

# Lancer Log



# LANCER LOG

LAKENHEATH HIGH SCHOOL RESIDENCE HALLS' MAGAZINE

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Rebecca Roof



B. Coon



Gabrielle Cullen



B. Rowe



Richard Wright



Jane Pelling



B.J. Thomas



Angela Gallagher



Eileen McDemott

With Best Wishes from



Dormitory Administrator



Secretary

Loe Dowsett

Camera Shy:-  
Miss McEniry  
Miss Robbins  
Mrs. Brunz

You can't see the sun by looking at your feet ;

all Dormitory Counselors

Treasurer



G. Leiston

Assist: Administrator



Patrick Demary



C.A. Salisbury

Camera Shy:-  
Mr. Brunz  
Mr. Slater  
Mr. Houston



Frank Beegan

Mr. Goetz



Robert James



D.L. Hooper



D. MacDougal

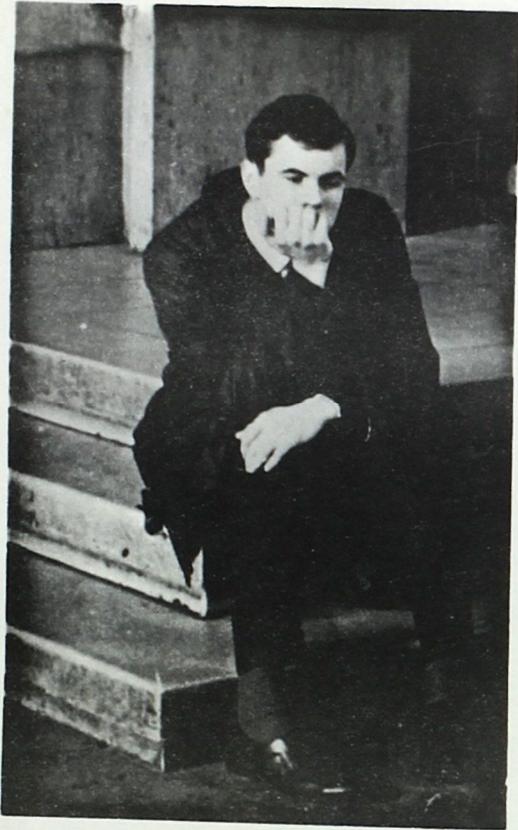


W.L. Churchill



M.J. Fasanella

unless of course you are standing on your head.



LIFE

Life is disappointment,  
 Life is bitterness,  
 One can find a thousand things  
 That Life is, I would guess.

Life is expectation  
 Of greater things to come,  
 Life is dreams we can't fulfill  
 And hopes that can't be done.

Life is filled with sorrow,  
 With troubles and with strife,  
 But if we had only good things  
 We'd not have much of Life.

JIM BOLING



WANDER SMALL CHILD

Wander small child,  
 Wander far from your home, your parents and  
 family.  
 Wander into the streams, the meadows, the forest  
 the world of God.....  
 nature's world.....  
 A world of trees, of flowers  
 of small brown animals,  
 of life.  
 Wander far, very far.



Search small child,  
 Search for the dewdrops nestled in the flower ;  
 The sweet nectar hidden in the honeysuckle ;  
 The obscure little bird that sings so sweetly ;  
 Toddle barefoot down the brown path in search  
 of a rabbit.....

Search, small child, Search.

Wonder small child,  
 Widen your eyes in awe at the sky.  
 Stare with astonishment at the river's flow.  
 Gape at the pinnacles that pierce the clouds.  
 Wonder, small child, wonder.

My heart travels with you,  
 For once, I too was a small child,  
 and rejoiced in my wanderings.....  
 revelled in my searches.....  
 repasted in my wonder.....  
 Be joyful then, and never grow old.

JOHN EVERSON

THE ORPHAN

"To live with other boys and girls"  
 This is what they said.  
 Nothing about my mother being dead.  
 They gave me a bath and  
 Washed my hair, and spoke with gentleness.

"To live with other boys and girls."  
 This is what they said.  
 Nothing about sharing my bed.  
 They gave me food and  
 Milk to drink, and all was kindness.

"To live with other boys and girls"  
 This is what they said.  
 Nothing about being underfed.  
 They gave me a home and  
 Friends to make, but was this happiness ?

TONY FLEMING

## TO THOSE WHO HAVE WORKED

Sincerest Congratulations go to GREG BRIGHT our EDITOR; whose unfailing hard work, and sheer initiative have overcome formidable adversaries in our new economy cut Lancer Log. He is undoubtedly one of the ablest Students on Campus.

BOB WEBSTER our PHOTOGRAPHER has given up opportunities in track, and put aside all personal commitments to enable us to have the finest pictures yet in Lancer Log.

Sherry Hall and Peggy Williams have helped at every time of day and night.

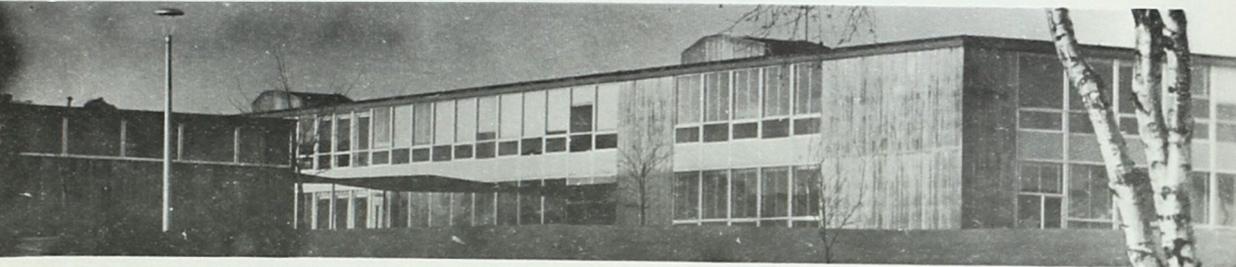
Kandy Kinder has sketched the cover, Mr. Dugan and Mr. Boughton have kindly lent us some of their excellent negatives.

D. Carrol, L. Royal, K. Watson, and S. Wooley, P. Williams and S. Hall have typed for us; and M. Abbott proof read.

B. Bennett, K. Sudderth, T. Groves, S. Mimnick, R. Bustamente, M. Ingram, J. Webb, G. Rathgen, R. Chicoine, C. Hamilton, D. Young, have kindly submitted articles which due to the unfortunate lack of space we were unable to print.

Not forgetting the authors.

To all these we say THANK YOU!



## IS THIS TO BE?

This year heralded an influx of new students, who brought with them a fresh breeze from across the Atlantic. There was an air of excitement, and a sense of new beginning that was exhilarating to work with. Now the year is ending, and somehow the fresh air has stagnated into stillness. This is so contrary to the zest of the American youth; whose name has become synonymous with uncrushable vitality.

One perturbing aspect of Lakenheath life which has become more predominant this year, is a sadly misplaced sense of values.

The ready acceptance of violations of the moral code is a frightening ogre when it takes grip on a school. It has become apparent that within our school the acts of stealing, lying, cheating and malicious damage have not only been accepted among fellow students as the normal trend of life; but have also been misjudged as amusing and clever. Sadly, the truth is that cleverness has been substituted for cunning; thus the miscreant has been cheating only himself.....out of human dignity.

There is no stamina in the person who is willing to let another pay for his misdemeanors. A person who is prepared to act mischievously, must also have the courage to accept the responsibilities and consequences.

The situation would soon be alleviated if each member of the student body took it upon himself to guard the standard of ethics required from his friends; allowing no quarter to people acting in a manner they would not themselves condone.

To use your own terminology "FINKING" is out. This in itself is a despicable trait. A defaulter must be encouraged to, and allowed the dignity of coming to maturity by owning to his own misdeeds.

Tolerance toward wrong doing leads to a decadence of character that can eventually affect the governing of a Nation. This lack of self discipline during school years is evident in some adults today, who have never yet realized the meaning of integrity.

Come on Lakenheath, pull yourself together! — Remember the youth of today is the backbone of your country's future.

JANE PELLING, STAFF SPONSOR EDITOR

## LAKENHEATH HERE I COME

I put out my cigarette nochalantly and walked onto the bus. I took a casual glance at a few sophomores to obtain my seat. I sat down knowing it was all set, so set that I felt like crying my eyes out.

The whole summer had been wonderful for me. I had a good job that left me enough dough after I had deducted my clothing expenses (I'm a nut on clothes) to satisfy my meagre needs and keep me happy. I hadn't been hampered by any pressing problems that required great mental strain. As a matter of fact, apart from getting up in the morning, very few decisions were asked of me. I knew, however, that this good life could not go on forever; and sure enough before long the calendar showed that September had arrived like every September for the past eleven years. I would have to give up the easy life of summertime and return to school. Return to those hot stuffy classrooms, and ponder in my weak little brain such pressing problems as algebra and latin.

The bus was by now half way to Lakenheath, and the mad scramble had started among the seniors to

To put it mildly, I was about as happy to be back to school as a calf is to be at a branding party. But, one thing was for certain—no matter how much it annoyed me to be back, this was my last year and I would have to make the best of it. This was to be the important year; the one I would most remember. Up to now, school was in many cases an endless drag, but now I was only nine short months away from graduation and the big world.

The first AFEX meal lived up to true Lakenheath tradition, and I surmised that if it was a preview of the meals to come, we would be in for another year of starvation. After dinner all my old buddies and I congregated in the dayroom for the first official bull session. The order of the evening was to see who could tell the biggest 'whopper' about his summer experiences. I believe the tale about jumping over the Berlin wall, and hiding in East Germany for two days almost causing an international incident; just barely beat the one of painting "Seniors '65" on top of Notre Dame Cathedral.

You don't have to be a good dancer to enjoy a Lakenheath dance, there are several other reasons to have fun. Just figuring out who to choose is a problem, but I finally managed and for the rest of the Welcome Back to School Dance; I, or rather we had a blast. "Good-night, see you at seven tomorrow morning."



see who could plaster the most powder, eggs, lipstick and anything else in general on the new sophomores. My sympathy was really with them; as I recalled only too well the time when I was a sophomore spending four hours in the shower, trying to get the coke out of my hair, which my two best senior buddies had accidentally poured all over me.

My base was too far away for everyday travel, so I had to reside in the dormitory; which naturally put the clamps on any hope of continuing my summerly way of life. Spending two years in the dormitories teaches one to be wise to such practical jokers as the one behind the reception desk who told me to report to dorm 1.

was the last official advice we received from our new and friendly counselors. Just how long they would remain friendly was hard to say, but I figured at best we could hope for a week. As I lay there talking with my room mates, slowly drifting into the hard-to-come-by sleep, that is usually so prevalent the next morning in homeroom; I began to feel—well, I don't really know how else to put it other than to say that I began to feel I was really back. All those things that make going to school all right, and even fun in some cases, were going to be in full swing for another year and I would probably be right in the middle of it all. Sleep finally enveloped me and as I dozed off I knew that I was back in school and that I would like it.

GREG BRIGHT

## THE BIRDS OF TIME

Three birds glide over Lakenheath:  
Their song sweetly pierces the still air.

The first is the bird of youth, and it flies low  
and spreads its song of fond memories into  
the hearts of all.

The second is the bird of the present, and it flies  
higher and circles in uncertainty. Its song  
is one of sweetness seasoned with sorrow, for  
soon it must leave.

The third is the bird of the future, and it flies  
so high that none can hear its song.



JOHN EVERSON



## IT IS OVER

I see in this land all around me,  
All the joys of the world of today.  
But why should I hustle and bustle,  
When it won't help at all anyway?

The things I have are of the moment;  
They will some day all have to go.  
I will be on my own to do something,  
But to do what? This I don't know.

Why give me luxury, these luxuries,  
When I won't have them in years to come?  
Why let me taste sweet vintage now  
When later you will give me none?

It's a hard life, not easy, I know.  
For I've heard those who've been to say,  
"I wish I was a kid again."  
Coming tomorrow? Graduation Day.

CLIFF WILLIAMS

## "MAJUS"

The albatross who soars the deep blue sky,  
so vast and wide, in timeless drift—  
That carefree heart, that mighty wanderer  
rules the realm of fleecy cotton clouds  
floating lazily above.  
Oh Mighty Wanderer!  
Have never you asked why  
So forlorn and alone you must rule your kingdom?

Long have mortals marveled at the graceful flight  
which carries you, with outstretched wings and  
spread feathers  
To the heavens they cannot hope to reach.  
Noble beauty unsurpassed in human metaphor  
needs speak silently for itself.  
Oh King of Grace!  
Is not your humble freedom, your stately throne  
reason enough to be majestic, even alone?  
Sidney Falk

*The rock upon the horizon makes life's voyage appear sound.*

## ANOTHER WORLD

On Christmas Eve, the original one, three Kings  
traveled to see a babe, a King. This Christmas in the  
year 1964, Dorm No. 2 made a journey also. We  
traveled to Ely by bus, not by camel, but we were  
bearing gifts and good-will as were the three kings.

The girls of Dorm Two went to Ely to a home for  
handicapped children. Many of us didn't know what  
to expect and were deeply touched by the sight we  
beheld. There were young girls there who were as  
pretty as any girl could wish to be, and yet they had  
no control over their limbs or minds and some had no  
limbs at all. We all gave our love and poured out  
all the kindness we had ever held in our hearts to these  
girls. We gave them our gifts, candies, and our  
prayers. That was all we had and yet we would  
have given more if only we could.

Our journey was my dream, but the girls made it  
come true. I brought the idea up at a dorm meeting  
and everyone seemed very impatient to start work.  
We then decided to have each person bring either a  
dollar or a toy for the girls, many brought both. Thus  
our collection began. Our Dorm treasurer, Mary Lee  
Brantley, collected the money. Our secretary, Patti May,  
was the star of the skit—"Little Forgotten Patti", our  
vice-president, Linda Monaco, was to be Christmas  
Carol but due to tests could not make the trip. A

group of senior girls: Terry Mc Cord, Nellis Gilchrist,  
Gail Golden, Mary Lee Brantley, Sharon Moyers, and  
Cheryl Jackson put the candy and cookies into  
decorative little dishes and made characters out of  
apples under the supervision of Miss E. McDermott.  
Janet Wallace helped buy the refreshments and would  
have gladly helped pack them had she not been a  
junior. There were some girls who donated nothing  
which is to be expected, but they shall remain nameless.

After surmounting many unforeseen difficulties we  
finally reached our goal: the day of our visit. 61  
out of our 75 residents and two counselors boarded  
onto the buses and began our Christmas Journey.  
We sang Christmas Carols during our bus trip and  
enjoyed having that Christmas feeling.

We entertained the children to the best of our  
abilities and so gave them a Christmas gift they will  
remember for as long as they may live if only for a  
year or two. Their activity room was small but that  
night it was overpacked with that wonderful Christmas  
cheer so many of us never experience.

This Christmas Journey made our own Christmas a  
little brighter and helped us to realize we had so  
much to be thankful for. This journey was made  
possible by the hard working girls of Dorm Two. For  
one night we made 49 little girls happy, some of whom  
will never see another Christmas. We the residents  
of Dorm Two in the year of 64 and 65 hope that the  
girls who follow us will also make this journey because  
it brings out the good in all.

Thanks to all the Dorm One girls who brought gifts.  
May God Bless And Keep You All.

PEGGY A. WILLIAMS



## COMPLAINER

Life is truly an incessant guest for experience,  
good or bad; indeed, experience is the food of the  
mind, and without it, there is no man.

You then, complainer, — reconsider your  
complaints, and be wise.

JOHN EVERSON

*Tread heavily, for the sands of time cover easily the lightly made footprint.*

## TOGETHER IN TIMELESS TRUTH

Woman, who hath been with man allied,  
Of value momentous and immensest pride  
In eyes of men, please take a song to tongue  
Give me your heart; sell your soul young.  
Pray for faith—  
Lose not hope, for fear of destruction.  
Find courage to live.  
Find eminent purpose,  
A need fulfilled,  
A reason.....  
Lust and tears,  
A heartbeat in anguish.

A sorrowing soul.....  
The Truth,  
A guiding antagonism,  
Spelling destruction.  
Courage to live,  
A need, a desire,  
An instinct.  
Man, who doth on woman depend,  
Harken—the clarion call defend.  
Stillness until the heart beats faintly, slowly;  
Realize yourself a soul, yet living lowly.  
Rejoice.

SIDNEY FALK

## REFLECTION ON THE TASTE OF LIFE



The rose-bush is striking in its beauty:  
Roses in the spring;  
Thorns all year.  
The dying man paints his soul  
Of tree and forest  
And blooming meadow.  
A meadowlark calls the sun;  
Rustling grasses pause  
And listen to time.  
Restless waves lap the shore;  
Tides and surf shift the sands.  
The ocean flows on.  
The sky begins to cloud;  
Rain falls softly on the downy earth,  
But all is blue.  
The best dream you will find is love.  
Cherish it, lest it become  
Illusion.  
Rise and fall of a thousand quick  
Wingbeats of a dove—  
Life is over.

SIDNEY FALK

## THE TRANSITION

Robed in a glimmering cloak of hope.  
Youth offers his majesty to the earth.  
Unaware of forces beyond his realm,  
He reaches out grasping, and tastes of life.  
Unaware, naive, he continues his perilous journey.  
The royal apparel is studded with jewels of achievement.  
Its strong fibers are those of determination.  
Although the robe is deemed pure, there are flaws in its weave.  
Dull images of false values  
Can be captured on the smooth surfaced diamonds;  
The royal robe is not resistant to rude rips of chance tragedy.  
But as youth moves forward an aura of comfort is brought him by Time,  
healer of all.  
His wounds are healed by the panacea of tolerance and courage.  
Only by rejecting this, nature's process, is Youth destined to turmoil and  
despair;  
He is enveloped by the fog of apathy  
If the jewels become dull, he no longer lives for truth.  
He is dismantled, left of that vivid desire.  
Exposed to the infectious germ of degradation.  
Graceful Youth accepts age gradually,  
Indulging not in experience for its own sake.  
Consuming theories and facts, censoring evil  
He advances through his innovations  
And moves still further  
Until.....  
The awakening arrives in a poignant realization,  
And Youth becomes aware.  
Beholding the vastness of God with a sense of familiarity,  
He acknowledges the pattern of truth.  
So—deliberately and with solemn acceptance,  
Youth sheds his cloak to the ages.

LAUREL LIPSCOMB

## THE SEA OF LIFE

Life is a cold cruel sea,  
It tosses us about from wave to wave  
as though our souls were nothing  
and our lives were worthless.

The crest of the wave is the  
highway to heaven,  
While the trough leads to the  
black emptiness of hell.

Life is a cold cruel sea.

TERRY STAHL

*Yesterday ceases to be when love today is here tomorrow.*

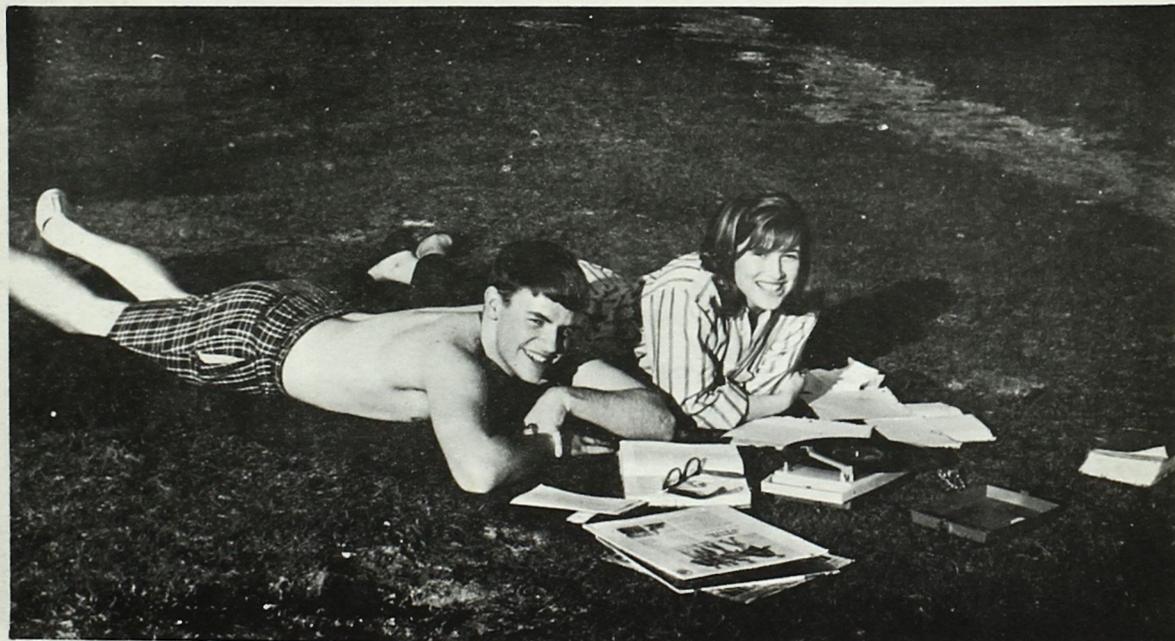


### POEM FOR A LOST LOVE

How do you write a letter  
To a love you know you've lost?  
It seems so hard to find the words  
Your sweetheart to accost.

You're much too shocked for anger,  
You're much too hurt for tears,  
So now you have to draw from all  
The "wisdom of your years."

You write that you are happy,  
You're really glad you're "through,"  
For weren't you getting tired of hearing  
"Darling, I love you?"



You cut him down from top to toe,  
"There's sawdust in his head,"  
And somewhere near the finish comes  
"I'd rather you were dead."

To loose you wrath in such a way  
Is just to lose all pride,  
And soon the folly of your pen  
Will be known far and wide.

If I were you, and had been dropped  
For plain variety,  
I wouldn't, for his benefit  
Go cry a salty sea.

I wouldn't show my anger,  
Nor make him want to run,  
But quietly acknowledge,  
That a better girl had won.

JIM BOLING



## DORM 5 HALL MEETING

If one wished to observe at close hand a true model of master planning and organization, I recommend he attend a Dormitory 5 hall meeting and take mental notes of the seriousness and mature conduct to be found there.

The usual procedure for announcing a needed floor meeting is for the counselor to strain at the top of his lungs over the PA system, only to find that the PA system is not working. The word is finally spread around by way of mouth and banging on doors. Out of curiosity and a need for their last nightly cigarette, a few sober minded students saunter on down to the lobby to find out what the commotion is all about.

By this time, the counselors have worked themselves into a state of mild frenzy, much to the amusement of the slowly congregating crowd in the middle of the lobby. You will always find comedians, poets and general "goof offs" in any crowd; and our dormitory hall meetings are no exception. Their comments of wit are normally met with laughter from their peers and disgust from the administration. Dismissal to their rooms leaves them with clear opportunity to dream up even better verses of wit for the next dormitory meeting.

When at last the full assembly has arrived, the 25¢ comedians have either retired back to their solitude or have been put in their place, and a slight sign of tranquility among the roar of voices is evident; serious business can be

attended to. Most crucial dormitory problems are brought to light, such as what clothes are to be worn the following day, and who is



taking what girl to the upcoming dance and why isn't her boyfriend in dorm 4 going to object.

There is a very unique system for our counselors to pick their "volunteers" for certain area tasks that need to be performed. First they ask for volunteers, wait through the following minutes of dead silence then casually remark that the meeting is over. The unfortunate students who do not make it back to their rooms first in the mad stampede that follows, are automatically elected.

Summarizing a hall meeting in dormitory 5 and the great enthusiasm among the participants, I would like to use this comment that I received from my roommate five minutes after the last official meeting.

"What did you think of the meeting?"

"What meeting?"

JIM ROBERTSON

## HEARD AROUND THE DORMS

"Whad'ya mean it was my turn to take the sheets over?!"  
 "All right who's got Miss Roof's bell ??????"  
 "Hey, AFEX is gonna serve Sirloin steaks tonight."  
 "Yes I think Mr. Matthew's believes in co-education."  
 "Lights out 15 minutes ago."  
 "What dust under what bed?"  
 "But 'mam I did empty my trash can—yesterday."  
 "Yes 'mam she did sign in for me."  
 "Victor, give us a talk on student participation."  
 "Sign up now for next week's ironing list."  
 "I'll see you four work details and raise you five demerits—counselor poker!!!"  
 "How is it I got 3 demerits and you only got 2?"  
 "Oh thats the wheel of fortune."

GREG BRIGHT  
SHERRY HALL



## TO ALTHEA FROM STUDY HALL

Fate and lack of proper study have placed me in these hallowed halls. I wish only that someone would have compassion on my soul and free me from this dismal dungeon of forced learning.

Realizing, of course, that I will first have to raise my grade point average from .6 to 2.6 I can only promise that this will; and I repeat, will become a reality if I am granted the sanction of my own room for meditation.

When, and if I were to be permitted to return to my own room, many of those awful problems to be found here would no longer be a distraction to my clear and constructive thinking. No longer would I be greeted every night with that cold stare from the head

of the room for being two, three, four minutes, five—well anyway for being late; as I always manage to be for some reason. Perhaps because my dorm clocks are slow? I would only have three instead of thirty other guys around to distract me. I might even lose my inferiority complex.

I must, however, resign myself to the hard fact that I am here, and there is absolutely no possible way short of—No I couldn't bribe Miss Roof!!!—getting out. So with my sleeves rolled up, I'll open my Government book and—will you please excuse me, the counselor has just left the room for consultation with a student.

Hey, Bob, John, he's gone!! Get the cards out, my deal!!

GREG BRIGHT



## 7-DAYS A WEEK

Here we sit on a Friday afternoon looking out of the window at a line of British coaches taking home the five day Dorm students, patiently wracking our brains trying to think of something to say to describe how we seven-day students truly feel about Lakenheath.

Now what can we say? Well, lets start by bringing to mind some fond old memories of Dorm No. 3. First of all the riotous trips we have had on weekends to London, Cambridge and other interesting places; were they wild? Remember the movies, and intra-weekend sports such as bowling, baseball and football; the waiting in the laundry line from Friday till Sunday; and Dorm parties we had Saturday nights. Last but not least, we will not forget the Afex meals served to us seven days a week!

Secondly we mustn't forget the opportunities we've had as seven day students. Some opportunities including independence from our parents, accepting responsibilities and learning to live with others, thus giving us the chance to make ourselves more mature.

All in all we have experienced a period of great importance in our lives. Although many have complained, one should be reminded that every experience broadens a person's outlook, and makes a man wiser. So as we see the buses of the five day dorm students leaving, we rejoice in the fact that we have the opportunity to be seven-day dorm students. We are sure that this is an experience which will help us to be better and more capable citizens in our adult life—

Thank you Lakenheath!!!

BUTCH FALVO  
JAKE EVERSON

*'Peace be still'; do you think it will?*

## CONTEMPLATION AT DAWN

*Son* The spirit of my being is confused.  
It calls out for release  
From the environment in which it's frame is caged ;  
Restless until the bondages cease.  
O, earthly guardian break these chains,  
Take back your concern, your ambition,  
Your kindness, and relieve me of these pains.  
Your duty is fulfilled. These are my decisions !

*Father* You speak as if you are of great wisdom,  
MAIS MON FILS compared to this rotating sphere  
You are as an ant in the greatest kingdom.  
What do you know of the alpha and omega ? .....Your shelter is here !  
Your thoughts of this world are compiled of beauty.....nothing of reality..  
Comprehend this debate,  
Scan your knowledge and know your duty,  
Since there is nothing of ease in this world as of this date !

*Son* Lend an ear guardian ; I completely comprehend your concern,  
But I am of age, and I have learned.  
I know of this world and what it is composed of,  
I know of your shelter MON PERE, and of your love.

*Father* Your chiseled words are printed in my mind. They comfort me.  
Your determined look is inspiring to see,  
So exit to the open and be fierce, yet be friend.  
Recollect young man, I am with you to the end.

JAMES A. PILLOT

## THE GIFT

Have you ever awakened early in the morn  
And seen the dew on the grass ?  
Like a cool summers' breeze, out comes the sun ;  
Both good things, but both never last.

Like a midnights' kiss, stolen in the dark  
The love and the warmth are there ;  
But love is uncertain, it comes and goes ;  
In your future, it may not be there.

The winters' first sign of a long awaited Spring,  
The greatness of water on thirst ;  
These are the moments worth living,  
But we all must realise them first.

Realize your treasures that are great.  
First of all realize your life ;  
Understand the wonders of Nature,  
The things that make our lives bright.

Hold them, and know these great wonders  
As the first ilght of dawn that you see.  
Appreciate Gods' given wonders.  
Where else is there such wondrous beauty.

CLIFF WILLIAMS

*Those who beat upon the door seldom enter, those who turn the handle seldom leave.*



## TO LIVE FOREVER

I sometimes wonder how it would be,  
If I could live to eternity.  
Of course I wouldn't age at all,  
I'd be sixteen and have a ball.  
Oh, how I wish I'd live forever,  
I wish, but know that I can never.

JIM BOLING

## WHERE IS THE LANCER OF LAKENHEATH?

Somehow the ol' Lancer seems a bit empty this year. While the squires and fair damsels of the Lakenheath court, i.e.: executive student council committee and dorm counselors tear their hair and lament, the knight of Lakenheath has become scarcely more than an empty suit of armour, making a most distressing noise as it creaks and clanks through a spiritless school year. If there are any dragons roaming around campus they need have no fear of the Lancer at the moment, for he is impatiently awaiting storage in June. And why? What has happened to the spirit, the force and the meaning of Lakenheath High?

Seniors and Juniors should remember when Lakenheath was loved by a lot of students. A thing called pride actually existed, and there was competition between classes, and some kind of fun in being a dorm student. But no-one is fooling himself this year, the air is definitely out of the tyre.

Okay, everybody's dissatisfied, disappointed. Why? Admittedly a lot of spirit went out with the seniors last year; with Dick Thorton's jokes, Benny Sorrel's songs, Kirk's stunts, Judy Bennet and Claudia Ward's service, not forgetting Bill Henebray's leader-

ship. So together with AFEX food, some rather bungled activities, dorm life apathy, and the "oh when am I ever going back to the States-side-ites" rapidly drenching the flame of school spirit, there were few who could carry over and light the torch for 1965. It has been flickering out all year and received a very icy breath when students did not take care to support the Christmas formal. Observes one Lakenheathen "Many of the kids just kind of sit around the dayroom bored, and feeling stupidly sorry for themselves." The over all picture may be exaggerated here; but life will never be a bed of roses.

Soon the year will be over. Some have learned, some have observed, some have worked, and some have done nothing. Who is to blame? and what of the future?

The whole campus including the students, faculty and counselors had better wake up, come alive and make a real effort. A constant vigil must be kept to see that the cold water of ignorance does not drench the fresh ideas of the new incoming students.

Lakenheath High could be great. It will be great, but only with the unsparing efforts of all.

DICK JOSCLYN



## LOVE AND DEATH

The castle is washed away by the never ending ocean of misery.  
So few are those who can build their dreams far enough on the  
beach to avoid the tide.

They only sit and watch and say "try again"  
But they can never feel—because they don't know  
Nor will not

ELLIS CONOLEY

*You can't pull yourself out of the pit by a dream.*

## LOVE OF LIFE

Life is my ecstasy,  
Life is my love,  
Life is my passion, my lust;  
Life's my beginning,  
My middle, my end,  
The reason behind every must.

Living is everything  
Lovely and gay;  
It's happiness bright as the sun,  
It's sorrow and strife, but  
I still love my life,  
For my love and my life, they are one.

JIM BOLING



## PER DIEM

Enjoy each day in its very own way  
Not thinking of tomorrow,  
Nor of the past as a contrast  
And set aside all sorrow;  
For each day brings a song that sings  
A known yet unique tune,  
So sing it now—no thoughts allow—  
You can't begin too soon.

JIM BOLING

## LIFE IS BEAUTY

Life is beauty if you make it so,  
It passes as the days and hours go,  
Sometimes fast and very often slow.  
Pleasing visions come to your eyes  
and make you dream of paradise,  
And all of a sudden you realize;  
Life is so unreal.

GREG YOUNG





Summer in New York is stifling. From late June until early September the city is an inferno. Exhaust fumes from a million cars, buses, and trucks clog the lungs. The glare of the sun reflected from the streets, sidewalks and store windows sears the eyes. The air is heavy. Evening brings no relief: the heat emanates from the streets and buildings throughout the night.

In Harlem, at dusk, the people stream out of their tottering, filthy tenements to sit for hours on their front steps. They sit, in various states of dress and undress, drinking, complaining, joking, hoping to catch the faintest whisper of cooling air. The breeze never comes, and they retire, a few at a time, to spend restless nights in their shabby beds, only to rise again, at dawn, to find the sun returning to its post above the city for another blistering fourteen hours. The cycle of their lives is repeated once more, eight to ten hours of back-breaking labour, and back again to their prison. The prison whose invisible, yet impenetrable barriers of money and education, entrap nearly a quarter of a million people.

On one of these unbearable summer evenings, soon after the wave of rush-hour traffic had culminated and broken; a bus stopped in the heart of the steaming ghetto to disgorge about a dozen sweat-soaked Negro men and women. One of the emerging passengers, a young man, crossed the street, and gliding between the perspiring figures on the stoop, entered one of the buildings and slowly ascended the three flights of creaking stairs to his apartment.

Arthur Willis opened the door. Emily, his wife, was vainly attempting to combat the inevitable onslaught of dust and dirt with a battered broom. She stopped sweeping as he entered.

"How'd it go?" she asked, knowing from the pain and dejection on his face, the answer.

"Nothin'." His voice was hoarse, dry. They looked at each other blankly for a moment. Then he crossed the bare room to the open window. He stared out of the window for perhaps two minutes, not seeing the railroad tracks less than fifty feet away. Suddenly, he slammed his fist against the sill; the rotting wood splintered and flakes of plaster fluttered to the floor.

"Oh God," he whimpered, "what's a man gotta do? I can't get no job, I can't make no money! How we gonna live?"

"Sit down, honey," she consoled, "have some supper. You find a job t'morra."

VICTOR TINE

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*The theory of life is a theory of uncertainty.*

## VIET CONG

Growth of forest and of jungle.

Dense strong vines all held together  
by the bond of nature.

Growth of strength in number—

Viet Cong.

Tropic flowers hid by dark green leaves

serpents, beasts of prey, concealed by shadows—

Deadly—vicious,

Viet Cong.

Strength, enable to withstand the burning days  
and hard cold rain.

The strength of jungle and of beast—

The strength of the Viet Cong.

The trees take from the soil, their food

The beasts take from the trees their growth,  
and other beasts—their food

Viet Cong takes all.

ALAN DAVILA

## TOO OFTEN MAN HAS NURSED HIS EVIL EYE



Too often man has nursed his evil eye  
And Nature's peace been cast aside;  
A sanguine curtain been drawn  
Across the face of this earth.  
What result war-political, economic gain?  
In Human frames lying motionless in unplowed field, their  
lives given in vain,  
And homeless widows left to weep  
For love hardly found or known.  
Loyal, patriotic men their lives have given  
For states and leaders who may never be by God forgiven.  
For their ruthless, shameless greed changed from thought  
to deed

By the vile, explosive thundering of modified machines.  
Must the grave be man's only station of peace—  
A plot of ground that has been leased  
So that the loved one may live within,  
In freedom and solitude unknown to the living?  
A peace a haven on earth is what man must seek,  
A land wherein one is free to speak  
And act in compromise with others,  
A land of love, joy, sincerity and serenity.  
No more this place, this hell of mistrust and dis-agreement,  
No more people's lives to be spent in reckless quest of  
power unattainable.  
No more the tear-streaked faces of women and children  
Searching, waiting, longing for the one who won't come home.

PETE LANGLOIS

## SELF OR PELF ?

The greedy man talks of fortune and fame,  
And understands only that which he might gain;  
But his heart will never be at rest,  
Albeit he has nothing but the best  
Of all the objects that man may desire.  
His soul still burns in a terrible fire.  
In order the man may have peace of mind

He needs must perse, and he needs must find  
The key to all things virtuous and right,  
Or else his spirit will remain contrite.  
For opulence is but to serve your task,  
And to succour those whose need may ask.  
For one who aids others with gold and SELF  
Has a richness beyond the bounds of pelf.

WILLIAM BURD

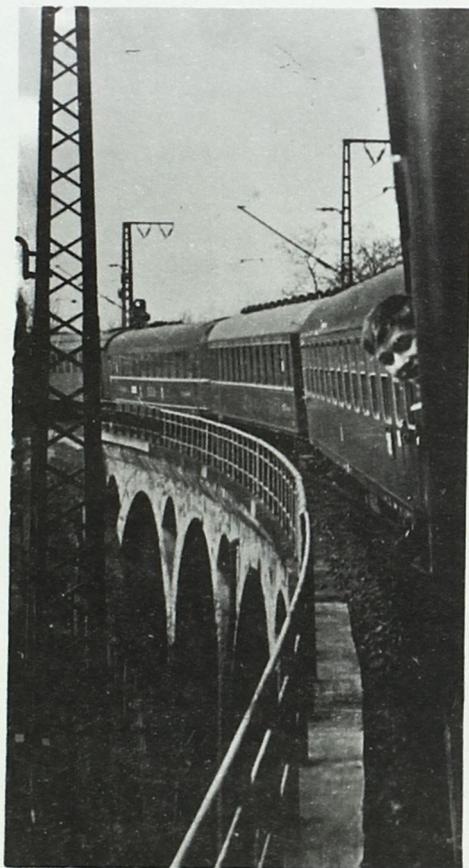
*Today's ruin is yesterday's hope, tomorrow's dust.*

In the past the purpose of the *Lancer Log* was to immortalize the year's memories in print. I have twenty months of Lakenheath memories that have been immortalized, with hardly any having been written on paper. They are instead imprinted in my mind. My entire sophomore, junior and two months of my senior year were spent creating memories at Lakenheath — fabulous memories of cool friends and cool times.

I am not there now. I was torn from my fun and friends by the not-always-gentle hand of our Uncle Sam.

It has been said too many times before, but even so there still are not words to describe the loyalty a person feels for a school, the loyalty a school like Lakenheath deserves.

This is to warn those of you who have been over there for three years. Being back in the States is great, but realize what you have: freedom; adult responsibilities, and friends.



Lakenheath is predominantly advantageous for making friends. Closer friends, probably, than you will ever have again in your life. A prominent L.H.S. teacher often said, "If

you have three true friends in your whole lifetime, you are very lucky. All you have to do is room with a person, bump into someone in the dinner line, or smoke a cigarette in the dayroom or say "Hi" in the hall and before you know it you are in the swing. Lakenheath is Friendliness personified.

I will graduate at Hampton High School with 849 other seniors, but if you will look very closely at the end of the procession on Graduation Day at Lakenheath, you will see the hearts of all of us who ever attended school there.

To you who are coming back next year — take good care of our school. To you who are not coming back — you will not forget the happiness you had there. I know. Ciao, people for the last time.

GAYLA GARBARINI

*The coliseum is quiet now, even so the roar of the lion.*



DON'T FORGET TO KEEP US POSTED



WE WISH TO EXPRESS OUR HEARTFELT SYMPATHY  
TO THE PRINCIPAL, MR. ALBERT MATTHEWS AND HIS WIFE,  
IN THE TRAGIC LOSS OF THEIR SON MARK.

