clusions and opinions of the discussion groups were passed on to leading college educators for consideration.

This somewhat expensive get-together served a triple purpose: To find out what the world's leading youths are thinking; to promote good international relationships and to develop lasting friendships.

Supporter of the war in Vietnam, U.S. Senator Gale McGee, and Ambassador from Italy, Egidio Ontona, were two of the thought-provoking speakers who addressed the assembly.

Delegates circulated, many of them eating each meal with a different person, so they could meet everyone. David and his Moslem roommate, Anwarul Ahady from Afghanistan, spent a lot of time in verbal comparisons of backgrounds and personal religions.

David found a pal in the representative from Tennessee. At the airport after the conference, David ordered a steak plate. Deciding that he didn't feel much like eating while all of his new acquaintances were leaving for home, he offered it to his Tennessee friend who refused, saying David needed it. The steak ended up with the Oregon representative while David was running along catching the falling baggage of his southern companion who almost missed the plane.

The close of the meeting was unmistakably sad for everyone as they had to say goodbye to newly-formed but close friendships, each thinking and wondering about the fate of the others.

What would be the future of the Swiss boy who spoke four languages and wanted to be a United Nations interpreter? What lay ahead for the girls from Rhodesia and South Africa? Would the student from Albuquerque, New Mexico ever realize his desire to attend school in Melbourne, Australia? Would the delegates from Jordan and Israel return to their countries, join their respective armies and some day face each other in battle, or would they perhaps have a role in making a treaty which would cement the two nations together in peace?

Such solemn thoughts had an obvious silencing effect as participants began to disperse.

After his stay in Virginia, David visited Washington, D.C., where he stayed at the Y M C A which he dubbed the "black hole of Calcutta." The Capital, Smithsonian Institute, Lincoln's Memorial, Washington's Monument and Kennedy's grave were some of the stops on his tour.

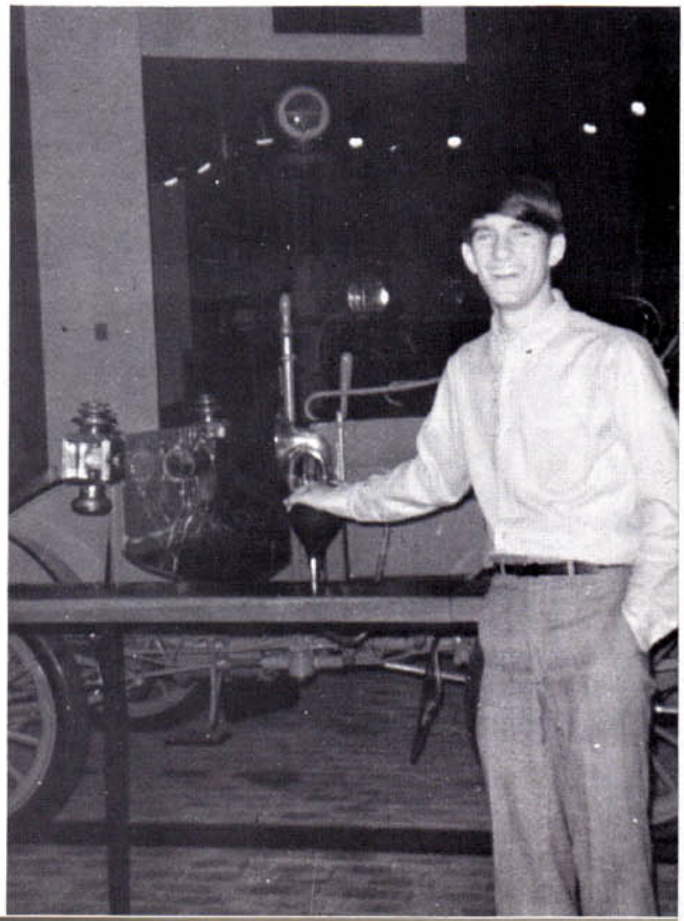
Admittedly quite impressed with the simplicity of the grave and its eternal flame, David said, "it's symbolic of President Kennedy" and "symbolic of the flame he kindled in everybody." He feels Kennedy is "remembered for what he said more than for what he did" and emphasized the little known conclusion to Kennedy's plea, "My fellow Americans, ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country. My fellow citizens of the world, ask not what America can do for you, but ask what we together can do for the freedom of man."

Then came a two-day stay with some friends in Chicago who are working with the VISTA program and who took David on a brief tour of the ghettos. They also visited Valparaiso University, where he was offered a scholarship.

He arrived home at midnight on a Sunday, talked with his family about the trip until 2 a.m. and still made it to school the next day to drop important world issues, at least temporarily, in favor of English and math analysis.

Although the actual conference lasted for only a few days, its effect on those who attended will be memorable and beneficial regardless of the career they ultimately choose to pursue.

Here David Stark is shown with an ol' crate he thought of purchasing while in Williamsburg . . . object: An "Orange Power" car smash.



# Debbi Youker Wins Title

by LeeAnn Slayton

The traditional fairy tale has the beautiful princess marrying the charming prince and living happily ever after. But Putnam City's version of the classic tale began when senior Debbi Youker entered a local beauty pageant, and emerged as Miss Teenage Oklahoma City.

This modern legend of happiness and excitement all started when Debbi submitted her application for the Miss Teenage Oklahoma City contest, and almost didn't qualify for the judging at all. "I turned in my entry form only 15 minutes before the final deadline!"

The results of the preliminary judging were announced on a local television show, and it seemed that everyone but Debbi had heard the good tidings of her advent to the semi-final round of the contest.

An eight minute dramatic interpretation was Debbi's talent selection, but a few days before the final pageant she learned that she had only two minutes in which to present her material.

Although pressed for time, Debbi's quick search led to a twisted-up version of the Cinderella story that fit the time limit. The only drawback was that the selection called for guitar accompaniment, and Debbi had never played a guitar in her seventeen years of life! But with the aid of some very patient and dedicated friends, the guitar was "mastered," and Debbi's talent was ready to go!

Debbi's twisted-up legend was prophetically appropriate, because three days later Debbi was crowned Miss Teenage Oklahoma City.

Dallas and the Miss Teenage America Pageant now became the destination of Oklahoma's outstanding teen. The national contest was "a once-in-a-lifetime experience . . . and I don't think I could live through another week packed with so much fun and work and friendship without totally collapsing!"

This fantasy-like week was filled with parties and picture-taking and judging and "rehearsals and more rehearsals and then more rehearsals!" for the final round of judging which was telecast on national television.

"We had so many rehearsals that by the time the 'real thing' came around, all 63 of us were eternally grateful that this would be the last time we would have to do it!"

Debbi's dream continued as she was named one of the eight semi-finalists in the pageant, for which she received prizes ranging from clothes to a transistor radio in the shape of a soft drink machine to shares of stock in the sponsoring companies of the pageant.

But our modern fable of Cinderella doesn't end here. Debbi represents the youth of Oklahoma to people all over the state. She is the teenage ambassador to the older generation . . . living proof that all teenagers aren't hippies or dropouts from society.

Debbi will long remember her reign as Miss Teenage Oklahoma City, and the many people she has met during this year will always hold a special place in her heart. Our modern day Cinderella truly will live happily ever after with her vivid memories of "a dream come true" . . . a happy ending to any fairy tale!

Debbie moves one step forward toward her crown in the formal dress competition.

# Susan Summers Gains National Rodeo Honor

With the coming of summer, many students may find themselves unoccupied and wondering what to do, but not Susan Summers. A Putnam City senior, Susan was chosen National Finals Rodeo Queen for 1967. Susan plans to ride her two horses, Miss Snicker Gal and Lady Two Trouble, everyday besides traveling in numerous horse shows and rodeo contests to states including Texas, Colorado, Kansas and Missouri.

Susan began her riding career nine years ago on a Shetland pony. By age 11, she was riding in horse shows and entering contests, spending countless hours training her horse to maneuver the different patterns.

Before entering the National Rodeo Finals, Susan entered many other shows and gained the experience necessary to become a national winner. Now a winner, Susan plans to try even harder this summer.

Judged on horsemanship, Western apparel, the beauty and personality of the girl, and her ability to speak freely and easily, Susan sold over 1000 show tickets to qualify as one of the one of the 15 finalists.

When finalists were narrowed to eight, contestants appeared on T.V. (the Ida B Show), lunched twice at the Chandelle Club and declared Western Wear Week at City Hall.

December 9th saw Susan crowned National Finals Rodeo Queen. Recalling her reaction at being selected, she said, "I hugged my horse. I couldn't have done it without her."

Larry Mahan, the National All-Around Champion Cowboy, presented the new saddle and Susan mounted "the biggest horse I'd ever seen." The stirrups were much too long, but Susan still managed to epitomize the grace and poise of a national queen.

After the show, she was honored at a dinner attended by Lt. Gov. George Nigh and Senator Clem McSpadden in the Cowboy Hall of Fame.

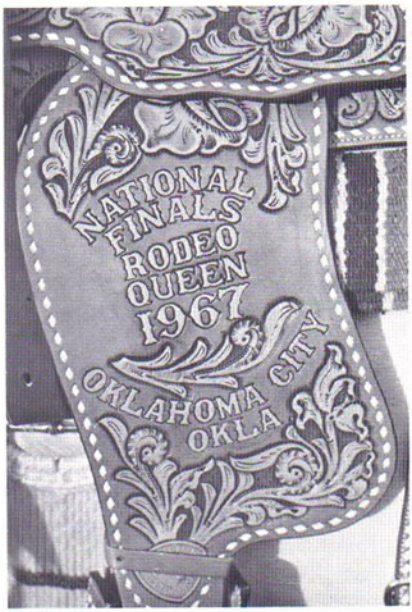
Miss Snicker Gal, to whom the other half of the credit goes for winning, has been placed in semi-retirement, but is still used as a trail horse.

Her palamino, Lady Two Trouble, who is a double-registered quarter horse, is ridden in all "timed" events. She is also shown in halter classes in which the horse is led rather than ridden.

Now that Susan has trained her horses, she rides and reviews them usually two days before a contest or an event.

Animal and master? More like understanding friends is the relationship between Susan and Lady Two Trouble.

Susan Summers was presented this personalized saddle as a memento of her reign.



Seated at the Governor's desk is Governor of Boys State, David Stark, shown happily signing away his life to Girls State delegates Helene Johnston and Laura Renegar, while Doug Polk eagerly awaits his turn.

# Student Political Leaders View Long Road Ahead

"I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes . . . "

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies."

This is the American Creed. Amid the war protesters, draft card burners and hippie-affiliated members of today's society, the meaningful words to this famous creed are sometimes forgotten.

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands; one nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

The words to the Flag Salute are simple — so simple that many Americans say them from memory without a second thought as to their meaning.

Democracy offers a privilege that most Americans seemingly take for granted. Our freedom is something that no one can explain, yet it is a precious gift. We have been enjoying democracy and freedom all our lives, but few of us take the time, or have the opportunity to find out just what freedom and democracy really mean and what their significance is.

Each summer, at Boys State and Girls State, thousands of young Americans who have just completed their junior year of high school from every state in the Union convene in these states

for an eight day program of citizenship, Americanism and government.

These conventions, sponsored by the American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary, give high school girls and boys a background and a more clear understanding of government on the local, state and county levels. The students spend a considerable amount of time studying during the week, and at the week's end, they take a comprehensive examination over all phases of government and politics.

They gain practical experience in citizenship and government by the opportunity to learn the mechanics of government. A bar examination is also taken which covers the area of judicial law.

David Stark and Doug Polk represented Putnam at Boys State, while Helene Johnston and Laura Renegar went to Girls State. They were chosen on the basis of good moral character, leadership ability, courage, honesty, scholastic standing and willingness to cooperate with others.

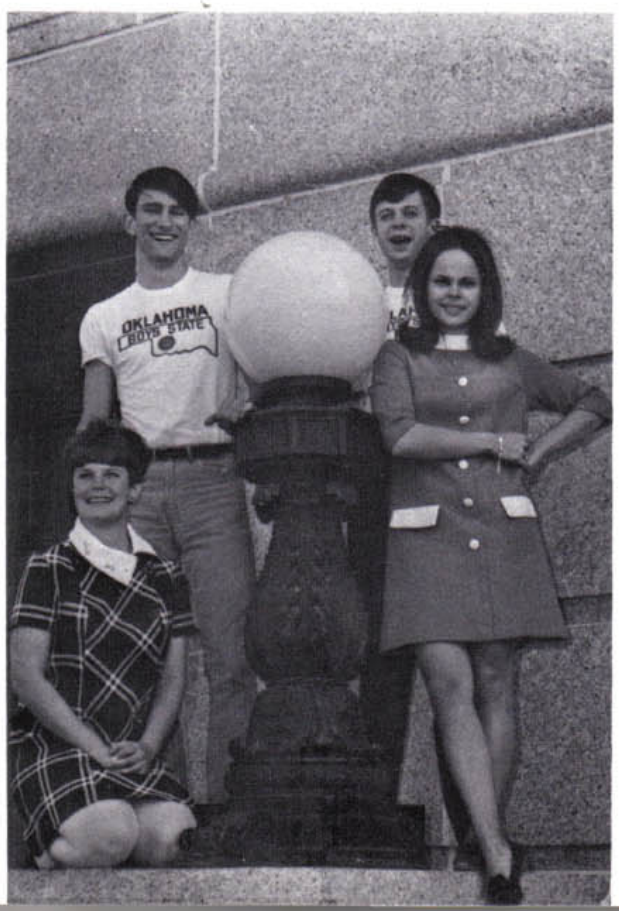
For the first time in Putnam's history, all four of her delegates to Boys and Girls State were elected to high positions.

On the campus of Central State College at Edmond, Oklahoma, where the 1967 Boys State was held, 758 boys attended the session and gave their support to Putnam's David Stark electing him as their Governor. David, a Sooner party candidate, ran on a platform of support for the United States involvement in Vietnam, support for upgrading Oklahoma education and strong unity for lowering the voting age. Led by Putnam's other delegate, Committee Platform Chairman and Boys State Secretary of State, Doug Polk, the Sooner Party also included new taxes if necessary to secure "more resources for all levels of education." Also a constitutional convention was held to "re-examine and re-organize a modern constitution of the people of Oklahoma."

Promoting legislation on state and national levels, Governor Stark delivered his State of the State message to the delegates. He encouraged a close contact among the Staters, their fellow legislators and himself to ensure good government, and called for the Boys State congressmen to consider bills for the improvement of facilities for higher education and for drawing more and better teachers into the state.

Other major points were raising the cost of drivers' licenses to pay for an expanded driver

Shh! Mum's the word when state executives hold their private conferences say Helene and Laura.




Lighting the day to a brighter future for the state of Oklahoma will be the job for these future leaders.

"Oh, sure David, we believe that Betsy Ross drew those stars," teased Helene Johnston as she, Doug Polk and Laura Renegar, enjoy David's boundless imagination when they take time to admire the state seal.

## Staters voted top offices

education program and a clarification of the national draft system.

David, Doug and the other state officials from Boys State met with their Girls State counterparts, and following introductions, the officials of the two mythical states visited the Oklahoma capitol to meet with Governor Dewey Bartlett and his cabinet. Doug was presented with the Thorton Award for being voted the Most Outstanding Citizen in his mock city.

Meanwhile, at the Oklahoma College of Liberal Arts campus in Chickasha, Helene Johnston and Laura Renegar certainly weren't taking a back seat to any of the Girls State elections that were being held there.

Helene was elected as the Girls State Commissioner of Charities and Corrections. As a result of this office she went to Boys State to meet the Boys Commissioner of Charities and Corrections, received a genuine Boys State T-Shirt and traveled to the State Capitol to meet with Oklahoma Government Officials.

Helene was a writer for the Sooner Platform Committee, and was voted Most Outstanding Citizen of her city, one of the greatest honors that a Girls or Boys Stater can receive.

Laura was elected Girls State Representative and was Minority Party floor leader in the Girls State House of Representatives. She held the office of Civil Defense Director of her city and also was elected an Outstanding Citizen. At the end of her memorable week at Girls State, Laura was chosen one of two Oklahoma girls to represent the state at Girls Nation, which was held in Washington, D.C. in August. While at Girls Nation, Laura was her party's candidate for president, and later was appointed to the office of Postmaster General. The main highlight of her Washington trip was meeting President Lyndon Johnson.

1967 was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Oklahoma Girls State. Organized in 1940, it was one of the first in the United States. Girls State was held for the first time on the University of Oklahoma campus. One hundred twenty-nine girls, representing 76 communities attended the initial session.

Oklahoma University was again host in 1941, but in 1942 Girls State was interrupted by World War II, and the convention was not held

again until 1945. At that time, headquarters were moved to Oklahoma College for Women (now Oklahoma College of Liberal Arts) and delegates have met there each year since.

Boys State in Oklahoma got its start at the University of Oklahoma in 1939, and was held there every year until three years ago when it was moved to the Central State College campus at Edmond. Oklahoma State University will host the 1968 session of Boys State.

Boys State and Girls State are, above, all educational programs designed to give young men and women a working knowledge of the structure of state and local governments and their operations. They are based on the idea of learning by doing.

Those in attendance at Boys and Girls State participate in every form of local and state government. Democratic processes are closely followed in all activities throughout the week and each youth in attendance is designated a "citizen."

At Boys and Girls State, the entire group divides into county and city sub-groups to elect officials. Almost every boy or girl who attends the conventions is elected to some office before the week is over, and some, like Putnam's representatives, held two or three offices.

Days at "State" are busy ones filled with a wide variety of activities through which individuals gain a deeper awareness of the responsibility which will be theirs as mature citizens of the United States of America. As they participate in all phases of mock government, they gain a deeper love and appreciation of America and its heritage, learning to preserve the rights and privileges which have been won at so great a cost. They gain a clearer understanding of freedom and democracy and the place of these principles in their lives.

As the students return home with a better understanding and deeper appreciation of the freedom which is ours, they share their knowledge with fellow students and help them in turn to become better citizens.

A week at Boys State or Girls State is a highly worthwhile investment in keeping the United States of America a free nation.

David and Laura relax in comfortable surroundings as they discuss high points of, and compare notes on Boys State and Girls State.

Doug Polk and Helene Johnston rest for a moment during their tour of the capital building.

# Growth Brings Changes To PC

"Change is the heart of all progress; progress is the soul of all good." Putnam City High School is no exception to this modern rule of change; and though the changes undergone at PCHS may not be as dramatic as space travel, race riots and Twiggy, they play a vital role in the growth of our community.

The beginning of the PC era of growth and change was marked in 1958 when high school classes were moved from their location at 40th and Grove to the present location at 5300 N.W. 50th.

With the varieties of talents, backgrounds and interests brought to PCHS, Pirate educators became aware of the new demands for quantity and quality education. This awareness struck the first sparks in the expansion fire destined to become a roaring flame of enthusiasm as administrators began adapting the curriculum to fulfill the increasing needs of a progressive society.

In 1959 the first step was taken to make room for the increasing enrollment with the opening of a new wing. The facilities were enlarged to a capacity of 1,900 in 1961 with the completion of still another wing.

With no room for further addition to the main building, twenty-one "temporary" buildings were erected east of the tennis courts. Along with the initiation of a split schedule in the 1966-67 school year, the "T" buildings helped to ease the strain on the limited classroom space. Still unable to cope with the swelling enrollment during this year, 500 sophomores were transported daily to the annex on 39th Street by bus.

In the 1963-64 school year, an auditorium was constructed north of the main building. (Before the auditorium was completed, the gym had doubled as an auditorium.) With the most up-to-date facilities of any Oklahoma high school auditorium, it is truly an asset to Northwest Oklahoma City and is used frequently for community events.

The latest expansion of the Putnam secondary schools is the construction of Putnam City West High School at N.W. 23rd and Eagle Lane. Completion is scheduled for August 1, 1968.

Expansion and improvement weren't limited to buildings, however. Faculty and administrators became active in the progression with C. Ralph Downs being promoted to principal. Mr. Downs had been a PCHS teacher and vice-principal. Former principal, Leo C. Mayfield, assumed the responsibilities of superintendent when Denver D. Kirkland retired in 1964.

Mrs. Gwen Allred, former home economics teacher, has become general cafeteria manager for the entire school district, and Mr. Glen O. Crouch has been named the central purchasing agent.

Putnam graduate, Janelle Kirby, has "taken the reins" in the newly remodeled library. A special teachers' section, a Xerox copying machine and a time-punch clock for hall passes make the library more convenient and useful.

Just as the community has made Putnam better through their repeated passage of vital bond issues, the Pirates have brought honor to the area through scholastic, athletic and extra-curricular activities. Putnam has reaped honors on the state, national and international levels repeatedly through the efforts of outstanding students participating in such activities as Girls and Boys States and the House of Burgesses.

Scholastic competition at Edmond, and more recently at Oklahoma State University, have added a score of trophies to the already full Pirate showcase.

With the advent of two Putnam City high schools, the cycle of change and progress continues, and with it comes a better education for the students of northwest Oklahoma City.

Checking supply costs for P.C. schools is one of many tasks imposed on Glen Crouch, purchasing agent.

Facing problems of bill paying can become frustrating, especially for cafeteria manager Mrs. Gwen Allred.

Debbie Blackwell gratefully welcomed the Xerox machine to the library as it relieved her from endless hours of copying magazine articles.

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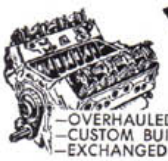

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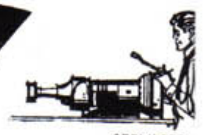

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# One Mission Too Many

By Shelby Alexander

"Oh well, I didn't have anything planned today anyway," Lieutenant Gary Watts grumbled as he climbed into the top-turret of the ragged, olive green, B-17 "Flying Fortress" bomber. He added to himself, "I always wanted to visit Germany, but not during THIS war." It was the third mission for the third day in a row. Today it was Munich, Germany.

By this time Gary had made himself comfortable, if that is possible in the cramped quarters of a top-turret, and had plugged in his jack to the plane's intercom system. He was just in time to hear Bob Thompson, the bombardier, say, "What is the brass trying to do, beside getting us all killed? Three missions in three days! My gosh, don't they believe in combat fatigue?"

The others could be heard voicing their assent throughout the intercom system when the plane's skipper "Wild Bill" Hughes boomed into his throat mike, "All right! Cut the chatter. We're next in line for take-off." He then began the usual conversation with the control tower. In a moment they were airborne.

Fifteen minutes later they crossed over the famous Cliffs of Dover and began the flight across the English Channel to the white cliffs on the other side. In another ten minutes the waist gunners, then the others, including Gary, fired a few short bursts to make sure their weapons were working properly in preparation for meeting the German fighters that always rose to meet them. And these fighters weren't just fighters in the ordinary sense of the word; they were the dreaded "Abbeville Boys," the "yellow noses"; Goering's crack fighter squadron—the best.

Gary, up to this point, had remained reasonably calm. That is, as calm as one can be when he realizes that he is the only one on the whole plane who has his head and shoulders stuck out in such a conspicuous way as to get them shot at, except for the ball-turret gunner who is fully exposed.

Gary pulled back imperceptibly into the recess of his turret. But now, the prospect of seeing a yellow-nosed ME-109 or Foeke-Wulf within the next five minutes began to make his stomach a little lighter and to float around up against his throat. And sure enough, off to their left, rising rapidly were six Foeke-Wulfs and five ME-109's with yellow noses. They pulled far ahead of the slower flying formation of B-17's, and then with their throttles bent back over the stops, they came back. At a combined closure rate of close to 700 miles per hour, the two opposing formations met in seconds. Gary could see little yellow flickers on the wings and noses of the German planes as they chewed up American metal and flesh. Most of the fighters broke off before they got to Gary's plane and dived for the low squadron trailing a little behind and some distance below. But one plane closed an attack on Gary's plane, sprinkling bullets between the cockpit and Gary's top-turret, where they whizzed into the skin of the B-17 and landed on the deck just in front of Gary's feet. He came so close that Gary could almost count the rivets in the plane's radiator scoops as it roared not fifteen feet above his head.

For twenty minutes the German fighters flew through the bomber formations and spread death and destruction.

Not considering himself a notably sharp gunner, Gary was glad that not too many fighters concentrated on his particular plane. He was content to let other top-turret gunners get all the glory. But one plane is all it takes to send a B-17 down in flames, and the Germans tried hard to provide that one plane. It came at them from the left and below, where Gary could watch it but not get a shot at it. He watched as it closed to extremely close range and then opened up with its four machine-guns and two cannon. Gary could hear the shells raising havoc in the cockpit and radio compartment, just fore and aft of him. He could even hear the radio operator's dying scream and the bursting

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of one of the oxygen bottles.

Shortly after this attack the fighters landed for fuel.

Since Gary was the flight engineer in his bomber, as are all other top-turret gunners, it was his job after the battle to go through the plane and determine the amount of damage. He found the radio operator dead and the set damaged but still usable. The hydraulic system had been shot out, the bomb-bay doors hung open like limp muscles, and there was a mess of oil and hydraulic fluid on the deck. The engines were running well, and the only other personal injury was to the co-pilot who had a huge gash, although not dangerously deep, in his forehead and was having trouble wiping the blood out of his eyes.

During this time the formation had been getting closer to their target, and the flak from the city's anti-aircraft guns was now getting quite heavy.

His inspection over, Gary returned to his top-turret. The bombardier cried, "I. P. in thirty seconds." And shortly he yelled, "Bombs away!" much like a cavalry officer yelling "charge." The five-hundred pound bombs slid down the shackles and out the already open doors into the German skies. The mission had been accomplished; the plane could now go home.

Gary settled back to begin the long and, as it was this time, boring ride back home. He took off his parachute to be more comfortable. There wasn't even any fighter resistance as they flew over the Abbeville sector in France. Gary figured that the fighters had probably just landed for fuel after having attacked other bomb groups.

In another twenty minutes they were back over the English countryside flying toward their base. One of the waist gunners offered Gary a cup of coffee; and, on his way back from the waist with the coffee in his hands, Bob, the bombardier, stuck his head out and up into the passageway and yelled at Gary, "Hey! Come on in the nose and I'll play you a couple of quick hands of poker before we land." So with the hot coffee still in his hand, Gary walked forward to crawl into the nose of the plane. But, when he got to the slick spot on the floor with all the oil and hydraulic fluid on it, he slipped and fell into the bomb-bay and out those still-open doors without his parachute, and startled an old English farmer and his cow when he landed with a sickening thud in the middle of a pasture.

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# Trouble for Two or More

By Linda Smith

Davy had always been an odd child, that is odd compared to his twin brother, Ted. He was a cute little boy with blonde hair, blue-eyes that should have twinkled but didn't, and freckles from ear to ear. He would have looked exactly like his brother if it weren't for those eyes. They seemed sort of listless and afraid. As babies they had been identical — but the twins' personalities grew more and more diverse each year. Ted had always been a bright and inquisitive one, talking a-mile-a minute most of the day. As a baby Davy had been active too, but as he grew, his shyness grew accumulatively worse with each passing year and his personality became introverted. He fell into periods of depression and withdrawal, especially when his parents argued. He just couldn't understand why they yelled at each other.

Paul and Laura Martindale were in love — with each other, with their sons and with the world in general. They weren't rich, in fact, they had been just barely getting by since their marriage eight short years before. They could be considered to be an average American couple. Paul had been reared in a well-to-do home where he didn't have to shoulder much responsibility, so when he got out on his own it was an uphill climb the whole way. Then he met Laura and it seemed as if she were everything that he needed in his life. She was reared in a modest environment, but her parents had taught her to be independent and self-reliant. That very difference between the two caused the friction when, at times, they seemed to go in opposite directions — in rearing the boys, managing their money, and just day to day decisions.

"What do you mean — 'Why don't we ever go out?' You know we can't afford to go out! With all the money you spend on clothes and toys for the kids, we could go out three or four times a week!"

"They wouldn't need so many toys if they had a father who'd spend a little time with them. I have to take care of them all day and you never spend more than a minute or two of your time on them!"

"Well, maybe it would have been better if we'd never had them in the first place — or if we'd never gotten into this marriage business at all! . . ."

It was just an ordinary Saturday morning with the kids playing out in the backyard. The twins were struck with the searing words which flew from the open kitchen window, the bitter words which their ears weren't meant to hear — ". . . it would have been better if we'd never had them . . ."

The shelter of the big bush in the corner of the yard was little comfort to the boys. "Why do parents fight all the time?" Davy asked his brother.

"Let's go where they don't have any parents," Ted proposed. "All parents do is yell at each other and make people sad. We could go to the orphanage that we pass on the way to visit Grandma. The children there are always happy because all they do is play and they don't have any parents yelling at each other."

The twins had heard all that was necessary. They couldn't see into the house where their parents stood or they would have seen the look of anguish on both their Mother's and Father's faces, a look that comes when bitter words have been exchanged followed by the realization that they can't be taken back. The twins would have seen that Paul and Laura were really sorry, and if they'd waited would have seen their parents run into each other's arms and say that they hadn't meant any of it.

But the boys didn't wait. Ted crawled through the window into their bedroom. He picked up their piggy bank and gathering up some of their favorite toys, went back out through the window. Then he and Davy stole silently out the back gate into the alley. They walked down to the corner and waited for the bus as they had so many times before with their mother. When the bus came, Ted pulled Davy up the steps, paid the fare, then gently pushed his brother down into one of the seats.

Ted could tell that Davy was frightened but he was determined that they had to go through with it, even if he had to pull Davy along the whole way.

After a time that seemed like hours the bus reached the place where they had to get off. Just down the street they could see their destination. All the children were out in the grassy yard, playing on the swings or building imaginary castles in the sand box.

"Now when we get there," Ted explained, "we'll tell them that we don't have any parents and we want to live with them at the orphanage."

"But that's a lie," Davy protested.

"Not really," explained Ted. "Our parents don't want us and that's about the same thing."

The boys were standing at the fence watching three boys wrestle on the grass when a tall, nice-looking, gray-haired woman walked up to them. "Hello, boys," she said. "Would you like to join us? I'm sure that the children would let you play too."

Ted relaxed a bit and he and Davy were soon absorbed in building a fort with the cool damp sand. The afternoon wore on and soon it was time for the children to go in for dinner. The kind woman came to Ted and said, "I guess that you'll have to go home now, because your parents will be worried about you and waiting dinner on you."

Davy looked at Ted hesitantly, but Ted blurted out boldly, "We don't have any parents or any home. They went away yesterday and left us, so we came here to stay."

When it comes to parties, friends and having fun, children discover home is the most secure place to be.

The woman stared at the boys in shocked surprise. "Are you sure that you haven't any home?" Both boys nodded silently. "What are your names?" she asked.

He's Davy and I'm Ted," he answered.

"What's your last name, your parent's name?"

"Mommy and Daddy," Ted said.

"Do you know where your house is?" she asked.

"It's on a long street with lots of trees and lots of boys and girls to play with," Ted answered, "but I don't know the street," he fibbed.

"Well, you'd better come inside with me. My name is Mrs. Watson and I expect that you boys are hungry so I'll take you to the dining room to eat with the other children."

Mrs. Watson took the boys to a table where she introduced them to a boy named Robbie. Soon Ted and Davy were absorbed in eating and conversing with him, for they hadn't eaten since breakfast that morning and Robbie was quite a talker.

The Martindales had been searching frantically all afternoon for the twins. They scoured the neighborhood from block to block inquiring about the boys along the way. When dark came they finally had to admit that they had to call the police for help. Then all they could do was wait anxiously by the phone.

After dinner Mrs. Watson put Davy and Ted to bed in the same room with their new friend Robbie and the other children. Before the lights were turned out, each of the children said his prayers. Ted was surprised to hear each of the children include in his prayer, ". . . and please, God, bring me a mommy and daddy, Amen."

After everyone had quieted down and the lights were out, Ted crawled over to Robbie's bed and asked him, "Why do you want a mother and daddy? Aren't you happy here? If you had a father and mother all they'd do is yell and argue with each other."

"I want to have a mother to tuck me in at night, to love me, and to take care of me when I'm sick. I want a father to play in the backyard with and to sit on his lap. I don't have anyone that's just mine, someone I can love."

Ted crept back to bed and lay his head down on the soft pillow. It was like his pillow at home and his mother had always fluffed it up before he went to bed every night. Just thinking about his mother made him feel a little funny inside and his dad too, and all the times he had taken Davy and himself to look at the tall building being built


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Davy had seen Ted go over to Robbie's bed and during this time he got out of his bed, went out into the corridor, and padded softly down to Mrs. Watson's office. He knocked hesitantly on the door and when she looked up and saw him, he began, "Mrs. Watson, Ted and I lied about our parents . . ." And so he poured out the whole story — the fight, their running away, and the story that Ted had made up.

Davy didn't see the flickering smile come over Mrs. Watson's face or hear the gentle sigh as she seemed to relax at her desk. For as his confession came tumbling out, his head sank lower and lower in his shoulders and his eyes stayed glued to the worn spot on the rug. He waited for her response. The kind-faced woman with the wisdom gained from confrontations with many unhappy little boys across that big desk, reached out her hand and drew Davy around the corner and up into the chair with her. The confused little boy broke into tears as he reached the comfort of her arms.

At this moment the door flew open and a frightened Ted burst into the room with, "Davy's **losted!"**, then stopped abruptly when he saw his brother. "Is he sick — is he hurt?" he said as he rushed to him.

"No, not sick," Mrs. Watson said, "but hurt, yes, for he has started to see that a mother and father are very precious and necessary to him." With these words, another little boy moved shyly forward to her side.

"Did Davy tell you about - - us?" And as she nodded, he too, began to cry and between sobs came the words, "All the kids here want a mother and daddy, don't they? I thought they'd be happy just playing all the time with each other."

"Ted," Mrs. Watson began, "the children here have found that they need the special kind of love that mothers and fathers have for their children. You might think that all parents do is fight but that is just an unpleasant way that they have to act sometimes to make some of their problems and unhappiness go away. It isn't meant to hurt anyone and parents understand this. Thus people can fight and still love each other very much. Right now your parents are terribly upset because they are separated from you. All afternoon they had been searching everywhere for you and they finally had to call the police because they were so worried about you. Don't you think that they're unhappy because you're gone?"

Both boys nodded tearfully. "What do you want to do about it? I've contacted the police and I know where your parents are. Do you want me to call them now? Are you ready to go home now? I'm sure that your mother and father want you back because they love and miss you very much."

"Yes, yes!" cried both boys in unison. "We want to go home!"

"I'm afraid of what Daddy will say because I made you run away with me. It was my idea," said Ted.

"Don't worry, Ted," said Davy. "Parents love their children and Mommy and Daddy will love us because we're theirs."

(continued from page 3)

| NAME | PARENT'S NAME |
|---|---|
| David G. Sparks | Wilma R. (Hunter) Sparks |
| Connie Kelley | Bill and Wanda Kelley |
| Tina Smith | Robert and Jamie Smith |
| Denise Tomlinson | Darlene Tomlinson |
| Dean Manning | Mrs. William R. Manning |
| Gerri Griffin | Mrs. H. M. Griffin |
| Jack Selby | Freda Selby |
| Connie Davis | Clara Davis |
| Sandy Jones | W. D. Jones |
| Jan Blankenship | Mrs. F. E. Blankenship |
| Jack Amberg | Mrs. J. H. Amberg |
| Mrs. Judith Smith | Mr. and Mrs. John McClure |
| Gayle Williamson | Mr. & Mrs. D. N. Williamson |
| Cris Wooden | Mrs. Mary Wooden |
| Dale Hampton | C. J. Hampton |
| Kathy Hampton | Mr. Richard D. Hampton |
| Linda Dinkines | William F. Dinkines |
| Susan Gray | Delwin L. Gray |
| Rick Parker | H. B. Parker |
| Paul Henthorn | Norman Lathom Henthorn |
| Andy Bensinger | Lois Jean (Best) Bensinger |
| Gary Warnke | Richard L. Warnke |
| Mike D'Eath | Gladys M. Walker D'Eath |
| Kathy Payne | Mrs. James W. Payne |
| Gayle Bellamy | Mrs. Guy Bellamy Jr. |
| Greg Stevenson | Mrs. R. E. Stiverson |
| Lucky Green | Mrs. Nila Green |
| Curt Davis | Mrs. Maurine Davis |
| Burce Falwell | Ruthe Northcutt Falwell |
| Kent Lombard | Mr. and Mrs. Leslie C. Lombard |
| Jim Miller | William G. Miller |
| Richard Bantler | Linnie Lou (Robberson) Bantler |
| Becky Hopson | Mr. James A. Roden |
| Ed Buck | Mr. and Mrs. Ed Buck |
| Jacquelyn Southern | Mr. & Mrs. Jack Southern |
| Jerry Oliver | Mrs. Marian (Kelly) Oliver |
| Mickie Walls | Mrs. Geraldine (Erwin) Walls |
| Vicki Edwards | Mrs. Bonnie (Brogden) Edwards |
| Cris Criswell | Mrs. Gloria (Ogden) Criswell |
| Dee Robinson | Mr. and Mrs. Webley Story |
| Huran Henderson | Mrs. Martha Henderson |
| Pam Calahan | Mr. Gene C. Calahan |
| Ralph Foley | Mr. Ralph Foley |
| Larry Latham | Jack Latham |
| Bob Benne | Earl L. Benne |
| Gayle Whittaker | Gene Whittaker |
| Cindy Campbell | Clara Campbell |
| Linda Thomson | Mr. Ben Thomson |
| Becky Wilson | Mrs. Gladys (Walker) Wilson |
| Jeanne Miller | Mr. John M. Miller |
| George Vascellaro | Beaulah Vascellaro |
| Cynthia Walker | William Paul Walker |
| Sheila Walters | Nina Iralda Walters |