German bus driver becomes Okie

Wooden Shoe Factory—Holland

Houses of Parliament—London

office was dispensing dramamine. This quickly relieved the 'blahs' and we all remained on 'The Pill' until we reached motionless ground.

Our journey by sea lasted nine days, nine freezing days. We didn't know we would be taking the northern sea route across the Atlantic which included a look at Greenland. As we passed a few miles off her coast, we saw whales, porpoises and what felt like 20-foot waves. Needless to say, we were all overjoyed when we reached South-Hampton, England.

LONDON, England—our first stop. Our living quarters, small London hotels, we nicknamed 'The Ghetto.' Despite this one inconvenience, London was everything we hoped it would be—London Bridge, Picadilly Circus, Carnaby Street, Buckingham Palace, Westminister Abbey, the Crown Jewels, Parliament, Big Ben and the underground. We gladly merged with the London fashion scene and night life. In our crocheted mini-dresses, we girls joined the boys and the London theatre crowd. The quaint side of English life was one of our favorite pastimes: tea and crumpets at four o'clock in the afternoon, shopping in the specialty shops and a free Sunday spent sightseeing via the underground.

Transferring from England to the Netherlands via the English Channel and Belgium, we once again reverted to 'The Pill' for the five-hour ferry trip. We landed in Belgium late in the afternoon.

'It's a small world'

This was the first time I remember feeling like I was in a completely alien place—the vacant streets, still war-torn buildings, strange words on signs and the language. I remember that as we stood waiting in the immigration and customs line I looked at the expressions on the faces of my companions—dismay, homesickness, bewilderment and fear. I had to laugh! For that one fleeting moment, we looked like captured Americans headed for the gas chambers.

NOORDWIJKERHOUT, The Netherlands—twenty miles west of Amsterdam. Our bus driver got lost, but we arrived about 11 p.m. From 'The Ghetto' to the Ritz, we lived at the Diocesaan College (a boys' seminary school) in private rooms. This was quite a change from the rush of London life—the Dutch countryside, the friendly merchants, the windmills and the gray beach of the cold North Sea. The highlight of our tour to Amsterdam came the evening we had dinner at the LIDO, Amsterdam's International Student Center. Our itinerary called this "Meet the Dutch" night, but to us it was music, dancing and Dutch boys! Our culture guide, Leo, took us to many fascinating places—Anne Frank's House, the wooden shoe factory, the diamond cutters, the Delta works and the Rijksmuseum.

There was an air of sadness when we left Noordwijkerhout.

PARIS, France—campus change here. We moved to the Lycee in Ramboullet, an hour's drive from Paris. The Lycee, or school, was very nice, the nicest thing being the French chef from Algiers. Paris showed us a great 4th of July with a reception for almost 2,000 League students at the City Hall, complete with an hour-long speech in French by the Lord Mayor which only one third of the kids understood. Shopping and sightseeing occupied much of our time in Paris. The perfume shops on the Champs Elyssee and the department stores of the Galleries de Lafayette attracted our money, but the Eiffel Tower, Arc de Triomphe,

Vatican Square, Rome.

Sacre Coure, Invalides, Versaille, Notre Dame and the Seine at night captured our eyes.

UNTERWOSSEN, Germany—Germany was the best of all! Our arrival in Unterwossen was a joyous occasion because all the mail that had missed us in France was waiting for us that evening. Dinner was slightly touched between laughter and tears. Our living quarters were the best here because we lived in 'guest houses' with individual German families. We enjoyed breakfast with our family each morning—the Frau of our house made the best pound cake and raspberry jam! Unterwossen also held a "first" for me—it was here that I slept on my first featherbed. We had two full-day excursions in Germany. One was to Munich for lunch and a free afternoon in the city. Several of us took a side trip that afternoon to a World War II concentration camp. On the other excursion we ventured to Saltzburg, Austria. Here our culture guide showed us the house and one of the churches of 'The Sound of Music' set.

ROME, Italy—our last stop. Rome was hot! After touring northern Europe for five weeks, the hundred degree temperatures of Italy really got to us. Here we lived in the Convent Lourdes. The poor sisters were overwhelmed by the abundance of enthusiasm and noise built up inside the American teens. Our greatest joy in Italy was experienced late one evening when we watched the American astronauts land on the moon via the Italian Television and heard the American radio station from the army base in Munich.

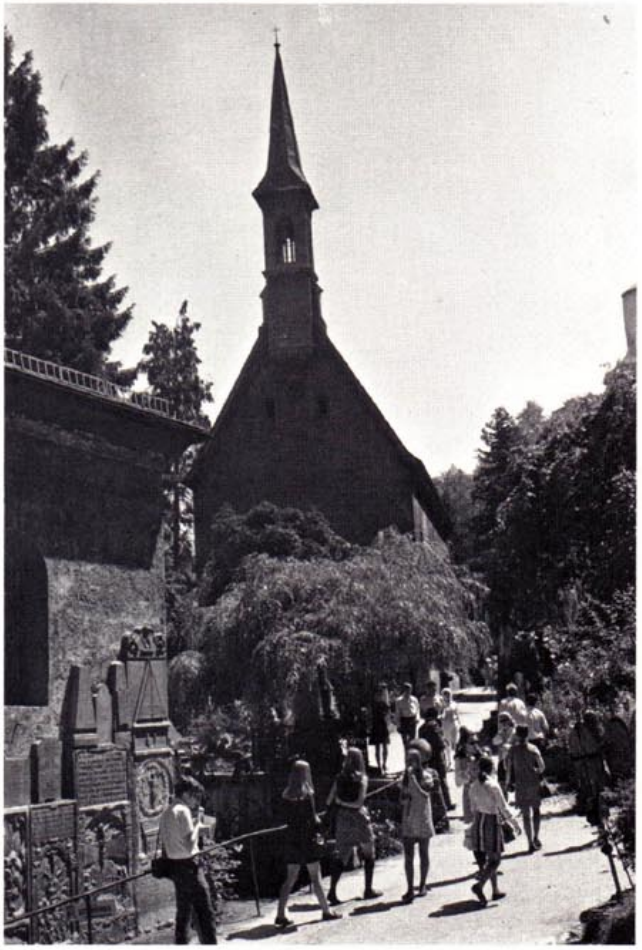
Rome had many places to see—the catacombs, St. Peter's Cathedral, Capitol Hill, the Colosseum, Roman Forum, Sistein Chapel and Vatican City. We took a day excursion to Naples and Pompeii. This side-trip ended in sorrow, for this was the last bus ride with our German bus driver, who had been with us since we landed in Belgium. On the eve before our departure from Rome, Italy and Europe, the League treated us to an evening at the opera. We were fascinated by the open-air, Roman-ruin theatre and its production of 'Aida,' complete with real fires, camels and horses on the enormous ampitheatre stage. The last few days in Rome seemed to drag on—we were ready to come home.

Hurry up and wait. This exactly describes departure day. We were rushed to get to the airport that day, only to stand in line for two hours for customs, immigration and luggage checks. Finally our plane would be two or three hours late. As international flights go, we were lucky that it was only 3½ hours late.

Back in the good old USA. I'd been awake for 32 hours. Needless to say, I was tired, hungry and just wanted some sleep. US Customs was quite different from European inspections. First there was small bag customs, then large bag customs, then came the fight with the ticket man to get him to change my ticket to another flight.

As the sun rose and flights began to depart, we all realized for the first time just how close we had become, how much we depended upon each other and what an impressive part we had played in each other's lives during this short six-week venture. We were no longer 12 strangers thrown together for the summer—we were friends.

"Sound of Music" Church, Saltzburg, Austria.



Past Pirates Prove Patriotic; Many Answer Vietnam's Call

A "cold war" which has lasted ten years has touched the lives of many Putnam City graduates, both boys and girls. Numbers of boys have lost their lives fighting for the ideals which have made America the hope of people from all over the world.

Symbolic of the fighting men in Vietnam is Dan Jones. He was awarded the Silver Star in addition to the Purple Heart, the Air Medal, an Army Commendation Medal, and a Bronze Star. Dan was graduated from Putnam City in 1965. He was a leader in the school, participating in athletics and being active in the student council. Commenting on what it is like fighting in the war, Dan said, "Everyone has to do his job. When you're out there fighting, the only thing you're thinking about is doing your job and wondering if the person next to you is doing his job. You know you have to do your job because if you don't, you or some of your men will get shot."

Dan won his Silver Star for participation in a battle where the odds were clearly uneven. Four hundred and fifty of the Viet Cong were fighting fifty Americans. However, only three Americans were killed in combat, while fifty Viet Cong casualties were reported.

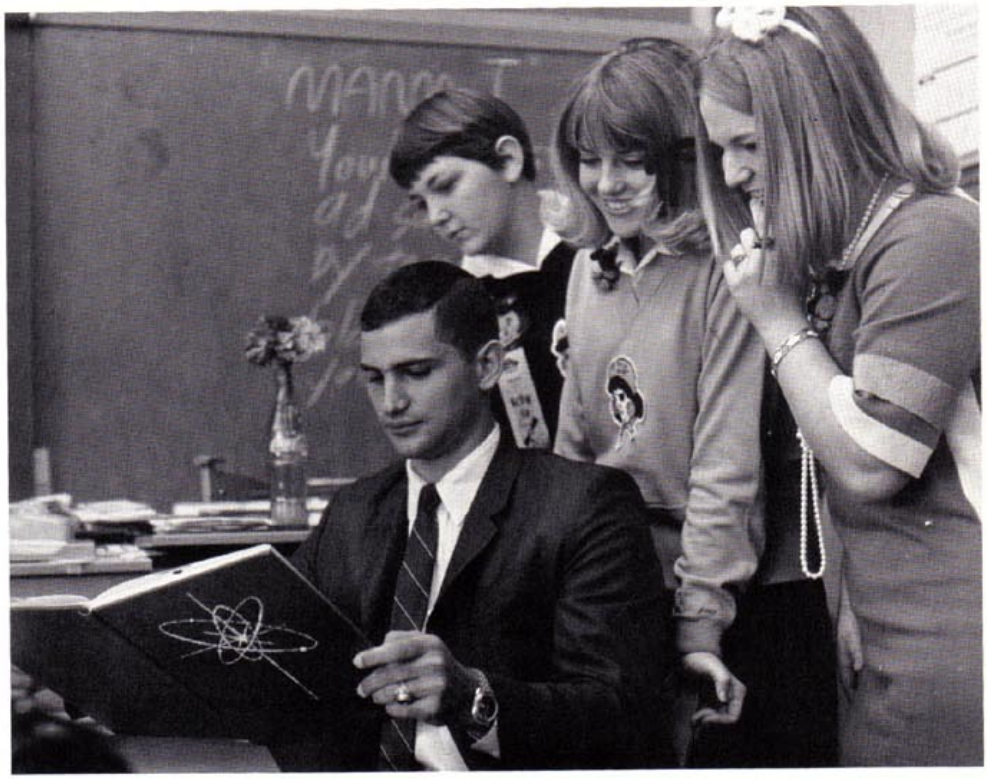
In South Vietnam he was wounded when a fragment of rock hit and lodged in his left shoulder. He was not hospitalized, but had the shoulder treated and was sent back into combat.

Disliking the recent moratoriums, Dan feels that they hurt the soldiers' morale and has not changed government policy.

A 1963 Putnam City graduate who was awarded the Silver Star also is Scott Waugh. He was cited for gallantry in action while engaging in military operations against armed hostile forces in the Republic of Vietnam.

In addition to receiving the Silver Star, Scott was also awarded the Combat Infantry Badge, Army Commendation Medal, and Air Medal.

Fighting in Vietnam has not been all glory and honors, however. Many men have lost their lives, including these former Pirates. Clinton Wheeler,



Safely back from Vietnam, Dan Jones reminisces past activities as a Putnam Pirate.

Don "Spider" Robertson, John Sherril, Arthur McFarland, John Frazier, Charles Seitzinger, Jerry Copeland, Lyle Franklin, and Norman F. Loeffler gave their lives for the ideals and beliefs they held.

Although the men do the actual fighting, the women serve their country in another essential way. Requiring a great deal of courage, nursing enables a woman to help the fighting men in Vietnam.

Such a woman is Carol Rose Smith, 1961 graduate of Putnam City.

First Lieutenant Smith travelled overseas to Vietnam to nurse the soldiers back to health. She was located in Quang Tri, a small city only a few miles south of the Demilitarized Zone in Vietnam.

After graduation from the University of Oklahoma Nursing School in 1966, Carol enlisted with the Air National Guard. A year later, wishing to help the fighting men in Vietnam she joined the army. Following six weeks boot camp in San Antonio, Texas, she was sent to Ford Ord in California and finally, to Vietnam.

The meager pay a nurse receives (about $350 a month) is certainly no incentive to become a nurse, but Carol did not seem to mind it. Discharged last November, she is seriously considering re-enlistment.

CAROL ROSE SMITH

Scott Waugh receives the Silver Star.

DANNY TALMADGE

An important part of being a soldier is being physically fit. Physical fitness paid off for Private Danny L. Talmadge, 1969 graduate of Putnam.

Named the outstanding trainee in his company, Danny also earned physical proficiency honors—making high scores in tests in five events. The tests, demonstrating strength and stamina necessary to the infantryman, are the run-dodge-jump, horizontal ladder, 40-yard low crawl, man carry, and one-mile run.

Putnam City graduates, along with others, are doing their part to preserve this nation's heritage. For some it has meant the supreme sacrifice of giving their lives. For others it means continuing to work and serve to promote peace on earth.

Don't get so upset George, I just want to look at the Formals.

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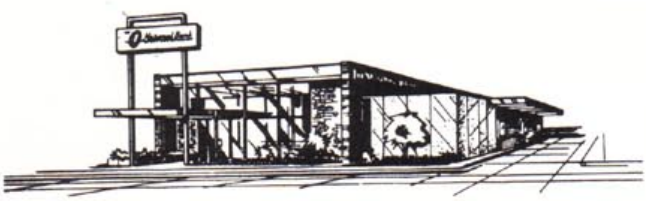

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"Late for dinner"

by Jim Gorton

Early morning. A small Italian car pulled out of a suburban driveway and headed out of town. The streetlights still glowed dimly in the early morning twilight. The streets were nearly vacant as Otto Goldmann headed east. The small car strained at its maximum speed for but a few seconds, and was soon stopped in front of a large gate. Going through the usual procedure Goldmann was soon inside and parked.

Emerging from his small sedan he gave a snappy salute to a passing major and wondered whether or not the stock market would continue its recent upward trend. Those stocks that he'd bought only last week with such great promise of early wealth had already dropped ten points. With any kind of luck at all they would probably drop another ten before the weekend was out. As if the taxes weren't high that he had to sustain this kind of loss. Quite frankly he did not know why he let himself be a party to such silly investment schemes. Well, it was a company venture he reminded himself, but nonetheless the company was in a much better situation to withstand debt than he was. Perhaps he would get that long awaited loan. God only knows I've waited long enough for the stupid thing.

Recovering just in time to see the commander of the base he saluted, pulled open a creaky screen door and reported for duty. It was somewhat unreal. Recalling a day twenty or so years in the past he remembered a rather fervent hope that this land might be one in which he truly belonged, and one which was truly peaceful. Well he belonged anyway. I never did want to leave Kuhfelde. The summer days by the river played vividly in his mind—the Wester, small and swift, flowing past him as he stood on the bank. He'd heard just recently from an old friend that it was now polluted. Oh well.

The summers after they had been forced to leave Germany were nothing compared to those he had had while they had been able to stay. The Alps, only a short drive away by car. How long has it been since I've skiied? Let's see . . .there was that excursion to Mount Blanc, no, it wasn't Blanc it was a small resort nearby. What was the name of that resort? Doesn't matter. That was about eleven years back. Then there was that trip to the U.S. but that was strictly business. A Disney cartoon on skiing popped into his mind. The monorail whizzing around the Matterhorn, well, the trip hadn't been strictly a business trip.

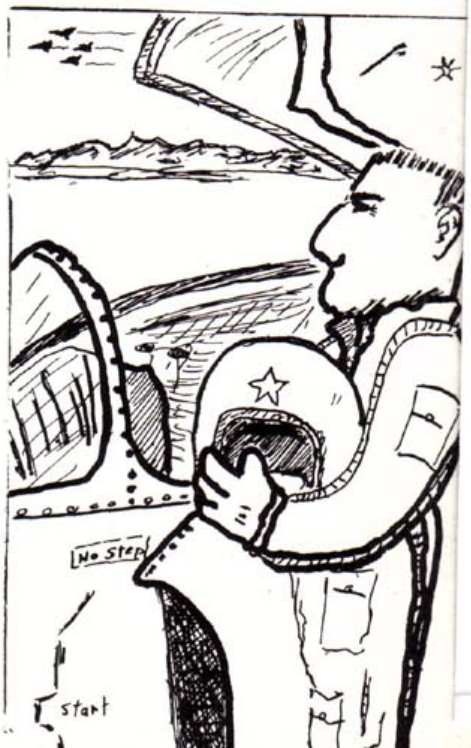
Various scenes from more Disney cartoons were still whirling through his conscious mind when he stepped out into the faint heat of the early morning sun. The flight hangars loomed up in the distance. In front of them were an odd number of jets being worked upon. A Phantom jet flashed in the sun as it wailed overhead. Small tractors hauling loads of bombs and munitions could be seen in the hangars loading up and moving out to the flight line, a small brownish streak of plane after plane on the horizon.

Taxes were due soon. Already he could see himself up late at night going over the passle of bills that Waltrude had run up during the year in her favorite shops and department stores. He singled out a jet in front of the hangars and idly wondered which part of the expensive French jet he had paid for. The way I pay, probably all of it including a few dozen more came the thought. His mind returned to the family finances. He winced as he remembered Wally's last big spending spree. He mentally enumerated the items that couldn't be returned because they were on sale. The horror of it all.

He fumbled at the door of a wooden-frame building, the door-knob abruptly let him pass into a room where eight other reservists were already waiting. All were duly greeted. The usually early bird group. Wassertodt would as usual be in just in time to get orders; it never failed. How he did it was as big a mystery to Otto as it was to everyone else. The fiend must plan it that way. No one could keep it up for almost an entire year and still not be late.

Picking up a travel magazine he sat down to pass the time. "Beautiful Bermuda, sun and fun spot of the Caribbean," "Japan, gate to the Far East," among other terribly interesting articles were flipped through. Hmmm, just about time for that officer to get here. A handful grinned as the door slammed and Wassertodt rushed in just beating the deadline. An officer bearing orders. Is that anything like a Greek bearing gifts? Naturally. . .

In the way of time Goldmann found himself some days later wondering where the intervening days had gotten to. As he walked in the brilliant sunlight practically the same scene presented itself. The hangars, the flight line, and if one turned a little to the right the practice areas and the barracks. The clear blue skies which made flying so perfect were accompanied by heat. Shimmeringly unbearable heat. He made the mistake of touch-



ing a lone oil drum as he passed it. Gad, the thing must be at least 13,000 degrees he thought as he recoiled from the shock.

That financial debate got a little hot last night, he recalled. Even though the entire affair had ended at that time he still was little embarrassed by his hotness on the subject. After all if those Arabs are stupid enough to allow foreign companies to take over their fields lock, stock, and oil barrel . . oooh that was a bad one.

A number of fighters headed for the practice fields in the distance. Already black columns of smoke were billowing up from the fields as other pilots got in needed practice with their air-to-ground missiles. Spitfires racing into the night to combat the unseen enemy across the channel. The air raid sirens wailing in the night. He could still remember the day that one of the big German V-2 rockets roared overhead off-course. The Spitfires had gone up after it but weren't able to do much of anything about it. When there was advance warning they could sometimes get in a few bursts of gunfire before the buzz-bombs got away over the horizon. The rockets had been different though. The war had really been quite an exciting thing. Except for the Spitfires and an occasional buzz-bomb it had been a thing to read about in the newspapers.

Here I am again in another war. The British, however, were a little cool to this one. Reflecting upon that point it seemed as though everybody but the Soviets was cool to this war. The very ones that broke every peace attempt were treated almost like saints. The ground crews were busy putting on various last minute items as he approached. The other men walking alongside of him scattered to their respective planes. The refugees had been treated exceptionally well. The real saints in this matter are the people of this country. After all, we haven't blocked every effort to get a peace settlement. It's now Jewish guerillas that instigate all these various incidents.

Feeling very self righteous one leg was swung into the cockpit after the other. Strapping himself in he radioed the control tower for takeoff o.k. There had been some talk of the pollution problem in the capital of late, but not much had come of it. I wonder how much air pollution this thing puts out? The figures on the pollution that some of the big jets put out was really fantastic. Didn't really matter though. The Arabs would just get any pollution put out by our industries. With the wind pattern the way it is and the size of this country they couldn't miss it.

A sonic boom interrupted momentarily. That has got to be a brand-new pilot, only the new ones make that kind of mistake. It wasn't as though that sonic boom was anything new. Living under the flight path of that idiot airport was like living near an artillery range. There were hundreds of other perfectly good parts of the city to go over and they picked mine. Midnight and early morning tourist specials too. It if weren't for the fact that there is a housing shortage right now I'd move as soon as I got home. Honestly you'd think the government has better things to do than route planes over the very section of the city that supports them with tax money the best. Of course I will be the first to admit that the government has done a pretty good job in most other areas. Getting those gun-boats out of Cherbourg was real slick. Oi vey, I've taken off and didn't even notice it. This is all I need for flying to become routine.

For awhile it was something to relieve the boredom of the rest of the year. Jerusalem passed far below them. They were soon over the Dead Sea and all the new resort hotels. Well, that is one bright spot in the future of this country. The family had been there just recently as a weekend outing. It hadn't been too much fun on his part, but the kids loved it. They had been out there for hours splashing around. The whole thing had ended pretty abruptly when the youngest had gotten a fair sized mouthful of water. That was one sick kid.

Following the Jordan down to their target the fighters met no resistance. It had been quite a long time since the Arabs had dared send anything but flak up. They would be at the target site shortly. This particular target was a little different from the usual village reprisal runs. In return for a number of extremely vicious Al Fatah raids they were to knock out a fmall Jordanian army arsenal. Sure enough there it was. Diving sharply and banking to the left, Goldmann followed the lead plane in. Releasing two missiles he pulled up and circled back for another run. After four passes the arsenal was marked by a tall column of thick black smoke and leaping flames.

Vaguely reminiscent of the breakfasts that Waltrude has bothered to get up and make. Why she couldn't put together a decent meal at breakfast time or any other time was still a mystery of the deepest and darkest shade of coal black. He refrained from capitalizing on his last remark. Well, it would be different tomorrow. From here on in she is going to get up and get me a decent breakfast if it kills her. If I can get up and go to work every morning she can at least get up long enough to fix me breakfast. Somewhere in the back of his mind he knew that he would never remember about his pledge until the next flight.

As a matter of fact . . .yes, I was just passing into Syria a couple of months ago when I thought of it. There should be some paper in the cockpit so that I can write this stuff down when I think of it. A plane worth this much money and they are too cheap to put a little pad of paper in it. You would think that with all the money I put out in taxes they could at least afford to put a little pad of paper in the cockpit.

The radio buzzed noisily into informing him that they were to divert their course to the Northeast where they would take part in a strike against some isolated Jordanian armoured units. I suppose that means that we will have to land somewhere near the border. He tried to remember just what bases were near the Northeastern borders, but did not succede. My memory must be going bad in my senility. The formation banked to the left, and headed North. Must be a rather large Jordanian armoured unit to call us in. They usually don't need more than a few planes.

The shadows of the jets rose and dropped as they flew over the hills and valleys of Jordan. The ground grew more rugged the further North they flew. It looked as though they would have to use the cannons on the

armoured units. The air-to-ground missiles had been exhausted in the run against the army arsenal. Well, the wing machine guns hadn't been used yet. They were generally pretty effective against the gunners that the armoured units were bound to have.

Just above a ridge of low hills three jets were discernable as they dived in against an unseen target. The armoured units turned out to be a body of tanks out on maneuvers. The wreckage of a burning plane caught his eye as he went in to strafe the four lead tanks. They were that heavy new Soviet make. The Soviets. Always looking for a chance to cause some trouble somewhere. This problem wouldn't even be noticeable if it weren't for the Soviets. Some protectors of world peace they were. Egypt ought to have the sense to know that they are being pushed into a hopeless conflict. There is some hope though; it looks as though Nasser is in bad shape. The worse he becomes the better for us.

It's just too bad the Soviets can't have the same trouble on their borders as we do on ours. They would stop this business plenty quick if they did. Maybe Rumania will give them something to become preoccupied with. Really had some hope that Czechoslovakia might keep them busy enough so that they would leave this situation alone long enough for a peace settlement. The way Nasser's losing money over the Suez Canal you'd think that he would agree to peace terms right away.

The tanks by this time had, for the most part been disabled or destroyed. Leaving Jordan to clean up the mess, the Mirage jets headed for the border and a small air base just inside it. A miniscule rectangle on the desert floor identified the air base. Plane after plane swooped down to land on the small runways of the base.

Sitting in the small mess-hall attached to the base Goldmann was speculating on the future of the Dead Sea mineral development when the assemblage of pilots were told that the planes were fueled up and ready to go. By this time the sun was low on the horizon as the formation headed for Tel Aviv.

The stock market, he had learned at the small air base, had indeed gone down. It was going up all this week, now it goes down. Out of touch with the outside world for three days and right away I'm stabbed in the back by a fickle market. This is all I need. I'll probably be late in getting back to the city after that extra mission. I can just see it now; Wally waiting in the door for me with a huge bludgeon in her hand. Doomed.

Wheels screeched as jet after jet whined in to land. Goldmann in spite of himself let out a number of long oaths against the red tape preliminary to his getting home. Already you couldn't see out the window of a lighted room. An hour and a half later the small compact raced out of the base headed for the city and home.

PUNISHMENT

by Bill McNatt

Three days. Three days of hiding from death. And still death was searching.

Then it appeared, screaming in the sky, shadowing the sun. He shrank into a shadow, clutching at his breath. Desperately, he glanced at his surroundings. Nothing. Nothing but damned sand, rocks, a dead tree, and more sand. No, it was either that terrible bird of prey or the desert. Bleached bones in the desert.

"No!" he screamed. With an answering cry, the hunter wheeled about in the air, then split the heavens with an earthward roar.

The tree. . .the tree! Quickly, he ripped a dead limb from its blackened body. Then he ran. Across the terrible shining sands. Each grain a fiery seed of pain.

With a deadly cry, the giant bird fell from the sky. Just before it struck, Ray raised his club and wheeled around. Recognition swept his features. Horror followed after, the horror of memory. Then death. A soul screamed in agony.

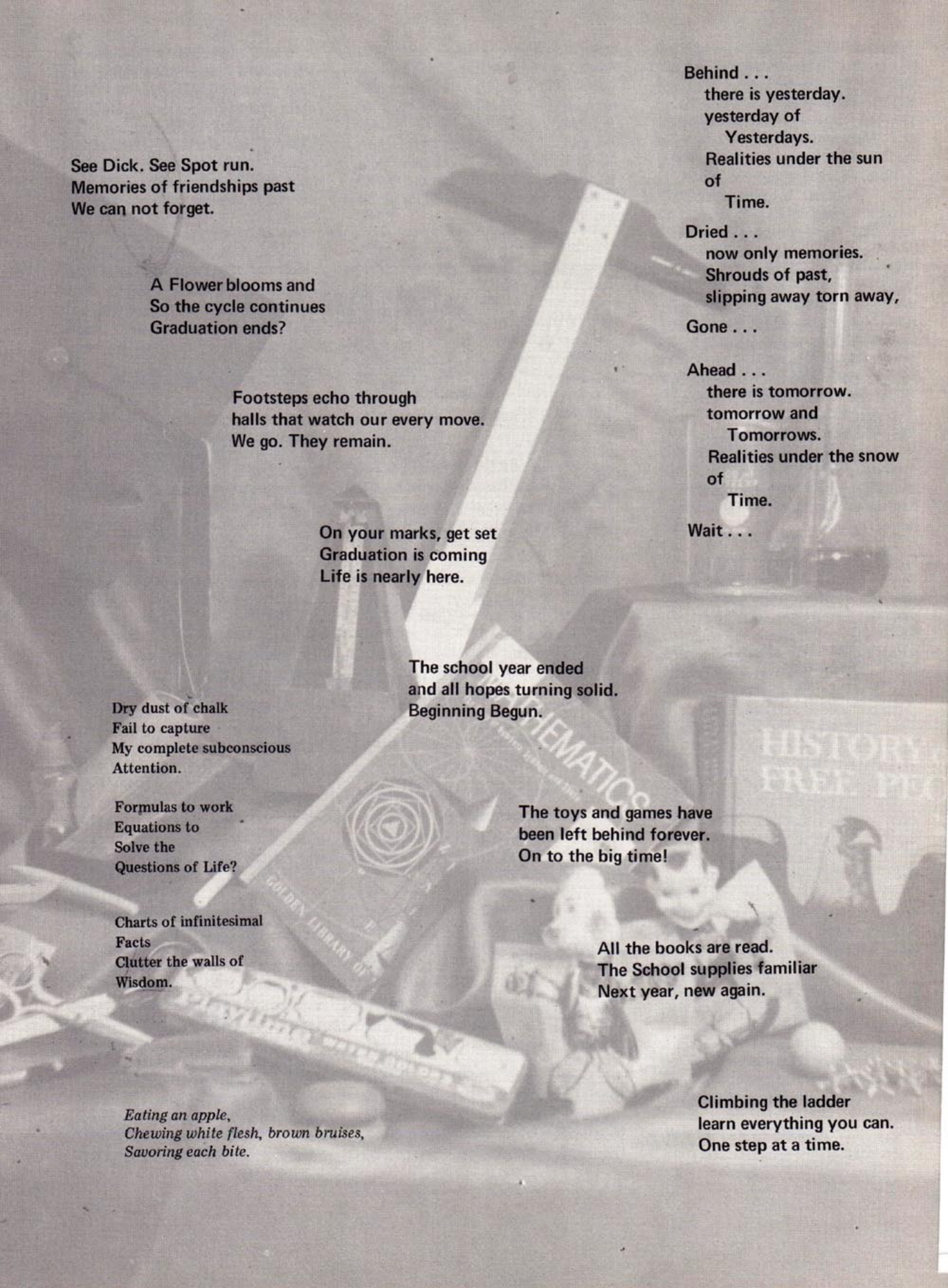
"I'm surprised he lasted this long," one man said.

"Yeah," his companion replied, "as soon as I heard of his escape, I thought for sure he'd be caught within an hour."

"I still don't understand the stick," the first one said. "He looked like he was going to fight!"

"I don't know," his companion said, "Three days in the desert will do strange things to a man."

They picked up the stretcher and carried it into the plane.



See Dick. See Spot run.
Memories of friendships past
We can not forget.

A Flower blooms and
So the cycle continues
Graduation ends?

Footsteps echo through
halls that watch our every move.
We go. They remain.

On your marks, get set
Graduation is coming
Life is nearly here.

The school year ended
and all hopes turning solid.
Beginning Begun.

Dry dust of chalk
Fail to capture
My complete subconscious
Attention.

Formulas to work
Equations to
Solve the
Questions of Life?

Charts of infinitesimal
Facts
Clutter the walls of
Wisdom.

Eating an apple,
Chewing white flesh, brown bruises,
Savoring each bite.

Behind . . .
there is yesterday.
yesterday of
Yesterdays.
Realities under the sun
of
Time.

Dried . . .
now only memories.
Shrouds of past,
slipping away torn away,

Gone . . .

Ahead . . .
there is tomorrow.
tomorrow and
Tomorrows.
Realities under the snow
of
Time.

Wait . . .

The toys and games have
been left behind forever.
On to the big time!

All the books are read.
The School supplies familiar
Next year, new again.

Climbing the ladder
learn everything you can.
One step at a time.