

Students' lack of school pride evident

Where were you when Green Stamps were needed to help send our orchestra to Missoula, Montana? Where were you when the "Moola for Missoula" buttons were sold and donations readily accepted? If you were not there, then you are a member of the majority of apathetic students who feel little pride in their school.

Our orchestra has been given a great honor, that of performing for a regional conference of music educators, but without the student body's help they will be unable to attend. So far our response has been small and long-in-coming.

The minimal amount still needed to send the orchestra to Montana is over \$400. The Green Stamp drive profited only \$200 from a student body of over 2800. With such a poor response it would appear as though students didn't care if the orchestra would be able to attend or not.

Our orchestra has afforded us with an honor and responsibility. The honor is that they have been chosen as the orchestra to attend the conference from this region, and the responsibility is ours to support their needs.

We are not only letting the orchestra down, but also ourselves when we refuse to support them. Have pride in your school, and give as much as you can during the reg room drive Wednesday and Thursday to send our orchestra to Missoula, Montana.

'Thank you' to cafeteria staff due

Amid cries of "Look, lady, I said a hot dog—maybe it was a hamburger—I think—," the cafeteria staff of Mrs. Viola Runyon and 18 other ladies handle the complaints and the crowds with aptness and ease.

Mrs. Runyon's cafeteria staff is polite, courteous and helpful to our too often rude student body. The merits of our cafeteria staff are appreciated, but taken for granted. We would like to call attention to the able job these people are doing for us every day.

Working a collective total of 119 hours per-day, the ladies and their 30 student helpers are to be commended for work beyond the call of duty. The cafeteria staff handles, besides three lunch periods, the teachers' cafeteria, innumerable luncheons, banquets and dinners. Last week they fed hundreds of boys during the All-City wrestling meet.

Several executive councils and principals from other Portland high schools have visited the cafeteria and admired the way all problems and distribution of food have been handled—smoothly shifting from one lunch period into the next, with a minimum of fuss. The only real problems seem to come from the students themselves—litter and rudeness.

Extending our thanks to the cafeteria staff is only one way of showing sincere appreciation. The best way to say "thank you" would be for students to handle the litter problem by not creating one in the first place.

Cooperation is the best way to make the cafeteria a clean, comfortable place in which to eat. The cafeteria staff is doing their part—are you?



John Kennedy's death futilely recalled

The book *The Death of a President* may appear to be terribly unreal fiction written by a man with some kind of morbid outlook on life. But to those who lived through those days in November, the book will appear too real.

This reporter experienced the sickening feelings of those days all over again. Upon completing the serialization of this the most controversial book of our time, I could not help but feel that it was unnecessary

to bring the whole thing up again. Perhaps it is the freshness of the three-year-old tragedy that makes one shudder as he reads the cold facts of the assassination of President John Kennedy.

It is obvious that one one has forgotten the hate that caused this nation's youngest president to be shot down. No one need be reminded of the blood-splattered widow who stood next to the new President as he was given the oath of his office.

Speaking to Mrs. Anna Tempest's first period third-year French class last week was Ralph Bassett, supervisor of foreign languages of the Portland Public schools.

Mr. Bassett has given an introduction to a unit on French poetry that is usually taught to the fourth and fifth-year classes.

"The program was started four years ago," commented Mr. Bassett. Poetry is the last step—the most difficult to understand in another language. I was interested in seeing if poetry could be taught with three years of language behind it."

He used examples from twentieth century poets. An example is the poem "Le Chancere" by Prevert, about a dunce.

*Il dit non avec la tete
mais il dit oui avec le coeur
il dit oui a ce qu'il aime
il dit non au professeur
... sur le tableau noir du malheur
il dessine le visage du bonheur.*

(He says yes with his head, but he says no with his heart. He says yes to what he likes, but he says no to the professor ... on the blackboard of unhappiness he draws the face of happiness.)

"You can't really translate poetry into one language from another," added Mr. Bassett. "It takes away the sense of feeling the beauty of the language."

Costly but healthy...

Protective apple-growing expensive



WASHINGTON ORCHARDIST Dennis Falk speaks to biology classes in the new science wing on apple growing. Mr. Falk's talk included some of the "enemies" of apple growers.

Apples may be healthful but according to Washington orchardist Dennis Falk they are also expensive! Mr. Falk spoke to the biology classes of George Zahn, Lee Ryker, Robert Shewbert, and Mrs. Mary Mott on the highlights of growing apples.

About 60 acres of Cascade foothills are covered with more than 3,000 of Mr. Falk's apple trees. He has been in the apple-growing business for 10 years. With each new crop Mr. Falk tries more than 15 different kinds of sprays in search for the one that will best protect his crops.

Along with new sprays, experimental fertilizers, which are developed by Mr. Falk's brother, are also being tested. Together they have compiled careful records of these tests for future use.

"Mostly we experiment to find out what others can't tell us about the effects of the certain chemicals on apple trees," explained Mr. Falk.

In his speech, Mr. Falk went into some of the problems an orchardist runs into and how to solve them. The crop's main enemy is nature. The ground expenses in protective equipment against nature almost equals that of his earnings.

The money he makes must go to pay for planting, pruning, fertilizing, spraying, and weed control.

Also included in the "outgoing money" list are thinning, harvesting, and mouse control. What is left is profit. Mr. Falk sells his fruit through private outlets in Washington.

On The Shelf by Marilyn Leonard

Nor need we be reminded that for a moment this country's highly praised security force had lost their "first" president. Also fresh in our minds is the monotony of the ever-beating drums and the small, suddenly saddened little boy saluting his father for the last time.

The book brings all this back as well as some new and unknown facts about the assassination. The unknown incidents that struck panic in all those concerned.

The incident of the coroner who was not going to let the body of any murder victim leave Dallas without an autopsy. The Kennedy "people" almost entered a fist fight with this persistent little man over the body of a man who seemed destined to be the center of attraction.

Once aboard Air Force One, which had already been taken over by Johnson "people" (those who could accept reality and the change of power), the "Kennedys" met with further opposition. They discovered that the plane could not take off until President Johnson was sworn in.

Panic struck among them. What if someone tried to take the body? What about Mrs. Kennedy—hadn't she been through enough? All their questions went unanswered as both the weather and the men in Dallas grew hotter.

These are the new twists to the old story of the not so old assassinations. The book brings out the moods of the people who run this country. These moods in this crisis, if known to the public at that time, could have caused widespread panic; for when the leaders of a nation panic, so do the people of that nation.

For these are the people who can not bear to read about the horror that Jacqueline Kennedy, the Connells, agent Clint Hill, and a few doctors and nurses alone saw. Perhaps the Kennedy "spell" is still upon us and that is why some of us cannot bring ourselves to read this book.

The serialization is carried by Look magazine, and is in the library.

Male drivers to receive council's courtesy cards

Courtesy cards will be distributed to high school drivers by the Greater Portland Inter-High Safety council in order to promote courteous teen-age drivers.

Male drivers between the ages of 16 and 19 are eligible for these cards if they promise to help motorists in distress. They may render help with flat tires, stalled engines or simply calling for a repair truck.

"The cards may be obtained in room 120," stated Mike Hoffman, student body president. "They will be given to any male licensed drivers who will use them."

After helping a distressed motorist, the teen-age driver gives him the courtesy card showing his name and school. Often a grateful motorist will send his courtesy card to the Traffic Safety commission along with a letter so the student responsible will receive proper recognition.



READING FRENCH POETRY to third year French classes is Ralph Bassett, city foreign language department chairman. Mr. Bassett was visiting Mrs. Anna Tempest's classes last Thursday and Friday, and Monday.

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