Travel Abroad Opportunities are Many and Varied

Study and work abroad programs open new doors to the world. Students gain insight and knowledge from a challenging variety of experiences. They begin to see their courses in the light of the outside world, the outside world in the light of their courses, and themselves in the light of both. The student-exchange program offers students many varied opportunities to gain an expanded world view. It is an individual experience, but the emphasis is international, designed to add motivation, breadth, and sophistication to the total educational program. Students live with families and study first-hand the peoples and culture of their "home" country. A growing emphasis is being placed on relating the courses to international affairs, with increasing attention to the non-Western areas.

This summer fourteen Putnam City students participating in the AIMS International Summer Abroad program will study and travel in Europe. The students studying at Oxford are: David Paul, Debi McDonald, Ron Pierce, Jill Hunting, Lee Card, Rusty Cotten, Donna Hix, Bruce Elliot, and Ellouise Blanton. Those at the University of Grenoble are: Janie Bedwell, Ellen Casper, Lollie Cates, Pat Cullen ,and Barbara Payne.

Spend the summer in a ditch?

You'd better believe it. Digging, building, farming, tending, teaching, and other no-nonsense jobs are all part of the new look in vacations. Having fun is becoming serious business as more teens everywhere seek ways to express their concern for the have-nots. Foresaking beaches and bowling lanes, they're taking off for work camps and community service projects, often far from home, to contribute their energies and skills as needed.

What do they get in return?

The simplest of living conditions, enriched by priceless human contact. No wages (with rare exceptions); financial aid is sometimes available, but volunteers are usually expected to pay their maintenance, travel and personal expenses. The deep satisfaction of sharing someone's problem and helping to solve it. The best possible training and experience for later service in VISTA and the Peace Corps.

The United States National Student Association (NSA) is the national association of students in the U.S. and the largest official student organization in the world. Founded in 1947 to meet the needs of young citizens taking an ever-increasing part in national and international affairs, it is non-profit, non-partisan, and non-sectarian.

NSA is a confederation of the student governments of over 350 colleges and universities; it researches economic, educational, and social problems, of grave concern to students—and converts that concern into practical action; holds national and regional meetings of student leaders to exchange ideas on common problems; is a member of the National Advisory Council, U. S. Peace Corps; is the only student constituent of the American Council of Education, and the only one represented on the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO. Internationally, NSA is associated with student organizations in over 40 countries of the free world, all committed to a future of peace and freedom.

NSA's objectives and accomplishments have earned praise at the highest levels of government and education.

Dwight D. Eisenhower has said, "This Association is a working symbol of the American tradition of democracy within our student community . . . at a time when understanding among peoples of the world is so important to our future, I am particularly glad to learn of the increased emphasis being given to international affairs."

John F. Kennedy said, "Individually and collectively you are among the most responsive and responsible student leaders in the country today. The record of the National Student Association in matters of national and international concern is well known, and one of which you can all be proud."

Why should you travel the NSA way?

Because through NSA it is possible to see more and do more at lower cost—on programs designed to help make efficient use of time and money, while still allowing freedom of choice and action. On this program students can enjoy the benefits of discount rates available only through NSA as non-profit student travel service, and have all the following advantages included:

1. A local student-guide in each country who acts as host and introduces the travelers to his friends.

2. Highly qualified professors to lead study groups—no chaperones travel with college groups, for they are expected to assume adult responsibilities.

continued

3. Pre-departure advice, information, and orientation to prepare for the trip—and orientation programs in each country to furnish necessary background information.

4. Comprehensive, leisurely sightseeing, including many places the "tourist" never sees.

5. Choice of transportation—students may take a student ship, commercial liner, jet flight, or school charter flight.

6. Plenty of free time for doing the unexpected, for wandering in the old section of town, for social life with new-found friends, or for just sitting in a sidewalk cafe.

7. Free time at the end of the program for independent travel.

8. Lively co-ed traveling companions—students who share the same interests and are of the same age.

9. Evening entertainment brings out the fascinating and enjoyable night-life of the cities.

10. Parties and meetings with local students—an opportunity for international friendships.

11. Special guides for museums, galleries, and city sight-seeing.

12. Clean, comfortable lodgings in hotels and university residences.

13. Three meals daily—breakfast is usually in the hotel, but other meals are often in colorful local restaurants, and sometimes a cash allowance is made that the student may dine in the restaurant of his choice.

14. All transportation while on tour, luggage transfers, tips and taxes in hotels and restaurants —NSA takes care of all the details and problems.

16. Services of the NSA staff in Paris and Rome, as well as in New York and Los Angeles.

16. NSA also offers special travel and study programs for pre-college students. From the time these tours depart from New York until the time they return, they are chaperoned by adults experienced in directing and supervising highschool students.

For the student who is still in high school, USNSA offers a number of tours and study programs. One that is tailor-made is the twenty-one day Introduction to Europe tour.

For the nominal fee of $815, the student can make a grand tour of five European countries. This tour is specially designed for students who consider a European tour an extension of their educational program. To take advantage of the 21-day excursion fare, all transportation between cities will be by air, so there will be plenty of time to see all the important sights.

Accompanying the group will be a highly qualified Tour Leader who has an extensive background in European travel, history, art, music, and customs; and who is experienced in working with high school students. She will lead the group in discussions of the day's events, as well as providing any necessary supervision. And in each country visited she will be assisted by full-time student-hosts.

This program has been carefully planned to provide an introduction to the history, culture and customs of the "old world," and to take greatest advantage of the available time. There will be plenty of chances to meet and know the people of each country and to share their typical pleasures. Student-hosts will give entry into the life of the student community of their homeland.

Students must be between the ages of 15 and 17, and must be entering the sophomore, junior, or senior class in the fall. This year's tour starts July 10 in London, and ends July 31 in Paris. The $815 fee includes round-trip transatlantic transportation by air.

The first five days will be spent in England. Sightseeing includes Hyde Park Corner, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, Picadilly Circus, Marble Arch, Tower of London, Buckingham Palace (Changing of the Guard), Westminster Abbey and Hall, and Houses of Parliament.

Special attractions include an evening at the "Scene" and a play at a London theater.

From jolly ole England, it's on to Denmark, with the first stop being Copenhagen. Visits include the Gefion Fountain, Parliament, the Stock Exchange, Amalienborg Palace, Grundtvigs Church, and the Permanent Exhibition of Danish Arts and Crafts. Out-of-the-way places include a visit to Kronborg Castle ("Hamlet's" castle) at Elsinore, and an excursion to the island of Flyn to see the home of Hans Christian Anderson. It may only be three days, but there are nights too, and they include a dance at the Danish student club and an evening at Tivoli Gardens.

The home of the clock is next. Swiss sights include Lake Zurich, a visit to a cheese factory, and an evening fondue party with Swiss students. That's all in Zurich from there its on to Lucerne where the stay is climaxed by an excursion by boat, coach and cable car to Mt. Pilatus for a breathtaking view of those famous Alps.

Italy and Rome follow. The highlights there include all the sights that were commonplace during Caesar's time and many more.

Last, but by no means least, is gay'Paree'. The sights are known the world over. A few include the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame Cathedral, Place de la Concorde, Napoleon's Tomb and the Latin quarter. There is also a tour of the Louvre and a full day at Versailles. Evenings leave nothing to be desired, with a Bateau Mouche ride on the Seine and a farewell French dinner party.

The tour hits the high spots of each country visited and lets the student decide on which ones he would like to see again on the second time around. It's fun in a nutshell and is designed to fit the tastes and budgets of high school students. Information may be obtained on this and other foreign tours by writing: U.S. National Student Association, Educational Travel, Inc., 265 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016; or in Los Angeles at: 1355 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90024.

An added benefit of the National Student Association is the international student identity card. It is available only through NSA, and entitles you to discounts in lodgings, restaurants, transportation, museums, galleries, theaters, cinemas, and stores in Europe and North America. The card is free to all tour participants.

Oklahoma's Hi-Lite of the Year

In the fall of 1966, Oklahoma repeated a page in its history that had long remained dormant . . . Oklahoma was in the spotlight of America as an Oklahoma beauty created a panic with her personality, as the new Miss America.

For forty-one years, since Norma Smallwood, a Tulsa miss, was chosen Miss America, Oklahoma had remained in the background as far as pageants go. Then, in 1966, Jane Ann Jayroe, capturing the coveted beauty title, increased Oklahoma's prestige.

The real meaning of Miss American can easily be lost amid the beauty, pomp, and splendor of this regal pageant. It's concept exceeds the seven wonders of the world, even our space flight achievements; or perhaps it is all of these combined.

Miss America symbolizes all the virtues of outstanding character; virtues which have been used in developing the greatest country the world has ever known.

What is the new Miss America's idea of the ideal American girl? "It would be hard now to give you this since I am supposed to be this image. It is hard to think of yourself as being this ideal," Jane eloquently stated, and after a long pause added, "Honesty is one of the most important things, honesty with yourself and with others, and humility."

"In the interview (for Miss America) they look for someone very natural in all phases of the competition and the interview including the talent, swimsuit, and evening gown."

Miss America stands for the goals we work so hard to achieve: goals our history proves we are reaching. She is the free enterprise system in its finest form. Her title was won in free competition, a reward for hard work, within the limits of democratic rules written for all contestants. All based on the personal integrity of the individual. All concepts used in American business through history and which have led us to be the wealthiest nation since time began. Wealthy enough to underwrite the progress of the entire world, with a sincere generosity which exceeds all the nations of history combined.

We are not so childish as to believe we are a people of perfection. Humans encompass everything good and bad. All of us can certainly recall some of our nation's mistakes, crime, and injustice. But it is the spirit and concepts in Miss America which make our nation's and people's achievements overall the greatest in the world. Our history has been one of continued progress from one decade to another. Not perfect, but the best that has yet been done.

Each year we select a new Miss America. It's an annual rebirth of all the good symbols and concepts which are our way of life. A reminder amid all failure and tragedy that *good* is our goal. Therefore, it is appropriate that a fine young lady from Oklahoma has been selected to carry these symbols for the nation in the coming year, since these symbols are dear to the hearts of all Oklahomans.

Music lessons occupy much of Jane's time at Oklahoma City University. Spending most of her time in the Music Building or in the Music Annex, just north of the Music Building, Jane practices piano and voice.

Jane was primarily responsible for the top-flight production of the Alpha Chi Omega girls last May 1, in OCU's traditional May Sing. The girls were presented a special award for the most outstanding performance on the program.

To a casual observer who might happen by, Jane might seem to be having hallucinations, but she is probably just directing an imaginary orchestra.

Jane's performance of "One, Two, Three," leading the Miss America Pageant Orchestra, was the result of many hours of practice.

Miss Jayroe, a cousin of Putnam City High School junior, Debbie Jayroe, is the picture of young American womanhood—respectful, reverent, and vivacious . . . she has true Americanism.

This indescribable quality radiating from a co-ed, makes her something special—a queen.

Miss Jane Ann Jayroe, assumes the challenging role as Our Miss America . . . (photographed by Mike Pasternik)

The journalism room is a busy place. Jane Wegener and Dee Click work on layouts and paste-ups for the newspaper while Nancy Kirkpatrick types a story. There is a place for everyone who is willing to work in the journalism department.

The Journalism Department Story is

No one if they have never had to meet a deadline, fill a last minute hole in a publication, write a story, a headline, a cutline, or a lead can ever know the true story behind the Putnam City School System publications. This story is one of human effort and emotion and though we try to capture it in print, we somehow fall short of this goal.

As for the journalism department itself, we can tell you how it came into being, how with faith and enthusiasm it grew, and the shape of it today, but if you want the true story, you'd have to put yourself in our shoes and learn from experience.

The beginnings of a journalism department in the high school parallel the vision and insight of Superintendent of Schools Leo C. Mayfield, Principal C. Ralph Downs, and Mrs. Lois Thomas, the high school journalism adviser.

Before the journalism activities were organized into a department under the direction of Mrs. Thomas, there was little continuity in publication standards of the school newspaper, *The Pirate Log*. There was no academic class in journalism, only a yearbook and newspaper staff headed by different sponsors. The yearbook sponsor, Mrs. Lois Thompson, was also the high school art teacher.

When the present high school principal, C. Ralph Downs, "inherited" the combination newspaper staff in the fall of 1951, *The Pirate Log* was one page of the weekly community paper. Mr. Downs converted it to a four-page, bi-weekly, separate publication with advertising.

There was a rapid turn over in sponsors for *The Pirate Log* after Mr. Downs relinquished sponsorship to work as a counselor and vice principal.

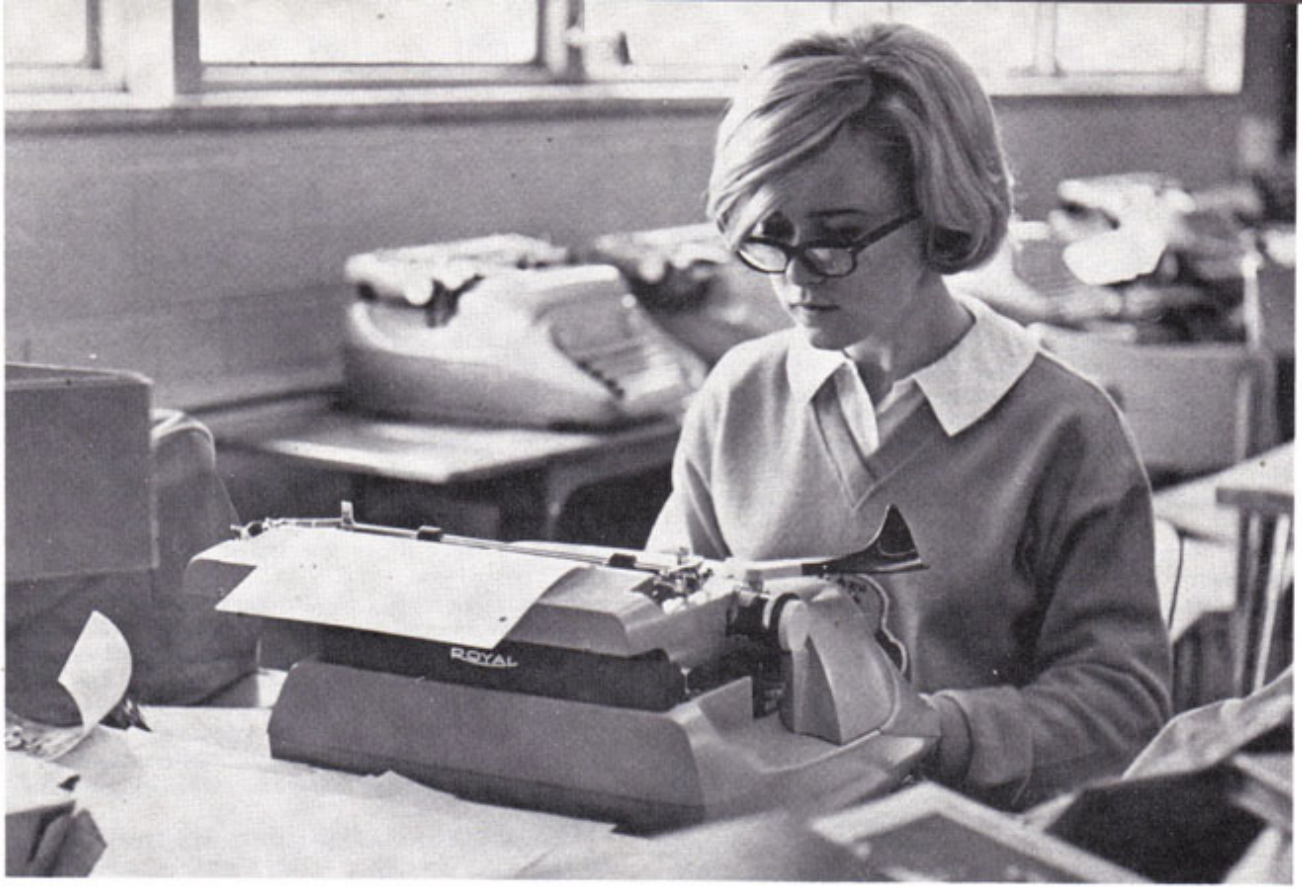
Mr. Downs and Mr. Mayfield, who had both taught the journalism classes before 1959, were determined to see the journalism staffs develop into a department.

A casual conversation with Mrs. Lois Thomas, then a high school English teacher, led Principal Mayfield to see her interest in journalism. She was asked to sponsor *The Pirate Log*, when the position became vacant once again in 1959.

"With a great deal of optimism and innocence I became sponsor of *The Pirate Log*," stated Mrs. Thomas. "Realizing my limitations as far as background was concerned and planning to go back to college for graduate work in the summers, I enrolled in all the courses possible to prepare me for journalism."

Goals for the future were established and the dream for a journalism department began to take shape.

The paper, as in many other schools, had been subsidized. Following the ideal of a working business staff, goals and a budget were established to



One of Effort and Enthusiasm

make the paper self-supporting.

The entire journalism equipment in 1959 consisted of one long ruler, one long pair of scissors, a Thesaurus, a Webster's, a rhyming dictionary, and a 1930 vintage typewriter. You can fill in for yourself all the things the journalism "department" did not have.

How were the pictures made and by whom? The yearbook staff said that they would take them if the newspaper staff paid so much and if they had the time. This all seemed pretty frustrating and with no darkroom at school there were desperate times as far as developing was concerned, so a Polaroid was purchased for emergencies.

Having worked out a budget to pay for the paper, there was no reason for not pushing a little harder for some equipment with which to work. The main goal was a typewriter that would type. Newspaper staffers caught the fever and before the year was up they had purchased a 4 x 5 Speed Graphic.

All that was needed now was a photographer. The cry for help went out over the public address system, and one boy whose father did free lance work and had wonderful equipment at home came to the rescue and a newspaper did come out. It had more pictures than previously and not only was the equipment purchased, but a profit of $700.00 showed on the books at the end of the year.

The department was also responsible for the football programs, as far as selling ads, doing layout and makeup, and so forth, were concerned. This was the main source of revenue to pay for the paper, so it was expanded to increase the income.

It was also suggested that the journalism students attend the national conference in Chicago . . . which they did. Promising students from the lower classes were encouraged to join the staff and a separate class was established to take advantage of the solid offered by the state. A class as well as a staff was formed and students became more aware of and interested in this strange youngster, the journalism department.

The school was growing rapidly so there was talk of a new wing. Plans were drawn up to include a journalism room in the new wing, to be larger, and to contain a darkroom, and an office with a telephone since there was so much business that needed to be carried on with the advertisers, printer, and so forth.

In 1962 the journalism department moved into its fine new room with an overflow class in journalism as well as staff. By 1963 there were two solid journalism classes, and three staffs.

Mr. Mayfield had always dreamed of a school magazine to "tell the story of the Putnam City Schools" to the community as well as to parents

continued

and students. This was undertaken in 1963 with very little pattern to go by, but it turned out to be a successful and continuing program. Mrs. Thomas was given the sponsorship of the yearbook this same year when Mrs. Lois Thompson returned to the elementary school to teach art.

Sponsorship of a basketball program was undertaken and expanded. A chapter of Quill and Scroll and a chapter of Future Journalists of America were established at Putnam and members of the journalism classes and staffs attend Oklahoma City Interscholastic Press Assocation meetings every second Tuesday in the month, as well as the training sessions at OSU and OU, and the summer clinics.

This brings us up to the present stage of development in high school journalism as a department. Now let us turn our attention to journalism in the junior highs.

Each of the journalism departments in the junior highs operates separately. Thus they vary slightly in procedures from junior high to junior high.

One journalism class at Central Junior High prints both the newspaper and yearbook. All the members of this class are freshmen, who request to be in this class at the beginning of the year and if they meet certain conditions, become staff members.

This is the first year there have been any prerequisites to be on staff. The journalism sponsor checks the grades of students wishing to be on staff. A "C" average or above is necessary along with a recommendation from the student's English teacher.

There is no journalism course offered before a student becomes a staff member. He simply learns through experience and the guidance of his journalism sponsor.

Staff members elect to work on newspaper or yearbook and this year the twenty-eight students on staff are about evenly divided. Newspaper staff members and yearbook staff members cooperate with each other, so a newspaper staff member doesn't work exclusively on the newspaper and vice versa.

Editors are chosen by staff members themselves and the sponsor, Mrs. Wendy Johnson, overrides their vote only if the elected editors do not work out.

Journalism at Hefner Junior High is also offered as an elective and the staff members choose their own editors. A student may work on either newspaper or yearbook as he chooses, but the newspaper and yearbook group study the essentials of journalism together. They cooperate with each other in putting out both publications and at the end of each year an award for the best journalist is given.

Not all of the staff members are freshmen. One of this year's editors is an eighth grader, Kathy McKenna, who took journalism in seventh grade, did well, and was chosen editor.

The highlight of the year is a trip to the Oklahoma Publishing Company which includes the *Daily Oklahoman*, *Oklahoma City Times*, and the

Junior high journalism students sign up for staff work in senior high. All that is necessary is willingness to cooperate and work with others.

Tables piled with books, pages of copy to be proofed, and conferences with the editor give distinction to newspaper staff. Passing on ideas gleaned serving as co-editor of The Pirate Log, Peggy Nethery confers with next year's co-editors, Karen Duncum and Janet Bush.

Connie Holt, Mrs. Lois Thomas, and Darla Reubell discuss the placement and size of pictures for the yearbook.

Sunday Oklahoman. Students observe printing machines in operation, the different departments of the publishing company, and meet people involved in journalistic work.

Hefner journalism students are lucky enough to have a carpeted journalism room, separate darkroom, and storage room. Mr. Jim West heads the journalism department.

Western Oaks Journalism is unique in that there are separate classes for yearbook and newspaper. Staffs are chosen from all grades. Students sign up to be on staff with no prerequisites except a willingness to work on the publications. While working on the newspaper and yearbook, students study journalism under sponsor Mrs. Neva Troy.

High school publication editors are chosen by the adviser on the basis of demonstrated ability, leadership, and *patience* and "j" staffers must have taken or be taking journalism.

There are three separate staffs, newspaper yearbook, and magazine as well as two journalism classes. Staff is considered an activity and students earn one half credit for participation while journalism class is a full credit toward graduation.

The journalism department facilities in the high school consist of a classroom especially for journalism classes and staffs, a darkroom, an office with a telephone, and a storage room.

From the meager beginning of separate yearbook and newspaper staffs, one can now observe a fully developed department. Ten well-used typewriters line one wall and located in strategic positions on the other three walls are three huge bulletin boards, barely distinguishable under the mass of negatives, notes, contracts, and papers attached to them. The department also includes an unusually well-equipped darkroom complete with almost every size and type of camera, two enlargers, and a paco dryer.

As Gloria Porter, first editor of the school magazine, the Putnam City *Hi-Lites*, put it, "You work hard on these publications, but it gets in your blood. I am not sure that I would have even finished college if it had not been for my journalism in Putnam City High School . . . and Mrs. Thomas pushing me along."

Former students who caught their early enthusiasm from 237 have gone into such careers as teaching journalism, reporting for U.P.I., printing, and photography.

As Mr. Charles Bennett, managing editor of the Oklahoma Publishing Company, said, "The whole field of communications is critical in achieving the best in knowledge and understanding to cope with today's society. Newspapers are a keystone to interpret the wide public understanding necessary to deal successfully with the problems of today's society. Obviously there is a need for highly skilled young people in this field today." The future then of 237 looks brighter than ever.

The intense effort behind every student publication in the Putnam City School System to a large extent goes unnoticed by the student body in general. What then is our reward for so many hours of work? We perform an indispensable service for our school.

F. N. Shields Manages Student Store

Linda Korell

A short hop, skip, and a jump from Putnam City's Central Junior High and Elementary Schools, Shields Book Store is a meeting place for young people. Students go to Shields for two main reasons: to buy books and school supplies, candy, food and drinks, but especially to see their friends and to "socialize."

The store was opened in 1951 by Mr. F. N. Shields' wife, Martha Faye Shields, and has been operating since then. Mr. Shields has worked in the store for seven years, since his retirement as principal of Central Elementary School in 1960.

"There are between 1,000 and 1,500 students in and out of Shields' every day," Mr. Shields estimated. "Even though the kids are hard on the bookstore and sometimes destructive, the worst child is more valuable than concrete and wood."

"Kids are no worse now than they ever were," stated Mr. Shields. "There are just more of them." Mr. Shields has been around students for forty-two years, so he should know. As a result he understands young people probably as well as any adult and better than most.

Young people feel out of touch with the adult world today, in Mr. Shield's opinion, because both adults and young people are caught in a time of social revolution, when change is occurring so rapidly that it is difficult for anyone to get his bearings. He feels, "Parents are away from home so much that they don't have enough time to give to their children." More than anything else, kids want to be in touch. They want to make contact.

"Communication and transportation have made the world smaller." Mr. Shields explained this by saying, "I had to ride a mule if I wanted to go see my girl."

Mr. Shields has been near Putnam City students since 1947. The first job he held at Putnam was as a ninth grade Oklahoma History teacher at Central Junior High School. The next year he became the principal of Central Elementary. At that time there were 1,372 students at Central. When Mr. Shields retired in 1960 after twelve years as principal, the number had increased by 354. "It was great work, I liked it," he commented.

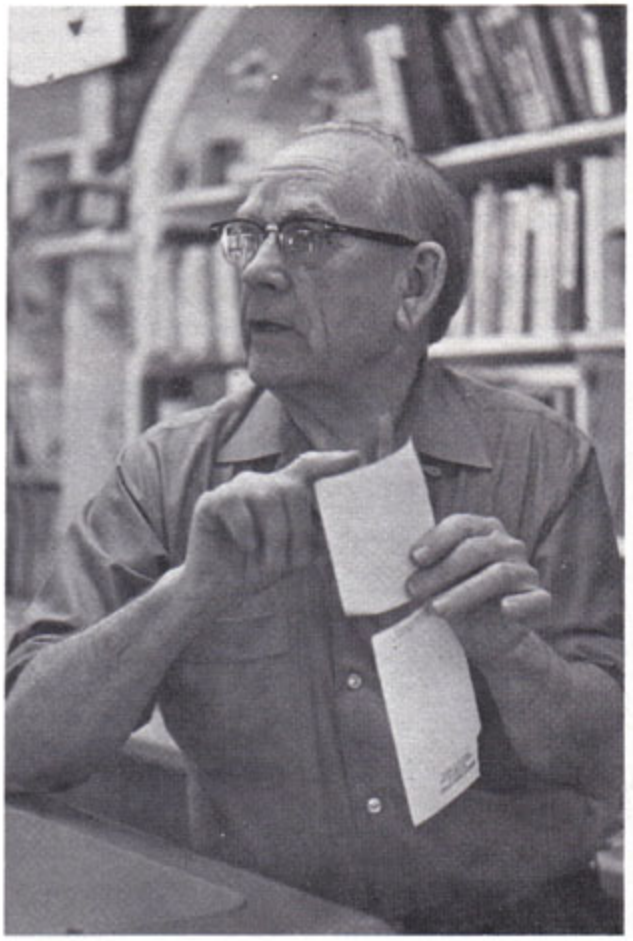
From the automobile business in Nashville, Arkansas, to being superintendent of schools in Buffalo, Oklahoma, was quite a switch for Mr. Shields. He decided to become a teacher because he wanted to get married and a teaching position was available. Mr. Shields liked children and decided to stay in the profession. He feels that teaching is a "great, rewarding service."

Mr. Shields served as superintendent of schools in Amity, Arkansas, Winthrop, Arkansas, and Texarkana, Arkansas, before coming to the Putnam City School District.

Mr. Shields holds a Master of Arts and a BS in Education from the University of Arkansas. He later did a year's graduate work at the University of Oklahoma.

The Shields' only child, James Carrol Shields is a minister and director of the Wesley Foundation at the University of Oklahoma.

This man, who served the Putnam City School System for thirteen years, is a tradition.



"I'm a teacher at heart," said Mr. Shields with feeling. "I'm for any kind of better welfare for teachers. Our children are important enough to have the best in the way of teachers and education."

Small in stature, but tall in ideals, this man thinks, "Most kids are great." His own philosophy can be stated in four words, starting with the letters in LIFE: Learning, Integrity, Faith, Enthusiasm. Forney Nelson Shields lives it.

Cookies and Controversy

by Susan Gill

Lately, Okay, Mississippi, the town where Joyce Whitt grew up, was far from okay in her opinion. She had loved it as long as she could remember, but something was changing it — something horrible.

Every day Joyce spent an hour lying in the sun, thinking and roasting. She was beautiful, no doubt about that, and rich too. Her father owned the town and ran it with an iron hand.

Okay was the kind of place that people never visit — only pass through on their way to Biloxi fifty miles away. It has one hotel, four gas stations, one bank, and a very few stores. Okay had two schools — one for white children and one for the Negroes — and two swimming pools — one for the white children and one for Negroes. Until now Joyce had never questioned the wisdom of such segregation, but the more she read and heard about it, the more she favored integration. Integration! What an awful word! Why were there words like "integration" and "segregation"? Why couldn't we just be Americans instead of *Whites* and *Negroes?*

The sun was beginning to make her dizzy, so she gathered her paraphernalia and wandered toward the house. Instead of going straight in, she threw her poncho over her head and opened the gate leading to the street. She walked a block or more before seeing any sign of life. Two o'clock on an August afternoon in the deep South is not the most active time of day in a town like Okay.

Sitting out in front of his drug store, Jake Weaver hailed Joyce as she passed, "Howdy, Miss Whitt! Hot enough for ya'?"

"Howdy yourself, Jake. Oh, it's not too bad really. Not doin' much business today. Price of sundaes gone up again?"

"Lord, no. You know I make the cheapest sundaes this side of the Miss'ippi. C'mon in. I'll throw one together for ya'."

"S'mother time, Jake. Got somethin' on my mind; think I'll walk around and cogitate awhile."

"Sounds purty serious. You do a lota cogitatin' for a youngster yore age." His beady eyes bore deep into hers. They were hard and cruel and sent chills up her spine. When he reached out to touch her hair, she winced unwillingly. All at once the look disappeared, and he was the Jake she had always known. "Yo're thinkin' about them niggers and that blasted law they passed, ain't ya'? Well, don't worry yore purty, little haid about them good-for-nothin' animals. They'll git what's comin' to 'em. Don't you worry none."

Joyce made an effort to smile and stood up hastily. "I'm not going to worry none, Jake." She turned quickly and tried to saunter away nonchalantly but tripped and fell head-long on the wooden sidewalk. Instantly she leaped to her feet and ran to the end of the block, turned the corner, and stopped. What was her problem? Never before had she run away from Jake. During the school year she could hardly wait for classes to end so she could go to "Jake's place" with the rest of the kids — especially with Drew. Dear, sweet Drew . . . What had Jake said? Niggers! Good-for-nothin' animals! Horrible, repulsive words! She never knew he felt that way. Jake had changed. Everything had changed. Changed for the worse.

Joyce continued down the well-beaten path toward the swimming pool. She wanted to talk to Drew if he were there. Gazing around her, Joyce wondered how she could love a place as nothing as Okay now seemed to her. The streets were unpaved; the sidewalks were made of wood. The magnolia trees that had once been so green and beautiful were dying from lack of care. Their drooping, leafless limbs merely added to the dead, colorless atmosphere which smothered her. Suddenly, she could hardly wait to go away to college and be rid of Okay, Mississippi, and its intolerant inhabitants. She hated Okay for the first time in her life. She hated it!

Before realizing it, Joyce found herself outside the hurricane fence peering in at her friends— some swimming, some sunning, and some calling to her. Drew came and unhooked the gate to let her in. He looked very concerned and interrogative. "Joyce, what's happened to your leg? Did you fall?" She must have skinned her knee when she fell.

"My goodness, don't look at me as though I were dying. It's only a little scratch." Joyce looked down at her leg—and fainted.

The next thing she knew she was looking up at Drew from the grass around the pool. "I swear, Joyce, when are you going to grow up?" He tried to sound gruff but succeeded only in sounding like a mother lamb. There was nothing spectacular about Drew's looks. His nose was too big, and his ears were too small; but he was tall and dark and the nicest, most considerate boy she had ever met. "Joyce, Are you all right?"

"Oh. Yes, I'm all right. I guess I must've fainted. I don't know why, but I just can't stand the sight of blood. I fell on the sidewalk in front of Jake's place. What a clumsy oaf!" There was a larger crowd than usual at the pool. "Big crowd."

"Yep, it's the last day before integration sets in." He spoke of it like a disease. "Kinda late, aren't you?"

"I stopped to talk to Jake. I wasn't even going to come, but I wanted to talk to you about something that has been bothering me." By that time, the others had gone back into the water, so they were alone. "Drew, this is something we've never discussed before. I wouldn't even mention it now except that I have to know where you stand. Until this law was passed, I'd always taken it for granted

continued

that Negroes and white people should live separately not because we were any better but because that's the way it has always been. I didn't know we went to different schools because Negroes weren't allowed at ours; I just thought it was a mutual agreement or somethin'. I never knew they were bullied and treated so horridly or denied their rights as Americans."

"Joyce, I don't know what's come over you . . ."

"Just a minute. Let me finish, I've been reading a lot lately. Books about history and government mostly, but I've read some fiction, too. You wouldn't *believe* some of the terrible things white people have done to Negroes for no reason other than that they are Negro. Maybe I'm naive and sheltered, but I know it's wrong!"

"Yes, you are naive; but I like you that way. I don't want any wife-to-be of mine worrying about any dirty ol' niggers. Just quit worrying; everything'll turn out all right."

"How dare you use that vulgar word in my presence!" Joyce seethed, her eyes blazing. "You are no better than the rest of them—unChristian, unethical, and uncouth! You don't have to worry about my *ever* marrying you." She stalked away angrily. What had come over her? She had thought Drew might be different from the rest; but he wasn't, although she hadn't really given him a chance to explain himself. She was sorry now, but it was too late.

Presently, Joyce found herself in a part of town she had never seen. She had lived in Okay for nearly eighteen years and had never been "cross town." The hands of her watch indicated 4:45. Good heavens! She had left almost three hours ago without telling her mother. Too late now. After a quick look around, Joyce noticed that these houses were more run-down than all the rest of the town put together. She felt a little uneasy but continued her pilgrimage, fighting off dust, filth, and mosquitoes in the sweltering humidity.

She felt someone watching her. Spinning around, Joyce came face to face with the biggest, blackest man she had ever seen. "My God, Jeremiah, you scared me to death!" It was their gardener.

"Missy, what're you doin' aroun' here all by yore little self? Does your papa know where yo're at? You know what'll happen if he catches you here." Jeremiah looked more scared than she. His eyes were as big as saucers, and he was trembling like a little puppy.

"Calm down. I was just taking a little walk. What're you so worried about? Scared the boogie man'll get me?" Joyce laughed gaily, but the more she laughed, the bigger Jeremiah's frightened eyes became. She stopped laughing.

"Missy, you better g' home now. I won't tell yore papa you was here if you don't. He'd be awful mad, and I might have to quit my job."

"You mean he'd *fire* you if he found out? No! He wouldn't fire you for no reason."

"I'm black. That's reason enough for most folks. I'm not sayin' yore pap's like most folks, but I can't afford to take chances. Who's I to say if he's right or wrong? I'm just an ignorant ol' black man."

"No, you're not! You're just scared, and I know why. If you won't say it, I'll say it for you. Papa's wrong. They're all wrong. We'll tell 'em. You and I."

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"Not me, Missy. I got a family to support. Now you go home. Yore ma'll be worried."

"All right, Jeremiah, I'll go, but don't you worry." Worry. What a stupid word! All day people had been telling her not to worry, and that's exactly what she'd been doing. She dreaded going home, but she dreaded not going home more. It was nearly 6:00 when she arrived at her kitchen door.

She opened the screen and entered the vast, heavenly-smelling kitchen. Dinah was leaning over the stove when she heard Joyce come in. "Good Lord, Chil', where have you been? Yore mama has been worried sick about you."

Just then her mother waddled in. "Oh! Joyce, I was so worried about you. Why don't you tell me where you're going? Why do you worry your mother like that?"

"Sorry. I went for a walk and forgot about the time. When's Dad comin' home? I want to ask him somethin'." Her father walked into the room.

"There's something I want to ask *you*, young lady. What do you mean by goin' out and not tellin' your mother where? We were worried to death. Now, what was it you wanted to ask me?"

"Can't I see you alone in your study or somewhere?"

"Can't it wait until after dinner? I can think better on a full stomach."

"No, it can't, Dad; and, anyway, you won't have to think. You'll just have to listen."

He stepped aside to let her go through the door first. "Don't hold dinner, Dinah. This shouldn't take too long." Upon arrival in his study, George Avery Whitt sat down in his plush leather, revolving chair, lit his pipe, and said, "Now get it over with. What's on your mind? Hey, what happened to yore leg?"

"I fell on one of those lousy sidewalks downtown. Dad, how do you feel about the law they passed about Negroes havin' the same rights as us? I mean, would you not hire or fire someone just because he was black?"

"As soon as they so much as step outa line, I'd give 'em their walkin' papers. Ya' can't let a bunch o' niggers walk all over ya'." Joyce winced. "What's th' matter? You ain't goin' soft. You ain't one o' them nigger lovers, are ya'?" His grammar was ne'rer at its best when he was riled.

"I'm not sure what one of them is, but I know I love Dinah, and she's a Negro. I can't remember a time when I haven't loved her. I love Artemis, the butler; and sometimes I even love cross old Mary. I've grown up havin' them around, and I can't imagine what it'd be like without 'em. Is it wrong to love people of a different color?"

"It's wrong when those people are niggers! They ain't really people; they're like house-pets. We take care o' them, and they do what we tell 'em. What kinda Southerner are you anyhow? Your ma and I, we brought you up to know right from wrong. Where did you git such ideas?" He was really mad now.

"Dad, you're wrong! You and Mom and all the people who think like you. You're *all* wrong!" Well, she had done it now. His mouth was so wide one could easily drive a car into it.

"Wha--? How dare you speak to me that way! Who do you think you are? I've a good mind to give you a thrashin' you'll *never* forget!" Instead

continued

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of crying the way she always did when her father yelled at her, Joyce looked him square in the face, turned, and marched triumphantly out.

That evening when Dinah came up for her good-night hug, Joyce thought she looked as if she had been crying. When questioned, Dinah looked away and shrugged, "Mus' be comin' down with somethin'. 'Night, Chil'. See ya' in th' mornin'." Joyce thought she muttered ,"I hope," but she was probably mistaken.

" 'Night yourself, you sweet old thing. What would I do without you?" Joyce hugged her extra tightly.

She lay awake all night. A strange feeling gnawed at her brain, but she could not identify it. She knew something was wrong. Dreadfully wrong.

Her thoughts were interrupted by an odor in the air. It was the smell of burning toast. Dinah had not burned the toast since the morning the shed in the back yard caught fire. Joyce wondered what the crisis was this time. She flew out of bed, threw on her robe and slippers, and raced downstairs. The house seemed oddly silent and deserted. She flung open the swinging door and burst into the kitchen.

"Good morning, Dear," her mother said cheerfully, "did you have a good sleep? Don't look so stunned, Dear; I merely burned the toast."

Joyce stared in wide-eyed amazement. "It's just that . . . that I've never seen you cook before.

Where's Dinah? Why isn't she making breakfast?"

"Er . . . uh . . . what would you like for breakfast, Dear? Keep it easy. Remember I'm just a beginner."

"Mother! Where is Dinah?! Why isn't she here where she belongs?"

"Now, Darling, calm down and let me explain. Your father and I . . ."

"You! You fired her didn't you? You fired her for no better reason than she was black and I liked her. You can't stand for a white person to love a black one, can you? No! You're wrong, and you can't stand for anyone else to be right? Did he fire all the other servants for the same reason? Don't just stand there like and idiot; answer me!" She was hysterical.

Her mother was taken quite aback. "Joyce, I have never heard you talk that way. What has come over you?

Joyce ignored her and started to cry. Between sobs she managed, "I expected something like this would happen. I expected it from *him* but not *you!* I thought you were different, but you aren't! You're just like the rest of them! All wrapped up in yourself and your high-and-mighty Southern traditions. Well, you can take your traditions and go fly a kite for all I care! As soon as I can, I'm getting outa here and never coming back!" With that she ran out of the room, leaving her mother in a state of shock and bewilderment.

Joyce ran upstairs to her room and flung herself onto the bed and wept for nearly twenty minutes. When she finally realized that crying would accomplish nothing, she washed her face and put on her oldest slacks. She sneaked out the front door and into the bushes adjacent to the porch and then boldly ventured across the lawn in full view of anyone who wanted to see her. Why bother to sneak?

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She walked for a mile or two before she came to an old rickety shack which had only two rooms, and was unpainted and ugly. She hesitated. What her friends thought no longer mattered. She just did not care.

Hesitating no longer, Joyce knocked on the worn screen door. There was no answer, so she opened it and stepped in. Directly before her sat an ancient, withered little man with hair the color of hoar frost. He rocked in a chair which was twice his size and probably twice his age. The chair squeaked pitifully, but the man smiled and motioned for her to be seated. He acted as if he were expecting her. Perhaps he was; people said he was a prophet.

Joyce poured out her story. She told him how intolerant and prejudiced everyone was and about Dinah's being fired along with the rest of the servants. Then she related the incident with her mother and asked him what to do, but he only smiled. Big help he turned out to be! Joyce wished she'd never come.

They sat in complete silence for a full five minutes.

Joyce stared at her lap and twisted the tails of her blouse nervously. Finally, he said, "You don't need advice. You know what you should do. I'm glad you realize your parents are wrong, but they *are* your parents. Their ideas are medieval and prejudiced, true; but everyone is entitled to an opinion. You have disagreed with your parents before, I'm sure. It's only natural. But this is the most bitter quarrel you've had, isn't it?" Joyce nodded. "Your problem is one that has been left unsolved for centuries, although we keep trying. I'm not asking you to forget it, because that's the last thing I want you to do; I'm just saying that running away from home and yelling at one's mother won't accomplish much. Talk civilly and respectfully to her. Express your opinion but do it as an adult, not as a raving child. Above all, remember that your father and mother think they are just as right as you think they are wrong, so be patient."

During the course of his lecture his eyes never moved. He was blind! Yet he could see far into the future as well as into the past. He told her nothing she did not already know; he merely said it in words. Joyce left the run-down shack not a different person nor in any way inspired, but she knew that she was right, although it would take a long time to convince anyone so stubborn as her father. However, she had a feeling that she had made some progress and that maybe, just maybe, Dinah would be waiting at the kitchen door with some warm chocolate-chip cookies, just for her.

Joyce ran all the way home.

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An Ending and a Beginning

The ultimate goal of education is graduation. To an elementary or junior high student, graduation is a part of the distant future, faraway and not to be coneerned with for the present. Years pass, however, and the distant future becomes the near future, tomorrow becomes today, and suddenly, high school days are almost at an end.

Education is the key to many doors. More than books and report cards, a true education, the kind every Putnamite receives, is knowing and being with people. It is during his school days that a child first experiences real life situations, the kind he will experience in the adult world. He learns responsibility to others and to himself.

The senior year is the climax of high school and grade school education. This year, added responsibilities give life deeper meaning. Finally years of waiting become a thing of the past and doors to adulthood fly open.

It takes lots of energy to be a senior, to get all possible worthwhile fun out of this climactic year. The most reserved senior has many activities: school work and clubs, youth groups, church and civic activities; all take time and effort.

Seniors see, not so far away, college, vocational school, marriage, careers—as engineers, medical workers, linguists, Peace Corps and VISTA volunteers, teachers, writers, homemakers, ministers, and many, many more. Career choices indicate seniors' interest in the world. Young people are concerned with problems like the Vietnam War, regimentation in Russia, starvation in India, desolation in the United States, imperialism in Europe, illiteracy in Africa, and disease in South America.

Although seniors look forward to the future, today and yesterday tug at their affections too. An air of finality overshadows the joy of being a senior. The last football game, the last basketball game, the last pep assembly, THE prom, and three years of active Pirate participation end.

Spring sweeps in with a sudden profusion of green to remind seniors of the beginning of the end. Signing annuals with heartfelt notes to be read five, ten, and twenty-five years from now, drag seniors toward the end of high school days. Underclassmen may envy seniors, as members of the graduating class look back on carefree sophomore and junior years with many fond memories. Seniors feel deepest regrets as they think of leaving Putnam to their younger friends, the seniors of '68, '69, and '70. Sophomores are no longer the bewildered newcomers they once were. The juniors will become seniors, do all the things the seniors did, feel all the same emotions.

Seniors realize that the old crowd will probably break up. Leaving Putnam, familiar and loved for so long, seniors naturally feel a little doubtful about stepping into the unknown glamour of the future. Rumored, but hardly grasped, is the fact that many best friends may never meet again.

Still, anticipation makes it difficult to concentrate on classes as warm weather heralds the aproach of summer. Seniors, as well as many juniors, develop "senioritis."

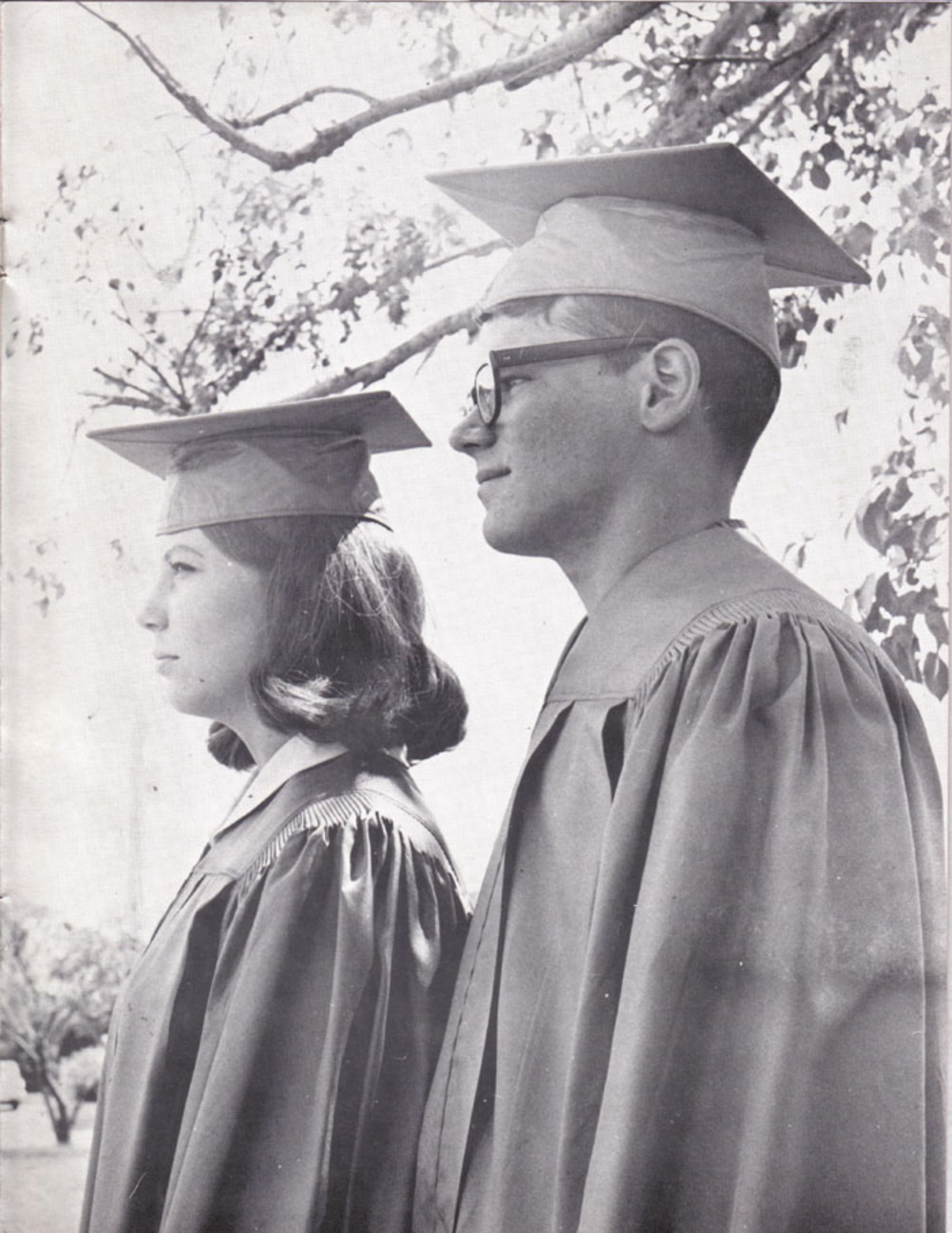
A senior, during the course of his school career, has been through all the bungling frustrations of immaturity and inexperience. He has faced all the life situation problems involved in meeting people for the first time, giving his first oral report, sharing improbable problems, and making impossible decisions. Gaining poise with maturity, and insight with age, a senior is the finished product of an education factory.

Seniors will always have the unforgettable emotional moments of school life. Student organizations offer the student an opportunity to develop leadership, practice democracy, develop acquaintance and friendship with other students and pursue fields of special interest. Putnam City aims to help students to mature physically, emotionally, socially, and spiritually, as well as academically.

The foreign exchange students face the inevitable as graduation signals their return home. A year of learning much more than classwork ends, and they return home with a greater understanding of the United States and a deeper appreciation of the culture of their own country. New friends and a new family are left behind as they prepare for their trip home.

Watching cheerleader tryouts and officer elections, senior pep club girls compare their feelings of emptiness and loss to last year's sense of participation in being able to shape their school.

It is with sadness as well as anticipation that the senior faces graduation. He knows he can return and probably will, but it will never be the same.

Graduation will finally come as the inevitable climax of a year so full of wonderful experiences—it has flown by like a day. Seniors go through the bittersweet rites: wait, tensely quiet, for the music to cue the miles-long walk to receive the precious diploma; sit and try not to fidget or cry while speakers go through the ordinary speeches, which suddenly take on new meaning and poignancy; file offstage; flip the tassel; turn the ring. Shocked, seniors will realize they've *really* been graduated. All the work, all the fun, all the sorrows, everything that has meant school days at Putnam is over, has paid off. Now they're graduates of Putnam City. Happy and loud, but with hidden, semi-conscious awe and sadness, seniors talk with their friends this last time they're all together at Putnam.

"Graduation is a time for joy, a time for tears, a time to treasure through the years. We'll remember always Graduation Day. When the Pirate Halls are far behind, no matter where our paths may wind, we'll remember always Graduation Day." Graduation Day marks an end and a beginning.