possess good pairs of hands. To top it all off is our biggest asset, fine quarterbacking.

Strong on Defense

"Defensively, we have a great standout at linebacker in Bill Brotenmarkel," says Coach Gerald Dwyer. The defense is especially strong to the outside, putting up great pass rush and run pursuit. The front four of the defense are a tough bunch who know how to hit. The defensive secondary, always a vital part of any team, is a gang of alert, skillful defenders and deadly tacklers.

But don't think the team doesn't have any weak points. As a whole the team is small as high school football teams go, but it is quick, eager, and determined. The

someone took off with the forward pass, and thus was born modern football.

Today, football is played by amateur and professional players. Now, tactics and skill, rather than brute force, are most important. A good team learns from 40 to 50 different plays. As the game continues to grow in popularity and complexity, many people have begun to maintain that football is now truly the American national sport.

Interest High For Team In Gymnastics

What is the possibility of a gymnastics team here at McCluer? What would it take to form a team and have it compete against other schools or perhaps give demonstrations to the student body? Could it be done?

First though, maybe we should ask if anyone is interested in a gymnastics team. Evidence points to the affirmative. Last year saw the opening of a new gymnastic and weight training club and if the turnout was any sign of success, it should and probably will be revived again this year. In addition this year, many junior and senior boys have signed up for a new course in gymnastics, offered as part of the gym curriculum.

The interest is there. The boys are there. The next step----to organize a team befitting McCluer's athletic reputation.

Backed by my crystal ball, I will predict a winning season for the McCluer football squad. Offense will be hurt by the loss of graduates Steve Miller, last year's quarterback, and Barry Rinderknecht, outstanding backfieldman last year. The loss of All Conference and All Suburban defensive end, Tony Gschwendner, will set back the defense.

But the team will recover from these losses. Defense will probably come on stronger than the offense in the beginning games. Being more complicated, offensive plays are harder to learn and therefore, develop slower.

Checking the Ouija board, I predict that in the first league game against Lindbergh, McCluer will have a hard-fought battle on their hands. Fortunately, the Comets will pull away to victory. By how much? Ouija refuses to tell.

For the Normandy game, the crystal ball seems cloudy. It'll be a toss-up battle with either team having a chance at grabbing the victory.

Ritenour should be an easy victim, but St. Charles will give us a fight to remember. Last year, the Comets managed to wipe out St. Charles by the score of 33-19. Let's hope our luck (and skill) holds.

At Homecoming, Pattonville faces the Comets. This should be one of the easiest victories of the year. Pattonville had a record of 1-8 last year, as McCluer trounced the Pirates 32-13.

But then, tragedy will strike as Kirkwood and Riverview loom before the team. Last year, the Comets fought an impressive battle but lost to both teams. This year looks like it will be the same, with Riverview once again rated the number one team in the St. Louis area.

In the last game of the season, the Comets face the Hazelwood Hawks. In the league game last year, Hazelwood did the impossible and won against McCluer for

Sports Cast

CROSS COUNTRY

Varsity

Sept.

23 Normandy. Home

30 St. Charles. McNair Park

Oct.

4 Ladue Invitational. Ladue

7 Ritenour. Home

FOOTBALL

Varsity

Sept.

27 Lindbergh. Home

Oct.

4 Normandy. Away

Bernard, and Dave Russell were awarded individual trophies for finishing in the top 15. Ken was second in the race. Tom Tourville, Cliff Ramos and Brad Ottwell finished not far behind the leaders, coming in sixteenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth, respectively.

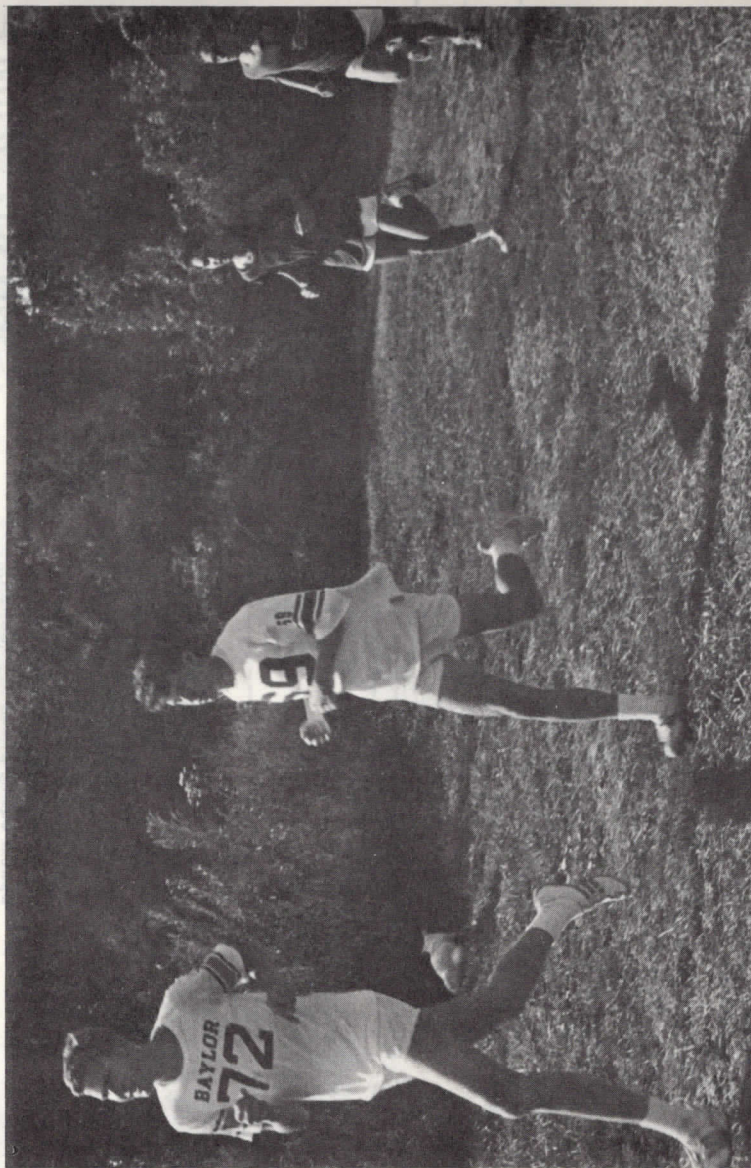
Friday the thirteenth proved unlucky, but for the other team as McCluer licked Pattonville, 27-30. Riverview had the luck on the sixteenth, however, as they edged past the Comets 25-30.

Twenty-eight all was the score when the Comets ran against Southwest on the eighteenth. The tie was especially memorable since only four members of the team ran: O'Donnell, Senadenos, Cartwright and Waltz.

Team Spirit High

"I think we have a great team and that we can take it all," relates running back John Perry. This optimistic statement is just a sample of the high team spirit prevalent throughout the football Comet's ranks as they prepare for the season ahead. The guys are hitting hard, running well, getting into great shape for a tough season.

Though team spirit is at its peak, it needs the support of the school spirit to keep the momentum rolling our way. The team will be there; will you be there --yelling?



Over hill and dale go the Cross Country Comets on their appointed rounds.