

*Man Is The
Architect
Of His Future*

**BRAND
SALES**

B.T. Staff Goodbye; Thanks for a Good Year

In this last issue of the **Brahma Tales**, the staff would like to thank all who made possible its existence.

To the Students of Douglas MacArthur High School we hope that you have enjoyed reading our paper, and experimenting with our different styles.

To all the faculty and administrators, we hope that we have covered to the best of our ability your department news. Thank you for all your assistance and patience when we came to you for information.

To Mr. Vakey, the staff would like to personally extend our gratitude for all the guidance you have shown us and the other students at MacArthur. We hope that this, your first year here, will be a memorable one for you.

The staff would also like to extend one more bit of thanks to a most deserving person, our sponsor, **Mrs. Jones**. Without her, our journalistic talents would not be, without her our paper would not be. We owe her much!

In conclusion the staff would like to say we've really enjoyed being us. From reporting to you on HemisFair '68 to the final exams, it's been **FANTASTIC!!**

Think Of The Future!

"Okay, kid, you can put your hands up now. Search him, Lieutenant!"

"He's clean."

"Why would a teenager like you, you look pretty decent to me, want to break into his own high school cafeteria? What's in there; why; don't you know better?"

"We better call this in, Captain."

"What do you think, should we report you like we do most juveniles? Or should we just give you a little pep talk and hope and pray you can reform yourself?"

"Did you do this because you don't like school? Or because you think you needed something in there? Or because you might get some attention you wanted and needed but weren't getting at home?"

"Did you think you would get away with this? Did you think it was right?"

"What would your family and friends think? Or do you **care**? Think it over, kid, you've got a second chance. I wish we could give everybody a second chance. Do yourself a favor and go back to being what you were and treat people good and help others. Discourage others your age from getting into trouble. Have fun but let it be clean and proper and live they way your parents brought you up to live. Be good if only to satisfy yourself and those who live you. It's worth it in the end."

Colleges Blessed With Mac Seniors

In a poll of seniors — 167 out of 430 to be exact (where have all the seniors gone . . . ?) it was noted that the University of Texas and San Antonio College run neck and neck for the most enrollees from MacArthur.

Other top contenders for Mac graduates are Texas A&M at College Station (where else?), Southwest Texas State, San Marcos, Trinity, San Antonio, and Texas Tech.

Other in-state colleges that will become Mac graduates' new alma maters are Texas A&I, Kingsville, St. Mary's, San Antonio, University of Houston, Houston, University of Dallas, Dallas, Baylor, Waco, Abilene, Christian College, Abilene, North Texas State, Denton, Rice, Houston, Austin College, Sherman, Texas Lutheran, Seguin, Incarnate Word College, San Antonio, Southwestern Georgetown, St. Edwards, Austin, Texas Christian, Fort Worth, and Tarleton State, Stephenville.

Many seniors place their loyalties out of state, or plan to go to college the first year in-state and then transfer out. Mac graduates will not quite be spread to all the corners of the earth (we don't even make it to all fifty states), but we did get close. Oklahoma, Arkansas, Utah, Delaware, North Carolina, Maryland, Indiana, Massachusetts, California and Alabama are some of the states that will house Mac graduates during their college years.

The Armed Forces will be receiving a few seniors, too. Four senior boys will enter the Marines upon graduation, and the Navy and the Air Force will each add a Mac grad to their roles. Only the Army is lacking in the future members from Mac, in fact one student stated clearly that he (or she?) was going to Canada — to avoid the draft, perhaps? Consensus is that the Army will eventually get their own back.

Quite a few seniors are planning to work after graduation at various jobs, which include secretary, IBM operator, Peace Corps worker and dental assistant. "I'm going to be a garbage man," one senior boasted, exhibiting the fruits of his education, while another senior is planning to become a member of the Joffrey City Center Ballet Company in New York.

Where have all the seniors gone . . . long time passing?

BRAHMA TALES

Vol. 10 Issue 17

May 23, 1968

Editor-in-Chief: Liz Rubinstein

Staff: G. A. Wilson, Sallie Wheeler, Mike McNertney, Lynn Chrismas, Carolyn Gordon, Phyllis Swartz, Sally Garrison, Debbie McClure, Ray Gentry, Ann-Lynn Shackelford, Brenda Speart, Leslie Shafer and Marcy Prince.

Photographers: Glenn Cunningham, Ronnie Zimmerman, Liz Rubinstein and Pete Johnston.

Artist: Mike Murray

Sponsor: Mrs. Marilyn Jones



IN THE HEMISFAIR ARENA . . . Elizabeth Rubinstein, editor of the BRAHMA TALES chats amiably with entertainer Bob Hope on a recent visit to the HemisFair City.

May 29, 1968 . . .

Their Finest Hour.. Relief? Panic?

May 29 . . . Graduation.

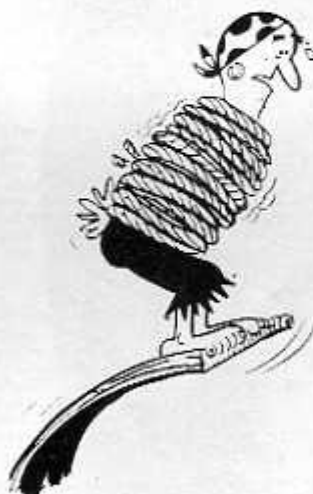
As the final day approaches, many seniors will find themselves caught up in a sudden flurry of unexpected emotions. The big day, release from 12 long years, will soon be here. There are last minute details—leftover invitations, caps and gowns. Happiness and sadness pervade the air.

Graduation presents many mixed feelings and thoughts. What exactly is graduation? Well . . . graduation is . . .

- when dreams become reality
- the end of today, the new tomorrow
- cherished memories

- the last game, the last song, the last dance
- freedom; excitement
- the final step, a sigh of relief, a single tear
- a feeling of accomplishment
- hopes for the future
- a new sense of awareness and responsibility
- thoughts of summer
- fun and follies
- the last fling
- the groovy world of 4 a.m.
- frivolous seniors waiting for their diplomas

- college board tests
- commencement
- the final hour of that one part of your life
- havoc!



- FINAL!
- panic!!!

Interview With Bob Hope;

"What Time Does This Place Take Off?"

By Phyllis Swartz

Hope was met by the Chamber of Commerce Red Carpet Committee who welcomed him to San Antonio to perform at HemisFair '68.

Bob Hope then appeared at the HemisFair Arena at 3:30 p.m. with wit intact for a press conference prior to his 4:30 rehearsal.

With the excitement of being one of the lucky ones to interview Bob Hope, I hurled one of my questions at him. "Did you ever beat Bing Crosby in a game of golf?" His answer was up to par with "Yes—he used to play better than I, but in the last few years he's aging and I'm getting

younger—that's what my psychiatrist keeps telling me."

A fellow interviewer asked Mr. Hope who his favorite leading lady is. "My last one—Phyllis Diller." He added, "Phyllis Diller and I used to peek through the keyhole of Gina Lollobrigida's door just to see what a girl looked like."

Famous for his Vietnam tours, Hope was asked what his most memorable experience there was. "Last year I found out they were shooting at the plane I was in. And I was sitting with the pilot. Believe me I wasn't sitting—I was on my toes."

If you've ever been in the arena at HemisFair and have looked up at the ceiling you would know what Mr. Hope meant when he stated, "I am very thrilled to be here—what time does this place take off?" A moment of seriousness brought Mr. Hope's feelings towards the Viet Cong soldier compared to the soldier of World War II. "There's never been a better type of fighter than those in Viet Nam today."

Mr. Hope's thoughts about the political year course, witty. "I looks like a rich man's march to Washington with everybody running but the fugitive!"

"I think they're interesting to watch—but I think they're going to pot," was Mr. Hope's answer to the question of his opinion on hippies.

(Continued on Page 11)

Seniors bid Farewell

Sugar Cubes and Memories

I, Patti Moos, of questionable sane mind and body, do bequeath all my possessions left at Mac to anyone who can use them—mainly my instant speed sugar cubes to Kathy Lott, to the girl swimmers more frustrating work-outs with Fickle and many state championships, a bottle of tranquilizers and a busload of warm-ups to Baccardi! To the future Brahmadoras, I leave my much used copy of do-it-yourself-Half-times-in-two-days and much sweat and thrills in performing for the student body, to Carol Lafon, I leave my "muscle mouth" to plague Miss Tankersley with. Lastly, to my dear brothers, I leave lots of memories and luck, to the faculty—sincere thanks!

I, Maribeth McNeely being of unsound mind and deformed body do hereby leave to Violet Martin my typewriter for VOE, my job with Mayor McAllister, all my Cliff Notes, and memories of the many Davids and to Lynda Lutz a plane ticket to Tucson, lots of writing paper and all the luck in the world.

Curls and Tears

I, Nancy Reed will to Miss Tankersley all my long curly hair, Ruth Ann and my tears from the small emotional cheerleader discussions.

I, Monique O'Brien hereby bequeath to Kathy Conser my New York accent and my cutting of "Born Yesterday" to win at speech contest next year.

I, Debbie Chitwood being of uncertain mind leave the following: To future Biology II students: five dead mice and my one passing test grade, To Gary—one empty seat at a baseball game, To Jim—love, peace and a free course in Zen.

I, Gary Tumlinson, give the smoking area to the Freshman class and all the cigarette butts I didn't smoke. And three thousand slugs for the juke box.

1000 Ice Cream Sticks

I, Mike Lucke, do bequeath the following: to David Lucke, 3 years without Chuck; to Kathy Conser, a locker for herself; to Pete Remmert, a 3rd class FCC License; to David Mack, 1 whole advisory period; to Robert Malsbury, 1000 ice cream sticks, and to Harry Burnette, one used forty-seven. Also to Mary Cole and Lisa Lyon another year of fun and frolic in 210. To Leslie Shafer goes my cold, hard stare.

We, the Seniors of Mac Brahma Band do hereby leave Barbara (Taco) Tatin a years supply of pills, to ease the aches and pains. To all the female underclassmen we leave a set of every dress and pair of shoes she has so other people will have an outfit just like hers.

I, Stephen Gates, being of doubtful mind and abundant body do hereby bequeath the following: One heavily used bar sax and a two year supply of broken reeds to one Rebo Valone in hopes that he will love. A slightly used Mrs. Barlow for homeroom and a box of sedatives for her use. Miss Ravor's Civics classes a year's supply of No-Doze and Pair of size 14 1/2 DDDD marching shoes to Beth Wheelus. And to the next and future Senior classes of MacArthur . . . ROTS OF ROCK.

I, James Hamilton of debatable mind leave to the future footballers Scott's nose as a trophy. To Connie, I leave Gayle's baton to threaten the Brahmadoras and finally Mr. King gets my Stallion parade costume for Pep Rallies.

MacIntosh and Wellingtons

I, Lu Jeffery, bequeath to the next Foreign Student: an umbrella, macintosh and a pair of Wellingtons (rubber boots); an electric hair-curler kit, an Alamo sign, and A.F.S. smile (grin and bear it) and a super-type year; and to her friends, one cafeteria lunch, daily.

I, Rita Acree, leave to my sister Karen the traditional family name of Acree which no one in my family has yet known the meaning of. To Zia I regretfully leave a library full of notes, all my blue slips, a long list of fitting graduation presents, broken mold, and hopes for a coherent future. To Doc, long discussions, bicycle rides, and most important I leave her in her present state. To Laurie I leave K.E. and K. frogs, and an urge. To Joy a box of graduated cylinders, to Jeanette an apple, to Wayne and Mitch Esperanza, to some fool a membership card to a very exclusive organization, to my English teachers a discarded dream, and to MacArthur I leave — happily.

I, Barbara Weems, being of deteriorated mind and body, leave Washington's birthday to J. B., a prayer to J. C., the Elder Berry Jam to Ann, a big smack to S.S., the Canned Heat to Sonny a trip to Wayne Newton. Also a drum stick from Mexico to Ray and the Key to education to T.L.

Ban Forever!

I, Everett Guy Travis, being of questionable mind and body leave my vast intelligence to Jack Boerner, my 5 year old tennis racket to Doug Vander Ploeg, my speed, agility and broken ankle to John Biggs. To Robert Moreland I leave Mr. Salisbury. To Rodney Tulbert I leave a year's supply of deodorant. Last and least I leave the Air Force to Mr. Frantzen.

I, Gail Neuenschwander, do hereby bequeath to the attendance system cards large enough to accommodate my name, to Alicia F. beaucoup de tenacity—she'll need it, to Jim K. love and luck, whatever happens, a beautiful mustache to Roy L., legalized long hair for everyone, and a personal car wash for Mr. Hager.

I, Bill King, being of questionable mind and body do leave to Mrs. Peak a classroom full of Bruce Kings, Brian Kings, Bill Kings, and Tracy Greemans. To Wes Burleson I leave Mr. Sittin's sparkling personality; I know that their friendship will be joyous and everlasting one. To Mr. Davis I leave one lighted firecracker left in the boys' restroom in the 500 wing. To the cafeteria I leave one year's supply of Patio brand TV dinners. Last, but not least, I leave to the Douglas MacArthur High School faculty one half chewed piece of bubble gum and a remade yo-yo.

Big Chief Annual

I, Glen Cunningham, hereby will the following things: To Ron Zimmerman and Bo Milan a 3 foot by 3 foot hole in the wall darkroom; the black foam padded briefcase; a key guaranteed to unlock the oil filter cover box on any 1934 Kaiser-Fraiser; 4 rusty church keys hidden in the darkroom, a neurotic black refrigerator, a spatula Yashicamat, Mr. Finch's horde of dirty magazines in the box under the sink, the UNSOLVED MYSTERY OF THE VANISHING EQUIPMENT and numerous sequels of the same. To Sandy Compton, the benefit of too few many lessons in darkroom technique and a firm belief that the freshman with the peace chain is alive and hiding in the 300 wing; and a 69 annual which will be mimeographed on Big Chief, extra large ruled tablets. I also leave the Mouse the use of anticonvulsant-benturalartraginophobicide.

Goop

I, Bonnie Foster being of doubtful (?) mind do bequeath and give away all possessions I no longer want. To the Mogans, Art, Kitty and Mike one case of used Mexican David Wine. To any unsuspecting soul, Mark Schneider, To Keith Rainwater a breakdown in his thunder cloud and no towel. To Frances Moritz all Monkey albums she can't find. To Marilyn Rhodes a air of old tennis shoes I found. To all underclassmen a giant breakdown in the air conditioning system and all the candy in the snack bar turned to melted goop. To the cooks one Betty Crocker cookbook and one how to cook book. To all my friends, good luck, cause you'll need it when I'm gone, or is it you'll have good luck because I'm gone?

I, Leslie Shafer, being me, do hereby bequeath to the Brahmadoras lots of hard work and fun, to A.L.S. our end of the line. To Kathy C., I leave the drama department such as it is, to Brenda, I leave a peaceful junior year without me, to Randy, more fun and less worry, to Mike L. a not too uncomfortable summer and to all the friends of Bubbles LaRue — the best of everything with love from the bloom-in' idiot.

I, Pat Millegan, being of sound mind and . . . well, body, do hereby leave to Linda and Donna, rides in the truck and car to get to school in; to the Group I leave worries about rumors and boyfriends; to Patti Rullo, I leave a little self-confidence; and to all my friends and people I never had a chance to meet, I leaves wishes that good luck, good will and God will go with you always.

The Ultimate
In Exquisite
Floral Designs

OAK PARK
FLOWERS

LOUIS A. OEHL

1975 Nacogdoches Road



I, Becky Bartlett, being of sound mind and body (?) do hereby bequeath the following: to all the Brahmadoras, many delightful two day half-times, much rain, warped hats and a plentiful supply of community deodorant; to Emily Hine, my Spanish notes; to Pam Zito the exciting (!) Battle of Flowers Parade; to the Junior Brahmadoras of this past year many cans of foam drink and another Roosevelt Half-time; to Emily Harris someone to fasten her garters for her; to the Head Brahmadora the keys to the ensemble room; to Connie Spencer "Tea for Two" (one more time).

Born To Lose Tiny Tim

I, Chuck Loring upon leaving this campus do bequeath the following to those who have to stay. To Gumbo Taylor I leave an album of Born to Lose and Tiptoe Through the Tulips by Tiny Tim. I leave a copy of The Greatest Story Ever Told to Doug Axelrod plus an umbrella to open doors and a souvenir map of Potet. To Records I leave front seat and a recording of Blue Gasser. To Court Ogden I leave 100 ways to Misspell Kort and instructions on how to arrive early. To my brother Mike I leave "Plucky," the car keys and worst of all, the Taco Benders. To the Taco Benders I leave Converse and Freckles to play for the Brahmadoras. To the Brahmadoras I leave patience and ear muffs. And to Buzzardman I leave "How to Fly in 10 Easy Lessons" and one 7-Up bottle, used, and to David Lucke I leave the request that he get a new cookie.

I, Nancy Tilley, being of a chaotic mind, do bequeath . . . to Keith Rainwater, a chocolate cake, a dry car and a new knee-cap. To Mark Schneider, two drive-in movies, a new girlfriend and all the love in the world. To Carolyn Dupuy one ream of typing paper. To Mr. Jensen, two dozen Mr. Lincolns.

Fuller Up!

I, Bob Zimmerman, being of good, bad and blown mind, and anticipate departure for the U.S.N.A. will: To the next unlucky soul to have Mrs. Hague for 3 straight years, all her polynomial, parametric, and exponential equations, minus 10 points for misplaced negative signs, and my sense of humor to stay sane; to Diane Alfred, the blood on the diving board and luck to win state next year; to Lu, a living bra to grow with; to Ronny, I leave Chet, my Fuller Brush territory and all my worldly possessions; and to Jim and Joyce, happiness to follow them forever.

Chamberlain's Jewelry "School Charms"

6918 San Pedro
NORTH TOWNE PLAZA

THE GEM SHOP

5143 Broadway
TA 6-0890

WATCH & JEWELRY REPAIR

- Praying Hands
- Engraving
- Pennant Charms
- Authorized Accutron
- Sales and Service

Our Charms Soldered Free

Homework and Teachers

Toads are . . .

I, Phyllis Swartz, to Sallie Wheeler; Piliash; Emma June Pankratz; Sagar Bueger; Wheel; Willie Sheelbrow; and my best friend all the best in the future. Trinity, Mike, 8 plus 1, slumber (?) parties, TL, BE, George Jay, KONO, Toads are Groovy, Wayne Newton, Bob Hope, BT, ads, lunch period, Association, wreck, HemisFair, SD, \$48.00 Miss G. THANK. To Pat Swartz, a private golf course and a louder (?) whistle. To Mr. Steak, more time for smoking and less trouble from us. To Sandi Compton, more talks and walks in MM. To Steve Heck, thanks for all the good times during the past summers. "Exclusive and secluded" blah! To Roy, summer period and poker. To Judy Moore, Sandie's great friendship. To any two Seniors, two front seats in the auditorium. To the student body of Douglas MacArthur High School Much More Needed S P I R I T and P R I D E in a good school. Enjoy life but work for a living.

We, the card carrying members of the M.T.S.L., will to the 7:30 "Tennis-Crew" a field of brownies left from another era when blonds had more fun!

I, Stephanie Jackson, do hereby bequeath: to Harry a duplicate set of his car keys, to Mr. Schorp another lab desk like number 26 and plenty of colored pens with an ink supply. To Denise, my place ahead of the bass drum in marching band.

I, Charlie Frey, being of sound mind and body, will to my sister, Hildegarde Hamhocker, a manual on "Catching Boys in Ten Easy Steps."

I, Ron Wong, being of simple mind and consumption-ridden body leave these worldly possessions: To Mrs. Barlow (my favorite English teacher) I leave one gross of elevator shoes, so she won't have to stand on the stool while lecturing. To my brother I leave the exclusive rights to my blue and white knit cap. As for my umbrella, it goes to the faded Brahman in the foyer of the auditorium to keep it out of the elements. To next year's student body I leave Mr. Mike Burke to provide dy-

namic leadership. To Lu Jeffery I leave a "civilized accent (Texan preferred). Finally, to the students of MacArthur, I leave "I Like Mac" mouth to be cherished and treasured.

We, the Great Eight, plus one do hereby bequeath our embankment to Tammy Crump and Mrs. Jones, and approximately \$4.28 to the cafeteria for all the Dr. Pepper bottles we pinched. We also leave a cafeteria table and Great Eight printed cards for any nine aspiring juniors. And also to them we leave a do-it-yourself Great Eight plus one kit consisting of the following: slumber parties, bean dip, doritos, Dr. Pepper, non squeak shoes, mugs, one wrench, a can of blue spray paint, KONO T-shirts and George Jay. To all of you 'Ahem' raisers - Wai Wai!

I, Susan Ritzinger, being of total mind, bequeath to all junior swimmers another year of hard work. To Karen Krueger, Cathy Tott, and Helenta each a wornout, muddy, pair of tennis shoes for summer practice. To Kathy McMaughan next year's annual, to Miss McCarty a set of warm-ups and to Tina Treat a little speed to break that record. To Nancy, my sister, I leave the phone.

I, Joyce Hamilton, being of hopelessly sound mind but rapidly deteriorating body, leave to Gay Gilmer, Suzie Baker, Susan Woytaczek and Carolyn Kilian five hundred unprepared speech assignments and to Norman Thomas I leave Chemistry Class and memories of Mr. Carver's interesting discussions. But, most important, I leave MacArthur.

I, Michael McConnell, alias Mad Mike being of brilliant mind and sexy body in preparation of my forthcoming trip to Port A. and doubtful return bequeath to Mike I leave my parking place at San Pedro. To Susan Maybell I leave the joys of three advisories and civics. To Mary Flaggert I leave 10,000 strobe lights to build her very own pussycat. To both Mary and Susan I leave copies of my health report, "1001 ways to use a Bandaid." To Coach Frantzen our math teacher I leave Ed Sass and a copy of the "teachers guide to teaching E. A." To Connie I leave a life size foto of myself to keep her company. To MacArthur I more than happily, just plain leave.

I, Margaret McCracken, do will to Zia Gibson days of springtime, 24 curls, and serviettes; to Laurie and Carolyn enough blue paint to match my efforts; and to four lucky girls top places on next year's M.T.S.L. and to Jimmy a car to himself from "the B."

The Wizard of Id

I, Brian King being ready to leave, I do so but first leave Mike Burk a copy of Freud's essay on "The Id, Ego and Super Ego," to Mike Coffey I give back his key to Room 238 at the Rodeway Inn and thank him for the use of it; to all juniors, I leave Tom Shaw's proverbial loaf of maturity and jug of cool, to anyone who needs them all of Ft. Sam's empty coke bottles, more weight on for Crackers Gargiulo, to Don Jellison the lady janitor and her cardboard box, Lee Zorzine to Mrs. Peak, more frogs for Mr. Finch, broken toilets to those who can use them and last but not least I leave Miss Bennett and Miss Hogue to reap future havoc.

I, Debbie Chandler leave to Jerry Neugebauer, a pink dress, to do with what he pleases . . . I also give to three Mike Bunger, nothing, because he has everything.

I, Patti Ward, being of psyched-out mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Zia Gibson, more grins with Mark; to Rusty Reed, a brush and some permanent green paint; to Terrye Mischeer, my half of the middle; and finally, to Sally Flintier, I bequeath my pink polka dot bikini, a driver's license, Leigh and Heidi, and Pam.

I, Mark Elvey, being of sane mind and sound body, bequeath to the inferior underclassmen, all my charm, wit, strength, and good looks to anyone who has a moving van to pick it up in.

I, Allan Katzberg, being of sound mind and body, do hereby therefore decree forthwith all my school possessions to the following people and individuals whom I deem worthy of the bounteous gifts I shall bestow upon their scheming persons. To Eddie McCul, I do forthwith therefore give all my Chiquita banana seals which do adorn my notebook. To Randy Williams, I leave all the banana peels from which I thereby got all my Chiquita seals. To Mark Frantzen, I do justly bequeath all the foul looks I received from store owners while I deftly and skillfully lifted the Chiquita seals from the peels of bananas lying in the above mentioned owners' stores. And to my E. A. teacher, Mr. Frantzen, I do bequeath one dried up dill pickle which will be found on page 323 in my E. A. book.

I, Laurie Mauldin, being of cracked mind and unstable body, will to Ray Dunham all of the extra hours of sleep I got in Mrs. Raper's English class during "Hamlet."

I, Sandy Farnum, being of no mind and very little body, leave the following to Michele the opportunity to serve under such dictators as Mrs. Peak, Miss Tankersley and Mr. Milligan. To Donna and Mary a step ladder and elevator shoes. To Thom all my wilted roses and a needle and thread to sew up ripped pants. To Alicia my moon-maid memoirs except Thom. To Pat Carney another senior year with best wishes. To Couser all our baby bunnies. To Yvette, Kevin, to Connie, Mr. Milligan. To Mr. King, the promise "I shall return" and a bottle of tranquilizers. And to MacArthur High I leave . . . forever.

I, Mark Bean, do hereby leave my case of scleritis of the liver to Susan Hattier, to Judy Rainey I leave my questionable ability in Data Processing and to every future senior I bequeath the thought that the administration always does only what is best for you.

Being of weak mind and about the same body, I, Richard Ormond, bequeath to Bron Burke, a Charles Atlas body building program; to Jack Bush, a Trim and Swin weight-reducing program; to Miss McCarty, a pair of shoulder pads and a lace handkerchief; to Paula Ernst, my position on my church basketball team; to Coach Carter, a place on the U.S. Olympic Swimming Team this summer; to Coach Porter, a scalpel, forceps, sponge and a broken bat; and last but far from least, I will to Tommy Caldwell an empty Schlitz beer keg.

I, Leigh Powell, will the following: to the next Lassie Activities Major my Blue and White ulcers and my place on the M.T.S.L. To Sally Flintier "wipes" and to Zia Gibson, champagne punch and an empty lunch table and the coast.

I, Robert Malsbury, being of solid mind and a little of a body, do leave to Mr. Finch, all the one-liners, charged capacitors that he can discharge across his fingers. To David Boerner, I leave the VTR and all of the tape that it has eaten. To Mr. LaFontaine I leave David Boerner and the VTR and all of its problems. To Mr. Kueling, I leave all the fumbling electronic flunkies! To Mr. King, I leave all the schools Joseph Conrad novels. To Lisa Lynn, I leave a tiger. To MacArthur High School, I leave!

I, Brenda Richard, in sound state of mind, will Dick Graham with all his lies and other girl friends to Nancy Fletcher and Emily Harris.

Smoked Trout

I, Chip Troutman, being of sound mind and body beautiful do hereby bequeath to Mr. Jensen Judy Thomason. To Coach Porter I leave 3 fags from "old Smoker" and a little league team. To Coach Price I leave a pass signed with Ken Jones' blood. To Jim Briscoe I leave spinach. To Thad Ziegler and Randy Dietz I give all the peanut butter and jelly sandwiches in the world. To Jerry Neugebauer I leave the drinking title of the Senior class.

I, Bill Celaya, leave to all underclassmen my character weakened by a faculty that felt it their responsibility to offer parental guidance to the entire student body. I also leave to Rick Wintersule my history book, which is completely unused.

COLONIAL CLEANERS

1 HOUR SERVICE

In Colonial Shopping Center
2518 Nacogdoches Rd.

TA 4-5841

"SCUBA DIVERS"

Trident Diving Equipment
San Antonio's Only
Exclusive Dive Shop

Distributor for

- * Aqua Lung Fills
- * Rentals and Repairs
- * Hydrostat Testing

910 West Ave. PE 4-7442



THE KNITTING BOWL

San Antonio's Largest & Most Complete Knit Shop
Domestic & Imported Yarns

Needlepoint

Free Instructions

DI 2-7411

Fair Lady Beauty Salon

1989 NACOGDOCHES

TA 4-2271

OPEN Wed. Eve by Appointment

Compliments of

WONDER BOWL

1948 Austin Highway

Rabbits, Bushmen, Pimples

No Big M

I, Zora Speert, am leaving to MacArthur's underclassmen senior superlatives, one useless committee and lots of my dissenting views. To my sister Brenda, I leave you senioritis in your junior year and hope you make it through to your senior year. To Mr. King, I leave my hostilities and thick headedness. To the whole school in hopes of improving these things, I leave incorrect clocks, waterless water fountains, dripping rooms, smoke filled restrooms, useless clubs, uncut grass and sincere heartless people. I also leave one of the greatest persons I've ever met, Mrs. Jones, a terrific sponsor. Last, but not least, I leave a great "Brahma" with no big M on the cover.

I, Bob Ellison do hereby leave a lead super ball to Mr. Finch, a carbuluncle to Coach McManus, and my lotus rectum to Mrs. Hogue.

I, Judy O'Hara, being of sound body and not so sound mind, do leave to Donna Boone her brother and all the nights we have had. To Mr. Carver, I leave a whole summer for fishing and 3 cases of cokes for all the bets he has lost. To Steve Gabriel, I leave my Cliff notes so he can pass Senior English.

I, Joan Barrett, leave my pet elephant, Orville, to Zada Schriever in the hopes that she takes good care of him and uses him well.

I, Sarah Robbins, in the event of my graduation from these hallowed halls, do bequeath the following items. To the "bedraggled 7" I leave my several pairs of raked and ruined tennis shoes. To the Drama Dept., I hope I don't leave those curtains. I leave, hesitantly the All-State Choir to Donna Patterson with ALL its "benefits." To "The Lady," I bequeath a choir with much promise and enthusiasm and all her snoopies. Last but not least I leave Sidney Silver-Throat King his cliches.

Move Over Gabriel

I, Mariann Wells, will to Mr. Pearson another great hand another trumpet section like this years, to Mrs. Griggs I will 101 recipes for hamburger and another great Home & Family class like this years. To Mrs. Razor I will a megaphone so the back row won't fall asleep and a new set of civics texts for next year and finally to Mrs. Gartman and Miss Shurp another pair of Joes and another period three speech class. I also will to Linda Edmunds some bust exercises and to Larry and Elaine a new trio. To Wille I give some daven and to Jesse only three. Good luck next year MacArthur!

I, Pat Lodde, being overjoyed with departure, leave the following things: to G. V. I leave a bamboo comb for her bushman-type hair. To Rob, a new rabbit. To David, a whistle. To Mr. Stake, a pair of elevator shoes. To Jim, a pair of harras, to Celeste, one trip to Eastwood on mama's night, a new word to replace SUZUKI, and the title of "Maypole Queen" in 1972. And lastly, to Nancy, a bottle of soul man's brew.

I, Sallie Wheeler, being just barely, will to the following people the following potpourri: To Mr. King: my sincerest admiration and loudest apologies for giving him a stomach ache every time he had to talk to me. To Julie Ketchum: my legs, since hers are so short. To Sandie Compton: a few of my pimples because she needs some. To Coach Porter: Joe's stomach which he needed to put up with me all year. To Blotch: the best thanks I have ever given for being dumb with me so I didn't have to be it all alone this year and also for being my best friend ever. And, to my Most Obedient and Faithful Servant, to my One-a-Day vitamin only better: a prolonged case of laryngitis which he may then give to me so his ears will not get a stomach ache every time they have to listen to me and a DRIBBIT to last forever plus an extra million years just in case somebody fouls forever up.

Stale Marshmallows

I, Wille Tindall being of unfit body and insane mind (after being in this school for 3 years) do hereby leave all the great guidance and skill which I have received in hand from Mr. Pearson. To my home room teacher, Mrs. Holloway, I leave a bottle of tranquilizers and a pair of car plugs. To Miss Tankersley I leave a bag of stale marshmallows from the home making department. To Miss McCarty I leave a jar of presweetened instant tea, with lemon, and a bag of ice. To Mrs. Malone I leave my great and complete lab book. And last but not least I leave MacArthur to the poor underclassmen unfortunate to be here next year.

After examining my priceless possessions worth millions, I, Gayle Vivian, will a bottle of pickles with a built-in burp to SCB's STP, a beat up pan full of stale crumbs to Claude H. and finally a years of fun with a extra \$1.50 in case of emergencies to a visitor from Jupiter.

I, Jane Hresko of innocent mind and pure body bequeath to Charlene lots of wet underwear, long nights, half-a-young, my job and many memories; to Glenn a new group; to Mrs. Transou a wild VOE class, rowdy conventions and to Galveston Room 42. To Harry all my love.

Fond Memories

I, Karen Blake, being of definitely unstable mind and questionably sober bed, hereby bequeath a two semester supply of "it grows on the side of the road and you know what I mean" to the seniors '69 (no names mentioned); to next years DECA members a challenge to outdo the times we had at our Houston Conventions; to next years senior boys our dear Mr. Koen; I leave Mike Halinger to the senior Lassics of '69, '70, & '71; I will to Donna Brown a senior year supply of incense; to Tina Dunsirn and to Molly and Theresa more than one night at Port A next Easter.

I, Mel Cohen, being of sound mind and body, leave the following: my biology project that never worked to Mrs. Malone; a quiet class without Iris to Mr. Keils; all my calculus notes as well as my worn out reeds and bassoon to Kay Nicholson; the big cymbals to Sandra Bailey; being Merit Finalist to Pat Carlson; and my fond memories of MacArthur to anyone who will listen to them.

I, Celeste Beebe, being of a relatively stable mental ability do hereby will the following: to K.G.H., I will three years of it and a yellow squawk box; to M.G.B. I will a nitty-gritty, nebulous and quite paramount situation and a pruned sign; to Stan from Olley (OH LOOK) — a dependable person next year and less claive butterfly; to P. and G. a SUZUKI-type situation and to Ron Won a Hefty-size laugh.

A Box of Dead Rats

I, Jancey Sackett, will to Mr. Pearson a years' supply of smart pills for the first corner section, to Mrs. Razor a megaphone for the people on the first row and to Mrs. Griggs a Home and Family class as great as this year. We had a great time!! I also will to Linda Edmunds a new head.

I, Marilyn Hall, being of weary mind and scared body, will to these people the following: To Scarlett Boyklo, a copy of "How to Compute in Society," knowing she'll need it her next three years at Mac. To Joe Graham and Ricky Moore, about 10 cases and somewhere besides Ricky's to enjoy them; also, a box of dead rats wrapped in typing paper. To Scottie and Lynn Cather, I leave Leslie Dalke, hoping they'll be nice enough to share theirs with her. Finally, to Leslie Dalke, a blue ribbon for maturity, a red rag for her mini-poo, my abilities to trip, embarrass my friends and act like an idiot, and last, a 1"x7" card on which to record the outstanding events of her senior year.

Being of occasionally sound mind, I, Terry Phillips, hereby will the following possessions: to Linda—a new rooster to rope; to Donna—a hearing aid; to Clark —another new car; to Chris one leaky paintbrush so that he will remember; and to everyone else — the school.

I, Charles Senske having completed my senior year leave any and all feelings I ever had in the brick pillar outside the office after receiving the note of 3-6-68.

I, Tom Fogelle, being of sound body and unpredictable mind, do bequeath to Terry, Steve, Ed, Ford and Jim all the prunes from my lunch hamburger. To Mrs. Slater I leave all the unfinished advisory business. To all my friends, enemies, loves and dear old Alma Mater — I just leave.

Flashlight and Skeleton Key

I, Michael Essmyer, being of sound mind, do bequeath my size to Hal Vagthorg, my speed to Chad McCue, my quiet character to Don Sommer-ville, my agility to Gary Sumang, my brains to Harry Moore, my temper to Bill Spence, and my girl friend and the empty bottle of vodka to Gary Caswell. I leave Mrs. Barlow and Mr. Keils to the lucky seniors of 1969. I also leave my amazing sense of humor to Mr. Finch, Mrs. Peak I just leave.

I, Cindy Ince, being of tired and overworked mind, bequeath the following to Mrs. Moynihan, one flashlight and one skeleton key; to Nancy Rumble, one "stolen" warm-up; to Bonnie Buchanan and Carol Craven, one coat hanger for the state swim meet.

I, Peggy Garrett, being of weak mind and body, do bequeath and otherwise will to: Mrs. Barlow, a Mike Stein type robot; Mrs. Bentley, my stack of excuse slips; The Mac Drama Dept., one very used red Ford Falcon and chauffeur; Miss Bennett, a manual on how to cope with freshmen Spanish students.

Patt's Drug Stores

5150 Broadway - Alamo Heights
TA 6-0616 San Antonio

Blauser's Pharmacy

FREE DELIVERY
With Prescription

910 Oblate

TA 5-3321

Good Luck

from

CLYDE JENKINS

Phillips

66



OUTDOOR FUN

IS NOT COMPLETE 'TIL YOU SPEND THE DAY AT

PLAYLAND PARK

THE SOUTH'S FINEST AMUSEMENT PARK • 2222 N. ALAMO

Blue Light Bulbs, Buttons

Sr. Artifacts

I, David Ylitalo, being of sound mind, at least, leave to Gary Caswell Senior artifacts, 197 blue light bulbs, 273 Senior cards (1968 variety) and all Senior opportunities and the enthusiasm that goes with being a senior. To the football team a worn-out magazine and that new sign in the fieldhouse to go with the Brahma winning tradition. To Seniors '69, 491 "I Like Mac" buttons. And to Mr. Fox a little red "Junior Executive" button to wear with his "I Like Mac" button. And lastly I hope I leave MacArthur with the traditions it had when I came here.

I, Thomas Mulcahy, being of sound mind, do establish this Last Will and Testament as a perfect ending to my career at this institute of higher learning. To Mrs. Hogue, my old Analytic Geometry notes. To Coach McManus a hat and white tie to go along with his black Mafia muscle shirt.

I, Mark Gainey, of sound mind, do in my last will and testament leave to Mrs. Ecord one case of Tony the Uncurly permanent; to Mr. Finch all the rich deposits of foolium around MacArthur, to the stoic Miss Risor a years' supply of bennies, to the cafeteria workers 50 copies of Lord of the Flies.

I, Alice Zengerle, leave to Mr. Schorp: 1 broken test tube, 1 broken crucible, 1 broken wide-mouth bottle, 3 quarts spilled HCL acid, 2 handfuls buteric acid and 20 wrong results to experiments. All from lab drawer No. 26, Stephanie and Alice. To upcoming chemistry students: Mr. Schorp's patience. To Drama Clubs: long hectic hours of work. To Miss Ryan, Mr. Sittin and all my teachers: My handwriting.

I, Caleb Muldoon Worstensky, being of sound mind and very selfish take everything with me.

I, Susan Alles, being of reasonably sound but exhausted mind and body, hereby will one tattered and torn blue and white tank suit and bathing cap to next years' captains; to Marla Low, a wiglet to cover up the bald spot (it's really very small); to next years' Biology II students, five slightly used white mice complete with their very own rat room and Mr. Yorek Casude; last but not least, to next years' seniors a state championship title to defend.

Sr. On Time

I, Michael A. McClain, being of a somewhat uncertain state of mind, bequeath to my beloved advisor (Mrs. Mason) a copy of Teaching the Un-teachable and a pair of earplugs, to that outstanding collection of culinary artists in the cafeteria, I leave 48 jars of water buffalo yogurt to spice up next year's lunches. To the seniors of '69, I leave 12 gallons of fermented coconut milk. To my Biology II teacher, I leave a recording of an East African Tree Frog singing "I Want to Be Free." To MacArthur High, I leave (gladly).

I, Harry Burnett being of sound bod... oh well, I leave the following to my many admirers. To Mike and Leslie, I leave a 38 and a 47. To Gumbo, a new zipper. To Mr. Finch I leave my old slide rule with the receding hairline, to Mike Burk I leave a "second-place" and to MacArthur I leave.

I, Mark Maxfield, leave to my younger brother Anthony my secret map to the frog crossing. It is with a parental attitude and a gravely serious face that I say this to all: If you know anybody, you must accept the consequences.

Pflash and Goop

We, Pflash and Blotch, bequeath the right for two Senior girls to get away with as much as we did and to know as many nice people (teachers included) and have as much fun! We will to Bill two built-in maids! We will to Greg, Gary, Glenn, Tony, Jeff, Bryan, George, Pete, Kenny, Bobby, Wayne, Nick, Chuck, Fast Johnny, Jeff J., Steve, Booth, Steve, Tom, Bob, the SUB, the Trinity dorms and anybody else who wants to have the distinction of having their names in this Senior Will, US! To Sidney King better puns and songs, two girls and one President during lunch period, plus a much needed bottle of Pepto-Dismal.

Only \$5

I, David Mack, do hereby leave; to Martha Elvey a new notebook, to Lisa Lyon one slightly used lunch-room table, to Mike Luker one old mole tunnel, to my little sister the unique name of Mack, to Mr. Pearson one shiny coffin, to Robert Malsbury all the mud I've scraped off my shoes this year; to Mike Lucke a new slave; to Helen Luker all of my loving adoration, to Ronnie Parker a new corn cob.

I, Jeff Burwell being of sound mind and somewhat skinny body leave Coach Moseley one book entitled, "How to Dress Like a White Man For Five Dollars or Less." I also bequeath Bucky Dvs my Chucky Tailors.

I, Tami Crump, being of somewhat fading and deteriorating mind do leave to Coach McManus a weight lifting set. To Pat Harding all the butts of cigarettes she smoked before school in the parking lot. To Louis Quin all the teachers and times I had at Mac. To Iluz all my love and thanks for all the wonderful times we had my junior and senior years.

I, Jody Holder, being of brilliant mental capacity and physical being do hereby leave Connie S. all the good times we had in Brahmadoras and the many problems we shared. To Emily H. I leave an automatic hose do'er up'er for all those trying mornings during football season. Nancy F., I leave you with a great senior year and not all those trying and pressing moments we had together. And Jerry N, I leave you an even exchange of answers — yours about Algebra and mine about Beulah and Sherry. To all the new and old Brahmadoras I leave one of the funniest, greatest, and hardest times of all my born days. And finally to Mark K. I leave the Frontier, Mexico, Carla's house, plus the good, the bad, and the ugly.

I, Houston Browning flying in fine spirits and great poverty do hereby bequeath to the following people my vast amounts of Dr. Pepper, Mr. Frantzen, my unique ability to find "cows" in the halls during EMA. Mr. Finch, my ability to pass his class without taking notes. To Jim Kelsey and Roy Ison my great fun playing music under the bridge. To Tammy Taylor my stamina of going a full day without a "prune" and finally to Mrs. Barlow some senior next year who will arrive on time for her class first period. To Don Dill my unique ability to be a fine Captain on the boys swim team.

I, Cathy Adcock, being of strong mind and sexy body, do hereby bequeath: to Mary Harc a Neiman Marcus Special, to beloved Glen and Kevin a big circus of fun, to Randy Dietz a bunch of bananas, to Candy one worn out "transition" and unforgotten fun, to Bobby, David and Wally another "Dandora Court," to Jimmy Briscoe another shadow, to Jane everlasting friendship, to Ann-Lynn all senior boys, to Leslie and Barbara "Routines to Live By," to Mrs. Transon a quiet convention, to Charlene another year—lots of fun? and to Ben a yardfull of signs.

I, Charlie Mabone, would like for Johnny Schneider to receive No. 31 football jersey for the following two years. I would also like him to play like h... to strive to be fullback next year.

TRAVIS
PRINTING COMPANY
P. O. Box 883
Bldg. 10, 8339 San Pedro

- HIGH SCHOOL
- SPORTS PROGRAMS
- STUDENT ROSTERS
- DRAMA PROGRAMS
- TICKETS
- PUBLICATIONS

CALL
DI 1-4461

We the Audio Visual slides of 1st period, Tom Mulcahy, Mike Cole, Mike Hinz, here do bequeath to the following teachers the following: Coach Moseley—one room all day long; Mrs. Pruitt—her own A.V. Aide and a whistle to call him; Mr. Riggs—a sound proof room; Mrs. Barlow — a record player operator; Mr. Sittin — a bromo-seltzer; Mr. Dalton—4000 adapters to replace those that disappear from his room, and to his student teacher a 5x10 plot at Mission Burial Park; Mrs. Griggs and Mrs. Lowan—356 record players and slide projectors.

We, the members of the Jim's Coffee Show gang, leave to the illustrious Mr. Salisbury one unconditional guaranteed ego-building kit.

I, Rebecca Lee Bailey, do hereby bequeath one ringlet of my hair to Miss Tankersley, and the following to Debbie McCartney: If you want to succeed at Mac, don't be a cadmium blue, moss green and violet girl—in- stead be a pale blue, silver and yellow rose girl.

This Coupon Redeemable For

ONE FREE RIDE

— on the —

ASTROSLIDE TM

AT THE HEMISFAIR



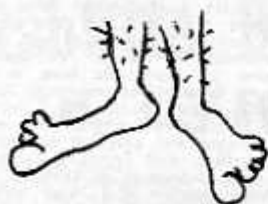
SAN ANTONIO'S SHOP FOR DISCRIMINATING YOUNG WOMEN

Town & Country

FROM OUR COLLECTIONS STARTING AT 16.00

5303 BROADWAY

TA 4-6355



Watch Your Step!

'Hey man—you okay?'

"I don't know — I'm still kind of numb."

"Wow! What a day for feet."

"Remember the French Pavilion?"

"That free perfume smelled good."

"Yeah and what about Laterna Magika?" "Those 3-D movies were **STUD!**"

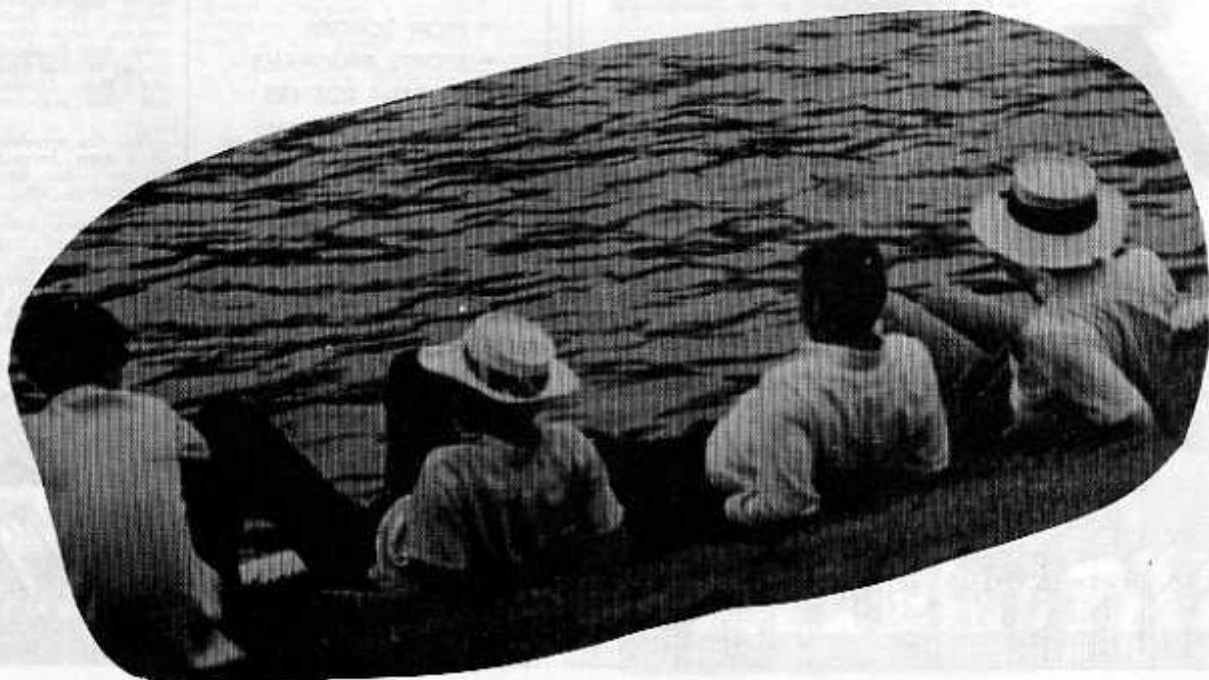
"Hey yeah and those **INDIANS!** Wow!" "What are they called — Los Voldadores?"

"They were great. How did you like that sacrifice?"

"How about when we went to the Lone Star Pavilion? The good cheer was flowing to say the least! Those food Clusters are something else again. Belgian Waffles, French Pastries and Ice Cream mmmmmmm! The skyride was scary!! It's too bad the Mini Monorail had maxi trouble though."

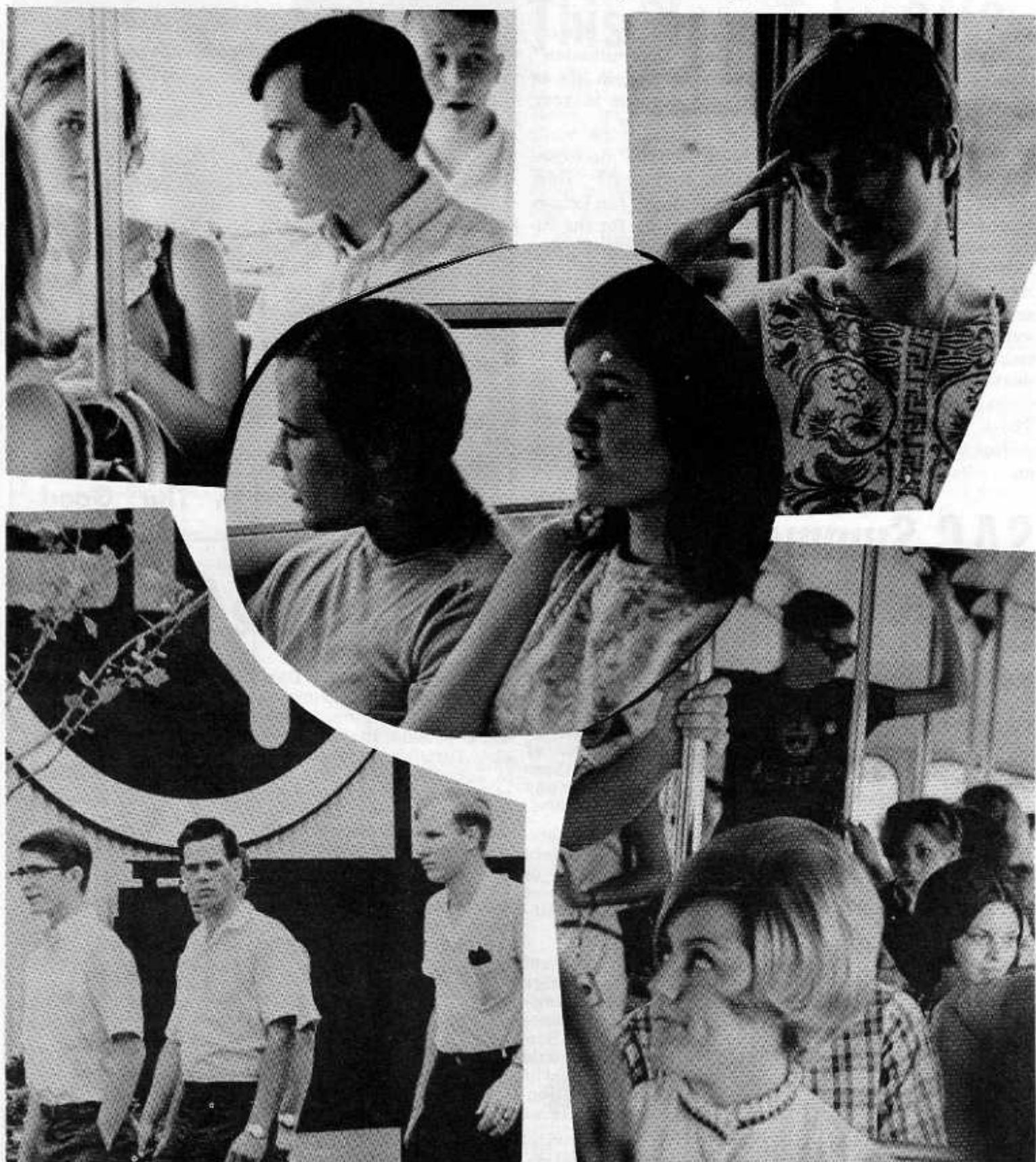
"The GE Pavilion was — **ELECTRIFYING.**"

"But the very best part was the **FOOT RELAXER.** Those 60 seconds did wonders for my instep. Now Lets hoof it over to LaVillita! I could last forever — well, at least until my arches hold out!"



HemisFair '68

Confluence of Physiognomy



Seniors Dictate Didactic Mottos

Undoubtedly, the **Seniors of 1968** will reign supreme in the history of MacArthur as the class displaying the most solid foundation for tomorrow's leaders.

This statement was proved undeniably true in the recent selection of the **1968 Senior Class Motto**. Memories of by-gone years and hopes for the future were all expressed in meaningful quotes with the somber wish of relating a message to underclassmen. These were some of the mottos that were not chosen.

Truly, "Loyalty, Sincerity and Determination" relates a purpose in life as well as a purpose in your high school years.

Doesn't "Love" do something to your soul? How about this hope for tomorrow: "Heads up for the future!"

Of course there are those well minded seniors who have hidden messages. Think about, "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive . . ." That one will throw someone everytime! Here's one with a thought, "Experience is a

dear school — And fools will have no other." A favorite among many of the seniors was, "Generations come. Generations go. There's nothing new under the sun!"

Most of the seniors preferred the contemporary sound in mottos, such as "Today's Crossroad, Tomorrow's Future, or "Better living through chemistry." Unfortunately many of these had no lingering messages.

Nevertheless the '68 seniors march on, banners in hand, hopefully relating

their sombre wishes for today. Mottos, such as "Love is . . . War isn't," have become a universal truth in 1968. "You can't raise cattle and shoot the bull," has a near sort of feeling to all Mac Graduates.

One quote though, remains the unanimous choice of the senior class. Its levity surpassed all. Its message has a certain spine-tingling sensation for everybody. So no doubt, as each senior steps up to receive his diploma he will be saying, "Free Love and Nickle Beer."

SAC Summer Session Starts Seniors Seek Registration

San Antonio College requires certain procedures and information from incoming freshmen — summer, 1968. These steps are important if you are included in this group.

Test scores from either the ACT or CEEB (SAT) must be on file in the Counseling Office at the time of your counseling interview. Each student has an interview, in person, with a counselor to be advised concerning his selection of courses when he comes for his time permit.

Your complete high school transcript must be sent to the Registrar as soon as possible after graduation; however, a student may register conditionally and begin classes before

his transcript has been received at the college.

A health card must be presented at the time of registration only by those students who enroll for any physical education course.

A social security number must be secured before registration. If you do not have one, you must contact the Social Security Administration Office.

Advanced placement tests are given in Foreign Languages and Mathematics at designated times prior to registration. Specified information should be obtained during the counseling interview. Honor courses are not offered in the summer.

There will be two six-

weeks sessions in the Day Division beginning June 4 and July 16, and one eight-week session in the Evening Division from June 3 to July 26. In the Day Division from June 3 to July 26. In the Day Division, classes meet 5 days a week with recitation periods 90 minutes in length. In the Evening Division, classes meet Monday and Wednesday evening or Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

A student may register for no more than eight hours for one session or a total of 14 hours for two summer sessions.

The cost for six hours is normally between \$43 and \$52, plus books.



Annual To Be Revealed, Curiosity Quenched Aug. 16

Upon the door an invitation invites no one to enter unless on a mission of official business. Nine months the labors of production within this restricted room have been stifled from the ensuing eyes of student curiosity by the deliberateness of the aforementioned edict. What classified business is conducted unknown to the general student body?

Drawing, sketching, measuring, cutting and planning have precluded the efforts of the staff to catch this eventful year and reproduce the emotion packed highlights on the expanse of 416 specially designed pages. For nine months the agony of deadlines has greeted the staff of determined workers.

Alas, the BRAHMA makes its debut August 16, under the direction of Editor Zora Speert, at the fa-

cilities of MacArthur Park in a combined distribution and annual signing party.

Only those students out of the eleven hundred entitled to an annual who can show the proof of payment card will obtain possession of an annual. The Editor requests that all eligible annual receivers who have misplaced their cards should report their plight to her, now. In addition, those people who will not be present on August 16 can receive their yearbook at the beginning of the 1968 school year. If you will not be in the city at the time of these deliveries, arrangements should be made with the Editor before the school session ends.



Bob Hope

(Continued from Page 3)

Back to Phyllis Diller. What did she look like with her hair combed" but he added, "With her hair combed she looks like Everett Dirksen."

Everyone wants to know how a star gets his start and Mr. Hope said "I started singing, then dancing. I accidentally told a joke and found out there was money in it!"

Hope's explanation of how he met Bing Crosby, his "ROAD" buddy, was "I was a Boy Scout. I helped an old lady across the street and it turned out to be Bing Crosby!"

Mr. Hope was asked what he liked to do best. "Sleep and play golf. I like to entertain and work too," which is quite obvious with all his years of good entertainment and hard work and his willingness to perform before high school press club members as well as our fighting men.

Tennis Members Letter

Coach Lester Frantzen has awarded tennis letters to seven members of his 1968 team.

Receiving the traditional letter sweaters were Captains John Biggs and Brenda Speert, Doug Vanderploeg, Debbie McCartney and Kristi Short.

Seniors Everette Travis and Jolly Sartor merited a letter blanket.

These netters and the three following ranked girls and boys were honored by the MacArthur Booster Club at their annual All Sports Banquet, May 10, in the expanse of the Virgil T. Blossom Athletic Center.

Seniors are reminded that notices for final transcripts to the college of their choice must be turned in as soon as possible to the counselor's office.

They are not sent out automatically to the colleges where the seven semester transcripts were sent.

Swimming lessons will begin at North East Pool June 3, 1968, for children four years old and up. Enrollment will be limited to 10 per class. Tuition of \$10.00 for ten days of lessons; classes at 9:00, 10:00, and 11:00 a.m. Register at Virgil T. Blossom Athletic Center before June 1 and at North East Pool after June 1. Deposit of \$5.00 required upon registration. Junior and Senior Life saving and Adult lessons if requested.

Beginning June 1, the pool will be open to the public from 1:00 to 7:00 p.m. Admission is 25¢ for 17 years olds and under, 50¢ for adults.

Snow Flake Laundry & Cleaners
2614 Wagonwheel TA 4-0931
918 N. Pine CA 7-9171

SPECIAL

All school uniforms complete
cleaned and pressed 60¢

ELISABETH WEIR FLOWERS

4116 Blanco Rd. — PE 6-1591

CORSAGES OUR
SPECIALTY

DISCOUNT
FOR ALL MAC STUDENTS

Mac Closes Successful Year In Competitive Sports

As the 1967-1968 school year draws to a close, Mac can look back on its very successful season of athletic competition in all fields.

Football was the first big sport of the year and Mac gridders came through to place second only to Lee in District competition. Dan Terwelp, Bob Huffman, Charles Gremmel and Rick Oberlies made the All District team and earned other district honors. Mike Cole was made second highest point scorer in district. Charles Mahone and Mike Bunker also earned district honors.

The Brahma basketball team ended its season with nine wins and seven losses in district play. High point scorers of the season were Roger Crozier with 373 points, Mike Stephens with 275 points, Steve Beck with 208 points, Ron Means with 165 points, Jeff Burwell with 159 points and Bruce Nagel with 108 points.

The boys swim team finished off a fine year by taking the district title on March 9 at the Northeast swimming pool. Not to be outdone, the girls team went on to take the State title in Arlington on April 27, the only state title won in any sport by Mac athletic teams. Seventeen girls qualified for numbered classification in this competition.

The six Mac tennis players finished a fine year smashing their way to the district finals, yielding only to Lee and Alamo Heights.

The track team went all the way to take the district title this year. For the first time in six years Highlands was sopped. Mac had firsts in the mile relay and the high jump.

Baseball was the last season to finish, and the Mac diamond came out with a 13 win - 9 loss record.



Coch Fox



Macarty



McManus



Price



Frantzen



Sifton



Carter



Davis



Smith



Mosley



Kramer



Parker



ST. GEORGE, LTD.

Sports Car Accessories & Repairs

1430 Austin Hwy.

Phone 822-3583

A DISTRIBUTION OF ANNUALS party will be held on August 16, 1968, at MacArthur Park. Some type of refreshments will be available to all who attend. All students attending the party are reminded to bring their receipts in order to secure their annual. There will be no admission charge. Students who will not be in town on August 16, should contacted the school at a later date.