

John Marshall High School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Gavel Newspaper: Mar 20 1970, Volume 9, Issue 10:

11th grade

Cast and Crew Prepared for Premiere of 'Miser'

By Mary O'Hara

Tonight at 8 p.m. the curtain in Marshall's auditorium will go up for the premiere performance of *The Miser*. Plot of the comedy centers around the antics of a frustrated old man named Harpagon (John Bartel) with a passion for money. His daughter (JoAnne Guckelberg) is in love with Valere (Rich Ludwig), Harpagon himself is engaged to Mariane (Mary O'Hara) against her wishes, for she is actually in love with Harpagon's son, (Jay Hildebrandt). This rather hopeless situation is further complicated by the interference of

a matchmaker (Debb Ugoretz). The actions of those characters as well as the other members of the cast should provide the audiences of both performances extremely entertaining moments.

The Miser was written in 1668 by the French playwright, Moliere. Many critics consider him the world's greatest writer of comedies. His comedies ridicule the weakness and foolish actions of the people of his time, and point to their false values.

The play, under the direction of Mr. Ralph Bielenberg, was rehearsed nightly by the cast mem-

bers. While the actors learned their lines and "got into character" last week, they were never quite sure when the performance would take place. However rehearsals went on smoothly this week.

Working with Mr. Bielenberg and the cast, John Holmes organized the musical background for the performance. Of course, the show could not go on without the help of the various crews. The stage and lighting crews worked as diligently as the cast to make the play a success. The set designs are the work of Mr. Robert Zacher and his art crew.

Jon Tetting was originally cast as Valere, but because he tore the ligaments in his leg, he is unable to perform in the play. Richard Ludwig, junior, will take Jon's place. Richard's original role, Anselme, will be played by John Holmes.

Reserved seat tickets may still be purchased for tonight's and tomorrow's night performance at \$1.

JOHN MARSHALL JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

4141 North 64th Street - Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53216

The GAVEL

VOLUME IX, NUMBER 10

Friday, March 20, 1970

Pupils Win Governor's Scholarships

Six Marshall students will receive the Governor's honorary Scholarships. They are Lois Donerkiel, David Engelke, Chris Joda, Patti LaVesser, Linda Maiman, and Laurie Robbins. All of these students are 12A's with the exception of Lois, who graduated in January.

Students are chosen for Governor's scholarships by high school staff members from the upper 10 per cent of their senior graduating class to receive scholarships ranging from \$100-\$800. They are evaluated as to the difficulty of curriculum pursued, service in school and community, and scores on various group performance tests.

Then, they are evaluated on their need for financial aid and to what extent they need it—which determines the amount of the scholarship. Students receiving a Governor's scholarship must attend a Wisconsin university.



Senior class committee chairmen are: (foreground) Tom Leuthner, Myron Heckman, Dennis Maiman, Joe Karner; (background) Marlene Mater, Ellen Gordon, Rose Schmidt, Karen Zunker, Mike Jackson (president); Sandy Kohler and Laurie Robbins.

Class Head Names Committee Chairmen

By Joyce Gonis

Senior class steering committee and chairmen have been named by senior class president Mike Jackson.

Fund raising committee: Marlene Mater, chairman; Scott Weeks, Chris Roffers and Connie Perkins, members.

Publicity committee: Karen Zunker, chairman; Tom Mankiewicz, Roxanne Rohloff, Ross Levine, and Norbert Pelc. Prophecy committee: Laurie Robbins, chairman; Jeff Hintz, and Kathy Golownia. Will committee: Myron Heckman, chairman; Tom Hage and Linda Niebruegge.

Gift for the school committee: Tom Leuthner, chairman; Rosemary Magistro and Linda Maiman. Graduation committee: Sandy Kohler, chairman; Linda Hornestein, Elizabeth Luck, Alyce Sternlieb and Ray Wood.

Banquet — catering committee: Rose Schmid, chairman; Jan Mankiewicz, Pat Turek and Steve Schwid. Banquet — decorations committee: Ellen Gordon, chairman; Dave Engelke, Lynn Friedman, JoAnn Guckelberg and Gail Hansburg. Dance committee: Jen-

ny Berna, chairman; Carol Grau, Fran Neufuss and JoEllen Trickey. Skit committee: Dennis Maiman, chairman; Karen Zietz, Lisa Berna and John Bartel. Post prom committee: Wally Saeger, chairman; Linda Sherwin, Barb Grugez, Richard Chin, Becky Ofethun, and Rose Schmidt.

Anyone interested in joining a committee can contact the committee chairman.

Art Classes Tour Exhibits

Forty-seven Marshall students received a panorama of the world's art works when they toured several Chicago art museums and exhibits on Thursday, March 12.

Under the guidance of Miss Leah Bensman, the students left for the "Windy City" at 7 a.m., stopping at the Oasis restaurant along the Illinois toll road for breakfast. Their first taste of culture was at the Contemporary Museum of Art, where the featured exhibit was that of Roy Lichtenstein, commercial artist.

The group had lunch in Chicago's "Oldtown" section (comparable to Greenwich Village) enjoying small novelty shops and sidewalk artworks along the way. After lunch, they were given a general tour of the Chicago Art Institute.

After the institute, they toured two privately owned galleries, before heading back towards Milwaukee. They ate supper at the Oasis, and returned home about 8 p.m.

The general consensus was that the trip was both worthwhile and enjoyable.

"We learned how Roy Lichtenstein can sell his paintings for so much money when most of them are no more than just one object in the middle of a canvas," commented senior Mark Schraml.

"The whole trip gave an overall view of art. First we saw pop and contemporary art, and at the art institute we saw works from ancient times to the present day," commented Kathy Sparacio, senior.

Marty Plotkin Named DE Boy of the Year

Marty Plotkin, senior, was named the Distributive Education Boy of the Year for the state of Wisconsin out of the 365 students attending the state leadership conference in Green Lake, March 7 and 8.

Other students earning awards which helped Marshall finish ninth out of 39 schools include Shelly Bogsted, first place in sales case problem and honorable mention for sales presentation; Carol Buege, honorable mention for sales presentation; Sandy Goodman, second place in the competent distributive employee series and honorable mention in human relations case problem; Rachel Giese, honorable mention for sales presentation; Dennis Rosiak, honorable mention for ad layout, sales promotion and promotional advertising; Lee Schaeffer, first place in the job interview contest; and Sharon Schneider, honorable mention in the employment test.

Also, a team composed of Jim Inman, Janet Kubisiak, and Jeff Palmer won three honorable mentions in the marketing team series, management decision case problem, and the merchandise case problem.

Marty, Lee, and Shelly are also eligible to compete in the national contest held in Minneapolis in April.

Other activities of Mrs. Judith students include sending nine students from the program to James Madison high school on March 31, where they spent the day visiting

sophomore English classes to explain the Distributive Education program.

It was indicated in a letter from Madison high school that this visit did much to promote the interest in Distributive Education, and Madison will begin this course of study in their junior class in the fall of 1970.

Marquette Players Offering Clinic

Staff and members of Marquette University players will be offering lessons in theater arts to interested Milwaukee area high school students. Dates and times of the class meetings will be announced when the class list is complete.

For a nominal class fee, students planning a career or vocation in theater can have a professional foundation laid for them in acting, dancing, and singing. Other areas of theater will also be taught by qualified specialists.

Interested students should call the Marquette theater at 224-7048 daily between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. and Saturday between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. and leave name and address.

Students interested in further information should contact Professor Leo M. Jones, director, or Michael Neville, president.

John Angelier

July 8, 1952 - March 10, 1970
John was a member of John Marshall's June 1970 graduating class and active in distributive education. Our sincere sympathy is expressed to his family and friends.

Performing Arts Honored in Event

Second annual Visual and Performing Arts Night, Marshall's cultural event of the year, will be Friday, April 24 from 6 to 10 p.m. This program will be a combined effort of the art, music, and physical education departments under the chairmanship of Mr. Robert Beduhn.

The night will begin with an art sale and contest between 6 and 8 p.m. This year some of the exhibits will also be on display in the library during the school day.



Marshall's High School Bowl team members are: (foreground) Laurie Robbins, Barbara Follick; (background) David Engelke, Jeff Bassin.

On Your Mark--- Get Set--- Buzz!

The Marshall "Quiz Kids," seniors, Jeff Bassin, Dave Engelke, Barb Follick and Laurie Robbins, will compete in channel 4's High School Bowl to be aired Sunday. Under the advisement of Mr. Ralph Bielenberg, the four seniors taped the competition last Saturday at channel 4's studio.

If the team beats De Sales High School, it will go on to play West and then Custer. In the case that they win all three games, the team will be considered victorious and will receive cash and a trophy along with honors.

Operation Enlightenment

John Mariner and the Ancient Marshall

High school newspapers are constantly being challenged for their role in giving students not only a "mouthpiece," but also a chance to explore important and crucial issues of the times. Most papers today have become an extremely vital force in informing, enlightening, and even unifying all types of students. With this increased role, it seems a first-rate concern that all students be given the opportunity to read their school's newspaper, and as a result, become more active in school, community, and nationwide affairs.

With the many pleas for students to assume a more powerful position in the functioning of a school, the school newspaper could become a truly effective force if the entire student body is aware of its influence. Yet some students are unable to afford the subscription rates, and others are wary of the newspaper's worth simply because they have never taken the initiative to read each issue.

It seems that either the individual school or perhaps even the school board could assume the responsibility of providing all students with the school newspaper. The present procedure of receiving a newspaper through subscription only prevents many from reaping the benefits that a newspaper can give to any student. A high school publication offers something of interest and value to almost every student, and should be made available to the entire student body.



Anyone for an Affy Tapple? Members of the FTA club sold them after school on Wednesday. Showings in Boy Meeting.

English poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in his "Ancient Mariner," takes a look at John Marshall and contemporary America (courtesy Mr. Potochnik and his English classes):

John Marshall's halls between classes:

To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out . . .

Student discovering he has failed to study for a big test:

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony!

Pollution:

I looked upon the rotting sea
And drew my eyes away

School Days:

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion

Mr. Sherry, after the West game:

The game is done! I've won!
I've won!

Even your best friends won't tell you about perspiration odor:

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony!

Mr. George or Mr. Pautsch pursuing students during lunch hour:

. . . and he
was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking
wings,
And chased us south along.

Marshall's a cappella choir:

How they seemed to fill the sea
and air
With their sweet jargoning.

Blind date:

Her lips were red, her looks
were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold
Her skin was white as leprosy.

Alcoholic's lament:

Water, water everywhere!

Before taking a test from Mr. Harris:

I looked to heaven and tried to
pray

Favorite pastime in study hall:

Beloved from pole to pole.

Last day of school:

Oh! Dream of Joy! Is this indeed
Lecture in history:

We cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient
man

L.S.D. trip:

The souls did from their bodies
fly—

They fled to bliss or woe!

A student driver:

And still it neared and neared,
As if it dodged a water spout,
It plunged and tacked and
veered!

Deodorant commercial:

The cold sweat melted from
their limbs

Nor rot nor reek did they

An east side pot party:

Fly, brother, fly! more high!

more high!

First time in the cafeteria:

I ate the food, I ne'er had eat!

Eager students in class as viewed by a teacher:

This seraph-band, each vowed
his hand:

It was a heavenly sight.

Mr. Harris's study hall:

We could not speak, no more
than if

We had been choked with soot

Reaction of students in class to class "brown" continually volunteering an answer:

Four times fifty living men

With heavy lump, a lifeless
lump,

They dropped down, one by one

Glenn Behnke's reaction to a runner closing in on him:

And turns no more his head

Because he knows, a frightful
fiend

Doth close behind him tread.

Receiving the results of a test you thought you passed:

He went like one that hath been
stunned

And is of sense forlorn:

A sadder and a wiser man.

He rose the morrow morn.

A bachelor speaking of a man who has been wed for two weeks:

. . . This man hath penance done,
and penance more will do!



Working industriously, the Annual staff assembles a layout for their approaching deadline.

'The Heck with Hexes'

By Barb Rosen

Any book that claimed to have authentic love potion recipes, especially at a time when my love-life was being drained of its ex-

I could not resist one seemingly harmless experiment in do-it-yourself witchcraft, so I proceeded to carefully follow the instructions. The first trick was to picture a white blank, then to imagine a

black line producing a circle on the white, and finally to place a black dot in the circle's center and to think of nothing else but the dot. After numerous practices, I managed to retain the dot for at least three seconds. The next step was to introduce this mental exercise to the outside world by drawing (mentally) the black dot on the back of someone's head. By intense concentration and will, I was supposed to make the victim eventually scratch his head where I had pictured the dot.

Occasionally, I couldn't help musing at the remote possibility of developing a potent skill in mastering the fundamental black witchcraft, after, of course, I could use the dot spell. I tried to see what my gym teacher would look like as a frog, or what mother would say if the dog messes picked themselves up. I imagined a glorious Halloween, flying our vacuum cleaner in the moonlight (we don't have brooms in our house) and summoning up a candy bar or two from unsuspecting trick-or-treat bags.

But, to return to my voodoo for beginners, I must confess that I drew little black dots again and again—at auditorium programs, in math class, during sermons, and on the train with the only results being some fallen hopes and a few dirty looks.

One stifling Fourth of July, on my way home from the parade, I had to be packed into a bus with dozens of sweating bodies. To keep my mind off breathing for a while, I decided to practice my concentration control again. So, with all my mental power, I stared at the back of an innocent little girl's head. I had started to draw the outer outer circle for the thirty-first time as I grew impatient for her reaction. Then, she vomited—all over the seat, herself, and the three people sitting next to her. . .

That night, guiltily and wisely, I deposited *Witchcraft in the World Today* and my dreams in the trash.



Sue Schneidler exhibits perfect form while posing on the balance beam during advanced gym class.

Vocational Opportunity Varied, Says Mr. Brooks

Mr. Harry Brooks, head of Marshall's Vocational Education department reports that a great many career-planning opportunities are available to any interested student. Representative speakers from a wide range of industries

and businesses are available to meet with students on request, to acquaint them with different occupations.

Through vocational education students can discover what to expect in a job interview, points out Mr. Brooks—they can get help in choosing the best career for their own abilities and interests, through the use of various questionnaires and aptitude tests. Vocational Education department also offers limited aid in high school course selection and filing income tax returns.

Mr. Brooks believes that students generally plan too late for their futures, and then suddenly make a vital decision with little previous thought. Only a small percentage of graduating seniors ask for any job information. He believes planning for future careers should start early, and then only after the student has discovered his own talents and special abilities and found an occupation to match.

Anyone who desires help with his vocational planning may contact Mr. Brooks, room 223, at any time.

Conference Held

Parent-Teacher Conference day was held last Tuesday between 8:15 a.m. and 6:00 p.m. at school to acquaint teachers and parents.

Students received forms previously for either parents or teachers to indicate 15 minute conferences. Conferences were not only for students who were not doing the very best work possible but also for students doing fine work and worthy of praise and compliments.

VOL. IX, No. 10 March 20, 1970

JOHN MARSHALL
HIGH SCHOOL
4141 North 64th Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53216
Published 14 Times Per Year

GAVEL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief . . . Marikay Martin
Assoc. Editor Linda Maiman
News Editors Sandy Kohler
Howie Gollup
Feature Editors Jon Kanitz
Sue Schneidler
Sports Editors Joe Karner
Wally Saeger
Reporters Dorothy Cullen
Joyce Gonis, Barbara Kucinski,
Rich Kurovsky, Marc Muska-
vitch, Mary O'Hara, Jane Plut-
shack, Judy Robbins, Roland
Wolferstetter.

Photo Editor George Tamms
Typists Nadine Askotzky
Judy Berman
Barbara Granof
Cartoonist Jim Lehmann
Business Mgr. Laurie Robbins
Business Staff Holly Deleff
Kathy Luck, Sue Gullickson, Jane
Scheele, Laurie Peterson, Carol
Wessel, Geraldine Kacerovsky.
Business Advisor - Mr. Fred Winter
Faculty Advisor Mr. John Towle
Principal . . Mr. Oliver F. Wergin

Award-Winning Short Story: 'Paris Terminal'

By John Holmes

"Two packs of Players please, without filters." Alan dropped a ten shilling note on the counter. A little bell signal prodded his awareness, and he listened as the loudspeaker monotoned: "Attention all passengers for BEA flight number 743 London to Paris. Departure is now scheduled at 14:10 on concourse 26. Attention all..." He got his change, muttered a disgusted dammit to the salesclerk, and moved away from the duty free shopping booth. Bloody plane's been delayed another half hour! He sat down to wait it out.

Alan had the type of hair one didn't have to comb, or worry about becoming grey for at least another five years. It was sand colored and matched well with his tan and sportcoat. He was about average in height, in good physical condition, and tied his cravat in a unique knot of his own design. He thought he might as well do something rather than be bored to death — and the much used attache case came off the floor onto his knees and clicked open. On the lid in embossed letters read "Alan Cromwell, buyer, Global Fruit Co.", and beneath in parentheses ("Administer no penicillin"). He felt he looked uncomfortable to anyone chancing to glance at him as he injected his uneasy idleness with photographs of pineapples and mango groves.

How many times had he flown? Oh, traveling was a barbed thorn in his side — it hurt, but he couldn't get it out of his system. Lancashire always had been too cold and sloppy with rain for his father, and when the bad months arrived, his parents just up and joined the spinning roulette wheels, fast cards, and knocking diamonds of Monaco. Half of Alan's young life had been spent waiting in airports, and the other part wishing

and uttered a pleasantry to which Alan had replied a thank you; the 80 degree temperature and noise had mixed with the sun's glare and his thoughts of the Paris meeting, which immediately melted to nothing, and the climb into the airplane's belly produced an unwanted, smiling stewardess. He chose a seat.

The Caravelle tri-jet was small and scarce for space. On each side of the aisle was a row of brown seats, three abreast, and on their backs little jets that blew cool air so as to give one the feeling of motion during take-offs. Overhead a printed light flashed "No smoking — Keinen Rauchen — Defense de fumer" and another tri-lingual order to fasten seatbelts. The passengers herded themselves in.

A fat American woman stopped in the aisle next to Alan's seat. Perspiration stained her light blue, flowered dress and trickled down the sides of her pin cushion head. She dabbed at the beads with a used kleenex.

"Harriet come here!" she called to a thin and pretty teenage girl a distance behind. "Be careful with the camera Harriet! We'll sit here next to this man!"

Alan watched as the fat lady oozed and scrunched her way into the middle seat like an elephant, and how Harriet sneaked into her seat like a mouse. She knocked the camera against the armrest. "Harriet."

Recognition

The plane was completely filled. One or two seats that had remained unoccupied were now, as was Alan's lap, laden with hand luggage. The fat lady and Harriet were leaning over him, busily waving to someone through the small window.

"They can't see that you know," said Alan. "Pull the shade a few

beach met its perspective point, the lush, tropical hues of the palm forest melted into the cool aquamarine of the sea — and staring hard he could see the bright little spot that was the Global Fruit Co. steamer as it sailed away from Port Maria with a load of bananas, and probably contraband rum. He put the empty cup down and walked into the room, making a final check to see that he had left nothing behind. In his right hand he picked-up his leather val-pac, in the other his attache case, then stepped through the door in to the wide, long hall.

The deal had gone well. All the planters agreed to another five year contract. Major White's plantation had even signed for ten! The new propagation techniques were working-out well, and the soil analysis proved encouraging as far as blight was concerned. Yes, Alan had been pleased — Paris too, and in response to his cable had wired him to report to the St. Thomas Caribbean Office for further instructions. That first meant a 68 mile, three hour drive across the Blue Mountains to Kingston.

The Trip

"Do you have a car for me? Has it been readied yet?" Alan asked an oriental behind the reception desk.

"A moment please." The little man, nicely attired in a beige, cotton suit, leafed through a stack of papers. Behind him on the wall hung a mounted dolphin and a plaque reading: "Caught 200 yards offshore of the Tower Isle Hotel by J. Hibler of Milwaukee, Wis. February 20, 1952."

"Yes, we have a car for you. Please sign here. Oh, Henry? Help Mr. Cromwell with his luggage, will you? Hope your stay was pleasant!"

Alan acknowledged with a smile and followed Henry out through

slopes. Just in time Alan saw another Ford Cortina race its distance, screech to a near halt at the junction, then pull out onto the main road with dangerous speed! For a brief second Alan caught the beautiful profile of its driver before she made the turn. It intrigued him that a woman would be so reckless on that snakey road. He decided to have some fun and give her a chase. He knew the road well, he could handle it, and he accelerated. The wheels spun on the gravel until they caught and shot the car forward with a jolting thrust! Alan had all he could do to brake, straighten-out, lean to the curves, shift, brake, straighten out — whoever she was she certainly knew how to handle a car! The speed even scared Alan, but he was gaining on her! Bad curve coming ahead, can't see around, brake-brake! The girl's car bombed into the curve and disappeared — now Alan tearing around — NO!!! He slammed down hard on his brakes as he saw the red of her brake lights glare with terror, and her car smash into a man, hideously throwing his twisting body high into the air and over the side of the road where it bounced and rolled down the cliff!

Involvement

It was quiet. The dust settled. Alan sat for a few moments, stunned with disbelief, then opened the door, got out, and slowly walked to the other car. The girl also had gotten out and was leaning over the hood, crying. She looked up at Alan. Her dress was spotted with blood. There was blood on the hood and windshield, and the left headlight was broken. "See ... see if he's dead," she sobbed. Alan had stretched out a hand to her shoulder, but retracted it, turned, and walked to the edge of the road. He looked and saw that the body had caught on a bush.

Slowly, carefully, Alan began to pick his way down to it. About half way he stopped to rest and to see how much farther ... Oh, he was going to be sick! Alan leaned against the cliff and swallowed hard. Now he could see. The man's head had cracked open like — like a seagull's egg. Alan breathed deeply and felt very weak. He had to leave there, he had to get out of there as quickly as possible! Again and again and again he grabbed at rocks and pulled and pulled until years later he reached the road! Panting, he had knelt with his eyes closed until his breath came back, then opened them and saw the girl's car. Alan got to his feet and started to say "The man is d—", but the girl wasn't there! He went over to her car and looked inside, but no, she wasn't there either! He looked back to his car — it was gone! And standing in its place was his luggage.

Alan's mind went blank with helplessness, but then he snapped back to his senses. He ran to the luggage, snatched it up, and hurried back to the car. Opening the door he threw the pieces in the back and ripped open his val pac. Grabbing a shirt from it he feverishly began wiping off blood from the car, then tied the shirt in knots and threw it as far as he could! Alan re-entered the little car and started the engine. He wouldn't even report the accident. How could he explain it all, especially with this car? All Alan knew was that he'd better get the hell to Kingston and away from that place! He drove off.

She Knows

"Please fasten your seatbelts. We will be landing at Orly airport, Paris, in a few minutes. Thankyou for flying British Eastern. Hope to see you aboard again!" The loudspeaker prodded Alan back to awareness.

A steward walked by checking to see that all eats were in an upright position. He stopped to wake-up the sleeping woman across the

aisle, then moved on. Alan leaned forward, then sideways to stare at her. Sensing his stare she looked around, and their eyes established a fixed contact. Her jaw dropped with shock. She turned nervously away. I've got to talk to her! Alan leaned back in his seat and clamped his seatbelt.

The stewardess' voice broke in again on the P.A. "Upon landing we will shuttlebus you to the immigration terminal. Please remain seated until the plane stops moving. Thank you."

The landing was quick and smooth. Alan put on his sportcoat and took hold of his hand luggage. Again the buzz of conversation filled the cabin as the passengers stood up to file out. Alan was anxious to get going! The woman across the aisle looked at Alan fearfully, and started to move out of her seat. "No, wait!" called Alan. "I want to talk to you!" But she quickened her efforts to leave.

The Chase

"Sit still Harriet. We'll wait until the aisle isn't so crowded," the fat lady next to Alan said.

"Will you please move lady!!" Alan shouted at her. He looked towards the rear of the plane and saw the other woman going through the door — and here he was, blocked in his seat by a circus freak!

"Get out of my way!" Alan shoved past her under a torrent of complaints, and pushed himself into the crowded aisle.

He finally got to the door, and there on ground level was the woman getting into the first shuttlebus! Alan went down the steps as quickly as he could, but was too late, and the bus pulled away. Damn! It would be near impossible to catch her now. He got on the second shuttlebus — "and now I've got to go through passport and cus-

tom, damn!" The bus started moving.

It was about 500 yards to the terminal, and Alan could just see the first bus pulling up. He knew what he'd do! He'd forget about his luggage for the time being, just go through passport control, then go to the second level of the terminal. You could see the customs lines from there, and just maybe he could spot her and the exit she'd be heading for. Then he could follow her! It was his only chance.

The bus stopped and Alan got off. He fumbled in his pocket for his passport and inserted his finger to the proper page. He moved with the crowd, trying to keep ahead of it and trying for a glimpse of her, but was successful at neither. He joined a line at one of the four passport checkpoints. God, it was slow! Come on, come on! I bet she's gone already. Move MOVE! Let's go! Finally it was his turn. He handed his passport to the officer, who dropped it.

"Please sir, I'm in quite a hurry!" Alan's voice was agitated. "Are the steps to the second level to the left or to the right?"

"To the right. Here's your passport." Alan snatched it and took off on the run. Why didn't she wait for me? Maybe she thinks I'm a detective or something. Alan hit the steps and took them three at a time. At the top he crossed over to a glass wall and peered through. Down below were ten oval conveyor belts bringing in luggage from outside. Only five were operating, and around them stood a myriad of people waiting for familiar suitcases. In front of the five belts were ten customs checkpoints. Alan started with the first one, searching for the woman. Oh this is impossible! But he kept looking. To the second, and the third — there! The customs official was chalking a pass on her suitcase, and she took it by the handle! Alan's heart raced with excitement! Now follow her movements, see where she's going. He could see her looking around as if

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

alone in fancy hotel rooms, or burning his feet on hot, stone beaches while his mother and father — who knows what, or with whom.

Unreal Days

Those unreal days revolved around whatever Alan desired. He was left for himself. Walks by the ocean were important. The day he had climbed a small precipice to discover the shoddy nest of a seagull and 3 beige eggs! With a small stone he chipped tiny holes in the ends and sucked out the runny insides that trickled down his chin, then flung the empty shells into the sea. He watched as the waves lapped them back to land, and like little enemy ships, he sunk them with pebbles before they could attack ... And the ambergris. It was lumped in a cool shallow of water inside a pirates cave! Alan found it while the pirates were gone, and he hadn't much time before their return! He scooped the purple, pungent goo in dripping hands and put it into a red, sand bucket, then ran with excited feet back to the hotel. "Father look! Ambergris! I found it and — oh, it must be worth at least 1000 pounds! And there's MORE!"

"For Christ's sakes Alan; get that mess out of here! It's just rancid butter from some old shipwreck!"

Big, image-reflecting windows permitted a vast look out upon the poly-runwayed airfield. The big jets landed and left with frenzied engine screams that did not permeate into the terminal, nor did their heated, summer smells. Brightness, however, radiated in and washed out the lighted information on the flight board. It gleamed spots on metal railings and bounced off infinite things into Alan's eyes. It gave him a squinting headache.

Flight Begins

The 743 flight had finally been called, and Alan found himself yawning the way to concourse 26, and dragging the distance across to the boarding ramp. It was all somewhat unconsciously lost in tedium. The ticket checker smiled

times instead."

"Oh how clever! Are you a teacher or something technical?" she spit her tee's like someone from New Jersey.

"No, just terribly tired," Alan spit back.

The routine had started up front where the stewardess demonstrated a Mae West and an oxygen mask. The plane began taxiing, and the dull buzz of conversation diminished. Its gradual replacement was the increased sound of powerful engines as the plane started to accelerate. With amazing quickness the scene through the window blurred and fell away, and angled strangely sideways as the plane dipped into a huge, banking circle.

23,000 feet, 520 miles per hour. The flight proceeded smoothly. Alan closed the TIME magazine and slipped it into a pocket on the seat ahead. He lazily rolled his head to the right and looked for a few moments at the sleeping woman across the aisle — and then it registered! My God it's Her!!!! Chills of recognition tingled in his arms and back, and his scalp tightened. Alan was very much awake now! No, it can't be — But his heart quickened as images and thoughts began to appear on his mind like so many drops of acid. He looked with wondering disbelief at her beautiful profile — it was her — and involuntarily remembered that day a year ago ...

The Past

The August morning had been, as all Jamaican mornings are, heavy with heady scents of sea air and rainforest. Big John Crows with six foot wing spans hung on invisible breezes that glided them endlessly above the red tiled roof of the hotel, while tinny calypso music from some hidden radio dinned the background. Just moments before the rain had stopped — a ten minute downpour that was already beginning to dry under the vivid sun.

From the balcony outside his room Alan observed quietly, and drank from a cup of strong, breakfast coffee. Down the shore as the

hotel's doorless, open-air entrance to the oval driveway.

"Hey mon, you evva drive on de road here to Kingston? Hit very curvy on de mountain you know!"

"Yes, many times," Alan answered. "It's got to be one of the most beautiful drives in the world — I'd know it backwards!"

"Hokay, but you watch hout! Dis car, he's a favorite of mine to care for!"

Alan chuckled, stooped in and clicked the door of the little Ford Cortina shut. The road was narrow and boarded by coconut palms on each side. It would continue to narrow and incline as the mountain grew. The whole island was like a giant sheet of green paper that had been crumpled and discarded in the sea — and it never changed. Various conquerors had put their marks upon it with different pens, but that hadn't changed the island, the island had changed them; taming some, inspiring others until a deep bond held every thing like an ethereal, golden chain. Alan remembered that he had been thinking about that as he had watched the morning rain and John Crows. Why hadn't his parents ever gone to Jamaica instead of false, phoney Monaco? Oh well, birds of a feather. Alan hated cliches.

Accident

God, the car was becoming hot! He rolled down the window. Every once in a while the road shed its pavement to become large gravel that stirred-up dust. One could almost hear the tires scream with pain! But then and again a small village appeared at roadside, and with it a stretch of asphalt. Each village was nothing more than a few wooden shacks with tin roofs and masses of little children that gathered themselves in giggly groups to wave and shout at passing cars, then scurry down the slopes at road's edge to disappear into the jungle. Alan always slowed down through these villages. It was safer.

Shortly up ahead the road was connected to a smaller one that dropped down from the higher

Poet Rockie Taylor Stirs Sensual Responsiveness

By Jon Kanitz

On March 10, three of the team English classes witnessed Rockie Taylor (Tejumola Ologboni) a poet from UWM . . . with an "afro" hair-style. Cool.

Rockie Taylor is black. He writes black poetry — to black people . . . for black people . . . and they listen—and we listen . . . Marshall high school whites . . . in awe. Rockie Taylor speaks (raps, communicates) to A-MER-I-CANS. And we hear . . . if we want to. We can try to feel it . . . but we cannot, really . . . entirely. His feeling explodes before our eyes.

A short intro and Rockie quoted from James Johnson's "Creation" . . . with BLACK feeling. He spoke of the evolution of black writing . . . how the white publishers didn't print the works of black authors. "It's not like the WHITE poets write; it's not all . . . beautiful . . . or . . . nice."

"Art reflects the environment, with words", Rockie said. "If it doesn't, it's not art. If today we write to copy the Renaissance, we're not artists, we're copiers. If the black man copies the poetry of the white — he's not an artist; he's a copier."

Poetry must be of the real world. Poetry has to be . . . cool. "Poetry has to be . . . black."

Taylor traced a black revolution in theory. He put the "Negro Renaissance" into perspective . . . how it was borne of the meaninglessness and phonyness of "how not to be black"—Don Lee. New ideas came forth in the mind of the black man—the poet . . . ideas of change.

Rockie kept on writing in college, "in spite of some white English teachers . . . who wouldn't dig his poetry—or couldn't."

CHANGED MIND
(or the day i woke up)

if I speak good english
and take a
baf
evry day
then I'll be
accepted by that
Grea
T
Whi
Te
race

george
washington
Ameri
can so pure
never told
a
Black ly

Li
n
coln
so hu
man he done free
da
inslaved
race

I'd hear the star spangled etc. &
etc.
my soul would burn
tears came
to
my
eyes
I said we Amer
I
can
s are kool

was walken down
the street
one
day
singen Amer

I
ca in step with
the beat.
red, WHITE, and
stars on blue, etc., etc.
runnen thru my cloroxed mine

when a cop
stop
ped me, wanted some
I.D.
said
what nationality are

U
I said proud
ly
Amer
I
CAN

he said NO you can'
T
NIGGER

Rockie Taylor in his dramatic Black-Soul realism can astound a white audience—shock and offend—some. He will speak obscenities (the dashes in the middle of the poem are considered such) "But

obscurities are only words, and words are breaths of air. There are no obscene words, only obscene deeds." (Current trend: it's OK to do it . . . but . . . DON'T . . . SAY . . . IT)

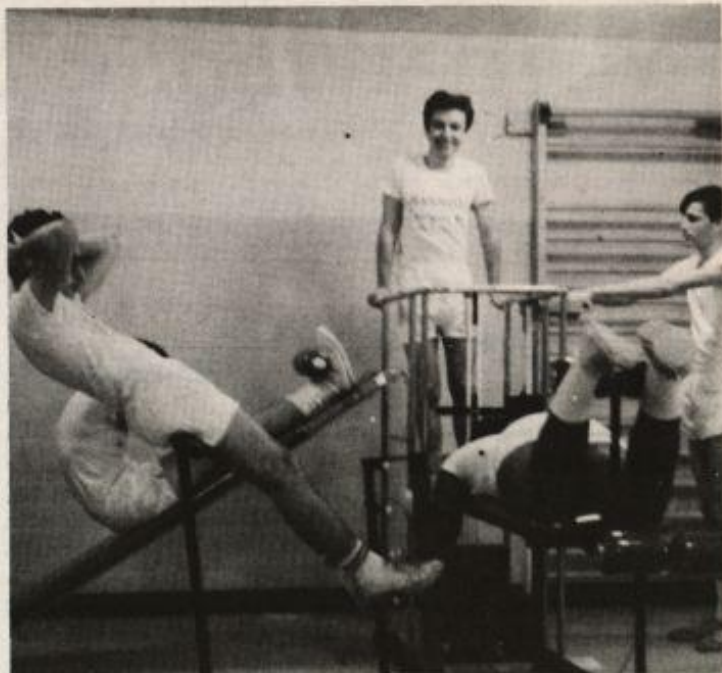
"How can black poets write what is beautiful . . . and nice . . . and still write about the real environment? He cannot. We must change the environment first, brothers."

Rockie Taylor addresses his poetry to the entire. His Black Manifesto speaks as an "open letter" to the white race . . . not "you and you, but not you." If you say "some", Taylor points out, then all the so-called good liberals as well as the racists are the exception, or they think they are.

A listener finds it hard not to react . . . not to respond. Rockie relates that the white liberal stereotype is one who will talk, but who often lacks the courage to do more, or do anything. Taylor agreed that the white liberal is as contemptible as the racist—in some ways—because the white liberal, in standing up for his black brother is proclaiming his prejudice: the black man cannot do it himself . . . he's inferior.

One might think Taylor expresses "no hope" . . . that the black man is best to "go back to Africa." Taylor, however, says this is not realistic. The black man does not want America . . . to make him white. He wants to be black, and to be accepted for what he is—or not at all . . . or the black man cannot accept . . . himself. This is hope.

"To Black man: wake up to BLACKness, if you haven't."
"To White man: Wake up."



Students in the Corrective Gym class work out on special equipment.

'Black Is Beautiful'

The following is reprinted from The Milwaukee Courier, written by Dr. Picott, first national president of the Association for the Study of Negro life and history, and assistant director Membership Development Section, National Education Association, Washington, D.C.

Some things have changed in substance and it is to these new behavioral phenomena that much of the future depends for many people. Included are tremendously important concepts and action-oriented designs:

1. The conceptualization that "Black is beautiful." Perhaps no verbalism in modern times has so dramatically altered the emotional self-vision of a whole people.
2. Black is now a term of respectability. Black is now a badge of pride. It is the heady appeal to self-concept. It is the answer, at last, to tens of thousands of commencement orations "to believe in yourself" and thus "be somebody." It is the exhortation that boldly demands proud self-identification. It is, to a Black person, a reminder that the blood of ancient fathers runs in the veins.
3. At the decade's end, there was a growing concern that Black pride should be matched by performance, that Black confidence be matched by out-put. The rationale is that full human acceptance is dependent on contribution as well as self-concept.

An ancient writer declared that the past is prologue to the future. The crystal ball gazer into the 1970's and beyond must take into consideration some pertinent factors:

1. As the sixties ended, the leadership of the greater crusaders—the young—was in disarray. SDS and the Black Panthers had become fringe operations. With the loss of two Kennedy's and the demise of another Kennedy and the unrealness of Eugene McCarthy,

spirit became stifled or unreal. But out of this time of revolution, there is hope—evidence that America could be better, even if there are scarcely ripples now.

2. The new-found faith of the young, the Black, the disenchant-ed in themselves as change agents in the struggles with the establishment continued, and this self-concept is the bright horizon of the years ahead.
3. It is said that it takes 20 years for a new idea to permeate the school down to the classroom. By count, some 15 years have passed since the 1954 decision of the U.S. Supreme Court on desegregation. In this and through other means, the schools may become more relevant to the children taught and the communities served.
4. The clamor for a rightful "piece of the action" has become louder and today there is hope that segregated unions and segregated business may be forced to listen and grant to the Blacks and the young jobs, opportunity for business management, and ownership.

Before more than 250,000 in the 1963 March on Washington, Martin Luther King declared "I have a dream . . ."

To many who are optimistic, there is still the hope that "one day this nation will rise up, and live out the true meaning of its creed."

Letters

Dear Gavel Staff:

In a most recent issue of the Gavel (Feb. 20, 1970) there were several of the Camera Club's pictures published. Members received no recognition for their work what-so-ever. In the future issues, please have the courtesy to acknowledge either on page 2 with the rest of the Gavel staff, or in separate bylines, the names of members of the Camera Club who contribute to the paper.

Sincerely yours,
Camera Club

Alumni Honors

Air Force Sergeant Edward J. Washatka, a 1966 graduate of John Marshall, has been named Outstanding Airman of the Quarter at the European Security Service. Sergeant Washatka was selected for his exemplary conduct and duty performance as a communications specialist.

Jim Kurtz, a June, 1969 Marshall graduate presently attending the University of Wisconsin, will have the honor to represent his school in the National Collegiate Athletic association college division swimming meet at Rochester, Michigan. Jim was a former City conference champion and is presently representing the University in the backstroke.

MAC'S
ARCHERY SUPPLIES INC.
6336 W. Fond du Lac
466-2210
Daily 12:30 - 9 p.m.;
Sat. 10:30 - 5:30



DRIVER ED CLASS

State requirement for those under 18, complete course takes only 7½ weeks.

- 30 hours of classroom instruction
- 6 hours behind the wheel
- 6 hours of observing another student driver

DRIVER EDUCATION CERTIFICATE ISSUED UPON COMPLETION OF THE COURSE

Call for
Information
463-2640

Alpine
DRIVING SCHOOL

Cont'd P. 3 Short Story

someone was following her. Probably looking out for me, Alan thought — then she took off at a quick pace.

Found

Alan's eyes were glued to her tiny figure as it moved across the vast terminal floor. The parking lot! She's going to the parking lot! Alan ran back to the steps and bounded down them! He would have to go back to the duty free shops and get to the customs area from there. The place was teeming with travelers, and Alan had to cut like an American football player to avoid being blocked. He got to the perfume and liquor counters, squeezed past, and was through! He lost his sense of direction and had to stop to search the walls for a sign pointing to the parking area. AHA! — and he was off again, pushing and running and dodging . . . then he burst through the door out into the bright sunshine! Oh no! There were thousands of cars stretching endlessly!

Alan ran down a driveway between two rows of cars, but the sight of so many slowed him down.

Impossible. He was dead tired from all that running, and it was so hot! His curiosity was going to eat at him; he knew it. But what could he do? Alan looked at his watch, 4:00 P.M. The meeting was going to be in two hours. Better get going. Damn! That word kept going through his head. He turned around and began the walk to the terminal.

At the far end of the driveway was someone standing next to a car and waving. Alan looked back to see to whom, but no one was behind him. Must be waving to me! He stopped, held his hand to his eyes to block out the sun, and looked again at the waving person. It's her! Alan's face broke into a smile and he waved back. "Well what do you know!" he said to himself. He started to walk towards her, and she got into the car and slowly drove in his direction. Alan smiled and waved as she got closer, and she smiled and tooted her horn.

Then the horn roared and the car lurched forward, and Alan froze!

Is 18 Too Young to Vote?

Assemblyman Erwin G. Tamms: "I believe that the age of majority should correspond to that of voting. Let 18 year olds be responsible for their actions, be held accountable for contracts and all other legal acts."

"I have found too many 24 year olds who have not exercised their franchise to get excited about 18 year old voting."

Attorney Darryl K. Nevers: "While the teenager of today is better educated and more sophisticated than his predecessors, he is less mature and less responsible. To vote is to perpetuate one's rights and duties within a framework of law. One should understand both before he is entitled to vote."

"A country has both the right and the duty to call upon those in times of crisis, who are capable of participation in armed conflict. If a teenager should vote merely because he serves in the armed forces, why should not a six-year old be able to vote because he pays taxes on the inheritance he received from his grandfather? The argument that one who fights should be able to vote is sentimental and illogical."

Marshall Answers

Allen Bishop - 12B: "Eighteen year olds are emotionally mature and show a deep interest in national as well as local politics. To neglect their opinions would be a serious mistake."

Jeff Bassin-12A: "I feel that young people would try to educate themselves more on political issues, if they were allowed to vote. Some young people would never be interested in politics, and others would be interested even if they were not allowed to vote."

Miss Paula Mrvosh: "Many students at this age are excited about entering the adult world and therefore, are aware and concerned about what is going on. By the time they reach 21 some of the early enthusiasm has worn away."

Mrs. Barbara Nevers: "I think 18 year-olds are too young and inexperienced to know what they should seek in a candidate. They are too likely to base a decision on idealism and emotion."

If there's to be a change in the voting age, I'd like to see it raised not lowered."

Mr. Lorenz Bahr: "I hear more 'words of wisdom' in my classroom than I do from the adult world outside the classroom. I enjoy, and learn much from reading the expressions of our youth in the 'extra-credit' projects we have in our social studies courses. Giving youth the right to vote will keep the old timers on their toes!"

Stevan Silvast-11A: "I think that 18 year olds are too easily swayed emotionally and do not base opinions very often with logic."

Linda Forner-12A: "During the last presidential election many teachers allowed the class to digress into a discussion on politics. These discussions revealed the intensity of interest and genuine awareness of today's youth concerning the officials in our government. The majority of these students voiced opinions that were drawn from a wide range of reading and study in contemporary affairs, and were probably more informed than their parents."

Neal Plotkin-11A: "Responsibility, awareness, and concern of the majority of youth today should be enough to break down the archaic law. Granted, not all 18 year olds are responsible enough to vote, but, not all 50 year olds are either."

To Gavel Newspaper,

Thank you for your recent letter requesting that I comment on the proposal to lower the voting age to 18 years.

I have consistently stated that the lowering of our voting age is inevitable. Each year a greater percentage of our citizens fall within the age group under 25 and for this reason alone we must expect their voice to be heard. Furthermore, our young people are more educated and more interested in the responsibilities of government than ever before.

While I feel that lowering of the voting age should be done on a national and uniform basis, I have supported proposals to lower the voting age in Wisconsin. As you know, hearings are now in process at the Federal level concerning this issue. Hopefully, these hearings will soon lead to Federal legislation granting the vote to 18 year olds. The Gavel Newspaper is to be commended for the initiative it has shown in the examination of this topic. If possible, I would be interested in seeing the finished product of your work.

Thank you again for writing to me.

With kindest regards, I am

Warren P. Knowles
Governor

Will Leaders Lower Age?

By Rick Kurovsky

Lowering of the voting age is currently one of the hot issues of the day with everyone offering an opinion. What are those opinions and what is being done about them?

Some relevant facts and current actions are:

President Nixon recently reaffirmed his endorsement of a constitutional amendment to lower the voting age to 18 in federal elections. He first advocated the lower age requirements in his 1968 presidential campaign.

At the present time at least 70 senators are backing a move for a lower voting age, either by supporting Nixon's idea of a constitutional amendment or by supporting

Edward Kennedy's (D-Mass) and Birch Bayh's (D-Ind) move to lower requirements by law.

In the house of representatives there are 55 resolutions of similar intent.

While only two states (Georgia and Kentucky) permit 18-year-olds to vote, and two others (Alaska and Hawaii) permit voting before the age of 21, every state but Mississippi has devoted study to the issue since June 1968. And 36 governors have publically endorsed the lower age minimums.

"The young people of America are asking the opportunity to give of their talents and abilities, their energies and enthusiasms, to the greater tasks of their times. I believe their proper request can and must be properly answered by a national affirmation of our faith in them. We should extend the right to vote to (those) between the ages of 18 and 21," said former President Lyndon Johnson.

"I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing burdens," stated the Great Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln.

Both Wisconsin senators Gaylord Nelson and William Proxmire agree that a lower voting age be established.

The "magic number 21" was present in feudal English times. The superstitious English placed special emphasis on the number seven. Thus, the third multiple of seven became the change in the life of a man from adolescence to adulthood. (Great Britain recently set the minimum age of 18 for not only voting, but marriage, sitting on juries, signing contracts, and other adult responsibilities).

In 1619, 18-year-olds were allowed to vote for delegates in the Virginia House of Burgesses.

Notable people from all ends of the political spectrum, such as Barry Goldwater (R-Ari), former Presidents Kennedy and Eisenhower, former Vice-President Hubert Humphrey, and Governor Nelson Rockefeller, support a lowering of the voting age.

Why then, if there is such wide

support for a lower voting age, has no action taken place?

Political observers note that the biggest obstacle to lowering the age seems to be adult backlash to campus unrest. Senator Bayh has said that the last time he attempted to promote a lower voting age, he could see senate votes "slip away everytime there was another disorder." Advocates of the lower age argue that only a fraction of the more than six million students attending institutions of higher learning have ever been involved in disturbances.

Clearly it seems that many members of the "Silent Majority" are suppressing efforts to lower the voting age. Even the President himself, who is said to understand

and to be a spokesman for the majority, has an opinion different from theirs.

Critics of the 18-year-old vote point out that voting participation by 21 to 24 year-olds generally falls below the national average. Of the total population eligible to vote, 67.8 percent did so in the 1968 national elections, as compared to only 51.2 per cent of 21 to 24 year-olds.

Not everyone believes that a lower voting age should be established. Senator Russell Long (D-La) and cartoonist Al Capp take objection to the proposal. Said Capp, "Sure I'm for lowering the voting age to 18, but then the 15 year-olds will feel their opinions are just as valid, so we'll have to live with them. Then the 12 year-olds will demand their rights, the nine year-olds and finally the most numerous part of our society, the four year-olds. And then Dr. Spock will finally become president."

Despite the opposition, present signs indicate that reforms might not be far off. Democratic leader Mike Mansfield's proposal to lower the age to 18 by attaching an amendment to the 1965 voting rights act, passed in the Senate last Thursday, even after opponents sharply challenged its constitutionality.

Mansfield rejected the argument that the Senate wait for a constitutional amendment, believing that such an action would never happen.

The bill now will face tough opposition in the House. Said Emanuel Celler, 81, chairman of the Judiciary Committee through which the bill must pass, "I won't let that bill through."

The final decision of Congress will probably depend on the mood of the people. And this being an election year, the politicians will pay close attention to their constituents. Any campus unrest, caused ironically enough by the same people who desire the reforms, could seriously affect the progress now being made.

Voting at Age 21: 'Feudal Hangover'

By Jon Kanitz

Democracy in America has survived for nearly two centuries. A major reason for its durability, as any school child knows, has been that those who are under the government share in the election of that government.

Citizen involvement in government has greatly expanded . . . today, nearly all citizens, regardless of race or sex enjoy this basic right. Yet there still remains a group of citizens numbering more than 10 million who must bear the consequences of democracy but are denied the privilege of the vote. These are the young Americans—the 18-21 year olds.

"Generation Gap", an overused phrase, trite and out of season, may be related, in part, to the voting age. Politically, a student is most likely to become aware or active at the age of about 17 or 18. When he is college age, he can be overwhelmed by all the activist groups in which he can get involved. His knowledge of the American political system is increased, and often, so is his dissatisfaction.

Project 18

The Youth Enfranchisement Coalition, affiliated with the N.E.A.,

feels that what results is a revolutionary . . . a violent critic . . . a potentially valuable citizen who is being twisted and demoralized about a system which he sees is failing but cannot do anything about—constructively. Legitimate concern plus the coldly critical eye and comparative powerlessness often equals a destructive radical who is convinced the system is hopeless unless he tears it apart in a reckless, convulsive uproar.

That type of untempered behavior, comments leaders of Project 18, causes the "gap" to widen because the establishment only hardens and becomes more convinced youth is not capable or rational enough . . . that youth is no more than a facade of "pseudo-isms."

Why should the voting age be lowered?

Mostly because it is the "democratic thing to do," says the Congressional Record. The voting age as it stands in most states is 21. It shows that in this very basic area of government we have not progressed past feudalism. In medieval times, (for our history buffs), the maturity of a man came in three seven-year levels. He was educated from the ages of seven to 14 by the ladies who taught reading, writing, the arts, and manners; at 14 the lad was graduated to outdoor sports, games and chivalry; and at the age of 21 he became a knight in shining armor . . . and only then could he be a part of his 11th century castle-culture (this information supplied by Mr. Ralph Bielenberg, teacher).

Today, only a little less than 1,000 years later, the scene is a bit changed. The 18-21 year olds are the best educated in the world's history. The 18-21 year olds are simply more capable, says the Coalition.

What Reasons?

The participation of young people in recent political campaigns speaks for their concern about issues.

History teachers relate how citi-

zens screamed about "taxation without representation" in the 18th century. Young people between 18 and 21 pay heavily in income and property taxes but have no representation in the halls of 20th century government.

Nearly one-half of American deaths in Vietnam since 1961 have been young men not allowed to vote. "A nation which forces its young people to bear the hell of war and death should allow its young people to participate in the political extravaganzas which decide American policy," claim many senators affiliated with the YEC.

The issue of "fighting but not voting" is more of an argument than a reason for lowering the voting age. It is, nevertheless, claimed to be valid, for everyday there are men dying for a war which they not only did not vote for, but could not vote against.

Stereotyping young Americans is as unjust as stereotyping minority groups, holds Project 18, which is in close contact with campaigns to lower the voting age. The 10 million young Americans between the ages of 18 and 21 have been unfairly judged by the actions of a rebellious few.

Our young people of 18 years have attained the knowledge, ability, and maturity to participate as responsible members of the democratic system," points out the National Education Association.

Youth "open and frank"

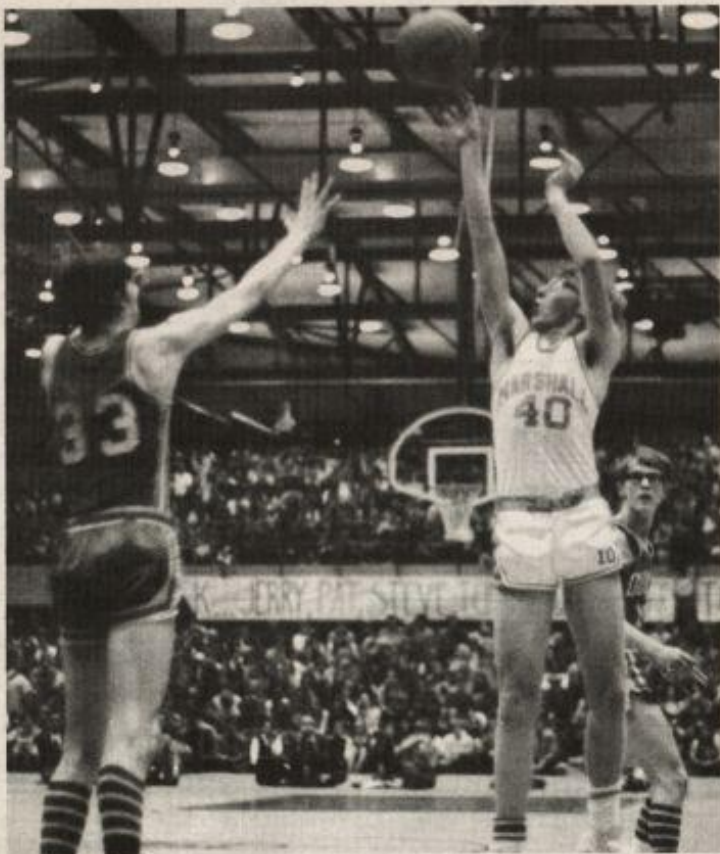
"The 18 year old is at the most adventurous stage of his life," comments Joseph A. Thomas, a spokesman for the N.E.A. "He is imbued with little or no prejudice, little or no racial feelings; he is completely open minded, fully aware of what is going on, open and frank. Many of those who oppose the 18 year vote are afraid of these young liberals, afraid of people who have not been indoctrinated with their own prejudices. That's what you call old-fashioned hypocrisy."

Senator Gale McGee of Wyoming says, "It is tougher for us to change, we of the older generation, because of what we've been through. We are not quite as ready to update our ideas to modern-decision making or problems as are our children, who are less inhibited by the past. We tend to apply our recollections of campus days to the resolution of problems today, and we're pretty far off trail when we do that."

Many argue that 18 year olds should be allowed to vote because they fight in wars, pay taxes, and are more educated than were their parent-counterparts. These are valid points; but the strongest argument in favor of lowering the voting age is that our country cannot afford not to. By lowering it, our nation involves 10 million more citizens in the system.

"If young people are not allowed to share in democracy, then democracy itself is going to suffer, the 'gap' will widen, and the alienation of youth will spread as more and more of the citizens are under 21, says Charles Gonzales, student NEA.

The question before the nation and its law makers is one of justice. Over the nearly 211 years of this republic, the nation has extended justice in voting rights to more and more of its citizens. Now it is time, says the National Education Association, to involve those who have reached the age of 18 — America's youth who tomorrow will be its leaders.



Mark Roozen, the Eagles' leading scorer in tournament competition, attempts to add 'two' more while being harassed by a Blue Duke defender.

Cagers Lose in Sectional; Prove Champs in Regional

Two "come-from-behind" victories in regional competition followed by a heart-breaking two point defeat and an anticlimatic consolation game in sectional play terminated the basketball season for the Marshall cagers.

Defeating Rufus King, 75-62, and North Division, 71-69, which were the second and third place finishers in the City conference, Marshall advanced to the sectional playoffs last weekend against Whitefish Bay. At Whitefish Bay, Marshall acquired its third defeat of the season, 63-61, and the Eagles were eliminated from possible advancement in the WIAA state basketball tournament. This loss followed by a 89-80 defeat to Whitewater in the sectional consolation game gave Coach Paul Sherry's cagers a final record of 19-4.

Coming off a 14 game winning streak since their only conference loss to Boys' Tech on Dec. 13, the Marshall Eagles fell behind Bay early in the first period of play and were unable to tie the score until only two minutes and 15 seconds remained in the second quarter.

However, the Blue Dukes of Bay soon regained the lead and led at half-time, 37-34.

Break Zone Defense

"The Blue Dukes were able to get the ball inside our zone defense to their leading scorer, Tom Ebert, who scored on several 10 foot jump shots," recalled Coach Sherry.

Ebert's inside shooting not only gave Whitefish Bay an early four or five point advantage; it also caused Tim O'Neill to enter foul trouble as he attempted to remedy this certain "ineffectiveness" of the Eagle defense.

"Tim's foul trouble, our inconsistent field goal shooting, and Bay's strong offensive rebounding were the main contributing factors to our defeat, added Coach Sherry. "Furthermore, by not being able to control the defensive boards, our fast break was nullified which upset our game plan."

Upon capturing the lead at the end of the third quarter, 53-52, the Eagles' inconsistent shooting became apparent, for Marshall

failed to score in its first eight times down the court in the fourth period.

With three minutes and 10 seconds left and the Blue Dukes ahead, 59-53, O'Neill led a Marshall charge which brought the Eagles within two points with 50 seconds remaining, 63-61. However, the score remained unchanged as Marshall missed its last two shots, the final one on a highly disputed play in which Rick Paler collided with Bay's Jerry Block while attempting a lay-up with four seconds left.

Wild Consolation

In a wild consolation game last Saturday, Whitewater beat Marshall by a score of 89-80. The Eagles trailed, 13-2, at one point in the first quarter, but rallied and stayed with the Whippets until the Eagles' high scorer, O'Neill, fouled out with 5:38 left in the fourth quarter.

Hugh Gnatzig had 46 points for (Continued . . . Page 8)

No Limit To Jogging, Just Desire

By Wally Saeger, Jr.

Arthur Lydiard, New Zealand's track coach for the 1964 Tokyo Olympics, was in Milwaukee recently as part of his United States tour under the auspices of the United States Track and Field Federation. In a speech given February 6 at UWM, Mr. Lydiard discussed aerobics and long distance running.

Mr. Lydiard is well-qualified to discuss such topics as these since he has trained such famous New Zealand runners as Murray Halberg and Peter Snell by such methods.

In addition to coaching the New Zealand 1964 Olympic track team, Lydiard was the national coach of the Mexico Olympic committee, president of the New Zealand Coaches association, and chief coach of Finland.

Lydiard's method of training is described as aerobic since it mainly consists of long distance running with very little sprinting. This form of training does not place as much of a burden on the respiratory system as anaerobic training, which consists mainly of short bursts of speed with limited rest periods in between. Aerobic running builds endurance through the amount of running done. The differences in the methods of training is that in aerobic training the body is not denied oxygen as it is in anaerobic training.

Running Long Distances

Lydiard's aerobic training consists mainly of running long distances at what he refers to as a happy state. The happy state he is referring to is a 6:10 to a 6:15 mile pace for 20 to 22 miles. For the uninitiated this may seem

easy until you realize most people can't run even one mile at this pace.

This type of training is not recommended for anyone not in shape. How do you get into shape? The most popular method now being employed throughout the world is jogging. Lydiard

finds one fault though with the American way of jogging. He says too many people go out and try to do too much at one time, too soon. Lydiard feels that joggers should start at their own pace. "Don't race a stop watch or run against someone else who is better than you", was one of Lydiard's comments.

Consult Doctor

Jogging like any strenuous physical activity should first be okayed by the family doctor and then

approached gradually. For the first few days a runner should run in one direction for ten minutes, turn around, and see if he can run the same distance back to his starting point in ten minutes. If he can, then his pace was all right. If he can't, then he should run a little slower until he can run both directions in the same amount of time.

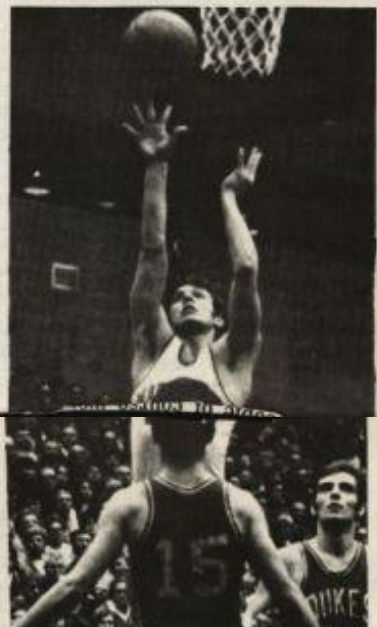
Once a jogger can do this, he should increase the time he runs gradually and then gradually increase the pace. Lydiard said that there is no limit to the amount that a person can do, just the desire of the person. To prove his point he sighted the example of a group of men who were all over 40 years of age and wanted to start running again. One of the group (Continued . . . Page 8)

Golfers Drive Toward Third City Crown

Marshall's varsity golf team starts its season this spring after winning the City dual meet title with a 12-0-2 record last year. Marshall took a second in the City meet, five strokes behind Custer.

This year's team has two returning lettermen, Larry Tatur and Dave Engelke. When asked who will fill the other two places on the team, Coach John Bruggink commented, "I am hoping for good results from the boys coming back from last year's B-team. Brian Blacher, Dave Karnel, Scott Yakes, and Rich Ludwig are all capable of filling the spots. Last year's B-team was undefeated in dual meets."

The same teams who were strong last year, Madison, Washington and Custer as well as Marshall, are in close contention for the 1970 City title.



Eagle forward Paul Katz is shown scoring two points in the sectional game against Whitefish Bay's Blue Dukes.

O'Neill, Cox Named to All-City Teams

Eagle cagers Tim O'Neill and Richard Cox, Marshall's two "big men", were honored recently by being named members of the Milwaukee Journal and Milwaukee Sentinel All-City basketball teams. O'Neill was named to the first team of both the Journal squad, which is selected by conference coaches, and Sentinel squad, as selected by conference players. Cox was placed on the second team of the Journal and Sentinel "five".

"It was a very rewarding experience," commented Tim on his All-City selection. "I am especially honored to having been selected to the Sentinel's first team for I regard the players' opinions very highly."

O'Neill at 6'4" was the second tallest man named to either team of either paper, and was only overshadowed in size by teammate Cox who is 6'6". Besides finishing third among the City conference scoring leaders with 313 points, Tim led the Eagle team in average number of points per game with 22.4; rebounds with 210; free throws made and attempted, 75 of 114; and percentage of free throws made with 66 per cent.

Richard, the Eagles' center before graduating in January, scored 119 points, an average of 14.8 per contest; nabbed 117 rebounds; and shot 44 and 50 per cent from the floor and free throw line respectively.

"Richard, I felt, should have been named to the first team of both papers, but as it is all too well known, people quickly forget those players who graduate," remarked Coach Paul Sherry. "However, I did feel the selections were justified though I was disappointed that other members of our team did not receive similar recognition."

Others named to Journal and Sentinel teams included Jimmy Foster of Lincoln, William Stewart and Curtis Davis of King, Chris Teevan of Custer, Fred Brock and Walter Smith of North, Ron Wopert of Washington, Jim Donaldson of Bay View, Terry McKisick of Madison, and Nick Kocaja of Boys' Tech.



Eagle guards Ken Beck (left) and Fred Katz (right) became a little too enthusiastic on defense as a foul was committed against number 15 of Whitewater. Ted Marino and Rich Paler of Marshall (in the background) looked on.

Great Eagles

This issue's Great Eagle was a member of Marshall's first City championship team, the 1964 baseball squad. He was also named All-City pitcher for that year.

During his athletic career at Marshall, he earned two letters, a captain's star, and most valuable player award as a senior in baseball; and three letters in basketball.

He graduated in January of 1965 and is presently attending Marquette Law School.

Robin Itzkowitz
Answer:

Eagle 'Five' Defeat Two for Crown

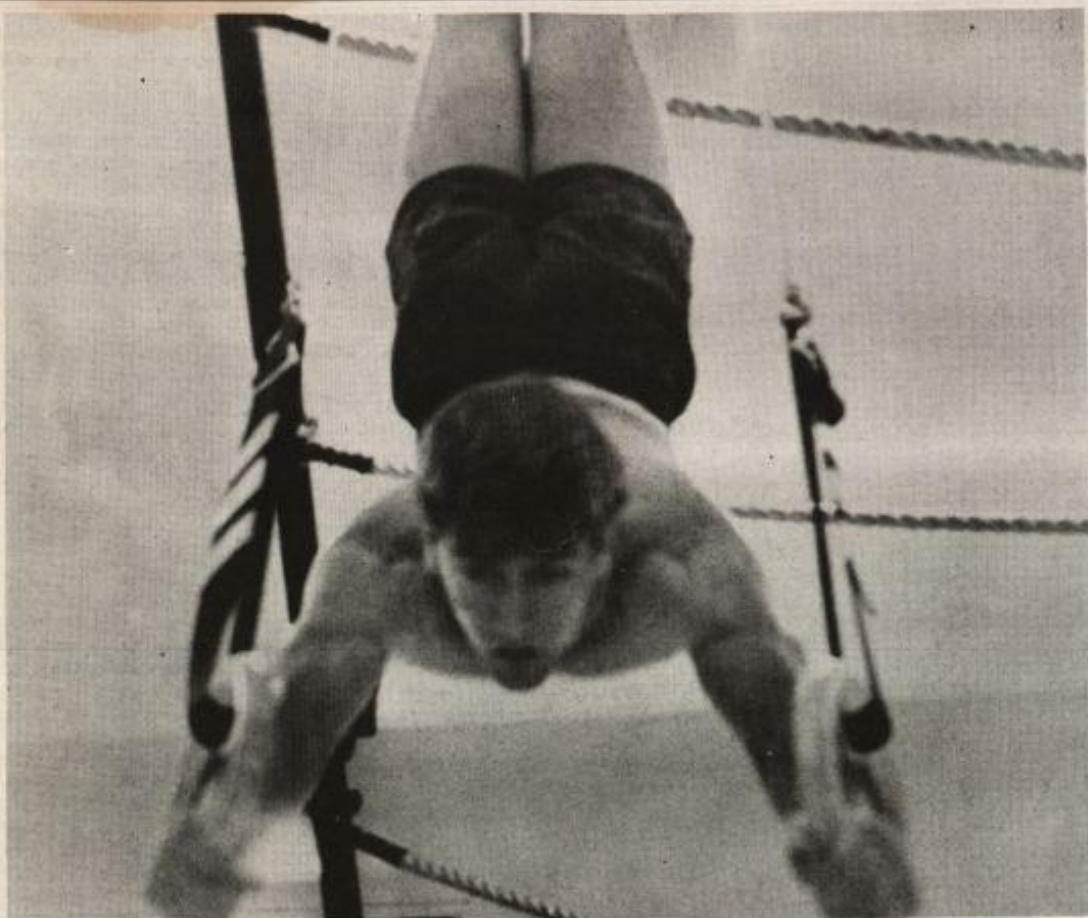
"The most rewarding weekend of the season," stated Coach Sherry about his team's regional victories over King and North on Friday, Mar. 6 and Saturday, Mar. 7, respectively.

With King holding a 54-51 lead going into the final period, Marshall's accurate shooting began to take its toll. Shooting a hot 63.4 per cent for the fourth quarter, the Eagles led by Chris Glandt's and Mark Roozen's 12 and 6 point contributions, respectively, outscored the Generals, 24-8.

This plus the Eagles' domination of the rebounding department with a 44-28 advantage, assured the Marshall "five" of their 18th victory and the opportunity to advance the following night to the regional finals.

Coming from behind again, the Eagles, led by Roozen's six points in the closing minutes of play, were able to offset a 57-51 lead held by North's Blue Devils early in the fourth period.

In defeating King and North and thus capturing the regional crown, Coach Sherry acclaimed, "We have proven without a doubt that we are rightfully the City champions."



Senior Mark Paternostro practices his ring handstand in preparation for the state meet. Mark placed 1st in long horse and 5th in all around in the state.

Gymnasts Finish Fifth in State

By Marc Muskavitch

Marshall's gymnastics team placed fifth in the State meet, held on Saturday, Mar. 14 at Menomonee Falls East high school. First place was captured by Homestead high school. The other teams placed

place in long horse. Fred Wolnerman took third place in free exercise and Bryon Klein tied for sixth place on side horse. On still rings, Morris Mauer captured fifth place and Jerry Lipeles tied for tenth place. Bernie Van Wie tied

points was sufficient for third place.

In order to score points, a gymnast must place among the top ten men in his event. This was not easy since up to 50 gymnasts competed in some events. Even though Marshall placed more gymnasts within scoring positions than Washington, Washington won. Marshall lost because Marshall gymnasts did not place as high as Washington gymnasts.

Fred Wolnerman tied for third place in all around competition.

ing ahead of Marshall were Washington, in second place; Green Bay Preble, in third place and Waukesha, in fourth place.

Coach Robert Verbick said of Marshall's team, "This has been the hardest working team we've ever had at Marshall." The hard work of the team included practicing as late as 9 p.m. several nights a week during the weeks prior to the Sectional and State meets. As Coach Verbick said before the Sectional meet, "If we don't win, it won't be because we didn't work hard enough."

Marshall entered the State meet with a balanced team of two sophomores, three juniors, and five seniors after qualifying all of its men in the Sectional held at Marshall. The team first ran into trouble in the preliminaries of the state meet. Some of the Marshall gymnasts failed to qualify, so the team was at a disadvantage as they entered the finals. Even so, all of Marshall's qualifiers placed in the top ten in their events.

Mark Paternostro captured first place and Andy Patzke took tenth

for tenth place on parallel bars and Andy Patzke finished ninth on horizontal bar. In the all around, Fred Wolnerman took sixth place and Mark Paternostro placed eighth.

Described by Coach Verbick as "a tight meet between Marshall, Washington, and Bay View", the Marshall Gymnastics State Sectional, held here on March 7, resulted in Washington, Marshall and Bay View placing first, second and third, respectively. Marshall lost to Washington by 2.5 points with Marshall scoring 77 points and Washington scoring 79.5 points. Bay View's total of 52.5

and place in free exercise, and took fourth place in tumbling. Andy Patzke finished fifth on horizontal bar and seventh on long horse. Reed Slater finished in a four-way tie for fifth place in free exercise and placed ninth in tumbling. On side horse, Bryon Klein captured first place and Dave Laning took fourth place. Morris Mauer finished in a tie for fourth place on the still rings. Mark Paternostro captured fifth place in all around. Jerry Lipeles tied for seventh place on still rings and Bernie Van Wie took seventh place on parallel bars. John Mueller finished tenth on the horizontal bar.

Batters Forsee Season with Optimistic 'Hopes'

With seven of the 12 players who lettered last season returning, Coach Roger Hytinen is foreseeing the 1970 baseball season with optimism.

Having two of the three outfield positions and five of the six infield spots soundly secured by returning lettermen, Mr. Hytinen is seeking replacements for graduates Ron Weber, first baseman, and Gary Kroboth, center-fielder.

"The vacancy at first base will most likely be filled by either Tim O'Neill, senior, or Tom Ricco, sophomore; while Glenn Mittelstadt, junior, appears to be a strong prospect for a starting position in the outfield," explained Coach Hytinen.

Experienced Team

Adding invaluable game experience to this year's varsity contingent will be senior lettermen Ted Marino, catcher; Tom Truppe, outfielder; Vic Gasperetti, third baseman; Steve Rottler, second baseman; and Mike Rapp, outfielder. Larry Domnitz, short-stop, and Ken Beck, pitcher, are the jun-

ior lettermen.

Beck seemingly will be the Eagles' number one pitcher; however, Mr. Hytinen is still searching to fill openings in the pitching staff which developed from the departure of ace hurlers Bill Stoeck and Bill Markert. "If I am able to find a strong number two pitcher from such promising juniors as



Coach Roger Hytinen

Dave Armstrong, Dave Roessl, and Bob Dettman, I feel this year's team will be a title contender," remarked Coach Hytinen.

New Coach Heads Tennis

Marshall's tennis team will start practically from scratch this year under the guidance of new tennis coach, Lee Zwick. With the loss of valuable lettermen through graduation or transfer, combined with the change in coaches, this year's tennis season should prove interesting as well as trying.

Coaching tennis will be a new experience for Mr. Zwick, but he feels eager to meet this new challenge head on. Coach Zwick never played tennis on an organized team in high school but has played a great deal of tennis in friend-

not definite as to who will play and commented that most positions are wide open. He feels that he would like to build for the future and to do this, he will play a sophomore instead of a senior if the sophomore is as good or nearly as good as the senior. Not having predetermined positions for players will enable him to do this.

Players Challenge

Mr. Zwick did mention some returning players that should provide stiff competition for the three newcomers. They are Dave Armstrong, singles and two doubles spots. Al

ly "sandlot" competition. Since he is new, Mr. Zwick is

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

FOR THE "SMARTLY DRESSED"
MALE TEEN AGER ITS THE
COACH LAMP SHOP
GIERINGER'S - TIMES SQUARE



48th and Fond du Lac Ave.

The Delicious Difference
Open Flame Broiling



WISCONSIN electric power COMPANY

QUALITY SERVICE
MILWAUKEE
SPORTING GOODS CO.
842 NORTH THIRD STREET
8Roadway 1-1566 • Milwaukee 3, Wis.

For the Finest Class Rings
Club Pins—Announcements
Caps & Gowns

-SEE-

Victor A. Nowak Co.

623 N. Second St.
271-8090

Junior Gymnasts Await Meet

By Bill Milkowski

Marshall's Intramural Gymnastic team, coached by Mr. Wayne Pierce and Mr. Peter Schulteis, will participate in the annual Milwaukee North-West Gymnastic meet on Tuesday, Mar. 24 at Samuel Morse junior high school.

This year's team, composed mainly of 7th graders and a few 8th graders, will be entering the meet with two great disadvantages. First, since Marshall is the only junior-senior high school participating in the meet, it will be competing without ninth graders because Eagle freshmen participate in sophomore gymnastics. Another disadvantage is that 7th and 8th graders of Marshall have swim classes instead of gym, from which the coaches recruit boys for the team.

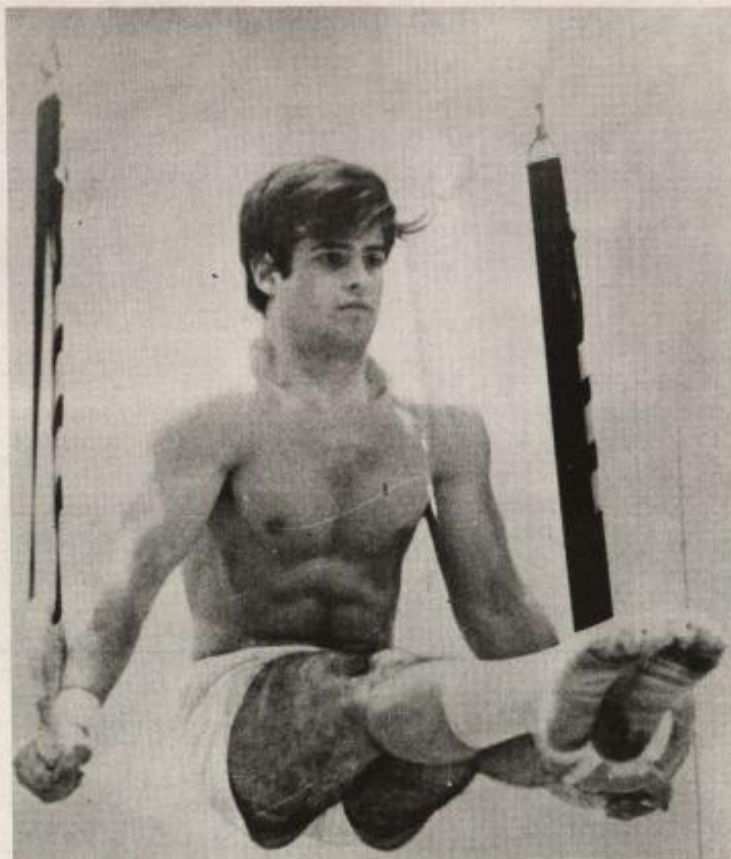
Because of these two factors, there has not been a large turnout for the team this year. However, according to the coaches, the boys that have come out for the team are serious about the practices and are willing to work hard to make their team a top contender in the upcoming meet.

Normally, the team is divided into three classes determined by

age and size. The difficulty of the exercises varies for each class with the oldest class, class I, having the most difficult, and the youngest class, class III, having the easier and more basic exercises. This year, however, because of a shortage of boys, Marshall will be entering only class III and class II in the meet.

Mr. Pierce and Mr. Schulteis made the final cuts early in order to work with the eight boys in each of the two classes that will be participating in the meet. The two coaches spend most of the time working with class III members because they are less experienced and are returning to the team next year. Last year, Marshall received its first "A" rating for the performance of class III. Marshall's main goal is not necessarily to win the meet but rather to receive an "A" rating. The teams in the meet this year are Marshall, Morse, Burroughs, Muir, Peckham, and Edison.

The Intramural Gymnastic program teaches boys the basic fundamentals of gymnastics and builds a good background for boys entering sophomore and varsity gymnastics.



Ring specialist Jerry Lipeles goes through his routine as he practices before the state meet. Jerry placed in the top ten in the state.

Tennis . . . continued

Heber and Tom Mankiewicz are two strong singles players, while Al Katz and Rick Mechanic could have the makings of a strong doubles team.

This season will be different from past years in that it will start

Mr.
Lee
Zwick



later, while the City tournament will be held June 1, 2 and 3. Conditioning will play a big part in this year's season since the teams will play three or four matches a week instead of one or two as in past years.

Prepare for Future

To prepare future teams for this stiff schedule and allow more playing time before the actual competition starts, Mr. Zwick has been searching for the use of indoor tennis courts at some of the neighboring racket clubs. Though he hasn't found one as of yet, he is hoping to have arrangements made soon so that next year's

team will have a better shot at the City title.

As if looking forward to June, Coach Zwick commented, "Everyone I know has been telling me we don't have much of a chance for a City title this year. Washington and Riverside are too loaded. Yet with the fine teams Marshall's had in past years and the quality of boys returning from last year's tennis teams, I'm sure we can give them a run for their money."

The tennis team is the dark

Girls Change Nets

Girls GAA basketball season is drawing to a close with the final playoffs now being held. Badminton is the next sport in which the girls can show their competitive ability. Sign-ups for badminton were held yesterday and today in the girls senior gym. These badminton doubles will be played on Tuesday and Thursday nights after school. The first games start on March 27 and will be continued after Easter vacation. Pickton has rounded 'round up in card

horse that might put the binders on everyone else.

groups of 10 in the 10 minute games each night.



LEARN TO DRIVE

call 461-3355


**STATE APPROVED COURSES
DESIGNED WITH THE
TEENAGER IN MIND**

**CAPITOL
DRIVING SCHOOL**

OPEN YEAR ROUND

McDonald's

the drive-in with the arches



'Your Kind of Place'

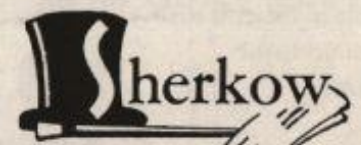
7312 W. Appleton Ave.

What a Choice!...

IN PROM FORMAL WEAR FROM SHERKOW

No matter what your choice, it will make a big impression on your date . . . whether it's the Edwardian, 6 button, long jacket look, the colorful double breasted in blue, maize, white or black . . . silks in gold or blue, paisleys, pastels, white with black edging or seersucker stripes . . . and, your choice of vest or sash. Choose yours **now** and be sure of your favorite.

SPECIAL STUDENT DISCOUNT



MEN'S FORMAL WEAR

| | | |
|-----------|-----------------------|----------|
| DOWNTOWN | 612 W. Wisconsin Ave. | 276-9191 |
| EAST | 433 W. Silver Spring | 964-9300 |
| WEST | 9915 W. Lisbon Ave. | 461-5611 |
| SOUTH | 1212 W. Mitchell St. | 645-8500 |
| FAR SOUTH | 4340 S. 27th St. | 281-4190 |



MID-CITY SPORTING GOODS

2622 W. Wisconsin Ave.
342-3472

Barbieri's



featuring Pizza
and Italian Dinners

Bring your date
to our dining room

8705 W. Fond du Lac Ave.

Carry outs and Delivery
461-2500

