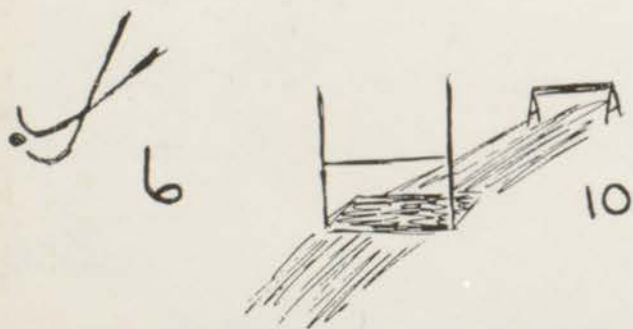
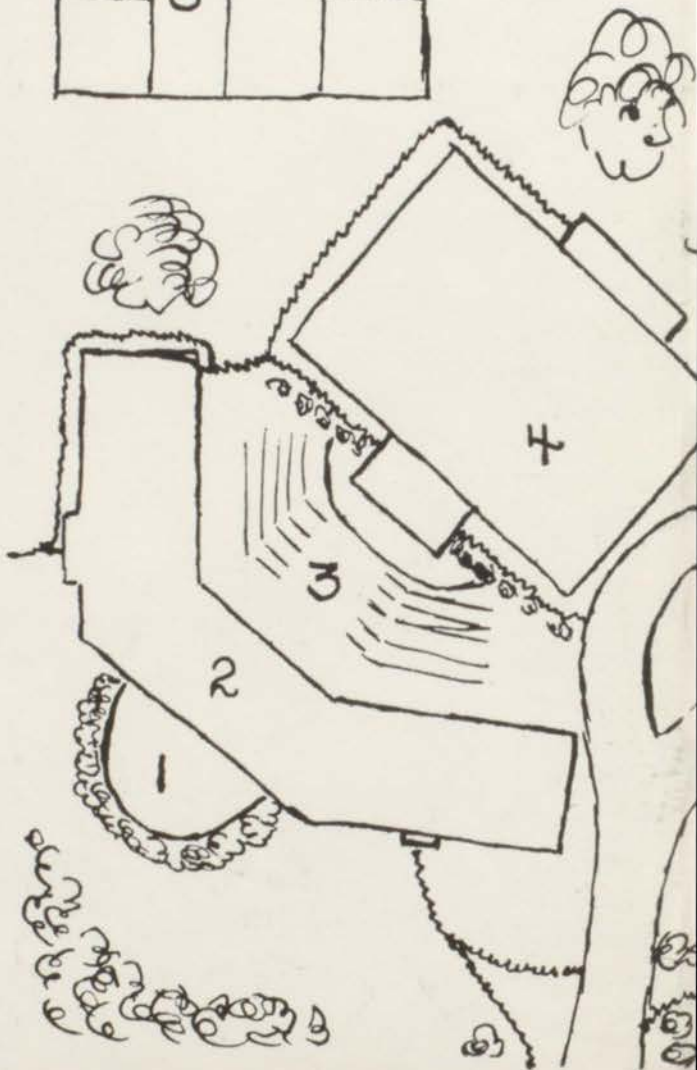
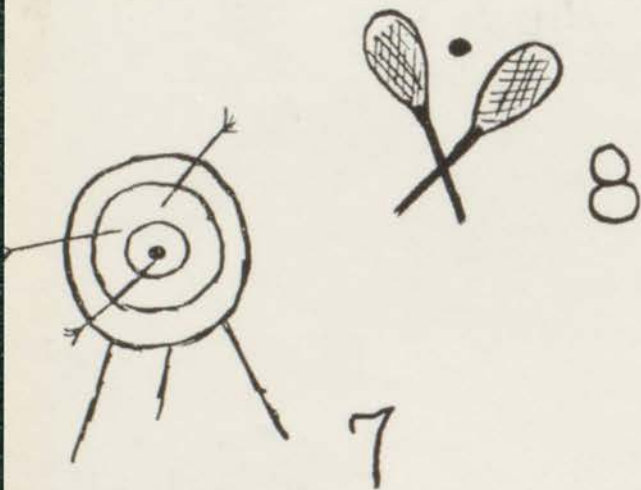
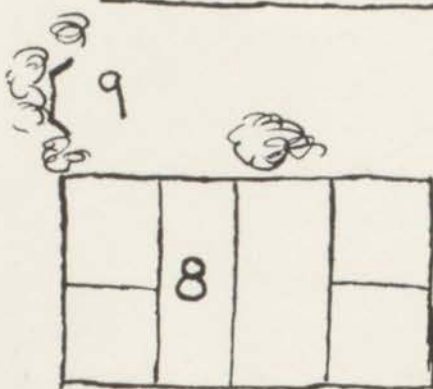
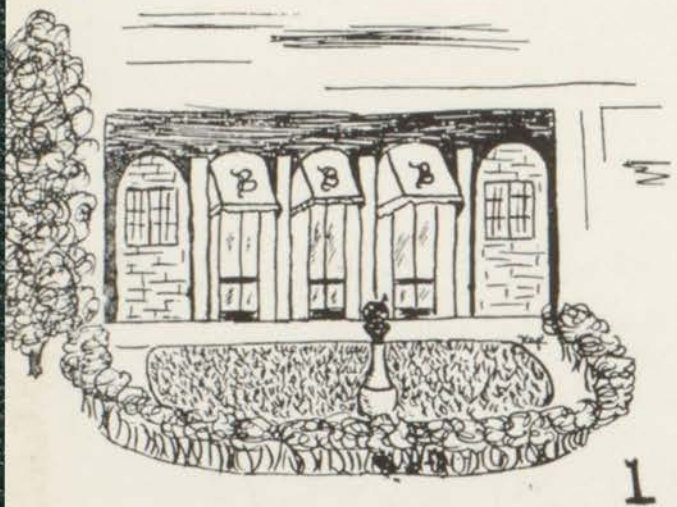
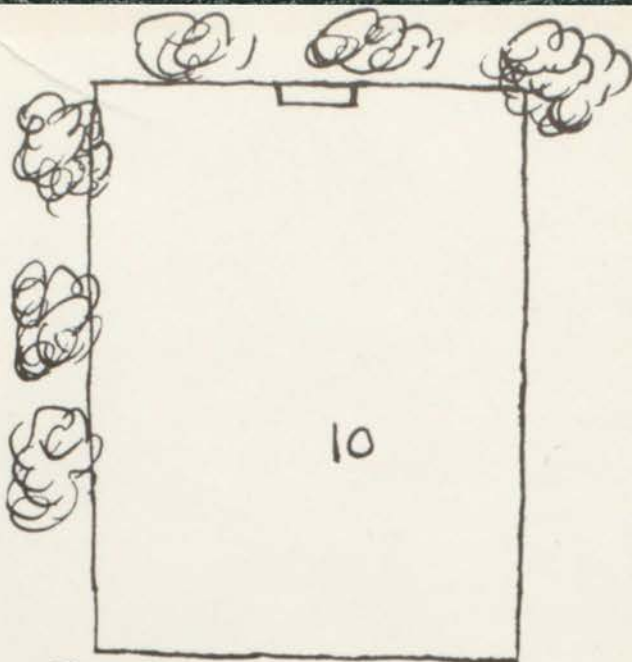
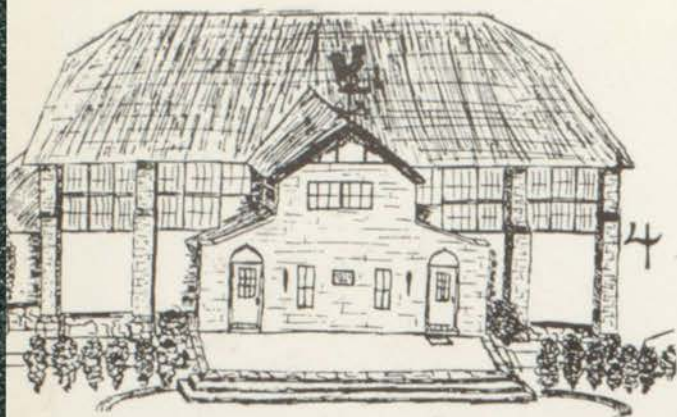
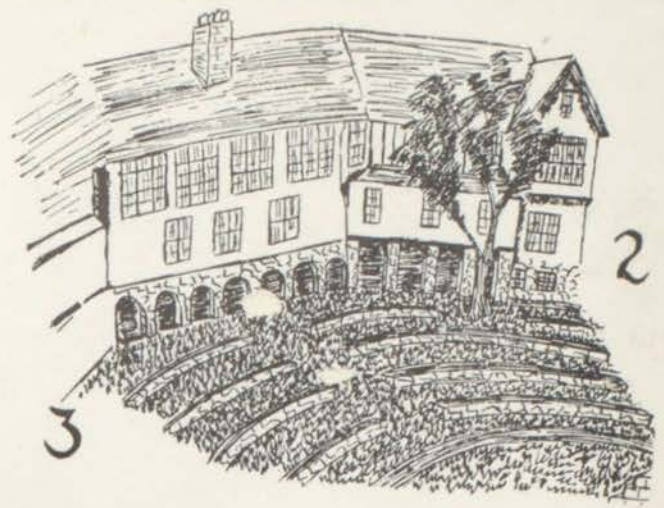


*The Weather Coed*

1951



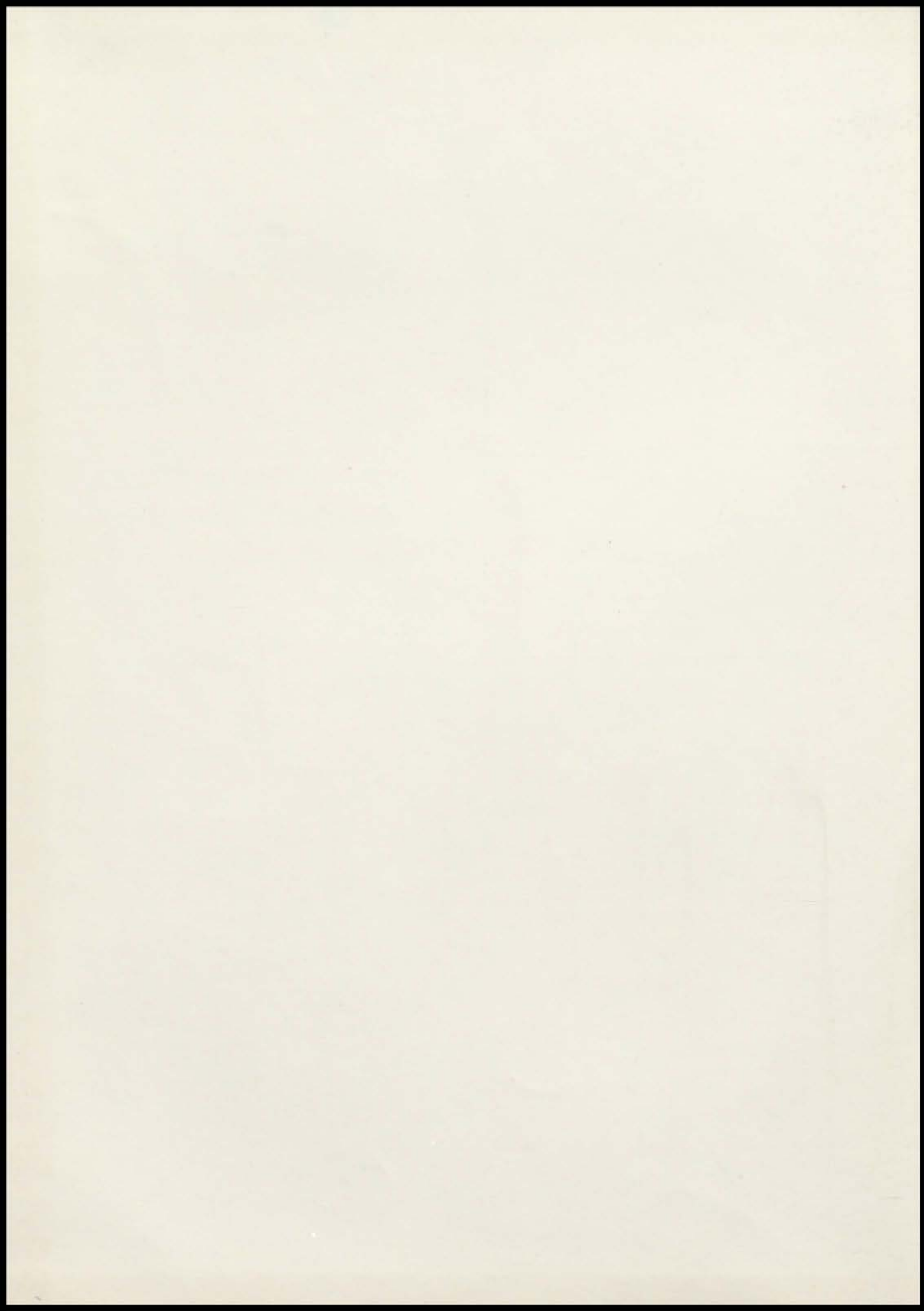


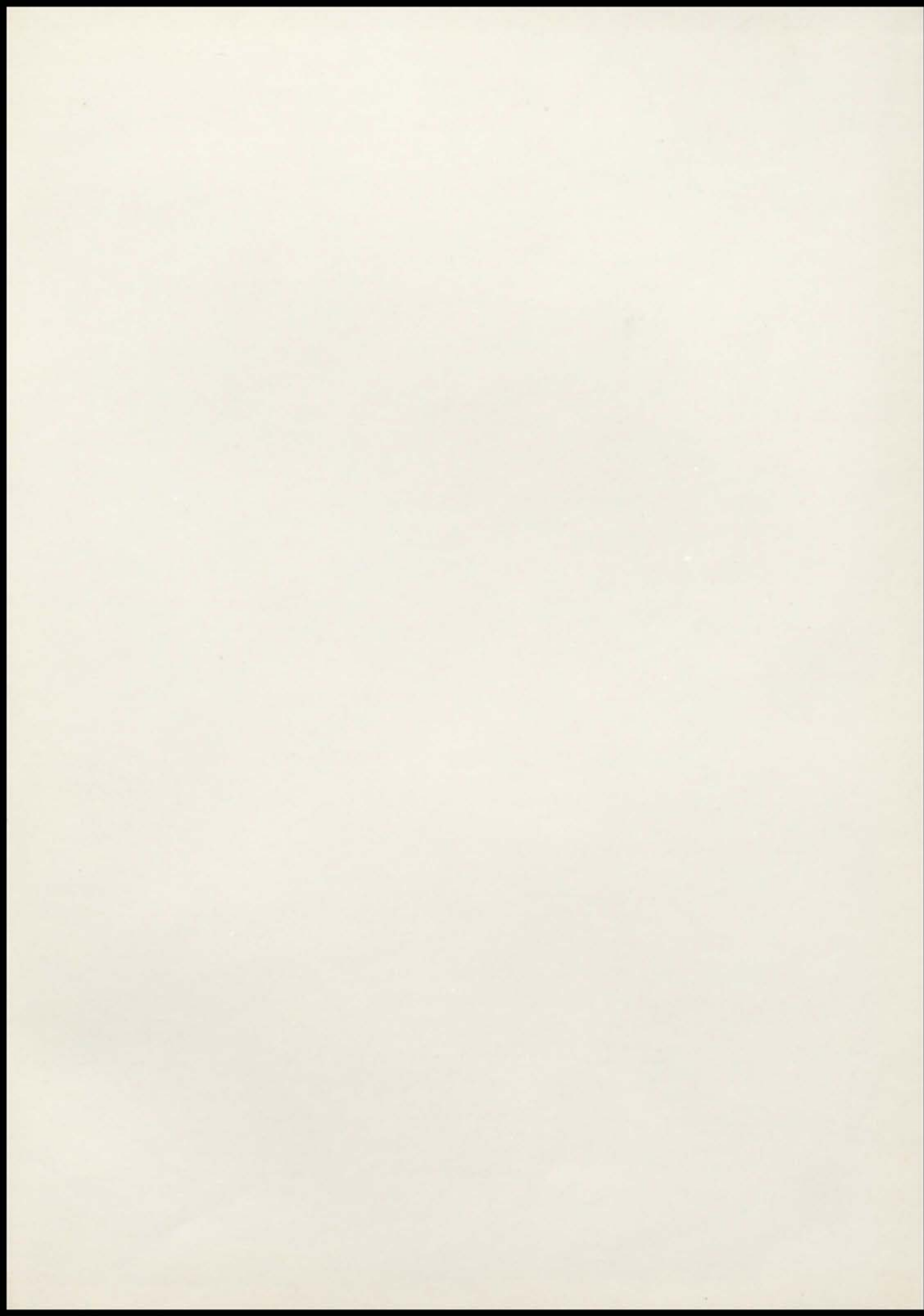
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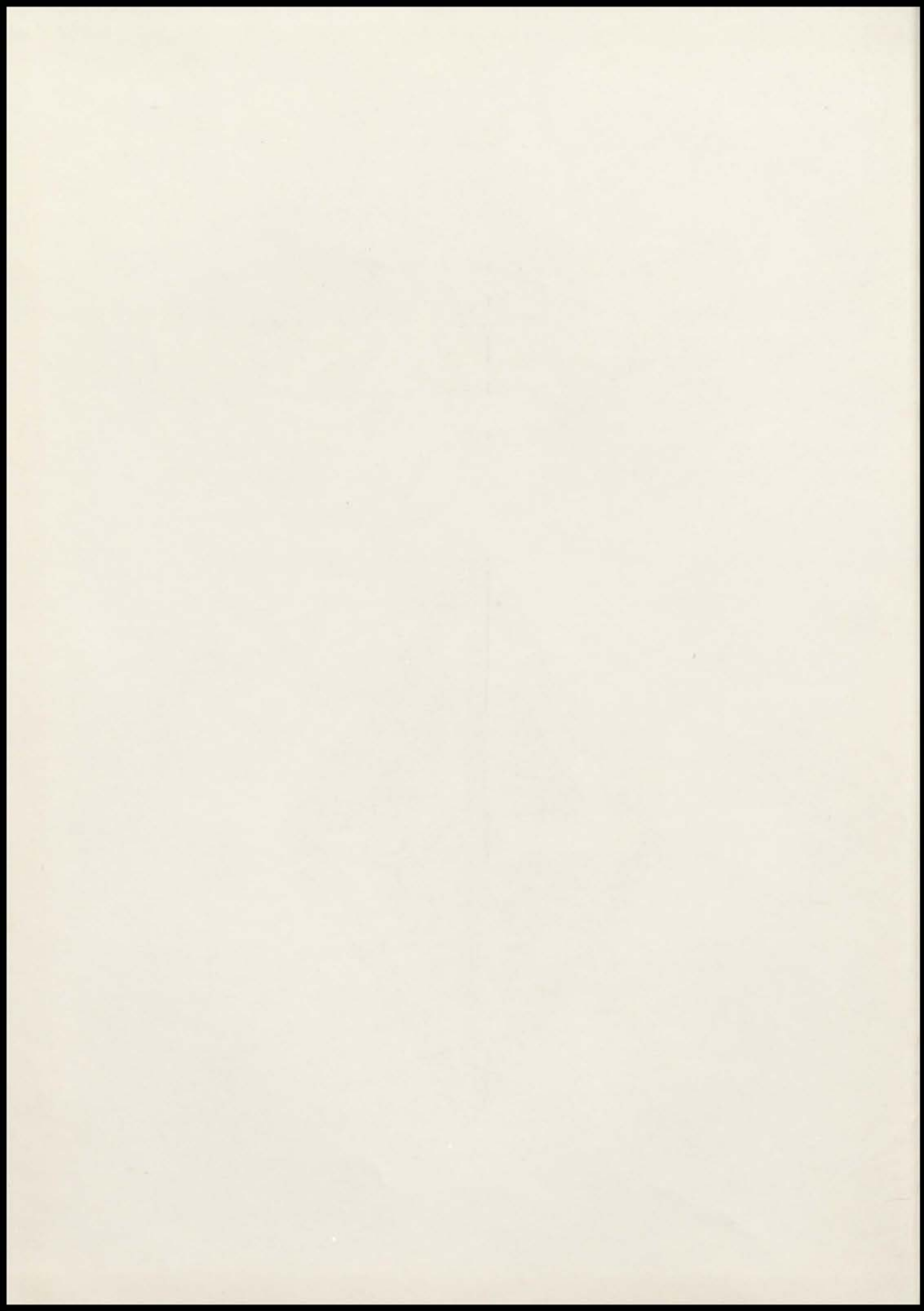
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Ker 9







The Weather Coats



## 1950-1951

September 11 —	Opening Assembly
September 21 —	Tradition Supper
October 11 —	Silver Exhibit at Art Gallery
October 25 —	Mr. Goode from Rollins College
October 26 —	Assembly: Miss Boynton of Bennington College
October 27 —	Sophomore Dance at Barstow
October 28 —	Freshman Dance at Pem-Day
October 30 —	Hallowe'en Play Contest
November 3 —	Assembly: Miss Sue Cooke, Middlebury College
November 7 —	Assembly : Miss Sally Olmstead of Sarah Lawrence
November 8 —	Special Assembly: Dean Sherman of Radcliffe
November 11 —	Dorm Dance — Decoration money to Community Chest
November 13 —	Father-Daughter Dinner
November 17 —	Special Assembly: President Blanding of Vassar
November 20 —	Assembly: President Henry T. Moore of Skidmore
November 22-27 —	Thanksgiving Vacation
December 7 —	Assembly: Miss Carroll and Miss Beecher of Bennett J. C.
December 7-8 —	Barstow — Pem-Day Production of "Arsenic and Old Lace"
December 19 —	Christmas Music
December 20 —	Christmas Breakfast — French Service and Vacation
January 3 —	Back to Classes!
January 13 —	Weather-Cock Fair and Dance
January 20-27 —	Mid-term Exams
February 6 —	Mardi Gras
February 14 —	Freshman-Sophomore Play Contest
February 17 —	Valentine Informal Dance
February 23 —	Gerald Kemner, pianist, and Margaret Broderson, contralto
February 28 —	"Knave of Hearts"
March 5 —	Assembly: Mrs. Crawford of Smith
March 7 —	Athletic Banquet
March 10 —	Sophomore Dance at Sunset
March 16 —	"Shreds and Patches" — Operetta by Glee Club
March 20 —	Miss Weltmer of Braniff
April 3 —	Miss Clapp of Wellesley
April 12 —	La Fiesta
April 14 —	Spring Dance
April 14 —	Play Day at Sunset
April 21 —	6th and 7th Play Day
April 23 —	Miss Crosby of Katherine Gibbs School
April 27 —	Glee Club Concert with Pem-Day
May 8 —	Senior Day
May 12 —	Sophomore Mixer at Pem-Day
May 12 —	Freshman-Senior Picnic at Saddle and Sirloin Club
May 15 —	Field Day
May 26 —	"Midsummer Night's Dream" by Pretenders
June 3 —	Baccalaurate at St. Andrews
June 7 —	Commencement — "Pomp and Circumstance"



We, the staff of '51,  
Are trying through this book  
To show the life of Barstow girls  
And also how they look.

The classes, clubs, the faculty,  
Traditions we hold dear,  
The sports, the arts, the friendships true—  
Yes, all are pictured here.

Now we, the staff of '51,  
Present to '52,  
The hours of toil, the hours of fun—  
And all good luck to you.

Debbie Arthur  
Assistant Editor  
"The 1951 Weather-Cock"



*For guidance, care and interest  
Which you have shown this year . . . .  
For all the patience and the time  
You took to make things clear . . . .  
For all the times you've been with us  
And for the coming years . . . .  
For the different things you've done for us  
We thank you, Mr. Sears.  
For all the memories we have now  
And all the joys we knew . . . .  
For all these things, we dedicate  
Our "Weather-Cock" to you.*

All of us are indeed happy to welcome back THE WEATHER-COCK after an interlude of several years. Its reappearance is the result of the combined efforts of many. Especially would I commend Mrs. Cowan, the faculty adviser, and the senior members of the staff.

Yearbooks, I need scarcely tell you, have a habit of being preserved and they come to be cherished as their possessors grow older. It gives me pause to reflect that in the year 2000 most of you will still be spry and vigorous old ladies who will, while rummaging through dusty trunks in your attic, find your yearbook and possibly read these slight words. May I say that what we know of you and your potentialities now makes me very confident that Barstow and your country will have occasion to be proud of the record of contribution and responsibility which you will create during the next half century. I greet you all with affection now; I reflect with pride on what you will become.

Richard H. Sears

Headmaster

## *A Glimpse of Barstow and Its Founders*



Mrs. Willard R. Douglass (20)  
B.A. Wellesley

Sixty-seven years ago two intrepid young New Englanders, just graduated from Wellesley, founded a private school for girls in Kansas City. That school is flourishing today and from its inception has been considered, both in this region and in the East, one of the city's most important assets. The names of these young women were Ada Brann and Mary Louise Barstow.

Of the two adventurers, Miss Brann was the leader and had a very remarkable personality. To begin with she was beautiful and fascinating. Her golden brown hair was thick and wavy. Her large violet-gray eyes were fringed with black lashes. The eyebrows were dark and perfectly penciled. Her skin was a creamy white, and all her features were finely molded. There was a delicate grace about her movements, which were accentuated by the clothes she wore—always of black and of some softly flowing material made to suit her own style perfectly. Her manner was gracious yet somewhat aloof, and there

hung about her an air of mystery that rendered even more enchanting the impression she made upon the upper school girls, who worshipped at her shrine. They worshipped from afar, however, for they feared her displeasure—a displeasure which found expression in the delicately barbed but terribly potent sarcasm of which she was complete mistress. She would have no foolishness. Her mind was brilliant and original, and she was a born teacher. There seemed to be no subject from mathematics to literature, including the classics, that she did not have at her fingers' ends. She brooked no interference, knew exactly what she intended to do, and there was no disturbance of any kind by any pupil in her presence.

Miss Barstow in those early years was petite, alert, and active. Contrary to Miss Brann, she was tailor-made and always dressed in the current mode. Everything about her was trim and trig. Her hair, her chief beauty, was a curly ash-blond. Her face was broad; her mouth, large. In her dark blue eyes there lurked a twinkle, which would disappear into a frown at any misconduct in the class room. As she grew older, she grew handsome. She gained much becoming weight. Her curly hair took on an added beauty as it whitened. Her face was of the type that stays full and unlined into age. Her carriage was erect, her manner urbane, and as she always dressed elegantly and appropriately, she presented a very dignified and impressive appearance. Although the strictest of disciplinarians, she had a delightful sense of humor and a natural geniality. She loved young children, and they returned her affection. She was extremely interested in the outdoor sports and games and in all the extra-curricular activities. Like Miss Brann she was a born teacher, although her field was limited to Latin and Greek. She demanded hard, accurate work. Not a point in grammar should be overlooked—not a form, not a construction. Every quality in parody should be accounted for. Yet with all this grind, she made the subjects alive and interesting. One entered into the spirit of the age and became the personal friend of the authors. Even Caesar, completely panoplied, as he is, in direct discourse, seemed real, living, a wonderful and dynamic character.

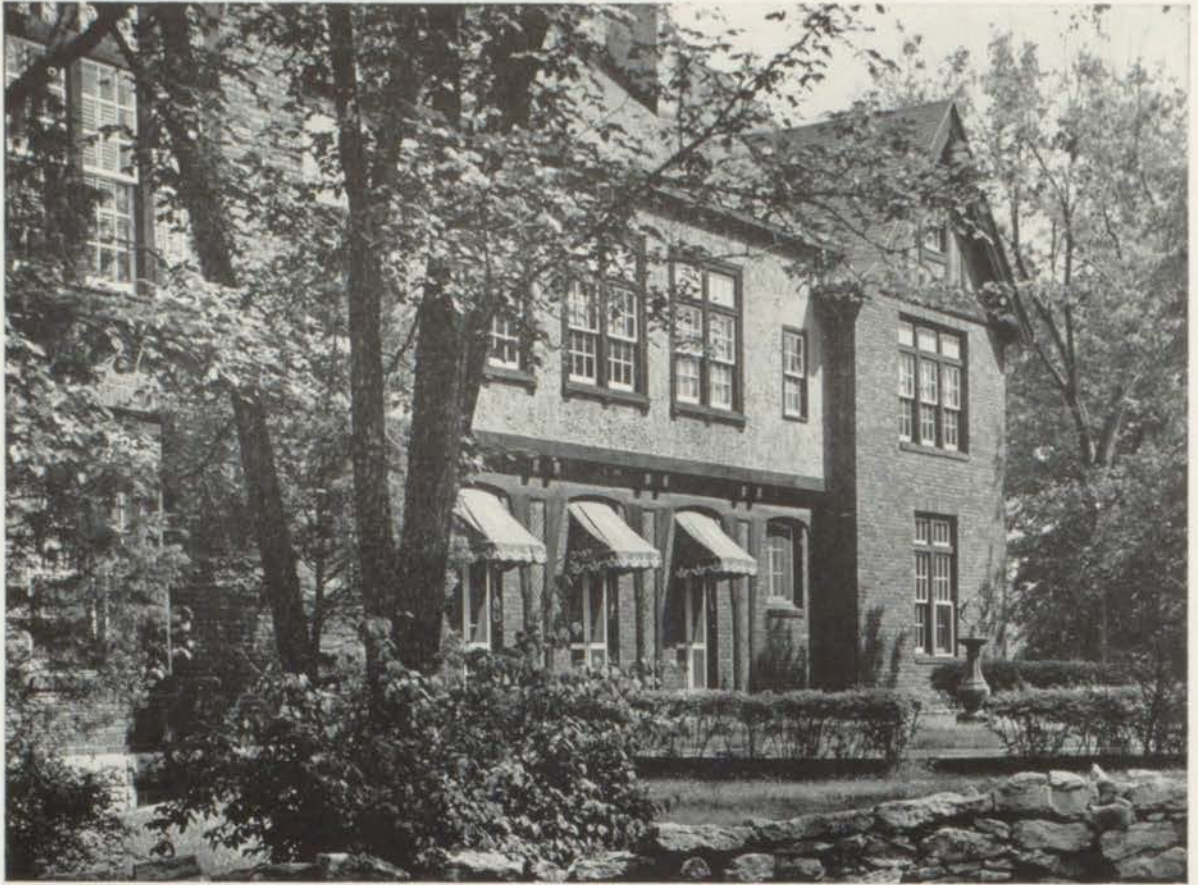
Very little authentic or detailed information is now available as to why these two young women chose as a location for their school a spot regarded at that time by most citizens living east of the Appalachians as a crude, wild area, peopled largely by cowboys and Indians, and wholly lacking in social amenities or cultural interests. It has been said, however, that

Miss Brann, who was graduated a year before Miss Barstow, ventured out here to teach in a small private school, which seems to have gone out of existence soon afterward. Be that as it may, Miss Brann discovered a very different Kansas City from the prevailing New England conception. She found an enterprising, young town in the midst of a big boom. Its leading citizens were cultured and traveled. The finest theatrical companies with famous American and European stars gave frequent performances at the leading theater. Opera flourished. There was an unusual number of excellent bookstores and many literary clubs. The idea of a future art institute was beginning to germinate. The public school, however, left much to be desired, and many people were eager to have at home a really fine school for their daughter—a school which could give them not only a thorough cultural education from the primary grades on but could also prepare them for the big eastern colleges, where more and more girls were beginning to go.

Influenced by these favorable conditions as urged undoubtedly by those whose acquaintance and friendship she had gained during her stay, Miss Brann finally decided to make the venture. In the following fall she returned from the East with her close friend Miss Barstow, just graduated, as her co-principal and financial partner in the enterprise, and backed by a number of the leading citizens. Miss Brann's school for Girls made its appearance in a former dwelling house near the corner of Twelfth Street and Broadway, where the Fairfax Arms now stands. From this beginning the inner history of the school has flowed on in a continuous stream, according to the ideals and policies of its founders, but the outer history divided itself into three periods.

During the first phase of its existence, which lasted some fifteen or sixteen years, the school, always known as Miss Brann's, occupied three sites, all within the same block. It quickly outgrew the first one on Broadway and was transferred to two adjacent buildings, part of a row of houses directly west of Grace and Holy Trinity on Thirteenth Street. At the last it was moved to a large house opposite The Washington, then a fashionable hotel. Since it was a town school with no grounds around it, no outdoor sports were possible or any gymnasium for games and exercises. There was no art or music department, but at times an art instructor came once a week, and certain piano teachers gave their pupils lessons at the school. There was no dramatic society, but plays were sometimes given. There was no school paper, no class organizations, no formal commencements. The school hours were from nine A. M. to two-thirty P. M. The pupils brought their own lunches. But there was always a big recreation room in which there was a piano and, believe it or not, the girls had an exceedingly good time. It was not long, however, before the school began to attain fame and was heard of far beyond the city limits. The reputation grew by leaps and bounds. Soon certificates from Miss Brann's admitted its graduates to all the big eastern colleges: Smith, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Vassar, and others of less renown. This good work led to the admission of a limited number of boys. There are today graduates or those partially prepared for college among the city's leading and professional men. At length Miss Brann's health began to fail. She felt that she could no longer cope with the strain that her duties put upon her. She left amid universal regret and the first period of the school's history was over.

It was then that Mr. William Rockhill Nelson stepped into the breach and prevailed upon Miss Barstow to continue the school as principal and owner. He built for her a new schoolhouse on Westport Avenue at the head of Baltimore. It was a large, square, yellow and white, frame structure with a fair amount of ground around it so that there could be outdoor activities for the students. In that location, as Miss Barstow's School, the second part of its outer history began. The first associate principal was Caro Taylor, afterwards Mrs. W. H. Martin, who had previously taught under Miss Brann. Upon her marriage, she was succeeded by Rose Adelaide Witham, considered by Smith College to be one of its



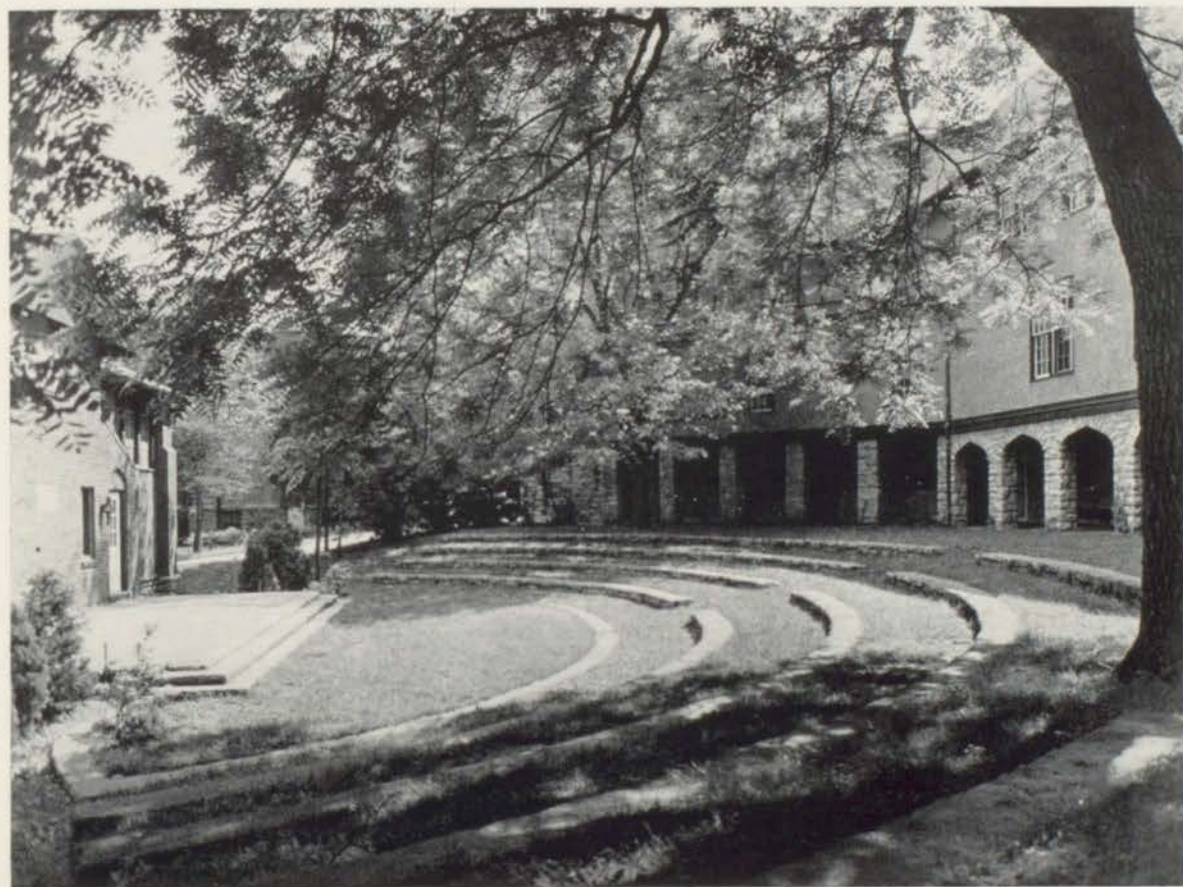
most outstanding graduates. Miss Witham had been associated with the firm of Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and had edited a number of English classics studied in secondary schools. Her coming was a fortunate event for Barstow, since she not only carried on all its ideals and policies but added an extra touch because of her own ability and scholarship. She was an unusually fine speaker and a wonderful teacher of English and literature. She should share in the honors accorded the founders.

It was during this second period of the school's existence that most of the extra-curricular activities and so-called traditions originated. To begin with, a large room on the lower floor was filled up as a gymnasium, and equipment was also provided for outdoor sports. Field Day then made its appearance, and a fine Field Day it was. There were still no music or art departments as such but a Glee Club was organized and there were classes in Arts and Crafts. More art was also taught in the lower and in the middle grades. The Hallowe'en Party with its upper school skits, its middle school charades, its dancing, food, and fun became a fixture. The Pretenders, the dramatic society, was founded and it gave yearly plays, as now. This very magazine took form, its cover in the school's green and white, its title, "The Weather-Cock", in script—a facsimile of Miss Barstow's own handwriting, written for the first edition. The cover, as well as the magazine itself, is a tradition and should be preserved. Other important additions made at that time were a kindergarten and later a boarding school. The first boarding school was located on the northwest corner of Warwick Boulevard and Thirty-eighth Street in a large house, formerly the house of C. C. English, whose daughter had been a graduate of the school. Later it was moved to another house directly east of the school—a more convenient location.

The students at Miss Barstow's did plenty of good, hard work, but their hours lasted only until one o'clock in the afternoon. No food was brought in boxes or baskets as at Miss Brann's, nor were lunches served at the school as now. The pupils ate a late meal at home,

but they were not too much starved, for cookies and chocolate or some such edibles and drinkables were given them at morning recess. For nearly a quarter of a century this school flourished. Many were the girls who went there, and many were graduated who later became outstanding in the colleges of their choice. Finally, Miss Barstow, who had been in ill health for a number of years felt, as Miss Brann had done, that she could no longer stand the strain of her duties and responsibilities. She left Kansas City, never to return. Before leaving, however, she gave her name, her equipment, and her goodwill to a new school, which was to carry on the ideals and methods of the past. This new school was no longer owned privately but was to be an incorporated, non-profit institution, headed by a board of trustees. Miss Witham was persuaded to become its principal for a three-year term so that no break would occur in the policies and functioning of the old Barstow. Thus the second period of the outer history ended and the third began.

A new and beautiful site was chosen and a much larger school built—a plant containing a big main hall, a boarding school, and a gymnasium. It is the same plant that is occupied now. It was ready for use in the fall of 1924, but in the previous June, the girls of '24 held their commencement in the then unfinished main hall, although they had completed their senior year on Westport Avenue. During the first year of occupation, a reception was given at the time of the school's dedication. Among the many people present were three distinguished guests: President Wilson of Smith, President Pendleton of Wellesley, and Miss Comstock, Dean of Radcliffe, all of whom became honorary trustees. Today, after twenty-seven years, the school's exterior looks the same, save for more trees and flowers and the pleasant mellowing of time and use. There have been changes within, however, and more traditions made. Since there is a gymnasium building and more land, sports, indoor and outdoor, have greater range and variety. There is an excellent art department, a music department for



vocal training, and a well-equipped and very much worth-while home economics department. There is a science laboratory, and a nursery school. Tree day, Senior Day, and the Athletic Banquet have become yearly features. The school hours take the major part of the day and delicious luncheons are served to all—a far cry indeed in beauty and material comfort from times past. Between Miss Witham's departure and the coming of Mr. Sears, the new Headmaster, there have been three other principals: Mrs. Williams, Miss Kendig, and Miss Turner representing Wellesley, Vassar and Smith, respectively. Now Mr. Sears has added Harvard to the list.

The foregoing is a brief account of the Barstow School during the three periods of its outer history. But what of its inner history, which has kept it a continuous whole for so long a time in spite of external changes? Why was it that two inexperienced young girls, barely out of college, were able to establish a school and make it stick through boom and panic, war and peace? It was not only because of their unusual abilities and personalities, or the backing they had received from interested citizens, but because of the underlying principles of education in which they believed and which they laid down as a pattern to be followed. In the first place, they believed in conservative program. They were too wise, young as they were, to throw away what had been tested by time (the best of testers!) for some loudly acclaimed pedagogical theory of dubious value, because it was "modern", "up-to-date", used in the "best of schools". They knew that education is a continuous process, not only through school days but through life; that its ultimate goal is, or should be, the creation of a fine character, a wise mind capable of clear, logical, creative thinking, together with the ability to express that thinking in the most effective way. In their school, therefore, they sought to lay what they thought the best possible foundations for the achievement of such a goal. They considered discipline, mental and moral, hard work, and high ideals to be basic factors in so doing. To this end they held before their students a high standard of academic achievement. Emphasis was laid on integrity and thoroughness of work and on personal responsibility for work. There was to be no pampering, no allowing subjects to be made easier and easier. There was to be no shirking, no "just getting by" on the part of the pupil. There were to be plenty of hurdles and each to be taken in one's stride, otherwise weakness and not strength would be fostered. Next, stress was laid on supplying a wide, cultural background, a background that gives a chance for an intelligent comparison of past and present, a wider knowledge of the great achievement of which mankind has been capable, a vision of life as it came down to us. With such knowledge comes the formation of good taste—another point greatly stressed—good taste in all things, not only in literature and the arts but in daily behavior as well. There were things no Barstow girls should say or do. Last but not least was the emphasis laid on creative work, an emphasis added to by Miss Witham. Pupils were always encouraged to express their ideas, aspirations, imaginings, whether in the field of critical interpretation of writers studied or in essays, stories, and poems of their own invention. "The Weather-Cock" was founded to show what Barstow girls from primary through high school could do in the way of writing. It is to be hoped that whatever else is added to make this magazine more interesting to the students, the purpose of its founders will not be forgotten, but that it will continue to be a gauge of Barstow's creative work.

It has been possible to touch only briefly on the basic philosophy of this school's educational creed—on those ideals and purposes which, laid down by its founders and adhered to through the years, have given continuity to the school. It is a constructive creed and one fundamental to the preservation of democracy. In these troubled times, when the destructive forces seem to be in the ascendant, when there is so much confused thinking, when standards mental and moral are becoming steadily lower, when irresponsibility is rife, it is good to realize what Barstow School can do for its students and through them for the world.



# The Board of Trustees



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*University of Colorado*





# FACULTY



N.D.

# The Upper School Faculty



MRS. ALFRED E. BARNES (8)  
Modern Languages  
B.A. Park College  
University of Kansas  
University of Paris, France  
Alliance Francaise, Paris  
Northwestern University  
University of Kansas City



MRS. WILLIAM COLLINS\* (1)  
Art  
B.S. Kansas State  
Teachers College



MRS. J. RICE COWAN (5)  
English  
"The Weather-Cock" Advisor  
A.B., B.S. University of Missouri  
M.A. University of Missouri  
University of Chicago  
University of California, Berkley  
Co-author, "Essential Language  
Habits", "Useful English",  
"Study and Appreciation of  
the Short Story"

\* Indicates Upper and Lower School Faculty



MISS DORIS JEAN CRANFILL\* (2)  
Music  
B.A. University of Kansas City  
M.A. University of Kansas City



MISS CONSTANCE A. HALIK (1)  
Social Studies  
B.A. Skidmore College  
M.A. University of Rochester



MRS. LaVAUGHN HULL\* (2)  
Physical Education  
B.S. University of Kansas

# The Upper School Faculty



MRS. FRANCIS W. MANN\* (2)  
 Latin  
 A.B. Whitman College  
 University of Kansas  
 Loyola University of  
 Los Angeles



MRS. CHARLES A. PINE (8)  
 Home Economics  
 B.S. Kansas State  
 Teachers College  
 College of Emporia



MRS. M. E. PTACEK (5)  
 Mathematics  
 B.S. Kansas State College  
 College of Emporia  
 Lindenwood College



MRS. ROLFE H. STARRETT\* (3)  
 Science, Typing  
 B.S. University of Kansas  
 University of Kansas City



MRS. EDWARD J. FLEMING (8)  
 Director of Residence



MRS. PAYTON H. KAYLOR (3)  
 Dietician  
 B.S. Iowa State College  
 University of Chicago  
 Kansas City Teachers College

# The Lower School Faculty



MISS DOLLIE CATRON (7)  
French  
B.L. Central College  
L'Institute du Pantheon,  
Paris, France  
Le Lierre, Paris, France  
French Summer School,  
Middlebury College



MRS. BEVERLY ANN CHAFFEE (1)  
Assistant in Nursery School  
University of Kansas City



MISS PHYLLIS M. DYE (1)  
Eighth Grade Home Room  
B.A. Skidmore College



MRS. AMELIA R. LEATHERMAN (2)  
Intermediate Grades  
Warrensburg State  
Teachers College  
University of Missouri



MISS ANN B. PORTER\* (1)  
Nursery School  
Assistant in Sports  
B.S. Wheelock College (Boston)  
Sweetbriar College



MRS. CRAWFORD ROGERS (5)  
Kindergarten  
Kansas City  
Teachers College  
Horner Conservatory

# The Lower School Faculty



MRS. J. LEON ROSSE, JR. (5)  
Assistant  
A.A. Williams Woods College  
University of Missouri



MRS. JEANNETTE B. SAYLOR (11)  
Seventh Grade  
B.S. Central Missouri  
State College  
University of California  
University of Colorado  
University of Kansas City



MISS VIRGINIA L. THOMPSON (1)  
Primary Grades  
B.S. Wheelock College (Boston)



MRS. ROXIE ANN WESSELS (4)  
Sixth Grade  
B.A. Bethany Penial College



MISS ELIZABETH PUCKETT  
Accompanist  
Pupil of Mrs. Carl Busch,  
Edgar Nelson, Chicago



MRS. C. N. "Bud" FRENCH (1)  
Secretary and Registrar  
University of Kansas

## Special Staff Members



PHOEBE HASEK BUNTING  
Piano  
A. B. Smith College  
University of Kansas City



JACQUELINE WELCH MOSELEY  
Dancing  
Bennett Junior College  
Summer Dance Course,  
Bennington College



MRS. ELTA STOUT  
Tutoring  
Denver University  
California University  
Colorado University

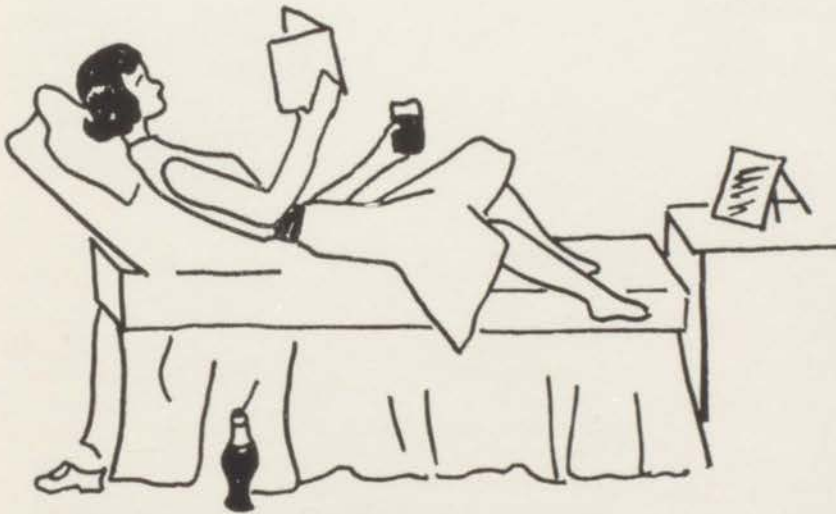
### Have you heard . . . . ?

- Miss Halik ..... "In the last analysis ..... it's appalling....."
- Mrs. Starrett ..... ".....nature's little provisions....."
- Mr. Runner ..... "Ladies, steady"
- Mrs. Steele ..... "Be specific ..... girls, you mustn't digress ....."
- Mrs. Pine ..... "Theoretically, ..... but byandlarge ....."
- Mrs. Hull ..... "Pick up your bases and run!"
- Mrs. Barnes ..... "Pour demain"
- Mrs. Cowan ..... "Sound is not a safe criterion"
- Mrs. Mann ..... "This is just review"
- Mrs. Collins ..... "That's real interesting, don't you think?"
- Mrs. Kaylor ..... "We have a nice dessert today, girls."
- Mr. Sears ..... "Don't say a word. It was terrific."
- Mrs. Ptacek ..... "P.T.A. .... Central Eastern Kansas"
- Mrs. Fleming ..... "Let me know in time to call a taxi."
- Miss Cranfill ..... "Watch me for cutoffs ....."





# SENIORS



N.D



GERRY CLAIRE BARNES (8)

Secretary of Class 2  
Latin Club 1, 2, 3  
Vice-president, Latin Club 2  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Art Club 1, 2, 3, 4  
Treasurer, Art Club 2  
Vice-president, Art Club 4  
French Club 2, 3, 4  
Treasurer, French Club 3  
Secretary, French Club 4  
President, French Club 4  
Pretenders 3, 4  
Club Representative —  
"The Weather-Cock" staff 4  
Secretary, Student Council 4

NANCY CARLAT (5)

Captain, Volleyball Team 2  
Latin Club 2, 3  
Captain, Hockey Team 3, 4  
Vice-president of class 2  
President of class 3  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4,  
President, Glee Club 4  
Spanish Club 3, 4  
Vice-president, Spanish Club 3  
Senior Representative —  
"The Weather-Cock" staff 4



ALICE LYNN COX (9)

(Salina, Kansas)

Latin Club 1, 2, 3  
Secretary, Latin Club 2  
Vice-president of class 2  
Spanish Club 3, 4  
Secretary, Spanish Club 3  
Vice-president, Spanish Club 4  
Sergeant-at-Arms of class 4  
Dormitory Representative —  
"The Weather-Cock" staff 4

ELIZABETH JEAN CULVER (2)

*Vice-president of class 3*  
*Captain, Volleyball Team 3*  
*Art Club 3, 4*  
*President, Athletic Association 4*  
*Pretenders 4*  
*Spanish Club 4*  
*Treasurer, Spanish Club 4*  
*Photography Editor,*  
*"The Weather-Cock" 4*



AMY DeYONG (4)

*Latin Club 1, 2, 3*  
*Art Club 1, 2, 3, 4*  
*Spanish Club 2, 3, 4*  
*Pretenders 3, 4*  
*Secretary-Treasurer of class 2*  
*Secretary-Treasurer, Spanish Club 3*  
*Secretary, Art Club 4*  
*Treasurer, Pretenders 4*  
*Literary Editor,*  
*"The Weather-Cock" 4*

KATHY GRAHAM (3)

*Treasurer of class 2*  
*Vice-president of class 4*  
*Vice-president, Pretenders 4*  
*Treasurer, Glee Club 4*  
*Pretenders 3, 4*  
*Glee Club 3, 4*  
*French Club 3, 4*





HESTER ANN GUSTIN (4)

*Latin Club 1, 2*  
*President of class 1, 4*  
*Treasurer, Latin Club 2*  
*Secretary, Art Club 2*  
*Art Club 1, 2, 4*  
*Pretenders 4*

MARJORIE BENICIA JOHNSON (4)

*President of class 1*  
*Secretary of class 4*  
*French Club 3, 4*  
*Treasurer, French Club 4*  
*Pretenders 4*  
*Vice-president, Latin Club 3*  
*Latin Club 1, 2, 3*



JEAN FRANCES McCRAY (5)

*Art Club 1, 2, 3, 4*  
*Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4*  
*Treasurer, Art Club 3*  
*President, Art Club 4*  
*French Club 1, 2, 3, 4*  
*Pretenders 3, 4*  
*Treasurer, French Club 3*  
*Art Editor, "The Weather-Cock" 4*

JEANNE McPHERSON (¾)  
(Joplin, Missouri)  
Treasurer of class 4



MARY BEALL PORCH (4)

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4  
Art Club 1, 2, 3, 4  
Latin Club 1, 2, 3  
Pretenders 3, 4  
Treasurer, Athletic Association 3  
President of class 3  
Treasurer, Latin Club 3  
Vice-president, Athletic Association 4  
Chairman, Dance Committee 2, 3  
Business Manager,  
"The Weather-Cock" 4  
Athletic Representative 1, 3

VIRGINIA ANN REAMES (3)

Secretary of class 3  
Secretary, Spanish Club 4  
Pretenders, 3, 4  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Spanish Club 3, 4  
Vice-president, Glee Club 4  
Vice-president, Spanish Club 4





JOAN GABRIELLE REED (2)

*Vice-president of class 3*  
*Secretary of class 4*  
*President, Spanish Club 4*  
*Treasurer, Spanish Club 4*  
*Secretary, Pretenders 4*  
*Pretenders 4*  
*Spanish Club 3, 4*

MARY MIGNON RUSSELL (4)

*Vice-president of class 1*  
*French Club 3, 4*  
*Glee Club 3, 4*  
*Pretenders 3, 4*  
*Vice-president, French Club 4*  
*President, Pretenders 4*  
*Re-elected president, Pretenders 4*



ANNE KATHAN S'MONS (4)

*Vice-president of class 1*  
*Secretary-Treasurer of class 1*  
*Director, Freshman-Sophomore*  
*Play Contest 1*  
*Secretary-Treasurer, Latin Club 3*  
*Latin Club 1, 2, 3*  
*Sergeant-at-Arms, Glee Club 3, 4*  
*President of class 4*  
*Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4*

ANN EMMERT SINGLETON (5)

Sergeant-at-Arms of class 1  
Captain, Hockey Team 1, 2  
Captain, All-Star Basketball 1  
Captain, All-Star Hockey 4  
French Club 1, 2, 3  
Art Club 1, 2  
President of class 2  
Treasurer, Pretenders 3  
Captain, Basketball 4  
Spanish Club 3, 4  
Pretenders 3, 4  
President, Student Council 4



ELEANOR ROSE SNYDER (3)

Treasurer of class 3  
President, French Club 4  
French Club 2, 3, 4  
Captain, Volleyball 2, 4  
President of class 2  
Pretenders 3, 4

VIRGINIA ANN SPIELMAN (2)

(Fort Worth, Texas)

Vice-president of class 3  
Treasurer, Spanish Club 3  
President, Spanish Club 4  
Secretary, Student Council 4  
President, Glee Club 4  
Glee Club 3, 4  
Art Club 4  
Spanish Club 3, 4  
Pretenders 4  
Treasurer, Art Club 4  
Chairman, Dance Committee 4





PHYLLIS JOE STALCUP (5)

*Pretenders 3, 4*  
*Glee Club 3, 4*  
*Art Club 1, 3, 4*  
*Treasurer of class 3*  
*Secretary, Pretenders 4*  
*Chairman, Dance Committee 4*  
*Philharmonic Representative 4*  
*President, Art Club 4*

JO ANN RICHARDS STRAUBE (5)

*Art Club 1, 2, 3, 4*  
*French Club 1, 2, 3, 4*  
*Vice-president, Art Club 3*  
*Vice-president, French Club 4*  
*Glee Club 3, 4*  
*Pretenders 3, 4*  
*Vice-president, Student Council 4*  
*Treasurer of class 4*  
*Athletic Representative 3*  
*Student Council Representative —*  
*“The Weather-Cock” 4*



ANN QUARLES WALLACE (6)

*Secretary-Treasurer of class 1*  
*Art Club 1, 2, 3, 4*  
*Captain, Basketball Team 1*  
*Latin Club 1, 2, 3*  
*Secretary, Latin Club 3*  
*President, Latin Club 3*  
*Director, Freshman-Sophomore*  
*Play Contest 1*  
*Secretary, Art Club 3*  
*Pretenders 3, 4*  
*Vice-president, Pretenders 4*  
*French Club 3, 4*  
*Editor, “The Weather-Cock” 4*





*Oh, when the Senior Class falls into line,  
 There'll be a fair and square fight every time.  
 And for the dear old school we'll yell and yell —  
 And when we win that victory — O! won't that be swell!  
 And when the girls go marching down the field,  
 It seems as though their spirits never yield.  
 For we're the girls that put the aim in fame —  
 It's all the same — the Senior Class!*

Anne Simons  
 Kathy Graham  
 Joan Reed  
 JoAnn Straube

President  
 Vice-president  
 Secretary  
 Treasurer  
 Sergeant-at-Arms

Ann Gustin  
 Jean McCray  
 Benicia Johnson  
 Jeanne McPherson  
 Alice Cox



## *Senior Will*

- I, Gerry Barnes, will my loud voice to Caroline Buzard.
- I, Nancy Carlat, will my walk to Molly Graham.
- I, Alice Cox, will my sneeze to Midde Jornayvaz.
- I, Liz Culver, will my curiosity to Mary Denman.
- I, Amy DeYong, will my halo to Bunny Cousins.
- I, Ann Gustin, will my conscientiousness to Martha Brady.
- I, Benicia Johnson, will my effervescence to Nancy Roach.
- I, Jean McCray, will my fingernails to Olive Beaham.
- I, Jeanne McPherson, will my eyebrows to Harriet McVey.
- I, Mary Beall Porch, will my irresponsibility to Kenya Torrance.
- I, Virginia Reames, will my dieting to Kitty Barnes.
- I, Joan Reed, will my reserved manner to Elise Schmahlfeldt.
- I, Mignon Russell, will my sophisticated looks to Vicci Reid.
- I, Anne Simons, will my athletic ability to Barbara Fifield.
- I, Ann Singleton, will my pin-legs to Jan Gambrel.
- I, Eleanor Snyder, will my pleasant expression to Paula Mellott.
- I, J'Ann Spielman, will my throne to Toni Ingwerson.
- I, Phyllis Stalcup, will my political views to Miss Halik.
- I, Jo Ann Straube, will my tennis racket to Gorgeous Gussie Moran.
- I, Ann Wallace, will my curls to Mignon Goetz.

We, the Senior Class of 1951, being of reasonably sound mind, do hereby bequeath our senior rights and privileges to the Junior Class and do reaffirm our intentions of, in future years, being able to add to an Endowment Fund.

The Senior Class of 1951

## *Senior Frame*

Off the Record	pet expression	pet aversion	usually	ambition
Gerry	"maybe so"	scrambled eggs	stumped in history	to be a dress designer
Carlotta	"He's just a complete doll"	dieting	reading movie magazines	to live in California
Coxy	"oh, fiddo"	happy people	drinking cokes	to raise and show horses
Liz	"shud I?"	cats	bullying	to get away from it all
Amos	"at any rate"	senior room radio	demonstrating dance steps	to teach Arthur Murray new steps
Kathy	"if I can get the car"	anything scratchy	confused	to vacation
Gunny	"that's the greatest"	oriental rugs	losing keys	to be happily married
Ben	"if you'd just wait a minute"	waiting	observing	still thinking
Murear	"scratch my back"	bleached hair	in trouble	to teach Christian Dior a thing or two
Jeannie	"oh, you all!"	Sundays in the dorm	joking	to get on the ball team
M. B. P.	"and there we were"	disorganization	giving directions	to be on time
Remus	"there's the bell"	Sunday drivers	taking notes	to learn grammar
Joanie	"oh, guy, you just don't know"	wearing shoes	blushing	to be thin
Minnie	"I don't believe it"	Monday mornings	fighting with Jay	to be on stage
See-mons	"— — — huh?"	absent-mindedness	lost	to find her way
Saso	"you know"	Gustin	playing Spanish records	to cross the border
Eleanora	"let me tell you"	open blinds	taking her time	to be a Canadian
J'Ann	"like so"	vagueness	making eyes	to be an artist
Phyl	"well, my father . . ."	unsharpened pencils	contradicting	to find the ONE most like Daddy
Straube	"well, girls"	people who don't know what's coming off	taking long shots	to cross the border with Singleton
Wallie	"guess what"	unanswered telephones	making quips	to edit the New York Times

# Senior Day





# CLASSES



J.M.

# Class of '52

Jeanne Campbell  
Coralette McGilvray  
Elise Schmahlfeldt  
Ketty Welles  
Nancy Cain

President  
Vice-president  
Secretary  
Treasurer  
Sergeant-at-Arms

Debbie Arthur  
Middo Jornayvaz  
Harriet McVey  
Ketty Welles  
Joel Kratz  
Caroline Buzard



*Martha Anderson*

*Debbie Arthur*

*Martha Brady*

*Caroline Buzard*



*Nancy Cain*

*Jeanne Campbell*

*Diana Clark*

*Mary Denman*

# Class of '52

Janet Jones

Toni Ingwerson

Suzy Gossard

Middo Jornayvaz



Joel Kratz

Sally Lambert

Coralette McGilvray

Harriet McVey



Adelaide Miller

Mary Paxton

Vicci Reid

Elise Schmahfeldt

Keppy Welles



# Class of '53

Carol Raymond  
Marianne Drake  
Molly Graham  
Marilyn Leidig

President  
Vice-president  
Secretary  
Treasurer

Marianne Drake  
Jeannette Dennis  
Carmen Sly  
Kitty Barnes



*Adriance Armsby*

*Kitty Barnes*

*Phyllis Barnum*



*Marianne Drake*

*Barbara Fifield*

*Jan Gambrel*



# Class of '53

*Molly Graham*

*Marilyn Hanback*

*Marilyn Leidig*

*Paula Mellott*



*Carol Raymond*

*Robin Reed*

*Nancy Roach*

*Ann Slaughter*



*Carmen Sly*

*Sydney Stayton*

*Kenya Torrance*



# Class of '54

Rena Hedberg  
Mignon Goetz  
Olive Beaham  
Nancy Duncan

President  
Vice-president  
Secretary  
Treasurer

Mary K. Brainard  
Martha Spurgeon  
Bonnie Blosser  
Olive Beaham



Ann Adams  
Olive Beaham  
Bonnie Blosser  
Joan Brady



Mary K. Brainard  
Alice Christopher  
Bunny Cousins  
Nancy Duncan

# Class of '54

*Mignon Goetz*

*Rena Hedberg*

*Mary Lauterbach*



*Linda Lewi*

*Romaine Lilly*

*Ann Paxton*



*Martha Spurgeon*

*Myra Lou Terry*

*Arey Thompson*







# LEWER SCHOOL



J.M.

## *The Eighth Grade*



First Row: Miss Dye, Julie Henson, Judy Pratt, Cynthia Brannock, Mary Jo List, Mary Jannet Mann  
Second Row: Ellen Douglass, Mary Cox, Marolyn Wright, Cynthia Williams, Phyllis Rahm  
Third Row: Jody Dail, Janie McAlester, Phyllis Hauck, Beverly Palmer  
Fourth Row: Barbara Rahm, Serena Sutton, Vinnie Russell (Lois Dubach is absent)

## *The Sixth and Seventh Grades*



First Row: Hallie Adams, Frances Tannehill  
Second Row: Mary Ellen Jurden, Shirley Hayman, Marilyn Waltner, Marianne Maguire, Virginia Raymond  
Third Row: Mary Scott Kaiser, Jane Goodnow, Kathleen Harless, Pat Shea  
Standing: Mrs. Wessels, Marcia Howard, Betsey Belisle, Marybess McCray

## *Third, Fourth, and Fifth Grades*



Left Row, back to front: Nancy Goodwin, Donna Truog, Jan Buckingham  
Left Center Row, back to front: Betty Burke, Susan Hanback, Julia Peppard  
Right Center Row, back to front: Ann Kasson, Kathryn Lawrence, Susan Rosse, Paget Gates  
Right Row, back to front: Joyce McAnally, Mrs. Leatherman, Susan Darnall, Linda O'Riordan

## *First and Second Grades*



Around Table: Holly Kasson, Sarah Birmingham, Diane Berry  
Left Row, back to front: Kathleen Harrow, Nancy Watkins, Susan Bliss, Deborah Hancock  
Center Row, back to front: Susan Cardenas, Nelle Roe Williams, Julia May  
Right Row, back to front: Carol Cousins, Judy Jaccard, Maizie Vogel

## Kindergarten



Around Table: David Gibson, Nancy Garland, Daly Anne Jordan, Anne Sutton, Lisa Kiene, Bette Gae Dobson, Diane O'Riordan

## Nursery

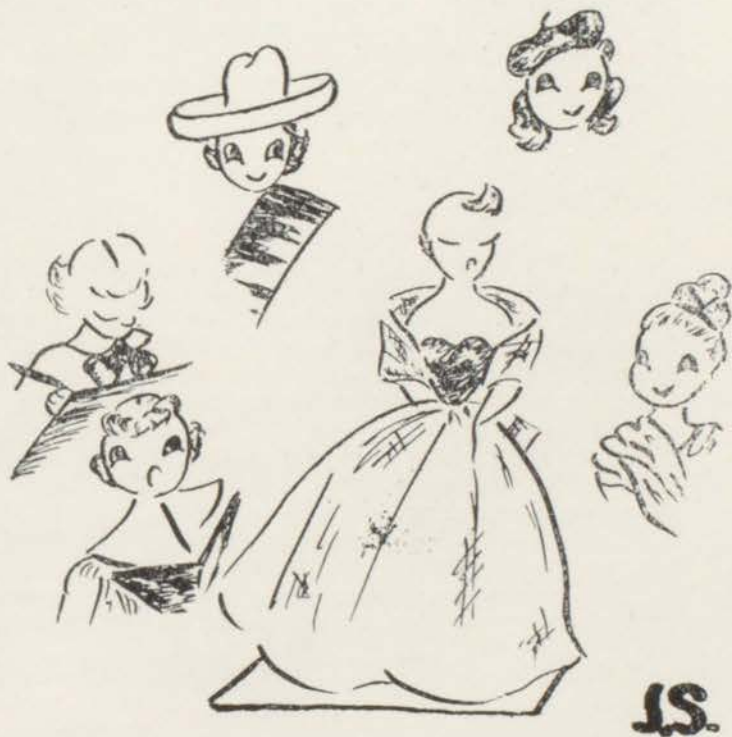


First Row: Bretta Bjorkland, Keith V. Ware II, William Kemper III, Reed Mapes, Michael Dunn, Terrence Curran  
Second Row: John Hill, Cinda Lou Steenhof, Lois Kelly, John Long, Tuck Chapman  
Third Row: Johnny McDonnell, Susan May, Dianne O'Brian, Mary Anne Manuel, Alice Goetz, Lynda Lu Clyne, Robin Bowe, Richard Perry





# ORGANIZATIONS



LS.

# The Student Council



Upper: Jeanne Campbell, Jean McCray, Anne Simons, Kathy Graham, Ann Gustin, Phyllis Stalcup, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Collins, Liz Culver, Joan Reed, Ann Wallace, Eleanor Snyder, Mignon Russell, Nancy Carlat  
 Center: Mary Paxton, JoAnn Straube, J'Ann Spielman, Mr. Sears, Ann Singleton, Gerry Barnes, Mary Denman, Debbie Arthur  
 Lower: Paula Mellott, Phyllis Barnum, Carol Raymond, Rena Hedberg, Mignon Goetz, Mary K. Brainard, Marianne Drake

Ann Singleton  
 JoAnn Straube  
 J'Ann Spielman

President  
 Vics-president and Treasurer  
 Secretary

Ann Singleton  
 Mary Denman  
 Gerry Barnes

Another very successful year has passed here at Barstow guided by Mr. Sears and the Student Council. The Student Council under the able leadership of Ann Singleton, our president, has accomplished much throughout the year. The first thing on the agenda was the wonderful Tradition Supper at which the new girls were introduced to the customs and spirit of Barstow. Throughout the year two very successful dances were sponsored by the organization, the Dorm Dance, the proceeds of which went to the Community Chest, and the Spring Dance. The last day of school before Christmas vacation found us all eating a delightful breakfast, surrounded by Christmas spirit, and bubbling over with enthusiasm. The Student Council led the student body in the participation in the big annual Salvation Army drive.

All meetings have been attended by Mrs. Steele, and Mrs. Collins, head of the Art Department, who was chosen by the council members.

We would like to thank the student body, as well as the faculty and Mr. Sears, for the marvelous cooperation shown us throughout the year.

JoAnn Straube

# The Barstow Athletic Association

President  
Liz Culver

Vice-president and Treasurer  
Mary Beall Porch

Secretary  
Mary Denman

Freshman Representative  
Myra Lou Terry

Sophomore Representative  
Robin Reed

Junior Representative  
Sally Lambert



The B.A.A. is one of the oldest clubs at Barstow. Its purpose is to promote good sportsmanship and teamwork throughout the athletic year. The association is made up of everyone who has earned ten points. The council consists of the president, the vice-president and the treasurer, all of whom are elected by the Student Body, the athletic representative elected from each class, and the captain of the current sport. In the fall we had various sports: hockey, riding, tennis, and archery. Then during the winter, after taking a course in First Aid, we entered into the basketball season. This ended with the Athletic Banquet and a play-off between the Champions and the All-Stars. It was the council's duty to then elect the members of the Varsity, as in all the sports. (After the banquet came the traditional Play Day, the time for basketball rivalry between Barstow and Sunset. This year the games were at Sunset.) After basketball season came volley ball, and then we had a selection of tennis, archery, riding, softball, and golf. The end of the athletic year came with Field Day, which closed with the announcement of the Athletic President for the following year.

Mary Denman

# "The Weather-Cock '51"



Upper: Jeanne Campbell, Nancy Duncan, Alice Cox, Palva Mellott, Martha Brady, Liz Culver, JoAnn Straube, Debbie Arthur, Keppy Welles, Gerry Barnes, Caroline Buzard, Nancy Carlat  
 Center: Phyllis Barnum, Amy DeYong, Mary Beall Porch, Mrs. Cowan, Ann Wallace, Jean McCray, Mary Denman  
 Lower: Barbara Rahm, Shirley Hayman, Julia May, Donna Truog

Editor.....	Ann Wallace	Assistant Business Manager.....	Jeanne Campbell
Business Manager.....	Mary Beall Porch	Assistant Art Editor.....	Keppy Welles
Art Editor.....	Jean McCray	Assistant Literary Editor.....	Martha Brady
Literary Editor.....	Amy DeYong	Junior Representative.....	Caroline Buzard
Senior Representative.....	Nancy Carlat	Freshman Representative.....	Nancy Duncan
Sophomore Representative.....	Paula Mellott	Photography.....	Liz Culver
Clubs.....	Gerry Barnes	Dormitory.....	Alice Cox
Student Council.....	JoAnn Straube	8th Grade.....	Barbara Rahm
Athletics.....	Mary Denman	3rd, 4th, 5th Grade.....	Donna Truog
6th, 7th Grade.....	Shirley Hayman	1st, 2nd Grade.....	Julia May
Assistant Editor.....	Debbie Arthur	Sponsor.....	Mrs. J. Rice Cowan

"The '51 Weather-Cock" is the first annual published since 1940. The staff, ably headed by Ann Wallace, has tried to combine the high literary standard of former Barstow yearbooks and the school's modern activities into an all-round portrayal of Barstow.

Besides the hard job of reviving the yearbook, the "Weather-Cock" staff has proved its versatility by sponsoring the very successful "Weather-Cock Fair", held January 13th, and two informal dances, one on the night of the Fair, and the other, a Valentine Dance, on February 17th. Both of these dances featured girl's cut which was an innovation for Barstow girls.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank the people who have helped to make this book possible. Most of all, we are indebted to our faculty advisor, Mrs. J. Rice Cowan, who has shown genuine interest and has given her time unstintingly. We want also to thank Mrs. Willard R. Douglass for writing the history of Barstow. Last, but not least, our thanks go to all the advertisers for their generous support which has made this book financially possible. We of the "Weather-Cock" staff have really enjoyed assembling this book, and we hope that all who read it will enjoy it as much.

Gerry Barnes

# The Pretenders



Upper: Adelaide Miller, Benicia Johnson, Sally Lambert, Virginia Reames, Ann Singleton, Liz Culver, Martha Anderson, JoAnn Straube, Debbie Arthur, Amy DeYong, J'Ann Spilman, Toni Ingwerson, Ann Gustin, Jeanne Campbell  
 Center: Phyllis Stalcup, Ann Wallace, Miss Loring, Mignon Russell, Kathy Graham, Joan Reed  
 Lower: Jean McCray, Caroline Buzard, Gerry Barnes, Mary Beall Porch, Eleanor Snyder

Mignon Russell  
 Ann Wallace  
 Phyllis Stalcup  
 Amy DeYong

President  
 Vice-president  
 Secretary  
 Treasurer

Mignon Russell  
 Kathy Graham  
 Joan Reed  
 Toni Ingwerson

Pretenders, the oldest and most exclusive club in Barstow, is open to juniors and seniors who are interested in dramatics. Membership is an honor that has been treasured down through the years by many, and admission requires certain grade standards as well as talent. The terror of approaching try-outs is shared by all who wish to join the club—each girl must learn one hundred and fifty lines from Shakespeare and an equal amount from another playwright. Acting all the parts in both skits, changing voice and gestures accordingly, is really an experience; and the entire performance is given on the well-known "Pretender Rug" before the assembled members. However, the thrill of opening a small, white envelope the next morning and discovering an acceptance is well worth the anxiety of the previous two weeks.

During the year, the Pretenders have many activities which are climaxed by a full length play, traditionally given in the Dorothy Russell Bell amphitheater. This year, the club presented Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream", produced under the guidance of our new and capable director, Janet Loring, whose talent is an inspiration to all Pretenders.

Mignon Russell

# The Glee Club



Upper: Miss Cranfill, Sally Lambert, Elise Schmahlfeldt, Janet Jones, Phyllis Barnum, Martha Brady, Sydney Stayton, Diana Clark, Nancy Roach, Jean McCray  
 Upper center: Molly Graham, Phyllis Stalcup, Olive Beaham, Martha Anderson, JoAnn Straube, Jan Gambrel, Adriance Armsby  
 Lower center: Marilyn Leidig, Mary Lauterbach, Suzy Gossard, Linda Lewi, Kitty Barnes, Mary Beall Porch, Gerry Barnes, Mignon Russell, Nancy Duncan  
 Lower: Anne Simons, Mary Denman, Jeanne Campbell, Virginia Reames, J'Ann Spielman, Nancy Carlat, Toni Ingwerson, Debbie Arthur, Kathy Graham

Nancy Carlat  
 Toni Ingwerson  
 Debbie Arthur  
 Kathy Graham

President  
 Vice-president  
 Secretary  
 Treasurer  
 Sergeant-at-Arms

J'Ann Spielman  
 Virginia Reames  
 Jeannie Campbell  
 Mary Denman  
 Anne Simons

Of all the clubs in Barstow the Glee Club is probably the most active. It is composed of thirty-four members who have each taken part in several programs throughout the year. The first is Christmas Music. At this time the girls of the high school are gowned in the traditional wine robes with starched white collars. A smaller group of girls portray the nativity scene while the chorus provides the lovely background music. This is followed by a concert in the spring which is sometimes given with Pem-Day. This year a special activity in the form of an operetta, "Shreds and Patches", was given March 16. This provided fun for the actors and audience alike as well as additional funds for the "Weather-Cock". The last program presented by the Glee Club has a touch of sadness in it for it is given during the commencement exercises in June. With such a variety of talent, enthusiasm, and activities, everybody agrees that the Glee Club certainly adds interest to the school year.

Nancy Carlat

# The Art Club



Upper: Elise Schmahlfeldt, Nancy Duncan, Sydney Stayton, Karen VanVoorst, Molly Graham, Keppy Welles, Phyllis Barnum, Paula Mellott, Olive Beaham, Martha Brady, Coralette McGilvray, Sally Lambert, Jeanne Campbell, Ann Wallace, Amy DeYong  
 Center: Liz Culver, Mrs. Collins, Marilyn Hanback, Kitty Barnes  
 Lower: J'Ann Spielman, Gerry Barnes, JoAnn Straube, Mary Beall Porch, Jean McCray, Phyllis Stalcup, Ann Gustin, Ann Singleton

Jean McCray  
 Gerry Barnes  
 Amy DeYong  
 Molly Graham

President  
 Vice-president  
 Secretary  
 Treasurer

Phyllis Stalcup  
 Elise Schmahlfeldt  
 Sally Lambert  
 J'Ann Spielman

Recently throughout the halls of our alma mater, we have seen various collections of watercolors, oils, and pen and ink sketches, loaned to us by the William Rockhill Nelson Art Gallery for the purpose of increasing our knowledge of the fine arts. For the same purpose, the Palette and Brush Club, known as the Art Club, has been established. One of the newest organizations at Barstow, it was founded by a few members of the class of nineteen forty-eight. To become a member, our up and coming artists must maintain a certain standard in art, and, for her tryout, submit a sample of her artistic talent to the club.

Once a member of the club — any high school girl is eligible — her talent is put to good use. The scenery for the operetta, "Shreds and Patches", and the Christmas play were two fine examples of each member doing her share in these projects.

Under the able leadership of Jean McCray, first semester President, Phyllis Stalcup, second semester President, and Mrs. Collins, the sponsor of the group, the club has upheld its good name. Many plans are being made and great expectations are in the offing for this talented, fun-filled organization.

Elise Schmahlfeldt

# The Spanish Club



Upper: Nancy Carlat, Kitty Barnes, Virginia Reames, Joan Reed, Senora Barnes, J'Ann Spielman, Alice Cox, Amy DeYong  
 Lower: Martha Brady, Mary Paxton, Ann Singleton, Liz Culver, Adriance Armsby, Barbara Fifield  
 (Jeanne Campbell is absent)

J'Ann Spielman  
 Alice Cox  
 Virginia Reames  
 Joan Reed

President  
 Vice-president  
 Secretary  
 Treasurer

Joan Reed  
 Virginia Reames  
 Kitty Barnes  
 Liz Culver

"Las Amigas", which is more commonly known as the Spanish Club, is one of the brighter parts of the life of the Barstow Spanish student. This year the membership has grown from nine members to fourteen by the several tryouts which have been held and followed "by a Spanish dinner at Margarita's". On the morning before our Easter vacation started, "Las Amigas" presented the morning assembly which included the presentation of "Des-fils Pascual". La Fiesta, which is usually held on Pan-American Day, April 14th, was held on April 12th this year. The upper school had a Spanish luncheon and then went over to the gym for the breaking of the Pinata and for the Spanish movie. Thus ended an enjoyable day for the school and completed the Spanish Club's activities for the year.

Kitty Barnes and Joan Reed



# The Latin Club



Upper: Marilyn Hanback, Sydney Stayton, Paula Mellott, Mrs. Mann, Phyllis Barnum, Molly Graham, Nancy Roach  
 Center: Kenya Torrance, Ann Slaughter, Adelaide Miller, Martha Spurgeon, Arey Thompson, Jan Gambrel, Alice Christopher, Karen VanVoorst, Myra Lou Terry  
 Lower: Rena Hedberg, Nancy Duncan, Linda Lewi, Bunny Cousin, Mary Lauterbach, Carol Raymond

Phyllis Barnum  
 Molly Graham  
 Sydney Stayton  
 Nancy Roach

President  
 Vice-president  
 Secretary  
 Treasurer

Paula Mellott  
 Sydney Stayton  
 Martha Spurgeon  
 Marilyn Hanback

The Latin Club was officially recognized and began its activities in September, 1946. Five girls from the Sophomore and Junior classes were the original charter members, and their continued interest and solicitation of new members have increased the club's membership to twenty-one, making it one of the largest and most active organizations in the school.

This school year of 1950-51 has been one of success and growing respect for the Latin Club and its activities. Of interest and enjoyment to new and old members is initiation, which always features an informal buffet supper, refreshments, and companionship.

A Latin Club assembly was held on December 18 and the Lord's Prayer, scripture reading, and hymn were read entirely in Latin. The eighth grade Latin Students contributed to the service by singing Christmas carols.

This year the club produced the largest Ides of March celebration in the history of the organization. The dining room was colorfully decorated with Roman posters, streamers, and balloons. At the noon assembly, members of the Latin Club gave a skit entitled "Crossing the Rubicon", and a film depicting the death of Caesar was shown. During this movie, lime punch and olives were served to the faculty and students.

We, the members of the Latin Club, are confident that the future will be one of permanence and respect for this group at Barstow.

Phyllis Barnum

# The French Club



Upper: Benicia Johnson, Caroline Buzard, Anne Simons, Kathy Graham, Paula Mellott, Keppy Welles, Karen VanVoorst, Marilyn Leidig, Adelaide Miller  
 Center: Mignon Russell, Eleanor Snyder, Madame Barnes, Gerry Barnes, JoAnn Straube, Debbie Arthur  
 Lower: Ann Singleton, Ann Wallace, Mary Denman, Sally Lambert, Janet Jones, Kitty Barnes, Ann Slaughter, Carol Raymond (Absent is Jean McCray)

Eleanor Snyder  
 Mignon Russell  
 Gerry Barnes  
 Benicia Johnson

President  
 Vice-president  
 Secretary  
 Treasurer

Gerry Barnes  
 JoAnn Straube  
 Adelaide Miller  
 Debbie Arthur

The French Club was founded in 1939 and since that time has been a very active club at Barstow. All important meetings are conducted in French. As usual, our Christmas Candlelighting Ceremony was held the morning before Christmas vacation began. On February 6th, we held our annual Mardi Gras celebration. Beginning at noon a French atmosphere pervaded the school. Costumes of every imaginable kind were donned and a French luncheon was served. Entertainment followed consisting of crowning the Queen, judging the costumes, and seeing a French film. Other highlights of the club's activities were a French dinner consisting of French Fried Shrimp, Scallops, French beans, a French salad, tiny Petit Fours and other delicacies which appear on a French menu; the club's attendance at the French play, "Cyrano de Bergerac", and a delightful afternoon of French conversation with Suzanne de Richmonde, from the South of France. Thus the French Club's activities were closed for another year.

Gerry Barnes



# ATHLETICS



G.C.B.

# Hockey

## SENIORS



Standing:  
Singleton +\*  
Culver +\*  
Reed  
DeYong  
Gustin +\*  
Wallace \*

Seated:  
McCray  
Porch +  
Barnes  
Carlat +\* (Captain)  
(Mignon Russell  
is absent)

\* Indicates All-Stars      + Indicates Varsity

## JUNIORS — CHAMPIONS



Standing:  
Kratz  
Paxton (Captain)  
Jones +  
Gossard +  
Buzard

Seated:  
Anderson  
Arthur  
Lambert +  
Schmahlfeldt  
(Campbell + and  
Welles + are  
absent)

## SOPHOMORES

### Standing:

Barnes  
Drake +\*  
Reed +\*  
Stayton  
Hanback  
Armsby

### Seated:

Fifield \*  
Graham  
Gambrel \* (Captain)  
VanVoorst  
(Dennis +\*  
is absent)



## FRESHMEN

### Standing:

Lauterbach  
Lewi \*  
Lilly  
Cousins (Captain)  
Brady  
Terry

### Seated:

Beaham  
Christopher  
Paxton  
Goetz  
Brainard



SENIORS



Barnes  
Porch  
Singleton  
Carlat  
Straube  
Russell  
Wallace

JUNIORS



Back row:  
Lambert  
Anderson  
McGilvray  
Welles  
Front row:  
Buzard  
Kratz  
Gossard  
Paxton

SOPHOMORES

Back row:

*Van Voorst*  
*Fifield*  
*Graham*  
*Armsby*

Front row:

*Raymond*  
*Torrance*  
*Hanback*  
*Drake*



FRESHMEN

Back row:

*Goetz*  
*Lilly*  
*Christopher*

Front row:

*Paxton*  
*Brainard*  
*Terry*  
*Brady*



# Volleyball

SENIORS — CHAMPIONS



First Row: Eleanor Snyder (Captain), Nancy Carlat, Mignon Russell, Ann Wallace, Mary Beall Porch, Ann Gustin  
Second Row: Liz Culver, Ann Singleton, JoAnn Straube, Phyllis Stalcup, Amy DeYong, Jean McCray

JUNIORS



First Row: Jeanne Campbell, Caroline Buzard, Harriet McVey, Joel Kratz, Suzy Gossard\*  
Second Row: Mary Denman, Debbie Arthur, Coralette McGilvray\* (Captain), Sally Lambert\*, Mary Paxton



## SOPHOMORES



First Row: Keyna Torrance, Carol Raymond, Marianne Drake\*, Paula Mellott\*(Captain), Kitty Barnes, Jeannette Dennis\*

Second Row: Phyllis Barnum, Adriance Armsby\*, Karen VanVoorst\*, Jan Gambrel\*, Molly Graham\*, Barbara Fifield\*

## FRESHMEN



First Row: Rena Hedberg, Linda Lewi, Mary Lauterbach, Arey Thompson, Romaine Lilly

Second Row: Ann Paxton, Mary K. Brainard, Olive Beaham, Alice Christopher (Captain), Myra Lou Terry (Joan Brady is absent)

# Baseball

SENIORS — CHAMPIONS



Standing:

*Liz Culver*  
*JoAnn Straube*

Kneeling:

*Benicia Johnson*  
*Eleanor Snyder*  
*Mrs. Hull*

Seated:

*Alice Cox*  
*Mary Beall Porch*

## JUNIORS



Kneeling:

*Vicci Reid*  
*Keppy Welles*  
*Debbie Arthur*  
*Mary Denman*  
*Janet Jones*

Seated:

*Martha Anderson*  
*Coralette McGilvray*  
*Suzy Gossard*  
*Mary Paxton*

SOPHOMORES

Kneeling:

*Carol Raymond  
Marilyn Leidig  
Jeannette Dennis  
Sydney Stayton  
Marianne Drake*

Seated:

*Robin Reed  
Barbara Fifield  
Kenya Torrance  
Molly Graham*



FRESHMEN

Kneeling:

*Myra Lou Terry  
Mary K. Brainard  
Romaine Lilly  
Joan Brady  
Bonnie Blosser*

Seated:

*Arey Thompson  
Alice Christopher  
Ann Adams  
Olive Beaham*



## *Horseback Riding — Fall*



Virginia Reames      Harriet McVey      Vinnie Russell      Ann Slaughter      Benicia Johnson  
Mary Denman      Miss Dye

## *Horseback Riding — Spring*



Standing: Virginia Reames, Jeanne McPherson, Ann Slaughter, Carmen Sly, Mrs. Bessey, Kathy Graham, Vinnie Russell, Toni Ingwerson  
Seated: Paula Mellott, Adelaide Miller, Miss Dye

## *Tennis – Fall*



Back Row: Eleanor Snyder, Ann Slaughter, Alice Cox, Coralette McGilvray, Virginia Reames, J'Ann Spielman, Marcia Howard, Arey Thompson, Nancy Duncan, Rena Hedberg, Anne Simons, Vicci Reid, Marilyn Leidig, Mary Denman  
Front Row: Kenya Torrance, Nancy Roach, Mary Scott Kaiser, JoAnn Straube, Pat Shea, Marybess McCray, Frances Tannehill, Carol Raymond, Diana Clark

## *Tennis – Spring*



Back Row: Benicia Johnson, Adriance Armsby, Molly Graham, Coralette McGilvray, JoAnn Straube, Ann Singleton, Kepy Welles  
Center Row: Eleanor Snyder, J'Ann Spielman, Jar.et Jones, Kenya Torrance, Paula Mellott, Marilyn Leidig, Sydney Stayton  
Front Row: Mary Beall Porch, Alice Cox, Caroline Buzard, Suzy Gossard, Gerry Barnes, Kitty Barnes, Carol Raymond  
(Absent are: Mignon Russell, Ann Wallace, Elise Schmahlfeldt, Jeanne Campbell, Robin Reed, Joan Reed)

## Golf - Spring



Standing: Rena Hedberg, Mary Paxton, Jean McCray, Mignon Goetz, Joel Kratz, Linda Lewi, Kathy Graham

Seated: Mary Lauterbach, Mary Denman, Bunny Cousins, Nancy Duncan, Phyllis Stalcup, Jeanne McPherson

(Absent are: Benicia Johnson, Adelaide Miller, Vicci Reid, Midido Jornayvaz, Harriet McVey)

## Track



Kneeling: J'Ann Spielman, Phyllis Barnum, Ann Wallace, Ann Singleton, Liz Culver, Mrs. Hull

Seated: Bunny Cousins, Mignon Goetz, Mary Lauterbach, Caroline Buzard

(Absent are: Marilyn Hanback, Barbara Fifield, Marianne Drake, Adriance Armsby, Kitty Barnes, Olive Beaham, Myra Lou Terry, Mary K. Brainard, Romaine Lilly, Bonnie Blosser, Arey Thompson, Joan Brady, Gerry Barnes, Alice Christopher, Mignon Russell, Ann Gustin, Diana Clark, Elise Schmahlfeldt, Toni Ingwerson, Jeannie Campbell, Sally Lambert, Harriet McVey)

# Games



*Bully for you.*

*oh, NO!*

*Shoot!*

*On Barstow, On to Victory!*

*Take it up!*

*Court Ballet*

*Enemy Territory*

*Hey, hey, Take it away!*

*Where are you now  
that I need you?"*

## *Athletic Banquet . . . .*



Dinner

Game



Entertainment



This year Barstow held its annual Athletic Banquet on March 7th. The girls gathered in the gym for the first event which was the song contest. After listening to the four remarkably good songs, Miss Cranfill and Miss Broderson chose the senior presentation which was written to the tune of "Red Sails in the Sunset." Then the team members escorted the faculty to the dining room where we had the traditional dinner of fried chicken and peppermint ice cream. The referees of the evening were introduced and Mrs. Hull awarded ten-point B.A.A. shields to several girls. Upon returning to the gym the Seniors were entertained by various skits given by the underclassmen. The evening was concluded with the Champion—All-Star Game which the Seniors won by a small margin. Everyone had a wonderful time—especially the Seniors who left with the laurels of the evening.

Mary Denman



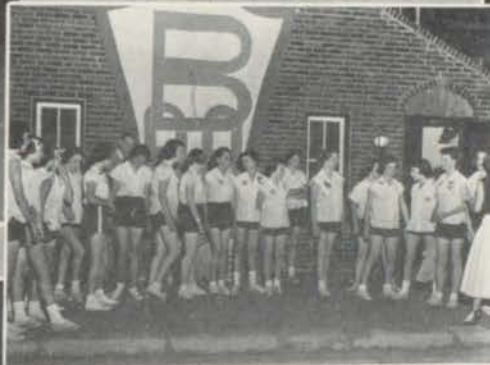
.... Play Day



# Field Day



"We come at last to close of day, the field events are through . . . . ."



## *Field Day Awards*

### **Nursery School potato race —**

1. John Long
2. Reid Mapes

### **Nursery School relay —**

1. John Long
2. Eileen Riley

### **John Shackelford Cup — Tin Can race —**

1. Janice Gates
2. Daly Anne Jordan

### **Jump the Shot — Grade I —**

1. Sarah Birmingham
2. Christy Simpson

### **Tumbling — Individuals — Grade I —**

1. Sarah Birmingham — Christy Simpson
2. Holly Kasson — Diane Berry

### **Fox in the Morning — Grade I**

1. Sarah Birmingham
2. Susan Cardenas

### **Jump the Shot — Grades II and III —**

1. Susan Bliss
2. Berle Cochran

### **Pinch-O — Grades II and III —**

1. Maizie Vogel
2. Carol Cousin

### **Tumbling — Individual — Grade II and III —**

1. Maizie Vogel — Pam Thomas — Carol Cousin
2. Judy Jaccard — Betsy Kroh — Maizie Vogel

### **Siamese Twin Race —**

1. Marilyn Waltner — Kathleen Harless
2. Jane Goodnow — Nancy Goodwin

### **Boundary Race — Grades II and III —**

1. Linda Riordan — Barbara Vogt —  
Nellie Williams — Julia May —  
Wendy Thomas — Maizie Vogel —  
Susan Bliss
2. Susan Darnall — Joyce McAnnally —  
Eleanor Garber — Berle Cochran —  
Judy Jaccard — Deborah Hancock

### **Softball Accuracy Throw — Grades IV, V, VI**

1. Julie Peppard
2. Kathy Lawrence

### **40-Yard Dash — Grades IV, V, VI —**

1. Nancy Goodwin
2. Julie Peppard

### **Stick Polo — Grades VII and VIII —**

1. Vinnie Russell — Ellen Douglas —  
Phyllis Rahm — Lois Dubach —  
Phyllis Hauck — Mary Jo List —  
Cynthia Brannock — Mary Jannet  
Mann — Mary Scott Kaiser —  
Marcia Howard — Betsey Belisle —  
Ginny Raymond — Pat Shea
2. Serena Sutton — Janie McAlester —  
Barbara Rahm — Cynthia Williams  
— Jody Dail — Julie Henson — Judy  
Pratt — Mary Cox — Hallie Adams  
— Marianne McGuire — Mary Ellen  
Jurden — Marybess McCray



*"... this spirit learned of you ..."*

**High Jump — Grades VII and VIII —**

1. Janie McAlester
2. Frances Tannehill

**Running Broad Jump — Grades VII and VIII**

1. Mary Bess McCray — Mary Jannet Mann
2. Ginny Raymond — Barbara Rahm

**Tumbling — Grades IV, V, VI, VII, VIII —**

1. Grade VIII
2. Grade VII

**50-Yard Dash — Grades VII and VIII —**

1. Mary Jannet Mann
2. Mary Ellen Jurden

**Three-Legged Race — Father-Daughter —**

1. Paget and Clinton Gates
2. Lois and Ken Dubach

**Table Tennis Singles — Grades VII and VIII**

1. Jody Dail
2. Ellen Douglass

**Table Tennis Doubles — Grades VII and VIII**

1. Jody Dail and Ellen Douglass
2. Serena Sutton and Vinnie Russell

**Badminton Singles — Grades VII and VIII —**

1. Janie McAlester
2. Ellen Douglass

**Badminton Doubles — Grades VII and VIII —**

1. Barbara Rahm and Janie McAlester
2. Phyllis Rahm and Ellen Douglass

**Tennis Singles — Grades VII and VIII —**

1. Ellen Douglass
2. Janie McAlester

**Tennis Doubles — Grades VII and VIII —**

1. Janie McAlester and Lois Dubach
2. Ellen Douglass and Phyllis Rahm

**Deck Tennis Singles — Grades VII and VIII —**

1. Janie McAlester
2. Ellen Douglass

**Deck Tennis Doubles — Grades VII and VIII —**

1. Phyllis Rahm and Janie McAlester
2. Serena Sutton and Vinnie Russell

**Aerial Dart Singles — Grades VII and VIII —**

1. Janie McAlester
2. Ellen Douglass

**Gleed Gaylord Cup for Best Work in Physical Education in Lower School —**

Vinnie Russell

**Nancy Rose Cup for Lower School Winner of Most Points on Field Day —**

Janie McAlester

**UPPER SCHOOL**

**Softball Accuracy Throw —**

1. Liz Culver
2. Jeannette Dennis

**Basketball Free Throw —**

1. Marianne Drake
2. Mary K. Brainard

**Gloria Zick Plaque — Winner of Basketball Distance Throw —**

1. Barbara Fifield
2. Liz Culver

**High Jump —**

1. Barbara Fifield
2. Ann Singleton — Liz Culver

**50-Yard Dash —**

1. Phyllis Barnum
2. Ann Singleton

**Tennis Singles —**

1. JoAnn Straube
2. Jeannette Dennis

**Tennis Doubles —**

1. Ann Singleton and JoAnn Straube
2. Marianne Drake and Karen VanVoorst

**Dona Borgquist Cup for Table Tennis Singles —**

1. Suzy Gossard
2. Anne Simons

**Table Tennis Doubles —**

1. Nancy Carlat and Anne Simons
2. Caroline Buzard and Jeanne Campbell

**Badminton Singles —**

1. Nancy Carlat
2. Debbie Arthur

**Badminton Doubles —**

1. Janet Jones and Debbie Arthur
2. Nancy Carlat and Anne Simons

**Running Broad Jump —**

1. Phyllis Barnum
2. Liz Culver

**Class Relay Cup —**

1. Sophomores (Kitty Barnes, Phyllis Barnum, Barbara Fifield, Karen VanVoorst)
2. Seniors (Liz Culver, Ann Gustin, Mignon Russell, Ann Singleton)

**Shot Put —**

1. Liz Culver
2. Barbara Fifield

**Running Hop, Skip and Jump —**

1. Ann Singleton
2. Ann Gustin

**Hockey Cup —**

Juniors (Mary Paxton, Captain)

**Helen Tyler Cup — Class winning greatest number of points on Field Day —**  
Seniors

**Beryl Sprouse Cup for girl who has been most helpful in promotion of good spirit in athletics**  
Liz Culver and JoAnn Straube

**Girls Achieving 75-Point "B"**

Keppy Welles	Alice Christopher
Coralette McGilvray	Joan Brady
Diana Clark	Linda Lewi
Martha Anderson	Robin Reed
Carol Raymond	Phyllis Barnum
Myra Lou Terry	Romaine Lilly
Mary K. Brainard	Olive Beaham

**Girls Achieving 300-Point Gold "B"**

Liz Culver	Barbara Fifield
Debbie Arthur	Ann Wallace
Eleanor Snyder	Gerry Barnes
Caroline Buzard	Jan Gambrel
Jeannette Dennis	Karen VanVoorst

**Varsity Hockey**

Ann Gustin	Ann Singleton
Liz Culver	Keppy Welles
Sally Lambert	Robin Reed
Mary Beall Porch	Marianne Drake
Nancy Carlat	Suzy Gossard
	Jeannette Dennis

**All-Star Hockey**

Ann Singleton	Ann Wallace
Jan Gambrel	Barbara Fifield
Robin Reed	Liz Culver
Jeannette Dennis	Nancy Carlat
Linda Lewi	Marianne Drake

Ann Gustin

**Varsity Basketball**

Ann Singleton	Liz Culver
Marianne Drake	Barbara Fifield
Karen VanVoorst	Jan Gambrel

**ABSENT WHEN CLASS PHOTOGRAPHS WERE MADE**

Standing: *Emily Myers, Christy Simpson.*  
Seated: *Pam Thomas, Beryl Cochran,*  
*Eleanor Garber, Barbara Vogt.*



Standing: *Jeannette Dennis, Karen VanVoorst, Lois Dubach, John Greenlease, Eileen Riley, Cinda Lou Steenhof, Richard Perry.*



# ACTIVITIES



N.D.

## *The Traditional Supper*



*"Welcome to Barstow School"*  
*Straube, Porch, Singleton and Company*

One of the earliest and nicest events in the school year is the annual Tradition Supper held at Barstow's lovely outdoor oven. This eagerly awaited evening is a real welcome to all the new girls and is no less thrilling to the rest of the upper school and the faculty. A wonderful meal and enthusiastic singing of the school songs are followed by speeches describing all the activities and events of the coming year. As its name implies, the supper is an introduction to the wonderful Barstow traditions; and the final entertainment of humorous skits closes an evening which everyone has thoroughly enjoyed.

Amy DeYong



*Straube, Wallace, Simons, McCray, Johnson,  
 Snyder, Hedberg, Porch, Carlat*



*Cox, Singleton, Wallace, Reames, Barnes,  
 Graham, Simons, Mr. Sears, Stalcup,  
 Porch, Culver, Snyder, Reed*



*Flag Day . . .*

*and Tree Day*



*" . . . Long May It Wave . . . "*

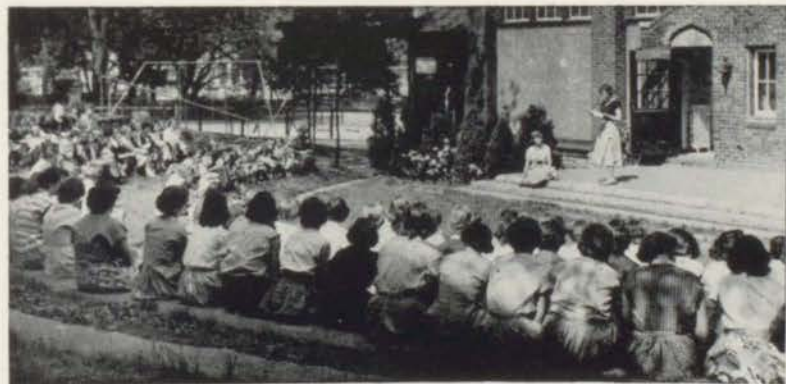
Two seasonal events which Barstow enjoyed this year were Flag Day in the fall and Tree Day in the Spring. Here we have the old combined with the new, for Flag Day was added to the list of traditions for the first time this year. The students gathered on a sunny morning to raise the new flag which is to fly over the beautiful grounds in future years. The flag was presented by Mr. Sears, accepted in behalf of the student body by Ann Singleton, and raised by second grader Maizie Vogel.

To further enhance our campus, the Tree Day tradition was carried on with the planting of ivy in the amphitheater by the senior who had been in the school the longest, Amy DeYong, representing the Upper School, and the youngest child, William Kemper III, representing the Lower School.

Thus we see two of the loveliest Barstow traditions which we hope will always live on.

Mary Beall Porch

*" . . . A Living Faith In Thee . . . "*



## Hallowe'en Play Contest



The Hallowe'en Play Contest of '50 was bursting with song, dance, and plenty of laughter. No mysterious themes of goblins and witches cluttered the stage this year. The Freshman skit took the crowd of parents, teachers, girls and boys to a jungle isle which ended with an O'Henry touch. The Sophomores with "The Fair" and the Juniors with "Toyland Awakes" threw themselves into their skits to really make them live. Disaster struck when the Juniors' colorful scenery ripped but the show went on. The Seniors climaxed the entertainment with a fantasy, "Over the Rainbow." After refreshing cider and doughnuts, Mr. Sears announced the winners much to the pleasure of the happy Seniors.

Ann Singleton

## The Father-Daughter Dinner



Dr. and Miss Singleton  
Mr. and Miss Graham  
Mary Kay, Paula and Dads  
Miss Reed and Miss Carlat

Mr. and Miss Johnson  
Mr. and Miss DeYong  
Mr. and Miss Goetz  
Miss Russell, Miss Gustin and  
company

Mr. and Miss Wallace  
Mr. and Miss Reames  
The Three Paxtons  
Mr. and Miss Straube and Liz  
Culver

At the stroke of six the couples began arriving. They were not the couples that usually enter the Barstow gym in anticipation of a dance. This was something more unusual and just as much fun. There were the Barstow girls but there was a special guest with each one. There was Dad. We filed through the lines getting the food which looked, smelled, and tasted delicious. After dinner, the Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Straube, took over. The Editor of the yearbook announced its revival and asked for the fathers' cooperation. Mr. Sears spoke of the plans for the coming year. The Seniors presented their prize-winning "Over the Rainbow" for the applauding fathers. As the evening drew to a close the fathers were taken from room to room in the school building and shown the accomplishments of their daughters. It was a proud night for all.

Ann Wallace

## Christmas Activities



### Christmas Music

At 4:30 on the afternoon of December 19th, the parents, guests, and alumnae of the school assembled in the gymnasium for the annual program of Christmas Music which was given by the whole school. First of all a pageant, "The Nutcracker Suite", which included many clever dances, was given by the lower school. Then the upper school, wearing the traditional wine-colored robes and starched white collars, sang the music to a short pageant, "There Was One Who Gave A Lamb". After this presentation, Dr. Richard M. Trelease dedicated the Pidge Satterlee Memorial Music Library to the school. To the strains of the age-old recessional, "O Come All Ye Faithful", the chorus marched out to the cloisters where, beneath lighted candles, they sang Christmas carols, sending the assembled audience off to a Merry Christmas.



## *Freshman-Sophomore Play Contest*



On February 14th, the Freshmen and Sophomores presented another adventure into the world of Shakespeare. With fear and yet hope, each class put forth its interpretation of the fifth act of "The Merchant of Venice". There was a tense moment of anticipation as the classes awaited the decision. The Sophomores emerged victorious and seemed to feel that their last year in the contest had been a good one, while the Freshmen held up their spirits by saying, "Next year . . ." Afterward both groups attended the gay traditional parties; the girls agreed that "all's well that ends well".

Paula Mellott

## Weather-Cock Fair and Dance



Temptation  
Bubbles and Balloons  
Intermission

Te gusta!  
Bargain Counter  
Pay With a Smile

Gala booths transformed the gym into a swirling fair on Saturday, January 13. The doors opened at ten and the festivities continued through the day. Bakery booths featured cakes "knee-deep" in frosting and crunchy cookies which were concocted by the girls themselves. The Pretender booth of White Elephants was busy all day and the "Caricature" booth sponsored by the Art Club was continually surrounded. The Spanish vending station was colorful and added a novel air to the festivities. A steady "thump" signified that the basketball toss was a popular spot. The faculty booth, gaily decorated with red and white streamers, sold pies, had a grab bag and permitted spectators to view "Rogue's Gallery". As the afternoon ended we realized that the "Weather-Cock" had a good size nest egg and had found experience and fun besides.

Ann Wallace



*He lost his corsage  
Man's best friend  
Deep Thought*

*Sitting out  
The lucky number  
Penny for your thoughts*

With the colorful booths pushed back around the wall, the gym took on the atmosphere of a deserted fairground. At nine o'clock the juke box was turned on, a spotlight was trained on a gigantic replica of the 1951 Weather-Cock cover, and the enthusiastic couples began to dip and glide rhythmically across the floor. At intermission several prizes were given away. These included a very scared and trembling puppy which we rechristened "Lucky". This was the first time that bids have been issued for a Barstow Dance to which boys could bring other girls. It was a huge success; all made new friends. As the last stroke of twelve echoed in the distance we found that it was difficult to let the music die and have the gym lights bring us back to reality.

Ann Wallace

*The Glee Club Operetta — "Shreds and Patches"*





## *Ides of March*



This year our club began its numerous activities by presenting a program on the Ides of March. If we are feeling a bit proud of ourselves, we have reason, for this celebration was the largest ever sponsored by the organization. The audience was dubious of its success when olives were served. However, a burlesque of Caesar's crossing the Rubicon, a movie depicting scenes from "Julius Caesar", and later, refreshments, so altered their previous opinions that the spirit of Caesar seemed to live again.

Paula Mellott

## CONCERT WITH PEM-DAY



# Mardi Gras



A Courtin' we will go

The winnahs!

Inseparables

Queen for a Day

Charleston

Big (?) Three

We just wanta be friends

The pause that refreshes

To the glad strains of "I heard them sing—come to the Mardi Gras," Barstow's annual Mardi Gras funfest got off to a rollicking start on Tuesday, February 6. Barstow-ites gathered in the gaily decked dining room, where participants were dressed in costumes which ranged from "Harvey" to the "Flapper" girls. French food comprised the menu, including chocolate eclairs, one of which contained a magic ring proclaiming its finder the Queen. Shouts of glee from the Junior class signified that Mrs. Starrett was the lucky one. She was crowned Queen by Gerry Barnes, president of the French Club, and presented a gift.

The girls, in colorful costumes, wove about the gym in a live conga, another Mardi Gras tradition. During the grand march that followed, the best costumes were chosen. Prizes went to Jeannette Dennis and Karen Van Voorst for their clever portrayal of "The Weather-Cock" and "The Raider". Garbed in a lace table cloth, Nancy Roach was presented a prize for her interpretation of a table. Jean McCray, beating the symbolic rhythmical throb from under a large box, represented "The Thing" and Liz Culver, with a stove pipe hat upon her head, was a chimney sweep from Merrie England.

A French Film was shown, followed by petit fours and punch served by members of the French Club. As the last flash bulb dimmed, the lilting tunes of the Mardi Gras faded — and thus ended on a nostalgic note another Barstow holiday.

Ann Wallace

## La Fiesta



### Barstow Goes Latin American

La Fiesta, the day of contests, dances, costumes, and Spanish food, was celebrated in observance of Pan-American Day on April 12th. After a luncheon of Spanish rice, tacos, fritos, and custard con carmel, was served in the festively decorated dining room, the gaily costumed upper school went to the gym. There a movie of South America was shown following the judging of the costumes. Two prizes were awarded; one, for the most unusual, went to Mary Lauterbach, Mignon Goetz, and Linda Lewi, for their interpretation of the "Wizard of Oz" characters; the second, for the most authentic, went to Olive Beaham and Alice Christopher who portrayed a torreador.

The festivities were brought to a close by the breaking of the pinata which for the first time was done by a member of the Spanish Club, Virginia Reams. As "Ferdinand" and the candy which he clutched, dropped from his precarious position, La Fiesta ended.

Joan Reed

## *"A Midsummer Night's Dream"*



There were hurried whispers as the actors for the evening slipped into their respective positions. The banners floated majestically from the improvised Elizabethan theater, otherwise known as the Barstow Dorothy Russell Bell amphitheater. Greasepaint and regal costumes failed to completely disguise the youthful faces, for these amateur Thespians were the Pretenders of Barstow. The performance, sparked by Janet Loring's expert directing, brought a full house and much spontaneous applause. Shakespeare would have rejoiced to have seen the cast. It is impossible to mention just a few as they all gave excellent performances.

Mignon Russell  
Ann Wallace

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Philostrate ..... Phyllis Stalcup  
 Pages ..... Martha Anderson  
                                 Benicia Johnson  
 Theseus ..... Ann Singleton  
 Hippolyta ..... Debbie Arthur  
 Egeus ..... Kathy Graham  
 Hermia ..... Mary Beall Porch  
 Demetrius ..... Sally Lambert  
 Lysander ..... Ann Gustin  
 Helena ..... Adelaide Miller  
 Quince ..... Jeanne Campbell  
 Bottom ..... Jo Ann Straube  
 Flute ..... Ann Wallace  
 Starveling ..... Caroline Buzard  
 Snout ..... Elizabeth Culver  
 Snug ..... Eleanor Snyder  
 Puck ..... Mignon Russell  
 Peaseblossom ..... J'Ann Spielman  
 Oberon ..... Toni Ingwerson  
 Titania ..... Jean McCray  
 Cobweb ..... Virginia Reames  
 Moth ..... Gerry Barnes  
 Mustardseed ..... Joan Reed

Production Staff

Director ..... Janet Loring  
 Assistant ..... Emy Withers  
 Musical Director .. Phoebe Hasek Bunting  
 Assistant in Voice ..... Doris Cranfill  
 Dances by .... Jacqueline Welch Moseley



## Dances



Our "social season" began with the Dorm Dance in November. The purpose of this annual dance is to introduce the dormitory girls to the boys from the surrounding schools. Many believe the "Dorm Dance" to have been the most outstanding of the year for, with the entire vote of the upper school, it was decided to give the money, which usually is spent for decorations, to the Community Chest. A large "Community Chest" banner was stretched across the stage and this reminded the swirling couples of the good which they had done. Among the gay group was spotted Mary Paxton, wearing a blue lace ballerina, and accompanied by Phil Starr, President of Pem-Day's Student Council; JoAnn Straube in floating pink net and escorted by Bill Toohey; and Ann Singleton, in black velvet and plaid taffeta, squired by Jay Warner.

The next dance on the agenda followed the Weather-Cock Fair on January 13th. This dance, too, was void of planned decorations except for a few short-lived balloons. Tickets were sold and, for the first time, boys were invited to bring dates from other schools. Sunset, Southwest, St. Teresa, Rockhurst, Shawnee Mission, and Pem-Day were well represented. Kathy Graham was seen with Humbert Tinsman, and Marilyn Leidig with Jim Fallman. Among those sporting vegetable corsages which were concocted by their respective dates were Joe Holliday and Gordon Hamilton. At intermission several door prizes were given including a puppy, "Lucky", which was won by Brad Kingman.

Since the Weather-Cock dance was such a success a Valentine Dance, by popular demand, was planned. Again tickets were sold and, amid valentines and juke box music, the couples danced. Mignon Goetz with Buddy Cross, Jan Gambrel with Jimmy Tinsman, and Janei Jones with Ronny Knutson, were seen.

The last program dance of the year was the Spring Dance. Chairman J'Ann Spielman and her committee transformed the gym into a Chinatown of life-sized Chinamen and dragons. Pat Loftus played as we spotted Kenya Torrance with Butch Montgomery, Sally Lambert with Bill Zimmer, Mary Beall Porch with Robbie Fischer, and Eleanor Snyder with David Riley.

The graduation dance, with its tiny lanterns, exotic perfume fountain and beautiful greenery, had a note of sadness in it. For the members of the Class of 1951 the end of their last Barstow Dance had come. A few of the Seniors and their dates were: Ann Gustin with Sandy Lambert, Anne Simons and George Luger, Gerry Barnes and Bob Hewitt, Ann Wallace with Rick Robinson, Jean McCray and Mike Shea, Phyllis Stalcup and Max Straube, Mignon Russell and Jay Warner, and Ann Singleton with Tony Cate.

*Dances*







*Dances*



# Goodbye, Seniors!

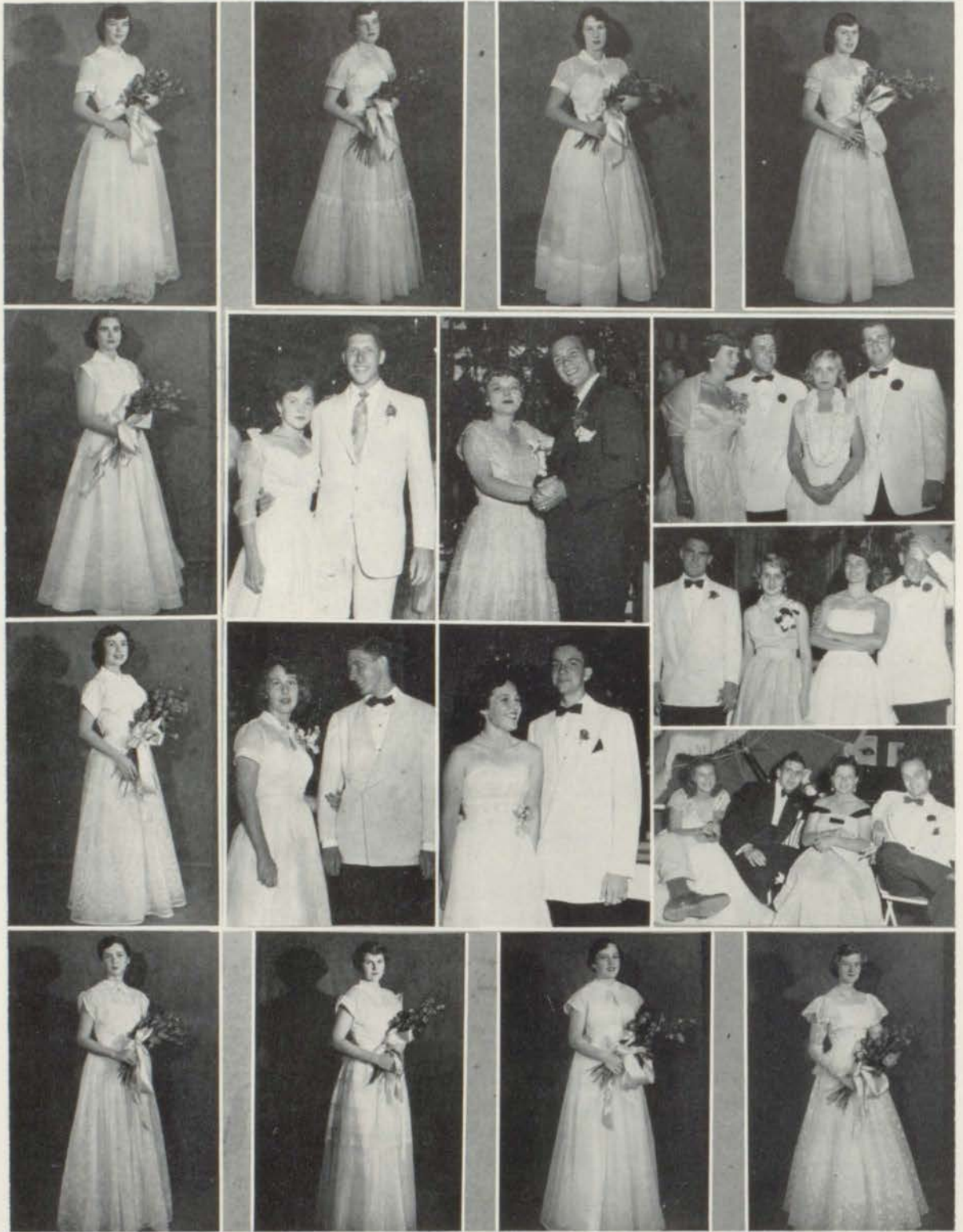


"... As Seniors Come and Go ..."

*Closing Assembly*



# Commencement



*Commencement*



# *Scholastic Awards*

## **Tradition Cup**

Ann Singleton

## **Ada Brann Scholars**

Amy DeYong

Gerry Barnes

## **Scholarship Cup**

Amy DeYong

## **Ellison Brent Home Economics Cup**

Harriet McVey

## **Biology Plaque**

Amy DeYong

## **Art Cup**

J'Ann Spielman

Ann Wallace

## **First Year French Cup**

Kitty Barnes

Karen VanVoorst

## **First Year Spanish Cup**

Martha Brady

## **Advanced Spanish Cup**

Amy DeYong

## **Latin Trophy**

Paula Mellott

## **History Cup**

Joan Reed

## **Mathematics**

Mary Denman

## **Claire Marie Oven Dormitory Cup**

Joan Reed

Liz Culver

## **Glee Club Cup**

J'Ann Spielman

## **Shakespeare Cup**

Mignon Russell

## **Medill Smith Gates Cup**

Mignon Russell



LOWER SCHOOL  
**ACTIVITIES**



J.M.

*The Father-Daughter Dinner*





## ... Athletic Banquet



This was the big night! The gym was a mass of hurrying, yelling girls all striving to put on a good appearance. In a little bit they left the gym and were shuffling, with an occasional giggle or whisper, into the dining room. They were all dressed in green and white shorts and white blouses. Everyone sat under a green and white striped canopy of crepe paper. Marching down the centers of the tables, and climbing over the mantle-piece, were dozens of adorable little stuffed animals. The chubby little gray elephant on the mantle stared down brightly on all the people as grace was sung. The little elephant saw several "older" people besides the seventh and eighth graders. He guessed that they were The Faculty.

As the roast beef, creamed potatoes, and tossed salad were brought in, the buzz of conversation ceased. When the food mentioned above had been disposed of, the conversation resumed its low roar until the dessert, chocolate ice-cream with marshmallow sauce and Sand Tarts, had been brought in. As soon as everyone who could had stuffed herself with the ample meal, some were too nervous to eat, Mrs. Hull called for attention. Then with surprising formality, the new officers of the Junior Barstow Athletic Association were sworn into their respective offices. Following this there was a mad dash to the gym to prepare for the evening's entertainment. The footlights were trained on the seventh grade's presentation of popular songs. The eighth grade presented a mock basketball game between the seventh and eighth graders. After warming up for some time the real game began. Everyone out of both grades played for a while. Thanks to spectacular playing by Janie McAlester, the 8th grade was able to win by a six point margin. The seventh grade team was sparked by its captain Mary Bess McCray. After the game there were cheers for nothing or no one in particular and Barstow Spirit in general. A new tradition had been begun.



Betsey Belisle, President 1951-52

## *The Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Grade Play Contest*



May eighteenth was a wonderful day for the eighth grade for it won the first lower school play contest in the history of Barstow. The sixth and seventh grades competed against the eighth grade for the honor. All classes did an excellent job in acting out the poem "Casey at the Bat" by Ernest L. Thayer. Mary Ellen Jurden directed the sixth and seventh grades and Cynthia Williams directed the eighth. The stars of each cast were Marybess (Poo) McCray and Casey from the seventh grade and Jane McAlister in the eighth grade title role. The plays were given in the amphitheater. Little or no props were used.

The judges were Mrs. Douglass, Mrs. Saylor, Miss Catron, Mrs. Mann, and Mrs. Leatherman. It was a very difficult decision but a unanimous one. Mrs. Douglass presented the eighth grade with its first trophy — a lovely tin measuring cup, beautifully decorated with a green and white ribbon tied to the handle.

Serena Sutton  
Grade 8

## *French Play*

One afternoon in the sunny atmosphere of the Dorothy Russell Bell Amphitheatre, the upper school was entertained by the lower school French students giving a French play. The colorful flower costumes and the petite butterfly seen here and there added much to the success of the undertaking. Led by the capable hand of Miss Catron, the lower school French teacher, and many others who supervised the dances and songs, this year's French play was one of the greatest successes ever given.

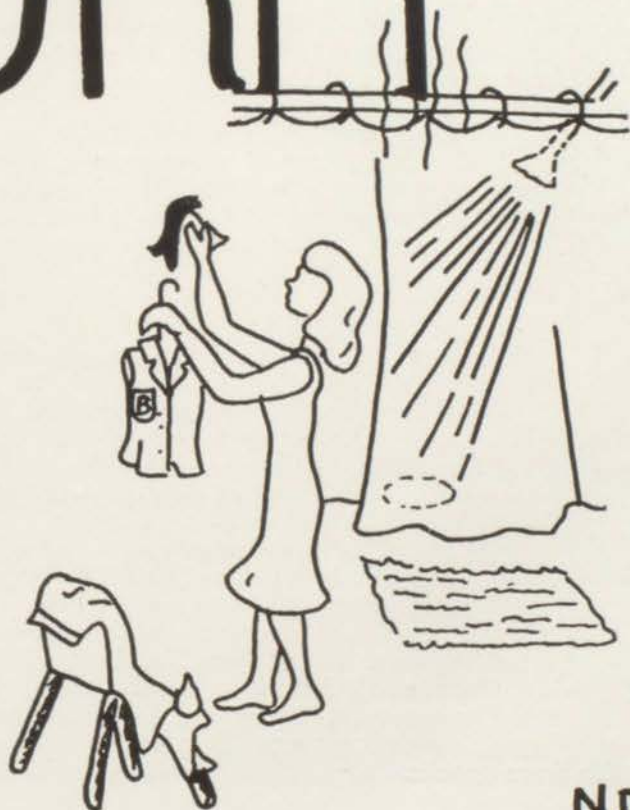
Debbie Arthur







# DORM



N.D.



### The Dorm Speaks

The new girl entered the dorm shyly. She looked hesitantly about her but soon was more at ease for the girls possessed that Barstow friendliness which could not be equaled. As she wandered through the halls she heard typical conversations mingle as they always do in a dorm. What did she hear? Listen!

That is Addie Miller in the phone booth. She is ALWAYS there.

Mary Lauterbach is playing her French horn.

Carol is telling Marilyn Leidig about her wonderful summer in Colorado.

Mary Kay is describing to Mignon and Bonnie her troubles of the last few days.

Robin stops to ask if she would look better as a blond.

Someone is typing vigorously — 'tis Marilyn Wright; Beverly is telling her everyone's life history.

Diana asked Jeanne if she could borrow a dime. She just bought the Brooklyn Bridge and promised to repay the debt within the century.

Toni is excitedly telling Mary Denman plans for her new home, but is Mary listening? I doubt it for she is executing the "Elgin Stomp".

Keppy is telling Nancy how things were done at St. Mary's.

Right across the hall is Mrs. Fleming's room. As always, several girls are gathered there. Harriet is giving her rendition of "Chicago" and wanting to go there.

Liz is asking Middo when she is going to build a pipeline from St. Joe to this district. A blood-curdling scream! Liz wants everybody to be quiet for Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are "on".

While Vicci prepares for a date we hear singing. Your first meeting with J'Ann. Here in Carmen's room on the 3rd floor are Paula and Carmen opening a new box of goodies from home.

Cox and Joanie are leaving for their respective driving and dancing lessons. May I ask who has more dents — Cox or the car?

Won't you meet some of our dorm Faculty? This is Miss Thompson returning from one of her birthday parties. Miss Dye is making plans to wear her hair in a bun when she reaches the ripe old age of 26. Thank Ann Porter for any future good publicity for Barstow. A member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce is a frequent visitor of hers. We pause as Mrs. Fleming says, "No, Angel, I'm not going to Putsch's."

Here is the dining room. Romaine is still eating.

So the dorm speaks.



These pictures are  
but remnants  
Of all the fun  
that's past.  
They stand as  
little reminders  
To help the  
memories last.

Since some of you  
will not return —  
You, our friends  
so true —  
All our wishes and  
hope for luck  
Are sent along  
with you.



## Auxiliary Staff



Frances Woods  
Bea Washington



Charles and Nellie  
Sanderson



Nellie Sanderson  
Anna Marie Bird  
Josephine Tomlinson  
Bertha Swanson

One of the great assets of Barstow is that of its kitchen staff. The ladies that make up this group give unselfishly of their time and energy to give us attractive, hot lunches every day of the school year. Their prompt service and helpful ways have endeared them to all the school body.

However, not to be left out, are Nellie and Charles who actually keep the school running. No job is too big for them, no favor too hard to grant. With their friendliness and the will to help, Nellie and Charles have enriched the school no end.



Violet Alston, Frances Woods, Bea Washington





# ALUMNAE <sup>a</sup><sub>n</sub><sup>d</sup> P.T.A.



G.C.B.

## P. T. A.



Mrs. Douglass      Mrs. Johnson      Mrs. Slaughter      Mrs. Straube      Mrs. Truog

President ..... Mrs. Rober C. Slaughter  
Vice-President ..... Mrs. Gordon W. Johnson  
Recording Secretary ..... Mrs. Oscar M. Straube  
Corresponding Secretary ..... Mrs. John Truog  
Treasurer ..... Mrs. Robinson Douglass

The Barstow Parent-Teachers Association is an organization consisting of every parent and every teacher in the school. Through its various committees it works with the Headmaster, Mr. Sears, in an effort to further the high aims of the school. This past year the PTA gave the Father and Daughter Dinners in the fall, provided cokes, ice cream and coffee for Field Day, and sponsored several functions at which Mr. Sears spoke to present and prospective patrons. At the first of the school year it joined with the Board of Trustees in presenting Mr. and Mrs. Sears to Kansas City at a large reception held at the school. Next year the Association looks forward to continuing and increasing activity in the school.

Mrs. Roger Slaughter  
President 1950-51  
Parent-Teachers Association

## Alumnae Association



Mrs. Frank Altman, Mrs. Philip Rahm (Past President), Mrs. John Goodwin, Mrs. Lucia Christopher, Mrs. Hal Brent

President .....	Mrs. John Goodwin
Vice-president .....	Mrs. Lucia Christopher
Secretary .....	Mrs. Hal Brent
Treasurer .....	Mrs. Frank Altman

Barstow alumnae, who were once "queens in calico", find traditions spilling gaily from their memories as they meet to plan projects for the school. Chief among projects is the annual luncheon, newest of Barstow traditions that added "annual" to its title with its second occurrence on March 14, 1951.

Back in 1947 Barbara **Forrester** Rahm started the Barstow ball rolling (and a snowball it was!) as she took gavel in hand. Mrs. Rahm became the first president, since the war, of the Alumnae Association, an ambitious organizer who was giving her All — her energy, her ideas, and her twins — to her alma mater. Two-term reigns were no more the vogue at Barstow than in the federal government, and in three years of devoted work Mrs. Rahm turned "Forward Barstow" into a mighty snowball of funds.

A fashion show in the Amphitheater in May, 1948, directed by Maxine **Maxwell** Good-



Mrs. Robert Williams



Mrs. Paul Brinkman



Mrs. Ellison Neel

win, and another in 1949 directed by Virginia **Aikens** Altman earned \$650 to buy the school a sound machine and movie projector. The first alumnae luncheon in March, 1950, at the Hotel Muehlbach celebrated the coming of Mr. Richard Sears, then known to the group in name only. But already, the new principal was winning "three lusty cheers" from the women who were to become his ardent admirers and especially from Phyllis **Sebree** Murray and Bettie Byrd **Rogers** Lawrence in their clever skit of "Barstow Fashions through the Years":

"From Miss Brann's bustle to the pants of Mr. Sears  
Our spirit's unchanged throughout the years."

A highlight of that first luncheon was the little round table for five Barstow alumni, Messrs. Samuel C. Marty, Hal Jones, Gleed Gaylord, Clinton H. Gates and Robinson Douglass. Barstow girls swelled with pride as they chatted with alumnae who had gone on to Wellesley, Vassar and Smith, and almost burst from their epidermises as they learned that Marvin



Mrs. Harrison Field



Mrs. George Bliss



Mrs. Frederic P. Barnes



Mrs. Walton Hall Smith



Mrs. Frank I. Ridge  
Mr. Clinton Gates



Mrs. Hal Brent

Gates had gone directly to Yale after graduation from Barstow.

The luncheon and its floor show were such a hit — together with the fact that they inspired alumnae fund pledges totaling \$30,399.99 (will someone please pledge a penny more?) — that they were successfully repeated at the Kansas City Country Club in 1951. Patricia **Crowe** Goodwin was the new president, and the Murray-Lawrence rival to "South Pacific" again featured an all-star cast. The fingers of Phoebe **Hasek** Bunting waltzed on the ivories as Gratia **Curtis** Williams recalled the famous seamstress about town, Miss Rose, and Barstow's Gay Nineties ball dress of Chantilly lace, appliqued black roses and jet beaded cape. Barstow hearts fluttered at the turn of the century as Society dressed for the horse show, and Mary Lee **Toll** Brinkman modeled the evening coat from Paris with its multiple tiered collar. The luncheon guests, who included friends of Barstow as well as alumnae, laughed as Serena **Smith** Neel walked beside her "cycle". When the school was at 12th and Wash-



Mrs. Joseph Kessinger



Mrs. G. Guyton Carkener



Mrs. Frank North



Amy DeYong, '51

ington, and later 'way out in the country on Westport Road, "cycles" were lined up where convertibles stand today.

A basketball dribbled and Madeline **Haff** Field bounced in behind it, her yard-long pigtail bobbing in the whirlwind she created. Adopting a noble stance, Mrs. Field set memory throbbing as she yodeled the hearty Barstow cheer of 1910, based on Wagner's "Call of the Valkyrie". The white middy blouse and black bloomers were the costume for choruses of "O hoy-a hoy-a!" From Amazon maiden on Field Day to dainty heart stealer on Graduation Day went Mamselle Barstow, portrayed by Agnes **Tiernan** Bliss in traditional white embroidered mull. The forerunner of the Aikens sisters taught Barstow belles to dance, and Jacqueline **Welch** Moseley rendered those enchanting early steps in long, black, all-enveloping tights. Milady's beach togs were a MUST in 1913, as today, and Peggy Ott Barnes blushed modestly as she stepped forth with her brief skirt tickling the knees, and her long black stockings, fancy shoes and red bandana tickling the crowd.

Glamour was the post-war password in 1918, as evidenced in Martha **Aikens** Smith's ostrich feather fan at eventide, tulle about the head, and last year's Christmas ribbon of gold wrapped around the shoe and up the leg. Not a Barstow heart of yore that but sighed as "Miss Becky Sharpe" donned her once familiar high-neck shirtwaist with boned collar and long dark wool skirt, and accepted an apple from a little fellow, Clint Gates, in white straw sailor, short black suit with knees protruding, and big round white collar. The flapper days were frivolous. Pauline **Snider** Brent modeled the arctics or galoshes that gave the days their name, and Katie **Buckner** Kessinger kicked high to hot Charleston music in straight-hanging dress, sans waistline. Laura Kemper **Toll** Carkener introduced the depression era's date dress, not an ounce of extra material. The first tiny shoulder pads seemed footballish to the girls' beaux. Hemlines went up, up, up until they reached new highs in World War II. Alice Parker **Scarritt** North was one of many Barstow grads who struggled manlessly on in tight and skimpy pre-Dior daze. A 1951 senior, Amy DeYong, brought fashion up to date and down below the knees with Barstow blazer and skirt vogue of today.

For the Barstow Library Fund, established in memory of Mary Ann McAlester, \$250 was collected at the 1951 luncheon from prizes donated by Constance Leiter's, John Watkins Drugstore and Swanson's. The library is an important part of an all-embracing fund which has been described by Mr. Sears in these words:

"The Alumnae Fund has been created to make possible at Barstow School an educational program equal to that of the finest private schools. In order for colleges and privately endowed schools to continue to maintain their excellence during these times, tuition and other income must be supplemented. In many cases this has been accomplished through Annual Giving. The Barstow School has no endowment. So that it may continue as the fine school which it has always been and go forward in this community, it is necessary for its tuition income to be augmented by other means. Through gifts and pledges from alumnae, parents, and friends, the Alumnae Fund represents an income equivalent to that from an endowment of \$250,000.00.

"The purpose of the Fund, therefore, is to broaden Barstow's educational program, to attract and to keep the best in the teaching profession, to offer a fine schedule of extracurricular activities. This purpose can be accomplished only to the extent that the alumnae, parents, and friends support and maintain the Alumnae Fund."

Lucia Snyder



# LITERATURE



To The Weather-Cock Staff

*Each Thursday afternoon till dark  
Without complaint, with courage stark  
The busy staff has planned together  
To produce an annual, attractive and clever.*

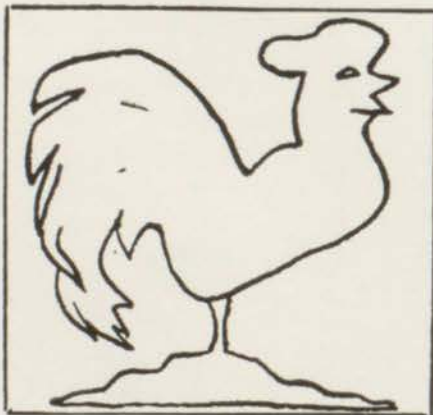
*The Muses smiled on talented Ann.  
With all her graces she began  
To organize with all her might  
"The Weather-Cock" of green and white.*

*Reporters, artists, editors — all  
Photographers, managers — you'll recall.  
Elected for their wit and worth,  
Have worked with vision, care and mirth.*

*"The Weather-Cock" with all tradition  
The girls have brought to its fruition.  
This worthy staff deserves a toast;  
Of its achievement you can boast.*

Esther M. Cowan  
Advisor  
"The Weather-Cock"  
1951

Arey Thompson  
Freshman



The Weather-Cock

*The Weathercock stood  
On top of the gym.  
I don't know his name  
But it could be Tim.  
He looked at me  
And I looked at him.  
I said, "Please  
Come and play with me."  
He said "I'd love to  
But I can't get free."  
So I just looked at him  
And he looked at me.*

Susan Jane Rosse  
Grade 4



### In Church

*Here in the reverent quietness and peace  
Where all the urban noises cease,  
One may sit and ponder of this life  
And wonder how long there will be war and strife;  
Here to God he may raise his prayer,  
Hoping that all may have their share  
Of love and friendship, not despair.  
Thus on bended knee he yields  
For the love and beauty of the world  
The prayer of thankfulness he feels.*

Joan Reed  
Senior

### Lincoln

*Lincoln was a very great man.  
I think, he really helped the land.  
No President was ever so good.  
Cleverly he freed the slaves, as best he could.  
Obviously to be a President was his aim.  
Lincoln earned himself a great name  
Nor shall we ever forget his great fame.*

Julia Peppard  
Grade 5

### Spring

*The trees are budding.  
The birds are nesting.  
The rivers are flooding,  
And schools are testing.  
Spring is on its way.*

Marilyn Waltner  
Grade 6

### The Needle Family

About fifteen years ago in Needletown, there lived a very pretty young needle, and her name was Miss Knitting Needle. She worked in Mayor Needle's office as a file girl. The Mayor worked her so hard that one day on her way home from work, she fainted in the middle of Yarn Street.

A handsome young needle, by the name of Dr. Darning Needle, picked her up and carried her to his office. He took care of her until she felt like going home. The doctor took her to her own apartment, left her, and drove to his apartment. Later on in the evening, he drove over to see how she was. She invited him in for a few minutes, but it was forever, because a month later they were married.

They bought a home on Thread Drive and soon had some little needles. The little girl was Crochet and the little boy was Darning, Jr. Soon the children started school and Crochet went to the Yarn Avenue School for Girls, and Darning, Jr. went to the Yarn Avenue School for Boys. They made good grades, but soon it was time for their vacation, so they went to Needle National Park and had a marvelous time. As the year passed the children finished school, and a war broke out between the dull needles and the sharp needles. The doctor and Darning, Jr., had to go to war. There was always something going on, but the story ends happily, for Doctor Darning and Darning, Jr., came home safely.

Cynthia Brannock  
Grade 8

## Signs of Spring

*One day I saw a daffodil,  
When I was upon a hill.  
I saw grass, so pretty and green  
And those were the first signs of spring.*

Betty Burke  
Grade 5

## Earl

*Once there was a squirrel  
Whose name was Earl,  
He built a seat  
On which he would eat  
And there he would sit all contented.  
But once he had a terrible fright  
And you should have seen the fight.  
For there was no longer a squirrel  
Whose name was Earl!*

Jane Goodnow  
Grade 6

## God's Child

*The baby sleeps in happiness,  
With rosy cheeks which God did bless.  
Her silky hair in curls of gold,  
A woolly lamb her arms enfold.  
She wakes in joy with blue eyes bright,  
Enchanted with the sun's pure light.  
She begs, with arms outstretched so wide,  
To see the wondrous, new outside.  
Though light her touch, and soft her call,  
Her presence brings a smile to all.  
For she is sent from Heaven above  
To fill the world with peace and love.*

Nancy Carlat  
Senior

## Our Dormitory

In the springtime "when a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of . . ." a circus, we are free to let our fancy lightly turn, for we are a circus spring, winter, and fall. Who are we? We are the girls of the dormitory, Barstow's own three ring circus. Contrary to the cut and dried idea of a dormitory, where a person eats, sleeps, studies, and breathes according to the routine hours, our circus troupe consists of our leader who directs us and helps us to accomplish higher goals and the performers, who try to make the daily show a perfect one.

Come one, come all, and see our performance. The price of admission is but a smile for us and our efforts. A warning bell at seven-fifteen gives us time to prepare for the show, as the music from our radios and our hearts makes up our band. Lipstick, powder, perfume and costumes, from the clown's of the checked shirt and a plaid skirt to the queen's of an elegant sweater and matching skirt and swish accessories, are in evidence. Our circus crew travels and lives on its fondest food so chow is served twice a day under the big tent; the middle meal is eaten at the training grounds. Then our trainers (or should we say tamers?) see that we come through the hoops in the form of language skills and that we walk the academic tight-rope around exam time.

Of course, we aren't in training all day long. For relaxation, you may like some of our fun acts, which are a Water Aquacade, Ice Skating Ballet, and the juggling of basketballs in ring number three. We also have a side show of charades. Our motto is "Not all work and no play" for we are a fun-loving crew with a lot of spirit. If one day you have a spare hour, come visit the circus; we guarantee fun.

Midde Jorayvaz  
Junior

## My Ideal Age

Ah, sweet thirteen! I am just starting on the road of life and adventure. "I wish I were thirteen again", is what most adults say, but I disagree! I dislike being thirteen; not that I don't have fun, but thirteen is the first rung in the ladder of life. A girl is too old for the things she did last year and too young for other things such as high school.

At fourteen I have advanced just a step higher, am included in high school activities, but am only a lowly freshman. So fourteen doesn't sound like the right age to me.

Fifteen is a lot of years but not enough for my ideal age. When a girl is fifteen and a sophomore's things aren't quite so new and different. She is at an in-between age, when she really begins to develop personality.

Ah, sixteen, sweet sixteen! This is the year I shall be endeavoring to become a good student, preparing for a certain college. I shall be looking ahead and wondering just what I have accomplished in the past years and looking forward to the senior year for greater accomplishments. My years in Alma Mater will soon be over. One of the best experiences about the senior year is being looked up to by the lower classes and setting a good example for them. Then I shall be at the top of the ladder and a privileged character. I think that the sixteenth year is the ideal age.

Cynthia Williams  
Grade 8

## My Farm

We moved from the city,  
The moon was bright.  
It was very big,  
On a winter's night.  
We are now in the country,  
We like the farm,  
We have turkeys and chicks,  
We come to no harm.  
On the farm is a pony  
Who's not very big.  
She trots and she canters,  
She can't do a jig.  
We also have cows  
Who like to moo.  
They sit on the ground,  
Their cuds to chew.  
We like the farm,  
But it's pretty small.  
The lake is big  
And the house is tall.

Paget Gates  
Grade 4

## Riddle

I am a fuzzy little thing,  
Chestnuts in my mouth I bring.  
I am also very black.  
For my babies I bring a snack.  
(Black Squirrel)

Donna Truog  
Grade 5

Nancy Duncan  
Freshman



## The Great, the Masterful

The storm broke. Jeremy had just left the general store less than five minutes ago. The sky had promised rain all afternoon, but when he left the store, it had looked still more threatening. Restless black clouds moved swiftly back and forth across the eerie face of the half-risen moon, tossed by a maddened wind as yet unfelt near the ground; the moon, never completely visible among the churning clouds, appeared to resemble a witch's face, smirking menacingly through the ebon puffs from her boiling cauldron. Then had come a roll of thunder as from a kettle drum, deep foreboding. The wind gave an eerie scream, as of a demonic siren, a momentary flash of lightning, the witch's horrid fingers, heretofore unseen, grabbing at a soul in the blackness, ripped across the uncertain sky, and driving pellets of rain gushed down on the little community of "Mountain Gain". Now the rain subsided somewhat, and was becoming steadied, though the sky was still restless.

Jeremy had hoped he would be able to make it to his mountain-top home before the storm broke, knowing full well how treacherous the mountain path would be when wet. It was bad enough to toil up "The Slate", the sheer, smooth cliff whose face was crossed by a slight path leading to his home grounds, "the Summit", but any mountaineer knew the dangers of attempting to follow mountain paths at night in a storm. Jeremy naturally knew the hazards, but he had good reasons for coming to town on such an ominous night.

He turned off the main road onto the path, which got steadily narrower as it gained altitude, and soon came to the place where the path began its gruelling ascent up "the Slate". The driving rain hit the ground so hard that it bounced up quite high and made the path difficult to see. Still the path got narrower until it was little more than a foot wide. Jeremy set his jaw and attempted to grip the slick, smooth, dripping cliff with his icy hands, but the grey wall was like misty polished glass, his hands like wet, smooth rubber. He could partially cling to the wall, though, and should have been relieved to have a chance to grip one of the few irregularities in the cliff and rest a moment, but yet he pressed on. His foot slipped in the wet, muddy clay of the path's edge, and as he adeptly recovered his balance, he saw the huge space directly beneath him. All along now his feet slipped; he could feel the many little rivulets of water running over them. The cliff angled a little, the footing seemed to be a little better, but the path then became suddenly dwindling and disappeared into space. The cliff face here was somewhat more irregular, and Jeremy, realizing he'd lost the path, completely soaked, worried, and confused, impulsively began to climb. His hands, one at a time, ever reached upward searching for a hold; now and then his feet would dangle off into nothingness, but at last his hands would reach no higher, and he knew he had reached the top.

As he pulled his exhausted body to a stand, a clap of thunder roared greatly in the heavens; the moon, the very moon that had looked ready to snatch him when he was making his perilous climb, was, for once, devoid of hiding clouds across her face, and the thunder rolled once more. Jeremy looked through the density of the rain and night into the infinite space below him, and was at once conscious of the great presence of Him. In his drenched pocket he felt for it. There it was, the sole thing which had made him dare the night: the typhoid serum to save his wife.

The moon showed her maddened face again, but it was soon hidden, as if by the simultaneous clap of thunder that had heralded the triumphant, great, conquering voice of Him.

Nancy Duncan  
Freshman

## A Christmas Wreath

We had a beautiful wreath on the door at Christmas time. It had a gold ribbon on it, wrapped around the leaves and holly so bright. Under it hung a little silver bell.

Marilyn Waltner  
Grade 6



Bonnie Blosser  
Freshman

## Harvest

*A harvest is an answer to a prayer  
That springs from almost every human heart;  
Not asking that the weather may be fair  
But, "of our daily bread give us a part".  
The tiny seeds the farmer plants in rows  
Hold promise of a waving field of grain.  
As hopeful people watch, it daily grows  
From seedling to the glowing of the plain.  
The prairie soil, the rain and summer skies  
Together will produce our daily bread.  
A miracle takes place before our eyes  
And once again the multitudes are fed.  
The prayer is answered. Will the multitude  
Remember to express its gratitude?*

Marilyn Leidig  
Sophomore

## Riddle

*I live in a dam.  
I have very short fur.  
I'm not like a lamb  
And I never fal-ter.  
What am I?  
(A beaver)*

Jan Buckingham  
Grade 5

## Peace

Peace is the world's candle, the light which flares eternally. The least flicker of this radiance will drive away all black shadows of trouble, and its illumination will lessen the darkness of quarrel. While there remains a single heart wishing for its glow, into that blessed place, its beams will shine. It is inseparable from faith, hope and love; humanity cannot divide this perfect whole. In times of strife and bitterness, peace is the war torn traveler's guide, a strong hand reaching out to aid and point the only way. The wind of greed may seem to threaten and dim the rays, the wick may sputter under our personal jealousies, but the guttering candle will revive and flame triumphantly even against the stormiest blasts. Peace will outlive all, because it blooms within the heart, because it is a child of God.

Amy DeYong  
Senior

### Early Morning

The early morning sunshine  
As it shone upon the grass  
Caught all the little dewdrops  
In a look that seemed like glass.  
The birds were busily flying  
To and from their mud-packed nest.  
While the wind was softly sighing  
One felt a peace and rest.

Myra Lou Terry  
Freshman

### Sincerity

To be sincere,  
One must love  
His neighbor here—  
His God above.

Without this love,  
There ne'er can be  
This virtue of  
Sincerity.

Mignon Russell  
Senior

### The Juniors

The Class of fifty-two  
Has spirit tried and true;  
The class of fifty-two  
They're everyone as sweet as pie —  
Of sweeter girls, you'll find so few.  
There's Martha B. so calm and wise,  
And Dudley D. a dear,  
And Coralette, our southern gal,  
And Sally, so sincere.  
You all know Deb, our president,  
And Mary P. so pert,  
And Addie M. and Toni I.  
In drama they're expert.  
The dorm is full of lovable gals;  
Harriet and Middo are there.  
There's Diana, Vicci, Nancy, and Kep,  
They're made of qualities rare.  
There's fluttery but cute Elise,  
And Caroline with loads of wit,  
There's Martha A. with so much poise  
And Joel whose keyboard playing's a hit.  
There's Janet J., the auburn top,  
And Suzy G. so swell,  
And Jeannie Campbell's a darling doll,  
For the Juniors let's give a yell.  
A wonderful group!  
Some wonderful gals!  
The Junior Class!  
All wonderful pals!

Janet Jones  
Junior

### My Kitten

I have a Siamese kitten. She is black and white and has big blue eyes. Her name is Smokey. Most cats like to stay inside, but Smokey is different. She likes to stay outside. But in the winter she stays indoors more than usual. She scratches on the rug and sheds her long hairs on the furniture. My mother doesn't like this very much. Smokey is naughty but still she is one of the family.

Joyce McAnally  
Grade 3

### The Scarecrow

*Just what kind of fellow is a scarecrow?  
Is he just full of straw from head to toe?  
It's true that he endures the wind, rain and snow  
And keeps a steady watch on every corn row.  
But what are his traits, his thoughts, his goal?  
Does he even have straw for a soul?  
He is what he is through the laws of fate.  
His courage and stamina prove him great.  
So the next time you see one of his kind  
Don't turn your head and pay him no mind,  
But smile, and reassuringly wink at him,  
For he's doing his job and is not so grim.*

Ann Gustin  
Senior

### The Four Seasons

One day when the boat rider, Pluto, came up the river, Neptune got angry because he always made remarks about the water. Neptune decided to do something to make Pluto thankful for what he had. He made the leaves turn brown and dry up and fall off the trees. He made it cool and that didn't bother Pluto, so Neptune told him the next time he saw him coming he would make it really cold and freeze the water into ice. That he did. The season was called winter.

When Pluto came back, the water was frozen, and he had to break the ice. He also wanted to make Neptune understand. When he broke the ice, Neptune came up and talked to Pluto. When they finished the talk, Neptune was very happy and for this reason all the flowers, bushes, and leaves bloomed and that is what made spring. The spring flowers were very happy and they all got into a huddle and prayed for the sun to come out hotter than ever before. The sun must have heard them, because next month the sun did come out red hot. It was hotter than ever. The flowers thanked the sun, and they got to live all but a few months of the year. That was the season everybody called summer.

Pat Shea  
Grade 7

### Freedom

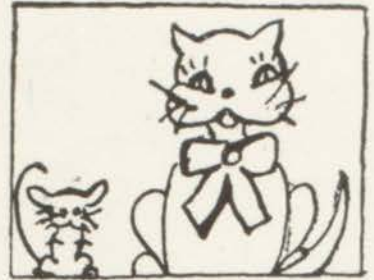
*Freedom's an everlasting cry from the ends of the earth.  
Though it might smother  
It rises again;  
Though it might be trampled,  
It blazes again.  
Only brighter, stronger,  
An everlasting cry,  
Freedom, Freedom!  
March on! Burst into flames!*

Mary Cox  
Grade 8

### A Mouse Has Bad Luck

*My story begins one cold winter day,  
When a big black cat, tired of play,  
Lay down to rest on the fireside rug,  
And fell asleep, all warm and snug.  
A little grey mouse came out of his hole,  
And ran toward the pantry, for cheese was his goal.  
He suddenly stopped; and his face turned pale,  
For his feet were planted right on the cat's tail.  
The cat let out a shrill "Meow!"  
Which curdled the blood of the mouse, and how  
He ran; away from the cat and his iron claw  
But he couldn't escape from the sure, quick paw.  
A few moments later, and our hero sat  
Inside the stomach of the big black cat.  
Why mice get grey! A white hair did he pluck;  
A poor mouse certainly has bad luck.*

Toni Ingwerson  
Junior



Mary K. Brainard  
Freshman

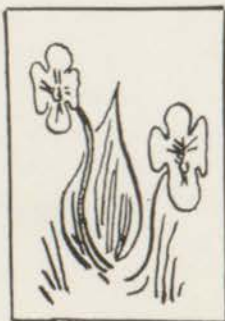
### What Difference?

*Have you ever noticed the books in a row?  
If one stands straight, the others follow.  
If one leans to the side, together they go.  
Since they're all much different, why should they cling so?*

*Have you ever noticed machinery run?  
Each little part works 'till everything's done.  
It works from the rising to the setting of the sun,  
Yet each part's much different from the other one.*

*But in this world of strife and fear  
At those with a different skin we jeer.  
Though they be different, we should hold them dear.  
God's pleading with us to do so; don't you hear?*

Ann Singleton  
Senior



Joan Brady  
Freshman

### Violets

*Violets grow on the edge of the brook  
That flows so lazily by.  
They give color to the woods around  
And laugh up at the sky.*

Kathleen Harless  
Grade 6



### Sophomore Victory

*I jumped out of bed with a leap and a bound  
To the ring of the clock which had made a great sound,  
For this day we had waited until it had come  
When the class would beat Sunset and not be outdone.*

*For our guards there are Jan, and Karen, and Molly  
To dribble and foul but beat them by golly;  
All the points will be made by Adriance, Drake and Bar,  
And because we have spirit, we'll beat them by far.*

*We arrive at the rally at straight eight o'clock,  
And perhaps all of Sunset would get a great shock  
At the sight of our girls who can jump, scream and yell,  
For we know we can win and if we don't —oh, well!*

*We are greeted by Sunset with zeal galore  
And soon we find the two teams on the floor;  
The whistle will blow and the game will begin,  
But our Barstow is there, and will not give in.*

*Soon the game's at an end and the victory is ours,  
But to boast we will not, when we take our showers;  
For this day we had waited, until it had come  
When the class had gained victory and not been outdone.*

Carol Raymond  
Sophomore

### Autumn

Autumn is the interlude between summer and the time winter rushes in. Autumn is the golden season, good and lovely season. Autumn is the sound of dry, crunchy leaves following the wind down the lonely road. Autumn is the newly picked Missouri apples, the brown grass, and the tumble weeds blown against our fence. Autumn is the frost of early morning, the smell of burning leaves in city streets, the shorter days, and longer nights.

Summer songs have ended, and now what do we hear? It is the voice of the wind in the trees. The world will soon be transfigured into a world draped with the clever figures of Jack Frost. Summer songs have ended, and what we hear now is the voice of the wind in the trees, the impatient cries of the birds flying South. Autumn after all is a mellow season, the golden season, and the hunter's delight. It is the season of the leaves walking with the wind and spreading golden coins over the earth, making our fields more fertile, and more productive; making old Mizzou the best of lands, the true heart of America.

Caroline Buzard  
Junior

## "Whoopee!"

It's fun to have children around the house. Sometimes they get on your nerves, but you are never sorry that you have them. Children brighten up gloomy moments when you think your bridge party is going to be a flop or when you forget to send a "get well" card to a friend.

All children love pets of any kind — horses, dogs, cats, rabbits, or anything. Sometimes they're a nuisance, too! A dog always follows his mistress or master everywhere he or she goes. Children play hide-and-go-seek and, of course, the dog with muddy feet hides under the bed with the children. Mommy wonders how in the world she is going to get the bedspread and the rug clean.

Most children are, at times, very noisy and destructive. Playing cowboys and Indians is a wonderful game to them, especially when they play it in the house. They point their guns, bows, and arrows at mommy. She acts as if she is scared, and they carry her off as a prisoner or else they carry her to the cookie jar and ask if they may have a cookie.

Hallowe'en is the day children love. They want whistles, bells, soap, masks and all sorts of things that will make people jump out of their skins. Oh well, children are children!

Judy Pratt  
Grade 8

## My First Love

*He is tall and handsome; he is my love;  
He is more divine than any girl could dream of.  
Yes, he is the most wonderful person on this earth;  
More than his weight of the rarest gem is he worth.  
It's wonderful to sit by the fire with him and talk,  
Or through the wooded forest with him to walk.  
To dance with him fills me full of pride  
And forever I will feel secure with him at my side.  
His gentle caress is so tender and dear —  
If only it could last forever and a year.  
Since childhood, admiration for him I've had,  
Because you see, he is my own sweet dad.*

Phyllis Stalcup  
Senior

## Night

Black night. Soft, cool, black night, dotted with an infinite number of stars like small winking eyes. All seeing, all knowing eyes, watching each man's every deed, be it good or bad. Soft breezes blowing like gentle caresses from a baby's tiny hand. Night — soft and cool enough to reach out and touch. Is there a sun somewhere glaring while here there is only night?

Jeanne McPherson  
Senior

## The Struggle

He sat there stunned, and more than a little bit shaken from his head-on collision. Then, with a grunt, he got up, shook himself, and decided to try again. Maybe, maybe this time he could make it. He felt that he was losing confidence in himself, but with a shake of his head, he tried to ignore the feeling and walked back to the middle of the yard with the idea of getting a running start. His thought was that if he ran fast enough, the momentum would carry him through. When he got to about the center of the yard he stopped, turned, and wriggled but, since he was rather chubby and tired easily, he stopped struggling and rested for a while. When he felt slightly refreshed, he began kicking and twisting again. There was a purpose and a method to it this time, for first he would kick one leg, then another. Slowly, inch by inch, the rest of him was getting through. Then suddenly he was free! A bit the worse for the wear, but free! "I can do it," he thought. It takes a little time, but still I can do it."

The next day when he was out playing with some of his friends, he heard a familiar voice calling, "Billy, oh Billy, come home, your dinner is ready". His friends gave him looks that said, "You have to go home now, but you know you'll never get home when your dinner's hot because you have to make such a long detour. You can never make that". From his experience the day before, Billy now was confident that he could do it. Walking up to the hole in the fence, he put his head and upper part of his body through it; then he began to push with his feet and inch along on his rotund tummy. Finally, after what seemed like ages to his friends on the other side — it was actually only a couple of minutes — he was in the yard and, with a triumphant yelp to his friends, he trotted up the walk, a tired and hungry, but happy little spaniel.

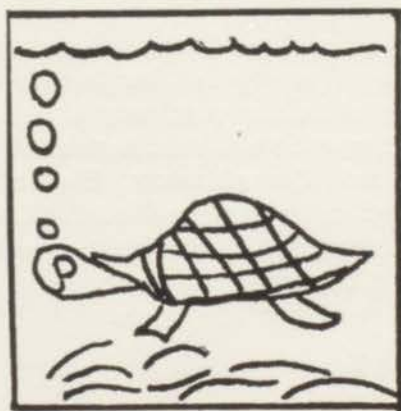
Vinnie Russell  
Grade 8

### Puttie

*Puttie is my turtle;  
He's happy as can be.  
I love him very dearly  
And of course he loves me.*

Kathleen Harless  
Grade 6

Arey Thompson  
Freshman



### At Seventeen

*All the world is wondrous bright!  
(If you're looking at it right)  
At Seventeen.*

*That's the age some think it's smart  
To try to play the sophisticate's part.  
At Seventeen, it's silly.*

*On the other side's the emotional one,  
Cries at everything under the sun.  
At Seventeen, that's natural.*

*Closely related, but not quite,  
Are those who follow the theater's light.  
At Seventeen, all's tragic.*

*Last but not least are those who seize  
Every chance to speak from a soap box with ease.  
Alas, I'm afraid that I'm one of these,  
At Seventeen.*

J'Ann Spielman  
Senior

## Childhood Episodes

The incident I remember most in my childhood was the time I fell in the fireplace. It was a very cold and dreary morning in February. I was dressing in front of the fire and my brother was standing behind me. He was trying to tell me to move over so that he could get warm too, but there was a snow plow outside making a tremendous noise, and I didn't hear him. Instead of shouting, he just pushed me away, as big brothers often do. I lost my balance, and fell into the fire. For the next minute I just sat in the fire and screamed as loud as my lungs would permit, because I didn't know any better. My mother then rescued me and rushed me to the hospital. For a year I had bandages on both legs. I'll never dress in front of a fire again.

Jody Dail

Grade 8

## Friendship

*Friendship is for me and you;  
Not for only a chosen few.  
It's not like money, wealth or gold,  
It comes to the young and remains with the old.  
Friendship weathers through doubt and fear —  
To some it brings joy, to others, a tear.  
But around the clock from July to June  
It remains through life one's sweetest tune.*

Mary Denman

Junior

## Dorothy's Wish

Once there was a little girl named Dorothy Ann Myers. She was nine years old, and kind of pretty. She had yellow hair, and blue eyes. Dorothy lived in Madison, Wisconsin.

One thing about Dorothy was that she was always wishing for something she didn't have, of course. One day she thought it would be nice to have wings. Another time she wished she was a millionaire. Once she wished she had four heads, six arms, ten legs and forty-two fingers. This is a very peculiar combination, but I am going to tell you about it anyway.

One day in school Dorothy Ann felt odd, but unusually happy. She felt happy because her wish had come true. She definitely had forty-two fingers. Then she left her forty-two fingers alone and began studying her arithmetic. Soon she found writing very complicating, for her fingers kept getting tangled with her pencil. The next morning when she was brushing her hair, she noticed she had four heads. Then she ran to the full-length mirror. She had ten arms and six legs. She looked awful. Then Dorothy ran downstairs and cried, "Oh Mother, look what has happened". Her mother looked. Meanwhile, Dorothy was crying some more. "I just wish I was a little girl", she cried, and as if by magic, she was just plain Dorothy again. But never, as long as she lived, did Dorothy wish stupidly again.

Ann Kasson

Grade 4

## Brief is the Day

As Johnny Davies opened his eyes that morning, the 21st of May, the sun shown in the window of the small grey room. A strange feeling of impending doom hung heavily throughout the house. All was quiet except for the sound of the large grandfather clock ticking away the minutes of an hour, the hours of a day, and the life of a man. It was late morning and as the day dragged slowly by, Johnny watched the sun pass, casting weird shadows through the dusty curtain. His thoughts were those of any person compelled to spend his last days cooped up in a small shack. However, never to the very end did anyone suspect that this would be the fateful day, that is, no one but the good Lord whose privilege it is to give as well as take away any life.

The radio was on now, quietly, but it cut out the endless drone of the loud ticking. The shadows began to turn orange as the sun was setting in the West. For a long time it seemed to hang suspended as an enormous pendulum which had completed its half circle and was about to begin again. The flame grew brighter, then slowly became dull as it sank toward the Promised Land. A slight ray of hope renewed itself, but only for a second, as one last burst of light flooded the room. The sun had set; nothing remained but the twilight, intensifying the grey of the walls; but even that must go. Johnny knew this and anticipated another long, silent, black night. He closed his eyes and soon fell into a deep sleep, breathing laboriously and unevenly.

The house was quiet; the breathing, heavy; and the clock, even, endless, and monotonous. The shadows were falling fast; with them the breathing evened out. Soon all was dark; the light shown only on the other side of the world. Silence prevailed. There was no longer breathing and the clock had stopped.

JoAnn Straube  
Senior

## The Old Oak Tree

*Stately and silent stands the old oak tree  
In the midst of the meadow for all to see  
Mighty boughs spread out to the sky so blue  
With leaves painted in every color and hue.*

*Old tree, what stories you'd tell if you could  
Of joys and sorrows in this world below!  
How many centuries have you stood  
Through ice, sleet and snow; through strong winds that blow?*

*How many lovers have carved their names  
Upon your broad trunk, with hearts for frames?  
How many children have played right here too,  
And climbed your branches toward skies so blue?*

*Oh, may you be spared the woodman's stroke  
And continue to be a magnificent oak!  
May you always be an outdoor altar  
For those who need courage when they falter.*

Gerry Barnes  
Senior

Bunny Cousins  
Freshman



## Wyoming

Of the forty-eight states, Wyoming is the best.  
You can easily find her, just go to the West.  
Everything can be found in this wonderful state  
And I want you to know that it wasn't just fate.  
This is the state of mountain, deserts and plains,  
Where hunting and fishing are always the gains.  
It is here rodeos are always well known,  
When each cowboy is completely on his own.  
After you have been here day after day  
You will find it very hard not to say,  
"I always get a big 'howdy' with each new face,  
And the country is different in each little space."

Liz Culver  
Senior

## Kansas

Kansas, I think, is a wonderful state.  
In fact, I might add, I think it is great.  
The people are all so friendly and gay.  
That I like to live here is all I can say.  
I love the spacious, wide open, blue skies,  
The rolling plains, the wind when it sighs  
And yet, I like the great dust storm  
That sweeps the dust from sunset till morn.  
Our sunflower is yellow; its center is brown,  
Its coarse long stem is a dull green gown.  
The meadow lark sings from dawn 'till dusk;  
His feathers are ruffled by each little gust.  
The wavy gold grain appeals to me  
It rustles and talks as plain as can be.  
Our wheat makes us famous from coast to coast.  
You think I'm joking — ? Well, I like to boast!!!

Olive Beaham  
Freshman

Mary K. Brainard  
Freshman



## The Truth

Texans brag, so what?  
Just listen to what we've got!  
We've got ranches by the score,  
And we've got cattle galore.  
Our jackrabbits are so big,  
They carry cowboys and their rig!  
Every man wears a Stetson hat,  
Twice the size of a normal cat.  
Every man wears the fancy boot;  
Talk about shoes, they don't give a hoot!  
Our state flower is the Blue Bonnet,  
If you have a hat, you should wear one on it!  
Our Texas Rangers are on the job,  
Although few Texans ever rob!  
Oil derricks may be seen afar  
But only in a fancy car!  
If you really want to see the wide open space,  
Just get yourself a horse with a normal pace,  
And come meet Texas face to face.

Mary K. Brainard  
Freshman

## Sharing

When you played with the little girl next door to you yesterday, you shared your toys. If you had not shared your toys, you would not have had very much fun, because she would not have had anything to play with. Sharing is a lot of fun, really. Sometimes you may not want children to play with your best doll or color your favorite picture, but if you don't let them, they wouldn't have fun and neither would you. Sharing is not just with children, but it is with adults also. When your mother and father go to a club meeting and suggest something, they are sharing their ideas with other club members. Even when you are on the street and you smile at someone, you are sharing your happiness.

Phyllis Hauck  
Grade 8

## A Bealle Named Mary

Once there was a beautiful Bealle named MARY. She and her lover, ARTHUR, were sitting on the PORCH one night, looking at the stars, when suddenly a big BUZARD swept down and carried poor Bealle away across the wide ocean. It was a great GAMBREL, but ARTHUR boarded the M.S. LAUTERBACH and sailed across the water to England to visit his COUSINS and also to find his sweetheart. When he landed in England, he met a MILLER who raised sugar CAIN and had seen Bealle RUSSELL out of JOHNSON County with only a box of GRAHAM crackers, a SNYDER'S pickle and a can of CAMPBELL'S soup. Wishing for a filet-MIGNON, ARTHUR came to LEWI'S CAR-LAT and borrowed a vehicle and followed his Bealle until he came to BARNUM and BRADY Circus camp where he found his lover waiting for him.

Linda Lewi  
Freshman

## Seeing Double

A lot of people wish they had a twin sister or a twin brother, but when you are a twin, people are always asking you which one you are or saying, "My, you two look more alike every day." Maybe someone would ask, "How do people tell you apart? I never seem to call you the right name." Pretty soon it gets tiresome having people always asking you questions.

Sometimes when you are walking down the street someone will say, "Look, there go a pair of twins or am I seeing double?" Other people stop, turn around, and look at you and then again they might ask, "Are you two girls twins?" You can imagine how very embarrassing it is.

There are also good things about being a twin. There's always someone to play with and someone to study homework with. It's fun when, after you go to bed at night and your parents have gone out of the room, to start talking and talk either until you're tired or till you're told to stop. If you go on a vacation to a place where there are no children your age, you always have your twin to go riding, swimming, or sailing with you.

Now that you know some of the good things and some of the bad things about being a twin, you may make your own decision. Do you think it would be nice to have a twin brother or a twin sister?

Phyllis Rahm  
Grade 8

## Duke, the Boxer

Duke was born in an old broken-down shack on the edge of Edmundton. His mother was a fine breed of boxer and his father had won first prize in every show that he had been in. Duke's mother, "Lady Virginia", had run away from home because of her master, Jake Jenson. Jake was a tall man, always angry with somebody. Jake had a dog kennel and usually took care of boxers. "Lady Virginia" was given to Jake as a reward for having the best kennel in Edmundton. Ever since Jake had "Lady Virginia", he had beaten her. So you see why she ran away.

Ginny, as they often called her, had had ten little boxers. She thought that all of them were cute except Duke. Duke had an all black nose, a white stripe between his eyes and an all light brown body. When Ginny was getting ready to go back to the kennel, she left Duke behind. One day as he was walking down an old dirt road, he saw a hobo just sitting down to eat. Duke walked up to the hobo who was Joe Brown and whined for some food. Joe shared his lunch with Duke. As Joe and Duke were walking, they came to a sign that said, "Edmundton". Joe told Duke that he was going to take him to a kennel to be given a nice home. As soon as Duke walked into the kennel he saw his mother. She had been beaten very hard and looked as if she had never been fed. Joe gave Duke to Jake and left. Jake started toward Duke with a rope to tie him up to a post in his cage but as he did, Duke attacked him. This made Jake angry and picking up a club he hit Duke over the head. Duke lay there without moving. As Jake bent down to see if he had killed Duke, the dog jumped up and caught Jake by the arm and bit him. As Duke started after Jake again, Jake was already halfway out of town.

When the townspeople asked Jake what was the matter, he said, "I am giving up the job of keeping the kennel." Everyone was glad, because he had beaten every dog in the kennel. The people gave the job to Joe Brown, and Duke was happy ever after.

Frances Tannehill  
Grade 7

Joan Brady  
Freshman



## Washington

*Who was the man that was honest and true,  
And years ago did he live?  
So now history's for me and also for you,  
How much did he donate and give?  
I love to hear the stories of him;  
Never do I tire of them.  
Gained strength did he  
To love his country.  
Onward he fought  
Now peace is our motto.*

Susan Hanback  
Grade 5



## Washington

*Washington was a very great man,  
And he was the first President of our land.  
Shall I tell you more about him,  
He was tall and straight and dark and thin.  
In Valley Forge he helped his men,  
Nothing could discourage George Washington.  
Giving them courage when hope was gone,  
To fight the battle on and on.  
Onward they went to victory grand,  
Now he is the Father of Our Land.*

Nancy Goodwin  
Grade 5

## The Storm

*The sun goes in.  
The landscape darkens.  
Rabbits scurry for their holes.  
Birds fly swiftly toward their nests.  
Nature herself crouches low—  
All is still.*

*The Thunder bird comes sweeping down.  
Lightning rends the earth and sky.  
A driving rain beats at the ground.  
Plains and forest groan and sigh.*

*Now, the storm is moving on.  
The din calms down.  
Little birds hop about  
And trees straighten up.  
Nature has passed through the storm.  
All is well.*

Keppy Welles  
Junior

## Experience Teaches Faith

The little white guinea pig was terrified as she lay in the folds of a pink dress worn by a five year old named Ann Sutton. The child squealed with delight as she caressed the small frightened animal's warm, soft fur. The guinea pig, which had been given the name "Frosty", had been brought from the Children's Zoo to become a member of our already quite large family of pigs. Most of these seventeen guinea pigs have been born and raised in close connection with human beings. When "Frosty" was put into her cage about two months ago, she ran about and made little noises of fright. Now she is almost like any of our other pets and has just presented us with three adorable babies which she lets us pick up and handle as well as herself. Since she has had many experiences in being fed, held, treated nicely, and in being petted, she now has faith that neither she nor her babies will be harmed.

Serena Sutton  
Grade 8

## Little Sister

*I made a wish when I was five—  
A sister I was choosin'.  
But now sometimes I wonder  
After seven years with Susan.*

*She wiggles at the table  
And eats off each one's plate.  
I wonder when she's older  
If she'll do it on a date.*

*Mother tells her to be still—  
As still as she is able.  
But it is only seconds till  
She's underneath the table.*

*And when it comes time for dessert,  
She's always on a diet  
And Daddy finally excuses her  
So we can have some quiet.*

*But there is only peace and quiet  
For just about a minute  
And then we hear her beating out  
Her new piece on the spinet.*

*We're just about to finish  
And leave the table when  
She comes back to announce  
That she is hungry once again.*

Betsey Belisle  
Grade 7

## Velvet

"Velvet" — that's a pretty word. It has such a soft and pleasing sound. It just rolls off the tongue with ease. Although some people have difficulty pronouncing certain words, no one would find this a hard name to pronounce.

But "What's in a name?" "MacMillan's Modern Dictionary" tells us that velvet is a "silk fabric having a thick, soft pile" and that "velvety", its adjective, means "of, or like velvet; smooth, soft, or mild". With these two definitions in mind, anyone with the slightest imagination could suggest many things that are like velvet — or "velvety". Foremost among the numerous things that come to my mind is the undulating green grass of a golf course. I think there is nothing more beautiful or perfect in this perspective than a well kept "green". Whenever I see one, I want to run to it and get down to feel its smoothness for myself. However, a golf course "green" is something that one has to enjoy the "velvetiness" of from a distance, for in reality it is not so soft and sleek as it looks. There are many, many other velvety things one could name, too — that darling of the early spring flowers, the pussy willow; a young kitten's softly fluffed fur, which is velvet at its best; those wondrous spring nights when everything is so dark and fresh and cool, and the only light is that from tiny sequined stars, and it seems as if one could actually gather up some of that gorgeous "black velvet" night in her own arms. There is the velvet in the woodland mosses which are found adorning trees, rocks, and old stumps; there is that softness in the large, intelligent and beautiful eyes of a dog, and the velvet of a tiny feather from the breast of a bird. All of these are true velvet, Nature's velvet, so much finer and more awe-inspiring than any imitative counterpart that man creates. Doesn't one get much more of a thrilling sensation when he caresses a kitten's soft ear or touches the fragrant petal of a rose than he would from feeling a measure of the fabric known by the name of "velvet"? These things are just a few of the many beauties that Nature has to offer us. Her works of art are around us every day of our lives and we can easily find them if we have the eyes to see and the mind to appreciate.

Jean McCray  
Senior

## A Journey

*Each little kiss that I give to you  
Will help to make all our dreams come true.  
Follow the stars, keep the moon in view;  
This is a journey leading to  
A lover's rendezvous.  
A tiny star went sailing high  
Gathering dreams from out the sky  
Telling the story of a girl and a boy  
Who fell in love one night —  
They strolled the cloud lined avenue  
Leading to heaven's door —  
And when they reached the journey's end,  
They loved forever more.*

Sally Lambert  
Junior

### The Stained Glass Window

Look, look up from the rail —  
See the many hues blending,  
As sinners come, humble or condescending.  
See the lead cast shadows, blue-black,  
As hearts bow, their troubles to unpack.  
See the even flowing stain  
As if constant purity could mark each pane.  
See the crack, the bubble, the impurities,  
As if it had witnessed life's insecurities.  
See His blessed blood, the red,  
As it streamed from thorn-gashed head.  
See his tortured life as King of Jew,  
As signified by somber blue,  
See now, the hues catch fire,  
As if by some miracle inspired.  
See now the shadows lift and break,  
As if a wide path were being raked.  
Glorified and transfigured are red and blue,  
Oh, His light must be the clue.  
Look, look up from the rail —  
For God will never fail.

Mary Beall Porch  
Senior

### From "The Chateau"

Nesting quietly around the splendor of the grand chateaux, little villages lay, and the villagers within them went about their humble tasks tending the vineyards and crops of the feudal lord. This tranquil picture was seldom broken for the villagers except during the time of the year when festivals were held at the chateau. These rare moments of gayety were long remembered in the mind of the peasant, and the splendor of the lords and ladies was often foremost in their thoughts as they went about their tasks during the days that followed the gay festivals. The little milkmaid as she patted the glossy side of her sleek cow, recalled the fine brocades and whispering silks of the ladies. The tanned young man in the field would lean thoughtfully on his plow and remember the fair-skinned lords with the dash of crisp lace at their throats. Yes, work and dreaming filled the days of the peasant at the chateau.

But the days of the lord and courtiers were spent in hunting and in many leisure hours of discussion of their favorite topics: art, music, books, and politics. Seldom was the pattern touched by the upheaval of war and fear. The gayety, peace, and lack of worry of the court linked perfectly with the leisure, warmth and richness of the sunny Loire valley.

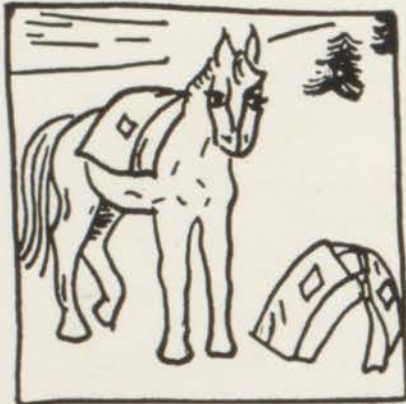
Yes, this was the French chateau of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It has given us much romance about its splendor, tall turrets, spacious parks, and rustic village.

Phyllis Barnum  
Sophomore

## The Window

A small boy with a bundle of fringed newspapers under his arm gazed longingly into a shop window on a snowy Christmas Eve. Many delightful things lined the nooks and corners of the window. A gigantic toy steamer surged over the pasteboard hills and sloping valleys. Silver roller skates with twirling wheels waited patiently for someone to climb aboard. He saw with sparkling eyes a miniature red truck dumping colored blocks in scattered directions. With a whimsical look he scanned the corners of the shop and fastened his eyes on a polished baseball bat and a flashing ranger's gun. As his gaze stole slowly, hesitantly, over these wondrous things, his mind enveloped with great astonishment and wonder the unbelievable amount of unattainable treasures. The flaky snowdrops began twirling and tossing about him flirting gaily with the wind. Reluctantly, he turned away; but he still had that enchanting picture in his mind to last him through a snowy, make-believe Christmas.

Jan Gambrel  
Sophomore



Nancy Duncan  
Freshman

## My Pack Trip

*I pack my chuck and my bedroll  
I saddle my mare and ride  
Through whispering pines and the aspen,  
A young colt at her side.*

*On, in the mist of the morning,  
On, 'neath the blazing sun,  
Till late I ride through the sunset  
And another long day is done.*

*As I lay by my lone campfire  
And gaze at the stars o'erhead,  
A coyote howls in the distance.  
Wish I were home in bed!*

Bunny Cousins  
Freshman

## The Coming of the Seasons

Hera, queen of the goddesses, gave birth to a beautiful little girl. All of the gods and goddesses worshipped the little princess. They granted her every wish. Now Hades, king of the underworld, wanted the little princess for his own. In order to get her, he enticed her with a pot of gold, but it didn't work. He thought, and finally he remembered that little girls like pretty colors; so he painted beautiful colors across the sky. When the princess saw them, she rushed out to play in the beautiful colors, but since they formed an arch, she slid right into the arms of Hades. When the gods and goddesses heard that the princess had been kidnapped, they caused a great commotion. They all swore by the River Styx that until the princess was returned, the weather would be constantly changing.

Marianne Maguire  
Grade 7

## My Trip to Chicago

My family and I went on the ten o'clock train to Chicago. When I was riding from the station to the Drake Hotel, I got my first sight of Chicago. I barely saw Lake Michigan from the taxi, but when I arrived at the hotel, I looked out over it from our window. Later a friend told me that in the summer thousands of little sailboats could be seen sailing in the harbor. From another window I saw some of the city: the Union Station, the Natural Museum, the aquarium, which we later visited, the main post office and Marshall Field's. The night we were going to leave we went to the Steven's Hotel to eat and to see an ice show. After the ice show we had to hurry to catch the train. We jumped on the train just as it was pulling out of the station.

Virginia Raymond

Grade 7

### The Storm

*The lamp is lit,  
Dark skies glisten.  
Better be quiet!  
Better listen!*

*Thunder roaring  
In the sky;  
Bullfrogs croaking  
In stream near by.*

*Lightning's flash  
As bright as day  
Showing barns  
And fields of hay.*

*With wind and rain  
Across my pane,  
I close my eyes  
To dream again.*

Vicci Reid  
Junior

Joan Brady  
Freshman



### Marie Antoinette

At last the time came for her marriage. She was prepared for the long journey and several days later she set out alone toward her new life. Upon reaching the French border, her coach was stopped and she became acquainted with some of her new court. She was forced to give up all her Austrian possessions, even her clothes, in exchange for French ones. At last she arrived at Versailles and on May 16, 1770, she was married to the young Dauphin. She was fifteen years old and he, one year her senior, sixteen. They were married in the royal chapel in front of only a few close relatives. It was the custom for royal couples to sign a marriage book in those days and after Louis had signed his name, Marie Antoinette badly scrawled hers. The record is still in existence and beside her name is a large, ugly blot made when she signed the record. In a way it was a sign of the trouble that would follow, or so a pessimist might have said.

Ann Slaughter  
Sophomore

## Daddy's Evening of Television

Ah, television! That Atomic Age miracle which has the power to make teen-agers conveniently forget their homework, to magnetize the youngsters' eyes at the mere mention of Hopalong Cassidy, and even to urge grandma to bite her fingernails over "Lights Out." True, television affects different people in many different ways, but I have yet to see anyone who feels so strongly towards it or gets so "worked up" over it as my father. A typical evening at home beside that familiar shinning oak set usually follows the same general pattern.

Choking down the last of his pie and washing it down with coffee, Daddy makes a "bee line" for the "den" for that much awaited Monday night schedule. Stretching out on his favorite divan with a sigh of bliss and complete contentment, he prepares to feast his eyes upon "the clearest television this side of New York." But wait, now he is at a bad angle with the picture. So, groaning and calling upon all the Fates to explain why he must always be so disturbed, he rises painfully and laboriously pushes the couch to the right position. Then he settles himself again on the soft cushions. Now, it seems that a chair has moved itself between Daddy's line of vision and the screen. Now, this hardly seems fair, but he pulls himself to his feet, pushes the offending chair into a corner, and again drops down upon the couch for some "good listening." Or so he thinks! For now, cruel but true, it appears that there is something wrong with the set. From that rectangular screen comes not the familiar whistle of Arthur Godfrey, but a clanking sputter and numerous flashings of black and white.

Now thoroughly disgusted, Daddy again rises and spends the next fifteen minutes toying with the many buttons on one side of the set, until, once more, a clear, visible picture is obtained. So now, back to the couch — miraculously, there are no more interruptions — that is, no more until at least half-an-hour later, when from the depths of the couch comes a low sonorous buzz. Daddy is asleep, and enjoying his evening of television.

Sydney Stayton  
Sophomore

### Snow

*Down come the snow flakes bright and shiny,  
And cover the ground when they are so tiny.  
It falls on a lake and falls on a river,  
It falls down my neck and makes me shiver.*

*The snow is so pretty and white and new.  
Sledding is good and skating, too.  
We can make a snowman so funny,  
And play with him until it gets sunny.*

*It's very cold when it is snowing  
My feet are cold, my cheeks are glowing.  
Oh, how the snow flakes come so fast  
I wish they'd come and really last.*

Kathy Lawrence  
Grade 4

### Birth of a Bobby Pin

*I was once an ingot;  
I weighed two thousand pounds.  
My story is tragic,  
My torture had no bounds.*

*First they pushed and pulled me  
Then put me in a vat.  
From hot to cold I turned,  
Uncomfortable as I sat.*

*Then they came and bent me;  
At last I had a grin.  
Woo! It is all over—  
I'm now a bobby pin.*

Mignon Russell  
Senior

## The Stranger

*He marches as an army across a withered field  
And strikes with all his terror 'gainst helpless sword and shield.  
He obliterates the peasantry and those of noble birth —  
Singling out his victims and crushing them to earth.*

*Sometimes he creeps mutely through stillness in the night,  
Leaves with triumph glowing — victorious in his might.  
He never hints his moving or heralds his approach —  
Stands silent in his conquest, far above reproach.*

*Yet this old withered creature uses not his scythe for crime.  
He escapes the sight of mortals — never seen is Father Time.*

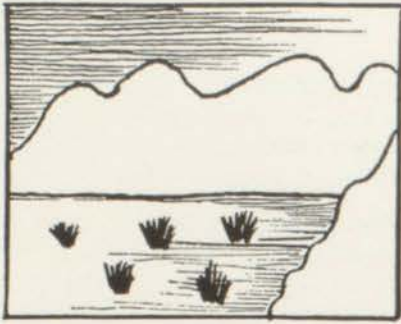
Ann Wallace  
Senior

## Dublin and the Rabbits

One day Paul Bunyan and his monstrous dog, Dublin, were going out in the woods to find a rabbit for Dublin's birthday dinner. Dublin was three years old, and since he had been such a wonderful hunting dog, Bunyan had said that for his birthday dinner they would have whatever he wanted. Dublin thought and thought deciding whether he wanted meat loaves, minces, or rabbits. At last he made up his mind, since he was very lazy that day, to have a simple rabbit that was a lot easier to catch than meatloaves or minces. The rabbits would hide away and Dublin would have to catch their scent a long way off and when he did find them, they would change into the colors of the brush and grass so he could not tell where they were. Paul Bunyan was a gigantic man, and he was noted around the world as the best hunter of all the woods. He hunted only the swiftest and most cunning animals, and when he heard that Dublin wanted a rabbit, he thought this was a disgrace! To think if anyone would see him, the greatest hunter of the woods, out hunting merely a rabbit! But since he had promised Dublin that they would hunt what Dublin wanted, he couldn't back out.

They set out to the woods to find a rabbit for Dublin's birthday dinner. Now at that time all the rabbits were very stupid. When they saw a hunter coming through the woods, they would hop right up to him like a pet dog. So, as you can see, it was going to be very simple to catch a rabbit. Paul and Dublin had just set out and were about a third of a mile from their logging camp when three rabbits jumped out of the bushes and ran up to Dublin and started licking his paw. When Paul saw this, he just didn't have the heart to shoot them. So, while Paul and Dublin were watching the tame little rabbits and their friendly ways, one little rabbit very impishly bit Dublin's little toe so hard that he shrieked and yelped until Paul couldn't stand it any longer. This made Dublin so angry that he chased after the rabbits all day long and wouldn't go home with Paul even when it was getting dark. But, the rabbits had hidden far away, and from that day rabbits have always been scared of dogs and dogs have considered rabbits their favorite meal.

Marybess McCray  
Grade 7



Martha Spurgeon  
Freshman

### The Desert

Only small, stunted trees  
And towering, masterful cactus  
Make up the landscape of the desert —  
The barren dusty waste of God's earth,  
Relieved of its continuing sameness only  
By an occasional hill, house or rider.  
This is the home of a few, the love of many.  
I love the wild plainland  
Untouched by civilization and unconcerned with men.  
It will live on — regardless —  
By itself and in the souls of many  
Though man moves in on it,  
It will live on.  
Though man ruins it, only for his pleasure,  
It will live on,  
If just a memory carried by a few.  
I can never forget it —  
The desert.

Rena Hedberg  
Freshman

### Seasons of the Year

When I think of the seasons of our year, I think first of Spring and Old Mother Nature awakening her beautiful flowers. But when I think of summer, I think of the birds returning to their summer homes and mating and of the late flowers bursting into bloom and the fields of beautiful golden grain. Then Jack Frost comes and brings the fall and winter. The fall is very beautiful with the assortment of colored leaves which Jack Frost has painted. Winter, indeed, seems entirely different with its sleeping trees covered with a blanket of snow and icicles.

Mary Scott Kaiser  
Grade 7

### The Early Stage of Imagination

Everybody has the gift of a great imagination, but it usually shows up most strongly in the younger generations. Take, for instance, a brother and a sister playing with their wagon or tricycle. If you go up and ask them what they are playing, they will answer "House". They will tell you they are driving to town in a new Buick convertible. Their names are, of course, Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So, as grown-up a family as you please. Maybe you have watched a group of boys playing cowboys and Indians? You can bet your boots there will be a Roy Rogers, Hopalong Cassidy, Lone Ranger, and a Geronimo in the group. The spirited stallions they ride will plunge and buck, but the little cowboys will sit tight. They all can shoot like Buffalo Bill and on their horses they can out-run a train. In other words, they're the best cowboys in the world. The child's imagination isn't stretched only when he or she is playing out of doors. A child also uses imagination when performing everyday tasks, such as taking a bath. A whole fleet of battleships sail about the bathtub carrying on a ferocious war. The waves sometimes engulf the little ships and send them down to Davy Jones' locker. All this has happened in the process of the war which was planned with careful strategy by the little occupant of the bathtub. As far as he is concerned, when he finishes his bath, he is the glorious commander of the winning fleet after a horrible war. Youth's imagination often is stretched beyond that of its elders. No matter where children are or what the time, they can be anything or do anything.

Ellen Douglass  
Grade 8



### Lucy Ann

*My dolly is so dear to me.  
I always hold her tenderly.  
I tell her many, many things.  
I hope she understands.  
Sometimes she seems to look at me  
As if she just must say,  
"How did you learn these things yourself?"  
I have to stop and think,  
And then at last I know,  
My mommy taught them all to me  
A long time ago.  
I want the best for Lucy Ann,  
She must have knowledge for a tool.  
One thing soon, I know I must do,  
Enroll Lucy Ann in Barstow School.*

Emily Myers  
Grade 4



Mignon Goetz  
Freshman

### How the Seasons Came to Be

As you know, there are four great winds—the south wind, the north wind, the east wind and the west wind. The south wind had a daughter whose name was Maya. Once when the north wind saw her, he fell in love with her. He disguised himself as a maiden and landed his team of coal black horses beside her and tricked her into getting into his chariot. Then suddenly he grabbed her and started his team before she could do anything. Her mother looked everywhere but could not find her, so she stopped giving good wind for crops, and let the north wind destroy almost everything. As soon as the east and west winds saw that something had to be done, they went to the north wind and made him give Maya back. At first he wouldn't hear of it, but after a while he gave her up for three months. When the south wind hears her daughter coming, she gives fair winds so the flowers will bloom to make everything nice for her daughter. As soon as Maya leaves, her mother mourns and winter comes.

Marcia Howard  
Grade 7

### Christmas Day

I have the responsibility for the whole nation, for you see I am the President of the United States. On Christmas Day I think of the birth of our Savior, but my mind wanders to the critical situation which we are in today. The welfare of the United States lies in the decision which I make. On this wonderful day I think of all the thousands of soldiers, sailors, and marines who are far away from their homes, and their loved ones. This Christmas Day brings grief and sorrow to many as it does to me, for there have been many uncalled-for deaths. I hope that all the soldiers out on the battlefield may be comforted in some way by remembering that this is the day of the birth of Christ. Now I must get back to my usual work of the day, for this is not a holiday for me, because I must serve the people of the United States.

Coralette McGilvray  
Junior

## The Airplane Ride

My first trip in an airplane was a short but interesting one. My mother went with me, and it was her first plane ride, too. We left March 28, 1949, in the morning on a Braniff DC-6. It had four motors, two on each side. The plane itself was medium size. Daddy took us to the airport and was going to see us off, when he remembered an important appointment. He told us good-by and to be careful; then he left.

When it was announced that we could board our plane, we went through the gate and started for it. As we walked up the ramp, we were greeted by a pretty stewardess. We then entered the plane and found some seats. We were talking comfortably and studying the atmosphere around us, when a sign above the door to the cockpit lit up, saying "no smoking; fasten safety belts." We couldn't find the so-called safety belts. The stewardess came to us and asked why we didn't have the belts fastened. We answered that we couldn't find them. She chuckled a little and told us to stand up a minute. We did this and she pulled our safety belts from under us. After quickly and expertly fastening them, she went to her seat and fastened herself in.

The plane started to quiver and vibrate. Then it started to pull and strain. We started up the runway. After we were some distance up it, we turned around and headed back, picking up speed every minute. We saw the high buildings coming very fast toward us. Mother thought we were going to hit them, but we didn't because we were already in the air.

As soon as we had leveled off, I got up and started to walk around. I went to the tail of the plane and saw where the stewardess prepared the meals. I then went to the front of the plane and sat down on the right side of the door leading into the cockpit. I sat there for some time watching the propellers and the things go by below.

The stewardess came over to me and asked if I wanted to do something to help her, and of course I said, "Yes." I helped her pass out gum and water. She then took another girl and me to a back seat where she sat down and told us about herself and her work. She gave us each a large piece of paper and had us fill out some of the blanks. Then she signed it and took it to the pilot so that he could sign it. When she gave it to us, she told us that we were honorary Junior Air Hostesses. The rest of the time I just looked around and chatted with mother.

When we landed in Oklahoma City, I was allowed to go into the cockpit and look around. Sometimes I wonder how the pilot can remember what all the things on the instrument panel mean.

Shirley Hayman  
Grade 7

### The Flag

*You billow high above the town  
And guard your cities fair.  
You're loved throughout this land of ours,  
Revered in the place of prayer.*

*You see the carnage left by wars  
And gaze upon sweet peace time's toil;  
You symbolize the hearts and thoughts  
Of those who live on freedom's soil.*

*Not always have you flown so high  
Nor stood for what today you do!  
You're nothing more than silk and thread  
Without your people with you.*

*Thus far, Fate has been your friend,  
Prosperity follows in your wake;  
But may some angle now guide your plow  
For a war-weary, troubled people's sake*

Martha Brady  
Junior

## Sudden Storm

*Soft ripples slide to sandy shores,  
Small circles point the paths of oars,  
Sweet breezes bring a joy to chores,  
And all is still.*

*Sandpipers' tracks leave tiny marks,  
Gulls cry as o'er they fly in arcs,  
Two puppies speak in joyful barks,  
While songbirds trill.*

*Then break the far horizons blue!  
White crests on waves of purpled hue  
And inward rushing winds bring clue  
Of coming storm.*

*Now peace is shattered by a roar;  
Mad waves dash at a stubborn shore!  
Loud thunder cracks; the calm before  
Has fled to storm.*

*Pure sands are pelted now by rain;  
Harsh winds and breakers fierce complain.  
Dark clouds are parted by a chain  
Of lightning bright.*

*How changed the world appears! How sad  
That gentle breezes, then so glad,  
Must now bring forth a sight so mad—  
The storm at height!*

*Once warm, the lovely beach now cold,  
Lies quaking, fearing thunder bold!  
Cruel tales of violence are told  
By breakers crass.*

*Yet beaches dry, and sunbeams warm.  
Wild waves and winds may change in form,  
And as in life, a sudden storm  
Must always pass.*

Amy DeYong  
Senior

## The Nursery School at Barstow

There was a lot of commotion as our class went down to visit the nursery school one morning. The children were running, shouting, and playing with dollies. There was one particular group that I watched that was always pulling a wagon up and down the little incline. The same little boy was always riding in the wagon and giving the orders. One little disgusted boy decided to let him go down the hill all by himself. He let go of the wagon. When the little boy and the wagon almost reached the foot of the hill, he and the wagon glided under a trapeze bar and collided with a little girl. No one was hurt but I detected a sigh as the nursery school teacher returned to her place of vigil.

Lois Dubach  
Grade 8

## The Foreshadowing

As the news of the event of the birth of Louis XVI was being carried to Court, the messenger was thrown from his horse and instantly killed. The day of the birth of Marie Antoinette, youngest daughter of the Austrian Empress, Maria Theresa, was the same as that of the great earthquake in Lisbon. At the moment when Marie first set foot in the Cour de Marbre at Versailles, a violent clap of thunder rent the air. During the celebration of her marriage to the young Louis XVI, a frightful disaster occurred on the very spot where they were destined to meet their tragic end twenty-three years later. Thus were the evil omens which attended the lives of both the young Dauphin and Dauphine before and at the beginning of their life together.

Adriance Armsby  
Sophomore

## Man's Best Friend

Dogs are man's best friends at all times. At work and play both, they are always alert. In the war they were trained to carry messages and help bring wounded men out of danger. These war dogs did deeds that no man could have succeeded in doing. In peace, different types of dogs do different work. Many times you can see a dog walking slowly down the street leading a blind man. A seeing-eye dog is just one of the many kinds of dogs that help mankind. If you lived in Scotland you would see many collies of pure breeds and even mongrels tending sheep. In the vast regions of Canada and Alaska there are two kinds of dogs that are the most important, the Husky and the St. Bernard. Many people have heard of the Northwest Mounted Police and the courageous huskies. Some of the deeds they have done prove their endurance and their loyalty toward their masters. The St. Bernard dogs have traveled through snow storms and over floating ice cakes in places where you or I would never think of going. They do these deeds to reach some person who has lost his way or some adventurer who has taken a misstep. These deeds of the dogs are never ending. Other examples of loyalty and friendship are those of the dogs that stay at home. Perhaps even you have a dog who is very loyal to you. Let's look at the boxer resting on a bed by the side of a baby. You know that this dog would never let anyone harm the baby. Take any kind of a dog and you will find that he is loyal to his master. He is his master's best friend.

Barbara Rahm  
Grade 8



Romaine Lilly  
Freshman

### Tic-kie Tock

Tic-kie Tock . . . . . Tic-kie Tock  
Sings dear old Grandpa clock.  
If only he'd forget his song  
That time must always travel on!  
Many, many a year has dear old Grandpa met  
And still — not a minute's beat will he forget.  
I wonder if he's ever thought  
Of all the joys and happy times he's brought.  
I suppose that's the reason why  
Dear old Grandpa refuses to die.

Anne Simons  
Senior

### The Sea

As days and years go rolling by,  
I, too, will float along,  
For I'm the never ending sea —  
Oh, listen to my song.  
I've thundered down the deep ravines,  
I've dribbled over rills,  
I've wet the very nakedness  
Of treeless plains and hills.  
I've seen triumphant cities  
Grow from a tiny town,  
I've watched the change in living —  
In travel, food and gown.  
I've noticed men in countless time  
Who rose, but soon they fell;  
I've felt the wounds of many wars,  
Oh, I've much more to tell.  
Yet new ideas are taking place,  
I know not what they be;  
But as the endless time runs on,  
I'll learn them, I, the Sea.

Debbie Arthur  
Junior

## Safety

The screech of the tires on the wet pavement, the mother's hysterical scream, the dull thud of a small body against the on-rushing vehicle—what do these sounds bring to mind? A busy pedestrian carefully jaywalking, a lady glancing at the latest window display, the mob's plea for help—what do these sights bring to mind? A silent room filled with mourning people, the deep scent of many flowers, the quiet, soothing voice of a melancholy minister—what do these memories bring to mind? Life, happiness, and love. Or death, sorrow and hate?

The poor mother's cry could only be for her young child who has strayed too far. Perhaps he has not been taught that the street is a dangerous play place. Then again his favorite ball might have slipped from his grasp, tantalizing him away from the protection of his mother's side. The unfortunate young man driving the villainous car might have been going just a "teeny" bit fast, but wet pavement is always deceptive and little children much more so. Is this driver to blame? He didn't realize he was going over the speed limit at all and the child darted out too quickly to put the brakes to their best use. Perhaps we are similar to this poor man, not a reckless type driver but rather a nonchalant and careless one.

The pedestrian's mind was centered on an important business deal and the meeting to which he must arrive on time. Why wait for the light? He could cross in the center of the block faster, and he was in haste. The lady driver could not resist the temptation of a quick glance into the shop window. "My," she was thinking, "wouldn't that blue dress look well on me! Of course, I think . . ." The thought was never finished. Whose fault was this accident? Both minds were in various channels other than safe driving or walking.

The mourners in the silent room tell of death, both young and old. Many of these funerals are for those killed in the thousands of car accidents all over the world. It's too bad when some of these accidents might have been prevented by an alertness of both mind and body or by a gentle reminder to the innocent.

Thus the alarm must go out not only to those of Kansas City, but to everyone. This plea comes from a mother whose only child was brutally taken away or from a woman whose husband was among the unlucky or from a friend who has lost a friend. From all those who have suffered and known grief comes this plea to stamp out the plague that seems to dominate the "civilized" race.

Ann Singleton  
Senior  
Representative to the  
Southwest Safety Council

### A Prayer

*Dear gracious Father in Heaven, we pray,  
Help us to love Thee and follow Thy way.  
Thy footsteps are guiding,  
In Thee we're confiding.  
Oh, teach us to love Thee today!  
Thy doctrines and precepts inspire mankind,  
Thy gospels —a pathway to future sublime.  
In Thee we must trust,  
Least our hopes turn to dust.  
Oh, blest be the tie that doth bind!  
Ever loud, yet humble, Thy praises we sing,  
Our love and our trust to Thee we will bring.  
Thy word is our law,  
We answer Thy call,  
Dear Heavenly Father, our King!*

Elise Schmahlfeldt  
Junior

### The North Star

Once upon a time there was a little star, the North Star, who was bigger than the other stars. Jupiter didn't like the star being bigger than the others, so he took out his two flying horses and flew up and got the star and took it down to the underworld. When he did this, all the little stars didn't shine at night and black clouds appeared. When they appeared all the living nature began to die. Jupiter didn't want that so he went to the underworld and told Satan to release the star. He released her for nine months, and for three months he kept her.

Hallie Adams  
Grade 7

## Children of Wars

We cannot imagine in our land so good and free  
That there are little children, suffering across the sea.  
Tattered little orphans, whose faces are pinched and cold,  
With their baby feet all wrapped in rags, and their faces grown so old.  
No fat laughing children like ours are over there;  
They have a race all their own, and lead lives of hopelessness and despair.  
They are lonely and unhappy, too small or weak to question fate;  
How should they know that they are victims of wars, bred by lovers of hate?  
They wander all over the earth like little lost sheep,  
Crying for their parents; hungry and looking for a place to sleep.

Don't they ever haunt you?  
Don't you see their faces, thin and wan?  
Don't their sad eyes, eloquent with appeal,  
And deep with fear and loneliness  
Awaken you at night?  
Don't you feel a little guilty and share  
For a moment their unhappiness?

Maybe someday these troops of children, having grown mighty and strong,  
Will march upon the world and point out all its wrong.  
For these Children, whose parents were meant to be free and till the sod,  
Aren't these children, the children of wars, also the children of God?

Kathy Graham  
Senior

## My Arizona Trip

My family went on a trip to Arizona for Christmas. We stayed at a ranch. The name of the ranch is Remuda. We went horse-back riding every day. My favorite cowboy was Jim. He could rope the best of them all. Jim chose my brother and me to be in the Rodeo. We stayed at the ranch two weeks and hated to leave.

Linda O'Riordan  
Grade 3

## Our Barstow

Barstow, Barstow is the school  
Where children follow the golden rule.  
We learn our lessons everydoy,  
In our extra time we go to play.

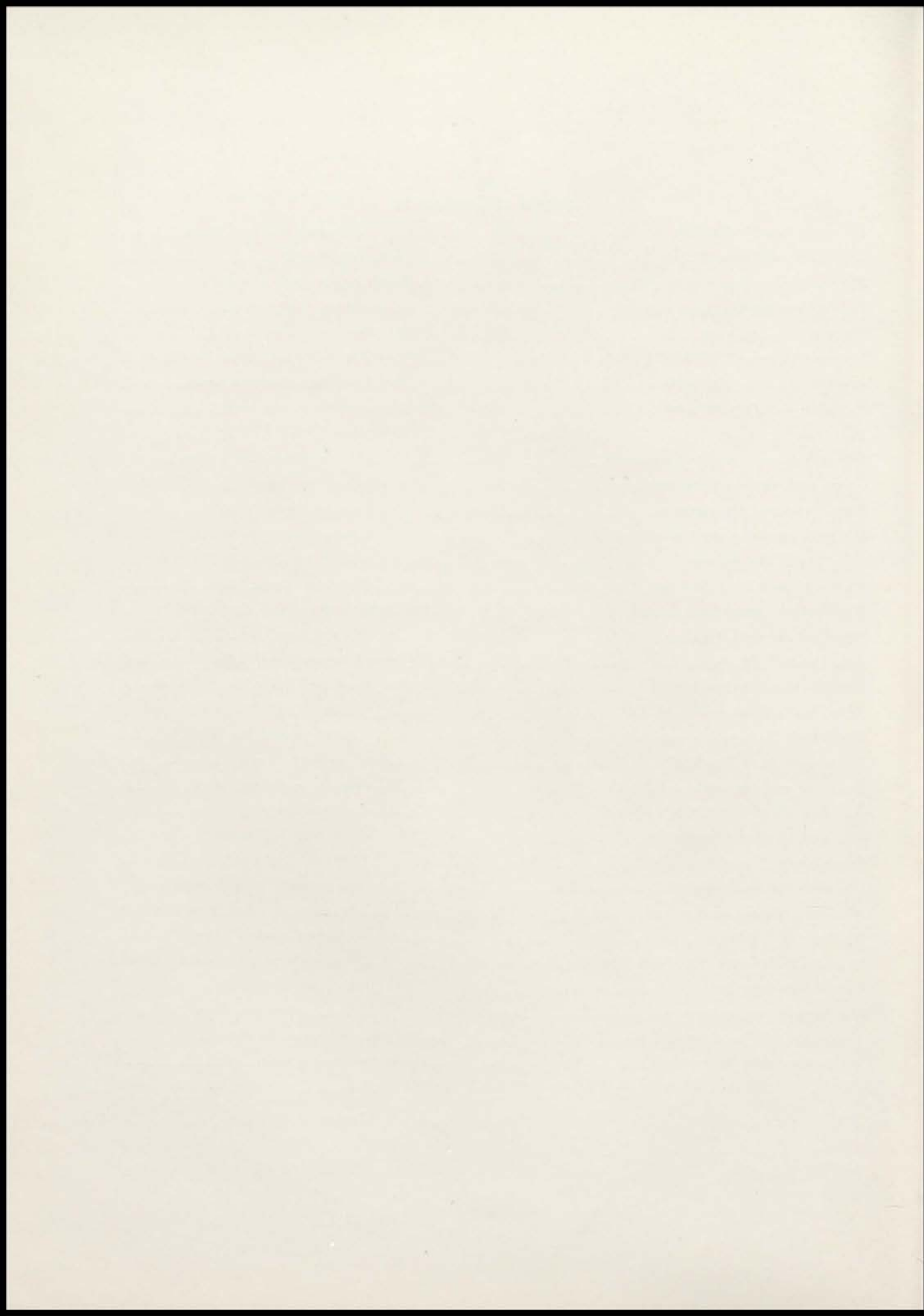
We love this school with all our might,  
Because it tries to do what's right.  
The teachers are so fair and square  
And when we need them they're always there.

Linda O'Riordan  
Joyce McAnally  
Wendy Ann Thomas  
Grade 3

## Thoughts at Graduation

The roses smell refreshing.....The seniors are in white.....  
 This is June the seventh.....I graduate tonight.....  
 The years have flown with swiftness.....Which only I could know.....  
 They've brought happiness within me.....Now I have to go.....  
 The music is beginning.....The high school marches in.....  
 I wonder as I watch them.....Where five last years have been.....  
 Amy's going down the aisle.....She's been here fourteen years.....  
 I wonder what she's thinking.....While keeping back the tears.....  
 Alice now is going.....Gerry next in line.....  
 She says to me, "Don't trip yourself".....The next turn now is mine.....  
 I wait with nervous happiness.....We seem so far apart.....  
 Gerry's reached the platform.....It's my turn now to start.....  
 This path has never seemed so long.....I hope I keep in line.....  
 I see Phyllis starting now.....Are all her thoughts like mine?.....  
 All those years have fled now.....Pretender tryout, too.....  
 Shakespeare would have fainted....."Macbeth" 's the one I slew.....  
 I tried out for the Latin Club.....Wore a toga, too.....  
 (I had to tell the story.....Of how a Roman grew).....  
 The art class is behind me.....The brush and India ink.....  
 J'Ann, you will remember.....The outlining, I think.....  
 The French Club, too, is over.....Gerry pulled me through.....  
 The tryout was so "frightful".....Yet all my part I knew.....  
 Do all of you remember.....The songs we wrote and sang.....  
 And how all of our first prize plays.....Ended with a bang?.....  
 Oh, basketball and hockey.....The bruises now will fade.....  
 Reminds me of a certain class....."Ed" and first aid.....  
 The diplomas are awarded.....My name is read, I stand.....  
 Mr. Sears, sincere and smiling.....He grasps my trembling hand.....  
 Up the steps I glide with ease.....Or should I say "totter".....  
 In dense crowds are Mom and Dad.....They smile at me, their daughter.....  
 Here we sit together.....The Class of '51.....  
 Our days as one at Barstow.....Have ended.....Now are done.....  
 The music now begins again.....We rise and leave the chairs.....  
 The Juniors smile their wishes.....Barstow now is theirs.....

Ann Wallace  
Senior







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. . . . to The Barstow School and the fine staff of the "Weather-Cock" for the excellent job they have done with this, the first in what we all hope will be a long series of annuals compiled, edited and managed by the girls of the school.

With so little experience of this type to help them, they deserve orchids of praise for their skill and their devotion to their book.

Many thanks for this opportunity of working with them.

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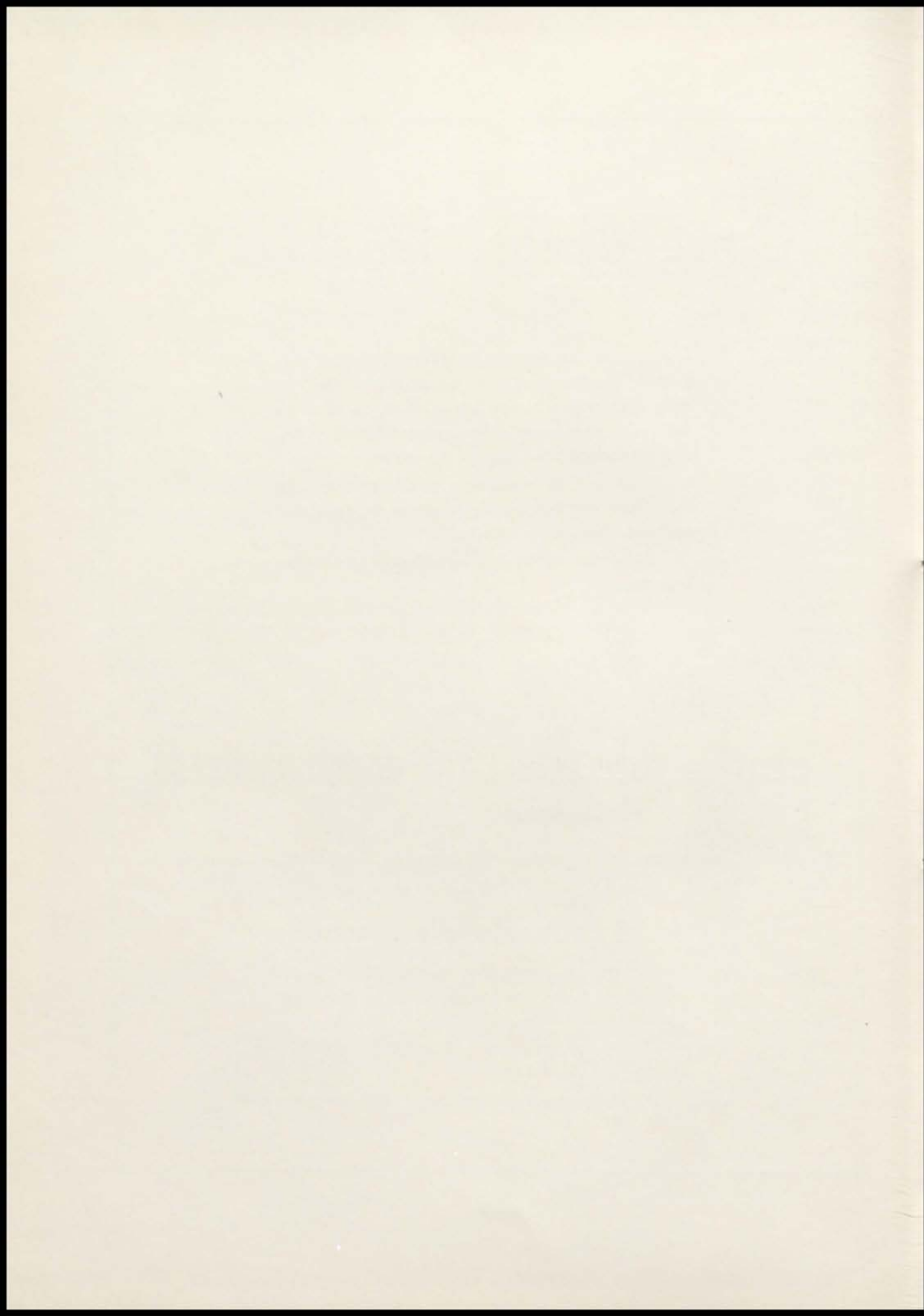
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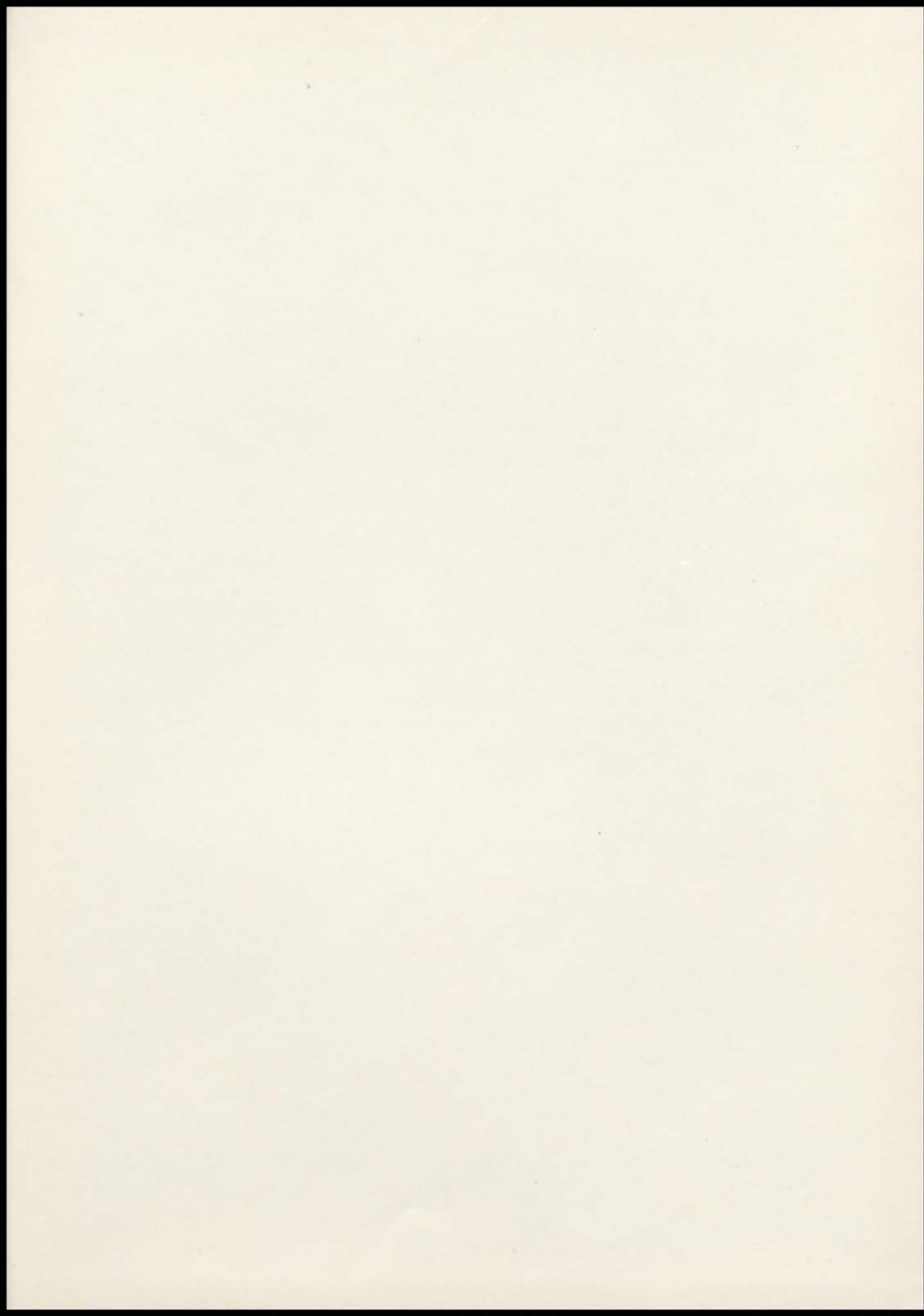
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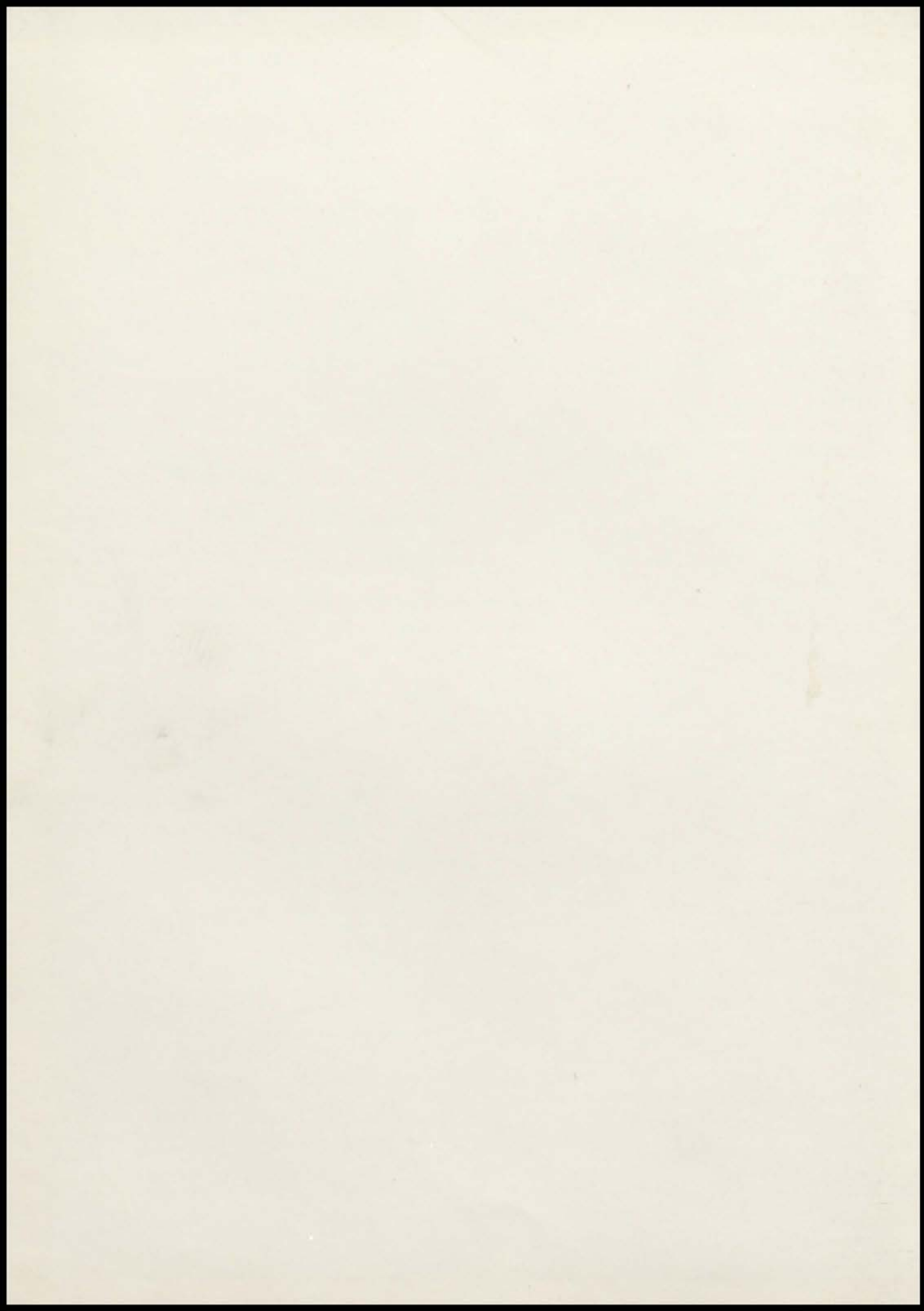
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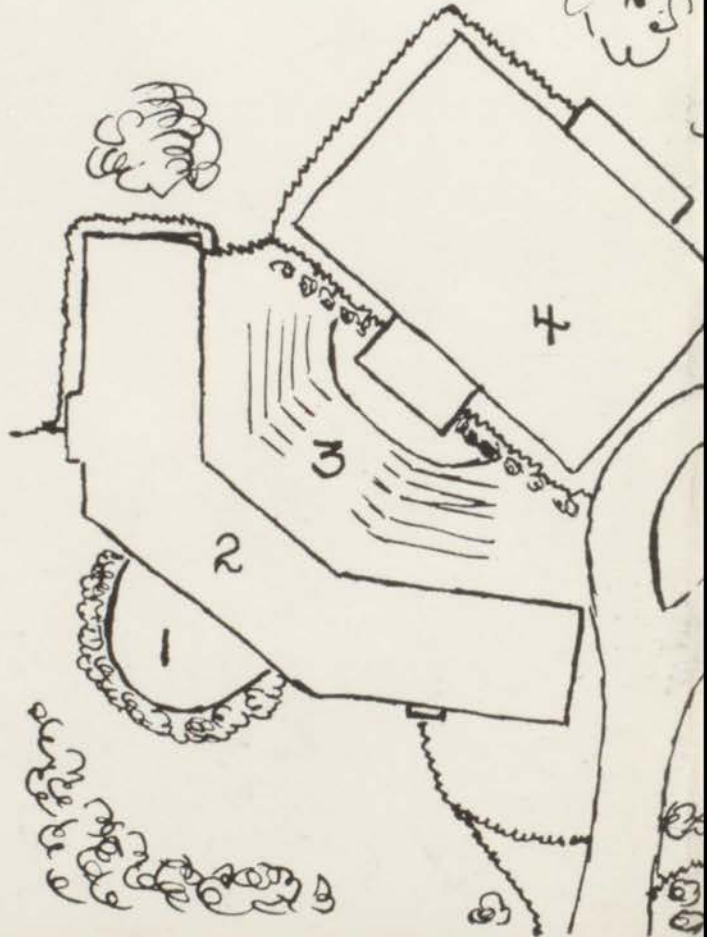
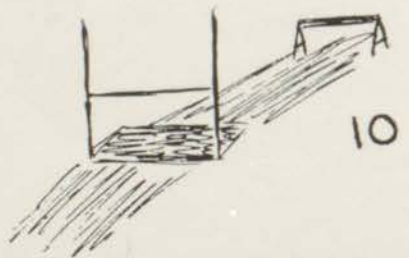
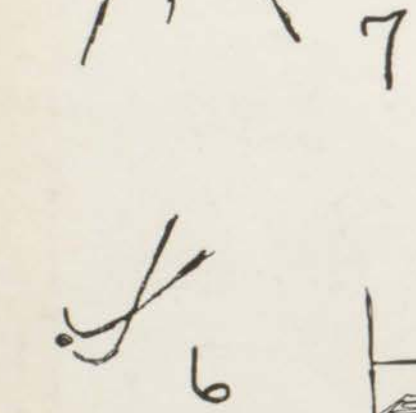
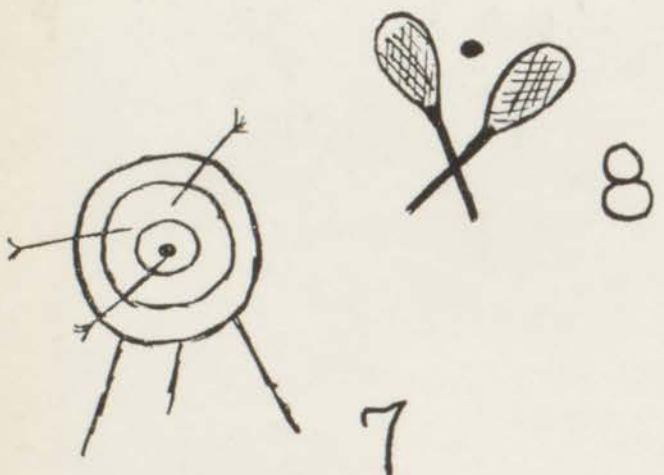
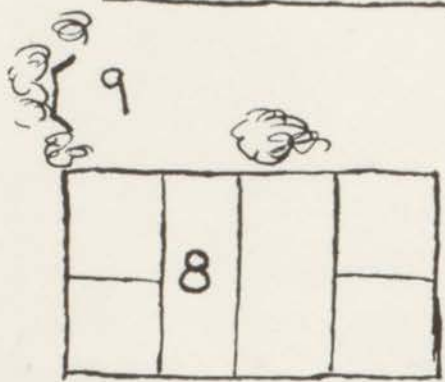
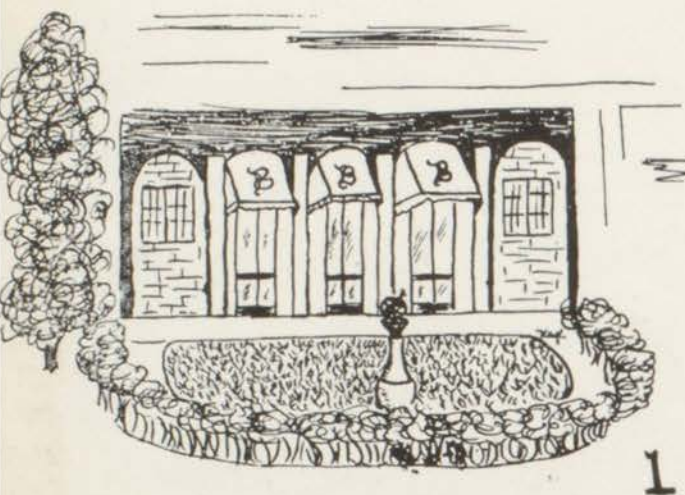
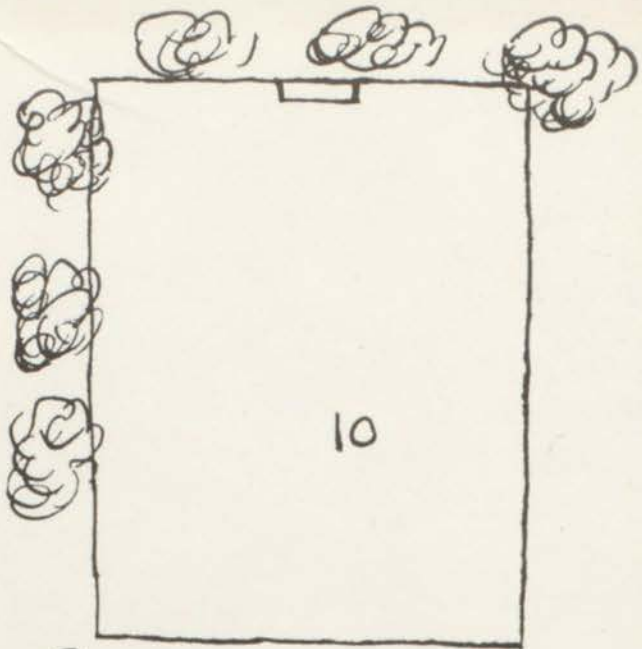


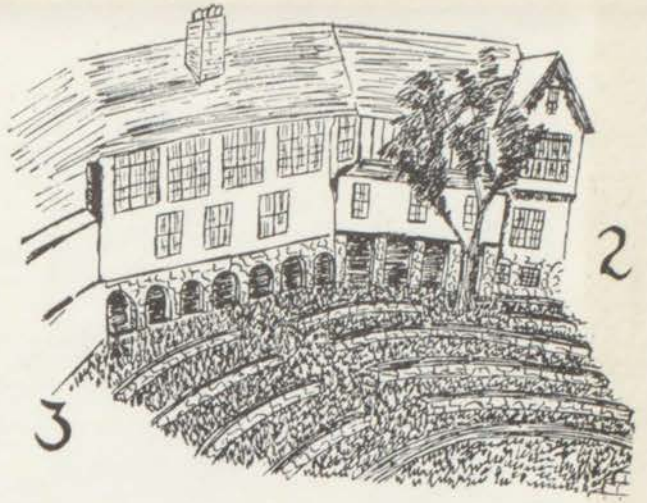










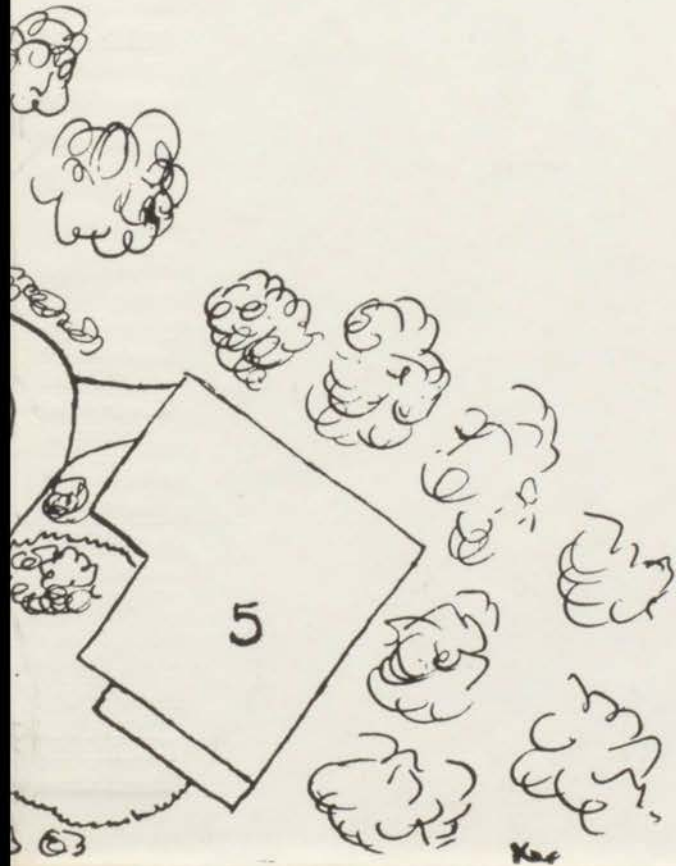


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