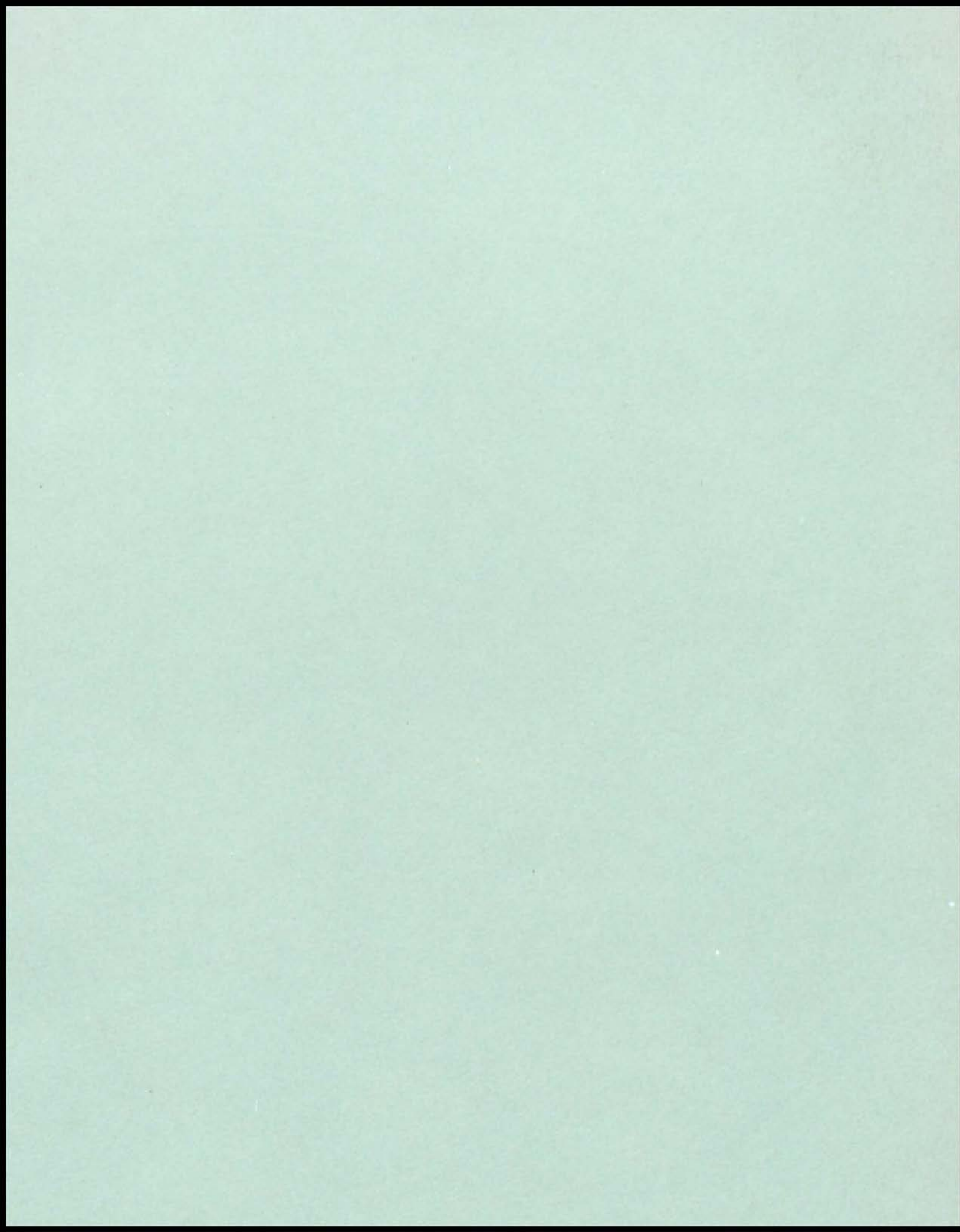
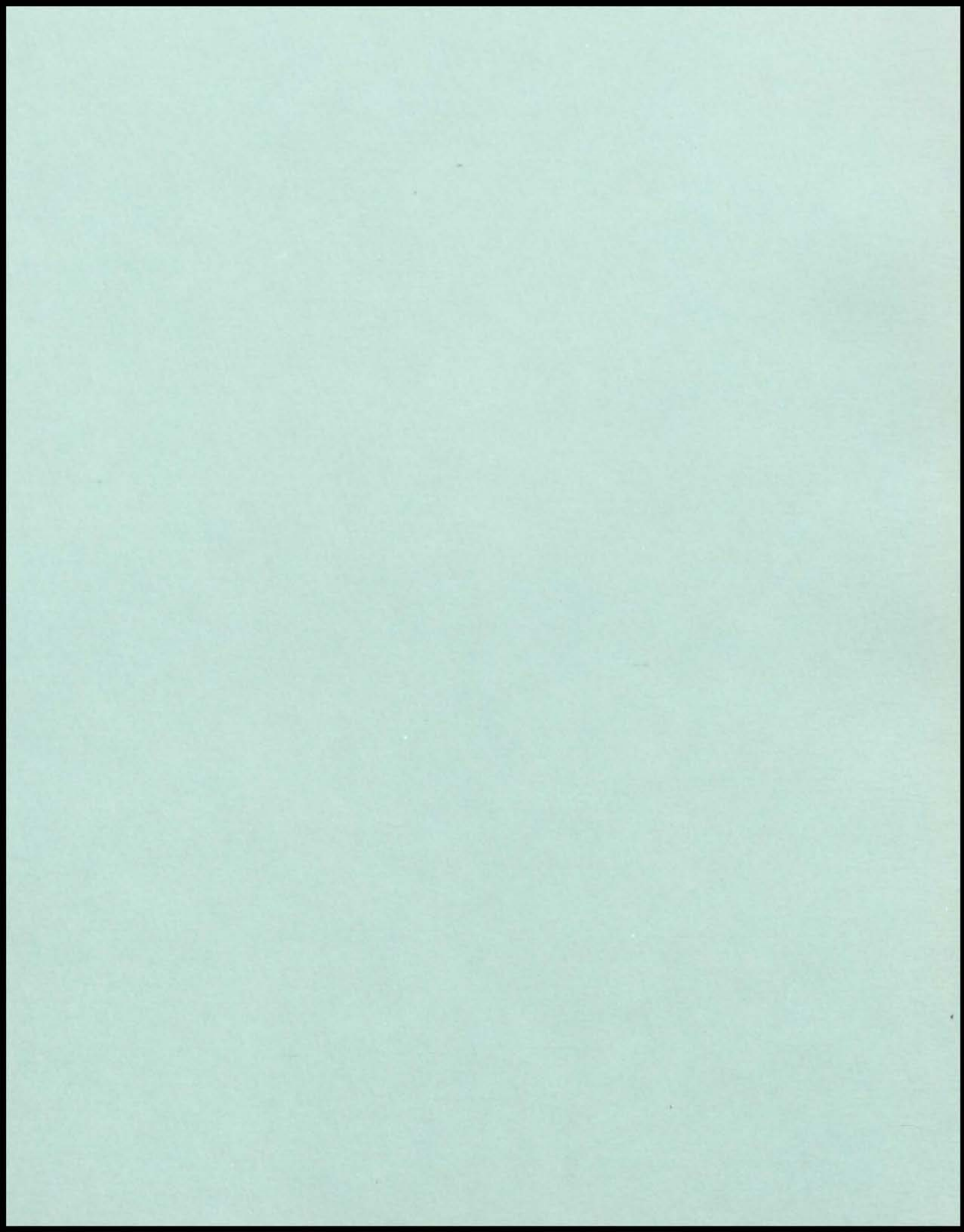


raider
mcmlix







Nineteen Fifty-Nine
Published by the Students of
PEMBROKE-COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL
Kansas City, Missouri

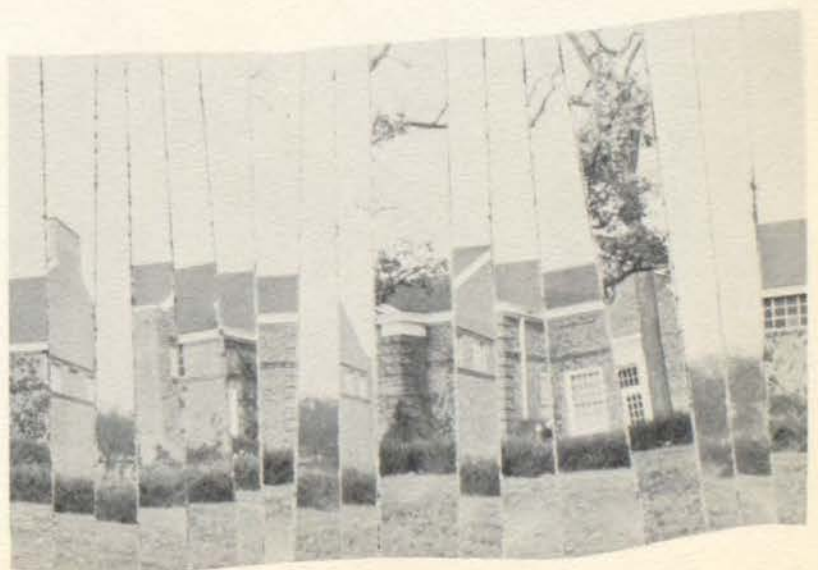


Editor-in-Chief John Manson Kennedy
Associate Editor Lynn McCanse
Business Managers . . . Bob Wagstaff, Victor Buhler
Photography Editor Richard Garfinkel
Art Editor David Trusty



of
PEMBROKE-COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

Ward Parkway
at
Fifty-First Street
Kansas City
Missouri

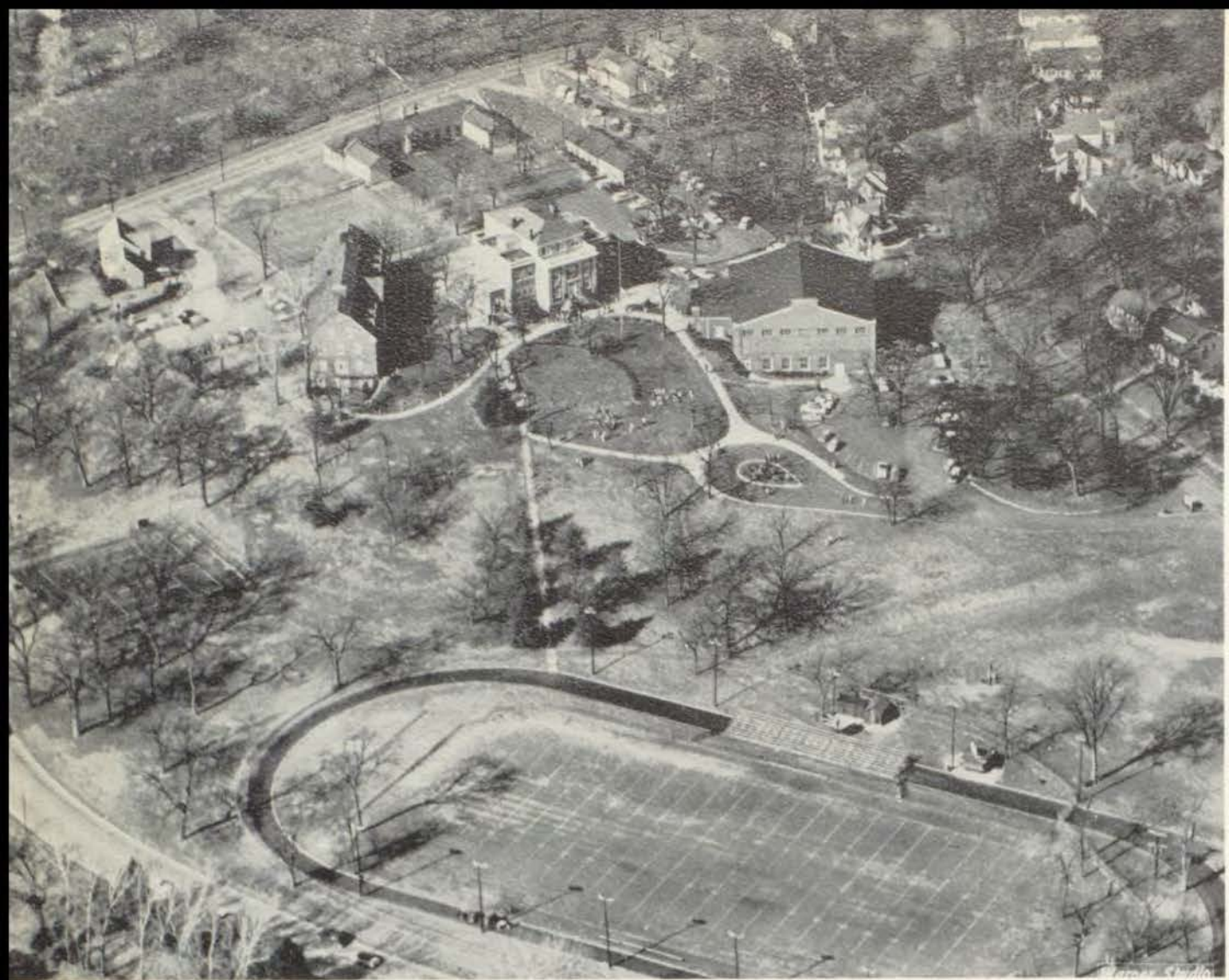


This Book is Dedicated to

Mr. Edward E. Schoonover







The idea of a private school for boys in Kansas City began with the establishment of the Country-Day School in 1910 by Mrs. A. Ross Hill.

Located on the old Wornall Homestead, the school opened classes in its first year with three teachers and nineteen students. With its incorporation in 1914, the school moved to the present 22-acre site at 51st and Ward Parkway.

The campus, which included, at first, only an administration building (with a cafeteria in the basement and a gymnasium on the third floor) and a manual arts shack, expanded gradually as both students and available funds increased. A "temporary" gym was constructed in 1918, the junior school building in 1922, and the Schuyler Ashley House in 1930.

A rival academy, Pembroke, founded in 1925, merged with Country-Day in 1933. Present faculty members who have been teaching at Pembroke-Country Day since the merger, include: Mr. Coad, Mr. Nault, and Mr. Wedin (of Country-Day) and Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Holte (of Pembroke).

Headmasters of the school have included: Mr. Ralph Hoffman, 1910-1917; Mr. Underhill, 1917-1920; Mr. Mitchell Froelisher, 1920-1923; Mr. Charles Bradlee, 1924-1931. Under Mr. Howard E. A. Jones, 1931-1943, the enrollment grew to 183.

In the decade from 1943 to 1953, with Mr. Bradford M. Kingman as headmaster, the school was able to burn a sixty-three thousand dollar mortgage as part of the 1945 commencement exercises, add a dormitory addition in 1948, the Phillips Memorial Gymnasium and Howard Flagg, Jr. Auditorium in 1949, extension to the junior school and headmaster's house in 1950. The shop-garage and tennis courts were completed in 1952.

Since Mr. Peter A. Schwartz was awarded the headmaster's position in 1953, Pembroke-Country Day has nearly doubled its number of students.

The largest improvement thus far has been the extensive remodeling program of the administration building, undertaken in 1955 through the \$85,000 gift of Mr. Raymond B. White. The building was renamed White Hall, in memory of his two sons, John Barber II and William Nicholas, who both attended Pem-Day during the 1930's.

Besides a considerable revamping of the curriculum, the enlargement of the faculty and institution of several new courses (among them, Near East History and Russian), Mr. Schwartz has been influential in completion of a senior room, improved lab facilities, and renovation of the athletic field, including the addition of two baseball diamonds and an electric scoreboard and wire fence for the football field. Plans are now being made for a language laboratory to be put in use next year.

Now included in a \$300,000 building program are a biology laboratory, an addition built on the south of the junior school for classrooms for the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades. Highlight of this program is a winter sports center which would have facilities for volley ball, badminton, shuffleboard, weight lifting, and squash. In addition, the building would serve winter practice in shot put, broad jump, and baseball.

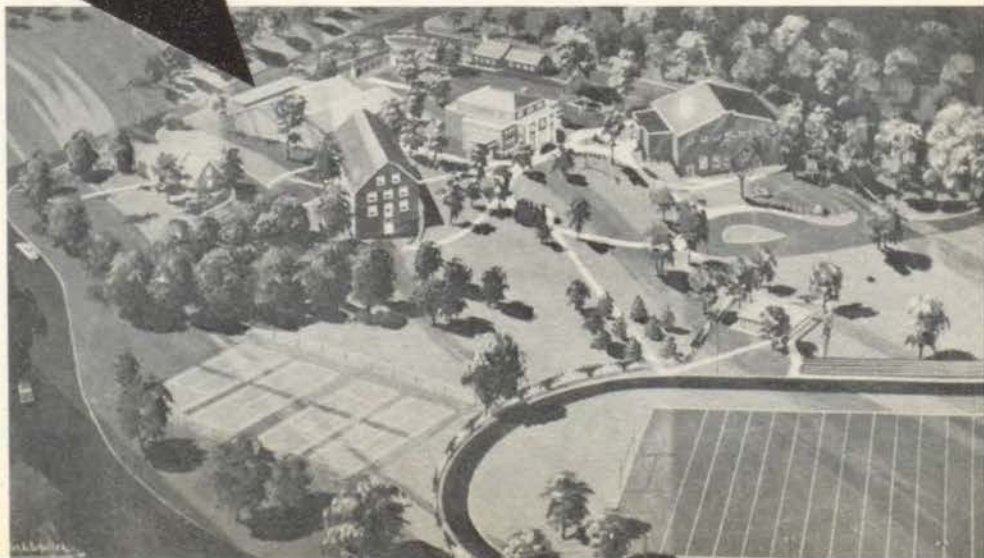
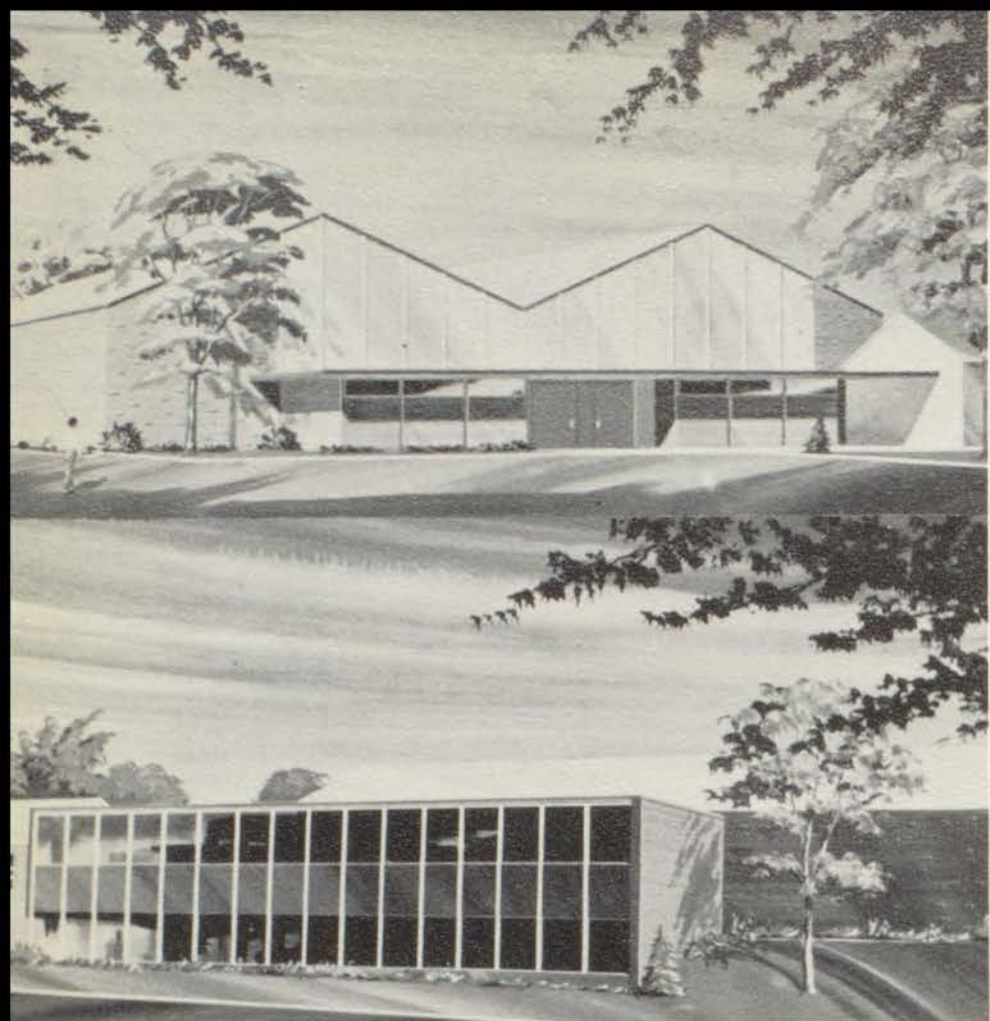
Also still on the drawing board is a \$50,000 combination football huddle room, shelter, and senior concession stand, tentatively located where the green track buildings stand now. This would be coupled with steel stands and lights on the west side of the football field and a wire fence enclosing the baseball field.

Pem-Day's greatest pride, however, has been in a constantly rising level of enrollment and educational standards. Its greatest hope will be in the maintenance of these standards.

To maintain the appearance and the condition of the buildings and campus is the job of Mr. Edward N. Steffen. Actually we tend to underestimate the importance of well kept surroundings. When the curriculum toughens, the beauty of the campus eases the students' mental burden.

Edward Steffen







Back: W. M. McDonald, Sam P. Quarles, Albert Drake, Robert G. Wallace, Harold Brent, Robert Wagstaff. **Front:** John A. Kroh, Mrs. Gerald Miller, Harold R. Jones, **Marshall Long**, president, Peter A. Schwartz. **Absent:** Herman Sutherland, Vice-President, C. Cook Jordan, Sec., Marshall Bliss, Porter T. Hall, II, Dr. Richard Kiene, George P. Sharp, Jr., R. Hugh Uhlmann, E. P. Wolferman, James A. Hazlett.

Ex Officio Members

Peter A. Schwartz

Harold R. Jones

Mrs. Gerald Miller

White Thompson

Board of Trustees

The principal functions of the Board of Trustees are the determination of school policy and the direction of finance. The Trustees employ the headmaster, who directs the school and is answerable to the Board. This is the Trustees' only direct contact with the educational branch of the school, as it is not concerned with the employment of the faculty or administration.

The Board of Trustees sets tuition and assessments and approves the budget compiled and submitted by the Business Manager. Through its power to allot funds and to censor the budget, the Board is solely responsible for the direction and status of the school's fiscal affairs.

The Headmaster

The strength of any institution depends, for the most part, upon its leader. In this respect, the students of Pembroke-Country Day are fortunate to have Peter A. Schwartz as their headmaster.

Mr. Schwartz attended the University of Princeton. Upon graduation he became assistant to the President of the University then, to the Dean of the College, and finally, to the Dean of the Faculty. Before he came to this school, he taught at the Chicago Latin School, later becoming assistant headmaster at the Hun School in Princeton, New Jersey, and headmaster of the Allendale School in Rochester, New York.

In the opinion of Mr. Schwartz, college preparation is not the principal goal of Pem-Day's academic program, even though it is a so-called "preparatory" school. Mr. Schwartz believes that Pem-Day's primary purpose is to offer a high level, broadly comprehensive type of education to help able boys to think more clearly, and to develop within themselves whatever capacities they may have. He further believes it is the school's duty to instill an obligation to serve, and through this, an obligation to lead.

Mr. Schwartz firmly believes that it is the school's duty to make some sort of religious observance a part of its program. Moreover, he further believes that if we lose sight of our spiritual values, all other values will become pointless.

He believes that there is a close connection between excellence in scholarship and in athletics. He has said many times that the athletic department is an essential part of Pem-Day's school program.

Mr. Schwartz has again this year as he has done in the past toured the eastern college preparatory schools in search of still more ideas to help raise Pem-Day's reputation to a higher level in scholastic, as well as athletic achievement.

Peter A. Schwartz, through his high ideals, his understanding of boys and their problems, his fine qualities for leadership has done far more than shape the school's policies; he has instilled in Pem-Day students a high degree of honor and loyalty to their school and has greatly aided them in an important step in maturity, that of acceptance of responsibility.

Less publicised is Mr. Schwartz's secretary, Mrs. Jones. Besides serving as a task easer for the headmaster she handles the more arduous duties of academic bookkeeping.



Administration

Mr. Jones

The administrative branch of the school consists of two sections, the headmaster's office and the business office. The business office is responsible for all the financial problems encountered in running the school. Ably headed by Harold Jones, a P.-C.D. graduate and Harvard alumnus, the staff has succeeded in repeatedly balancing the budget. In addition to his office duties Mr. Jones also contributes valuable aid to the athletic department.

Other members of the staff assist the business manager and headmaster in their many functions. Mrs. Baker, as Mr. Jones' secretary, is responsible for the bookkeeping. Mrs. Barnes (B.J., Missouri University) performs general secretarial functions, as well as acting as faculty advisor for the "Hilltop." The position of receptionist is ably filled by Mrs. Schirmer.

Mrs. Baker

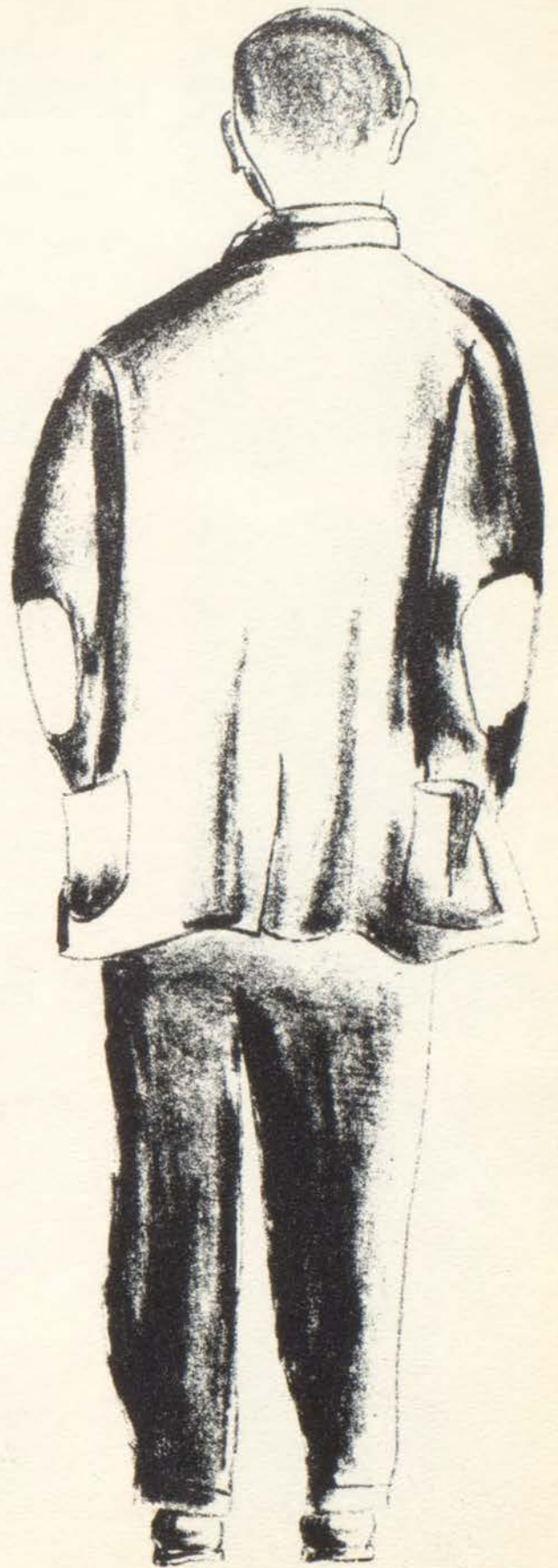
Mrs. Barnes

Colonel Morehouse

Mrs. Schirmer



Faculty





James Angell (5)

Senior English
Varsity Baseball
Freshman Football
B.A., Columbia College
Columbia University
M.A., Kansas City University



Wayne F. Campbell (11)

Director of Athletics
Physiology
Varsity Track
B.S., Pittsburg State Teachers College
M.A., Kentucky University
Arkansas State
Louisiana State University



Jose Baldivieso (1)

Universidad de San Agustín, Bolivia
B.S., Ohio Wesleyan
M.S., Emporia State



Cecil C. Coad (37)

History
A.B., Ottawa University
Kansas City University
Kansas University



Walter H. Bennett (32)

Mathematics
Registrar
B.S., Kenyon College
M.A., Kansas City University
Wisconsin University
George Washington University



Phillip B. Dundas (9)

Dean of Students
Mathematics
Varsity Football
Freshman Basketball
B.A., Wesleyan University
M.Ed., Worcester State Teachers
College



Hilliard Hughes (3)

English
Tennis & Squash
B.A., Harvard College
M.B.A., Harvard Business School



Virginia Scott Miner (16)

English
A.B., Northwestern University
University of Chicago
Kansas City University
New Haven State Teachers College
Kansas University
Missouri University



William W. Lemonds, Dr. Mus. (1)

Oklahoma University
Biarritz American University
Westminster Choir College
University of Chicago



Benson Murray (2)

History
A.B., Princeton University
M.A., University of Michigan
Columbia University
American University of Beirut



Kevin R. Madden (14)

Physics
Chemistry
B.S., M.S., Wisconsin University



Clifford A. Nault (34)

French
A.B., Michigan University



Samuel Poor (10)

English
Dramatics

A.B., Bates College
M.Ed., Harvard University
University of New Hampshire
University of Kansas



Gail Bellamy (27)

Reading

B.A., Howard Paine College
Colorado University
Temple University



Edward E. Schoonover (15)

Engineering Drawing
Mathematics

B.S., Kansas State Teachers College
Oregon State College



Lottie Tate Dietrich (16)

First Grade

B.S.Ed., Northeast Missouri State
Teachers College
University of Colorado
University of Minnesota
Kansas City University



Ambrose Sembrot (15)

Latin
Senior Adv.
Russian

A.B., Washington & Jefferson College
M.Ed., Kansas City University
Indiana University



Thelma P. Griffith (6)

Mathematics

B.S., St. Lawrence University
University of Rochester



Mrs. W. D. Hotley (1)
 Second Grade
 B.S., Kansas City University



Geraldine C. Laughlin (15)
 Kindergarten
 Kansas City Teachers College
 University of Kansas
 University of Minnesota
 Duke University



Inez V. Holte (19)
 Third Grade
 B.A., University of Cincinnati
 Cincinnati Kindergarten Training
 School



Hazel Packer (6)
 Fifth Grade
 Kansas City Teachers College
 Central Missouri State College
 University of Kansas City



Claude Jeanneau (2)
 Art
 Baccalaureats:
 Cours Sides
 Estienne
 Silver School of Design, Conn.
 Kansas City Art Institute



Clarine Poor (8)
 Sixth Grade
 Art Director
 B.S., Cottey Junior College
 B.Ed., Kansas University
 University of Kansas City
 Harvard University



Gilbert Reynolds (2)

History
English
A.B., William Jewell College
M.A., University of Missouri
University of Michigan



Jay C. Scott (1)

Athletic Director, Junior School
University of Kansas City Business
School



Edwin Ryan (7)

History
Varsity Basketball
B.S., Kansas State Teachers College



James E. Sallee

7th Grade English
Internural Athletics
B.A., University of Kansas
M.A., Emporia State



Joseph H. Scalet (10)

Science
Athletics
B.S., Kansas State Teachers College
Detroit University



Joseph Stebno (3)

Latin
A.B., Rockhurst College



Thomas Vibert (1)
Biology
General Science
B.S., Arnold College
University of Connecticut



Virginia Gref Walker (8)
Third Grade
A.B., University of Kansas
Pittsburg State Teachers College

Ralph Wedin (34)
Director of Enrollment
Arithmetic
Director: Wedin's Camp for Boys
B.S., Emporia State Teachers College
M.Ed., Kansas City University
Wisconsin University
California University



Senior





George Hammond Gurley (5)

Class Officer 4
President 4
Student Council 1, 2, 3
Vice-President 3
Track 1, 2, 3, 4
All-State Track Team 2, 3, 4
Captain 4
Basketball 3, 4
Cheerleader 3
Letterman's Club 1, 2, 3, 4
Raider 3, 4
Dramatics Club 3, 4



James Ronald Fisher (2)

Class Officer 4
Vice-President 4
Football 4
Basketball 3, 4
Baseball 3, 4
Letterman's Club 3, 4
Dramatics Club 3, 4
La Force Cup 3
National Merit Scholarship Finalist 4



Stephen James Westheimer (5)

Class Officer 2, 3, 4
Vice-President 2
Secretary-Treasurer 3, 4
Student Council 1
Baseball 3, 4
Letterman's Club 3, 4
Basketball Manager 2, 3
Cheerleader 3
Dramatics Club 1, 2, 4
Hilltop 1, 2, 3, 4
Associate Editor 3
Editor-in-Chief 4
Spanish Club 4
President 4



Mike Brady (5)

Basketball 4
Baseball 4
Letterman's Club 4
Raider 4



John Blackwell (5)

Football 3
Letterman's Club 3, 4
Hilltop 1
Boys' Club Advisor 1, 2
Dramatics Club 2
National Merit Scholarship Finalist 4

Harry Oscar Boling 111 (7)

Audio Visual 2, 3, 4
Print Shop 2





William Winants Buckingham, Jr. (8)

Spanish Club 4
Secretary 4
Boys' Club Advisor 2
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Raider 4
Stage Crew 2, 3, 4



Byron Charles Cohen (8)

Student Council 4
Vice-President 4
Tennis 2, 3, 4
Captain 4
Winner District Singles 3
State Tournament 3
Squash 3, 4
Captain 4
Letterman's Club 4
Vice-President 4
Dramatics Club 2, 3, 4
Dramatics Cup 3
Hilltop 1, 2
Raider 3, 4
Copy Editor 4
Starlight Board 3
Boys' State 3



Chuck Fratcher (13)

Hilltop 1, 2, 3, 4
Advertising Manager 4
Print Shop 3, 4
Stage Crew 3, 4



Norman Fordyce (2)

Track 3, 4
All-State Track Team 3, 4
Letterman's Club 3, 4



Victor Bernard Buhler, Jr. (9)

Tennis 4
Cheerleader 4
Raider 3, 4
Co-Business Manager 4
Dramatics Club 2, 3, 4
Print Shop 1, 2
Russian Club 4
Football Manager 1



Kenneth A. Cohen (3)

Baseball 4
Hilltop 3, 4
Dramatics Club 3
Russian Club 4

John Hoffman (10)

Football 4
Letterman's Club 4
Hilltop 1, 2, 3, 4
Dramatics Club 2
Boys' Club Advisor 3, 4
Southwest Youth Court 4



John Manson Kennedy (3)

Student Council 2, 3, 4
Secretary-Treasurer 4
President 4
Football 3, 4
Letterman's Club 3, 4
Raider 3, 4
Editor-in-Chief 4
Dramatics 2, 3, 4
Boys' State 3



Richard Hotchkiss Kiene, Jr. (5)

Student Council 4
Vice-President 4
Football 3, 4
Letterman's Club 3, 4
Secretary-Treasurer 4
Stage Crew 2, 3, 4
Stage Manager 4
Hilltop 1
Raider 2, 3, 4
Copy Editor 4
Print Shop 1, 2, 3, 4
Manager 4
Boys' State 3



Thomas Myron Higgins 111 (4)

Tennis 2, 3, 4
Squash 3, 4
Hilltop 1, 4
Print Shop 1, 2, 3, 4
Manager 4
Boys' State 3
Southwest Youth Court 4
Head Cheerleader 4



Clyde Edwards McBride 111 (4)

Tennis 2, 3, 4
Raider 4

George Hohl (8)

Football 4
Letterman's Club 4
Stage Crew 2





William Atkins McWhirter (5)

Student Council 4
Hilltop 1, 2, 3, 4
Advertising mgr. 3
Business mgr. 4
Tennis Team 1, 2, 3, 4
Squash Team 3, 4
Letterman's Club 4
Cheerleader 4
Starlight Board 3



Wayne Dodge Nichols (12)

Student Council 2, 3
Tennis 3, 4
Squash 3, 4
Football 3, 4
Letterman's Club 3, 4
Boy's Club 2



William Meyn (4)

Class Officer 3
Print Shop 3
Science Club 1
Russian Club 4



John Watkins Oliver 2d (5)

Class Officer 1
Student Council 2, 3, 4
Hilltop 1, 2, 3, 4
Associate Editor 3, 4
Tennis 1, 4
Squash 3, 4
English Cup 2, 3



Larry Edwin Niehouse (5)

Track 1, 2, 3, 4
All-State Track 3
Letterman's Club 1, 2, 3, 4
President 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Vice-President 4
Spanish Club 4
Raider 3, 4
Stage Crew 4



Lee Major (6)

Dramatics 3, 4
Russian Club 4
National Merit Scholarship Finalist 4



Bud Porch (5)

Football 4
Tennis 1, 2, 3, 4
Letterman's Club 4
Dramatics 2
Glee Club 4
Raider 4
Boy's State 3

John Kip Robinson (5)

Hilltop 1, 2, 3, 4
Circulation mgr. 3, 4
Basketball mgr. 4



Kent Schneider (5)

Class Officer 2
Secretary-Treasurer
Basketball 3, 4
Baseball 3, 4
Letterman's Club 3, 4
Spanish Club 4
Latin Cup 2



Nettleton S. Payne Jr. (4)

Cheerleader 4
Dramatics 3



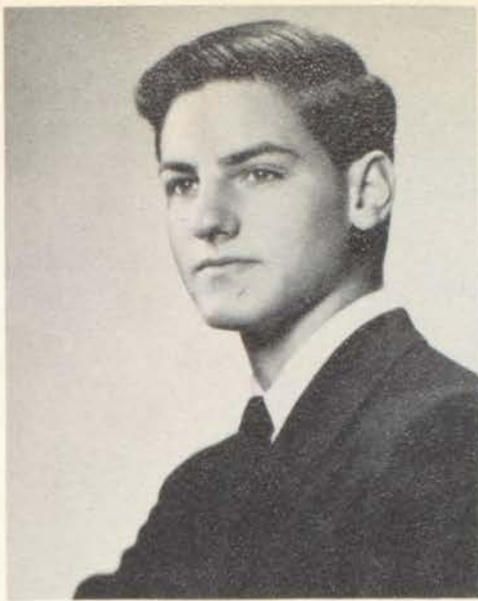
Douglas Vernon Petersen (6)

Glee Club 4
Dramatics 3
Russian Club 4

Robert Breathitt Schroeder (9)

Hilltop 3, 4
Track 3, 4
Letterman's Club 3, 4
Spanish Club 4





Peter A. Schwartz Jr. (6)

Hilltop 1, 2
Football 4
Letterman's Club 4
Dramatics 2, 3, 4
Print Shop 1, 2
Boys State 3



Robert Hall Wagstaff (5)

Raider 2, 3, 4
Business Mgr. 4
Cheerleader 4
Dramatics 3
Boys State 3
Starlight Advisory Board 3



David Michael Trusty (13)

Raider 3, 4
Art Editor 3, 4
Glee Club 3
Print Shop 2
Spanish Club 4
Hilltop 3, 4

Jerry Taylor (5)

Football 4
Letterman's Club 4
Stage Crew 2

John Townsend Stubbs (9)

Hilltop 1
Stage Crew 2

Bill Wakefield (5)

Class Officer 1, 2, 3,
President 2, 3
Treasurer 1
Student Council 4
President 4
Football 2, 3, 4
Basketball 3, 4
Captain 4
Baseball 2, 3, 4
Captain 4
Letterman's Club 2, 3, 4
Hilltop 1, 2
Spanish Club 4
Vice-President 4
Boys State 3





George Arlon Wilson (4)

Tennis 3, 4
Squash 3, 4
Spanish Club 4



Bill Wallace (7)

Football 2, 3, 4
Captain 4
Basketball 2, 3, 4
Baseball 2, 3
Letterman's Club 2, 3, 4
Raider 2, 3, 4
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4
President 4

the roster, 59

blackwell	i have a sister, she lives in a shoe
boling	hats don't grow high enough for me
brady	down came a spider and sat down beside her and frightened . . .
buckingham	around the corner from charlie's, there's a little . . .
buhler	never seen an adding machine i couldn't out-think . . . but prof!
cohen, b.	if you paint over it, leave my picture up there . . .
cohen, k.	the whole thing is like quietness in its true form
fisher	there are a lot of loose ends in my life after football camp
fordyce	they're making a new type of vitamin pill now
fratcher	i know i mumble
gurley	we can't leave that out, i might set a new record
higgins	as i remember, there was a statue at elsinor in that very spot
hoffman	i just couldn't keep that lotus down, so i got the austin
hohl	when silence inhabits a muffler, a car loses its glory
kennedy	it is going to come out, why don't you believe me
kiene	i don't know the exact number of calories, but . . .
mcbride	i'm a family man
mcwhirter	don't hit me again and don't threaten me either
major	it's a dissipating life
meyn	in the dark loneliness, it is invigorating to play games
nichols	what did you write about me?
niehouse	it may not be on the record, but i am on the raider
oliver	there is no route to the lowland
payne	my brother (heh) used to run out in the front yard (heh, heh) naked
petersen	there's a lot of strange people you guys don't know
porch	i am constantly shadowed by a strange woman
robinson	hold it, that's my sister you're talking about
schneider	i am in a transition period
schroeder	isolation brings warmth
schwartz	don't tell me my job, fellas
stubbs	roger n2047, you're clear for landing
taylor	we bought a cedar chest yesterday
trusty	liberate yourself from my vice-like grip
wagstaff	why should i share it? it's mine
wakefield	she called me mr. prez, jeez
wallace	i think i'll go boho next week
westheimer	we are just a literary 4-h club
wilson	you guys just don't understand prof

Upper School





L. to R. Kramer, Johnson, J. French, Quarles, C. French, Patterson, Pack, Morrison, Brillhart



11

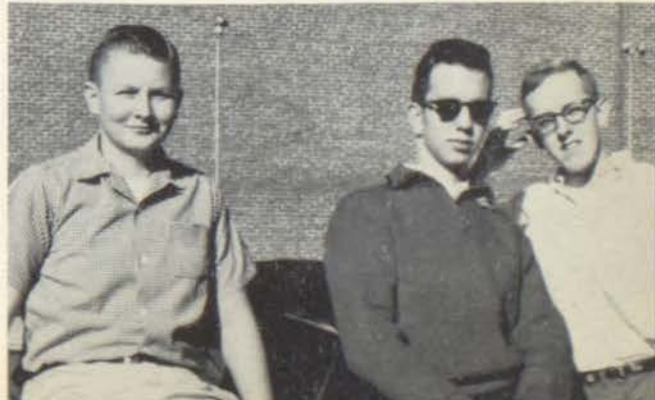
L. to R. Kitchen, Stenzel, Bunting, Deem, Lee, Adams, W. Miller, Mnookin, Peters, McDonald, Hyde



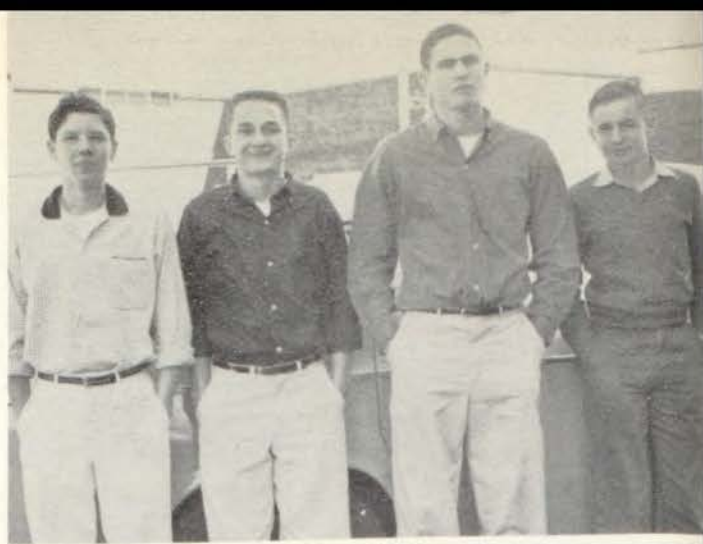


L. to R. Wilkin, Woods, McCanse, Stockton, J. Miller, Bush, Coburn, Brent, Vance, Garland, Kramer

L. to R. Bartleson, Findlay, Levitch. **Back**, Garfinkel, Oshrey, Schliffke, Duggan, Gilbert, Priggen, Scoular, Robinson, Wilkinson



L. to R. Speakman, White, Welsch, Young,
Sutherland, Schmidt, Cozad, Bremson, Han-
sen, Sharp, Blazer, D. Williams, Melcher



L. to R. Smith, Bowen, Schultz, Scalet,
Campbell, Byram, Twyman, Kleb, Melgaard,
Miller, Price, Pierce





L. to R. McDowell, McMillan, McClelland,
guess who? Heryer, Long, Lemoine, Lytton,
Drake, Harris, Garabedian, Hall

L. to R. **back** Haines **front** Wedin, Gorman,
Dick, Embry, Ellis, Blackman
back Ready, Nigro **front** Stein, Arms

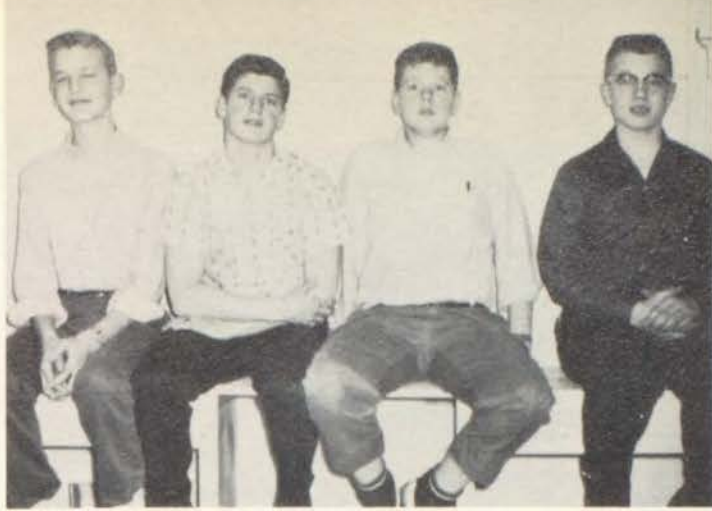




right row L. to R. A. Campbell, C. Campbell, Brewer, Deem, Curran, Douglass, Dalton, Katz, Hibbard, Kasle, Knight, Mann, McGee, Martin

left row L. to R. Estrin, Field, Edminston, Benson, Ashton, Bennett, Bland, Hannay, Mickey Lerner, Mike Lerner





9



left row L. to R. Wolferman, Woods, Wornall, Williams, Hollweg, Foard, Huettig, Huwaldt, Farney, Green, Callaway

left row L. to R. Patterson, Passman, Porter, Renne, Snowden, Smith, Tinklepaugh, Twyman, O'Brien, Oliver, Parks, Payne, Uhlmann, Siegel



Middle School





First Picture: Hirsch, Martin, Maugham, Hess. Second Picture: Barton, Elliott, Bash, Craven.

First Picture; Front Row: Schirmer, Halperin, Benson. Second Row: Johnston. Second Picture: Patterson, Brewer, Kassalbalm, Rogers, J. Gregg. Third Picture: Feathers, Jellemberg, Packter, Schultz.



First Picture: Benson, Sells, Bertman, Gregg. Second Picture: Sloan Smith, Nobes, Rose. Third Picture: Coburn, Pierson, Tungstrom, Potter, Bliss.

First Picture: Nigro, Atcheson. Second Picture: Larken, Williams, Hodgson, Hudson. Third Picture: Winston, Atkins. Back Row: Althaus, Theis.

8



L. to R.: Stratemeier, Wagstaff, Trawbridge, Taylor. **Back:** Weeks, Webster. **Front:** Wetherill, Wolf, M. Fitzpatrick, J. Fitzpatrick, Evans.

7

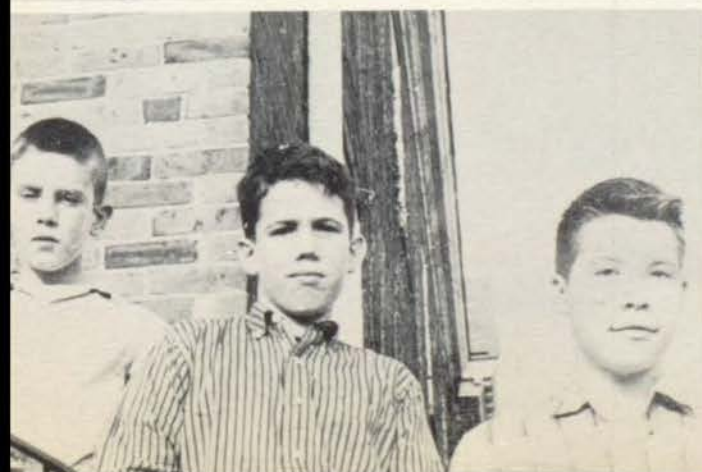


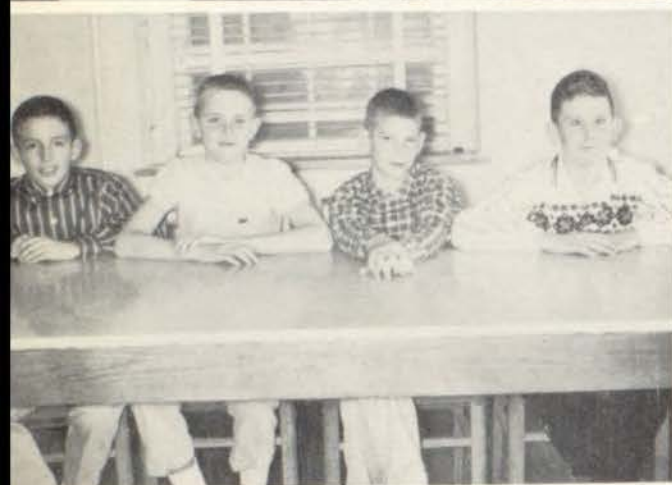
L. to R., **back:** Huffaker, Folk, Hollander. **Front:** Goldman. **Back:** Rice, Park, Myers. **Front:** Mixson. **Back:** Greenlease, Kohn. **Front:** Long, Knoch.



L. to R.: Callaway, Corbin, Crockett; Altman, Allen, Ashton; Schultz, Stockton, Stanford.

L. to R.: McKinley, McCoy, McFarland.
Back: Sanditz, Sawyer, Speck. **Front:** Stafford, Darnall, Curran, Dunn.





6



L. to R.: Norquist, McMillan, Overton, Jury;
Berry, Gates, Kimball, Hibbard; Watkins,
Lemoine, Thomas, Botsford.

L. to R., **back**: Wetherill, Wood. **Front**: Pass-
man, Ray, Springer; Jordan, Kemper, Toler,
Miles, Hoover; Ehrlich, Cahal, Brookfield.



L. to R.: Long, Miles, Campbell, Ryan; Lee, Kittle, Davis, Cooper; V. Dean, M. Dean, Smith, Goldblatt.



L. to R.: Fitzpatrick, Blackwell, Pierce; Hare, Nelson; Dundas, Ländis, Nobes. Absent: Goldman, Strauss.

5





L. to R.: Gorman, Johnson, Layton, Jame-
son. **Back:** Adler. **Front:** Burr, Calvin. **Back:**
Titus, Wilmoth. **Front:** Uhlmann, Winston.

L. to R.: Dailey, Haines, Curran. **Back:**
Proctor, Preston. **Front:** Oelsner, Nigro.
Back: Strateimer, Sembrat. **Front:** Stafford,
Riss. Absent: Bayles.

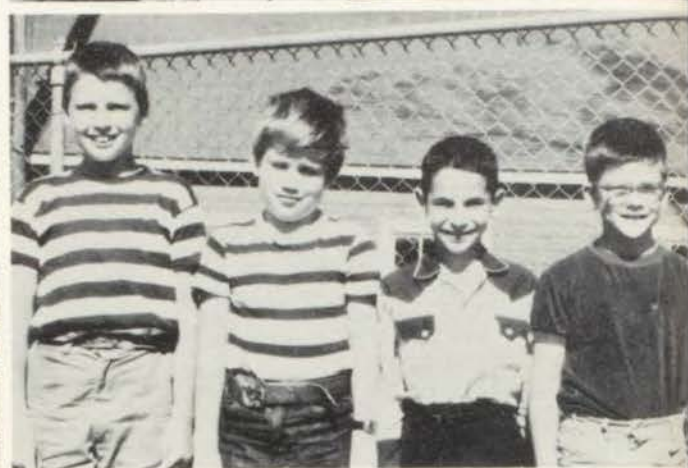
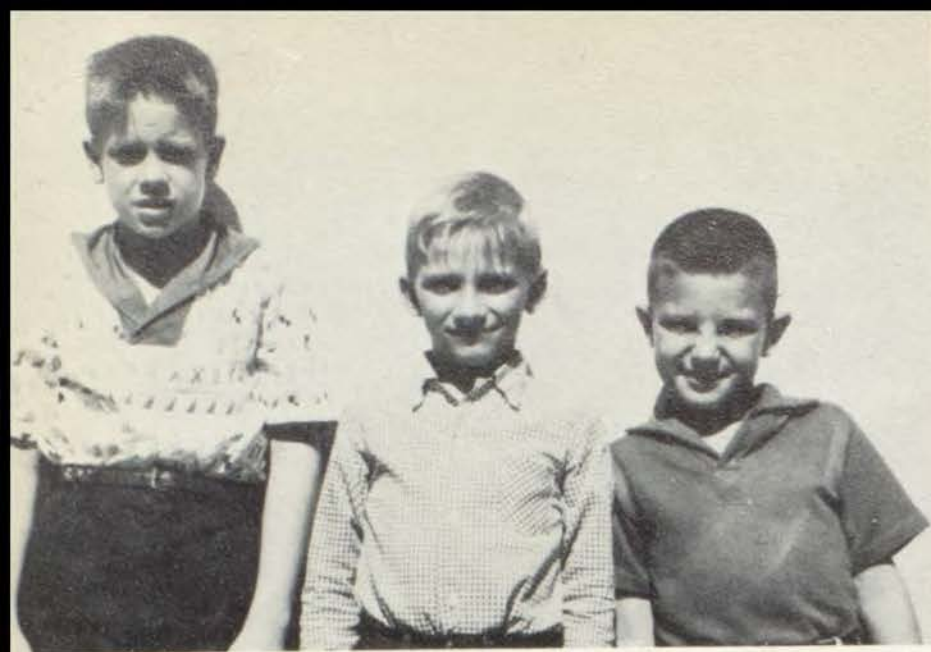


4





Junior School



L. to R.: Baumgrdt, Boneff, Cohen; R. McFarland, T. McFarland, Magilif, Paxton; Dillon, Dodson, Durand, Ehrlich.

3



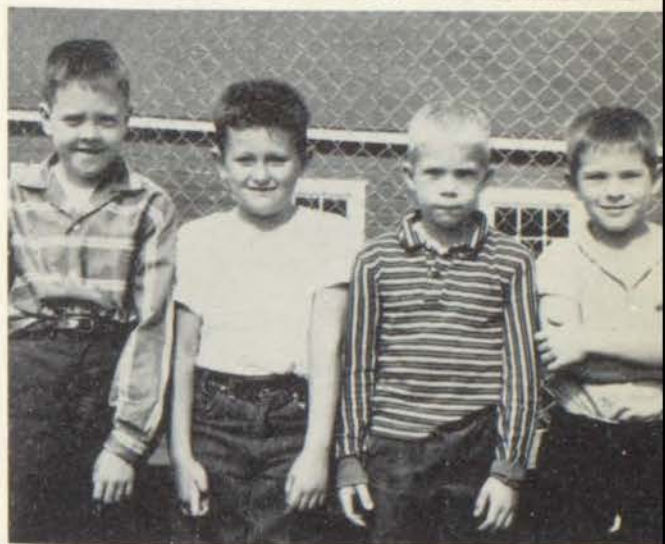
L. to R.: Popham, Smith, Willson, Young; Hotchkiss, Kelleher, Krakauer, Lytton; Evans, Goldblatt, Gray, Hedges.





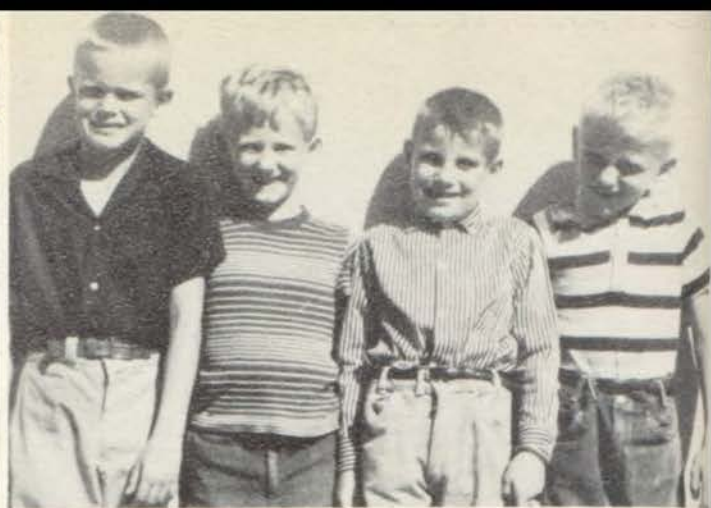
2

L. to R.: Anderes, Angell, Brookfield, Calvin; Thomas, Trusty, Uhlmann, Wilkinson; Johnson, Jordan, Kemper, Lawrence.



L. to R.: Lighton, Long, Pence, Ray; Christopher, Daily, Francis, Goodwin; Rhoden, Sallee, Stanton, Stewart.

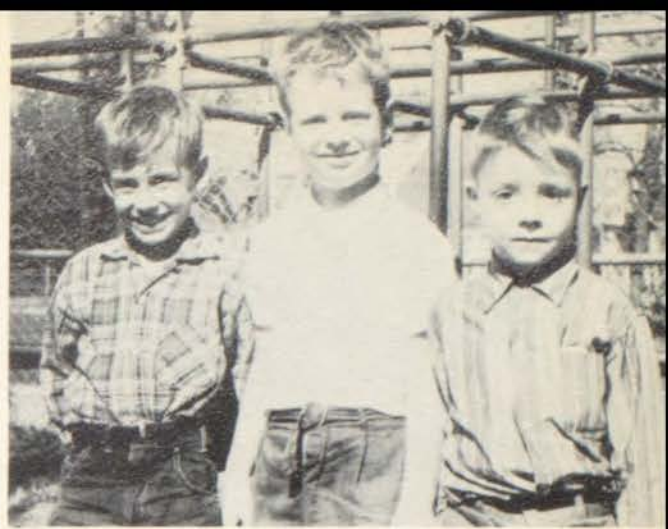




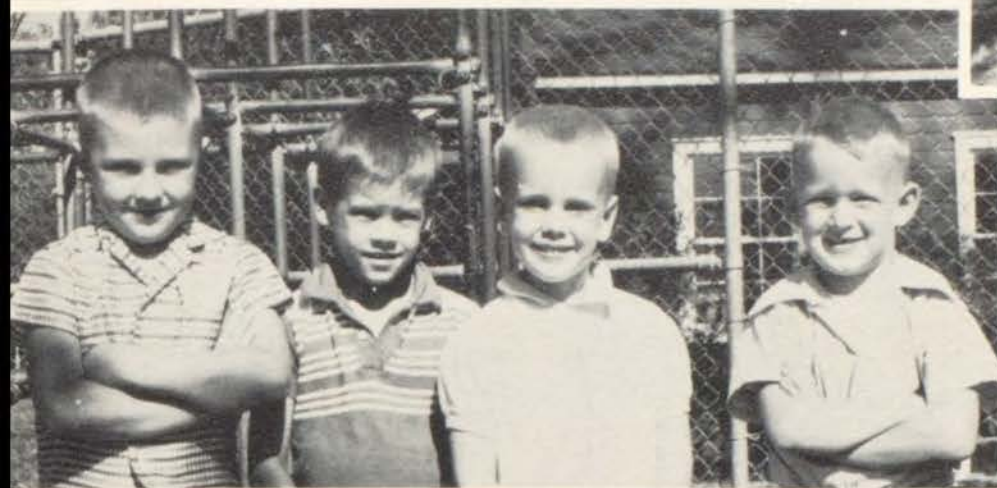
L. to R.: Dundas, Durrell, Fitzpatrick;
Brown, Buckner, Cowan; Watson, White,
Williams, Willson.

L. to R.: Pierce, Reed, Salvaggio, Wallace;
Kitchen, Kline, Melcher, Newhouse; Harris,
Hollweg, Hubbell, Jones.





L. to R.: Gorman, Heddens, Helman.



O



L. to R.: Noah, Lyon, McCarthy; Strate-
meier, Wilkinson, Williams, Young; Hughes,
Kelly, Kipnis.

L. to R.: Patti, Paxton, Scott, Stotts.

Organization



First Semester

Back, L. to R.: Douglas, Drake, Hyde, Bush, Price. **Front:** Cohen, Wakefield, Oliver, Kennedy.

Under the leadership of Bill Wakefield the first semester and Manson Kennedy the second semester, the student council strived this year to improve many things in our school.

Meeting early every Wednesday morning in the guiding presence of Mr. Schwartz and Mr. Dundas, the student council discussed and ironed out many problems facing the students and the administration.

As occurs every year, the difficulty of maintaining order in the student run study halls confronted the council. The old system not working properly, partially due to awkward schedules, the

student council attempted to remedy matters by an honor pledge, suggested by John Oliver. But due to the fact that a number of the student body felt that an honor pledge broke the true honor system, and also the fact that there was not enough space to establish a faculty run study hall for those who did not sign, the scheme was not too successful. When the old system was restored, much of the difficulty ended.

The student council again took the task of orienting the Freshmen in the upper school and of sponsoring the customary Christmas drive to

Student Council

give needy families a good meal. The United Funds drive was carried off more successfully than usual by requiring the students to bring in their donations within a few weeks after they had pledged them.

For the eighth consecutive year, students were appointed to be members of the Southwest Youth Council and Court to aid in traffic safety. The members chosen to fill this important job were Tom Higgins, Bud Porch, and John Hoffman, Seniors, and Charles Bush and Jerry Miller, Juniors.

Bill McWhirter did an excellent job of bringing interesting and informative speakers to en-

lighten the student body on various aspects of modern life.

The possibility of a debate club and a complete honor system, including honor exams, was brought up and discussed by the student council, but nothing definite was decided upon.

The first semester student council was headed by Bill Wakefield as President, Byron Cohen as Vice-President, and Manson Kennedy as Secretary, while the second semester was headed by Manson Kennedy as President, Dick Kiene as Vice-President, and Kent Stockton as Secretary.

Second Semester

Back, L. to R.: Carabedian, Drake, Bush, McDonald, Foard. **Front:** McWhirter, Cohen, Kennedy, Kiene.



HILLTOP



Editorial Staff

Standing, L. to R.: Kitchen, Kramer, Ashton, Sutherland, Melcher, Kasle, Garfinkle, Young, Wedin, Coburn, Oshry, Lavitch, Cozad. **Seated**: Quarles, Westheimer, Bush, Trusty; (absent) Oliver.

by Chuck Bush

This year's Hilltop continued the policy of printing more issues, trying to come out every other week. At the first of the year the Hilltop was hampered by unsatisfactory printing jobs and a change in printers. Eventually, thirteen regular issues were distributed in addition to the Hillflop.

A new policy introduced this year was the inclusion of the Junior and Middle School news in special issues, instead of scattering this news through all the issues. This policy will be continued and strengthened next year.

A significant development in this year's Hilltop was the enlarged role of the school paper as a force in public opinion. This year's editorials showed a new vitality and timeliness in dealing with controversial school problems.

A continuing attempt was made to provide news coverage of a greater variety of events. The purpose of this was two-fold 1) to break the steady diet of sports and student government articles. 2) to provide material for staff coverage.

From a financial standpoint, this year's Hilltop was an outstanding success. An Unusual feature was the fact that there was a balance in the bank at the end of the year.

Editor-in-Chief of the Hilltop '59 was Steve Westheimer, whose well-written contributions added much to the success of the paper. John Oliver, the Editor, contributed to the literary tone and perceptiveness of the paper.

Bill McWhirter climaxed his career on the Hilltop with a highly creditable job as Business Manager. Chuck Fratcher and John Kip Robinson headed up the advertising and circulation staffs respectively.

Business Staff

Standing, L. to R.: Miller, W., Katz, Brewer, Twyman, McDonald, Adams, Lerner, Mnookin, Drake, Price, Payne, Hall. **Sitting**: Hoffman, Robinson, McWhirter, Fratcher, Schroeder.



"The Middle-Schooler"

by Roy Welsch

The sixth year of publication of the "Middle-Schooler," younger brother of the "Hilltop," has brought many new improvements and much praise. In striving for a more interesting paper, the "Middle-Schooler" has enlarged its staff, and as in the case of the Christmas issue, included the writings of many Eighth-Graders.

The publication caters to three hundred and fifty people in classes four through eight at Pem-Day and classes seven and eight at Barstow and Sunset, all of whom, effective this year, pay thirty cents for seven issues.

Much of the credit for the improvement of the paper goes to the Business Staff, under the

management of Don Winston and Jim Benson. They have solicited more than enough in advertisements to finance the paper.

The "Middle-Schooler," which serves as an excellent training ground for upper school publications, is exemplary of efficiency and organization. Editors, Peter Bliss and Frank Coburn, along with a staff of twenty contributors from all middle school grades and Barstow and Sunset, met the deadline for every issue.

The members of the Staff are deeply indebted to Mr. Reynolds for his guidance and suggestions.

This year improvement was the goal. This accomplishment was exemplified by letters from Mr. Schwartz. It is hoped that in future years the "Middle-Schooler" will continue the fine effort of this year.

Left to Right: Peter Bliss, Don Winston, Irwin Blond, Mr. Reynolds, Terry Tholen, Jim Mnookin, John Lungstrum, Steve Sells, Frank Coburn, Roger Speakman.



Glee Club

The Glee Club, under the able direction of Dr. William W. Lemonds, showed a marked improvement over last year. Wherever the Glee Club went, it was enthusiastically received and was commended for thorough preparation and tonal quality. The season opened with a program for the Men's Club of the Second Presbyterian Church followed by an appearance before the Women's Club of St. John's Methodist Church. The fall season ended with a concert given for the student body.

The Christmas season was opened by the singing of several numbers for the Kansas City Music Club at the Second Presbyterian Church. The annual Christmas program on December 17 included numbers by a talented group called: "The Pem-Day Singers."

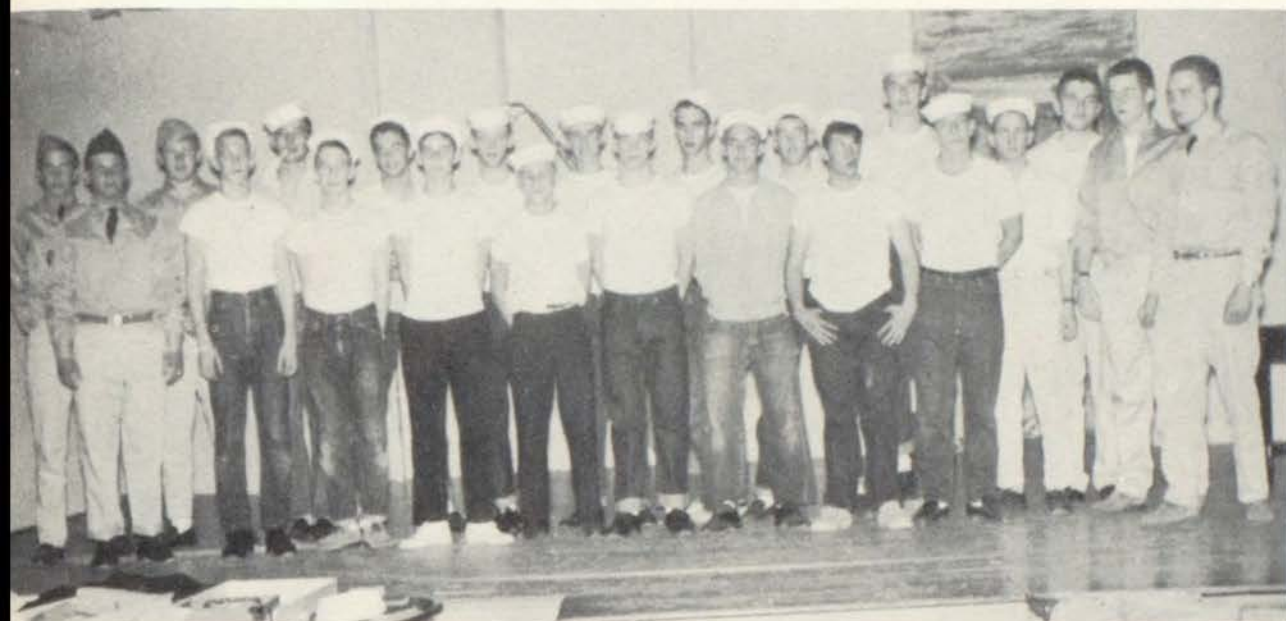
"Down in the Valley" by Kurt Weill was presented as Pem-Day's annual operetta. As a result of the tireless efforts of Mrs. Scott on the dramatics and Dr. Lemonds and Mrs. McMillan on the vocal end, the show was a great success and won the approval of the audience. Cast in leading roles were: BRACK WEAVER - Dave Johnson, JENNIE PARSONS - Emily Parks, THOMAS BOUCHE - Bill Buckingham, THE LEADER - John Morrison, THE PREACHER - Mike Wilkin, GUARD - Mike Coburn, PETERS - Kent Stockton, JENNIE'S FATHER - Barney Kitchen, TWO MEN - Dick Woods and Lynn McCanse, TWO WOMEN - Barbara Mackey and Julie Coons.

The officer's of this year's Glee Club were: President - Bill Wallace, Vice-President - Larry Niehouse, and Secretary - John Morrison.

During the spring the Glee Club presented its annual Spring Concert and the year was climaxed by a short performance at graduation.







Dramatics



L to R., **back:** Ashton, Malgaard, Blackman, Fratcher, Peters, Williams, T., Williams, J., Huettig. **Front:** Kiene, Higgins.

Print Shop

by John Garabedian

The Print Shop is the most useful of the school's extra-curricular organizations. Since it is self-supported, it donates yearly a sizeable amount for school use.

Under the direction of Mr. Edward Schoonover, who serves as faculty advisor, the Print Shop has advanced greatly in the past few years. "Due to our expansion we now have over thirty different styles of type, which leads to better service for the school," says Mr. Schoonover. "This has been done by working on outside jobs each year. By this method we have made enough money to buy our supplies and to expand," he said.

A few of the Print Shop's jobs are: the printing of school stationary and paper; tickets for plays, operettas, and dances; library and excuse slips; special bulletins for meetings, paper sales, etc.; the bills of the school store.

This year's staff, which numbers twelve, is composed of: Seniors, Higgins, Kiene; Junior, Peters; Sophomores, Tom Williams, Blackman, and Melgaard; and Freshmen apprentices, Ashton, John Williams, Benson, O'Brien, Huettig, and Uhlmann.

The school is indeed grateful to these boys and Mr. Schoonover, who, working as a team, have given graciously of their time and skill to make the Print Shop the outstanding organization it is today.

Editorial Staff



Front Row: McWhirter, Cohen, Trusty. **Second Row:** Garfinkel, Hyde, Wallace, McCanse, Wolferman. **Third Row:** Learner, Campbell, White, Kennedy. **Fourth Row:** Gurley, Welsch, Kiene, Garabedian, Blaser.

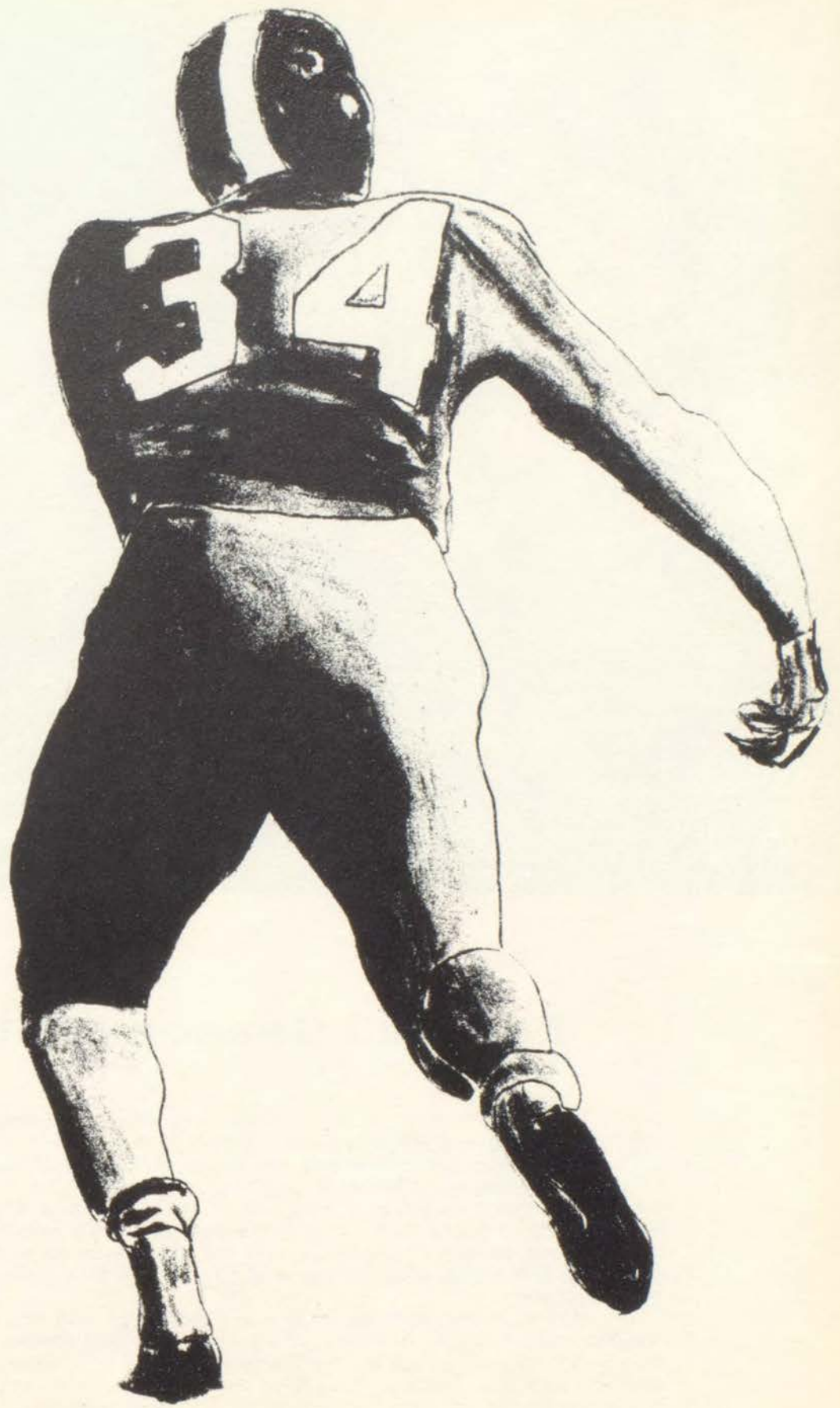
RAIDER

Business Staff

Back Row: Bowen, McClellan, French, Schliffke, Porch. **Front Row:** Pack, Wagstaff, Buhler, Brent.



Athletics





Front Row: Left to Right: Ron Fisher, Bill Wakefield, Richard Kiene, Peter Schwartz, Bill Wallace (Capt.), Jerry Taylor, Manson Kennedy, Bob Wagstaff, and Chuck Fratcher.
Second Row: John Morrison, Kent Stockton, Ford Brent, Lynn McCanse, David Scoular, John Hoffman, Mike Wilkin, Jerry Miller, and Bill Findlay.
Third Row: Whitney Miller, Mel Kleb, Jack Smith, Tom Hall, Bob Sutherland, Tom Tymann, Doug Drake, Bruce McClellan, Craig French, Don Early.
Fourth Row: Dick Woods, Mike Lemoine, Pete Byram, Hank Pierce, Bud Price, George Sharp, Jack Miller, Larry Dick and Bill Melgaard.
Fifth Row: Wayne Campbell (Ath. Dir.), Joe Scalet (Coach), Steve Quarles (Mgr.), Mike Curnburn (Mgr.), George Hohl, Bill Campbell (Mgr.), and Phil Dundas (Coach).

Football Season 1958

This year football season, though outwardly unsuccessful, was inwardly rewarding and pleasing to all involved.

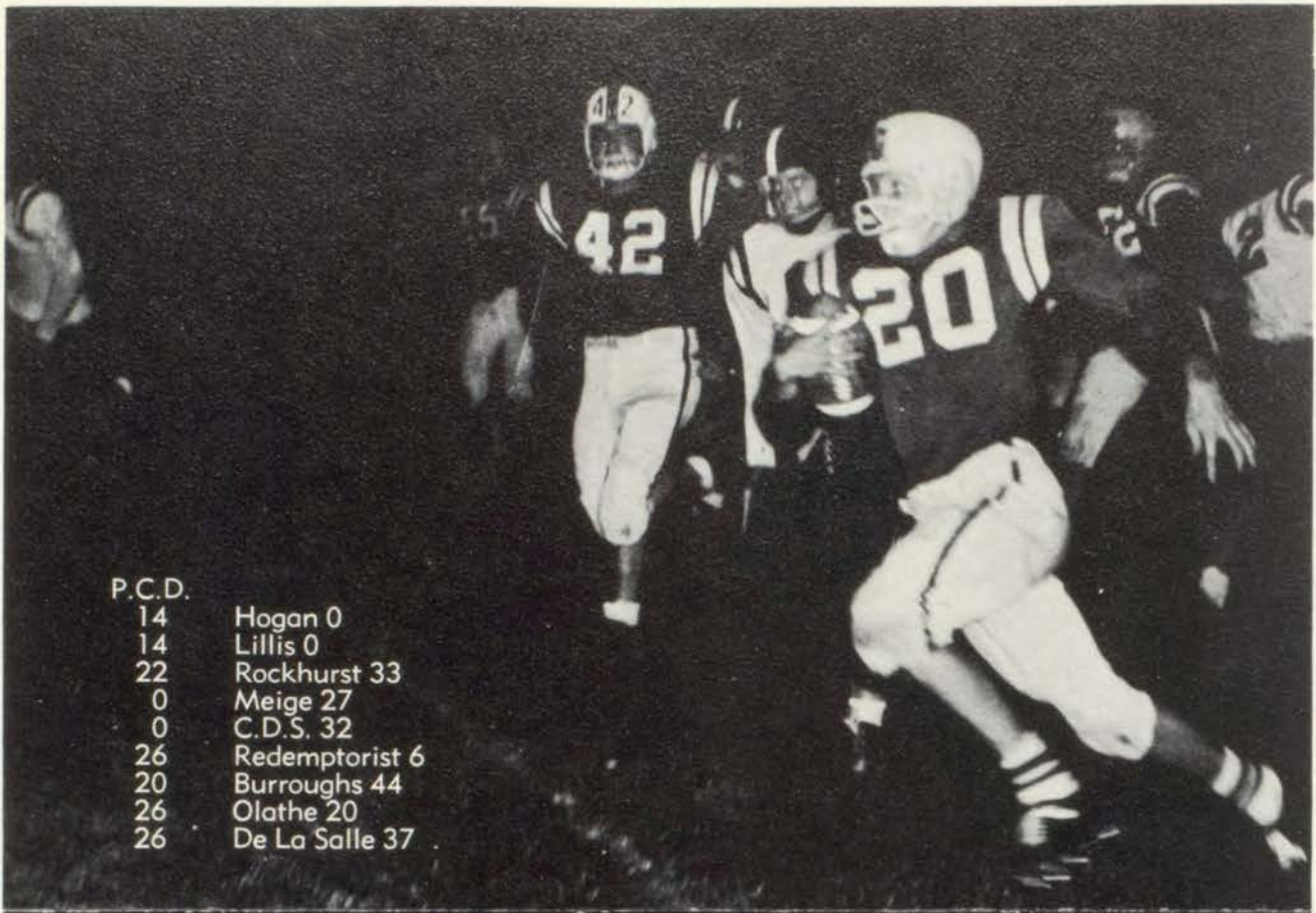
As in years past the season was begun at football camp, which was held in Grand Rapids, Minnesota at Camp Mishawaka. The first observations of the coach were the definite lack of speed, the poor condition, and the inexperience of the team. Most of the handicaps were overcome though by the strong desire of the players, and the team returned to Kansas City as a close knit group, after having what was termed by Mr. Dundas as the best camp ever.

Although they lost one more game than they won, the Raiders accredited themselves by finishing strong when they had started strong and then fallen. After two games, the Raiders were the only unbeaten, untied, and unscored upon team in the city. Although they played well, they were beaten by Rockhurst in their third game. The next week the Raiders were beaten by Bishop Miege, who ended the season undefeated. The spirit fell, and the team, playing its worst game of the season, was defeated by St. Louis Country Day. The team then defeated Redemptorist by a large score.

Then came the big game. The Raiders played John Burroughs, considered by many prominent sportswriters to be the best team in the state, and although they lost they did a very fine job, scoring 20 of the 27 points scored against them up to that time. The Raiders then returned to Kansas City and defeated Olathe for a four and four record. The last game of the season was the most exciting one played. This was to decide whether or not the Raiders were to have a winning season. At the half, the Raiders led by a score of 21 to 20. But in the second half De La Salle's exceptional speed defeated the Big Red. The Raiders ended the season with a 4 win 5 loss record.

The annual football banquet was held at the Wish Bone Restaurant. The guest speaker was the head coach at Missouri Valley College and he gave a most interesting speech. The letters were handed out and John Morrison, Dave Scoular and Whitney Miller were named tri-captains for the 1959 season.

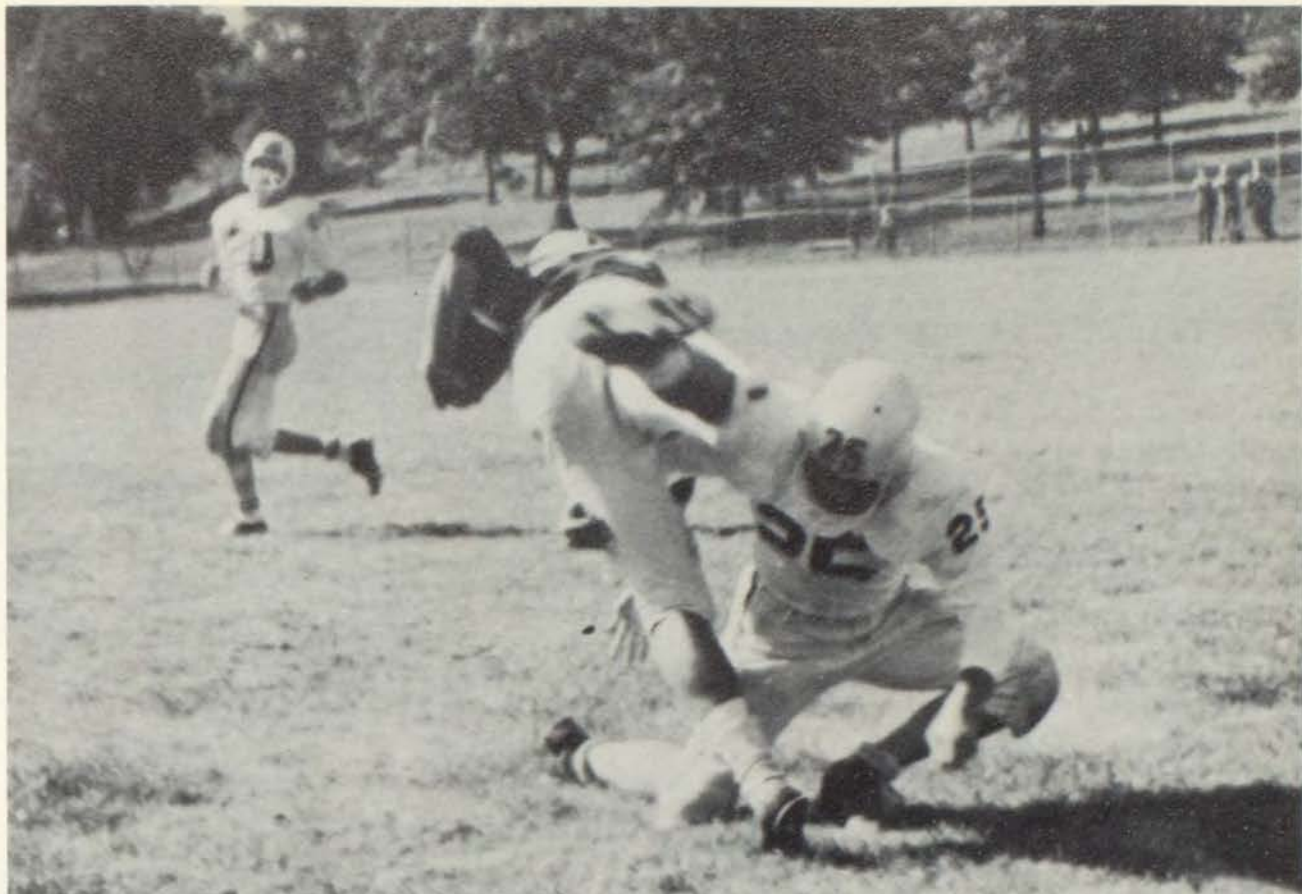
Mr. Dundas will have 13 returning lettermen for the nucleus of next years ball club. The prospects look most attractive and a winning season is in sight.



P.C.D.	
14	Hogan 0
14	Lillis 0
22	Rockhurst 33
0	Meige 27
0	C.D.S. 32
26	Redemptorist 6
20	Burroughs 44
26	Olathe 20
26	De La Salle 37



Offense



Defense



B. Findlay

D. Early

J. Miller

D. Drake



49

63

29

30

B. Porch

F. Brent

C. French

M. Wilkin



27

59

3

3

55

J. Morrison

B. Wallace

W. Miller

D. Kiene



34

20

37

67

Taylor

Nichols

Lee

Hohl

22

25

47

31

Quarles

Wakefield

Stockton

Scoular

McConse



43

52

32

45

Hoffman

Schwartz

Fisher

Kennedy

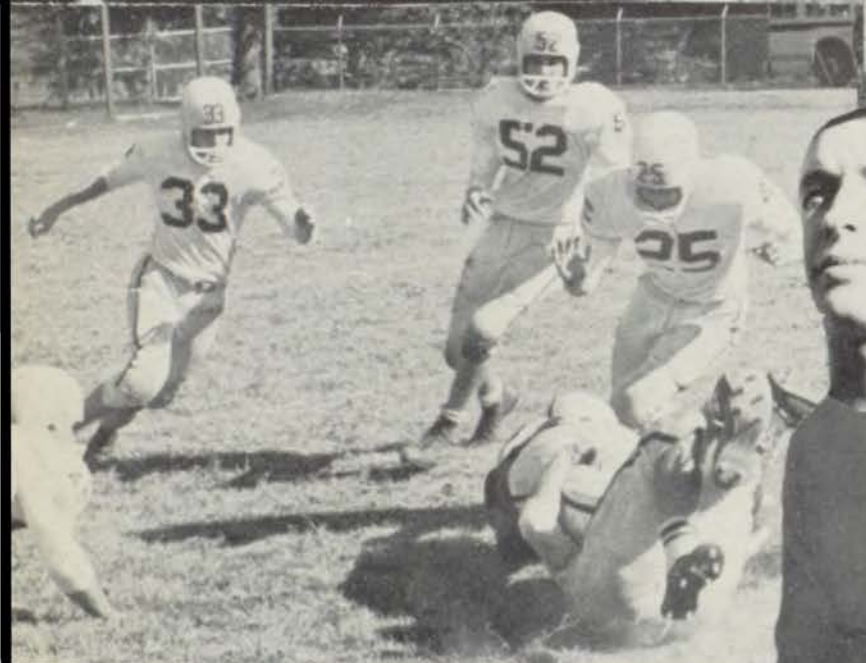
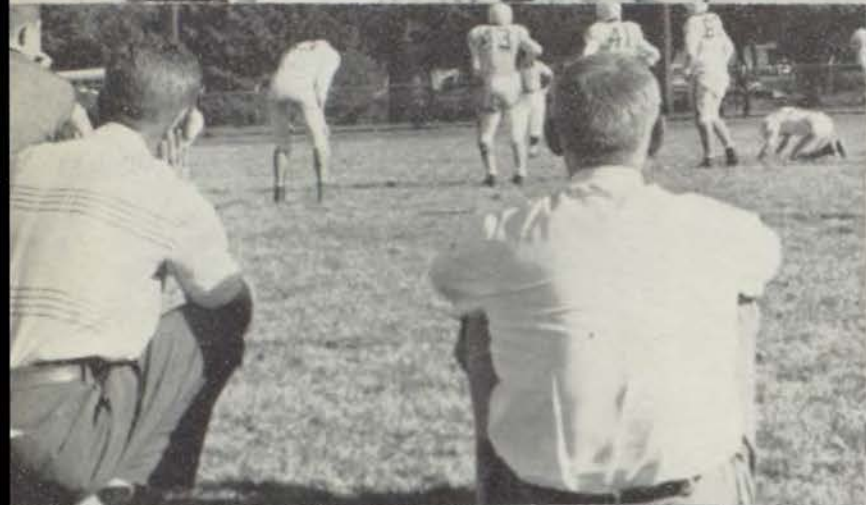


35

41

46

42







Freshmen

1st row: Mr. Angel, Porter, Benson, C. Twyman, Deem, Mr. Johnson. 2nd row: Hannay, Martin, Mann, Wornall. 3rd row: Smith, Ashton, Brewer, Uhlmann. 4th row: Woods, McGee, Curran, Katz. 5th row: Renne, C. Campbell, Bland, Dalton. 6th row: Snowden, Passman, Huwaldt.

Eighth Grade

1st row: Hirsch, Halperin, Mnookin, Pierson, Kasselbaum, Hall, Eliot, Schirmer, Sells. 2nd row: Leathers, Speakman, Liepner, Bliss, J. Gregg, Berkman, Tholin, Greenwood, Hodgson. 3rd row: Potter, Hess, Maugham, Lungstrom, Atcheson, Smith, Johnstone, Sloan, Pachter. 4th row: Larkin, Lellenburg, Hudson, B. Gregg, Nigro, Baker, Theis, Martin. 5th row: Mr. Wedin, Mr. Jones, Winston, Nobes, Bland, Coburn, Devine, Williams, Barton, Mr. Ryan.





Top Row: Goldman, Darnall, Dunn, McMillan, Jim Wetherill. Bottom Row: Hoover, Allen, McFarland, Weeks, McKinley.

Top Row: Eiser, Lemoine, Overton, Cooper, Strate-meier, Berry, Speck. Bottom Row: Crocket, Web-ster, Stockton, McCoy, Ray.

Top Row: Evans, Curran, John Fitzpatrick, Ashton, Batsford, David Long. Bottom Row: Hibbard, Jury, Sawyer, Sandiz, Wagstaff.

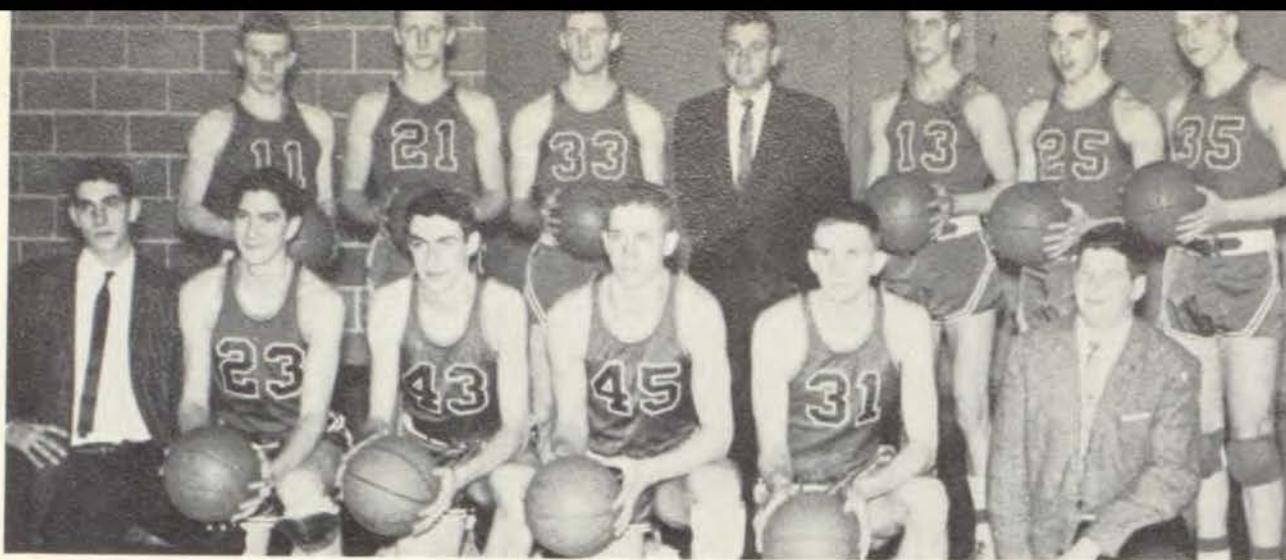


Top Row: Watkins, Toler, Schultz, Park, Taylor. Bottom Row: Folk, Passman, Lance Wetherill, Wood, Springer.

Top Row: John Long, Hemper, Mixson, Rice, Brookfield, Knock. Bottom Row: Mike Fitzpatrick, Greenlease, Wolf, Huffaker, Thomas.

Top Row: Stanford, Jordon, Stafford, Kohn, Nor-quist. Bottom Row: Myers, Callaway, Gates, Cahal, Ehrlich.

Six Man Football



Varsity

First Row: Robinson, Wilkin, Brady, Early, Gurley, Hall. Second Row: French, Wallace, Wakefield, Coach Ryan, Schneider, Arms, Bremson.

Basketball Season 1958-1959

Bill Wallace

Under the able coaching of Mr. Edwin Ryan, the Raiders began workouts as soon as the football season was over. With an inexperienced squad, Mr. Ryan moulded a twelve man varsity squad for the first game with Lillis. This was the big rebuilding year for the Raiders. With only three experienced men from last years varsity, the Raiders went through strenuous workouts to get in shape for the first game. As game time rolled around, the starting five was; Bill Wakefield capt. and Bill Wallace guards, Bob Arms and George Gurley forwards and Don Early center. Rounding out the ball club were Craig French, Kent Schneider, Mike Brady, Bob Bremson, Mike Wilkin and Ronnie Fisher.

The opening contest was played at Lillis. The Raiders jumped out to a 22 to 11 lead in the first quarter and went off the floor at the half with a 36 to 17 lead. In the third and fourth quarters the Big Red extended their lead and won easily 72 to 42. Wakefield led the scoring with 22 pts. Big Don Early contributed 19 pts. to the cause while Bob Arms, playing in his first varsity game as a sophomore, chipped in with 11 pts.

The next game was with Lincoln High at Lincoln. Lincoln had not been defeated on their own court in the last five years. The Raiders took the court rated as the underdogs. The Redmen were down 11 to 10 at the end of a hard fought first quarter. In the second quarter the Raiders took command and forged into a slim lead of 25 to 21 at the end of the half. In the third quarter it was nip and tuck with both teams scoring nine points, leaving the score at 34 to 30. The fourth quarter padded the Raider lead, the Big Red coming out on top 46 to 39. The Raiders had done practically the impossible, they had beaten Lincoln on their home court. Bill Wallace led the scorers with 15 pts., while Gurley got 12 and Wakefield 10.

After playing one of the best games ever turned in by a Raider team, the redmen met Paseo on the home court. The Raiders jumped out to a big lead of 21 to 11 in the first quarter. It looked as though the Big Red was off and running again. In

the second quarter the Raiders sluffed off and Paseo pulled closer as the score at the half was 26 to 21. With a slim lead of 5 pts, the Raiders came out for the third quarter looking for blood. The score after three quarters was P.C.D. 37 and Paseo 27. In the fourth quarter Paseo put on a desperate effort to pull the game out but were too weak, and the score ended 43 to 37. Wakefield led the Red team with 14 pts. Pem-Day now had a 3 win and 0 loss record.

With three quick victories under their belt, Olathe invaded the Pem Day Gym. With the Raiders a bit over-confident, Olathe inflicted the first defeat of the season 51 to 43. Gurley led the Raiders with 10 pts.

The next game was a big one, the Wyandotte Bulldogs came over. After pulling out to a 9 point first quarter lead, the Bulldogs eased up a bit and the Raiders began to pull closer. With two quick baskets near the end of the second quarter, the Big Red pulled up to only five points back, 30 to 25. The third quarter turned out to be a disaster for Pem Day as they scored only one point to Wyandottes 14. This put the Raiders out of contention and Wyandotte won 55 to 34. The Raiders now had a 3 win and 2 loss record.

The first Pem Day Invitational tournament rolled around with four teams; Fort Osage, Central, Redemptorist and Pem Day. The Raiders won the first game against Osage 63 to 27. All twelve men who suited up got to play as Wallace, Wakefield and Early got 13 points to lead the Raiders. The Redmen played Central in the finals the next night and defeated them 59 to 34. Wakefield led the scorers with 21 points and Early got 13.

The Raiders now went out to Lee's Summit tournament. William Chrisman was the teams first opponent. With half the team not there because of snow, the Redmen jumped out to an 18 to 10 lead in the first quarter. The rest of the team showed up and the Raiders went on to win 68 to 42. Don Early led the scorers with 23 points with Wallace and Wakefield each getting 12 and Gurley getting 11.

Basketball

Their next opponent was Lee's Summit who soundly trounced the Raiders, after a tight first quarter, 63 to 40. Wakefield led the scoring with 13 and Wallace got 12.

Pem Day played North Kansas City for third place the next night and defeated them 57 to 49. Wakefield got 15, Gurley 14 and Early 12 to lead the Big Red.

With a 7 and 3 record, the Raiders met Central again and beat them in a low scoring ball game 37 to 30. Wakefield led the scorers with 16 points. The Raiders won their ninth game by beating Bishop Miege 56 to 35. Wakefield got 17 and Gurley got 13 to lead Pem Day.

With their 9 and 3 record the Raiders invaded St. Louis Country Day. Bill Wallace was to play his last varsity game for Pem Day because of eligibility rules. Also it was found out that Ronnie Fisher, because of his eye, was finished for the season, too. This was a hard fought game with the Raiders squeaking out a 68 to 59 victory. Pem Day was behind by one at the start of the fourth quarter but came back on the free throws of Wakefield to win. Wakefield led the scorers with 24 and Early got 17.

The Raiders came back to town the next week to take on De La Salle on their court. Down 6 points at the end of the first quarter and at the half, the Raiders got going in the third quarter to take a 35 to 27 lead. The Raiders increased their lead in the fourth quarter and won going away, 57 to 39. Wakefield led the scoring with 19 and Mike Brady got 11.

The next week John Burroughs of St. Louis came down for the weekend. The Big Red tromped Burroughs 62 to 45. Wakefield got 20 to lead the Raiders. The Redmen then traveled out to Center and defeated them 66 to 48. Wakefield got 21 points with Early getting 16 and Gurley 15 to lead the Raiders.

With a 13 and 3 record, Pem Day went out to St. Joseph of Shawnee for a game. Behind by 8 points in the first quarter, the Raiders managed to come back and take the lead in the second quarter 31 to 28. But in the third quarter St. Joe tied the count at 42 to 42. In the last stanza the Raiders pulled out in front and won 58 to 52. Wakefield led the scorers with 22 points.

The next game was with our old arch rivals, the Southwest Indians. The Raiders jumped out to a 12 to 6 first quarter lead and extended it to 27 to 17 at the half. In the third and fourth quarters the Big Red increased their lead and won the game 68 to 51. Bill Wakefield riddled the nets for 30 points, an all time high in his career at P.C.D.

The Raiders went over to Bishop Miege to play them again. Instead of a rout as the first game was, the Big Red took two overtimes to win 50 to 48. The Raiders led by one at the end of the first quarter 13 to 12. In the second quarter they extended their lead to 3 points, 27 to 24. In the third quarter, the Raiders once more increased their lead, at the end of the third quarter it was 39 to 33. But in the fourth quarter, Miege staged a comeback and tied the score at the end of regulation time, 46 to 46. In the first overtime, Mike Brady scored our only basket and they scored one, so the second overtime was played. This was a sudden death playoff with the first team to get 2 points wins. It was back and forth for a couple of minutes until Mike "Spider" Brady put in a basket and the Raiders won 50 to 48. Early got 15, Brady got 13 and Wakefield got 12 to lead the Raiders scoring.

The record was now 16 and 3 and Regional time was coming closer. The Raiders played Ward next and lost in a thrilling contest 59 to 53. The Big Red were ahead by three at the end of the first quarter but sagged and were six down at the half. The second half was played on an even keel with the Raiders coming out on the short end. Wakefield scored 18 and Early contributed 16 in the losing cause.

Argentine was the next opponent, and it was somewhat the same story as the Ward game. The Raiders were ahead by one at the end of the first quarter, down by two at the half, down by one at the third quarter and lost by 11, 48 to 37. Wakefield scored 12 and Early 10 for scoring honors.

Rockhurst invaded the Raider gym next and a nip and tuck battle ensued. The Raiders jumped out to a 16 to 10 first quarter lead and held it for the half as the score was 28 to 21. In the third period, Rockhurst pulled up to within one point and then went on to win it in the fourth quarter 59 to 51. Wakefield scored 15, Gurley 12 and Early 11 for the Raiders.

The Raiders, after losing three straight, went over to Hogan to take on the Rams. The overconfident Raiders were surprised when Hogan took a first quarter lead of 19 to 14. They picked up one more point in the second period and at the half the Raiders were down 38 to 32. In the third quarter the Big Red picked up one of the points and were down 52 to 47 going into the fourth period. In the fourth quarter the Raiders outscored the Rams 18 to 11 and won the game on Bob Bremson's shot in the last minute, 65 to 63.

The Raiders entered the Regionals of the State Tournament with a 17 and 6 record and were seated third. The Big Red met Central in the first round. In a ball control first quarter, the Raiders pulled to a 6 to 3 lead. The second period was played on an even basis, with both teams scoring 15 points. The score at the half was 21 to 18. In the third period it looked like disaster for the Raiders as Central pulled ahead by one point, 29 to 28. But in the last period the Big Red came back and won the game 37 to 32. Wakefield led the scoring with 17 points.

The second round game was against Rockhurst and it looked as if it was to be a replay of the first. The Raiders jumped out to a 20 to 9 first period lead. But in the second quarter the Hawks regained 4 of the points and the score at the half was 26 to 19. In the third period the Raiders increased their lead by one, 38 to 30. In the fourth period the roof fell in and the Hawks tied the game at 43 to 43 to send it into overtime. But in the overtime period the Raiders outlasted the Hawks and won on Gurley's two points, 45 to 43.

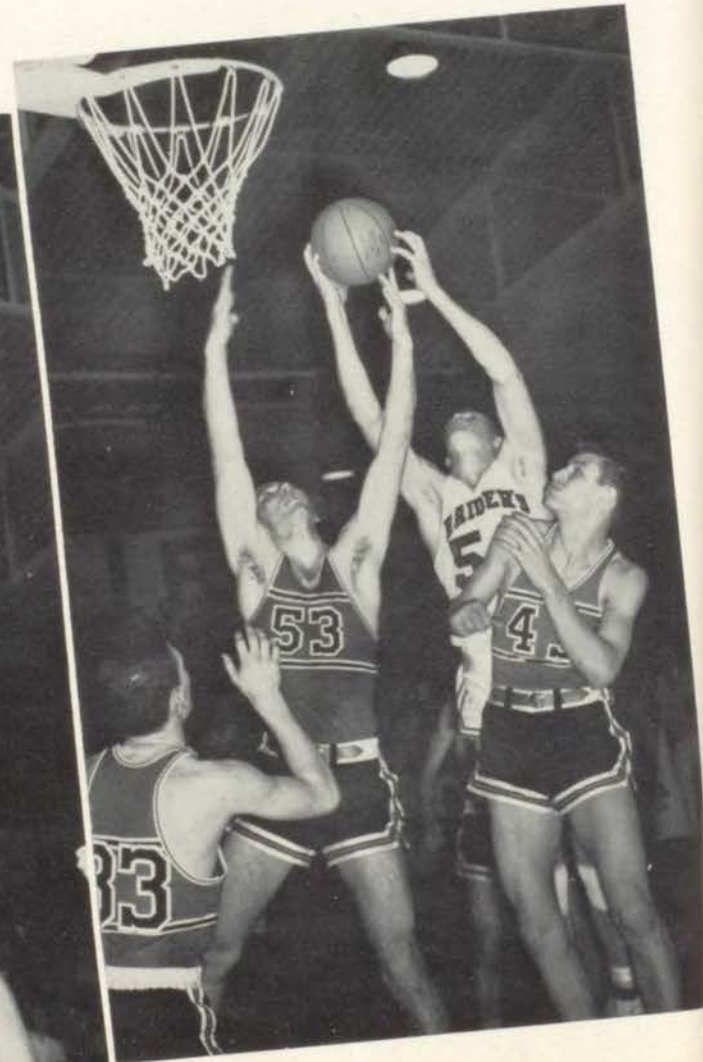
The Big Red now faced Lincoln in the finals. Lincoln jumped out to a two point lead in the first period and increased it to 9 points at the half. But in the third period the Raiders picked up 4 of those 9 points and went into the last quarter 35 to 30. In the fourth quarter the Raiders put up a valiant effort that fell just a bit short and the Big Red went down to defeat 44 to 43. Early got 16 and Wakefield 12 in the losing cause.

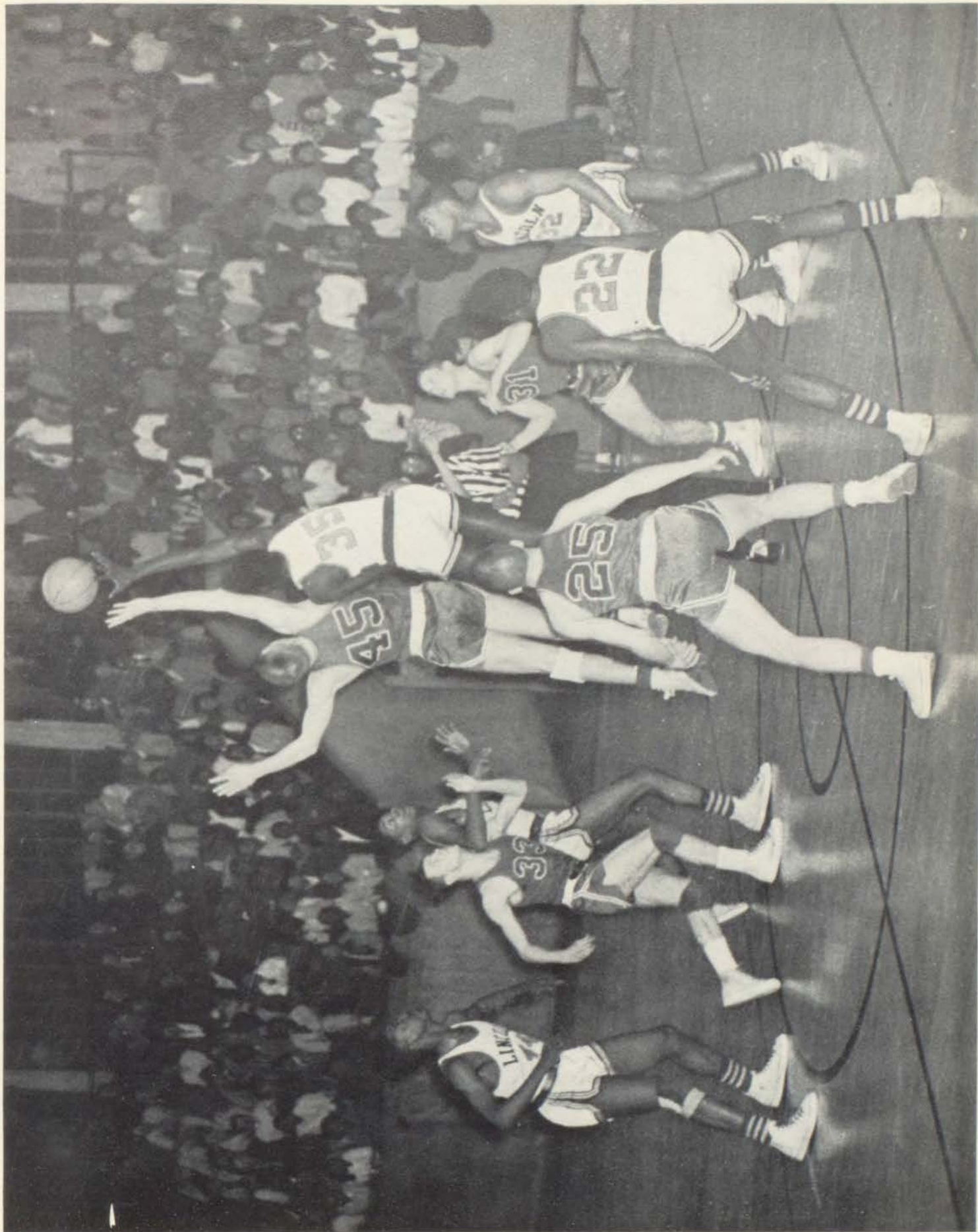
The Raiders ended the season with a 19 win, 7 loss record. It was a very successful year and quite inspiring to those who are coming back. At the award dinner Craig French was named Captain for the 1959-1960 season. Jimmy Ryan, Rockhurst coach was the guest speaker.

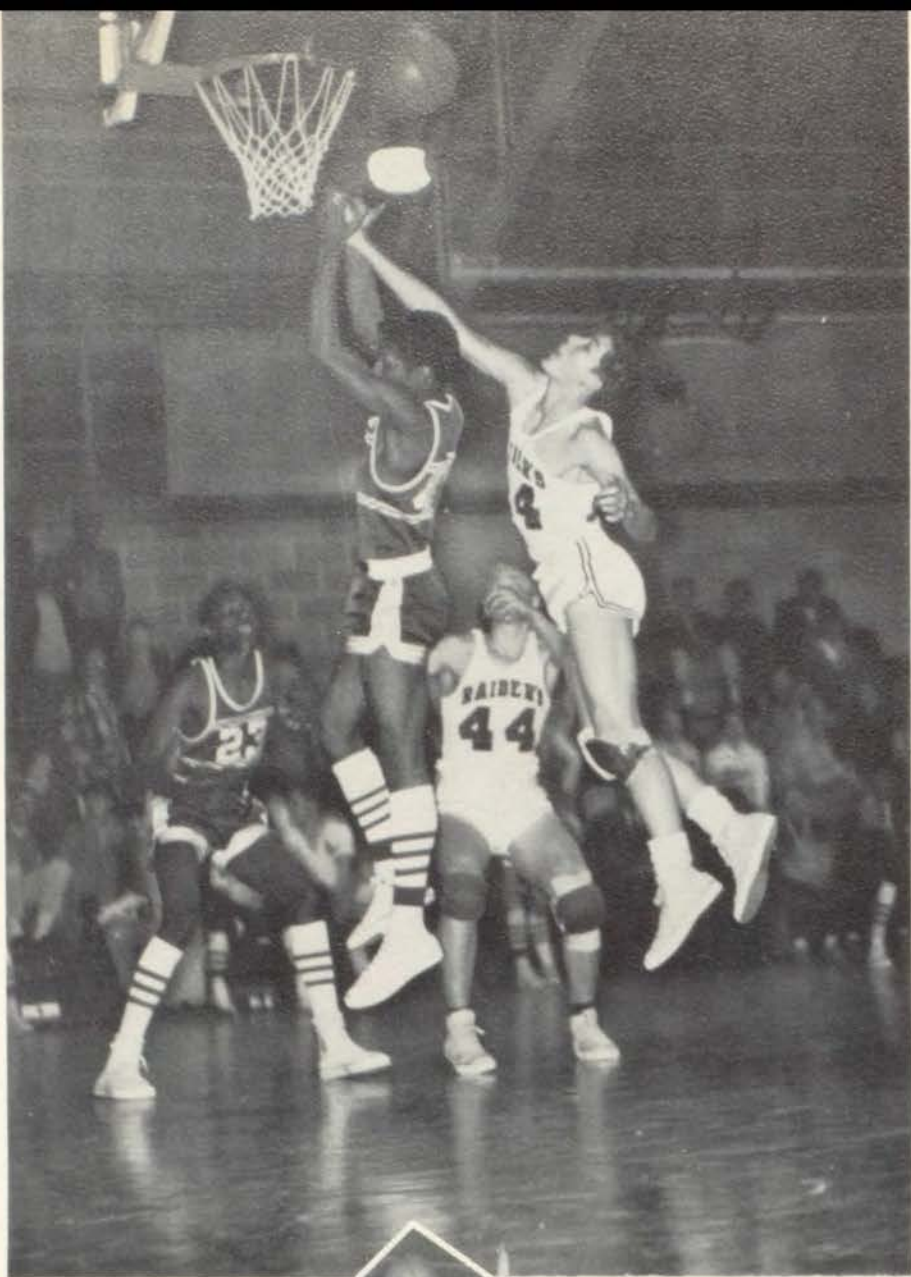
P.C.D.	72	Lillis	42
P.C.D.	46	Lincoln	39
P.C.D.	43	Paseo	37
P.C.D.	43	Olathe	51
P.C.D.	34	Wyandotte	55
P.C.D.	63	Ft. Osage	27
P.C.D.	59	Central	34
P.C.D.	68	Wm. Chrisman	42
P.C.D.	40	Lee's Summit	63
P.C.D.	57	NKC	49
P.C.D.	37	Central	30
P.C.D.	56	Bishop Miege	35
P.C.D.	68	Cadasco	59



P.C.D.	57	De La Salle	39
P.C.D.	62	John Burroughs	45
P.C.D.	66	Center	48
P.C.D.	58	St. Joe of Shawnee	52
P.C.D.	68	Southwest	51
P.C.D.	50	Bishop Miege	48
P.C.D.	53	Ward	59
P.C.D.	37	Argentine	48
P.C.D.	51	Rockhurst	59
P.C.D.	65	Hogan	63
P.C.D.	37	Central	32
P.C.D.	45	Rockhurst	43
P.C.D.	43	Lincoln	44
Won 19		Lost 7	





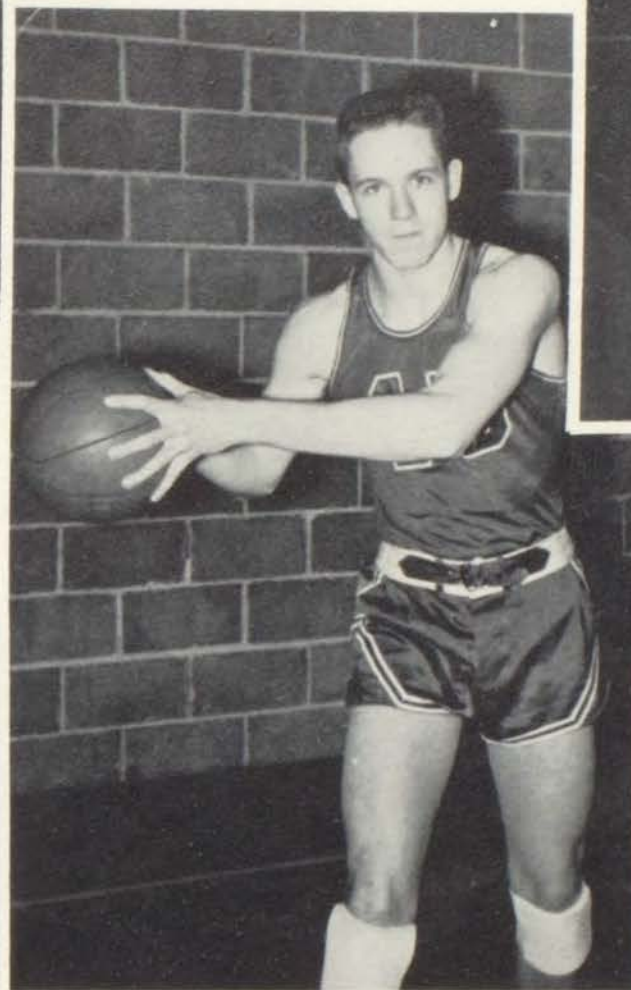




Schneider



Gurley



Early



Brady



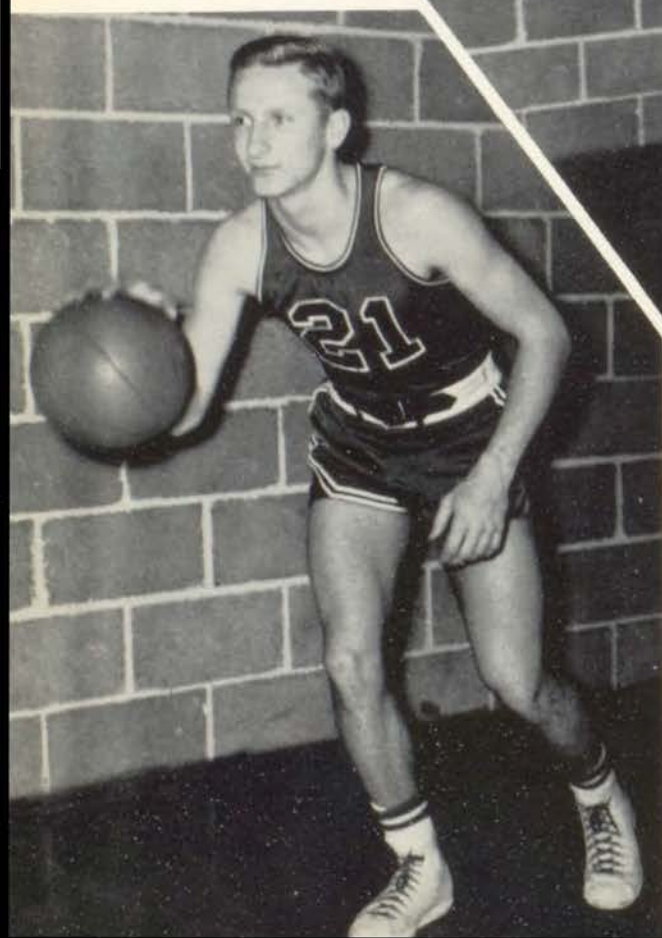
Arms



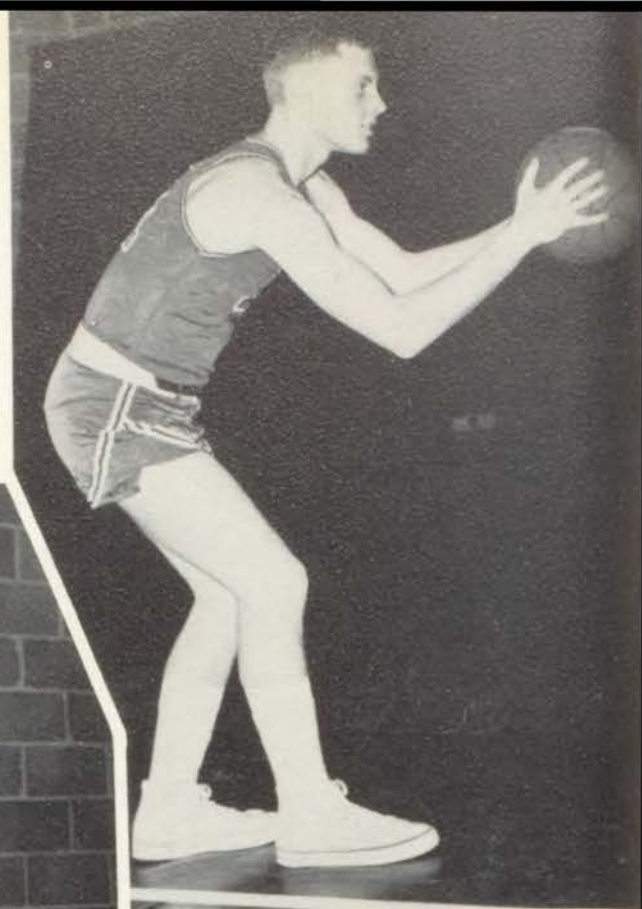
Bremson



Wallace



Wakefield



French



"B" Team

L. to R., Back Row: Robinson, Manager, Schultz, Byram, McDonald, Gorman, Peck, Hyde, Siebert, Coach. Front Row: Bowen, Drake, Price, Twyman, Bartleson, Heryer, Wilkin.

Freshman Basketball

Front Row: Benson, Brewer, Douglass, Dalton, McGee, Ashton, Uhlmann. Second Row: Renne, Deem, Huwaldt, Tinklepaugh, Mann, Campbell. Third Row: Coach Dundas, Parks, Oliver, Katz, Curran (Mgr.). Fourth Row: Lerner, Bennet, Twyman (Mgr.).





8th Grade Basketball

1st Row, L. to R.: Hall, Blond, Coburn, Maughan, Speakman, Nigro. 2nd Row, L. to R.: Kassebaum, Devine, Atchison, Tholan, Leathers, Bliss. 3rd Row, L. to R.: Coach Scalet, Lungstrom, Schrimmer, Liepsner, Gregg.

7th Grade Basketball

1st Row, L. to R.: Webster, Curran, Stafford, Allen, Park, Sawyer. 2nd Row, L. to R.: Mr. Jones, Taylor, State-mier, Schultz, Kohn, Wetherall. 3rd Row, L. to R.: Stockton, McFarland, Wagstaff, Long.



A Sort Of Parody, Sort Of.

-Bob Wagstaff

Requiem

What has become of life?
Where is the bowl of cherries?
Where even is the walking shadow,
The poor player?

The bed of roses has been fertilized
By civilization, it is now a heap.
The organization man has slain life.
Man with petty bureaucratic ethics has
Crucified life on a cross of ignorance.
Life is no longer to the individual,
It is to society.

No longer can one choose between choices,
The decision has been made by group man.

The denizen of Proletariat Heights
With a barbeque pit,
Who has built his family room from
Security stone,
Who listens to Lawrence Welk (and likes it),
Who mows his lawn in Uniontogs,
Who reads Metcalfe in the Star,
Who writes letters to the SPCA about Khrushchey,
This man is directing and murdering life.

This man is society, civilization.

Life is being crucified,
Yet they ask for Barrabas.

grace a-

Kenneth Rexroth
Lawrence Ferlinghetti
Allen Ginsberg
respectively

Junk

Krupa has been there,
Bird died there,
You will be there,
I am there.

I left there once,
But I came back,
I'll always come back,
I need it.

I'm gone there,
Far out gone.
It swings there,
I don't swing here.

It puts me out of it,
And back into it,
Where I like it,
Where I belong.

The Message

Trumpet impro,
Counterpoint on tenor,
Snare brushes,
Walking bass,
Gone.

Parvenu said he swung Monk.
Told him to haul.
He didn't bug me,
But I didn't dig him either.

by Bill McWhirter

Vaudeville, that young man with the quick step, the quip, and the cane, long ago gave way to his sister, Burlesque, who, now old and painted, travels a circuit worn with use and burdened with memories. There is nothing more in her future other than . . .

The Next Stop

The announcer, a burly fellow in a creased blue suit, speaks into a microphone which constantly interrupts with the high, piercing freakness of defective sound: The Management is both pleased and honored tonight to present the talents of that luscious Southern peach, that dove of all the dollies, just back from a smash run in Chicago-- Miss Mystic Midnight! All persons who persist in language abusive to The Management will be removed. Ladies and Gentlemen, imagine yourselves in the Dark Continent, Africa, filled with the black and lusty origins of primitive passion . . . Miss Mystic Midnight!

The drum, given its cue, picks up a rhythm which the audience will know to come only from "primitive passion" with all the obviousness of Chicago, Midnight, and Southern peaches: Dum, da-da-da, Dum, da-da-da, Dum (picking up force as the curtains swing back), da-da-da, Dum . . .

Send home money. One, two, up to the center. Right, over to the right. Swing. Pack. What else do I need? Skin cream, tickets. Tickets. Hotel limit is noon. Pump. Hard, hard! Whew. Center stage, hold. Slow. One, two, back, pump. Pump, pump, pump.

The footlights are slowly changing colors; orange, blue, red. Dum, da-da-da, Dum, da-da-da, Dum . . .

I can't even remember the name of this burg. What is it? What in Hell? Gee, that's funny. I could always remember before-- Des Moines, Salt City-- Salt Lake?-- Salt Lake City, yeah. Kansas City. Burlington to Chicago. Chicago-- that's a laugh. Smash run. A week, a room, and sixty dollars. Damn life! Send home money. Left stage, one, two, arms out. Shake, back center. Watch out for the front plank-- it busted what's-her-name's ankle. Push, push, hands out, up. Slowly, slowly. Raise eyes to center spotlight. Keep staring. Jesus! Turn that damn thing down! I could go blind . . .

Ladies and Gentlemen, Miss Midnight recreates the ancient ritual of sacrifice to appease the gods . . .

Jeez, what a number. I'll drop dead if this is art. Right foot forward, shake. Shake, shake. Hard, press. Hands down slowly. Unfasten the back. Off!

Dum, da-da-da, Dum, da-da-da, Dum . . .

How many times, how many towns? Don't think about it. Oh Hell! Why shouldn't I? Who else does? Not one damn person. To the right. This would be fun if the stage were bigger and there was a lot of people out there, whispering back and forth about how good I was. Sex is an art. Who said that? I heard it just the other day too. Jeez. That's so true.

The Gods accept the gift of her body. (The drum measures its pace to match the fury of the gods) Da-da-da, Dum, da-da-dum, da-da-dum . . .

Lord I'm getting fat. I used to kick up my heels and really give it to 'em without all this build-up-- "Sailors, oh sailor boys, you're naught for me/ the Navy's more naughty and nautical than it should be"-- oh, and that cute one in Seattle, "Bloom, bloom, I'd like to room where your flowers bloom." Back to the center. Shake, shake, press. Bend over, over, backwards . . .

Ladies and Gentlemen, Miss Midnight concludes her act with the tantalizing "Dance of Indiscretion." A short intermission will follow.

Oh Hell, the rest is easy. Who'll believe I don't know the name of this place? I've got to remember to pack. Tonight. And send home money.

Gettysburg Revival

He gave man speech, and speech created thought . . .

Shelley, **Prometheus Unbound**

The crowd, the limping, excited, shivering mass waited. And the very tired waited too. The square where they were standing was bridged by buildings, empty, half-destroyed; small, crudely improvised shelters. Great hunks of grey stone debris and burnt brick were scattered throughout the street. Everywhere about them were the reminders of destruction, death, and decaying disappointment. They were all waiting, their eyes intently watching a small balcony.

Two doors swung open, and a great man with streaming black hair, a complex, brooding, tortured face, and wild, fiery eyes strode militantly to the edge of the railing. He remained erect and silent. The crowd hushed.

Then came a few cries, then scattered cheers, slowly whirling into responsive chants of "Franka! Franka!" which began to boom throughout the square. The chants continued, strung with emotion, swelling to a pitched frenzy; uncontrollable and tidal they came, boom, "Franka!" boom, "Franka!"

The great man stood at the railing, watching the pitiful with the torn, the glorious with the excited, satisfied with the filling ovations. Boom! Franka!

He raised his hands, slowly outward, as a god to his people. The mass followed and there was again silence.

He started. His voice was moving, deep, echoing off the hollowed ruins. The cords of his neck strained.

"War to you is bitterness and hate, evil and despair, but war is to us, for all our posterity, a discipline. War is our challenge!" He raised his hands in emphasis, his face grew red and heated. The words came harder and louder, each time answered by the fervent booms of "Franka!" The cries rose until not even their leader could be heard. The pitch was hate, torment, the outlet of a captured flock.

One of the very tired knew and remembered that there had been men before like Franka. There would be more. He thought back to the mocking challenge of a small man with an abrupt mustache and a swastika band. There was, too, a Russian with ashen eyes, a bushy grey mustache, who carried peace in the pockets of his soldier's uniform. There had been a half-crazed Hun and a tall, proud Roman with his matched guard. Each of these men rising in one generation to destroy civilization for a century.

"We have won a war . . . We are once more victorious!" came the anguished shout. And in the square was only loss.

Lately we have been reading that Hollywood has shed its glamour and "idle pretension" to become just plain folksy.

And all the just plain Marilyns and Rocks are going overboard into the main current of this trend. The denims and housedresses are on. And other signs of normalcy-- picket fences, do-it-yourself projects, charity drives, back-yard barbecues, and even Fords-- are on the increase.

While picking our teeth, we have been quietly noting examples of this change for some time. Oyster Bay, New England's pomp romp for the celebrities in the '30s, has been shelled for years. Mike Romanoff, the restaurant owner, recently

dropped his title of "prince" to become an American citizen; and another famous restaurant, *Ciro's*, home of the plush and furry, has locked its cash registers for good.

Beverly Hills is draining. Greta Garbo is caught without her sunglasses.

The big movie lots have either been bought out (MGM), burned down (Goldwyn), or are producing pictures for television (Warner). We haven't heard of a champagne bath being drawn, a big party being given, or a temperamental actress on strike in a long time. The anniversary of Valentino's death received only token remembrance the other day. Even his mysterious *Lady in Black* disappeared in 1955. And Edward G. Robinson, Hollywood's biggest rat-tat-tat ever, has sold his fabulous collection of paintings to pay alimony.

The old-time color has decidedly vanished. The brighter and brazener days have had it. And why?

Well, excusing taxes, alimony, wars, complexes, or the serious tone of today, the people in Hollywood now are a more dedicated group. There are more of them and competition is keener.

A simple flush of mink and a blahly uttered "dahling" will no longer do.

Acting in motion pictures, or, at least, the best of them, has now reached a stature and a maturity all its own. It is more hard work and less hard play.

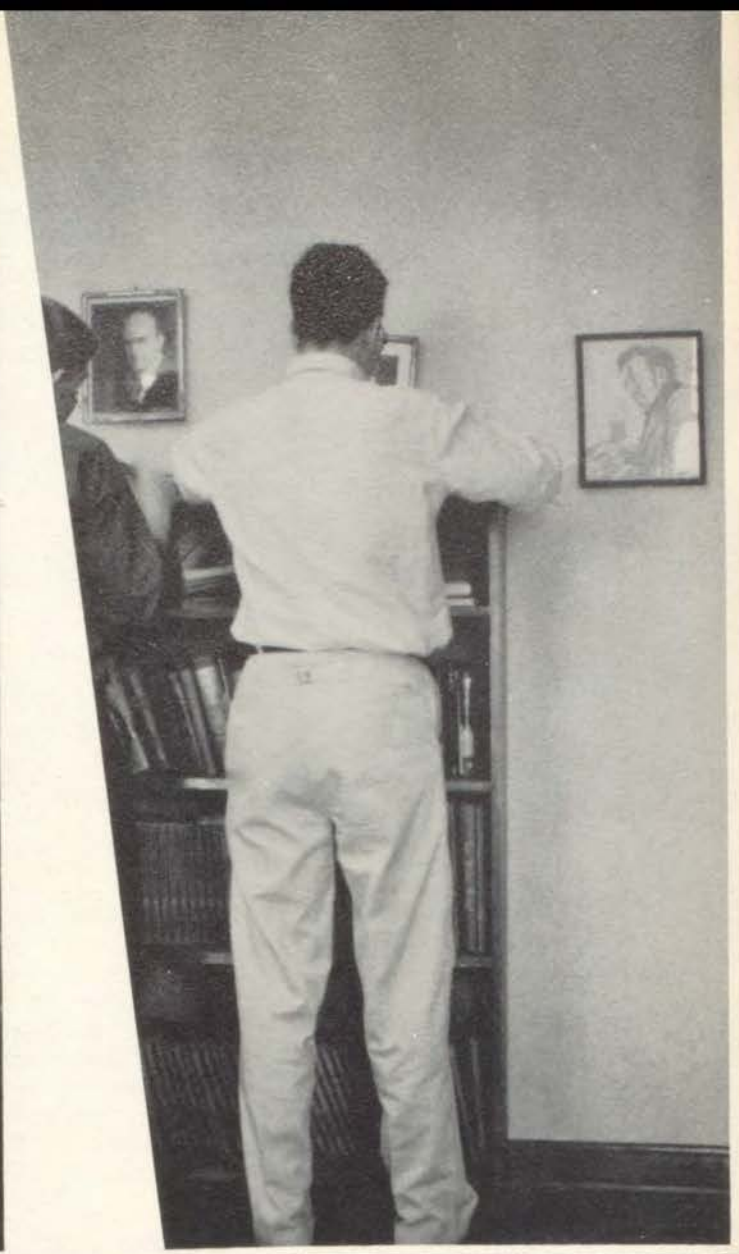
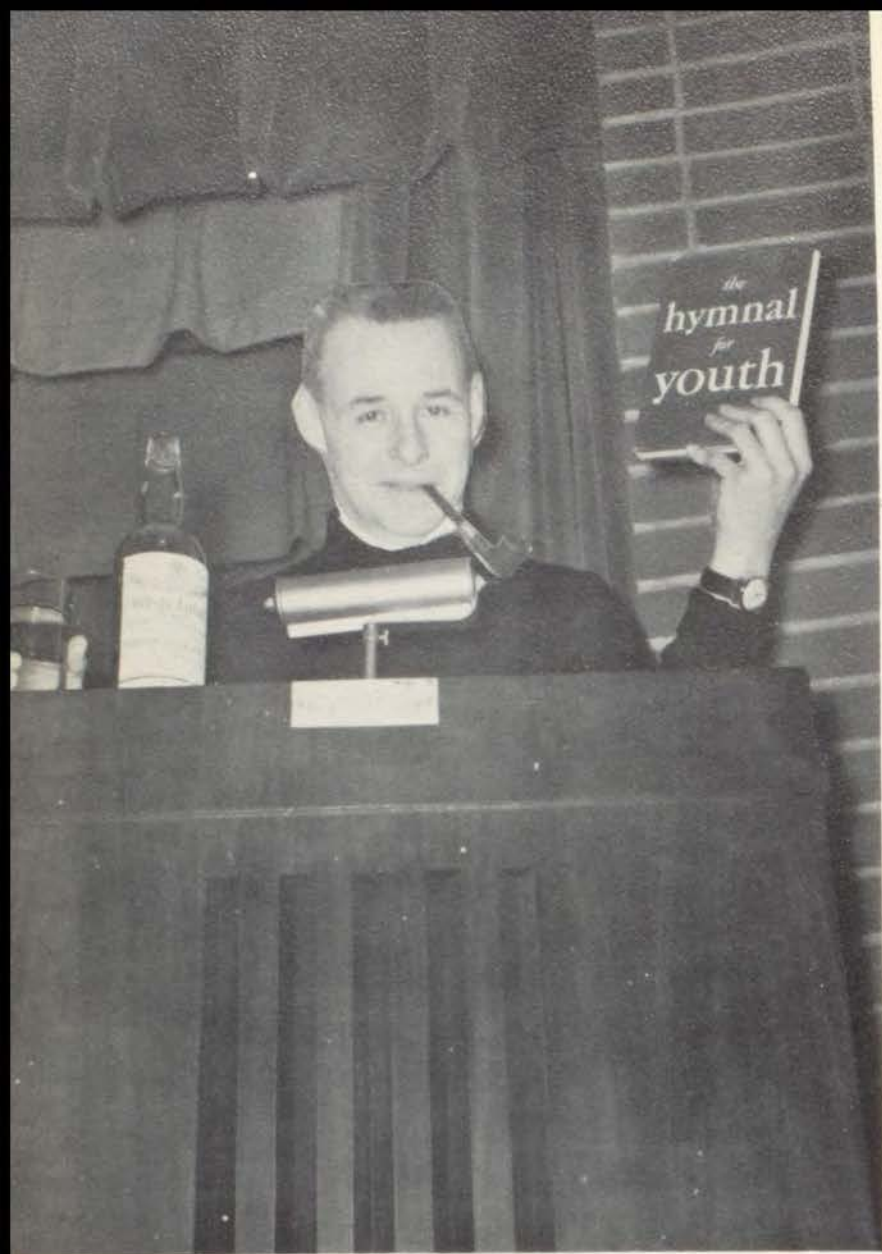
Influential in this movement has been the Actors Studio in New York, which was founded mainly on the beliefs of the late Russian dramatist, Stanislavsky, who wrote that "true acting is an experience. To achieve the fullest depth and honesty in a role, the actor must urge his entire self and feelings into it. Without this, the part becomes a farce."

The motion picture industry is now more intelligent. But, requiring the diligence of hard work and patient practice, it has folded up most of the former sparkle and glamour.

We do miss the long black limousine, the trumpeted entrance, the omnipresent entourage, and the red carpet awe. The actors today are too much like "the people we know."

And who wants to look over the back fence at his neighbor in an undershirt, carrying a can of beer, and mowing the lawn.

Come back Theda! Wherever you are!





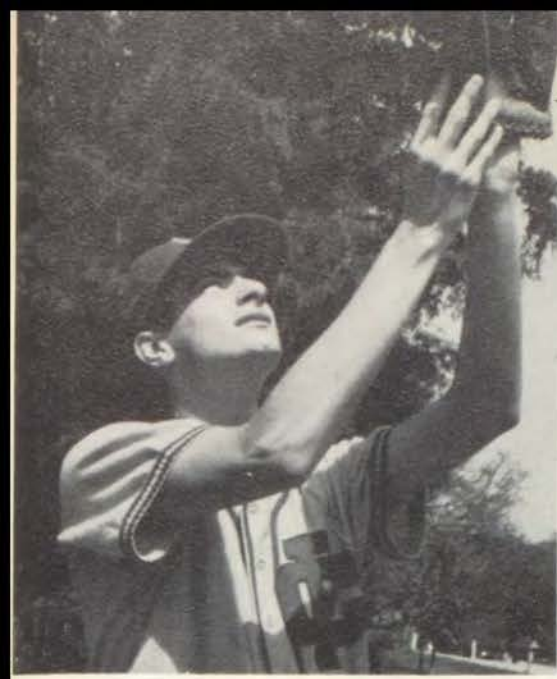
Baseball



Varsity

Back: Miller, mgr., Sharp, Adams, Brady, Early, Peck, Young, Twyman, Coach Angell. **Front:** Scalet, mgr., Bremson, Cohen, Payne, Wakefield, captain, Westheimer, Vance, Schneider.

P.C.D.	4	Park Hill	8
	0	Ward	3
	2	Sedalia	1
	3	Wyandotte	10
	2	Ward	8
	4	Borroughs	2
	3	Cadasco	14
	4	Rockhurst	0
	0	N.K.C.	2



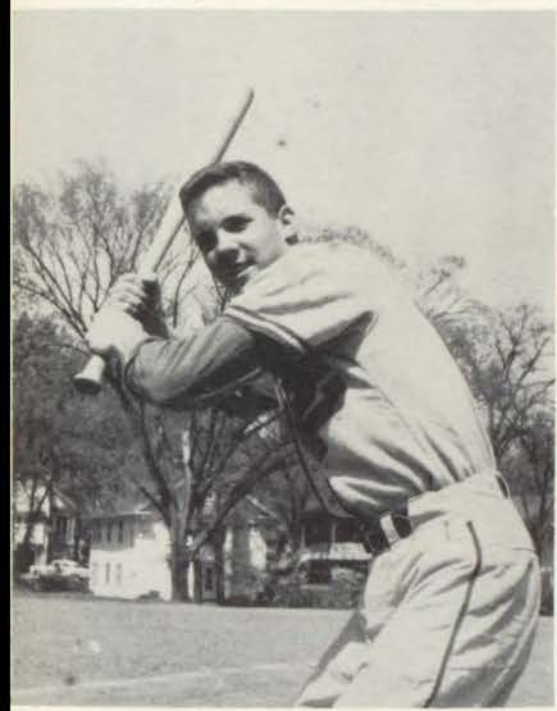
Brady



Westheimer



Wakefield



Schneider



Peck



Adams



Payne



Twyman



Young



Sharp

Vance



Cohen



Bremson



Early

Track



First Row: McDonald, Heryer, Fordyce, Campbell, Niehouse, Schroeder, Morrison, Coburn. Second Row: Mr. Campbell, Arms, Stockton, Miller, Byram, Gurley, Kitchen, Schultz, Porch, Hyde, Mr. Scalet.

State	3	William Jewell (First)	35 5/6	Pem-Day	59.5
Lee's Summit	76.5	Pem-Day	86.5	St. Louis Country Day	31.5
Rockhurst	72.5	Pem-Day	41.5	Ward	17



First Row: Arms, McDonald, Quarles, Heryer, Fordyce, Campbell, Niehouse, Schroeder, Morrison, Coburn, Hyde. Second Row: Porter, Learner, Dick, Bland, Stockton, Miller, Byram, Kitchen, Gurley, Schultz, Porch, Lemoine, Woods, Siegel, Passman. Third Row: Campbell, Lyton, Wilkinson, Hansen, Tinklepaugh, Huwaldt, Melgaard, McCanse, Schliffke, Wallace, Gormand, Mnookin, Lee, Dalton, McGee, Pack, Cummings, Mr. Scalet.



Bret Schroeder



John Morrison



Norman Schultz

Bob Arms



Mike Coburn





Larry Niehouse



George Gurley



Norman Fordyce

Pete Byram

Quarles

Hyde





Porch



W. Miller

School Track Records

Event	Time	Name	Year
120-yard High Hurdles	:15.5	Gurley	1958
100-yard Dash	:10.0	Carrington	1939
		Hunt	1952
Mile Run	4:40.5	McGreevy	1956
440-yard Dash	:51.7	Fordyce	1959
180-yard Low Hurdles	:20.2	Morehouse	1954
880-yard Relay	1:33.1	Gurley	1958
		Ruby, McClanahan, Parsons, Morehouse	1954
Mile Relay	3:35.8	Kron, Groves, Niehouse, Schellhorn	1958
220-yard Dash	:22.1	McGreevy	1956
880-yard Run	2:05.9	Schellhorn	1958
Discus	150' 11 1/4"	Goetze	1958
Shot Put	49' 9"	Wolford	1955
Pole Vault	11' 5"	Liepsner	1957
High Jump	6' 1/2"	Barnes	1956
Broad Jump	21' 7 3/4"	Morehouse	1954

Heryer



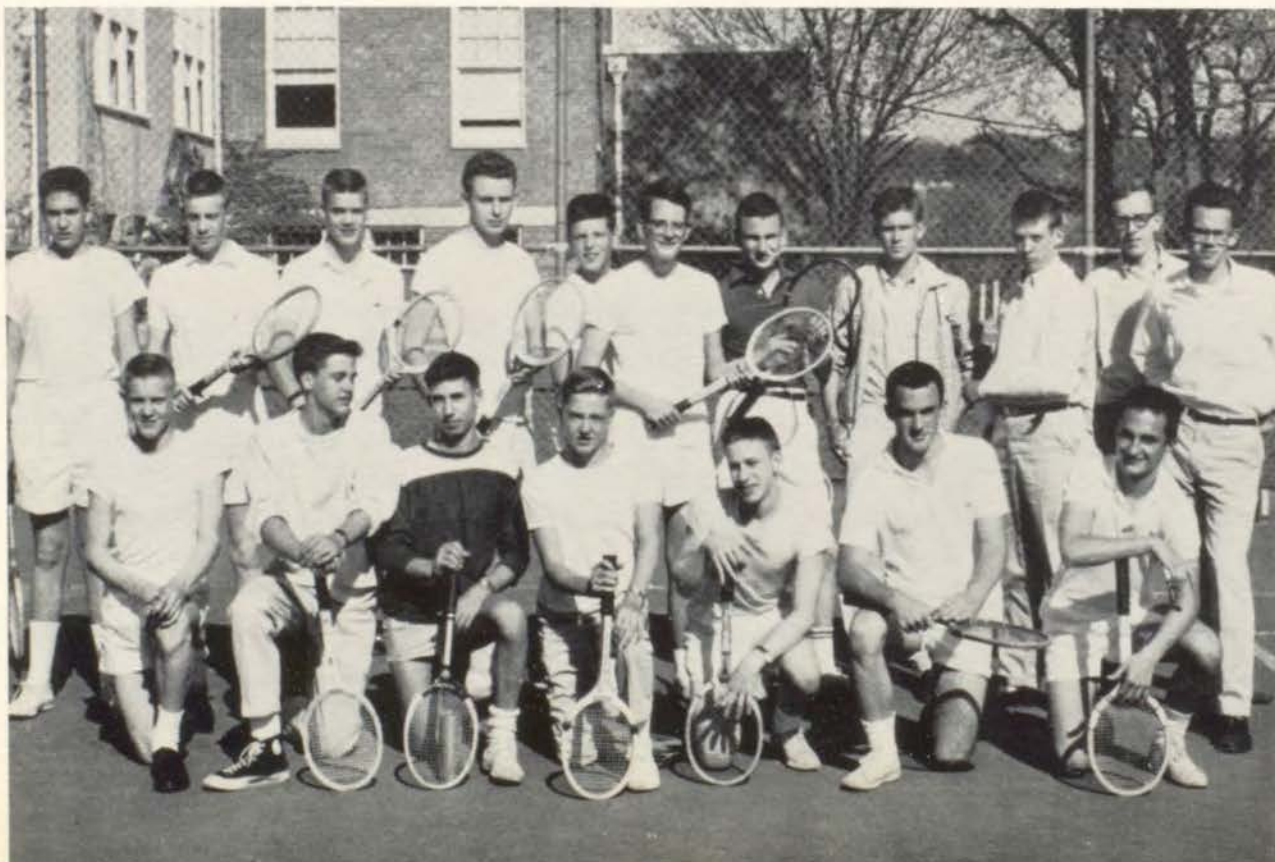


Varsity

L. to R., **back:** Peters, Blackman, McWhirter, Bunting, McBride, Williams, Mr. Hughes. **Front:** Levitch, Buhler, Cohen (Captain), Nichols, French, Wilson.

Junior Varsity

L. to R., **back:** French, Ready, Douglass, Johnson, Smith, Deem, Higgins, Mann, Sutherland, Kramer, Peters. **Front:** Gilbert, Long, Uhlmann, Speakman, Oshry, Drake, Bowen.





Social Tennis

Wedin, Robinson, White, Schmidt, O'Brian, Hannay

Varsity Squash

Front Row: Gilbert, Levitch, Cohen, McWarter, Higgins, Nichols. Second Row: Wilson, Long, Oliver, Morrison, Hanson, Sutherland, Williams, Coach Hughes.



Apocalyptic and Nihilistic Philosophy of Russian Literature

by Bill Meyn

Apart from the rather presumptuous title of this paper, we shall try to discover the basic content of the ideals of Russian thought and to investigate them as viewed through the responsibility man owes to himself and to his fellow beings.

This travelling coach of the mind, it will be observed, is able to travel no easy road to its destination and there are many byways and side roads which would increase our understanding of the whole if only we had the time and the knowledge to find and traverse them.

This paper will not attempt any lengthy or scholarly dissertation on the objects of interest on our journey, no extensive geological data on the earth formations we observe, no pretentious ornithological treatise on the flights of fancy where various ideas will lead us. Rather it will be a glossy Baedeker describing, with a few illustrations, the countryside through which we shall wend our way. The intent being, that if any of the information presented is appealing to the reader, he will make his own excursions to rendezvous with that which he thinks he will find exciting.

Perhaps this seems a feeble attempt to storm that fort in which the most famous defenders are Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, and Pushkin. This may be so, but even the reader will agree that the sea in its slow relentless poundings destroys a stone cliff more efficiently than the largest charge of dynamite ever could. Thus the tides and breakers of this paper will uncover the surface manifestations of the subject and enable the trained geologist to find those strata which he believes will be the more productive to his search. Our geologist will then know where to plant his charges for the information he has come to seek, and, if his seismograph charts are encouraging, he will be able to drill a well into a pool of ideas which is practically limitless in its productive capacity.

"What," the reader may ask "is the Apocalyptic and Nihilist philosophy of Russian literature? What does this philosophy have to do with my appreciation of the Russian writers? Why are you justified in writing on this subject, and if you are justified, how is this going to open a door to a virtually limitless source of ideas to me, as you say it will?"

These are all necessary and logical questions to this paper, and, I believe?, to ones full enjoyment of Russian literature. In the broadest sense there are many answers to the question "What is the Apocalyptic and Nihilist philosophy of Russian literature which we are to concern ourselves with?" In the strictest, literal sense the Apocalyptic philosophy is the whole hearted acceptance of Good and Christianity, as is evidenced in the writings of Dostoevsky, Andreyev and Pasternak.

The Nihilist philosophy is diametrically opposed to the Good. The Nihilist authors, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Gogol and Levmontov, to name just a few,

denounce Christ's philosophy, saying that it contains much sound and fury yet signifies nothing.

The Apocalyptic authors bring their characters to realize the crimes they have committed, and accept the punishment which befalls them as just.

The Nihilists, on the other hand, cause their characters to extoll evil. They are continually fighting against something. They see social injustices and attempt to destroy them. However, their mistake, and consequently their evil, lies in the fact that they are unprepared to supply another system for the one they want to destroy. They feel that this is some one else's purpose. The Nihilists have no goal towards which they are striving, save total destruction.

On the other hand, the Apocalypsts have a goal towards which they are ever striving. Their goal is that of creation, of bettering life and society.

Below the surface of the Apocalyptic philosophy there is a pool of lava which is fighting to burst through the strata to inundate the world of Nihilism above with the knowledge of truth. This would-be Vesuvius wishes to obliterate the Pompey of the mind caused by the philosophy of Nihilism. The city of Pompey whose buildings are constructed of the building blocks of despair, insensitivity and stupidity, and whose inhabitants are hate, prejudice and gehenna incarnate.

It wishes to destroy all of the decadence and submerge this city of intellectual sodomy with the knowledge of truth, beauty, art, and most of all, man's spirit. The underlying hope of this volcano is to flood this salted-land of the mind with lava which will be excellent soil for vineyards and from which there will be vintage crops of aesthetic appreciation, intellectual achievement and brotherhood. It seeks to answer in its chaotic explosion the question which one of F. M. Dostoevsky's heroines, Nastenka asks,

... "why aren't we all just like brothers to one another? Why does even the best of us seem to hide something from other people and keep something back from them? Why don't we say what's in our hearts, if we know that our words will not be spoken in vain?"¹

The representation of evil is a major factor in the literature of Russia. The forms it assumes (transgression against God and His laws, or the complete freedom to extoll and to achieve a state of man-become-God, to put it in the terms of Nietzsche's super-man) are unimportant. The important quantity of this expression of evil is to show what can and does happen when a man renounces all of the laws of society, abandons his own moral beliefs and refuses to accept the punishment which necessarily follows his actions. A similarity exists in the punishment of Pyotr in Gogol's "The Terrible Vengeance" and that of, say, Dostoevsky's Dimitry Karamazov. Of course there is a surface divergence, but underneath in our pool of lava which is attempting to break through the surface strata,

there is a marked dissimilarity. In the first instance Pyotr, for the murder of his brother, is made to suffer all of the indignities of shame and insult that his last male descendent, the Sorcerer, is heaping upon his name, and then having to gnaw on his ever-growing-larger bones for eternity; "for greater torment knows no man, to long for vengeance, but to be powerless to avenge."² In the second, Dimitry is punished not for having killed his father, but for renouncing all the moral values of society and al-

1. Magarshack (ed) *The Best Short Stories of Dostoevsky*, "White Nights" (New York, Modern Library, 19??), p.51.
2. N. V. Gogol, *Tales of Good and Evil* "The Terrible Vengeance" (New York, Doubleday Anghor, 1957), p.61.

lowing himself to become a man-god.³ The difference lies in the fact that Pyotr is unable to accept his as a just punishment for one of the most terrifying of crimes, namely fratricide, yet Dimitry accepts his punishment as being exactly what his denial of man deserves.

These are only two examples of evil. Another can be found in the hero of Dostoevsky's "White Nights".⁴ The hero has renounced man and has lived all of his life in his home, much the same as the writer of the "Notes from the Underground" spending forty years of his lifetime in the dark cellar. In the former case, the hero denied the possibility of any existing order or of any compassion in mankind. Then, for three whole days he is thrown into contact with Nastenka, a fellow human he can actually find warmth and tenderness for, but upon rejection by her he returns to his hovel realizing that mankind is no good. He goes back to all of the filth and degradation of character he thought he could leave when he met Nastenka. In the end he realizes that it was not he that Nastenka loved, but his ability to help her in her attempt to marry the one she really loved. It was not **him** as a human being she desired, but him as an unfeeling, listening post which would come and go at call. Thus it was that he realized that all of humanity was interested only in self gain, the next rung in the social ladder and the ability to sneer at those who are socially unacceptable to their circle. The counterpart in "Notes from the Underground" in

3. "Russians speak of the Man God, or superman, meaning, thereby, the incarnation of the Spirit of the Anti-Christ." N. Berdyaev, *Dostoevsky* (New York, Living Age, 1958) Note p.60.
4. Magarshack, p. 3-67.

like manner spent his life in his 'dark cellar' casting anathemas at society in general and sharp stones at the Chrystal Palace in particular.⁵ His whole purpose in life, it seems, is to spend a miserable existence in the 'podpolya'⁶ regions of society and the mind. In his abode, which is just another form of the Chrystal Palace which he ostensibly wants so much to obliterate, he sends forth his damning missals at society which are based on a philosophy which he, it seems, cannot fully justify to the reader, let alone to himself.

This evil, the refusal to accept society and its rules, is the evil of the Nihilists and can be taken

to the opposite extreme. An almost perfect example of this extreme is in Gogol's "Nevsky Avenue";⁷ the hero, Piscarev, an artist, idealist (in the platonic sense) and lover of the beauty of nature in general, cannot, as do those mentioned above, see the evil in man and society, but only the good, as they conversely are unable to do. He is unable to comprehend the fact that the young lady of his desires is, in actuality, not a lady at all. Our artist goes so far as to construct a fantasy, which he believes is act-

5. Chrystal Palace: this term was used by some of Dostoevsky's characters to represent a type of superutopia where the individual was considered as being non-important and had no individuality of his own.
6. Podpolya: a Russian word meaning literally under-the-floor. The connotation being that part of a multi-story building between the floor of one room and the ceiling of the room below, or in a broader sense, between the bottom of a basementless house and the ground. It is in this space that vermin breed and, hence, from which disease comes. It has much the same meaning as the English equivalent "underworld", i.e. the area of society which is most conducive to the breeding and flourishing of racketeers and gangsters.
7. Gogol, "Nevsky Avenue", p. 161-203.

ually reality, and in so doing he subjugates reality to the realm of fantasy. In his fantasy, she is the same person he followed up to a fourth story apartment off of Nevsky Avenue, but not the type who would do the things that were done there. She was, in his fantasy, only visiting her sister and trying to make her come out of the place of sin that the sister had chosen for herself. The lady of his dreams in his reality, the fantasy-reality, was a lovely princess during his dreams. She would invite him to her balls and they would have a grand time together. However, the drugging effect of this fantasy soon wore off. But, in order to cope with reality again he constructed another fantasy in which the lady of his dreams was forced by circumstances into her present life. He decided to go to her and offer to marry her. He would reform her, lift her from her present life and show her the "true way." Having gone to her, in reality and not in fantasy, and having been scoffed at and rejected, he committed suicide.

Quietly and without any religious services, his body was taken to Okhto, and the only man who followed it was a night watchman, an ex-soldier who did indeed weep, but only because he had one glass of vodka too many.⁸

Such is the end of the evil. These people were evil not because they had, with the exception of Pyotr, committed murder, robbery or any other crime for which they could be legally tried and sentenced, but rather their crime was that a non-acceptance of reality and of the irrefutable laws of society.

8. Gogol, p.188.

They had refused to accept what was real, they refused an unrefusable fact of nature, namely, twice two is four. Isn't this the message that we receive from Dostoevsky? Doesn't Turgenev (in what 105

he does not say, not what he says) tell us of the disasters of Nihilism. Isn't Andreyev's short story, "The Red Laugh" an indictment against the greatest of all of man's follies, war, and the reasons for war?

I rather think so.

There is a philosophy which all of the Russian writers, excepting Tolstoy and Turgenev whom we shall discuss later, figuratively shout from the mountains. Simply, it is this: search for the right life and follow the teachings of Christ.

Although this philosophy is not original with the Russian authors, I think we should discuss it for it reached its highest form in them. It is perhaps dangerous to undertake explaining the fulfillment of a life dedicated to the philosophy of Christ. Hazardous, in that on the one hand you run the risk of offending various religious sects, Christian and non-Christian, and on the other, while giving praise to its philosophy you incur the wrath of the atheists. The reason for this first hazard perhaps extends from a mistaken approach on the part of the speaker and perhaps on the part of the listener, or even a combination of the two. However, I do not see how any question as to the validity of the statements can arise since no matter what a person's religion is, he will not deny the philosophy of Christ as set forth below. At the risk of arousing the wrath of the atheists we should ask them a few rhetorical questions. "Is it necessary to be an instrument of the Furies in believing His tenets? Must one be a hair brained fanatic to believe in 'such stuff and nonsense'? Even if a person does not accept Christ as the True One, the Savior, or the son of God, can't he still be accepted as one of the greatest moral philosophers of all times? If Christ were removed from all association with the divine could not the basic philosophy remain as valid? Namely, accept each person as a brother and on his merits as an individual. Strive to do the thing which is right and proper. Have no minority prejudices and above all attempt to be truly free?"

Most assuredly so. There may be some question as regards the portion of the philosophy concerning the good life. As it is beyond range and responsibility of this paper to discuss at length the question which has been a plague to philosophers for centuries, "what is the Good?", we shall take the position of a gnostic. As a gnostic we shall assert that in as far as an essay on Russian literature is concerned, "the Good is nothing more or less than the moral beliefs of society as a whole." Beliefs based in the main upon the Ten Commandments. The Good is not to be construed as the expedient thing to do, or the road, which when taken gives the traveller the most amount of material happiness in the shortest amount of time.

Another query is born of the word "Freedom". It is best explained by Herbert Read who writes:

At the outset, there are a few definitions or axioms which I ought to write down as a guide to those who will follow me, or as

a warning to those who might be misguided by me. There is the word **freedom** itself, so often and so glibly used by every interested person or party. The "freedom" of the press, the "freedom" of association, the "freedom" of trade -- all such uses of the word seem to me wrong, for freedom is an abstract concept, a philosophical word. What these people mean by their "freedoms" is really a negative condition--the absence of control, the liberty of unlicensed conduct (it is significant that complete ambiguity or equivocation has also overtaken the word licence). Freedom, in this sense, always implies freedom from some kind of control. But freedom in the sense I shall use the word is a positive condition--specifically, freedom to create, freedom to become what one **is**. The word implies an obligation. Freedom is not a state of rest, or least resistance. It is a state of action, or projection, of self realisation.⁹

Thus the freedom which affects the characters of Russian literature is the freedom of becoming, not subjugating. If Herbert Read's definition of freedom is used, we see that freedom is a responsibility which must be accepted. It is a responsibility which the characters in the books by the Nihilist writers (covered in the bibliography) do not accept, and hence they should be considered as Nihilistic.

To accept people as they are is generally conceived of as brotherhood, and brotherhood needs no examination as such. But this philosophy of Christ reached its highest point of clarity, in the opinion of many students of Russian literature, in Dostoevsky's short story "The Peasant Marey."¹⁰ The story concerns Dostoevsky's exile and imprisonment in Siberia. In it he relates how, while watching the actions of his fellow inmates on their yearly "holidays", he achieved this compassion for the human race. The "holiday" was a few days at Easter when the prisoners were allowed to drink, fight, and were free of all work details. This privilege was granted them because the prison officials realized that if the prisoners were not given a chance to "let off steam", as it were, they would be infinitely more difficult to handle.

9. Herbert Read, **Existentialism, Marxism, and Anarchism** (London, England, Freedom Press, 1950) p.21.

10. Dostoevsky, p. 99-107.

The "merry making" he watched consisted of drunken peasants indulging in knife fights and reprisals against informers, men being reduced to the position reserved aux animaux domestiques. (A Polish comrade of his commented, "Je hais ces brigands.")

Dostoevsky returned to his bunk to reflect on the actions of those about him when he remembered an incident which had happened many years before when he was nine.

While out in the woods one day, he thought he had heard someone cry "wolf". He immediately ran for his house and upon reaching a field on the other side of which was his home, he caught sight of the serf Marey plowing. He ran up to Marey and told him about the wolf. Marey, with a sensitivity which only young children and poets seem to have, explained to young Fyodor that he had only imagined the cry. With a look of tenderness and sympathy, he allayed the boy's fears, and having been crossed by Marey, Dostoevsky made his way, hesitatingly, to his home.

Of course, Dostoevsky concluded, most people would try to comfort a terrified child, but there was something more than that in Marey's eyes. He actually loved the child as his own. Not because he was the child of his master, or because he expected any reward for his kindness towards the boy. No, he loved the child because he was a fellow human being. Young Dostoevsky was an entity which had the same hopes and fears which he had. He could no more not love the boy than he could not love himself.

After Dostoevsky had recalled this incident, which had previously been hidden away in the dark recesses of his mind as effectively as a state secret is kept in a safe at some foreign ministry office, he realized that he, too, could not hate his fellow prisoners any more than he could hate himself. He felt truly sorry for his Polish comrade who had said "Je hais ces brigands."

Turgenev and Tolstoy, though, take a stand which is completely opposed to this Christian philosophy. Their philosophy is that of Nihilism. Any description of Nihilism can be no more clear or succinct than the definition of it which Ivan Turgenev, the term's originator, uses. The following situation concerns an argument between Bazarov, the hero and proponent of Nihilism and the uncle of a friend of his, Arkady, a violent adversary of Nihilism. Bazarov speaks first:

"Then we suspected that talk, perpetual talk, and nothing but talk about our social diseases, was not worth while, that it all led to nothing but superficiality and pedantry; we saw that our leading men, so called advanced people and reformers are no good; that we busy ourselves over foolery, talk rubbish about art, unconscious creativeness, **parliamentarism**, trial by jury, and the duce knows what all; while all the while, it's a question of getting bread to eat while we're stifling under the grossest superstition, while all our enterprises come to grief, simply because there aren't honest men enough to carry them on, while the very emancipation our governments busy upon will hardly come to any good, because peasants are glad to rob even themselves to get drunk in a gin-shop."

"Yes . . . you were convinced of all of this, and decided not to undertake anything seriously yourselves . . . Nihilism is to cure all our woes, and you, you are our heroes and saviors. But why do you abuse others, those reformers even. Don't you do as much talking as every one else?"

"Whatever faults we have we do not err in that way . . . we are a force that will trample all of this down, and a force as you know, cannot be called for account; we destroy and when we have destroyed all of this filth and corruption, then let someone else come and build up again, that is not our job."¹¹

Again, as stated before, the evil is that of blind destruction and the refusal to accept the philosophy of Christ.

11. Ivan Turgenev, **Collected Works**, "Fathers and Sons" (New York, Greystone Press, 19??) p. 35-36.

Dolohov, too, in Tolstoy's **War and Peace** exhales this same breath of complacency and destruction throughout the book. His actions are the same as those of Bazarov in **Fathers and Sons**. Dolohov is striking out against a society which has no place for him. This is a facet of life which he is unable to comprehend. It is quite impossible for him to see any justification for the degenerate Moscow and Petersburg social elite who deny him their friendship, when in reality his carousals are no different from those of some of the richest princes of Petersburg.

This feeling runs its course as swiftly and as surely as does a mountain stream racing its way to the pastures below. Dolohov and Bazarov are Nihilists because they are unable to cope with reality, because they see, but can not appreciate beauty, because they recognize the necessity for an upper class, but tear down this upper class simply because of the fact that they are not one of its members, while enjoying all of the rights and prerogatives of a bankrupt Russian aristocracy.

There is only one character in the works with which I am familiar, who can almost justify this movement. This is Pechorin in Lermontov's **A Hero of Our Time** (undoubtedly an autobiographical character) who says

Everybody read in my face the signs of bad inclinations which were not there, but they were supposed to be there, and so they came into existence. I was modest--they accused me of being crafty: I became secretive. I felt deeply good and evil--nobody carressed me, everybody offended me: I became rancorous. I was gloomy--other children were merry and talkative. I felt myself superior to them--but was considered inferior: I became envious. I was ready to love the whole world--none understood me: and I learned to hate. My colorless youth was spent in a struggle with myself and with the

world. Fearing mockery, I buried my best feelings at the bottom of my heart: there they died. I spoke the truth--I was not believed: I began to deceive.¹²

12. Mihail Lermontov, *A Hero of Our Time* (New York, Doubleday An Anchor, 1958.)

The hero of Tolstoy's *The Kreutzer Sonata* also finds himself an outcast of society. He too is a Bazarov who accepts absolutely no belief no matter in what temple the idea is worshipped.

In his inability to meet reality he denies any existing morality and negates the possibility that any moral order could exist. Being thus unable to realize that reality does exist and cannot be hidden from by placing one's head under the ground, he does not have the ability to face the situation in which he finds himself dragged by the Fates. His plight is not dissimilar from the ones which many people go through, the only difference being that the majority of people are able to find some form of a workable solution to it.

Vasya, the hero, believes that his wife is being unfaithful to him, though he has no direct proof to bear out this allegation he does reflect on his past life and concludes that every person does the same things that he did before his marriage. Convinced by this rather faulty logic that his wife and a friend of his are having an affair, he unexpectedly returns from a trip in order to go home and catch his wife and his acquaintance by surprise. He arrives at the house to find them playing music together, the friend the violin, the wife the piano and immediately he reaches the conclusion that his assumptions have been correct. Rushing them with a kitchen knife he wounds the violinist, but deals a mortal blow to his wife. Within a few hours, she has died and he is arrested. At the inquest he is acquitted of any criminal responsibility in the death of his wife. After reflection, though, he realizes that he acted rashly and upon reviewing the circumstances, he believes that actually there may have been no grounds for killing his wife. However, he sees that what is done is done and it probably was all for the best since they were not happily married anyway, and her death kept them from spending another thirty or forty years of misery together.

Here at last we see the meaning of the two philosophies, on the one hand we have the Nihilists. They believe that absolutely no good can come of man, for he is nothing but a toy in the hands of some monstrous, insane fiend called Fate. It is their contention that man's life is hurled back and forth from the extremes of joy and sorrow, good and evil, without his being able to control his speed or destination just as a shuttlecock has absolutely no influence in deciding to which part of the court it will be directed.

Nihilism is a philosophy of despair. A thought complex of hate, avarice and intellectual prostitution. The Nihilist has absolutely no regard for anyone but himself. He is unable to decide between the Good and the Evil. He has not the ability to

think in the abstract. In short he is in a state of complete moral depravity.

Turgenev's Bazarov, even though he is forced, finally, into an existence which he abhors, will forever believe in the true and everlasting quality of Nihilism, and will continue to tear down all the temples he comes in contact with. Lermontov's Pechorin, likewise, lived out his life as a complete moral failure as even he admits, or comes as close to admitting as he is able, in the above quoted passage. He too does not possess enough of that virtue known as intestinal fortitude to quit his manner of living and change his ideology to make a success of himself.

The same holds true for Dolohov, Pierre Bexuhov and Prince Andrey Bolkonsky in Tolstoy's *War and Peace*.

All of these characters aptly fit the description Milovan Djilas gave his high school principal:

Borovic was essentially a good and noble man, but an amateur and deeply unhappy. He had realized nothing of what he had loved and desired.¹³

In other words they were dilettantes in the art of life. They spent the whole of their existence finding all of the pathways of life but never following them to see where they ended.

"What about Dostoevsky", you say, "Are not the characters which he portrays in his books Nihilists? How do you explain the difference in their philosophies?" True, though the characters which Dostoevsky portrays are, practically without exception, Nihilists, they are of a different stamp. Whereas Tolstoy or Turgenev and to a lesser extent in Pushkin and his direct literary descendent Lermontov, the characters believe in Nihilism, and can conceive of no other philosophy. Those of Dostoevsky are able to see where they have gone astray.

Dostoevsky produced a different quality of man. His people to begin with are Nihilists, but after following each of the paths that the others only hoped someday to travel, they reached the ultimate destination of their roads. However, when they reached the trail's end, they found that it was not all that they had wished it to be. Looking about, they saw the rainbow of their destiny emblazoned across the sky, and they cut their own trails to find the pot of gold at the rainbow's end.

Ivan Karamazov's trail led him to reject his past life of atheism, as can be evidenced in his telling of "The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor." Dimitry Karamazov (Dimitry is the Slavic form of the Greek Demeter) accepts his exile to Siberia as a just punishment. Not because he has been convicted of murdering his father, (for he had not done that, his father's servant Smerdyakov com-

13. Milovan Djilas, *Land Without Justice* (New York, Harcourt Brace, 1958) p.256.

mitted the murder) but as a punishment for his transgressions against Mother Earth.

Alyosha, his younger brother, quit the monastic life to go with Dimitry to Siberia, for he saw that the monastery was exactly that same Chrystal Palace which the hero of the "Notes from the Underground" had described.

It was not in his constitution as a human being to be a factor in the universal equation "twice two is four." He had to have the freedom he could gain by dedicating his life to the slaves of Siberia so that he might learn why twice two is four instead of some other number.

Raskolnikov, in **Crime and Punishment**, realizing the moral injustice he has allowed himself to carry out, confesses to the murders he had committed and accepts his eight year sentence to Siberia as right and just. Right and just, not because this purified his soul of the murders but because he was forced to give penance for crimes against society.

Nikolay, in **The Possessed**, realizing that Nihilism is nothing but a false philosophy, and that in following the teaching of the Nihilists he removed himself from the beauties of life which he prized above all else, and that he never could regain his lost sensitivity, hangs himself. An action, incidentally, which Bazarov could never bring himself to contemplate, let alone carry out.

"Fine," you say, "So there is a difference between the Apocalyps and the Nihilists. Which one is right. And, say, where is this spa of ideas you promised me? Have you forgotten it?" As to which one is right, I believe that the last forty years gives us a very conclusive answer. The Apocalyps, led by Dostoevsky were right.

The Center, as Czeslaw Milosz calls the Kremlin, controls the minds of the people. The Center forces upon the minds of the intellectual, the Lenin-Stalin interpretation of the place of art in a communist government.

During the daily "Club" meetings, roughly equivalent to Orwell's Hate meetings in 1984, the Center obtains a measure of control over the minds of the masses that makes Big Brothers Hate Week appear as a children's game.

Since the Revolution of 1917, the intellectual has been placed in a position of relative obscurity. The reason for this was demonstrated quite convincingly in 1956. The intellectuals of Poland and Hungary were allowed to express their sentiments of the Communist Party openly.

In Hungary, and to a lesser extent in Poland, the criticisms by the intellectual class whipped the populace up to such a fervor that the Poznan Riots and Hungarian Revolution were the only consequences that could logically follow.

Of course, for some time the Center had realized the potential danger in the intellectual class, but after Stalin's death, it was thought advisable to court the feelings of the people. The Center knew from its own birth, and from the manner in which it helped form other Socialist "Republics", that the most effective means of winning the favor of the people was through the influence of the writer. As there was a great deal of agitation concerning the institution of "Socialist Realism", it was thought advisable to ease the restrictions placed on the minds of the people of Eastern Europe.

But in view of the revolutions in Hungary and Poland, and the now proven fact that intellectual freedom breeds political freedom, the Center has re-instituted its harsh Stalinistic doctrine of anti-formalism. This is the reason that Pasternak is being punished to such a degree. It is not simply for the reason that he has defied them, for if that were it he would have died with most of Russia's intellectuals who were victims of the 1937 purge-trials. Rather, the reason for his virtual excommunication is the knowledge of what damage his book **Doctor Zhivago** can cause to the system if the people are ever allowed to read it. The dangerous characters of the book are the Nihilists who find the error in their ways. The party men who suddenly renounce their affiliation with it.

But the time will come, however, when the Center can no longer keep books like **Doctor Zhivago** from the people, and when this time is reached, the people will rise up from their places of menial subserviance to the Center and crush it.

That will be the day when the volcano erupts. The lava that flows from it will be the anger of the people, which has found its voice in men like Pasternak.

Now we know what the ideas that will come from Russian literature are. "What is the true philosophy? Does one man have the right to subjugate another? What is Art? What should be the relationship of one man to another?" When these questions are answered, we will no longer need to fear men like Bazarov, Pechorin, or Stalin, for there will be no minority feelings for them to multiply on, no sympathizers to feed and clothe them and no place for their system of thought and government to flourish.

Social















George Gurley

Man, The World, and the Absurd:
A Study of the Works of Albert Camus

Mesdames et Messieurs,
Vous dont la mere est morte,
C'est le bon fossoyeur
Qui gratte a votre porte

Les Morts
C'est sous terre:
Ca n'en sort
Guere.

Vous fumez dans vos bocks,
Vous soldez quelque idylle,
La-bas chante le coq,
Pauvres morts hors des villes.

Mesdames et Messieurs,
Vous dont la soeur est morte,
Ouvrez au fossoyeur
Qui claue a votre porte.

Laforgue:
Complainte de l'oubli des morts

Our's is an age of discouragement. Le Generation Battu, L'École d'existentialisme, and other movements show an attitude of utter despondency. It has been said that the school of existentialism is a result of the chaos in Europe which has reigned since the War, particularly in France. With all respect to this opinion, it must be noted that a good deal of thought which has appeared from this group is thought which is extremely practical and pertinent not only in France but anywhere in the world.

Existentialism has been quite successful at evading definition but is generally represented by negation and nihilism. The assertion that existence precedes essence is one of its best known credos. This means most nearly that we are placed on earth with no prearranged design or plan, and that we choose to live our lives one way or the other. Man creates his own values, chooses his friends, and molds his destiny.

It may be said that Albert Camus is not an existentialist- he would no more accept membership in that clan, than would same be offered him. He strives for an answer to life's futility, whereas the existentialists content themselves only with recognizing it. This futility is referred to by Camus as, "the Absurd." Camus, himself once extremely athletic, was faced by an absurd situation of tuberculosis at an early age. Thus, the concept of life's absurdity is an essential focal point for him. The "absurd" is a man's perdition. Man wants rationality but is everywhere faced with irrationality. "He is athirst for freedom, fraternity, solidarity, and everywhere encounters a selfish social order, a dried up bureaucracy. Man waits for a voice from heaven but receives only the answer of eternal sil-

ence." (1) Jean-Paul Sartre has given meaning to the absurd by citing the man whose words are cut off by a phone booth. One looks at his senseless jabbering and wonders why he lives.

This absurdity is the prime adversary against which Camus has dedicated his battle. In his essay, **Le Mythe de Sisyphe**, and in his novels and short stories, the hero is modern man- man condemned by his society to spiritual exile, man struggling against the evil and injustice around him, and man seeking to overcome these forces. It will be noted that Camus' novels form stepping stones toward his final ideal.

1. Henri Peyre, **The Contemporary French Novel**, (New York, Oxford, 1955), p.242.

Le Mythe de Sisyphe

Sisyphus, who loved the earth and negated the gods, was doomed to roll a heavy stone up a steep hill, always to have it roll down. This is the absurd vocation; struggling always with no hope for ultimate success or fulfillment. Camus picked Sisyphus for his likeness to today's laborer. He states that the only recognized means of escape from this situation are hope and suicide. Camus' "absurd line of reasoning" is the attempt to discover if life's absurdity requires escape by either of these two means. Camus separates himself from other existential philosophers by denouncing both of them as negations of one of the terms of the absurd. He regards hope and prayer primarily as means of obtaining false security and as evasions of the problem at hand. Hope for another life robs one of the grandeur of this life, he argues. Suicide bows down to the absurd as a god and thus submits to the purposelessness of life.

The great thing, Camus asserts, is to revolt against the absurd. Although Sisyphus' task is painful, he returns to it joyfully for he has triumphed over the absurd, over himself, over the gods, and above all he can no longer be deceived by the world around him. "The struggle itself toward the summit is enough to fill the heart of a man. We must imagine Sisyphus as happy." (2)

2. Albert Camus, **Le Mythe de Sisyphe** (New York, Borzoi, 1955), p.123.

The first problem faced in this revolt is death. Camus says that he cannot believe in a meaning in life beyond his present condition and he accepts death as final. But, "today still I do not see that this uselessness detracts from my revolt, and I well feel that it adds to it." (3) Therefore, man faced with absurdity and finality of death must revolt as did Sisyphus. It is in this revolt that Camus sees man's chance to rise above his condition. If life is unjust, man can triumph only by continuous rebellion.

As previously stated Camus' three most acclaimed works show a succession of men facing the absurd. **L'Étranger**, written in 1939, may be called an illustration of **Le Mythe de Sisyphe**. Meursault, a clerk, attends his mother's funeral at the "home" where he sent her two years before. He sits through the wake, smoking cigarettes and drinking cafe au lait. He follows the funeral pro-

cession but fails to hesitate by the grave afterward. He returns, goes swimming with a girl friend and sees a movie. "Really nothing in my life had changed." (4)

He continues to see Marie, his girl friend, and indifferently accepts the relationship of Raymond, reputedly a pander. Raymond asks his assistance in writing a letter of vengeance to his infidel Arab mistress. Raymond beats the woman, the police are

3. Thomas Hanna, *The Thought and Art of Albert Camus* (Chicago, Regnery, 1958), p.5.
4. Albert Camus, *L'Étranger* (New York, Borzoi, 1946), p.56.

involved, and Meursault agrees to vouch for him. When Meursault and Marie are subsequently invited to the beach by a friend of Raymond, they discover the brother of the woman lurking around the beach. A fight ensues. Later Raymond and Meursault return with a gun. Unable to start another fight, they go back to the beach house. Meursault feels himself drawn back to the spot and comes too close to the Arab, who draws a knife. Meursault, affected by the heat and the wine he drank at lunch, fires the gun once, and then five more times. The Arab is dead.

Meursault is arrested, and could easily have been acquitted but for his complete honesty and refusal to apply the craft of society. He is found to be guilty and sentenced to decapitation.

Meursault is a man caught up in absurdity. His honesty convicts him and his complete indifference kills him.

Marie asks him if he loves her and he answers that he really doesn't know, but he supposes not. She asks him to marry her and he says that if that is what she desires, they will do so right away.

Before the trial, the prosecutor gives him the chance to save himself but Meursault refuses to say that he believes in Christ or that he was really sorry when his mother died.

Meursault's employer had offered him a better position in Paris, but he really didn't care for it as things were all right as they stood. Meursault admits this indifference after the prosecutor has accused him of being a case-hardened criminal: "Of course, I had to own that he was right; I didn't feel much regret for what I'd done. Still to my mind he overdid it, and I'd have liked to have a chance to explain to him in a quite friendly, almost affectionate way that I've never really been able to regret anything in all my life. I've always been far too much absorbed in the present moment or the immediate future, to think back."

It is now easy to see why Meursault is a stranger. His complete honesty is incomprehensible to a society unaware of true feelings or at least unwilling to admit it. At one time during the trial he realizes how much all the people detest him and is seized, for the first time in his life, by the desire to burst into tears.

Since the intense heat of the sun, something which had previously had a dizzying effect on Meursault, was his only excuse for firing the gun, it was no trick to convict him. But Meursault was not doomed because of the murder, but because

his crime required an absolute judgment. This attempt to categorize a person as a "case-hardened criminal" is seen as one of the failures of society and the cause of the inevitable conclusion of guilt. Meursault was as ordinary as anyone but when judgment was forced upon him, he was a menace to society.

As Meursault lies in his cell, he ponders his condition. He is aware of the finality of death, and hence the uselessness of his life. His liberty removed, he realizes that, in time, man can adjust to anything.

The prison chaplain insists on seeing him, although he isn't interested. The chaplain catches his ear by stating that it is not God who has condemned him, but man. "Of what use is God then?" questions Meursault. The only kind of after-life that would interest him is one in which he could remember life on earth.

The subsequent explosion awakens in the stranger something approaching a revolt. He realizes that he is on firmer ground than the chaplain because he is sure of his present life and sure of his death. "I'd passed by life in a certain way, and might have passed it in another way" (an example of "existence preceding essence"). In fact, Meursault, in being aware of indifference concerning death, has accomplished his revolt against the moral absolutism of man and has reaffirmed his passion for the present.

Meursault sleeps. He feels that he has purged himself of the squalor around him and has thrown off his last bond. His final wish is that "on the day of my execution there should be a huge crowd of spectators and that they should greet me with howls of execration."

The Fall

La Chute, although written after *La Peste*, is more conveniently listed after *L'Étranger*, as it holds this position in the climb towards Camus' ideal. It is a confessional narrative, told by one Jean-Baptiste to a man to whom he presents himself in an Amsterdam bar. As he gains the man's confidence, he cleverly relates his story, and consequently the plight of modern man.

Clarence was a Parisian criminal lawyer of extra-ordinary ability and by his success he gained the esteem of men and the love of women. Clarence was one to spot an opportunity and grab it. His success with people, for the most part accidental, became an obsession with him. Slowly he began to recognize, through his easy plunder, the absurdity and dishonesty in life. He would help a blind lady across the street or go out of his way to do a favor simply to revel in his deception and the gullibility of his acquaintances. But in time he came to know himself too well. He could sense an eye in the back of his head every time he made love to a woman, every time he outwitted a man. But still he found pleasure in aiding people, from hearing their acclaims. He continued to turn the misfortunes of others into personal triumphs, and succeeded partly in justifying it. He was able to speak of what interested others and what concerned others, and as a result he had no person-

ality; he was the image of all and of no one.

Clarence's crucial event occurs as he is walking home after a party, thinking of his success and importance to others. He passes a girl, leaning over the railing of Le Pont Royal, staring at the Seine below.

He and the girl were the only two around, for a drizzling rain kept away anyone else who would be out at such an hour. He passed over the bridge and began strolling eastward toward St. Michael's, when he heard a splash and a series of cries floating downstream. He stopped, realizing that he should do something, but considered the coldness of the water and the difficult task of rescuing her. His obligation couldn't penetrate these obstacles plus the self-enjoyment he felt after an evening's love-making. He simply stood, knowing that he should do something and knowing that he wouldn't.

The incident laid the groundwork for his fall, which is finally evidenced when he returns to the bridge three years later. As he looks into the Seine, he hears behind him a cold but jovial laugh; he turns but nothing is behind him. The laughter moves downstream.

It is after this incident that Clarence exiles himself in Amsterdam. He has assumed the role of "judge-penitent" of man. By condemning his own life, he judges and condemns the lives of all men. By instilling self-judgment in the listener, he accomplishes his only means of escaping the shocking laughter of the world. Thus Clarence is an "ancient mariner", doomed to define to man exactly what he is caught up in.

Man can live in the world of the absurd as long as he can deceive himself as well as those about him, but when he becomes aware of all his tricks, deceptions and motives, when he watches for them and catches himself at it, he can no longer go on.

Camus doesn't prescribe self-exile or anything else. The fall is a mirror of all of us - Albert Camus included. No man is innocent, no man may judge others from a standpoint of righteousness. Therefore, Clarence's prophecy is one of no hope. We will all meet our fall and the common end. It will be seen that this message has little in common with Camus' other writings, but first one must examine what many consider the greatest of Camus' novels.

The Plague

La Peste was written in 1948. It has been called by some an allegory, which it may well be as its characters represent every concept of Camus' absurd condition. Written in an almost journalistic tone, **La Peste** doesn't depend upon the usual diversions of sex, intrigue, etc.

One morning Dr. Rieux left his apartment in the town of Oran, and stepped on a dead rat in the hall. By the time he reached the street, he realized that a dead rat had no business being in the hall and he notified the police. The town soon witnessed the death of a great number of rats, coming up from basements, wharves, garbage cans, into the streets. From 6,000 to 7,000 a day they came. On the third day the concierge was stricken by some malady and died. Several cases of the same sort arose over the city, and a meeting of the town's

doctors was called. Although they were afraid to call the malady "plague", Rieux insisted that the important thing was to keep people alive. So the town was closed up. No one could leave, no one could enter. The people of Oran were to be in a prison for more than a year. Many of them would be separated from their loved ones. **La Peste** is the story of these people and how they reacted to the absurd situation of plague in the Algerian town of Oran.

People face the plague differently. It brings out good in some people and evil in others. The narrator, who finally identifies himself as Rieux, depends upon the effects of the plague on himself, and a diary written by Tarrou, a fortune hunter who had just arrived at Oran. He calls the doctor one day, as an acquaintance in the same apartment has attempted to hang himself. The man, Cottard, is a criminal and rejoices in the plague. It hides him from the police, and during its reign, he is friendly and jovial to all. Of all the people in the story, Cottard was the only one who refused to fight the plague. A man named Grand keeps us posted on the fluctuation of Cottard's spirit in relation to the plague.

Rambert is a young journalist who had come to Oran for just a brief time to write a story. The plague separates him from his wife and imprisons him in foreign surroundings.

Father Paneloux provides the Christian stand. Dr. Castel, and M. Othon, a magistrate, complete the cast of characters whose reactions are studied.

It may be said that in the first period of plague, separation was the worst factor. An example was Dr. Castel and his wife, who had been absent at the beginning of the epidemic. Although their long married years had perhaps not produced the most desirable effects, the ruthless separation made them realize their mutual love.

Boys who had struggled to get out of their mothers' apron strings gazed regretfully at each new wrinkle. Men who had regarded themselves as great lovers became obedient and faithful.

Rambert constantly attempted to escape from the prison but when he was enabled to do so, decided against it. He felt somehow that it was his duty to stay and fight against infection and pestilence. But the intense feeling of exile diminished. Memories turned sterile. Even Rambert came to forget the face of his wife.

Yet, in the midst of utter despondency, most men did their part. Even Grand, an extremely weak man, spent most of his time doing his share of the work.

Upon the advent of plague, Paneloux delivers a sermon explaining the pestilence as the wrath of a God weary of waiting for the people of Oran to serve Him. He turns the plague into a device to humble men and make them worry. "The just man need have no fear, but the evil-doer has good cause to tremble." (5)

For him, the plague is an excellent opportunity to exemplify the evil of man, and to advertise the need of religion. But in spite of his harsh view, Paneloux fights along with the others in hope of saving the threatened lives. As Paneloux sees more

5. Albert Camus, *La Peste* (New York, Borzoi, 1957), p.87.

and more of death, his stand becomes more realistic and expedient.

The crux arrives in the person of M. Othon's plague-stricken son. Dr. Castel's new serum is applied but after a great struggle, the boy dies. Rieux had greatly hoped to save the boy, and is approached by a bewildered Paneloux. His previous attitude showed the necessity of labeling and explaining the plague - but what justice is there in the death of a child? Paneloux suggests that perhaps we should love that which we can't understand. Rieux answers, "No, Father. I've a very different idea of love. And until my dying day I shall refuse to love a scheme of things in which children are put to torture."

Paneloux continues to philosophize and then asks Rieux if he has yet convinced him. Rieux replies that it really doesn't matter; that man's struggle against disease is the only thing of importance. This is greatly reflected in Paneloux' next sermon in which he stresses the importance of man's solidarity in battling the plague. He recognizes the facility of assuring eternal bliss to victims of plague and declares that he himself is not certain of after-life. But, he asks, "Who would dare to deny everything?" Who will submit entirely to the absurdity of the situation? He begins work on a pamphlet, "Is a Priest Justified in Consulting a Doctor?" and when he is seized by plague, he refuses to see Rieux. This is the only alternative for a man who locks himself by faith and hope outside of the world of man. As Camus has said, this is his most anti-Christian book. He feels that one can fight more deliberately against evil if one doesn't believe in God. And thus it is that beside Paneloux' name in the record of his death were the two words, "doubtful case".

Tarrou keeps the log of the plague. He has a keen aptitude for noting off-color incidents and he searches the innermost thoughts of his acquaintances. He tracks the progress of the plague by the actions of the old man across the street. In the early days, he sweetly called the town's cat population until, when one would come in range, he would issue a carefully-aimed missile of saliva - laughing heartily upon a score. But in time there were no cats in Oran.

Tarrou went to Dr. Rieux with the proposition that he organize squadrons to improve the town's sanitation and generally do anything necessary to win the battle. Rieux is delighted but warns Tarrou that the endeavor could easily prove fatal. Tarrou beats around the bush with a series of theological questions for the purpose of strengthening his own beliefs. After doing his best to answer, Rieux says,

To tell the truth, all that's out of my range. But you - what do you know about it?

Ah, Tarrou replied quite coolly, I've little left to learn.

Do you really imagine you know everything about life?

Yes.

Tarrou, organizes his teams and immediately goes to work. It is through Tarrou that Rambert realizes the need for courage and decides to remain. But it is through Rambert that we discover Tarrou's inability to turn revolt into intellectual form as well as into action. Tarrou is capable of dying for an idea, but not for love or for "humanity" but not for "a man." Rambert doesn't believe in heroism - he has seen it as murderous and futile. What interests him is dying for what one loves. He believes that man is but an idea once he turns his back on love. His supreme goal would be to deliver man back to the ultimate capacity of love. Rieux, whose wife is nearing death in a sanatorium of another town, answers, "For nothing in the world is it worth turning one's back on what one loves. Yet that is what I'm doing, though why I do not know."

Tarrou remains and gives his utmost to the cause. He has love, and the plague makes him a more worthy, sensitive man. When he was a child, he saw his father condemn a man to death. Although the man was obviously guilty, the fear in his eyes branded within Tarrou an irremovable hate for capital punishment. Through the years his feeling matured into a dislike for anything that brings harm to man. He refuses to accept that one man can rightfully judge others. "Poor, M. Othon", he says. "One would like to do something for him. But how can you help a judge?"

Tarrou left his home after the incident and spent the rest of his life learning about people and the plague. He found that he had had the plague for years and that indirectly he had caused the death of thousands of people by approving of principles which allowed these things. "Yes, I've been ashamed ever since I have realized that we all have the plague and I have lost my peace. And today I'm still trying to find it; still trying to understand all those others and not be the mortal enemy of anyone."

So plague is seen as something within each of us. It is evil, intolerance, blind acceptance, self-preoccupation. It is difficult to do real good to a man, thus "good" is to bring no harm to man. There are pestilences and there are victims, and as long as doctrines like capital punishment are condoned, we are joining forces with the plague and bringing upon ourselves ruin. Therefore, if Tarrou is the bearer of a plague germ, he does not do so willingly - and is hence an innocent murderer. He has become a victim of the plague, thus his inability to accomplish a psychological revolt.

"It comes to this," says Tarrou, "what interests me is learning to become a saint."

"But you don't believe in God."

"Exactly! Can one be a saint without God? That's the problem, in fact the only problem that I'm up against today."

As the plague's fury subsides, Tarrou becomes afflicted. He asks Rieux only one thing - always to tell him the truth.

Rieux: "Breathing better?"

"A bit. Does that mean anything?"

"No, Tarrou, it doesn't mean anything. You know as well as I that there's a remission in the morning."

"Thanks". Tarrou nodded his approval. "Always tell me the exact truth."

Tarrou believes that truth is the only way to defeat the plague. He has the greatest respect for simple language and thoughts, because by complicated reasoning we are able to convince ourselves and others of the rectitude of murder. He believes that only through constant struggle against the absurd and evil of the world can man find his ultimate end - peace. Tarrou achieves his sainthood by denying reality in favor of universal solidarity. As there is no eternal reward in his view of things, we must find our peace in the incessant anguish of revolt.

Dr. Rieux occupies the top rung in Camus' ladder of the absurd hero. It is to Rieux, not Tarrou, that Camus likens himself. Rieux is a rational man, and although he scorns obeisance to the all-rational, he realizes that resorting to the irrational produces a more disastrous end. He feels that if he believed in an all-powerful God, he would cease curing the sick. His faith is in the solidarity of man in his common struggle, and at the end of the plague, he has learned only that "there are more things to admire in man than to despise." Suffering has taught him that the order of the world is shaped by death, and it is thus better to refuse to believe in God and struggle against death, rather than lift our lives to Him in submission.

Throughout the scourge of the pestilence Rieux sees many people die. He receives news of his wife's death almost directly after Tarrou's. But he can never become accustomed to the struggle against death. Tarrou, by dying, had lost the match; Rieux, by surviving, had the memories, friendships and affection which the plague had brought. "So all a man could win in the conflict between plague and life was knowledge and memories."

So, at last, the plague relented. For the most part nothing had changed in the people of Oran, and it was this fact that supported their innocence. Some of the people had longed for their loved ones. "Others, fewer these - Tarrou may have been one of them - had desired reunion with something they couldn't define, but which seemed to them the only desirable thing on earth. For want of a better name, they sometimes called it peace."

Rieux is making his rounds. It is evening, and people are rejoicing because the plague is over. He goes out on the terrace of one of his steady patients - the same terrace where he and Tarrou had once taken an hour's vacation from their work. He watched the celebration below, and suddenly felt himself at one with those about him. He realized that his tale could not be one of victory; "that plague bacillus never dies or disappears for good; that it can lie dormant for years and years in furniture and linen chests; that it bides its time in bedrooms, cellars, trunks, and bookshelves; and that perhaps the day would come when for the bane and enlightening of men, it would rouse up its rats again and send them forth to die in a happy city."

Conclusion

It has been shown that from *L'Etranger* to *La Peste*, certain ideals have been exemplified. The stranger was an "absurd hero". His life was incessant drudgery, he was indifferent to love, and faced death simply as a necessary end. The stranger is at the bottom of the scale, because he failed to realize the absurd and to make some movement for or against it.

Jean-Baptiste Clamence, although he is perhaps a more menacing creature than Meursault, recognized the absurd, turned it to his own advantage and then met his fall by failing to trust in and accord with his fellow-man.

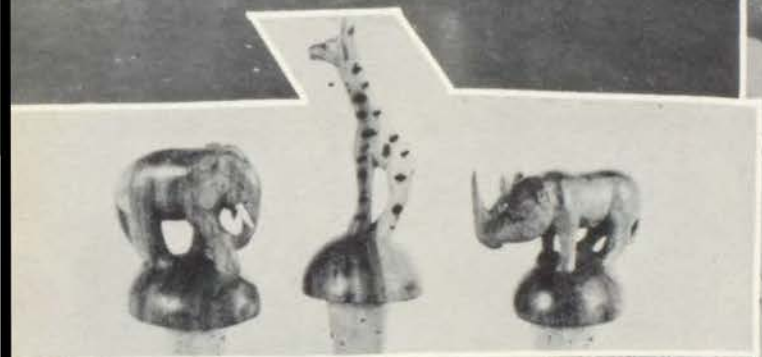
Dr. Rieux was aware of the absurd and waged a constant battle against it. The destiny of man, he believed, lay in man's ability to unite in a common struggle against evil and the unjust sentences of life.

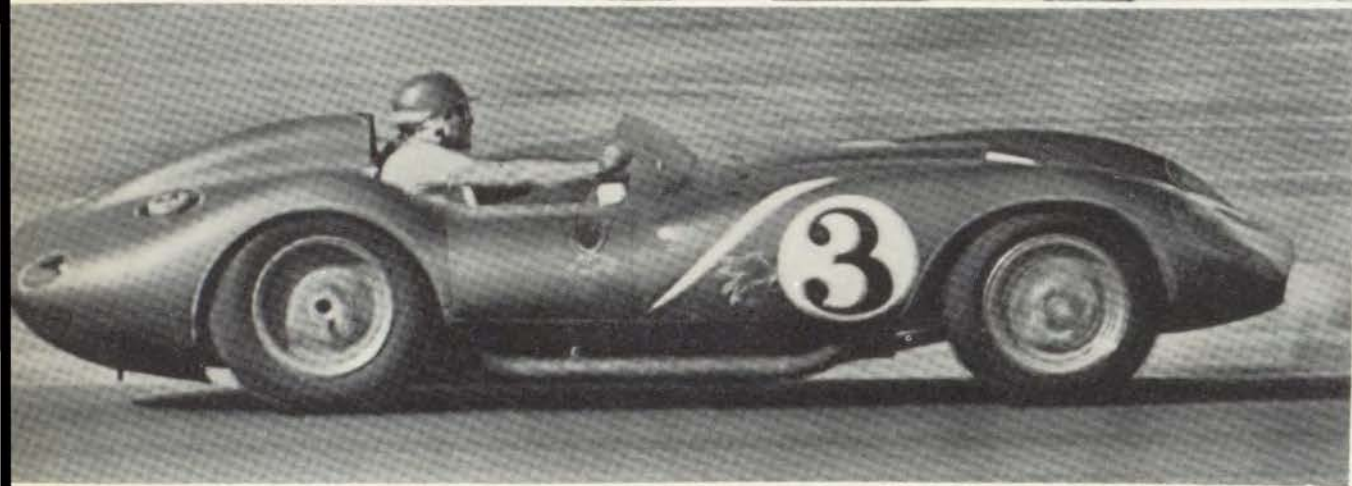
A clear glimpse of this concept is given in Camus' short story, *Artist at Work*. Gilbert Jonas, painter, rose to a rapid success and his lodgings became a mecca for students and painters. For some time he was bathed in success but was ruined by all the attention paid him. He became a degenerate but finally attempted a "comeback". For almost a month he remained in the attic with very little food. One day he fell to the floor in exhaustion but excited over his long-awaited success. Later when the painting was examined, it was found to consist of only one word but with some question as to whether it should read "solitary" or "solidary". Thus the innocent Jonas was torn between two ends. Man had been both his destruction and his triumph. Whether Jonas found his answer or not is immaterial.

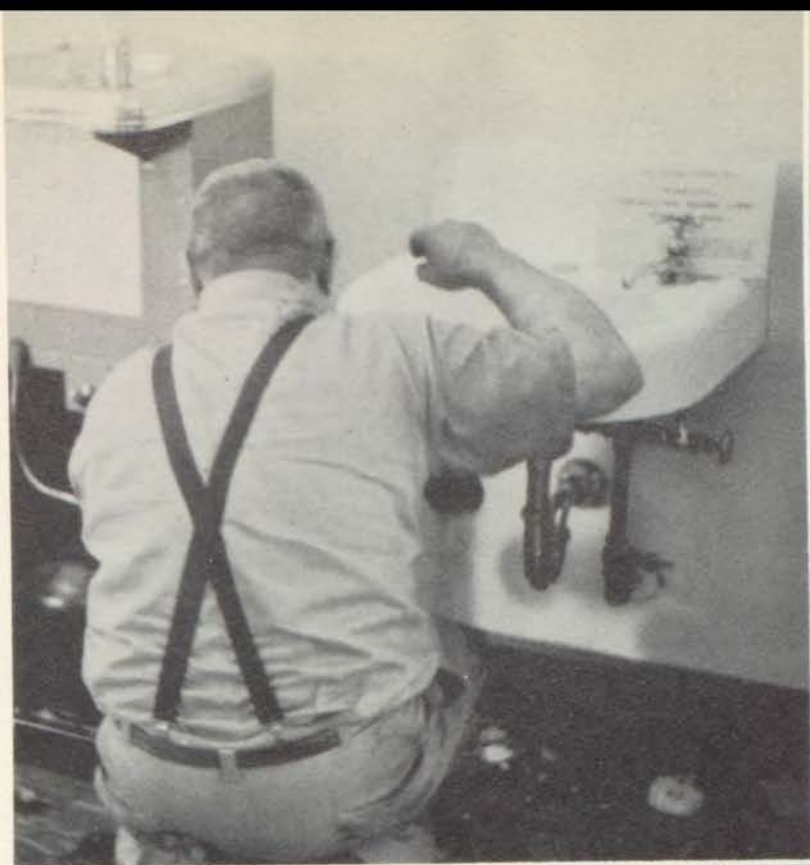
The ideal is finally described in *The Growing Stone*, a short story concerning M. D'Arrast, architect commissioned to build a dam in a small Brazilian community. During his stay, he becomes acquainted with a man who claimed to have been thrown from his skiff into a tempestuous sea, which was immediately calmed when he promised Christ to carry a 100-pound stone in a religious parade. D'Arrast observes the man's struggle from a balcony. He succeeds in carrying the stone to one end of the village but falls half the way back. D'Arrast rushes down, seizes the stone and carries it, but not to the designated place. Instead he is drawn to the man's lodgings. He drops the stone and stands there exhausted but ecstatic.

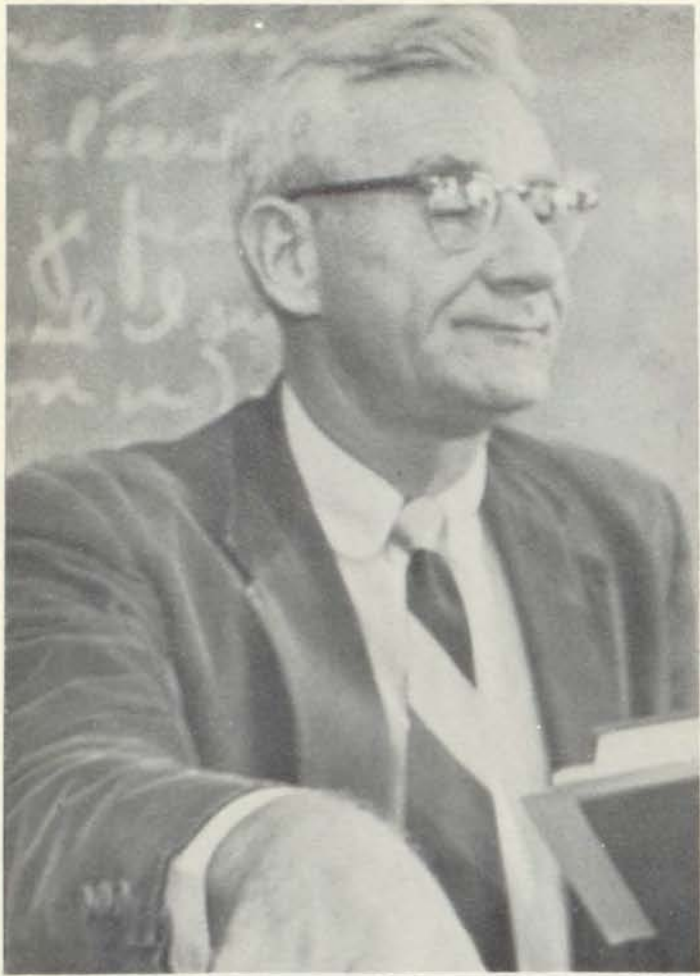
With his eyes closed, he joyfully acclaimed his own strength; he acclaimed, once again, a fresh beginning in life. At that moment, a firecracker went off that seemed very close. The brother moved away from the cook (the stone-bearer) and, half turning toward D'Arrast but without looking at him, pointed to the empty place and said: Sit down with us. (6)

6. Albert Camus, *Exile and the Kingdom* (New York, Borzoi, 1958), p.213.















The Friends and Enemies of Kenneth Rexroth and His Friends.

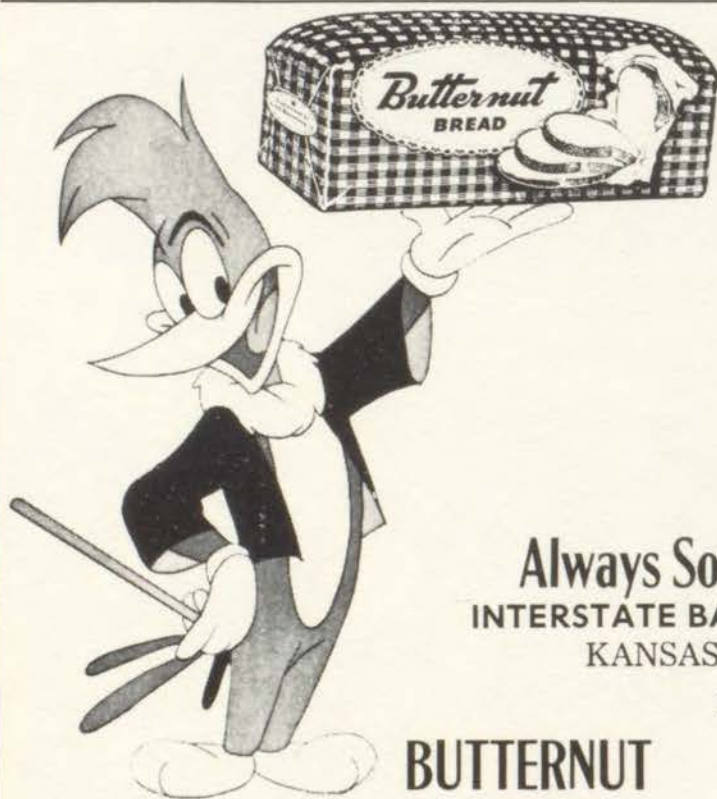
This is one of the relatively new and lesser known activities around the hill. It consists of grasping a two litre yardbird by the dingbat. This is commonly known as "swinging yardbird". The more advanced can swing off of the wall.



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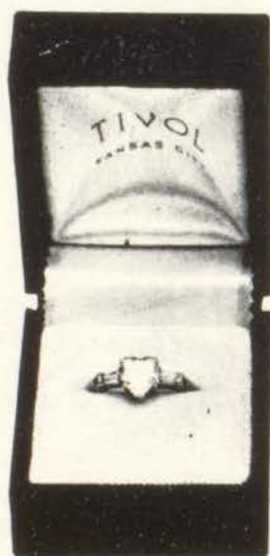
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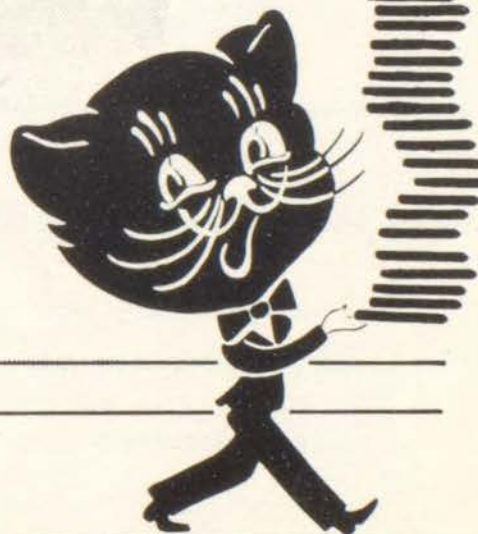
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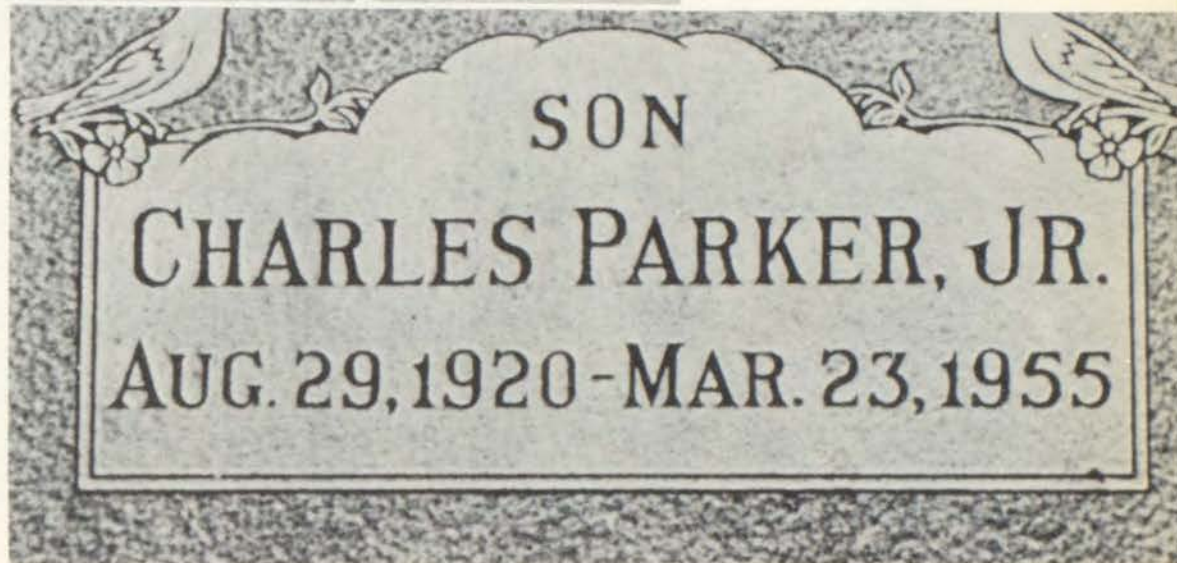
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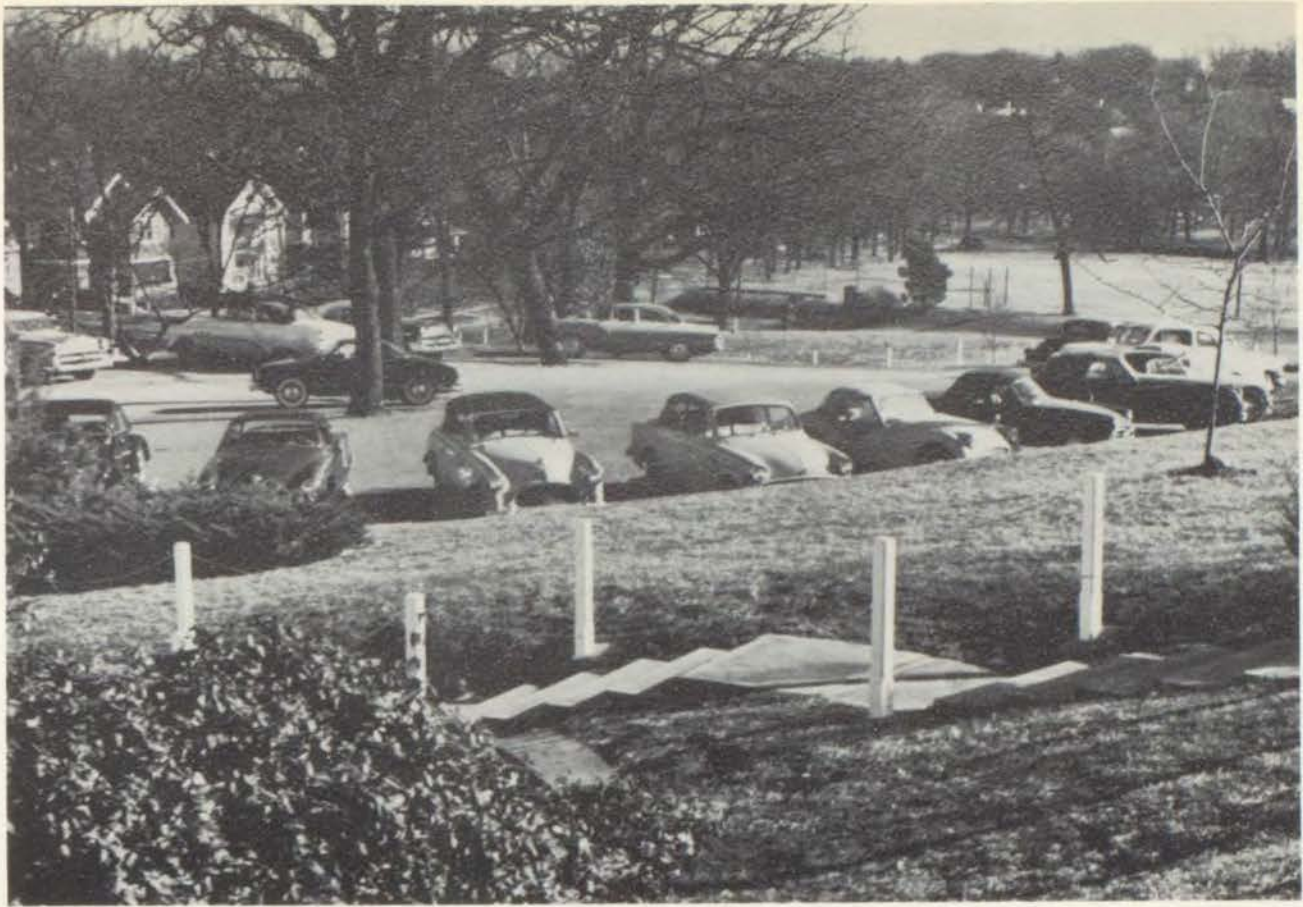
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