

## EDITORIAL

## To Whom It May Concern—

Recently the Railspitter Staff was the recipient of an anonymous letter pertaining to the last edition of the paper; I would like at this time to publish openly my answer to it.

One of the main complaints of the writer (or writers, whom I shall refer to as "anonymous") was that the "paper fails to give recognition to ALL the deserving students, but instead gives it repeatedly to the same ones." The Railspitter door is open to anyone who is able to furnish us with news; it will always be appreciated. However, it seems only fair to those, who have been commended time after time, that I firmly state—all of them have been deserving of their commendations. "To err is only human" and naturally I admit that possibly a few deserving students may have been slighted, but on the whole, more students who deserved to be recognized were than were not.

Another complaint of "anonymous" was that the Railspitter has the tendency to "cover the activities of only a certain circle. Why?" Well, it only seems reasonable to say—"This 'certain circle' which is referred to, is the wheel that keeps the school activities humming. Without it there would be no extra-activities. The students in this circle are the ones who care enough about the school to work hard in its activities. Why shouldn't they be recognized?"

Then "anonymous" states, "There is the Industrial Arts and Building Trades Department. How many students know the location of, or that there is a house under construction by Mr. Alde and these boys!"

My answer to that is simply—look in the December 18 issue of the paper, page six, third and fourth columns. If the students do not know of the work done by the Building Trades Department, it is through no fault of the Railspitter Staff; all we can do is publish the news; we can not force them to read it.

Seriously now, I challenge you, "anonymous" consider your criticism; certainly some of it was constructive, but on the other hand some of it clearly displays that you do not have a thorough knowledge of both sides of the issue. I regret that you did not feel that your opinions were constructive enough to allow you to sign your name to the letter. \*

—The Editor.

## MacMurray College Offers Variety Of Opportunities

MacMurray College for Women and MacMurray College for Men are located at Jacksonville, Ill. The better known women's college founded in 1846, was one of the first institutions of higher learning for women. The newer men's college was founded in 1955 and admitted its first class of men in 1957. Both colleges offer liberal education, creative work, social responsibility, personal growth, vocational opportunities, and an atmosphere for religious faith.

The campus consists of sixteen buildings, adjacent to downtown Jacksonville, including a recreation cabin on a six acre tract, a modern chapel, and a 60,000 volume library.

The faculty is composed of a competent body of over 70 men and women, one half of whom

have their doctorates from leading universities of the United States and Europe.

Although essentially a liberal arts college, MacMurray also offers specialized courses in fine arts, home economics, education, health and physical education, nursing, music, drama and speech, engineering and pre-professional courses in law, medicine, and theology.

Charges for resident students per two-semester year is \$1,650. This figure includes room, board, tuition and fees. Students may receive financial aid through loan funds, scholarships, grants, employment, and endowed scholarships. Further information on MacMurray college can be obtained from Mr. Buscher in room 108.

## Dear Lola

By LOLA PARSNIPS

"... The New Year's Eve we did the town. . . ." " . . . the night we got acquainted at the airport. . . ." " . . . the distribution of paint for the beautification of cars. . . ." " . . . We will have these moments (?) to remember?!" And so goes the swan song of the smiling, (why not — they're graduating, aren't they?) seniors! These "halls of ivy" (well, we couldn't afford ivy, but the brick has held up — so far!) won't be the same (is that good?) without those 168 homo sapiens who will soon receive their "sheep skins". (Those are diplomas for readers who don't comprehend my confusing speech!)

Since this is the last of the great(?) Mohicans — well let's say Lincolnites — I'm devoting this issue to them — cheez kids, its not much, you don't have to thank me (oh blush, snicker, sigh and gosh!) Who can ever forget (perhaps some would like to) the day the girls started taking showers in P.E., those occasional "skips" from afternoon classes, the detentions after similar escapades, and the 'brawls' in the lunch lines.

Some notorious nicknames shall pass from these walls (if they don't get caught) perhaps never more to be uttered (screamed or roared) again — recognize any of these graduates: (I hope they're graduating) "Bozo", "Ivan", "Sleepy", "Worthless", "Will", "Sluggler", "Red", "Stymie", "Fats", and "Moose".

That is all there is for this year. (That means my two years of diligent work is over.) I would like at this time to identify myself (Sally Heinzl) and say farewell to all.

Lola Parsnips

## "Graduation Day"

Dear Janie,

School is almost over and as graduation draws nearer, I start to realize how wonderful these last four years have been.

My first year was the most interesting — everything was so new and different. We had just moved to Lincoln from "National City". I cried because I missed my old friends so much. It was only my "Young Emotions". Soon everything was bright again and it looked like plenty of "Green-fields" were in my future.

My sophomore year was exciting because, during that year, I met Johnny. It must have been "Good Timin'". After school was out for that year, Johnny asked me to go to the county fair with him. At the fair, he won a darling little clown for me. We couldn't decide what to name it. We finally settled on calling it just "Cathy's Clown".

During my third year, Johnny asked me to go steady; with him. I also got my first formal — "Pink Chiffon". I remember how Johnny and I made "Paper Roses" for the prom decorations.

And now, as if by magic, my senior year is nearly gone. I could name at least "Sixteen Reasons" why I would like to live these years again. Of course I remember how I stayed up every "Night" studying, but it was really worth it. Just a few more days remain. Soon high school, for me, will be a memory.

With much love,  
Cathy

"Success in life is a matter, not so much of talent or opportunity, as of perseverance."—C. W. Windle.

"Education is for the mind what food is for the body."—Aron.

## What Does the Future Hold?

By Marge Sager

I remember the day when I arrived,  
As I walked up the stairs thru the door.  
The vast long halls that my eyes derived,  
Were too much for me to adore.

But time however passes quickly by,  
And now the time has come,  
For sad farewells, that may make us cry.  
When we depart from here.

I'll always remember as I walk out those doors,  
That these are the doors of my past.  
And I'll travel a new road wherever it goes,

To carry out my tasks.  
For thru these doors and within these walls,  
My character has found it's way,  
That with God's help and through God's will  
I'll graduate this Friday.



We salute

THE GRADS