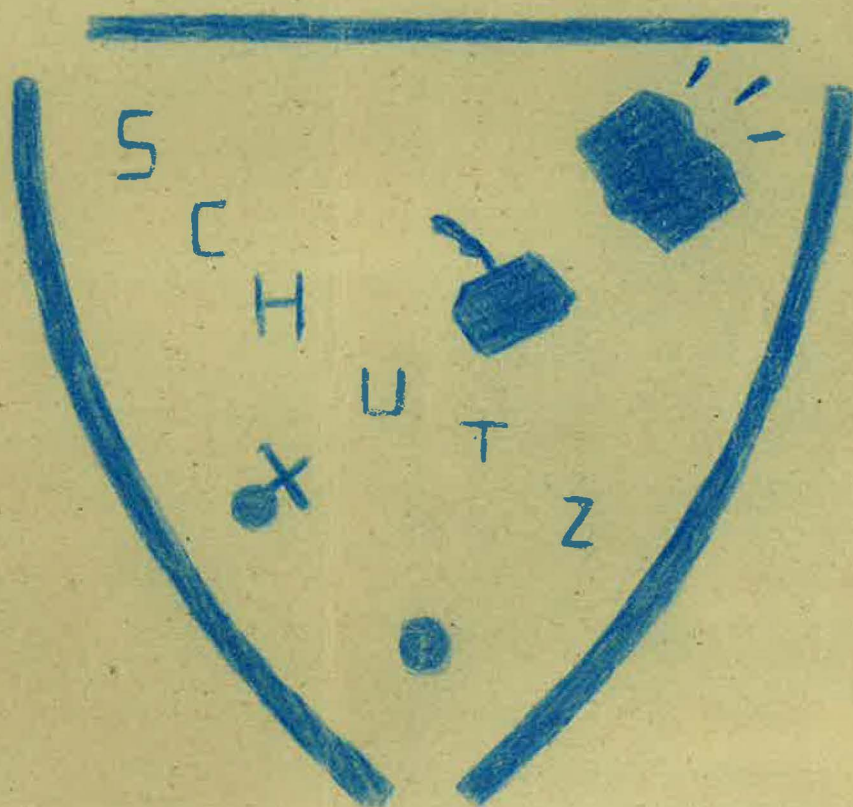


55

Patience
H. H. H. H.



56

A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T S

We wish to express our gratitude to all of those who made this issue of the "Schutzsite" possible...

To Miss Elsie McClymonds for typing and mimeographing

To Mr. William Phillips for editing the captions and printing the pictures

To Mr. Gene Ammon for printing pictures

To the College and the faculty for putting up with the Schutz Kids from 1942 to 1956

To the Schutz School Committee for having a school for us

T H A N K S



We, the staff, take pleasure in dedicating this year's SCHUTZITE to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Nolin, in appreciation of their long years of faithful and loyal service to Schutz students.

Many parents of our present SK's (Schutz Kids) went to school to Mr. and Mrs. Nolin. They guided the school through the years when it was in Alexandria. Then war came, and Schutz transferred to Assiut. The Nolins piloted the school through this difficult time, and were a constant influence for good in the lives of the students.

Many thanks to them for all they have done for Schutz, and may God continue to bless and guide them as they return to America.

BON VOYAGE

The Staff

Charles Watkins	- Editor
Jessie Webb	- Art Editor
Willis McGill	- Business Manager
Andy Reed	- Cover Editor

ROLL CALL

SCOUTS KIDS

Peter Rigby
Henry Conoley
Carolyn Kraft
Jim McGill
David McClanahan
Virginia Watkins
Kathy Ammon
Bobby Kraft
Gibby McGill
Peter Parr
Jackie Jordan
Alice Jane McClanahan
Marge Phillips
Nellie Webb
David Ammon
Glenn Jamison
Leland LaFont

Pamela Parr
David Webb
Carolyn Hinds
Jeannie Jordan
Paul McClanahan
Eddie Pollock
Penny Pollock
Hans Schaffner
Eva Kenny
Franklin Watkins
Willis McGill
Andy Reed
Jessie Webb
Charles Watkins

HOUSEMOTHER

Joan Murdock

TEACHERS

George Meloy
Ester Gordon
Jacqueline Martin
Lucy L. Scule
Mary Lou Meloy
Antoinette Guiragessian
Carolyn Phelps
Paul McClanahan

SCOUTS COMMITTEE

Paul McClanahan, Chairman
Ann McGill
Paul Jamison
William Phillips
Ruth Walker

Alan Webb
Harvey Hoekstra
Charles Haspels
Mrs. Charles Haspels

Local Committee - Ruth Ammon, Irene Kraft, Paul McClanahan

L E S

M I S E R A B L E S

The only reason there is a high school room at Schutz is because the Americans have the wonderful ability to make the most out of nothing. On the front porch, side porch, or front lawn - through wind, sunshine, flies, and falling leaves - we, the high school students, struggle with geometry, algebra, history, and Latin taught by Miss Soule; English taught by Mr. Meloy; and French taught by Madame Antoinette. Although some treacherous students collaborate with nature, nature never succeeds in driving us inside. Many jokes are cracked about nature and this is the one we like best:

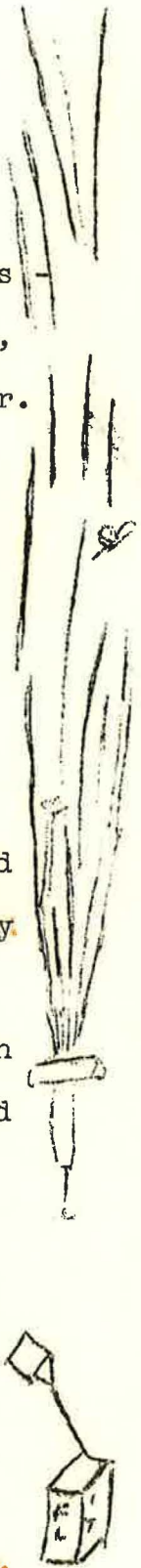
During a history class studying Egypt, Miss Soule asked, "Why did Egyptians worship the sun?" Willis answered, shivering despite layers of clothes, "So it wouldn't go down."

One of our favorite occupations is swatting flies. Armed with fly-swatters and flit guns, we swat and spray with deadly intent and little effect.

Another of our occupations (arguing) caused grave concern to Mr. Nolin, until he recommended that all buildings occupied by the high school be hurricane-proof! This is so that they won't be blown down by profound (????) arguments.

In spite of all distractions, we manage, somehow, to get our work done. H A P P I L Y ?????????

Charles Watkins



LESS MISDEEDABLES



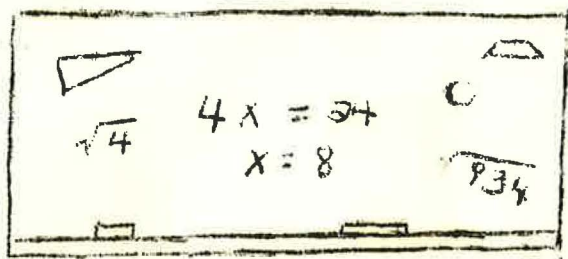
From 35 to 110 F., from relative humidity of 0 to 99%,
in breezes and gales, among the birds and flies, Miss
Soules' class of nature lovers goes on and on and on...



Willis McGill
Andy Reed

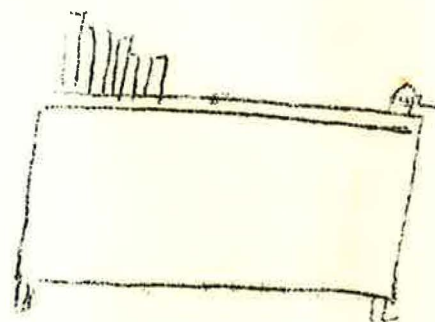
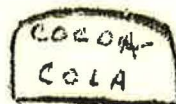


Charles Watkins
Jessie Webb



M E L O Y : S

M I S F I T S



Our room is on the West side of the basement of the Schutz building. There are eleven of us including our teacher, Mr. Meloy, sharing this room, two in the seventh grade and eight in the eighth grade. Mr. Meloy teaches all of the subjects with the exception of eighth grade History which is taught by Miss Soule.

We quite enjoy our classes since they end up quite off the subject we began with. Of course we wouldn't let a day go by without groaning about the terribly large (?) assignments, or when Mr. Meloy hands out pieces of paper. Each spends at least ten minutes before he recites in telling how crumby his talk is going to be.

In spite of all the hard work we have heaps of fun too. For instance on February 29 the girls treated the boys with Baloney sandwiches to pay them back for all the Boloney the boys so generously give the year round.

Often the subject "Hunger" is brought up since some say they never get enough to eat. Paul McClanahan was the one proclaimed by all to be the individual most needing care. After lunch the members of the class thoughtfully donated "garbage" to his cause.

Quel Vie!

Carolyn Hinds



MCLOY'S
MISFITS

MUTT & JEFF

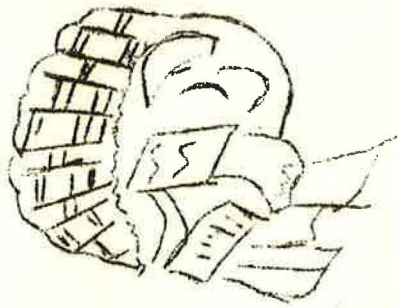
Pamela Parr
David Webb



ROSES & THORNS



Roses- Eddie Pollock, Paul McClanahan, Frank Watkins, Hans Schaffner
Thorns- Carolyn Hinds, Eva Kenny, Penny Pollock, Jeannie Jordan



MARTIN'S

MISTAKES

We start out with a couple of sermons from our homeroom teacher, Miss Martin. No wonder! For everything goes wrong. First someone will say, "I don't have an eraser".

"The reason you do not have an eraser", the teacher says, "is because you were chewing so hard on it, that I took it away."

After staring around the room we start to write notes such as this:

Dear Talkative,

Are you bad? I love you!

From Bad Words.

The teacher gets the notes - and uh oh! "Bang"! There's trouble. She sometimes reads the notes aloud.

We have two teachers, Miss Martin and Mrs. Meloy. Mrs. Meloy is the principal's wife.

Our subjects are geography, health, history, science, arithmetic, English, spelling, poetry, and Bible. With the exception of history, Miss Martin teaches all the subjects.

Our classes are interesting because we get off the subject so often. We study in different rooms at Study Periods.

In spite of the hard work, we seem to thrive well (?)!!

Nellie Webb



MARTINS
MOANERS



4 th. Grade

Gibby McGill and
Peter Parr line up
for early supper...

5th. Grade

Alice Jane McClanahan
Margaret Phillips
Nellie Webb
Jackie Jordan



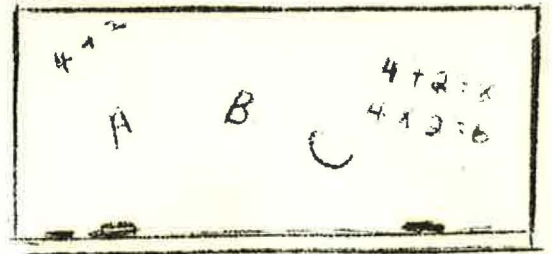
6th. Grade

Glenn Jamison
Leland La Font
David Ammon

The Three Mosquitos

They never stop
buzzing...

GORDON'S
GROANERS



66
READING
'RITIN'
'RITHMETIC
TAUGHT TO
THE
TUNE OF
d. P. THE
HICKORY
STICK!

The second and third grades are taught by Mrs. Gordon. There are four in second grade - Carolyn Kraft, Virginia Watkins, Kim McGill and David McClanahan. The third grade has just two, Bobby Kraft and Kathy Ammon.

Last summer our room was re-decorated and made very nice with new paint on the walls and blackboard. We also got some small chairs, a low table, and two more blackboards.

Just before Christmas Mrs. Gordon planned a tea for the parents when they could come and see all the things we had made. We had all kinds of Christmas pictures, posters, designs, clay figures, and decorations.

For the Christmas program our room gave a play, The Happy Prince, and all of us took part in it.

On Valentine's Day we had a party with games and a supper in the garden with the rest of the school.

These are some of the good times we have had, but we have also studied hard, and we think we will all pass.

Kathy Ammon

Arithmetic Science English Bible Geometry History
Latin Literature French Algebra

S A T U R D A Y S T U D Y H A L L

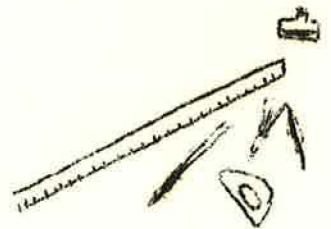
"Ah crumb, Miss Soule!! Do I have to go to study hall?
I've finished all my work!! (??)"

"Are you quite sure?" is the unrelenting answer. "I
think if you go back and check, you'll change your mind. If
not, come to me and I'll find you something."

So for an hour and a half on Saturday morning, all the
boarders and some of the day students shut out (?) all thoughts
of the further activities of the day and try to study.

Since there is study hall Saturday morning, it elimi-
nates having it Friday night. However, Miss Soule, Miss Martin,
Mrs. Gordon, and Mr. Meloy take turns staying with us the other
nights. They do this to see that we are good (Oh! Boy!).

Jeannie Jordan



RECITAL

As it is the usual custom for the Pressley Memorial Institute to hold a piano recital semi-annually, this year the two piano recitals were great events especially in the lives of those participating. Under the direction of Mrs. Fowler and Miss Phelps the following represented Schutz:

Carolyn Kraft	Nellie Webb
Bobby Kraft	Penny Pollock
Virginia Watkins	William Reed
Alice McClunahan	Eva Kenny
Margaret Phillips	Jessie Webb
David Webb	Charles Watkins
Kathy Ammon	
David Ammon	

Since members of the P. M. I. play also there are too many for one day; the group was divided into two and the last half played another day.

Lasting two hours, the recitals represented skill in memorizing pieces. The audience may look forward to the recital but naturally it is a great relief to the participants to have it finished. Stage fright is present in the hearts of all the victims.

Jessie Webb

SONGERS GREENS



3rd. Grade

Get away from me,
Closer!

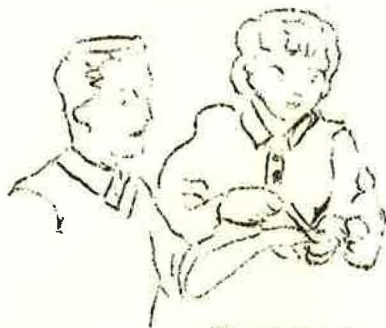
Kathy Ammon
Bobby Kraft



no swallowed that candy!

Virginia Watkins
Carolyn Kraft
David McClanahan
Kim McGill

End. Green



H O U S E M O T H E R S

O F

S C H U T Z

First on our list of housemothers this year is Mrs. Pollock. From September 19, 1955 to October 6, 1955, she very kindly helped out with the boarding department. Unfortunately, duty called in the Sudan and she left. We sincerely hope she didn't breathe too big a breath of relief when she got out of range of Schutz.

Since the Philips were in Assiut for vacation, Mrs. Philips consented to look after us. A mystery to the Schutz-ites was the queer sounds that issued from the Philips' bedroom around bed time every night. The day before they left, it was found out that Mr. Philips played the flute.

On the departure of the Philips, October 8, there was still no news of Miss Murdock. Mrs. McGill commuted between her home in Cairo and Schutz to take care of us.

On November 19, 1955, Miss Murdock arrived. She knew some of us from the time she worked in Assiut Hospital a few years ago. She was welcomed with many promises of good behavior. Whether or not these promises have been kept is the biggest question.

We sincerely hope that whenever our housemothers go, they will not forget their "Schutz Angels" (?).

David Webb



R E - D E C O R A T I O N

A T

S C H U T Z

This year when I came to Schutz, what a surprise met my eyes! I hardly recognized the place! Many new school rooms had been added and many of the old ones repainted. The blackboards were made by painting a whole wall black. Also a reference room, library, game room, work room, an office for Mr. Meloy, and one new school room had been added.

The boarding department, too, had been painted. The living and dining rooms had been painted blue and the bedrooms yellow.

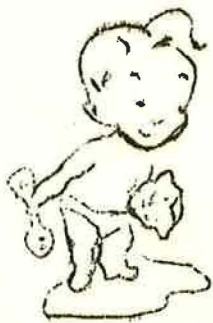
Miss Murdock, Miss Soule, and all the boys live downstairs. The girls live upstairs, sharing Meloy's flat. Miss Martin lives on the roof.

This year there are seventeen boarders which is a great increase over those of last year. Next year we will even have more!

The outward look of Schutz has changed a great deal, but the spirit of Schutz is living still - unchanged!

Wallace Glenn Jamison





L I F E I N T H E G I R L S ' D O R M

We get up (?) when the bell rings at 6:30 A. M. Oh, but where are our clothes! Oh! Yes! Then we remember that we put them away - for once. Suddenly a crowd of girls come through our room to go into the only bathroom available. There are three towel racks with two towels on each one in our bathroom.

One of our favorite tricks is to dress up in disguise and stand outside the door, if Pam Parr is inside. When she comes out, we jump on her and does she ever scream! Another trick is to hide under her bed and push the mattress up when she goes to bed! What a commotion! Miss Murdock or Jessie Webb comes in to restore order and see that we get to bed on time. Thus - initiation to Schutz.

In spite of our happy frolicks, we get a lot done (??).

Margie Philips

Limerick???

"There was an old lady called Nod
Who went to sea in a pod.
The pod it leaked,
The lady she squeaked,
And that was the end of poor Nod."





T O W N

H A L L

Town Hall was meant to deal punishment to those who violated the Schutz rules. The officers were as follows:

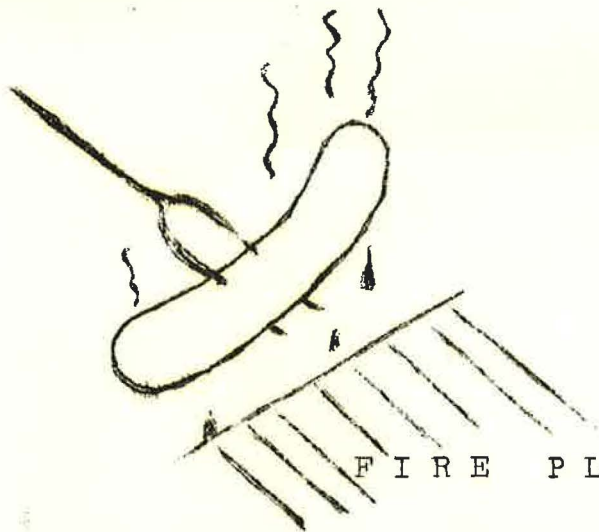
President	- Eddie Pollock
Vice President	- Jessie Webb
Secretary	- Penny Pollock
Prosecuter	- Andy Reed
Defender	- Willis McGill

We even had a constitution for the boarding department.

Town Hall was held every Friday night at 7:00 P.M. after prayers. It was a lot of fun watching the procedures since everyone participated in shouting decisions in spite of the rules. Sometimes long after a case had been finished and decided on, such decisions as these: "Chop off his head", and "Stick him in the waste basket" were heard from the youngest member, Kim McGill(age7). As one can imagine such expressions as these at a most inappropriate time would cause a great deal of merriment.

Finally, since Town Hall was just to settle complaints between the little boys room and the big boys room, everyone agreed that in the future Miss Murdock, our housemother, would make all decisions. ---So peace reigns (?).

David Webb



FIRE PLACE DINNERS

Almost every Saturday the Schutz boarders have supper in the garden around the new fireplace.

After the bell has rung at 6 P.M., Miss Murdock's anxious voice is quite distinctly heard saying, "Now do be sure to wash your hands, children".

After five minutes of water sprinkling indulged in by the younger classes (?), all line up with clean hands (?) and bright (?) faces waiting for the blessing to be said.

Hamburgers, potato chips or potato salad, cucumbers and carrots, bread rolls, ketchup, mustard, milk and bananas - a perfect meal judging by the way silence seems to reign supreme for a few minutes until the seconds are given out.

It must be mentioned that poor Miss Murdock doesn't get a bite to eat until the end. She's the cook. Not bad, either ...

Leland LaFont



Down these steps are tossed
only the best of people



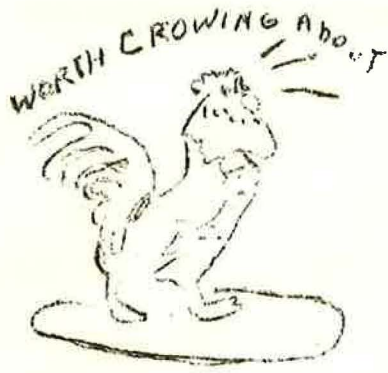
The room of tears

If you fall from the top,
you get a free try from the
second. . .



Official
Inspection
Notice

"Clothe that
Door"



I M P R E S S I O N S O F S C H U T Z

Schutz kids are a fine bunch and we like 'em! What's more we're going to miss them next year when they return to the real Schutz. You ask why or in what ways shall we miss them. Having seventeen kids next door, a few others as neighbors and still a few others on hand during the day we hear their voices in work and in play. Can't you imagine the quiet next year??

When we are trying to get the early morning news broadcast from London, we wonder what that interference is. Then we say, "Oh, yes, that is the rising bell over at Schutz". We hear the buzz, buzz, buzz of the breakfast bell, then the school bell and more and more bells throughout the day.

There is never any doubt in my mind when recess time comes or when school closes in the afternoon. I don't need a bell to announce that fact. When a game of ball is on, especially when both boys and girls are playing, one would almost think you were in the Yankee stadium!! The bicycle races around and around the houses give the casual pedestrian a few terrifying moments. He realizes that it is much safer to seek the protection of his own



In the Library...

Actually studying???

Some call this the
Game Room

Others, the "Padded
Cell"



At Bar el Kheil

Look who's coming
through the rye...

Future antiques
at Abydos





G I R L S

S P O R T S

The girls have sports with Miss Martin on Wednesday from 4:00 to 5:00. If anyone is late she has to run around the playground twice. This fairly kills the poor girls and they are minus a few pounds the next day.

All the girls attend regularly. The class starts out with reducing exercises. After about fifteen minutes of that, the teacher calls a stop and then usually she has a game to play. Sometimes she allows us to vote on the game we want to play. We play the game until five o'clock, and as soon as we have finished whatever we are doing, she calls a stop.

At this time, anyone who wants to leave may do so. If someone thinks she still has some fat to get rid of, she plays some more.

The next day everyone is sore and stiff. After several weeks of this, everyone became limbered up and now only a few are stiff and sore the next day.

Penny Pollock

BOYS SPORTS



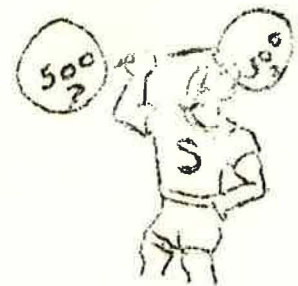
Sometimes the ground seems softer to me than any inner-spring mattress of a feather bed. One of these times is when I do push-ups or some other exercise every Monday afternoon during sports class.

Mr. Meloy is an indispensable part of the gym class. Whether counting while we exert ourselves, or making some very helpful (?) comment, his energetic attitude causes knots and stiffness in everyone's muscles.

Having exercised any excess energy off, we do races to which our bodies protest. Designed to make us humble, the duck race, bear race, and dog race hurt our pride and walking ability. As we play a game of football, baseball, or basketball, the only thing that sustains us is the fact that five o'clock is approaching.

Even though all we seem to do is gripe, we wouldn't know what to do with all our excess energy if we didn't wear it off in Sports Class.

Charles Watkins



S O C C E R

W I T H T H E

P R E P

One afternoon Uncle Paul told us that we were going to play a game of soccer with the Prep. When we got there, we split up into two teams. One of our teams went with one of their teams. The other team did the same. In that way, half of each team was from Schutz and the other half from the Prep.

As soon as we started playing, we found out that they were much better players than we were. They were the ones that made the goals and did all the work.

For two weeks we played that way - half Schutz and half Prep on each team.

On the third week we decided not to mix, but play against them. We were beaten with a schore of 7 to 1. (That was pretty good for us.)

They were much more in shape than we were. We were always touching the ball with our hands so they would get free kicks.



Those are all the games we have played with them. The more we play, the better we will get - we hope.

Franklin Watkins

G I R L



S C O U T S

This year our troop has expanded quite a lot to admit Jessie and Nellie Webb, from the South Sudan; Margie Philips, North Sudan; Alice McClanahan and Carolyn Hinds, Assiut; and Pam Parr, South Sudan. Eva Kenny, Penny Pollock, and Jeannie Jordan are the old-timers.

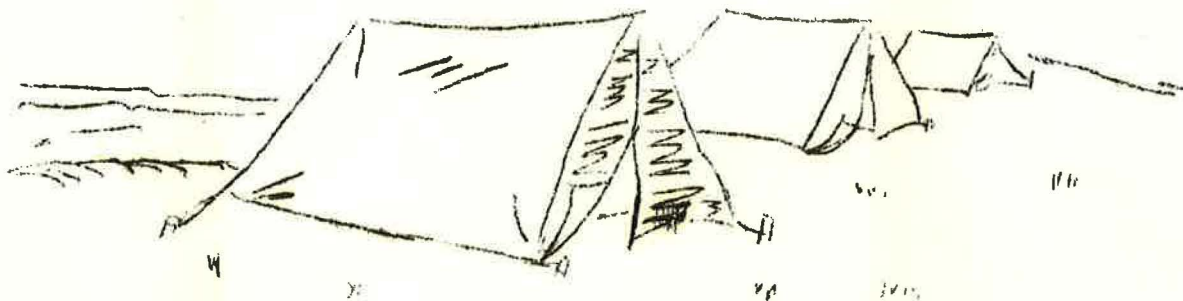
We have two patrols, the Wild Rose and Silver Pine. There is a contest going on between patrols for attendance, uniforms, dues, patrol meetings, and advancement. So far, the Silver Pine is in the lead.

The second class scouts, Eva Kenny, Jeannie Jordan, Penny Pollock, and Jessie Webb are working on the Troop Dramatics badge providing plenty of entertainment for the rest of the Troop. As a troop, we are working on the Folk Dancing badge.

This year the Boy Scouts have taken us on two hikes; one an overnight trip into the desert and the other a hike over the mountains, lasting about four hours. That was to repay us for entertaining them at two parties.

Jessie Webb

BOY SCOUTS



The Boy Scout Troop this year consists of eleven Boy Scouts divided into two patrols, the Eagles and the Wolves.

The Eagle Patrol consists of Willis McGill, patrol leader; Paul McClanahan, assistant patrol leader; Charles Watkins, senior patrol leader; Hans Shaffner, troop scribe; David Ammon and Glenn Jamison, associate scouts.

The Wolf Patrol has only five members - Eddie Pollock, patrol leader; Franky Watkins, assistant patrol leader; David Webb, quarter-master; Andy Reed, troop bugler; and Leland LaFont. Mr. Bradley Watkins is Scout Master.

The Boy Scouts made two overnight hikes. The first one was in the fall when we went to the Alabaster Quarry. The other one we made in the spring when we invited the Girl Scouts to go with us to the desert, out past Mangabad.

The Boy Scouts invited the Girl Scouts to go on a short hike to the Valley of Dry Bones. Here there was a contest to see which quartet could sing the best. The prize was a big chocolage bar. It turned out that there was a tie between a boy's quartet and a girl's quartet. The boys got the prize because the girls had to watch their waistlines.

Willis McGill



Girl Scouts are:

Miss Trustworthy
Miss Loyal
Miss Helpful
Miss Friendly
Miss Courteous
Miss Kind
Miss Obedient
Miss Cheerful
Miss Thrifty
Miss Take

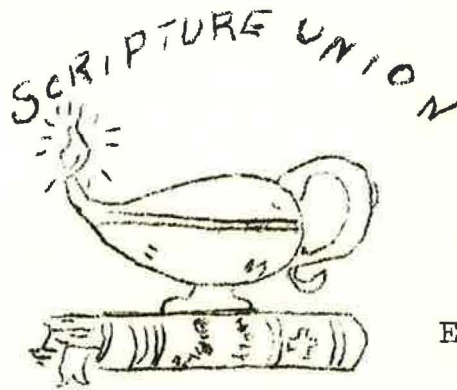
Is Scoutmaster Watkins
pleased with this
artificial respiration



1,2,3,4 - 1,2,3,4 - Uh!

1,2,3,4 - 1,2,3,4

Collapse!!



CHRISTIAN

Christian Endeavor started after Christmas. Miss McClymonds is the leader. We (grades 5-10) are divided into four groups. Each group has a high school kid for its head. Each week we take it in turns to be in charge of the devotions. After the devotions, Miss McClymonds has a Bible study for us.

Christian Endeavor is from 4:30 - 5:30 every Sunday afternoon. In that time, besides learning and searching for new things in the Bible, we learn to face a group, prepare messages, express opinions on the Bible, lead, and take part in conducting the meeting.

All our appreciation goes to Miss McClymonds, who has so kindly found time to lead us.

Pam Parr

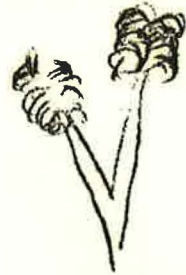
* * * * *

"Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through,
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child,
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet.
Just to let love be our daily key,
This is God's will for you and me."

By Carolyn Hinds



P A P Y R U S



This school year it was decided to keep the members of Assiut Station well informed (?) by a school newspaper. The staff was chosen and the first newspaper was put out. A contest was held for the best name. The best name was chosen and it was "Papyrus".

Every newspaper contains articles, announcements, new books, and jokes. For a while it came out every week, now it comes out every other week - at least it tries to.

Since time is scarce and hard to find, the newspaper always has to be squeezed in somewhere. At first it went well but later it slowed down because people were getting lazy. One time we got so lazy that a newspaper didn't come out for over a month.

The first staff members were:

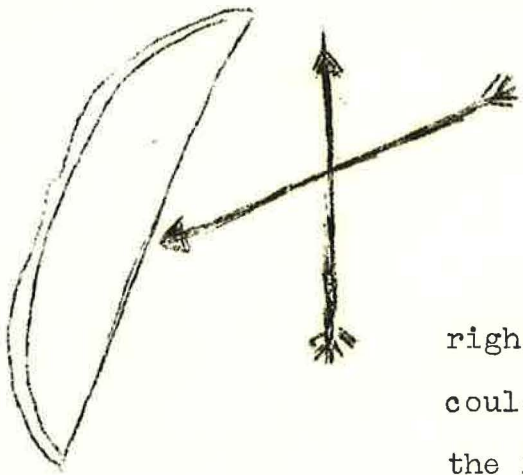
Editor-in-chief	- Charles Watkins
Society Editor	- Jessie Webb
Business Managers-	Willis McGill
	Eddie Pollock
Reporters	- Eva Kenny, Hans Schaffner and Paul McClanahan

As time went on and the high school had to begin working on the year-book, the "Papyrus" staff had to be changed. It was then turned over to the eighth grade. The new staff is:

Editor-in-Chief	- Hans Schaffner
Novelty Editors	- Jeannie Jordan
	Carolyn Hinds
Business Manager	- Eddie Pollock
Reporters	- Eva Kenny, Penny Pollock
	Paul McClanahan and
	Franklin Watkins

From the experience this year, I am sure there won't be a school newspaper next year.

Hans Schaffner



THE BOWS

AND ARROWS

The "Bows and Arrows" season started right after Christmas. The strongest one could shoot from the swings almost as far as the farther basket. That was Kim McGill's.

Just two or three days later this example spread like wild fire. Soon all the younger boys were making bows and arrows. Soon it came to putting points on them and Mr. Meloy had to step in. Then this new type of arrows could only be used at targets.

* * * * *

THE SLINGS

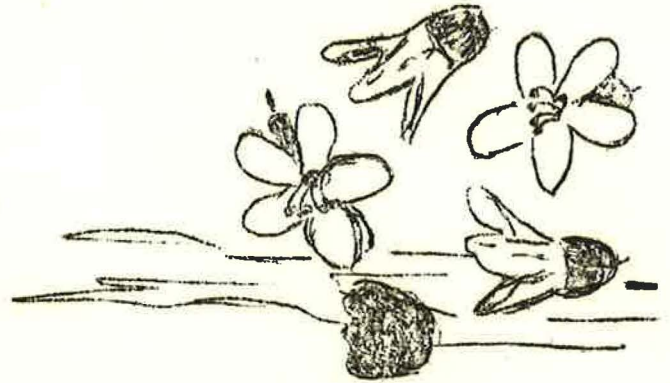
The sling season was started by Paul McClanahan. It took almost a week for everyone to get one made. Of course that means everyone who wished to participate in the fun. As usual new rules were made and the slings were supposed to be shot only by the irrigation ditch. So far no one has been seriously hurt and all sincerely wish it to stay that way. None of the participants in this delight wish the slings to be banished.

Jackie Jordan



B O M B A T

F I G H T S



The bombat (bombax) tree is located in the center of the hedge between the road and the play ground.

Everybody looks forward to bombat season. When little balls form on the tree everybody gets excited. When they are real little nobody pays any attention to them but when they fall more thickly the fights start. For a long time they fall closed.

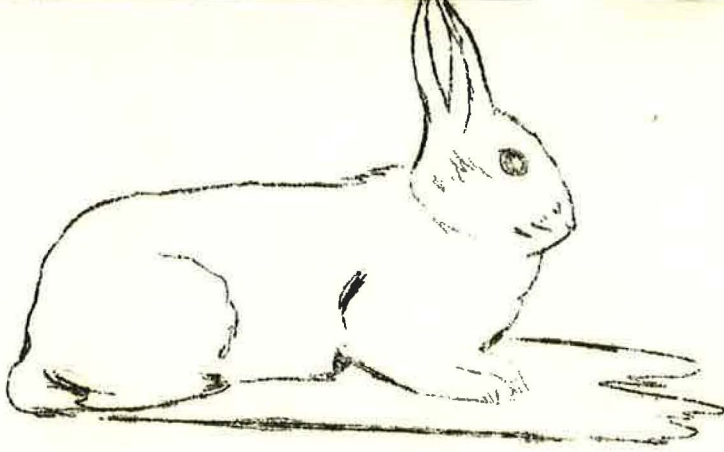
When fights start some people have a lot of fun but some people don't; they always get picked on.

Then all the kids are looking for open bombats. When they open they produce a beautiful red blossom.

When the flowers first start to come everybody uses all the bombats. When the bombat season is fully open the bombats fall like rain.

Fights are going on almost all the time. Some people are very good shots because they take off the petals so that the bombats will go straight and hit hard.

David Ammon



B U N N I E S

For the third year rabbit raising has been going on in Schutz. It was started in November 1955 with six rabbits and ended the following April with fifty-four rabbits. They were kept in six cages. The cages were cleaned out every day (?). They were fed clover twice a day - at least it was supposed to be done that way. As soon as a male rabbit was borrowed, the population started increasing fast.

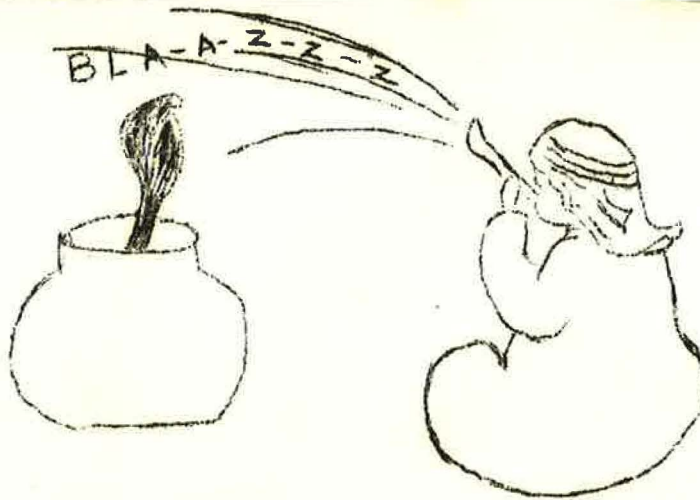
The rabbit owners were Andy Reed, Leland LaFont, Nellie Webb, and Hans Schaffner.

When the rabbits grew bigger, they had to be sold because there were too many to keep in six cages. As soon as the older rabbits were sold, a batch of young was born.

The only thing wrong was that the rabbits didn't get enough care. When it became hot and the clover was scarce, the rabbits had to be sold.

Since more money could be gotten from the rabbits on the College compound than at the market, they were sold mostly on the compound. In the beginning the six rabbits were bought by Abdel Samir and he was also the best customer at the end. Not very much profit was gotten out of the rabbits, but there was a lot of fun in keeping them.

Hans Schaffner



S N A K E S

A T

S C H U T Z

Getting the snake charmer was Paul McClanahan's idea. After arguing a little over the amount he would be paid the

snake charmer started his chant. He first caught a small garter snake which he put in his basket. He then caught a cobra that was about five feet long. He took the cobra to a clear piece of ground and put it down for everyone to see. When the cobra was put on the ground it made a hood. When the kids asked him, the snake charmer took another cobra from his basket and put it with the first one.

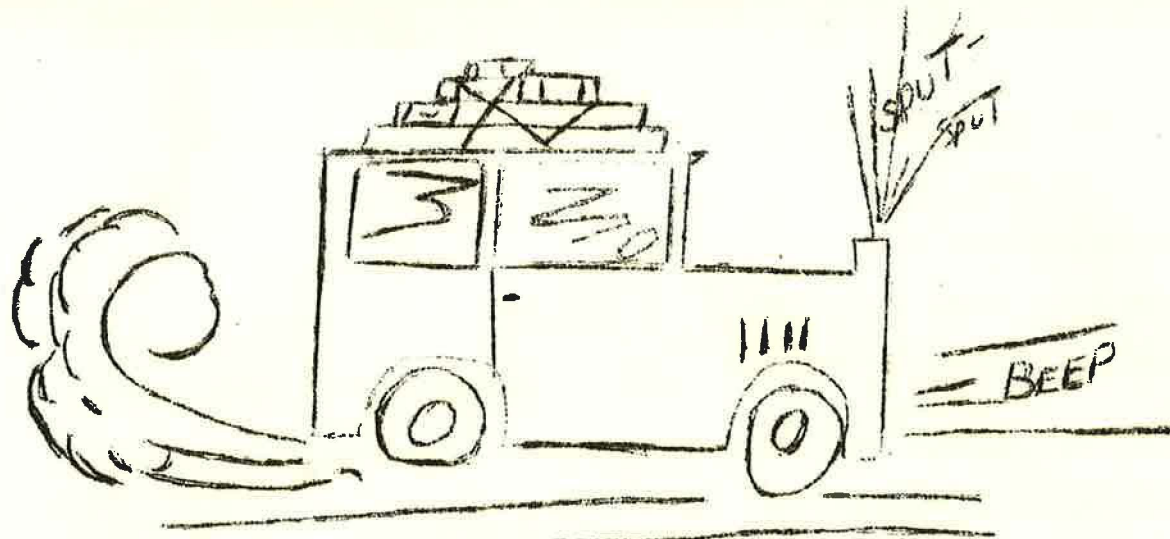
After many pictures were taken the snakes were put into the basket and the snake charmer was paid.

The reason Paul got the snake charmer was in hopes that he would give him some snakes for the Schutz snake cage, but the snake charmer refused.

The snake cage was built by Billy McGill and Eddie Pollock. It had two compartments. The sides of the cage were glass and the top had a screen door to let air into the cage.

Inside the cage was a pan of water and a few plants. There was a fairly long garter snake in it, but it got away. Then three baby snakes were caught. But both the snakes and the plants died while Billy and Eddie were on the Ibis.

Eddie Pollock



N O O N E S A W T H E S E A

A group of Sa'eedies decided to take a trip to the Red Sea after the close of Association. A few of the ones who had planned to go were unable to go because they did not have their passports, but at 5 a.m. Monday morning, January 9th, the daring band headed by Mr. Kenny started in two cars for Qena.

The plan was that the group go to Qena on the East side of the Nile and then proceed to the frontier station where they were to get permission to cross the desert. Then they were to go on to the Sea, see the aquarium, swim, collect shells, and also see a few other places of interest along the way, but there was trouble at the frontier station. Paul Peachy's identification card was not valid and Eva and Mr. Kenny were not able to give sufficient identification. So the group was not permitted to go on to the Sea.

Everyone was very much disappointed but there was nothing that could be done so everyone decided to make new plans while eating lunch so they ate. Since they had a large stock of supplies, it was decided that the caravan should head for Luxor and see a few of the places of interest there.

It was late afternoon when Luxor was reached so the night was spent there. The next morning the travellers went on south to Edfu where there is an Egyptian Temple built by one of the Ptolemies about 250 B.C. They ate lunch there and then explored the temple. It proved to be very interesting though somewhat scary as they wandered through the dark rooms and corridors where, long ago, Egyptian priests had worshipped.

The tourists left Edfu at three and arrived in Luxor where they again spent the night.

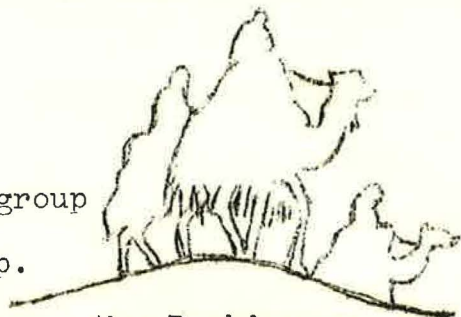
The next morning it was decided that they should start back for Assiut, much to the dismay of the three kids who weren't particularly interested in rushing back to school. On the way toward Assiut stops were made at Karnak and Abydos.

Abydos is a temple built for the ancient Egyptian god of the underworld, Osiris. It was built by Sisi I about 1300 B.C. It has the finest preserved color paintings and relief carvings of any temple in Egypt.

On the way from Abydos one of the cars forgot to cross the river at Sohag and consequently had to backtrack about thirty miles to get back on the right side of the Nile. Finally all made it home safely and everyone was glad that he had gone although no one saw the sea.

Eva Kenny

C A M E L T R I P



This year there was a fairly large group that went on the annual four-day camel trip.

There were: the Lorimers, the Kenneth Baileys, the Parkinsons, Carolyn Phelps, Lois Patterson, Eunice McConkey, Alberta Tedford, Joan Murdock, Ken Gordon, Brad Watkins, Carolyn Hinds, and Jessie Webb. There were also twenty camels and twelve Arab cameleers.

When the time came for the first stop, everyone was grateful for the rest; for all were sore and tired, though not too tired to play in some sand dunes and have supper. Bedtime was welcome even at the early hour of 6 P.M.

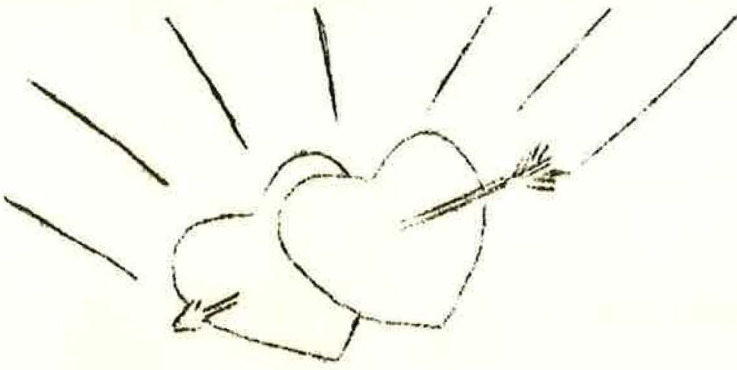
The next day was a shorter ride. Reaching a big canyon 35 miles from Assiut about 3 P.M., the group had a late lunch and went exploring. Jack Lorimer and Ken Bailey climbed The Minaret, a tower-like rock named by the Arabs.

On the third day the group reached Wadi Habib at one o'clock. The rest of the day was spent playing in the sand, climbing mountains, and getting ready for the night. The Arabs put on a dance in the moonlight for the group and a song fest was held.

The last day was a 60 mile ride - a real test for the camel riders. The group reached Assiut at 4 o'clock where there were cars to take the group on into the city. Everyone enjoyed the peace of the desert, but they were very happy to return to civilization.

The Camel Hair Cluster was given to Mr. Watkins with the thanks of the group for his managing the trip so well.

Carolyn Hinds



V A L E N T I N E ' S D A Y

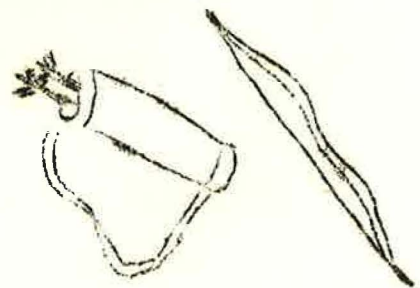
The girls of the seventh and eighth grades had a Valentine's Day party. It was held from four till seven o'clock after school. Everyone drew pieces of paper that told what each one was to wear. People came dressed in jeans, shorts, everyday clothes, pajamas, and bathing suits.

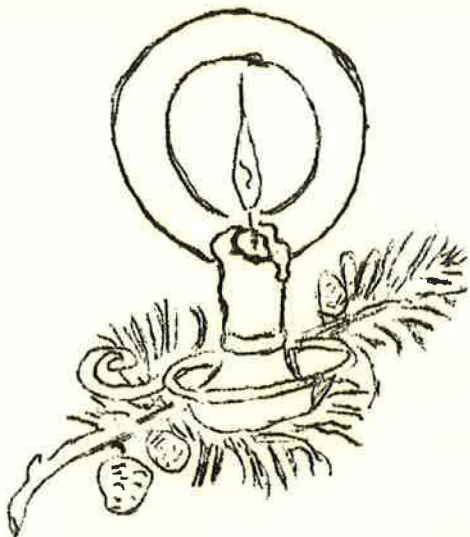
After the parade of costumes several games were played and then everyone went outside for the big event of the party - the food. After everyone was stuffed there was still time enough left to play a few more games before study hall started.

Much to everyone's regret, study hall time finally rolled around and broke up a wonderful party.

The little kids also had their own party. They played games outdoors under the leadership of Miss McClymonds. They ate their suppers outside, too.

Pam Parr





THE CHRISTMAS

PROGRAM

The Schutz Christmas program opened with a clash of chimes, the toot of flutes, and the squeak of harmony pipes played by the fifth through eighth grades. The conductor of this great band was Mr. Paul McClanahan, Jr. Later the band accompanied the lower grades in their song, "Jingle Bells".

Next a short play, "The Happy Prince", was given by the first through fourth grades. All went smoothly! No one forgot a speech.

Following this, Miss Martin's class did pantomines and dances for each letter in the word "Christmas". Each act had something to do with the Christmas spirit.

Last of all the High school had the manger scene erected on the stage while they recited from memory Philips' version of the first chapter in Luke. Everybody sang "Silent Night" when the curtain dropped for the last time.

Hark! Bells! Where are they coming from? OH! Yes! the big event of the evening has arrived - Santa Claus!!!! Remarking that his sleigh had gotten stuck in the desert and that the weather was slightly warmer he at once set to work. Presents were distributed, and then the refreshments were served: coffee or cocoa and cookies of all kinds!



THE HALL OF HORRORS

The annual Hall of Horrors this year wasn't too hot but some people liked it. The people on the committee were Frankie Watkins, Paul McClanahan, and David Ammon. Paul Peachy and Dale Mankamyer helped out at the last minute. We decided to lead the kids all over on a wild goose chase after they had been blindfolded. We then led them up to the McClanahan roof and into the rooms that Dale and Peachy live in. We had made a tape recording of some queer sounds and the talking of a witch.



After this was played we took the kids into another room. First we told them to feel the intestines of a dead man - cooked spaghetti (someone had suggested that we use chicken innards). Next we told them to feel the eyeballs of a human - really peeled grapes.

Then if they hadn't fainted or gotten sick, we told them to drink some blood that was, of all things, raw eggs.

When that was all over, we led them around for awhile. When their blindfolds were taken off the kids found themselves in front of Schutz. Then we all went in and had refreshments.

Paul McClanahan

D
O
G
S

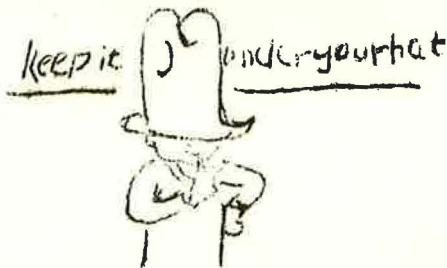
by Penny Pollock



Dogs creep slow and run fast.
Dogs, when they eat, gobble;
When they run, chase;
Oh, it's horrid to see
Dogs panting along chasing cats up trees.

Dogs fall in a heap
Too tired to sleep,
All panting for breath,
With their tongues hanging out,
With both ears open they're finally asleep.
Along walks a cat
And off goes the chase.

Dogs are good pets.
They don't even growl when you pet them,
They chase away rats
And bring home the kids
When brought up at serving their master.



WHAT WOULD SCHOOL BE LIKE IF WE DIDN'T HEAR EVERDYAY:

David Ammon	say	"Bah Hum bug"?
Glenn Jamison	say	"I never knew that before"?
Leland LaFont	say	"That's a dirty cheat"?
Jackie Jordan	say	"I didn't know we had to do <u>that</u> "?
Alice McClanahan	say	"Do we have to do <u>all</u> this"?
Margaret Philips	say	"Miss Martin, I'm going to get you for that"?
Nellie Webb	say	"That isn't fair"?
Gibby McGill	say	"You know, Miss Martin....."?
Peter Parr	say	"Funny, funny"?

Such is life in Miss Martin's room each day.

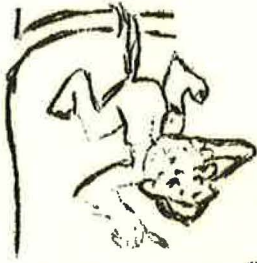
The Schutz School motto as unanimously selected by the faculty and staff is:

" I FORGOT "

Miss Martin

* * * * *

Ammon's cook wants to quit. He says he cannot be a good Christian there -- for the Bible says, "you cannot serve God and m-Ammon".



" A S C H U T Z

B E D - T I M E

S T O R Y "

Here's a funny tale!

Once upon a time, a Webb, no reflections on a spider, was making her way to a pool---it might be called a small Pollock---in the Jordon, where many fish abounded. These fish all breathed by means of their McGills. Many Reeds and rushes surrounded the river, as Webb stooped to drink from La Font, as she was very thirsty.

A Parr-t of the river was shaded, and here Webb spied-er fish.

"What kind of fish are you?" inquired Webb, "that you Philip with all the colors of the rainbow?"

"I", said the fish, "am one of Hinds' fifty-seven varieties to be found here. But wait, I'm in a Jam-son. I bit into a hook and Amm-on tight. Please find Watkins and see---Kenny help me or not. If he won't help me, see Mac, and ask will Mac-lon-a-han to help me?"

To make a long story short, a Kraft-y Martin came swimming by, and put an end to the fish's misery. Sew-all you children can close your eyes and go to sleep. Good-night all.

Unkie Bill Philips
or
Pop "Corn" Philips

W H A T I F

What if the Girls cleaned up their rooms.

What if the big Boys went to bed quietly one night.

What if Miss Soule wanted to have school inside.

What if Charles found nothing to criticize.

What if somebody sat between Willis and Penny.

What if Jeannie did one assignment.

What if Eddie made something that didn't work.

What if Jessie forgot to say "joy bells".

What if Eva got to class on time.

What if Paul spelled a word correctly.

What if Carolyn's heart forgot to murmur ----"Aaandie".

What if Pam didn't say, "I love you too".

What if Hans came to sports with a smile on his face.

What if Kim tied his shoes.

What if Bobby stopped worrying.

What if Miss Martin could pitch a ball.

What if Mr. Meloy sat with his feet on the floor.

What if everybody minded his own business.

What coincidences !



S P O R T S

D A Y

(W R I T E Y O U R O W N)





T H E

C L A S S

P R O P H E C Y

We, Eva, Jeannie, and Penny, were wandering through a circus one day when we came upon a small tent with a sign on it saying "Madam Maguire, Fortune Teller". We decided to go in and ask about our fortunes. We went in and sat down. Madam Maguire said a few magic words over her crystal ball, uncovered it and lo and behold we saw:

Dr. Evangeline M. Kenny standing there in a tangled-up white gown that was on backwards. She was standing on part of it so as not to get her shoes soiled. She was giving a lecture to a group of students who were paying little attention: instead they were gazing interestedly at her long stringy pony tail. She had whizzed through high school, college, and medical school so fast that the Psychologists began to wonder. It was later found out that she was a genius (ahem) that she was nearer insanity than anything else. Hopes of best recovery, Dr. Kenny!

Next the scene shifted to gaze upon Miss Jeannie Jordan putting her younger boarders to bed. She went out and closed the door which immediately burst open and a shower of insults rained upon her. She went back and demanded an apology which was answered by Franky Watkins, Jr. questioning innocently (ha ha), "What is an apology?" Thus was the life that Miss Jordan led as matron of Schutz, Alexandria.

The ball whirled around again and we saw Miss Penny Sue Pollock serving with much patience a bunch of noisy, mischievous, and ravenous Schutz kids. They were traveling down to Alex for school on a Misr(able?) old airplane on which she was a stewardess. After each trip she always had a nervous breakdown from the strain of it. We hope that time that we saw her will be different for her.

Then Madam Maguire asked if we wanted to see the fortunes of our friends. We answered, "Yes", and so she said some more magic words over her ball and we saw Dr. Paul H. McClanahan living in the slums of Princeton where he has a little shack with a sign saying: "Dr. Paul H. McClanahan, Veterinarian". He took in and tried to treat any of the stray dogs and cats that came around. But we were sorry to learn but were not much surprised that hardly any of them survived. Better luck in the future, doctor!

The scene shifted to Rev. Eddie Pollock, the Jack of All Trades, who had finished high school; gone through college, and seminary, and taken courses in building. He went to the mission field in the Sudan, where he tried to start the building of sky scrapers but his efforts to encourage the natives to live in them failed. And that was what we saw him doing then. We also learned that sometimes when he was preaching he would start out telling about the fall of Jericho, etc. and would end up telling the faults of the walls that fell down. Keep your mind on your subject next time, Rev. Pollock.

The ball whirled around and there was Miss Carolyn K. Hinds standing in a school room in front of a large world map. She had become the most famous history teacher in the world, who had a romantic heart which managed to murmur once in a while 'Andy - Andy', like Dr. Kraft first heard. We learned that she leads a solitary life and is a typical old maid.

We then saw Herr Hans B. Schaffner sitting in a room with Dr. Paul H. McClanahan looking at pictures of glamorous girls. Herr Schaffner had come over to America as a dishwasher on the Queen Mary where he had met the aged Marilyn Monroe. She thought he was such a cute little guy that she financed his travels around the world as a traveling photographer. But he always ended up spending his money and film on beautiful girls. Later on in life he met up with Dr. Paul McClanahan where we saw them in the crystal ball. We couldn't see the pictures which they were looking at very clearly but we wondered if any of them were Schutz girls!

As you all know (ahem) Franklin Watkins' high ambition in school was to be an orator. So when the ball shifted again we saw Mr. Watkins giving a speech to the wild Mau Maus in Uganda because they were the only ones who would listen to his terrific talks on mutiny! Great ideas Mr. Watkins.

Eighth Grade

T H E C L A S S W I L L

Eddie bequeaths his carpentry ability to Kim so that he can make new paddles for Mr. Meloy when he breaks them over Kim.

Carolyn leaves her reputation as a stringbean to Kathy so that she can catch up to her true love, Paul.

Hans leaves his talent for swimming (ha! ha!) to Pam, hoping she will do wonders with it for him.

Paul bequeaths his ability to be corny to Margie so she can keep up with the rest of Schutz School.

Penny leaves her excellent left-hand writing to Jackie because he can make use of it.

Franky bequeaths his stutter to Glenn so he can decrease his vocabulary.

Jeannie bequeaths her fried termites to Alice in hopes that she will gain some weight.

Eva leaves her talkativeness to Henry so he will speak up and get in on things sometimes.

Eddie bequeaths his broad chest and muscular arms to David McClanahan.

Carolyn leaves her romantic heart to Bobby so he will find more love for girls in the future.

Hans leaves his big ears to Glenn so he can hear his assignments.

AUTOGRAPH
BOOK

The Goose and the Moose

Once a goose
Caught a moose
And a gamoose
When it was loose.
Then the moose

Said to the goose,
"I'll give you faloose
If you'll let me loose."

"Well", said the goose
"First let me bite you wiss a toose,"

"O.K.", said the moose.

"Hurry and let me loose."

"Well", said the goose,

"Se same wiss youss, Mr. Gamoose.

So hurry and run loose."

Bibby McGill

* * * * *

Miss Soule: "Hans, what's a Grecian urn?"

Hans: "That depends on what he does for a living."

Miss Murdock: "You were a tidy boy, Jackie, not to throw your
orange peelings on the dining room floor. Where'd
you put them?"

Jackie: "I put them in Miss Soule's handbag!"

Miss Soule: "Why do we use soap?"

Jackie: "That's what I'd like to know."

Second Class Scout: "I do all the cooking for this troop and
what do I get? Nothing!"

First Class Scout: "You're lucky. We get indigestion!"

Eva: "How can you do so many stupid things in one day?"

Jessie: "I get up early."

Hans to Miss Murdock: "I'm sore at Eddie. He threw my pants
out the window."

Miss Murdock: "Well that won't hurt you!"

Hans: "No? I was in them!"

Kimmy, who is missing his front teeth, "I used to live in a
neighborhood (Cairo) that if you had teeth you were a sissy."