THE BEAT DIGEST

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Annual High School Magazine
Dear Students:

This magazine is dedicated to originality. As you read it we hope that you will bear in mind that everything in it is the original effort of Nederland High School Students.

These students have found their special talents and are not afraid to use them.

All of us have minds and all of us have ideas—new and different ideas. No matter what these new thoughts may pertain to they are a sign of originality.

Most of us say, "Oh, who would be interested in my ideas?" If we expressed them we might be surprised—the whole world might be interested in one of our original ideas. But, the only way we will ever find out is by using our minds and by thinking for ourselves.

Use a little courage! Dare to be different!

Sincerely,
The Editors
Patty Campbell
Barbara White
Joyce Troadway

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THE PAST
By Kay Blankenship

There are the pastures where I used to roam.
There is the place that I called my home.
The fields are green with growing hay,
Just as they were when I went away.

Time and age have worn the range,
And only the seasons never change,
But life is short and will not last,
We must live for the future, and remember the past.
Mighty Thinker of the world, 
Munitions Maker, Stockpiler of 
missiles. 
Player with lives, and Nations' 
weapon handler; 
Lordly, arrogant, bossy 
City of the big brains; 
They tell me you are inaccurate 
and I believe them, for I have 
seen your poisoned rockets fall 
into the ocean and disappear. 
And they tell me that you are 
dangerous and I sneer, yes, I 
have seen men explode rocket 
and go free to explode yet 
another. 
And they tell me that you are 
brutal and my reply is: on the 
faces of your men I have seen 
the frightful marks of acid 
burn. 
And having answered so, I turn 
once more to those who sneer 
and I sneer also, and say to 
them: 
Come show me another such city 
with lifted head singing so 
proud to be alive and brilliant, 
and strong and cunning. 
Flinging magnetic curses and 
the toil of piling stage upon 
stage, here is the tall bold Atlas 
set vivid against the lesser 
rockets. 
Pierce as a nuclear explosion 
with protons whirling in chaos, 
cunning as an exotic fuel pitted 
against the men who make it. 
Helmeted, 
Fighting, 
Wrecking, 
Planning, 
Building, exploding, rebuilding. 
Under the smoke, said all over 
his face, gasping with no 
mouth, 
Under a burden of destiny laugh-
ing as a young man laughs, 
Laughing even as an ignorant 
fighter laughs who has never 
lost a battle, 
Bragging and laughing that un-
der his wrist pounds the pulse, 
and under his ribs the heart of 
a rocket,

Laughing!
Laughing the storming, brazen 
laughter of a poor hungry 
world master, selfish-naked, 
swearing, proud to be Mighty 
Thinker, Munitions Maker, 
Stockpiler, Player with lives, 
and Weapon handler for the 
Nation.

Tenth Street Morgue 
By kyco Scott
I am a corpse, 
Lying in the morgue at 
tenth street. 
Look at me and sicken. 
A day ago I breathed, 
Not deep my lungs were 
filled with smoke. 
A day ago I ate, 
Not much my body was 
filled with drink.

I died. 
People look at me and 
I look back. 
They see but I am blind. 
My eyes are stones 
Covering some rude 
bridge of eternity. 
What bridge? 
I know not. 
I am a winner. 
Perhaps the question is 
the answer.
House of Hate

By Becky Seward

The house was tall and forbidding in the fitful moonlight. It was huge and empty; its paint had crumbled and flocked before the onslaught of the persistent wind until it had taken on a dull, gray sheen, as does an old man's beard when it becomes hoary with age.

Tall chimneys, lifted in the cold, misty air toward the veiled glow of the moon; and an awkward spire nosed upward, its fallen timbers visible through its empty windows. Turrets, bay windows, screened porches, open galleries, and a small balcony gave the house a fortified look; it almost resembled an ancient stone castle. These were the things which made the house more hideous with each passing year. They were mute testimony that the house was the product of a warped, twisted mind.

It stood alone, this despised house, in the middle of the town which it had dominated every day during its sixty-seven years of existence. Thick wisteria vines, gnarled and gray, twined sinuously over the elaborately carved porch posts, partially obscuring from view the Roman Numerals MDCCCXII. It had been built in 1892, and was a symbol of hatred from that day forward.

There were tall old trees standing closely around the house. Grey Spanish moss dripped from their leafless branches. These trees were the only protection the old house had against the world outside. It was like a gaunt gray wolf with his back against a wall, holding the rest of the world at bay by sheer strength of body and will.

This house had seen strange actions and happenings. It had been built of envy, greed, hate, and vengeance.

Robert McQuinn hated every person he met; he even hated his wife Ellen and his daughter Caroline. His life had always been one of twisted ideas and absurd fancies. McQuinn had lavished every ounce of love that was in him on his son Bourke, but as is often the case, the son proved to be like his father, with one exception; he lavished love on no one. Bourke was a wild young boy, forever getting into scrapes with the law and propriety. Robert thought his boy could do no wrong, though, and was enraged when anyone suggested this might not be so.

In the summer of 1885, Bourke McQuinn arrived home from one of his numerous meanderings. He had been fighting Sioux Indians in South Dakota; and when he tired of the enjoyments offered to him by this type of life, his first thought was to go home and see his "old men". The boy found his father on the outskirts of town, soberly considering a piece of ground.
"Hello, Paw," Bourke said.

The grey-haired man turned toward the voice and his eyes lighted up as he recognized his son.

"Bourke! So you've finally come back home. How has it been with you?" Robert came closer to his son, his hand extended.

Bourke's eyes lazily ignored his father's outstretched hand and turned back to the dark trees, heavy with Spanish moss as grey, indeed, as the eyes which beheld them. "Okay," he said laconically. "What you doin' out here, Paw?"

"I'm goin' to buy this land, son, and I'm goin' to build the biggest, finest house this town ever saw!" The old man's voice was deep with determination and anger.

Bourke grinned, knowing the cause for his father's discontent. "Paw, when are you goin' to stop trying to show Abner Pratt the McQuinns are better than he is?"

There was no answer, for none was needed. Abner Pratt had outshone the McQuinns far too often for him to be dealt with softly.

Time passed, as it the land was bought, time Abner Pratt shot back of the head. He do it for ten years.

Old Robert McQuinn He locked himself in funeral and stayed speaking to no one, passed Robert emerged triumphant. In his hands were the plans for his house. He went to work with a will, and the house was completed in a year.

On the day it was finished, Robert moved Ellen and Caroline into it.

The two women were understandably upset by Robert's unstable acts and during the year of building. He seemed to have the idea that the house would be a monument to Bourke, and Ellen had hoped he could channel his energy toward that and forget some of his bitterness.

The day the house was finished, Robert murdered Abner Pratt and then went home and hanged himself from a rafter in the round tower of his house. His wife and daughter left town... and the house.

The house survived after the deaths of all the McQuinns and had the same look of death and hate that had been on old Robert McQuinn's face when they took him down from the rafter. It was a lonely place, avoided and loathed; its empty window eyes begging to be loved.
"There's no escaping the past."

And for that reason, I must tell you about the events of last night. It all began when I received a strange letter addressed to me. The envelope was plain, without any return address, and contained an old photograph and a short note. The note read:

"I've been watching you for some time now. You might think you're safe, but you're not."

I was shocked and scared, but determined to find out who was behind this threat. I started to investigate, piecing together clues from the photograph and the letter. I discovered that the person who had sent me the letter was a former colleague of mine, whom I had not seen for many years. He had always been jealous of my success and had been plotting against me for a long time. I had no idea that he would resort to such a desperate measure.

I decided to confront him and try to stop him before he could do any more harm. I tracked him down to a hideout in the city and confronted him. He was well-prepared, with a gun and a team of hired men, but I was able to overpower him and his men. I turned him over to the police and was able to prevent any further harm.

Since then, I have been on high alert, taking extra precautions and keeping a close eye on my surroundings. I hope that this incident will serve as a warning to anyone who might think of trying to harm me in the future.
My Family Tree
By A. Swinging Desendents

Welcome all and listen all
I have a yarn to spin
I must tell of history's wrongs
To me and all my kin

First was Adam Paxton
Around his cave a fence
Paid no mind to Eve his spores
tHis history's wrongs
To me and all my kin

Next of the Paxtons was Samsan
With bulging muscles and rat-mop
Was dropped from the scene by the Philistines
Cause he invented the flat top.

Next of the Paxton's was George
A general he was by rank
Above the Potamic a dollar he threw
Then cried as he watched, "It sank!"

Then came Adolf Paxton
All his schemes fell through
He tried to start a master race
Forgot that he too was a Jew.

Last was Alfred E. Paxton
Started a magazine "Sad"
When he tried to grin it was a sin
All of his teeth were bad.

* Kyle V. Paxton

The Rats
By Royce Scott

Down in the dark,
We cry for mercy,
But cannot attain
Any resemblance
Of faith in God.

We sit and weep,
Wishing for salvation,
We huddle in wet cellars
And cry.

The darkness is
A hiding place,
Our only home.
There is no peace.
Only panic, distortion,
Pain and fear.

Fear of God.
Fear of anything.
Trembling at movement,
At breathing.

We only know
That God is strong,
That we are weak.

This is the way we live our lives,
afraid of anything
That moves or sounds.
A Cartoon that needs no caption.
GOD'S RAINBOW
By Coleen Shannon

The blue water in the ocean lies,
Reflecting the glorious rainbow in the sky,
And when the sun does rise upon the blue;
It shows the happiness of the rainbow to you,

When you look up where the rainbow lies,
It shows that the promise of God never dies.

It shows the love of God to you
That he will always be true.

So when you get downhearted and blue,
Remember that God's rainbow is always true.

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AIR POWER
By Bruce Jacobs

The effect of breathing early summer's night air is no less than astounding.
For if one deeply meditates the cool crispness will hurl him into a short seclusion and will create a rare knowledge of what life really is.
To feel God's invisible air rush into his chest and out.
To enjoy the unsure firmness of its moderate movement against his face.
To feel almost quiltily powerful do draw of it again.
TO A LIGHTHOUSE
By Larry Wilkinson

One day I thought when the day was dark,
Just how black this world would be,
If there were no light upon the way,
To guide men on the sea.

It may be caused by human hands,
Only a glimpse of light,
It would surely be a helping hand,
To a ship in the dark of night.

It would guide the ship through shell and rock,
And over the stormy sea,
Although the ship would shake and rock,
How safe the men would be.

My Prayer
By Barbara White

I was walking home
With my fingers crossed
Hoping my wish would come true.
When quite by chance
I happened to glance
At the sky, 'twas a beautiful blue.
I thought of the one
Who had painted the sky
Such a rich and lustrous blue,
I closed my eyes
And I softly said
"God, I humbly pray to you,
And if you think
This should not be so
Then Lord, thy will be done,
For Thou doth know
Just what is best
As this earthly race I run.
But if thou see's fit
To answer my prayer
(And that's how I pray it shall be)
Then ever more
My humble thanks
Dear Lord, I will give to thee."
CLOUDS
By Donna Jo Fruge

Have you ever wondered about the clouds in the sky, and what they are doing there, and why,
How holy they look in the sky so blue,
Their magnificent color is radiant too?

They form all kinds of objects and faces
Of people in lands of foreign places
And if you look at them all day
You find that you can stare at them completely away.

SUNRISE
By Billy Woodward

As the block of the night turns silvery gray,
Each plant unfolds at will,
And every animal prepares for a new day,
When the sun peeps over the hill.

The sun beams down with pride
Upon dry desert and plain,
While miles away the rancher rides
With visions of torrents of rain.
TO BE A COP
By Barbara White

Jerry Lawrence had just finished his reports for the night and was preparing to leave the North Side Police Station when the phone rang. If Jerry was surprised to recognize the voice at the other end as that of Chief Dawees he was even more surprised to hear the Chief tell him to come to Memorial Hospital on the double.

Memorial was over on South Side and it would take at least ten minutes of fast driving to get there. With his thought in mind Jerry called to his partner, Steve Welker, who was waiting in the patrol car, to move over and hang on. Jerry jumped into the car, stepped on the accelerator, turned on the siren, and took off in a weeping cloud of dust.

Whittington was a middle-sized town with a population of 50,000. Although it was an one town it was divided into two definite sections which were simply called North Side and South Side. The "upper-crust" and middle class lived in North Side. The poorer section and slum district were in South Side.

The slum district, with all its teen-age gangs terrorizing that part of Whittington and sometimes even drifting into North Side, was a real trouble spot for the boys at the South Side Police Station. At least it had been a trouble spot until about six months ago.

Then suddenly, out of nobody knew where, up popped a guy who called himself Blockie with a gang he called the Blackjacks and announced that they were taking over South Side. Anybody who didn't like it, they said, could stop them.

Most of the smaller gangs had liked it and joined the Blackjacks. A few of the big ones hadn't liked it and had tried to stop them but no gang had rumbled with the Blackjacks twice.

At first the people in South Side had been afraid of what a gang as powerful as the Blackjacks could do, but they soon changed their minds. Instead of the beatings and robberies they had feared the Blackjacks were doing just the opposite. They all had jobs and supported themselves and they had actually been known to prevent beatings and robberies by the few gangs left in South Side. The South Side police were enjoying what they claimed was a well-deserved rest since they weren't having much trouble with juveniles lately. Many of the South Side inhabitants had even come to the point where they were smiling that smug smile of confidence one usually reserves for policemen and military men whenever they saw a boy in the familiar black leather jacket with the white outline of a blackjack on the back.

These were the thoughts that passed through Jerry's mind as the car sped toward Memorial. He had just begun to wonder why nobody could ever learn anything about the boy who called himself Blockie when they reached the hospital.

Calling for Steve to come with him he bounded up the steps, eager to know what was happening. It must be something really big for the Chief himself to be in on it.
A girl at the desk told them to go up to the third floor.
In the elevator Jerry began to wonder why he had been called. South Side wasn't his territory.

In the third floor waiting room Jerry and Steve were confronted by a strange group made up of Chief Davoes, two police officers, and two youths wearing Blackjack jackets. All five looked tired and very much worried.

"Lawrence," the Chief began, "am I glad you're here! Sorry to call you just as you're going off duty but I had to. Come on!"

Jerry went with the Chief down a hall to a door marked "No visitors." The Chief knocked on this door and was answered by a nurse who asked them to wait a few minutes.

"Lawrence," questioned the Chief, "what do you know about Blackie?"

"Well, sir," Jerry answered, "not very much. No more than anybody else does. Why?"

"He knows you!"

"How?"

"I don't know," was Davoes answer, "but he does. Somebody go him with a knife last night. It's bad and he's been unconscious all night but he kept calling the name, 'Jerry.' We thought at first it was somebody in the gang but those two kids down the hall say there's not a Jerry in the gang, not even a Gary or Gary. This morning he came to long enough to tell us that Jerry's last name was Lawrence and that he was a cop over at the North Side station. That's when I called you. After all that kid has done for us I figured we owned him--" he paused as the nurse opened the door and asked them to come in.

Chief Davoes led the way into the room and crossed over to the bed. "Well, Lawrence," he turned to Jerry whom he had thought was right behind him and was surprised to see him standing, frozen, in the door.

The surprise of unexpected recognition had left Jerry motionless. No! It wasn't a mistake! "Jimmy," he whispered. "Jimmy!" he cried as he ran to the bed. "Jimmy, oh, kid, where have you been? I looked everywhere for you. Oh, kid,"

"I'm sorry, Jerry," was the almost inaudible reply from the boy on the bed. "I-I just wanted to be--to be a---a cop."

By now the doctor had recovered himself. "I'm sorry but you'll have to leave until you can compose yourself better, son. I can't allow you to upset the patient."

The Chief took Jerry's arm and lead him out of the room.

Somehow the news that Blackie was in the hospital must have leaked out because the hall was full of reporters and photographers who, despite strong protests from two nurses, were noisily waiting in the hall to get a story.

They grabbed the Chief as soon as he opened the door and started firing questions at him. This left Jerry free to wonder, stunned, down the hall toward the waiting room.
cont.

Stevie, who was standing in the door, saw him coming and could tell by the look on his face that everything wasn’t as it should be. He went to him and helped to a chair. It didn’t take Chief Davoos long to get rid of the reporters and to get down to the waiting room.

"Yes, sir," Jerry murmured, "I guess you all do deserve an explanation and—and I’m afraid you won’t like it either.

"You see, sir, this—this "Blackie" is my kid brother."

"Jimmy!" exclaimed Stevo.

Chief Davoos broke in "You mean this "Blackie" or "Jimmy or whoever he is is your brother? Why have you kept your mouth shut all this time when we’ve been trying to find out something about him?"

"Because I didn’t know who he was! About eight months ago Jimmy left home. I’ve been looking for him ever since. I didn’t even think he was still in Whittington and I certainly didn’t think he was "Blackie".

"Did you turn in a missing persons report?" questioned his chief.

"No, sir, I didn’t. I watched all the reports that came in on vagrant youths though, hoping I’d find him."

"How old is he?"

"Eighteen."

"Why did he leave home?"

"That’s the bad part, Chief." Jerry groaned. "The part you’re not going to like."

"Well, of course, Lawrence, you don’t have to tell us," Davoos reminded him.

"No, sir, I guess I don’t, but I’d like to. I’ve lived with it by myself for too long," replied Jerry. "It’s not a pretty story and if I had another chance I’d do things differently."

"You see I wanted to go to college very much. I wanted to be a lawyer. The year I graduated from high school our parents were killed in a fire that destroyed our home. They didn’t leave much money and I had to work to support Jimmy and myself. Tow years ago I gave up hope of going to college. I was old enough then to be on the police force so I applied and was accepted on the force. It wasn’t what I wanted but it was in the same line.

"At first I hated it. I was walking a beat all day and nothing ever happened. But Jimmy,--he loved it. He idolized the uniform, the police department, and me. He decided then that he was going to be a copy. We had some pretty big blow-ups about it, too. I had the month to send him to college and I wanted him to go but all he could see was a uniform and a badge. Last May when he finished school we were still arguing about it.

"Then a couple of days after school was out I came home dead tired. I had had a bad day all the way around. The last straw was when you "fixed" a ticket I had given the mayor’s son and then had me on the carpet for being rude when you know that boy was lying about my "abusive language." Men, I was burning when I went home that night. I was ready to quit my job.
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natural_text
"I went straight to bed that night. About 9:00 I was awakened by a noise in my room. I switched on the lamp but no one was there. Jimmy's light was on so I went in to talk to him.

When I opened the door to his room something inside of me snapped. There was Jimmy in front of his mirror in my uniform. I really lost my temper. I hollered at him, "What do you think you're doing! Take that uniform off and don't ever let me see you in it or one like it! Ever again! Do you understand? You're not going to be something for people to wipe their feet on. You're not going to be something for people to wipe their feet on. You're not going to be something they can take or leave whenever they want. You're better than that and if you're too blind to see it now I'm not going to let you throw away your chances for some fool notion you seem to have! Now take off that uniform!"

"Then I grabbed him and slapped him. He just looked at me. A pitiful look that seemed like his heart was broken inside but he didn't -- he didn't say a word.

"The next morning he was gone.

"I realize now that I was wrong. I like my job and I'd like for Jimmy to be a cop, too. But then I didn't. I was wrong and I'm sorry. But it's too late for that.

"Look like he took the best way he knew to be some kind of a cop despite my stupidity. Anyway, I think he's done a good job and I'm proud of him."

"We're proud of him, too. We've lived with him the last six months and, buddy, let me tell you it hasn't been easy," was the bitter statement of one of the youths. "A million times we would of quit but Blackie said, "No!" He kept us going. He made us be good. And he cleaned up South Side. He sweated blood to do it and now he may die because of it. If he does we won't quit now we'll keep going and we'll keep South Sid clean because everytime we get tired we'll think about how Blackie kept on going until he nearly dropped from tiredness. Everyday something inside says, "Stop! You're fighting a losing battle," We'll remember Blackie and say, "No!" As long as any of us remember Blackie we won't give up because we'll keep on hearing him say "No!" And we'll keep South Sid clean, too. For Blackie."

The boy looked at Jerry. "It would have been a lot easier for him if he could have had help from the police or at least have let people know what he was trying to do. But he couldn't let anybody know anything about him because of you. Seems to me your pride has come just a little late." Jerry could feel the tenseness in the room and he knew that all of them, the other boy, the two officers, Chief Davees, and even Steve, were thinking the same thing.

At that moment the nurse came to the door, beckoned to Jerry, and said, "Come with me please."

"Just a minute, nurse. How bad is the boy?" questioned Chief Davees.

"He is in very critical condition. He has no chance to recover. The doctor thinks he has no chance to recover. The doctor thinks he has only a few minutes. The boy seems to know it. He wanted to see his brother," answered the nurse.
"Just a minute, Lawrence," Chief Davees stopped Jerry as he started for the door. "Give me your badge. That boy is going to be a cop."

Jimmy was very pale and weak but he smiled with real joy when Jerry told him Chief Davees was going to swear him in. And no rookie has ever repeated the oath with more feeling or smiled with more happiness and pleasure as Jerry did when he was sworn in and given his badge.

There were tears of joy in his eyes as he said, "Thank you, sir. Thank you very much. Would you mind if I see my brother alone now?"

Chief Davees didn't mind.

After he left Jimmy kissed the badge and Jerry pinned it on the hospital gown right over his heart.

"Jerry," he sobbed, "I'm sorry it had to be this way. Really I am. Will you forgive me?"

"Oh, Jimmy," Jerry was also in tears. "I've been a fool. I'm sorry, Jimmy. If there were anything to forgive, I'd certainly forgive you. It's you who should be forgiving me. Kid, I'm proud of you. Real proud. Will you forgive me, Jimmy. I'm sorry, and, kid, I'm glad you're a cop now."

"Sure, I'll forgive you, Jerry. I wish it could have been different but I'm a cop now, Jerry, a real, honest-to-goodness cop. I've even got a badge. And you'll be the best cop in the whole world, Kid. I know you will."

Jimmy didn't hear his brother declaration of faith.

Jerry didn't leave for a long time looking at the boy who had been so much like his and yet so different. He sat there and hated himself for what he had done to his brother. Then he cried. He cried until there were no more tears. Should he touch the badge--Jimmy's badge--his badge--their badge.

He leaned over carefully, kissed his brother's forehead, pulled the sheet over his face, then turned and walked slowly out of the room closing the door behind him.

Although the waiting room was just down the hall it took what seemed like ages to get there. And somehow he wasn't thinking about the men in the waiting room. He was thinking about Jimmy. The full impact of the fact that Jimmy was dead hadn't fully reached him yet.

As he walked through the door of the waiting room Chief Davees asked, "Is he--"

Jerry just shook his head.

Suddenly the six men sitting in the waiting room, as if propelled by a single mind, started to leave by the other door.

"Wait!" Jerry called desperately. "You think it's my fault! You think I may as well have been the person who stabbed him! You think I killed him! Stop! Steve."

Steve turned.

"Steve do you think I killed him?"

"I don't know, Jerry. I just don't know." Steve turned and walked out.

"I didn't kill him," Jerry sobbed "Oh. God, I didn't kill him did I?"

It was then that the full impact that Jimmy was dead hit him with all it's force.
cont.

"Yes it was my fault!" Jerry sank to his knees in the doorway. "I killed him. I killed him. Oh, God, why was I so blind. All he wanted—all he wanted was to be a cop."
During the past year, a number of NHS students have written some surprisingly good drama's. They're not to be matched with the works of Tennessee Williams, but they do have good qualities and, in my opinion, radio or television possibilities. Here are a few short resumes with the main characters and the plot:

An English III student, Molly Duke wrote "Force and Foolishness." Which won first place in the Creative Writing Contest. It concerns a family living in the city and their "country cousin" who comes for a visit. Before the brats of the hostess are able to see that the visitor is actually pretty and quite refined they comment to each other about the way their cousin acts, talks, and walks, which Margie, the visitor happens to overhear. After this, good natured Margie and Aunt Beth plan and carry out a little gag which thoroughly shocks the brats at the surprise ending of the play.

Linda Con cienne and Gwen Aldredge won third place in the creative writing contest with "Geraldine" which concerns a group of teenagers and the ever discussed Model-T, Geraldine.

"The Funny Murder" written by Carolyn Fish and Faye Whitley, concerns a triangle love affair, one male and two females, which results in the fatal shooting of one of the girls. But the other two "points" in the triangle are not charged because of a notorious record of the deceased.

"Bitter Island", written by Birdie Childress is about a spoiled child, Jerusha, who is blind, and is spending the summer on an island which her father, a wealthy businessman, leased. Jerusha causes much trouble and raises much Cain throughout the play; all because of her madness at the world due to her blindness.

CREATIVE HOMEMAKING

Homemaking is truly creative. In Homemaking many girls create their own recipes and design their own clothes. Here is a sample of creative designing by Gwon Aldredge.

Brown dress trimmed in shaded brown floral print. Pleated skirt.
CREATIVE WRITING

Class work, themes, reports, letters can be creative. It merely requires doing original work. The Bulldog Beat sponsored a Creative Writing contest in Drama, Short Story, and Poetry.

These students won awards: Original Poetry, Royce Scott 1st place, Terry Brown 2nd place; and Bruce Jacobs 3rd place. Bertie Childress placed second and Linda Concienes and Gwen Aldredge pace third together in the original poetry. Short Stories, Barbara White; Drama, Molly Duke.

Throughout these pages you will find other writing that these winners have done.

CREATIVE CHEMISTRY

Creative Chemistry teaches one to discipline his thinking so that one will constantly attempt to understand the basic principles involved in every step one likes, and to practice constant self examination. He or she learns to be resourceful in thinking and learns to observe objectively. Cultivate the scientific method and it will teach you to think clearly and logically along scientific lines, to associate properly cause and effect.

The following is a brief summary of an original chemical project.

PRODUCT: FROM PINE STUMP CHIPS
By Robert Olson

The purpose of this project was to obtain turpentine and rosin products by distillation of a solvent extract of pine stump chips, and to determine a suitable solvent for this purpose.

Three solvents were tried, white gasoline, methyl cyclo Hexane and Acetone. Acetone was the only suitable solvent because of its low boiling point.

From the extract six main fractions were obtained, these were water terpenes, aldehydes and turpentine, pine oils, rosin oils, and unrefined rosins and vinsol. The vaporizing points ranged from 108 deg. F. to 558 deg. F. The heat was so intense that it melted the aluminum screen used to distribute the heat.

CREATIVE ART

Some art is copy work, but real art is the original and creative expression of an individual's ideas.

The following won awards in a high school art exhibit judged by Roy E. Dodson, Art Instructor at Lamar Tech: In Composition, Walter Arnaud, first; Ann Howell, second and Jim Keeling, third. In Simulated Oils, Paul Strickland, first; Terry Zigler, second; and Louis Campbell, third. Honorable mention went to Terry Zigler, Johnnie Dowden, Freida Hill and Claude Perryman.

For Original Leather Design, Robert Sanders, first; Norman Curtis, second. In the record album division Jim Keeling, first; Ann Howell, second and Walter Arnaud, third. Honorable mention was given Billy Sue Coleman and Margaret Manning.

The designs on the following pages are a few of the winning designs in the exhibit.
The value of the final result is to be calculated separately.

The following is a partial summary of significant financial aspects:

1. **Income Statement**
   - **Revenue:** [Details]
   - **Expenses:** [Details]
   - **Net Income:** [Calculation]

2. **Balance Sheet**
   - **Assets:** [Details]
   - **Liabilities:** [Details]
   - **Equity:** [Calculation]

3. **Cash Flow Statement**
   - **Operating Activities:** [Details]
   - **Investing Activities:** [Details]
   - ** Financing Activities:** [Details]

The above information is intended to provide a comprehensive overview of the financial performance and position of the company. For a detailed analysis, please refer to the full report.
FIRST

RECORD
ALBUM
DESIGN

JIM
KEELING

FIRST
PLACE

SIMULATED
OILS

Paul
Strickland

"Confused Road"
"Three Wishes"
By Joyce Treadaway

One day last week I was slowly making my way home when I heard a strange noise behind me. I turned to see what it was and to my surprise I saw a little man dressed in white holding an odd-shaped box in his left hand. When he finally spoke he told me that in the box that he was holding was something that would help me in establishing my future. He explained that he had a small gold coin that would grant me three wishes. I became interested in what he was saying; consequently when he told me to make the wishes, I was eager to do so.

First, I wished for a new understanding of my fellow people. That I should be able to help them in making a better tomorrow.

My second wish was that I could have a college education so that I could become a social worker and help the people in their time of need.

My third and last wish was that the wicked of the world would be influenced by christians and soon make this a godly world.

Yes, all of this may sound fantastic but I can dream can't I?

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ORIGINAL LEATHER DESIGNS
Judged on originality of arrangement of various picture and design elements.

First Place, NORMAN CURTICE
Rifle Case Design

Second Place, Robert Sanders
Notebook Cover
"Green Lights"

By Joyce Whitman

Once upon a time, I was looking for a place to hide away from the world. I found a hidden valley where the air was fresh and the sky was blue. I built a little house in the middle of the valley and called it "Green Lights." Every night, I would sit by the window and watch the stars twinkle. I felt safe and content in my little world. The valley was my haven, a place where I could escape from the chaos of the outside world.

I left the valley to go to college and work in the city. But I never forgot the tranquility of my little house. I continued to visit the valley whenever I could, and it became my constant refuge.

The valley was my true home, a place where I could be myself and feel free. I will always cherish the memories of my time in "Green Lights."
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The following is the official will and testament of the graduating class of 1958-59 which bequeathes to the underclassmen of Nederland High School many strange and wonderful gifts.

1. Bruce Adams wills his title as best dressed to Mike Jeansonne.
2. William Aldridge wills his chair in choral to Carolyn Fish.
3. Carl Armand wills his singing voice to Betty Ann Handley.
4. Judy Arsement will her brains to Jeep McDonald.
5. Kerry Austin wills his gator killing car to Knute Poulson.
6. Charlotte Baker wills her place on the volleyball team to Rose Ellen Paulus.
7. Bob Bateman wills his red hair to Phillip Willey.
8. Edward Bellow wills his senior ring to Mary Ann Prejean.
9. Madeline Bloch wills her blonde hair to Jane Richerson.
10. Kay Blankenship wills her laugh to Ellen Fowler.
11. Wayno Bernard wills his Mechanical Drawing pencil to Oliver Courts.
12. Glydell Brown will her dates to Becky O'Neal.
14. David Capps wills his false tooth cap to John Tuohy.
15. Gary Carter wills his height to James Griffith.
16. Tommy Cassac wills his duck tail to Joe Johnson.
17. Walter Chatolain wills his football uniform to his brother, Joseph.
18. James Champagne wills his ability to eat to Joe McFarland.
19. John Christian wills his school books to senior of next year.
20. Martha Nell Coffman wills her walk to Martha Dell Robinson.
21. Patsy Coleman wills her sports ability to Janice Monk.
22. Evans Colville wills his quiet disposition to Kyle Paxton.
23. Mary Ellen Concienne wills the honor as Football Sweetheart to Peggy Bellue.
24. Lamar Conner wills his Ford to Kenneth Parrish.
26. Jim Crane wills his "egg delivering" to next year's Vo. Ag. boys.
27. Gene Crawford wills his portable radio to Mr. Jordon.
28. Ann Creswell wills her position as duchess of the Neches River Festival to Anne Kay.
29. Gerald Dartez wills his scientific ability to Richard Murr.
30. Judy Delahoussaye wills her cap and gown to next year's Seniors.
32. Helen Domec wills her engagement rings to Linda Headrick.
33. Gloris Doucet wills her top honors to Becky Seward.
34. Philton Doucet wills his height to Joe Duran.
35. Ronnie Driskell wills his blue eyes to Pat Brinkly.
36. Tommy Ducote wills his ability to act to the Drama Class.
37. Mike Elliot wills his football uniform to Cecil Hammons.
38. W. H. Erwin wills his ears to Dusty Buchannan.
39. David Edgar wills his mathematical knowledge to Joyce Pittman.
40. Donal Fondren wills his position as football manager to Nulley Grisson.
41. Sherril Fowler wills her short hair to Betty Scott.
42. Ronald Freeman wills his paper route to anyone who wants it.
43. Donna Jo Fruge wills her position in the Westernaires to Barbara Dell Doehnbs.
44. Nancy Fuller wills her red hair to Jo Ann Carlin.
45. Jimmy Gary wills his first chair cornet position to Jo Ann James.
46. Bruce Green wills his walk to Norman Curtis.
47. Johnny Green wills his sunglasses to Jimmy LaPoint.
48. Charles Griffith wills his ability with the spotlight to Buddy Cooley.
49. Dickie Guidry wills his height to Joe McFarland.
50. Edith Halbert wills her sweet disposition to Mattie Everett.
51. Polly Hammons wills her cute figure to Linda Hawthorne.
52. Everett Handley wills his shyness to Glenda Doyle.
53. Lavell Harris wills his fighting roosters to Leonard Nunez.
54. Pat Harvill wills her position as majorette to the ninth grade.
55. Marion Havard wills his quiet married life to any confirmed bachelor.
56. Mary Sue Herrin wills her office position to Linda Morris.
57. James Hilton wills his slide rule to Joe Allen.
58. Betty Hubert wills her friendly personality to Jeenie Green.
59. Phyllis Hudson wills her dimples to Betty Brinkly.
60. Lanell Hutchens wills her homemaking chair to anyone who takes it.
61. Grace Hyatt wills her cute smile to Mary Both Askew.
62. Bruce Jacobs wills his position as Uncle Billy to Billy Huffman.
63. Pat Jackson wills her pretty white hands to Betty Ann Koonce.
64. Mike Johnson wills his athletic abilities to Fred Molder.
65. Felice Joannson wills her flirtatious ways to Doris DeCuir.
66. Raymond Johnson wills his bookkeeping to Mrs. Gleason.
67. Jim Kooling wills his art ability to John Bass.
68. Leland Koonce wills his English ability to Anna Wright.
69. Doris Koonce wills her cuteness to the Stolly twins.
70. Bill Kelly wills his clothes to Bud Sturrock.
71. Dianne Killian wills her sweet disposition to Frida Hill.
72. Lorette Koonce wills her cute hair-dos to Lois Lavesser.
73. Sandra Lacy wills her gold cross to Gwon Aldridge.
74. Lucy LeBoeuf wills Nederland boys to Fort Worth girls.
75. Barbara Libersat wills her charm to Bertie Childress.
76. Mike McAllister wills Bandora to the Juniors.
77. Lonnie McGowon wills his height to James McDonald.
78. Ann McGowen wills her clothes to Sandra Kay Tucker.
79. Nancy Martin wills her Bookkeeping ability to Mary Ann Ellender.
80. Gerald Manning wills his flat top to Mr. Broussard.
81. Brenda Mashburn wills her talent to the Whitley twins.
82. Roberta May wills the honor of Pilot Sweetheart to the annual staff.
83. Thelma Mayfield wills her blonde hair to Effio Knowblock.
84. Dale Meredith wills his dreamy eyes to everybody.
85. Frances Miller wills her cute walk to Linda Concienne.
86. Kay Miller wills her position as most dignified to Linda Kessler.
87. Charles Mills wills his scholastic ability to Joe Duran.
88. Patty (Minchew) Campbell wills Journalism to Joan Gaspard.
89. Grover Morris wills permanents to the girls.
90. Larry Musselwhite wills Seniors' Math to next year's Seniors.
91. Roy Neel wills his place on the bench to the Stampley twins.
92. James Parks wills his cute ways to Conrad Newton.
93. Coyril Paulus wills his clothes to Cornbread Neely.
94. Jeri Payne wills her funny laugh to Christine Adaway.
95. Lynn Pickens wills her little feet to Mary Ann Hammock.
96. Lyman Periman wills his ability to throw paper to anyone who can get away with it.
97. Lois Prejean wills her stuffed animals to Carolyn Woods.
98. Anita Pool wills her little waist to Gaydel Simmoneaux.
100. Jo Nan Price wills her convertible to the Robichaux twins.
101. Leatrice Quebedeaux wills her dancing shoes to Linda Bernard.
102. Doris Reue wills her fingernails to Anna Wright.
103. James Riley wills his good chemistry grade to any poor soul.
104. Tomie Riley wills her engagement ring to anyone who thinks they can get it.
105. Mike Robinson wills his tennis ability to Patty Spicer.
107. Bobby Joe Samford wills his art pencils to Sharon Richboy.
108. Robert Sanders wills his glasses to anybody that needs them.
109. Mary Anne Schichtel wills Senior trips to the Juniors.
110. Arthur Scott wills married life to everybody.
111. Royce Scott wills his poet pen to Kyle Paxton.
112. Cileon Shannon wills her place in Journalism to Joyce Treadaway.
113. Dorothy Sibley wills her loud ways to Janice Metreyean.
114. Judy Smith wills her position as pianist to Bobbie Lee Huckaby.
115. Berthold Spencer wills his position as most dignified to Jerry Cowgill.
116. Charlotte Stanley wills her laugh to Claude Stanley.
117. Patricia Steele wills her ballet shoes to Sandra Kay Tucker.
118. Norman Steele wills his Senior ring to Judy Burns.
119. William Sterling wills his bass horn to Mr. Kelley.
120. Patty Strancener wills her boyfriends to Elois Goss.
121. Russell Streetman wills his blond hair and blue eyes to Kay Page.
122. Ray Stanley wills his blue eyes to Jano Stelley.
123. Joann Thompson wills her handwriting to Joyce Hudson.
124. Gaylo Trahan wills his baseball hat to George DeVries.
125. Jerry Wade wills his ability to tell jokes in Junior Math to next year's Seniors.
126. Guerry Weathers wills his chubby ways to Joe McFarland.
127. Judy West wills her dancing ability to Frances Boudreaux.
128. Barbara White wills the Chatton ooga, look outs to Anna Wright.
129. Larry Wilkinson wills his grades to anyone who deserves them.
130. Lynn Williams wills his position as president of the Science club to Molly Duke.
131. Carolyn Wills wills her positions as head cheerleader to Betty Ann Hanley.
132. Claude Wiggins wills quit manners to Mike Jeansonne.
133. Ann Wistner wills her position as Social Leader of the Senior class to Sandra Kay Tucker.
134. Billy Woodward wills his position as most likely to succeed to Robocoa Soward.
135. James Wood wills his place on 2nd base to anyone willing to take it.
136. Sandra Wood wills her personality to Linda Bellow.
138. Jonel Wright wills her Westernaire uniform to Mrs. Turney.
Prophecy for seniors 1958-59

Don't Stop Great Futures Ahead

1. Bruce Adams—To give Lamar heck.
2. Carl Armaud—Sponsor of Don Mahoney show.
3. Judy Arsenault—Changed her name to Mrs. Mike Padaline.
4. Kerry Austin-Fuller—brush salesman for Volvo.
6. Edward Bellow—Head football coach at Neshaminy High.
7. Madeline Bloch—Housemother of a fraternity house at Texas University.
10. Clydell Brown—Changed from Brown to Green.
12. David Ceppa—To be like Kilroy and go around the world.
15. Walter Chatelain—Replace Jimmy Rogers on TV.
16. James Champagnon—Agriculture teacher at NHS.

19. Patsy Coleman—P.E. teacher at NHS.
20. Evans Colvillo—Head porter at the Dale Hotel.
22. Lamar Connor—Owner of the South Park Drive-In.
23. Graydon Cowgill—County agent for the 4-H.
24. Jim Crano—Horse trainer at the Kentucky Derby.
27. Gerald Dartez—Rocket loader at Cape Canaveral.
28. Judy Dolahoussayo—Wedding bells will be ringing soon.
29. Elbert Denton—Owner of the newest Minimas Store.
31. Gloria Doucet—Owns her own beauty shop.
32. Philton Doucet—Holds the pole vaulting record of the world.
33. Ronnie Driskell—Owns his own garage.
34. Tommy Ducote—Doctor with his own office.
35. Miko Elliott—Manager of a little league team.
37. David Edgar—Perfected the sliko rule.
38. Donald Fondron—Trainer at Texas University.
39. Shorril Fowler—Artist for Hallmark Cards.
40. Ronald Freeman—Teaches Mrs. Gloasons fifth period Bookkeeping class.
41. Donna Jo Frugo—Miss America of 1963.
42. Nancy Fuller—A scientist who perfected a hair restorer for Knute Poulson.
43. Jimmy Gary—Mechanical engineer
44. Bruce Groen—Police Chief at Port noacas, Texas.
45. Johnny Groen—Owns a chain of pool table companies.
46. Charles Griffith—Replaces Mrs. Brady in the office.
47. Dickio Guidry—The latest teenage singing idol.
48. Edith Halbert—Secretary for Batcher Father.
49. Polly Hammons—Visited by the Millionaire.
50. Everett Hanley—Owns his own machine shop.
51. Lavoll Harris—Sells Thunder birds.
52. Pat Harvill—Wife of a mailman.
53. Marion Havard—Father of triplets.
54. Mary Sue Herrin—Mother of twolove lovely children.
55. James Hilton-Head Mathematician Doughnut factory.
56. Betty Hubert-Social worker for stray cats.
57. Phyllis Hudson-Chaparon on the band trips.
58. Lanelle Hutchens-A better christian.
59. Grace Hyatt-Swimmer in the Olympics.
60. Pat Jackson-Mrs. Marvin Wicker and the mother of four little "wicker baskets".
61. Bruce Jacobs-M. C. of his own T. V. program.
62. Mike Johnson-Professional football player.
63. Felice Jeansonne-Went steady a hundred times before graduation.
64. Raymond Johnson-Air Force colonel.
   66. Leland Keene-Executive in an oil company.
   67. Doris Keene-Private secretary to Perry Mason.
   68. Bill Kelly-Best dressed man in the world.
69. Diana Killian-Air Line stewardess.
70. Loretta Koonce-A Certified Public Accountant and files Ricky Nelson's income tax.
71. Sandra Lacy-A saleswoman is downtown Nederland.
72. Lucy LeBoeuf-Married to a sailor.
73. Barbara Libersat-Draws ads for the Crakerjack Company.
   74. Mike McAlistter-Model for the Wildroot Cream Oil ads.
   75. Lonnie McGowan-Champion pole vaulter.
   77. Nancy Martin-The wife of Sunny Nicholas.
78. Gerald Manning-An actor for Warner Brothers.
79. Brenda Mashburn-Model for Bronzetone.
80. Roberta May-Editor of Reader's Digest.
82. Dale Meredith—Owns his own Studebaker.
83. Frances Miller—Queen of Lower-Slobovia
84. Kay Miller—Private nurse for the President.
85. Charles Mills—Owns Guilbeaux's pool hall.
86. Patty Minchew Campbell—Writes the Society Column in the Dallas News.
88. Larry Musselwhite—Owner of a 1960 Dodge.
89. Roy Neel—Inventor of a new type of alike rule.
91. Cyril Paulus—Captain of the USS United States.
92. Jeri Payne—Owner of a night club near Nederland (La. is too far.)
93. Lynn Pickens—Married to a professional baseball player.
94. Lyman Periman—Winner of the Davis Cup.
95. Lois Prejean—Works under cover as a cop.
96. Anita Pool—English teacher at Vidor.
97. Robert Prestridge—Owner of Nederland's newest funeral home.
98. Jo Nan Price—Receptionist at Slenderella.
99. Leatrice Quebedeaux—Married to the best dressed man in the world.
100. Doris Renue—The wife of Tommy E. Batchelor.
101. James Riley—Chief aide to Mr. Pickens.
102. Tomi Lee Riley—A wave in the U. S. Navy.
103. Mike Robinson—Owner of a barber shop for red-headed people.
104. Jean Russell—Mrs. Joe Harris and the mother of twins.
107. Mary Schichtel—An artist who does paintings in New Iberia.
108. Arthur Sccott—Sells 'white' shoes.


110. Coleen Shannon—President of the band at TCU.

111. Dorothy Sibley—Will replace T. V.'s Betty Crocker.

112. Judy Smith—Her home is at Aggieland.

113. Berthold Spencer—Is now called "Doc".

114. Charlotte Stanley—Teacher of Senior Math at NHS.

115. Pat Steele—Replaces Mrs. Stancil in the library.

116. Norman Steele—An electronics technician for G. E.

117. William Sterling—Sells "Grows Fast" hair tonic.

118. Pat Strancener—Avocado salad maker at the Picadilly.

119. Russell Streetman—Pilot for TWA.

120. Ray Stanley—A member of the Alumni association.

121. Joann Thompson—Gym teacher at NHS.


123. Jerry Wade—President of the Mickey Mouse Club.


125. Judy West—Inventor of a pass-it yourself test.

126. Barbara White—Secretary to the Vice-President of the Washington Senators.

127. Larry Wilkinson—Chief cook and bottle washer at the King Edward Hotel.

128. Lynn Williams—All-American at Texas University.

129. Carolyn Wills Mrs. Larry Ward.

130. Claude Wiggins—Owns his own lumber yard.

131. Ann Wistner—Happily married to J. D. Quarles and has a dozen kids.


133. James Wood—Plays baseball for the Cleveland Indians.

133. Sandra Woods—Mrs. Gordon Buffington and president of the P.T.A.

134. Edwin Worthy—Married to Mary Ellen.
