

Smoke Signal

MONTHLY

JUNE 1960



Dedicated to
the Class of 1960

INTROSPECTION

Another year has come to a close and another Senior Class is to graduate and go on—some to higher education, some to jobs, and perhaps a few into marriage.

For the Class of 1960, it has been a year of new awareness and increasing responsibility, as it has been for the underclassmen as well. It has been a year of change. It has been a year when ambitions were realized and a year when hopes were sometimes crushed. It has been a year of gaiety, and a year of tension, too. It has been a year of spirit and drive, with the individual counting as much as the group.

As the Class of 1960 prepares to leave, a new group of leaders is already springing up and continuing where their predecessors

left off. The evolution of the student body of Conrad will go on and it will succeed as the present Senior class has succeeded. New class heroes will come and then pass on into time and memory when their graduation comes.

Thus the cycle of the school, Henry C. Conrad High School, is never really complete—like "Old Man River", it just keeps rolling along.

To the underclassmen, the Smoke Signal wishes you the best of luck in the coming year; to the Senior Class, the Smoke Signal salutes you as you leave these halls and congratulates you as you go to take your rightful place among society.

THANK YOU ALL - ESPECIALLY "MR. B"

At this time of the year, it is proper for the Editor-in-Chief to express her gratitude and appreciation for all those persons who have helped in any way, be it large or small, to publish this newspaper. It was never easy, as are most things that are worth while. For those who have remained loyal supporters, may I offer my most sincere "Thank you".

I would like to thank the administration for their vote of confidence in the face of innumerable difficulties; there is also a big "Thank you" due Mr. Kincaid of the faculty and Gary Patterson of the staff for their guidance in the financial sector of our organization. And, of course, there is the staff to thank, whose complete enthusiasm has made this one of the best years that *Smoke Signal* has enjoyed to date.

But the man who deserves that special "Thank you" has never had his name up in credits. He has been content to quietly guide our staff and help out where and when it was necessary. He has shared our heartaches and our joys. He has put up with our pranks. It is largely through his past endeavors and staunch support that there is a *Smoke Signal* today. I speak of none other than Mr. Malcolm E. Baird.

Mr. Baird, I thank you, the staff thanks you, the student body thanks you for what you have done.

—Lillian Hughes —
Editor-in-Chief '60

The Forest Awakens

Nothing moves and nothing cries.
The wind whistles softly through the firs;
Slowly a chirp and a soft stirring,
The quietness gives way to sounds
As darkness gives way to dawn.
The sun hides behind a snowy peak,
And anxiously makes its way.
Cautiously the sun lifts itself to the sky.
The animals awaken as the birds sing and fly.

The forest awakens.
Shadows and darkness turn to light;
The night moves on to other places.
Squirrels take over where owls leave off,
Deer appear, quiet and wary;
The husky bear tramps out into his play-ground,
And the chipmunks scamper about.
Another day begins in the forest.

TOM SPAIN and BUZZY COOKE have been selected to represent Conrad at Delaware's Annual Boys' State. The event will be held June 12-17 in Dover. The boys, representing practically every school in Delaware, will be responsible for helping run the affairs of Delaware for a week. Likewise LINDA MITCHELL and LAURRAINE WIVEL have been selected to attend Girls' State. This will be conducted the same as Boys' State in Dover from June 14-17.

JONATHAN BRAGDON, Conrad's winner of the Delaware State Science Fair, won a fourth place award in the National State Science Fair in the biological division. His entry was "The Bio-Chemical Reactions of Paramacia Organella." He is the first Conradian ever to win first place in the State Science Fair.

The following seniors are among those who have been awarded scholarships for their outstanding achievement.

BILL ALSENTZER has been awarded a scholarship of one thousand dollars a year by Duke University, because of his outstanding high school record.

LINDA CHURN has been awarded a three year full scholarship to the Delaware School of Nursing by the Hospital Alumni Association.

GINA BORINSKY has been selected to receive the \$250 Junior Achievement Scholarship, awarded for meritorious achievement.

PETER FREDERICK, boys sports co-editor, has been chosen to represent Conrad as an American Field Service exchange student in Austria this summer.

SPORTS FLASHES

Baseball—Conrad became 1960 Conference champions with a 13-3 record. Jim Gregg will be next year's captain, according to Mr. Palermo. Jim Barger was voted Most Valuable Player.

Softball—7 Wins and 2 Losses. Lolita Martin earned Most Valuable Player award.

Track—Conrad placed third in the State, Conference, and County meets. Mike Brown is high individual scorer in Delaware State Inter-scholastics.

Tennis—Third place earned in Inter-scholastics; 9-3 record. Terry Graham, the 1960 captain, was voted Most Valuable Player. Girls' team won 1 and lost 5 matches.

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MANAGING EDITOR
Lillian Hughes
CO-EDITORS-IN-CHIEF
Samuel Ellicott and John Gahan



CLASS WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the members of the Senior Class of 1960, of the Henry C. Conrad High School, on the eve of our departure, hereby will and bequeath to our successors the glorious traditions and dignity of our school to be maintained at the same high standards that their predecessors have attained in the past. As they assume these responsibilities, we feel sure they can put to good use a few of our valuable earthly possessions. From these priceless assets, we leave the following:

We give and bequeath, freely, and without reservations or stipulations, to the Junior Class, our rightful heirs, our most important and valuable properties—our self-satisfaction, our importance, and our wisdom, all of which we possess in enormous quantities.

We give and bequeath to the Junior Class our well-known nerve, which they will need next year, and all the examination questions we have been given during the year. We believe that an examination, like history, often repeats itself.

To our teachers, the faculty of Conrad, we hereby give, free from all inheritance, luxury, or income tax, our entire store of knowledge. From them it came and to them it should be returned, and others may be benefited by it as we have been. Along with this knowledge is bequeathed much additional information obtained by original research and contemplation.

CHARLES LAUTENKLOS leaves his seat in Miss Jackson's Class to anyone smart enough to fill it.

LARRY JONES leaves his used supply of admittance slips and "Off Wednesdays" to any member of the Junior Class who wants them.

ANNE PEARSON leaves the Student Council problems to any poor kid that can stand them for a whole year—and remain sane.

DAVID LOW leaves this early morning stroll to the birds—particularly the buzzards!

LILLIAN HUGHES leaves her extensive vocabulary to whoever can understand it. Also included is one slightly mangled vocab. book, color—green.

LOIS MACLARY leaves Mr. Palermo fighting the War in Italy.

PAUL KRIZNUSKI leaves his Consumer Ed. book to anyone.

PRESTON MCGINNES leaves his tremendous speed to Angie Terranova.

JUDY RECTOR leaves her naps in Sociology to anybody that needs them.

JOHN COOPER leaves his weekends to any Junior who can take them on Monday morn.

DOLORES STRAHORN leaves her shrunken sweat shirt to any Junior small enough to squirm into it.

WINSTON CLELAND leaves Conrad relieved, after being assured that the German Club is in the capable hands of John Daly.

PHYLIS BOULDEN leaves her teachers, to whoever wants them.

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THE UNWARE

Busily hurrying down the street—
Ragged, dirty, trim, neat,
Old and wrinkled, young and fair:
People—Unaware.

Emotions fill every mind;
Personalities—every kind.
A bright smile, a hostile stare:
People—Unaware.

A dark cloud fills the sky above.
As a man runs, he drops his glove.
Where can they hide? Where?
The People—Unaware.
Now there are no people moving down the way.
No people by night or by day;
No one to care.
No people—who were Unaware.

Funniest Moments

The following question was asked to these Conradians this month: "What is the funniest thing that has ever happened to you?"

Diane Lane: "The first time I ever marched with the color guard, my flag got stuck in a tree. I stopped to untangle it, but the rest of the color guard kept on marching, leaving me desperately trying to free my tangled flag."

John Daly: "Third period!"

Mr. Scripcheuk: "To a driving student annoying me about our destination, I said, 'Follow the car ahead.' Next thing I knew, we had followed the car ahead into his

private drive."

A member of our basketball team, at one of his Junior High basketball games, felt pretty silly when he discovered he had made a basket for the opponent.

Clor Prather: "I was in a self-service elevator. I pushed the stop button along with the number button. After the door had opened, I casually walked out, only to find a brick wall staring me in the face and me on floor seven and one-half."

Mr. Keay: "The first day of school last year, I walked into the office and the secretary asked me what class I would like to enroll in."



chattering graduate students heading for Oxford to do some study were some old friends whom I hadn't seen in ages. They included JAMES RUSSELL, JOYCE RYAN, and CLINTON ROSENBERGER. Talking with them, I discovered that they had received their scholarships with the help of one of Washington's scrappy politicians, BUCK WALLACE. Catching up on the gossip, I learned that CAROL RUTH was one of the ROSE ANN REED dance troupe that toured the country at various times.

Before I knew it, we had landed in England. Two stewardesses (How many were there, for heaven's sake?) KATHLEEN WATERS and BARBARA RUFF had prepared us for one of Dave's rocky landings on the foggy shores of jolly old England.

These customs men were murder! But I finally answered their questions and headed for the LONDON DAILY NEWS to check in and see if there were any messages for me. I read over the teletype that MIKE BROWN had just smashed the world's record for the Mile. Coach JOSHUA BAINE was said to have chased Mike that last quarter to make him hurry up. I laughed till my sides hurt because that sounded like Josh. This trip was beginning to show signs of becoming _____, well I'll leave it to the future to tell just what.

Before going to my hotel, I went to our Embassy to see MR. CRAIG BURDETT, who had been handling our affairs there for years. I was sorry to learn that he had gone to the country for the weekend. But I did have a chance to talk to his chief assistant and translator, MARILYN BUJAK. She told me to be on the lookout for PAULETTE BAILY, CAROL BAYNARD, DON BECKER, GINA BORINSKY, and BOB BRIGGS, all of whom were in England at the World's Fair that month.

I dropped back over to the paper again to check out some information on my assignment and ran into Anne Brown, literally. When I picked up her packages, I asked what she was doing on "Tory" soil; I learned that she was also connected with the Fair as a Fashion Consultant and those packages that I had bumped into were some of the designs that she and her three assistants, PAM BEESON, JOYCE BRODERDORP, and LINDA BOWEN had been working on that very afternoon. Deciding to get some work done, I headed for the quiet confines of my hotel. But it seemed that I had reckoned without taking into account the fact that BOB CANNON and his wife, the former EDIE CLARK, were staying next door. They had a host of friends there with them, including JOE CHARNIK, with his trusty accordion, WINSTON CLELAND and his cute fiancée. I saw NICKI SAROUKOS, BOOTS BURRIS, and BEN CAREY who was asleep as usual. Nothing could keep that boy awake!

The next morning, I headed for the waterfront, and the first person I saw was Commander ROBERT BEAUCHAMP, who was on his way to sink an old warship that the U.S. Navy wanted out of the way. I was invited to go along and, as there seemed to be nothing else cooking, I hopped in the LST and off we headed for the destroyer that was to do the job. With CHARLES CARDEN at the tiller we made good time. On board

You know, it's funny how life takes strange turns. I mean, here I am—just an ordinary reporter, four years out of journalism school and now back from one of the juiciest assignments that any cub or otherwise could be given. I've toured the world, at the paper's expense, of course, to write a series of articles on the living habits of the world and its people. That was interesting, but what I'm still amazed by is the fact that I never realized just how spread out my high school class had become since that day in June, 1960, when we graduated. I still see some of my friends here in New York, but it's only a handful, when I think of that trip. In fact, it was only last year about this time that I was leaving for La Guardia, our New York airport, and one of the best if I do say so. It seems as if it were yesterday.....

I remember.....
Just before taking off from the city, the pilot, DAVE VANDYKE, was giving instructions about fastening seat belts and not worrying about crashes because he's only had three—then we took off, for England—I hoped! As I settled back into the seat to read a newspaper, I glanced across the aisle and was surprised to see SANDRA VAN ARTSDALEN. I later discovered that she was one of the few women ever to hold a position as ambassador to Great Britain.

In the air I recognized another classmate in a precarious situation. It seems that CAROL VAUTRIN had become air sick and now stewardesses MARIE WALKER and CAROL DIMATTEO were caring for her. Not being at my best in a situation like this, I reached for the paper again, and on the front page saw one of the popular models of the day, D. J. WALTON, off on another trip. In the sports section was another surprise—there was a full shot of FRANK VANLUVANEE. It seems that he had become interested in Olympic wrestling and was one of this country's finest, along with DOUG TOLAND, but he had torn a tendon in his knee and was out of action for the rest of the games.

Later I learned that among the group of

Seaman Caldwell was waiting with the news that LL EDWARD CIHOCKI was waiting on the bridge for further instructions, rather than the previous ones of "find the boat." Navigator JAMES CLARK made a small error, and we were in the River Thames instead of the channel. He should have added when he subtracted, Bob told him. About this time a still lanky PETER CLOUD shuffled on deck and announced that if the Commander would give the range for firing, they would get this job over with and go home. Gunner TERRY COMEGYS took aim on the course that was given him. And..... he missed by a mile.... I guess Bob forgot to differentiate that last derivative. I remember how hard it was for me not to laugh.

After my misadventure I spent several days checking out material for the series and sent back the first of a long string of articles that won the Pulitzer Prize for writing on international affairs.

At the end of two months I picked up my things and headed for France by way of one very leaky ferry that looked as if it had been in service since that World War I. I later found out that it had! That noted research doctor, CHARLES CHRISTY and his nurse, JOY CAIN, were on their way to France also, so we huddled together and crossed our fingers on the trip over. It was with a sigh of relief that we all reached the shores of that country.

Ah, spring and France. What a beautiful combination! Marseilles seemed to be alive with the spirit of spring, and I wished I could have stayed longer than ten hours. My first job, of course, was to find a room. I found a small but clean-looking hotel and walked in. I was really surprised to see MIKE DOWNES standing behind the desk taking excitedly on the phone. When he hung up and turned around to look at me, I could tell he was as surprised to see me as I had been to see him. He told me that



Prophecy

he had just been talking to SANDY CRAIG, and that she was very upset because the plane that she and PAT EASTBURN were taking to meet their fly-boy husbands in Germany had been delayed for more than an hour. It seemed that HENRY COWELL, the pilot, had heard that a bomb had been put in the plane, and he would not take off until a thorough search had been made. Just then, the bell-hop, JOHN COOPER, walked in and told Mike that a Miss NANCY CORRIE was rather perturbed because she had not received the champagne she had sent for over an hour ago. Mike called HAROLYN DESHONG, the maid, and told her to be sure to get Miss Corrie's champagne up there "on the double."

I was very tired from all my traveling, and I decided to go to bed right away. Besides, my train was leaving for Paris the next morning. On my way upstairs I met LORETTA DESTAFFANY and SALLY DIEHM, who were also staying at this hotel. They were dressed to the hilt and were on their way to meet their "garçons." I wished them a good time and went to bed.

The next day, on my way to the train, I saw SUE EDWARDS walking her four poodles. I yelled to her and she gave me a surprised wave. As I was a little late, I called a taxi. WAYNE DABSON drove up, and I hopped in. After that ride I would recommend Wayne to anyone who is in a hurry. I was where I wanted to be before I closed the door! I bought my ticket and picked out a good seat. A few minutes later SHIRLEY DONAHUE sat down next to me. It seemed that she had an actom part in le Theatre des Varieties in Paris. I told her I would try to see her show, if I got a chance. PETE DAVIS, the conductor, came around and punched our tickets, and then we settled down for a nice ride. I was hungry in half an hour and wandered into the dining car. I picked out something on the menu (I could not

pronounce it) and JAMES DEPRISCO took my order. Whatever it was, it was delicious. When I asked who the cook was, I was told it was none other than MARTHA DIGGS.

In almost no time we were in Paris. I said good-bye to all my friends on the train and decided to walk around and see some of the sights. The first people I saw were JUDY CROSS, JANE DILLMAN, MARIE DOOCHACK, ESTHER DORRELL, and BECKY DUFF. They were out on a shopping spree, and from all the bundles, bags, and packages I would say there could not have been much left in Paris for anyone else!

I decided on a stroll along the Seine, and whom did I see but none other than DOUG COVEY with a French girl on either arm. Same ole Doug! Soon I came to one of those sidewalk cafes—the hangout for beatnik artists. Just out of curiosity I walked around looking at their pictures—well, canvases anyway. I saw one picture I really liked, and when I looked up I saw it belonged to SHERRELL COOPER. We talked together for a little while, and then I went and sat down in the shade and ordered something to drink.

The sun was very hot, and the place very crowded. I saw a crowd of people doing something, and I was about to go see what all the fuss was, when CAROL DAVIS came running up with her nurse's kit. I found out later that some man had fainted from the heat.

That afternoon, as I was walking down the Champs-Elysees toward L'arc de Triomphe, I saw JOE DICK and DAVID EASTBURN sauntering by in their berets and beards. They were really two hard-working businessmen, but they had decided to go beatnik for the summer in Paris.

After L'arc de Triomphe I decided to visit the Louvre. There I saw CAROLE DIMATTEO and IRENE DUNCAN. They were sitting on a bench with pained expressions on their faces. When I asked the reason, they told me that they had walked all over Paris, and their feet were killing them.

I left them to their misery and started out for the Eiffel Tower. I felt rather peppy that day, so I started the long climb up. The scene from the top was worth the long tiresome walk, though. Just as I was about to go back down, JIMMY EASTBURN stepped off the elevator. We talked for a while and then I decided we should find a room together. Jummy said that was fine with him, but that he was going to walk down because he did not trust that elevator man, DUFFY DULING. Jimmy said he was sure he hit ninety miles per hour on the way up, and he did not care to go down so fast.

When we found a hotel and got our room, we set out for dinner. We went to the Moulin Rouge, and there we had a nice chat with ED DOYLE, who conveniently happened to be entertaining three girls, when he could only afford one. The six of us had a very enjoyable evening, and that night I slept like a log. I knew I would never want to leave Paris.

But all good things must come to an end, and after saying good-bye to some friends and mailing some more material for my series, I went to the airport to board my plane for sunny Spain.



Of course the first place that I headed, when I got there, was to a bullfight. Ole! After purchasing a ticket from JUDY WHITMARSH at the gate, I found a seat in the crowded stands, where JAMES WHITMARE was selling red hot tamales. There was a loud fanfare as DAVE WILKINSON, the brave matador, made his grand entrance. He crossed the arena and stood beneath two lovely senoritas, MARYANN YOUNG and SUZANNE WEST. He was dedicating the bull to them.

My next stop was the market place, where I bought some blowers from FRED WEDHORN, and LORRAINE WHITE. They convinced me to buy a pomegranate. In one corner of the market place PAULA YABLONSKI and DEE WITTENBURG were dancing the Fandango. On one stand I met three fellow tourists, GOLDIE WINGLER, CAROL ANN WHITTAKER, and THOMAS WILSON, and I did not fail to notice LARRY ZILL taking his afternoon siesta near the fountain in the plaza. One night I went to a club in Madrid, where I checked my hat and coat with DONNA WEHDE. The waiter, PAUL WHITE, gave me prompt service, and ALICE WATTS, the entertainer, sang a song that I really enjoyed.

On my way to Granada from Madrid I passed some grape orchards, where DIANE WILSON, KATY WORLEY, and ELEANOR ZINNIE were picking grapes. In Granada I met ALBERT WOODWARD, who was selling picture postcards of the Alhambra.

For some reason I never could get used to those tamales and it was with mixed emotions that I left Spain for Switzerland.

It was night as my flight landed in Vevey, Switzerland. The stewardess, CAROL JOHNSON, informed me that my guide and interpreter would be waiting for me on the other side of the customs office. After I passed through the inspection, I first met BIRGITTA JOHANSSON, the interpreter, who then, introduced me to JOSEPH HOGAN, the guide. Then we all went to the reserved hotel room to discuss plans for the next day.

Finally we reached the hotel and got our rooms. I informed Hogan that I wished to see

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CLASS PROPHECY

(Continued from page 5)

some of the countryside, meet some of the people, and go skiing down the snow-covered slopes of Adelboden in the Bernese Oberland. He informed me that he would be ready at seven o'clock the next morning.

That morning I started out with Birgitta and Joseph to visit some of the people of Switzerland. First we met a typical Swiss woman, BARBARA HIGHFIELD, dutifully cleaning her house, while her husband was high up in the fields. During the day I met many people who were fascinating and very warm in their feelings toward me.

The following day I went to the slopes of Adelboden. Here I rented skis from JAMES JONES, the proprietor of a little resort at the bottom of the mountain. We rode to the top in a cable car, and, when we reached it, Joseph told me to push off first. The reason for this was, if I fell or made a wrong turn, he could help me. I was pretty good, according to Joseph, so I did this for a few more times. Then I enjoyed an afternoon at the resort.

I returned to the hotel that night exhausted. I knew that I had to be at my best because tomorrow I was going to have an exclusive interview with the Ambassador of the United States to Switzerland, THOMAS HOGATE. This experience was a great privilege for me. That night I insisted that I take him to a Swiss club for dinner. The dinner was excellent, due to the cooking of ELVA HOPKINS. Many days have gone by now and I am ready to fly to Geneva.

After arriving in Geneva, I took a tour of the United States Embassy, and my guide EDWARD HOLLER, was well versed in his work.

The next week or so I toured some of the countryside around Geneva, and I found that the Swiss people, in general, were very warmhearted. One of the fascinating people I met was a watchmaker, WAYNE JOHNSON.

The following day I landed in Vienna, Austria. Here I was met by ELAINE HOWELL and LAWRENCE JONES, two people who agreed to be around to help entertain and guide me. That night I took Elaine to dinner and then to the opera. The opera, entitled "The Villain," had as its stars DORIS IVINS, a secretary to a very rich merchant, who was trying to take everything away from a very old lady by the name of NORMA JOHNSON. The opera turned out fine and the evening proved to be quite entertaining.

Upon returning to my hotel room, I found that my secretary, FRANCES JONES, had sent me a note concerning business. I made a reply and had it sent off immediately. I then went back up to my room and prepared for bed, but I was not able to sleep. The clock above the door in my room made a loud clicking noise every time a minute went by. Finally I called the porter, WILLIAM JACKSON. He came and looked at the situation and left, returning a few minutes later with a ladder. He climbed up the ladder and looked inside the clock to see if he could fix it. When he found he could not, he took a pair of scissors from his pocket and snipped the cord. The clock was fixed forever and will never disturb anyone again.

The next day I attended a festival with

LILLIAN HUGHES, and we saw NAOMI and BRENDA JONES, and PATRICIA JARNELL doing some of the national dances. I also met BARBARA JAMES selling soft pretzels, which I dearly love.

I was convinced by Lillian that I should visit Russia, even if I couldn't ask questions about their living conditions. At any rate I thought it would be an interesting trip, as not too much is really known about the country. So, late one night, I got my visa in order and planned for that secretive country.

When my plane landed in Russia the first thing I did was to go to a hat store, owned by IVA HAGERTY, for Russian Octobers are very cold. After leaving the store I went to the Kremlin, where I met United States Diplomats TERRY GRAHAM and WILLIAM GORE. All decided they were hungry and went for dinner at the G. and G. Restaurant (owned by BENE GOODING and BOB GORDAN). The waitresses were none other than JANE GOODEN and KAREN HAAS. From Jane, I learned that in the next room were more Americans attending an International Teachers Meeting, and upon investigation I found BARBARA GREENWELL, GEORGEANNE GREGG, PAT HARMON, LOIS HARVEY, and NANCY HARVEY. After dinner the girls wanted to show me the town. Calling a taxi, (the driver was ED GRAVATT), we found it filled with the famous international model, TERRY HENNETT and her bevy of secretaries, ARLINE GCLT, NANCY GRAY, LINDA HALL, BARBARA HAMMOND, and PAULINE HARRIS. Taking the next one, we went on to the Embassy. Here I was presented by BECKY HARSANYI, secretary to WAYNE GROBNER, a famous (dental) bridge builder. I was referred to FRED HAGERTY, The Public Relations man, for information on my next Jap. In Fred's office I met MARK BALDI, the manager of opera singer JOYCE HENDERSON, arguing with his lawyer MIKE HALL. Just then DAN HELLMANS came in looking for a story for his newspaper. The secretaries RUTH HAUSEL and JEWEL HARVEY hurried them all out and rushed me to the airport to catch my plane for Sweden.

I got off the plane in Sweden and GITTAN came running out on the field to meet me. I said good-bye to my hostesses for the trip, JEAN LEARN and LOIS LODGE. As we walked across the field a porter came up and asked for my luggage check. The porter was no other than THOMAS LAVIGNE. We continued out toward the gate when the loud speaker announced the arrival of the flyer, HOWARD LEVERAGE. Gittan and I waited and renewed our acquaintance with Howard. Howard came to Sweden to visit ROBERT LEASURE who was a prosperous farmer. He was also going to drop in on WILLIAM LEWIS and his bride, the former HELGA GLEASEL. As I waited to reclaim my luggage I bumped into JOYCE LAWRENCE, who was waiting for her boss's flight to come in. From her I learned that she, DONNA MACEL, and JANICE MAHARTY were secretaries for a large legal concern. I bid her farewell as JOHN LOGULLO brought me luggage and called a cab for Gittan and me. Our cab driver was STANLEY LISS, another old friend.

As we rode along, Gittan pointed out the photographic studio of ROBERT MAC-

DONALD and ROBERT LOW, Inc., PAUL MAY'S barber shop, and FRANK MARINI'S Beverage Company. Gittan told me how the former JOYCE LINDSAY and her husband had the biggest and fastest growing pizza place in all of Sweden. JOHN MAIORANO was their top chef and WANDA MALCOLM their business secretary.

I also learned that DAVID LOW and JOHN MACKLIN were in town. They were putting in a bid for the construction of Sweden's largest bridge which was designed by HOWARD MACLARY and WILLIAM MAGARGAL.

By then we arrived at my hotel. While LOIS MACLARY was checking my reservation, I stepped into the bar, where I met another old friend, MARCIA MAUCHER. Marcia was the publicity agent for Sandra Dee, better known to us as MICKY MACDONALD. I was called to the reservation desk. On the way back I stopped to read one of the posters. I discovered that the United States Touring Hockey Team was visiting Sweden with none other than LETA MARTIN playing wing. I decided I must see this while in Sweden. I finally got my room number and went up to finish my business and get ready for my official welcome to Sweden.

That night at the banquet the welcoming hostess turned out to be INGRID MAGNUSSON. After the banquet as I rode to the airport I marveled over how many old friends I had seen.

On the 12th of November, I caught my first glimpse of Japan from the upper deck of the Mary Sue.

Upon disembarking at Tokyo, I noticed one of the customs officials staring at me. To my surprise and relief, it was GEORGE STUBBLES. KATHERINE SLETVOLD was also employed there. Outside, I flagged down one of those pesky cabs and gasped when I saw that the driver was HOWARD SCOTT. Thinking ahead, I looked for the seat belt. After a fast ride to my hotel, I headed for the embassy where I learned that DOLORES STRAHORN and CAROL STRAZELLA held high positions. After checking out some material, I decided to have a look at the town and then go back to the hotel.

The next morning, I decided to take a tour of the unique island on which I now found myself. I went to many historic shrines and homes which would help me with my project. I also learned that SHELLA SHEEHAN, a successful actress, was on tour there. But, after a while, my feet gave out and I returned to the hotel to finish the series that my editors were hounding me about. After pecking out the last "the" I sent the copy by wire and went out to celebrate the day.

By the next morning, I had prepared to leave. I remember so well that last glimpse of Japan that I had, but in some respects I'm glad that the whole thing is over and that I'd better check with my secretary to see what had been happening while I was gone this past year. I still can't get over the fact that so many of the Class of '60 have spread over so much of the world.

Well, so much for dreaming..... Back to the salt mines. What is this? Another assignment? To Indonesia? I'm to work with a Mahundin Kushumah? Now, that name sounds familiar.....

CLASS WILL AND TESTAMENT

(Continued from page 3)

DEANNE BERGEE leaves the fourth seat in the first row in Room 209 to whoever takes it next year. (Good LUCK!)

DINO KUSUMAH leaves a few boys on the wrestling team tied in Indonesian knots.

ALICE WATTS leaves her dusty sweat socks that have been in her locker since the first hockey practice to Barbara Wicks, (who had better invest in a clothespin!)

MARILYN BUJAK leaves her Jolly Photometer to Mr. Schadel's next "accidental" physics class.

KAREN ELLIS leaves her reserved seat in the Wilmington Public Library to anyone who happens to get Miss Jackson, Mr. Sullivan, or Mr. Schadel.

JIM RUSSELL leaves Miss Miller's first period (yawn) math class with a complete knowledge of how probability, statistical inference, college algebra, and calculus can be used to completely baffle and confuse any normal human being.

LOIS HARVEY leaves her fur-lined sneakers to any Junior who has cold feet about his Senior year.

EDDIE CIHOCKI leaves his newly learned dance step, "The Strand", to Dave Stevens. These two are the only ones who can do it.

GINNY BROWN cannot think of anything to leave - after all, what Junior would want her "jalopy"?

DORIS JEAN WALTON is leaving nothing. She's taking everything, including Charlie.

GEORGEANNE GREGG regrets that she will leave Tommy Spain.

CAROL STRAZZELLA would leave her good driving ability to WAYNE DABSON, but he's leaving too.

NANCY HARVEY leaves her practice kick-board to Conrad's one-man swim team, Leonard Bird.

RENIE FERRIER leaves her library card to any college preparatory student who gets Miss Jackson next year.

JUDY WHITMARSH leaves all of Mr. Schadel's "9th grade physics" to some ambitious 12th grade student who can understand it.

ANN PRICE leaves her place in detention hall to whoever may need it.

CONNIE KETCHUM leaves all the notes she passed in Mr. Moore's class that he did not know about.

RAY SAYERS leaves!

JEAN LEARN leaves a complete set of broken fingernails to Mrs. Black.

JOYCE LAWRENCE leaves one well-used dictionary to any commercial student who can piece it back together again.

LINDA RICE leaves her seat in Miss Miller's first period math class to anyone "fortunate" enough to get it.

AL WOODWARD leaves his elevator shoes to "Bevo."

DICK RASH leaves his chewing gum to anyone with the strong jaw to handle it.

JANE DILLMAN leaves her naturally curly hair to Debbie Litchfield.

KATY WORLEY leaves her toga to anyone with the nerve to wear it.

CAROL JORDAN leaves her cheerleading sweater to a junior girl who is big enough to wear it without getting lost, in same.

SPORTS REVIEW

With the end of school approaching rapidly the sports season is about to terminate. It has been a pretty good year for Conrad's athletes, to say the least.

Looking first at the boy's teams:

The football team, captained by Mike Brown and Lee McMaster, was vastly improved over last year's. It finished with a 5-4 log and a 3-3 Conference record. Mike led the Conference in scoring and was selected to participate in the Blue-Gold football game. The team was ably coached by Mr. Jesse Malin, Mr. William Moore, and Mr. Richard Smith.

Basketball was the big thing around Conrad just a few months ago. Although the Redskins weren't the champions as they were last year, they had a 14-4 record and finished second in the Blue Hen Conference. Pete Cloud made All-State and broke the Conference record for individual scoring and points per game. Ed Cihocki was selected as leading playmaker by the Conference coaches. Our brand new coach who did so well was Mr. James Davis.

Mr. Joseph Gormley coached the cross country team again this year. Although the thinclads did not finish above .500, they did show signs of quality. The "most valuable player" on the squad was Josh Baine, who performed superbly.

Wrestling became a varsity sport for the first time this year at Conrad. The team was excellently coached by Mr. George Brown whose time and effort paid off in a third place finish in the B.H.C. Doug Toland went all the way to the State Meet and finished as champion in his weight class. The team was co-captioned by Frank Van Lavane and Terry Comegys.

Mr. Jay Hinnerscheetz is coaching the golf team this year. Charlie Lautenklos and Bob Bried, as expected, lead the team as they are hold-overs from last year's squad. Their season ended June 6.

The track team, under the guidance of Mr. Gormley, has been led by Mike Brown, Lee McMaster, and Joe Coney. In the field events, Pete Frederick has been doing extremely well and at this moment is the leading shotputter in the state. Pete Cloud is Conrad's leading javelin thrower and one of the best in the county.

Tennis has been going well for both girls and boys. Terry Graham is captain of the team that is coached by Mr. Joseph Gilligan and Mr. William Keay. Their season ended May 21.

The baseball team has been compiling the best record of any team so far and is currently leading the Blue Hen Conference. Captain Jim Barger and Johnny Shew have turned in many great performances on the mound for Conrad. Barger still has a two year unbeaten streak in the B.H.C. going for him. The squad is coached by Mr. Joseph Palermo and Mr. Luther Jones. Its season ended May 31 at A.I. Du Pont.

Now for the girls:

The hockey squad was co-captioned by Leta Martin and Nancy Corrie. It finished with a 2-3-1 record. Leta Martin was high scorer on the team coached by Mrs. Emily Black.

Karen Ellis captained the girls' basketball team that finished with a 2-4 log. Mickey McDonald was the team's leading scorer with 130 points. Miss Doris Eipper coached the team.

The softball team for this year has twelve girls returning from last year's squad. It is being coached by Miss Eipper. The team's season ended May 24.

JOANNE BUSH leaves her ability on the parallel bars to Joe Cavalier.

This document was drawn up and witnessed in the dawning hours of the morning of June, 1960, and was signed by the following Seniors who were anything but "bright-eyed and bushy tailed" at that hour:

Karen Ellis
Georgianne Gregg
Lillian Hughes
Charles Lautenklos
Dave Low
Lee McMasters

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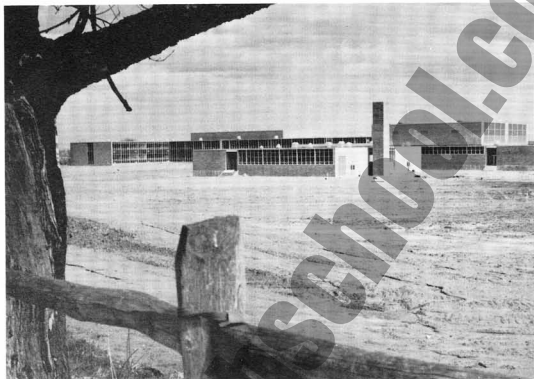
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