

Get on your thinking cap, senior, scholarships aplenty

Now is the time for all good students to come to the aid of the P. P. P. (poor pop's pocket-book.)

Harken, seniors, if you want to prove to this cold, cruel world that you really are that smart cookie you think you are, then take heed to some worthwhile advice!

During a recent government survey, the statistics revealed that 141,554 scholarships valued at \$31,156,754.86 had been available. Of these, 17,331 were without receivers. Why?

OF COURSE, there were a few that had specific requirements to

be complied with. For instance, Harvard offers a scholarship to one whose surname is Van Buskirk. But other than the considerably few oddities, many scholarships, along with qualified candidates, went begging simply because the effort hadn't been made to apply for them.

"Start now to decide upon four or five prospective schools. Then in November or early December make application," are the keywords, according to Ben Mayo, guidance director.

He adds that any one who hopes for one of the more desirable grants should not, for any reason, wait until after second semester to make inquiry.

ALTHOUGH STRAIGHT A's are by no means a hindrance, special emphasis is placed on good citizenship, participation in school activities and leadership ability.

To visit Mr. Mayo's office and browse through his collection of catalogs might very well be the primary step toward your goal of financial aid through college—M. B. S.



History???

Mrs. Virginia Jones' history class was the setting for this scene:

"Students," said Mrs. Jones, "history is being made today. Look at Anthony Eden, look at President Eisenhower, look at Winston Churchill."

From the back of the room, Delia Gardner sighed, "Oh, Mrs. Jones, just look at Tony Curtis!"

Picture Patter:

After having his picture taken for the Bruin, Robert Durden related this tragic happening: "I could just tell the photographer was inexperienced, for, first of all, he didn't ask me to look at the birdie, and secondly, there WASN'T any birdie!"

Now, mother!

It now appears, after a certain midnight scene at the Hutsell residence that Ann Hutsell and her parents aren't on the best of terms.

"I think my parents' attitude is utterly biased and prejudiced," claims Ann, defensively. "I have statistics to prove that my song wasn't in vain as they implied. I just know it was somebody's birthday!"

What's that?

Tonetta Honey and Bettye Fleming were in class when Tonetta heard Bettye mumbling to herself.

"What did you say, Bettye?" asked Tonetta.

Replied Bettye, "Oh, nothing. I'm just talking to myself since I'm the only one that will listen to me."

Poetry!

by Sylvia Nelson

Night has come softly, almost as though there were nothing.

A soft mantle with loose folds of deepest velvet covers the hills and towns.

I'm back—years it seems. The lights come on in the houses.

I've watched it all before, but never with this feeling of want.

And now years later, I've come home.

I see the apple trees where we climbed and played pirates,

The brook behind the house where we caught frogs,

The show house where I went every Saturday for a movie.

The ice cream parlor where I met him—

The streets we wandered down—

The lions in front of the library—

The leaves as they fell during autumn.

My mother's face when I left for college.

Then suddenly, I'm grown up.

The time passes slowly now, almost like today.

It's been raining. The weather is cold and damp.

But I've been warm all day—sitting in front of a roaring fire—and just remembering.

Little man on the campus

by Dick Bibler



"He's actually a big help—Prof. Snarf lets him grade all his papers."

No sob stories for happy senior

by Claudette Schock

In spite of the fact that I have been tossed into a melting pot with the less intellectual juniors and sophomores, I am a happy senior.

I'm aware that all around me stand the outcasts of humanity, the overworked, underpraised seniors. I may be unique but even though I get shoved through the halls, smothered by homework, and am in general disheveled and dismayed, I'm still not worried. In fact I'm convinced that this may be my best year yet.

For some uncanny reason I'm quite pleased with my schedule and so far I get along famously with my teachers.

THE SIMPLE FACT IS—I have no complaints.

Sure the place is noisy, but I like noise.

The halls are crowded, too, but I like crowds.

Yes, we have a lot of homework. Now I don't care for work (of any kind) but it's really fun to see what ridiculous answers

Shakespeare

Said It--

"Good, gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man," says Gerald Fisher to Richard Cunningham upon his arrival in the dean's office for the fourth consecutive time with an unexcused absence.

Teachers: "They kill us for their sport."

Dedication to students entering Miss Irene Barnwell's room on test day: "Get ye therefore hence, poor miserable wretches, to your death."

THE GRIZZLY

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I can get for a simple question. (This is nothing to worry about, either, because I'm used to the bad half of a teacher's grading system.)

THE SENIORS' one big complaint this year is the monitor system. Relax, even this has its humorous side. It's really fun to see the sophomores who think they're trapped on second floor during "A" lunch period.

Everyone knows how busy the seniors are with outside activities as well as school work. How could they help knowing it when it's seniors who open the doors

in the morning and close them in the evening? Ah, well, busy little minds don't get into trouble. (Strange, but I seem to remember an American history class in which there was never a dull moment, yet we were always in trouble.)

SUCH IS the life of a senior—crowds, noise, work and confusion. Just remember, seniors, you're not alone in your misery. I get pushed down, walked on, shouted at and I lose my temper, too—but through it all I miraculously remain (and don't we all?) a happy senior.

Rain and swimming go together for Tidwell on Ferris wheel

by David Tidwell

My swim from one end of the Arkansas - Oklahoma Livestock Fair to the other started at the top of the Ferris wheel. There I sat when the wind began to blow and the chair began to rock back and forth. That I blamed on the wind—although it could have been my knees knocking.

For three weeks I had hoped for rain, and there it was. It rained as I have never seen it rain before. I kinda had a duck's eye view of the fair. People were scattering like mad, though it didn't look as if many knew just where they were going. At first I thought it was funny, but as I began to get wet, it ceased to be amusing.

Behind me sat a "large" woman who was standing up in her seat and shouting, "I want down! I want down! I am getting

all wet!"

Eventually I arrived at the bottom of the Ferris wheel and began to swim to the commercial exhibit building at the speed of 80 m. p. h. Rounding the tilt-a-whirl, I ran full speed into an M. P., and hit him with all my 160 pounds, which would have flattened anyone but an M. P. But him? It was like hitting a brick wall. I guess if I had been a soldier he would have run me in for speeding.

The large midway was crowded with people with the same idea I had, so I decided to take a short cut between side shows. It was a maze of ropes that not only held the tents up but held me up also.

After climbing over nine cars and sliding into seven mud holes, I finally staggered into the exhibit building, along with all the other ducks.

It happens every day

you just missed it

by Louise Turner

Well, here we go again! Now that school is hitting on all 16 cylinders, it's hard to keep from getting lost in the whirl. Between getting to classes early on assembly days, remembering the days when AU meetings are to be held, and all the other thousand and one things, seems like a person almost has to be a walking alarm clock.

Tired of the everyday grind, want to get away from it all? Well, just follow KING PHARR'S example. Every time the studying gets a little rough, King takes off for Creekmore Park—to study of course. Says King,

"It's quiet there and cool."

Have you heard about the Peanut Dictionary yet? Well, it happened this way. MRS. ETTA MADDUX had her classes a few years ago to eat Tom's Toasted Peanuts, save the sacks and then send them in for a dictionary, the masterpiece of Webster's they were sadly lacking. It followed that they called it the "Peanut Dictionary".

Overheard in MISS WILMA JIMERSON'S Spanish class: "May I be excused from reciting today? I have a sore throat and can hardly speak English, much less Spanish."

CAMPUS Corner

S&Q STUDENT STYLE CENTER

by Roger Knox

Howdy fellows! Here are a few ideas on what the best dressed men on the campus are going to be wearing in the days to come.

What's new at the S&Q? Well, you'll have to come down and see the brown sport coats with the helio block imprint in them and with the helio slacks. Also, the black sport coats with the pink block and pink slacks.

You should take a look at the sports trio out by CAMPUS TO-GO down at the S&Q. They are charcoal gray and charcoal black suits with light gray and light brown extra slacks, interchangeable.

We just got in a new shipment of dress shirts last week. They are Arrow button-down shirts with a brown check, red check and blue stripe. They really look sharp when teamed up with charcoal black and charcoal brown.

Something new in ties. You all liked the red stripe ties so well that the factory has been putting out the same color ties reversed. It gives them a much darker shade and gives you a larger selection in red stripe ties.

A bunch of our alumni were in the store buying their college clothes. DAVID SLOAN, TONY SMITH, JIMMY DAVIDSON, BILL WILSON, HOWARD SEN-GEL and BERNIE PRYOR were in last Saturday.

Say, have you seen LARRY HUTSON'S new charcoal black suit and BILL NEEDHAM'S new charcoal brown suit?

BOBBY HOPE has a new sweater from the S&Q and PAT GILLESPIE has a new helio sport coat.

RICHARD WELCH, BILL WAGNER, BILL McAULIN, EARNEST BARTLETT, and JOHNNY CLAY all have new suits or sport coats from the S&Q.

All you girls that thought you couldn't buy any clothes at the S&Q—well, that's what you get for thinking! We have just recently started carrying Pendleton sportswear separate for women. They are really beautiful, so why don't you come down and look at them. I'm sure you will like them.

By the way, you guys don't forget those all-important accessories—especially since you can get Hickok initial belts, tie clasps and cuff links in a new style.

JOHN POLA and RAYMOND SPRUELL were down at the you-know-where the other day browsing around among those charcoal suits and striped ties.

Well, I'd better sign off. See you next issue.

—adv.