



# THE BREEZE

Vol. 3, No. 3

FAIRFIELD JUNIOR HIGH, RICHMOND, VA., APR. 30, 1964

50¢ Per Year

## Students receive letters

Monday, April 6, Mr. Wilkinson gave out school letter awards to the ninth graders who had earned them for first semester. Those earning letters for citizenship were: Candace Gorham and she also received a star, Sue Burton, Sue Connatser, Beckie Goin, Chris Layne, Jo Anne Meador, Paula Tunstall, and Kenneth Zuraw. Those earning a letter for music were: Eleanor Ogburn, who also received two stars, Dorothy Brown, Tommy Pearson, Jay Siddens, Stewart Whitlow, and Nancy Young, who each also received one star, and Catherine Lekman, Linda McDowell, Norman Sadler, Tommy Smith, and Bernard Veronee. Diana Davis and Regina Gardner received a letter for cheerleading. Wayne Warren and Jimmy Stewart were awarded a letter for basketball. Butch Burrows and Billy Young were awarded a letter for football.

These students who had previously earned letters were awarded stars: Nicky Geer, three stars, Dennis Newcomb, three stars, Steve Chapman, two stars, Judy Nauman, two stars, and Suzanne Varnier, two stars. The following were awarded one star: Linda Bricker, Barbara Cabell, Rhonda Coakley, Jamie Cutler, Linda Davenport, Isabell Ferguson, Pam Garnett, Brenda Griggs, Bettina Groome, Charles Hague, Mary Hart, Margaret Llewellyn, Pat Livingston, Sandra Merters, Norma Morris, John Saunders, Lynn Stitzer, Judy Thornton, Donald Thurston, Patricia Wirtz, Ricky Zeigler, and Linda Edmonds.

### A Gallant Man

A gallant man was General MacArthur, The hero of three wars was he. He died at the age of eighty-four—The great soldier in history. Three presidents will mourn his death. Last Sunday was the sad day. "Old soldiers never die, They just fade away." Proud Virginia will hold him now—Norfolk's Memorial to his fame. Generations will be visiting there To pay tribute to his fame.

Ricky Combs

### Alone at night

Alone at night I often think  
Of things that might have been,  
Of ages long ago  
And the littleness of men.  
I often wonder why I came  
Into this world so vile,  
And why I am me  
And not some other child.  
If only things were different  
And I were not so old.  
I would not dare trade my life  
For someone else's soul.

—Gwen Page

### Wait, for what?

Today we sit and wait,  
For what?  
Tomorrow.  
We don't know what it will bring—  
Maybe joy, maybe sorrow.  
But we have patience;  
We can wait.  
At last it's here—  
Tomorrow,  
But it's only today.  
Today is yesterday's tomorrow.

—Sharon Shipman

## 14 Vie for May Queen

This year's candidates for May Queen are: Nancy Ballard, Linda Burgess, Sue Cannatser, Cindy Council, Margaret Creasy, Diann Davis, Brenda Griggs, Jeanne Harris, Sue Madison, Betsy Pierce, Joan Porter Pat Porter, Pat Simpson and Linda Yates.

Posters will be put in the library on April 20. Elections will be held in the homeroom by secret ballot on April 24. The queen will be crowned at the May Dance on May 1st in the gym. This dance will be held from 7:30-10:00 to allow time for the festivities.

The theme for this dance will be "Some Enchanted Evening," and will be carried out with blue and silver decorations and using stars and garden scenes.

## FJHS rates tops in music festivals

The annual *Band Festival* was had at Highland Springs High School, on March 14. The varsity and junior varsity bands of Fairfield attended. The varsity band was judged by Mr. Herb Carter, director of music at East Carolina College; Mr. Lave Davis, director of music at the University of Virginia; and Mr. Charles Varnier, director of music at William and Mary College. The FJHS varsity band received an excellent rating. It played *650 East, Ballet Music from Prince Egar*, and *Smoky Mountain Suite*. The junior varsity band was judged by Mr. Milton Cherry, director of music at R.P.I. Mr. Edward Mirr, director of music at R.P.I. and Mr. R. D. Ward, director of music at Randolph Macon. The junior varsity band received a superior rating. It played *Look Forward, La Comparsita and Andantae*.

The *Choral Festival* was held at Fairfield, on April 4. Fairfield had four choral groups attending the festival. The choral groups were judged by Mr. Wayne Battery, Chairman of the Music Department at R.P.I.; Mr. Warren Sprouse, Supervisor of Music at Bel Air Maryland; and Mr. John Ackley, Supervisor of Music at Portsmouth Virginia. The a-capella choir, 8th and 9th grade girls chorus and the 7th grade girls chorus received superior ratings at the festival. The a-capella choir sang *Alleluia* and *Adoramus Te*; the 8th and 9th grade girls chorus sang the *Blue Swan* and *Lord Most Holy* and the 7th grade girls sang *Break forth Beautiful Heavily Light* and *Christopher Robin*. The 7th grade mixed chorus sang *A Ligtise* and *All in the April Evening* and received an excellent rating. The ensembles, madrigals and soloists were judged by Mr. Charles Troxell, retired director of John Marshall. Directed by Linda Popke, the ensemble participants were Jeannie Harris, Debbie Dansby, Sherry Plyler, Bucky Graves, Lynn Stitzer, Sharon Austin, Donna Austin and Ann Bottoms. The ensemble sang *The Nightingale* and received a superior rating. Fairfield also had a madrigal group directed by Pam Garnett. The participants were Sandra Mertens, Brenda Griggs, Judy Maxwell, Judy Nawman, Steve Thurston, Jay Suddons, Joe Johnson and Jimmy Frizzell. They sang *My Bonnie Lass* and received superior rating. Fairfield had one soloist Linda Poindexter. She sang *The Italian Street Song* and received a superior.

## Featured Teachers

Mrs. Evelyn DeYoung is a seventh grade math and science teacher who has red hair and hazel eyes. Mrs. DeYoung graduated from Radford College. She has two older brothers and one younger sister.

This summer Mrs. DeYoung and her husband will move to Blacksburg where she will teach math in Roanoke City. She will also take with her their dog, named Baron of Saint Claire, who is a black German Shepherd.

In her spare time, Mrs. DeYoung sews, cooks, paints, and watches television. She loves instrumental music and especially likes the Chad Mitchell Trio. She likes the Beatles, too, especially Paul. Her favorite foods are Pepsi, steak, potato chips and almost anything eatable.

When asked what she thinks of Fairfield, Mrs. DeYoung replied, "I like it very much and I'll hate to leave it when I move this summer."

Miss Betty Haney, a world history teacher, is one of the featured teachers of this issue of the Breeze. She attended Marion Junior College and received her degree from Madison. She has been teaching for 5½ years.

Ruckersville is Miss Haney's hometown, where she has a 15 year old brother in the 9th grade. She also has a sister teaching here at Fairfield.

In her spare time Miss Haney enjoys reading, dancing, and listening to records.

She has exciting plans for the summer including marriage to "Mickey" Woodward. Mr. Woodward is an engineering graduate of V.M.I.

## Elections are near

It's election time again at Fairfield for the coming year's SCA and Honor Council officers. Candidates will present their campaign speeches at an assembly on April 29, but official campaigning began April 27. The results of the election, which is to be held May 1 by secret ballot, will be announced that night at the May Dance.

Running for the office of vice-president of the S.C.A. are: Wellford Dowdy, Ronnie Lane, and Cindy Whitehurst. All of these candidates are seventh graders, and all of them maintain above average grades in their schoolwork as well as participate actively in the S.C.A. and in other organizations within and outside the school.

Seeking the office of secretary are Julie Ann Jackson and Donnie Gonnard. Julie is a member of the FTA, FHA, and Pep Club here at Fairfield. Donnie is an honor roll student who is, among other activities, an S.C.A. representative.

The office of treasurer will be entrusted to Rosemary Mann or Loretta Meek. Both of these students are A and B students with many interests and activities. Some of Rosemary's include her church work and homeroom office of treasurer. Loretta's include the Pep Club and FTA.

Candidates for the Honor Council are: president—Sharon Peacock and Susan Howell; vice-president—Joe Powell and Wayne Conner; and secretary—Carolyn Dew and Lynn Wright. The winners of this election will be installed at the June meeting, which will mark the first Honor Council Installation for Fairfield.

## Honor roll names many

The honor roll for the fourth six weeks was high. Those in the seventh grade who made all A's were Robert Holmes AA-1, Bill McDonald, Nancy Gerber, Janet Hawkins, Laura Vaughan AA-5, Ronnie Lane, Billy Schulze, Alma Spellman D-1, Faye Durvin D-4, Cathy Smith D-9, Linda Parsons D-10 and those who made A's and B's were Craig Beagle, Jack Hill, Klaus Illig, Ronnie Jones, Victor Sorrell, Robert Watts, Tommy Le Touche, Connie Burke, Maria Givens, Jacqueline Kahn, Rose Mary Mann, Barbara Price, Cindy Whitehurst AA-1, Sherry Barker AA-2, Audrey Rouse, Gail Gossage AA-3, Brenda Moren, Mary Miller, Kenneth Byrne, Ellen Mathews, David Gulick, Steve Thompson, Janet Mincz, Brenda Kyle, Jerrie Cutler, Elizabeth Reid AA-4, Nancy Boshier, Pamela Brooks, Betty Wright AA-5, Mary Lee Atkinson, Loretta Meek AA-6, Allen Ferguson AA-12, David Nobles, Steve Doane, Jim Davis, Billy Mathney, Eugene Hannah D-1, Stephany Wilson, Linda Twombly, Charlotte Pritchett, Janis Martin, Riddick Stephen, Michael Lane D-3, Cindy Kaufelt, Brenda Lawton, John Sattamaier, Teresa Singer, Bonnie Mitzmann D-4, Barbara Menth, Donnie Journey, Sandal Cox, Sally Duke D-9, Tommy Casey, Henry Kulp, Pam Chenault, Kathy Ellis, Janet Huber, Barbara Lee D-10.

In the eighth grade the only person who made straight A's was Billy Bost A-2. Those in the eighth grade who made A's and B's were Brenda Locklear, Linda Gough, Linda Poindexter, Frances McCauley A-1, Csiki Gissela, Joyce Moore, Sharon Peacock A-3, Sandra Eaton, Susan Paul, Mary Lou Utley, Elaine Tucker A-4, Linda Luck, Janet Davidson, Kathryn Ferguson, Wayne Huband A-5, Gale Noel, Carolyn Cecil, Karen Ladd A-10, Carol Campbell, Bonnie S. Tureman, Jimmy Smith, Barbara Pervis A-11, Lynne Powell, Mike Williams, Frances Aliff, Chris Wine A12, John Frayer, William Kimmey, Rebecca Graves A-13, Charles Brown, Steve Johnson, Eddie Patton, Ann Felts, Diane Gooding, Pat Goodman, Catherine Talman, Gail Throckmorton, Kathy Vaughan E-1, Daphne Gooding, Gloria Cooper, Wanda Collins, Sally Lance E-4, Russell Smiley, Janet Bauer, Allyne Verelle, Bonnie Williams F-6, Beverly Huber, Debby Stuart, Linda Wagner, Gary Whitehurst, Lynn Wright H-5, Hallie Dickinson, Steve Baldwin, Sandra Nuckols H-5.

Those in the ninth grade who made straight A's were Suzanne Varnier C-7, Rhonda Coakley, Dee Nicholson C-14, Jamie Cutler C-16, Pat Wirtz F-5, Bettina Groome J. 4. Those who made A's and B's were Linda Ayers, Isabell Ferguson, Brenda Griggs, Linda McDowell C-5, Charles Hague, Linda Keyser C-6, Peggy Seay, Eleanor Ogburn, Joan Hudson C-7, Betty Stanley, Betsy Pierce, Jack Stanley, Betsy Pierce, Jack Byrne, Billie Grunks, Brenda Prichett C-8, Tommy Smith, Louie Radrigez C-13, Patricia Edwards, Candace Gorham, Dorothy Brown, Catherine Lehman C-14, Gisela Altenkirch, Gwen Page, Carolyn Tittle, Ronnie Goodman, Paula Tunstall, Michael Schwantke C-15, Freeman Russ, Charlie Sumrell, Pat Porter, Patsy Woosley C-16, Billy Seay, Bonnie Luck, Edith Mooney, Kay Plyler, Beckie Goin F-5, Nancy Ballard, Mary Hart H-12, Tommy Lapacka, Ronnie Palmer H-13, Pam Garnett J-4.

## Featured Falcons



Jamie Cutler is an attractive ninth grade girl who has blonde hair and blue eyes. She is very active in various activities here at Fairfield. She sings first soprano in the Girls Chorus. As the SCA representative from her homeroom, she has worked on a number of SCA projects and committees, including the Neatness Week Committee. Jamie's name frequently appears on the Honor Roll.

The subjects she is taking include biology, English, Latin, geometry, chorus and physical education, of which her favorite is her math. Jamie plans to further her knowledge even during the summer by learning to type and to dive.

No doubt she will spend some time also eating her favorite food, pizza, and listening to her favorite record, "My Heart Belongs to Only You."

Jamie is very interested in teaching the deaf as a vocation. She hopes to attend a special school in Tennessee which will prepare her for this work.



Jim Whitlow is a very busy, nice looking ninth grade boy with brown hair and blue eyes. Jim is well-known here at Fairfield as the president of the Student Cooperative Association. He was prepared for this office last year as he worked with the SCA as the vice president, an office to which he was elected while he was in the seventh grade at Seven Pines. He was president of the SCA at that school also. Jim says that he has enjoyed very much working with SCA. He has certainly done a good job.

Being a member of the Varsity basketball team was also a joy to him. He is active outside school as a member of two church groups, the RA's and the MYF.

Jim's subjects include Latin, English, geometry, science, physical education, and a study hall which is used for SCA work. His summer plans involve eating steak, swimming and dining, and traveling to Pennsylvania.

Jim plans to attend college and eventually become a lawyer.

Taking his son for a train ride, a Scotsman bought a half-fare child's ticket.

"How old are you, son?" asked a suspicious conductor.

"Eleven," replied the boy as previously instructed.

"When will you be twelve?"

"As soon as I get off the train."

Professor: How old would a person be who was born in 1894?  
Student: Man or woman,

# Editorials

2 + 2 = 5

Practically every time there is conversation among junior high school students, there is gossip. Gossip has been well defined as putting two and two together, and making it five. If all persons knew what each said of the other there would be no friends.

Students gossip for a variety of reasons. The student whose personality is not good enough to make him the center attraction may turn to gossip to attract attention. Although his friends may listen to him, they will never like or respect him for spreading rumors.

Another reason a student gossips is to make himself look superior to his classmates. Those who listen to him will soon be bored of hearing him talk about everybody. No one likes the person who carries rumors. On the contrary, most students will admire someone who never gossiped.

Besides defaming his own character, the gossip will always leave a black mark on some person's reputation, which only time can erase. Even a small mistake someone committed will spread through the school like a forest fire. After a rumor has been related four or five times, it is always unbelievably exaggerated. In the fifth grade, as a game, a teacher used to send four classmates out of the room. Next, she would tell a student in the room a short story. One student would then be sent back into the room, and the student would relate the story to him for memory as best he could. A second student would be sent in, and would be told the same story by the first student. This procedure went on until the last student had been told the story. When the last student told the story from memory and it was compared with the original story. The stories wouldn't match at all.

Gossip is harmless only if no one believes it or spreads it. So beware of it. Learn to spot the difference between truth and just another rumor. Remember that to repeat what has been told in confidence and exaggerate it is a common human fault. Try to keep away from gossip. If you cannot think of anything good to say about someone, just be quiet. Although the politician's "No Comment" is not informative, it is often safe and sane.

## Sam Slanders

Dear Sam Slanders,  
I have a problem which I am sure many other people have. It is, my chewing gum loses its flavor on the bedpost over night. What should I do?  
Stuck-Up

Dear Stuck-up,  
I would advise you to buy another piece of chewing gum.

Dear Sam Slanders,  
When I have visions I see orange elephants instead of pink ones. What should I do?  
Frog Eyes

Dear Frog Eyes,  
Try food coloring.

Dear Sam Slanders,  
I have a little problem. There is a mean boy in my math class who is always hitting on me. Every day he hits me either on my arm, leg, face, back, stomach, or he steps on my toes. He is always beating me up. What can I do?  
Bits & Pieces

Dear Bits & Pieces,  
I would advise you to practice your ducks and swings.

Dear Sam Slanders,  
Due to a birth defect, I'm as blind as a bat. This is a handicap because I can't write at all. Could you please tell me how to accomplish this?  
I. C. Black

Dear I. C.,  
As the law forbids the printing of Braille in our new newspaper, we are forced to leave your question unanswered.

## Game of a Yokel

Into my ears,  
Comes a faint call,  
And still I hear,  
Tho faint and small,  
Game of a yokel.  
Then closer heard,  
By weary me,  
Then quick the bird—  
I can now see  
The Whipperwill.  
I touched the trigger,  
Made careful aim,  
Fused the powder,  
And fell the game,  
Then all was still.  
Go there today,  
And hunt with them,  
And hear them say,  
I hear again—  
Game of a yokel.  
Charles Davis.

## FTA honors teachers

The Future Teachers of America is planning a teacher appreciation day for April 29. An F.T.A. member will be assigned to each teacher to help that teacher in any way possible. There will be refreshments for the teachers after school in the library. The members also have a surprise gift for each teacher.

May 8 will be Student Teaching Day. On this day members of the club will teach a class. Good luck, students!

## The Driver's Test

At first he lights a big cigar,  
And then the cop gets in the car.  
You turn the key, step on the brake,  
And then your stomach starts to ache.  
The cop sips his coffee from the cup;  
You try to figure how to back out.  
You shift the reverse and let off the clutch;  
You almost hit a man with a crutch.  
You're not too tense; your stomach's shifty.  
"Slow down, son, you're hitting fifty."  
Straight down Broad Street, turn at Main—  
All of a sudden you feel a pain.  
Although the pain was only slight,  
You ran straight through two red lights.  
Shift out of second; then hit first;  
You feel as though you're dying of thirst.  
You pull on the wheel with all your might;  
By now the cop's hair is just about white.  
Pull back to the station nice and slow,  
Hey! The accelerator's caught on your toe!  
You just can't reason; your forehead's cold;  
Too late now, you've hit the pole!  
You're stuck in the hospital,  
not for a rest,  
Hey, guess what! You flunked the test!  
Joe Johnson

## Correction

In the last edition of the *Breeze* there were only two finalists mentioned for the 4-H Talent Show. Calvin Martin was also a contestant in the show. Peggy Seay won a blue ribbon and a cash prize. Isabell Ferguson and Calvin won red ribbons.

## Recognize your name?

This Story opens at a lonely, Moss covered, *Grey Temple* in the East part of *Brittania* overlooking the *Waters of the North Seay*. The *Royall Duke of Lohwasser* had just finished *Eaton* a bowl of *Green Pease*, a piece of *Berry Pye* and a glass of *Orange Wne*. He was gazing out of a window *Sill* getting ready to cut his toenails when he saw a *Young Shepard* standing on a *Rock* yelling "Help! Help! The *Black King of Schwantke* is going to sail from *Holland* to invade *England* in an hour. Everyone get a *Gunn!*"

The Duke immediately instructed his *Paige to Rowe* to France for reinforcements. He knew that the *Black King of Schwantke* had a *Hart of Stone* and wouldn't leave one farmer unharmed. He would *Butcher* his cattle, steal his *Cash*, and cause poverty and *Payne* throughout England. For advice, the Duke sent for his field *Marshall* and *Seargent* at arms to meet him in his *Hobbie* shop for help.

"Wells, we have a *Major* problem on our hands. The *Black King* will attack from either our *Shore* or by the *Moore* lands. *I Dunn* tried to out-Fox the King but he's too *Sharp* for me. He has *Moore* men than we; he is very *Wise* and we are too *Small*. It *Burns* me up but *Sims* like our *Luck* has run out. He will *Slaughter* us unless we think of a plan *Wright* now."

By this time, the *Marshall* and the *Seargent* had slipped away and left the Duke talking to himself. Just when the Duke was going to order lots of them beheaded for desertion, he saw an arrow with a note on it *Sail Wright* by his *Chinn* and *Pierce* a *Wood Frame*. He took the note off the arrow and read it. This is what it said:

Dear Duke,  
This little note is to inform you that you have 24 hours to surrender your fort and your men to me or I shall be forced to kill you and all of the inhabitants of your fort.  
Your Loving Friend  
The King of Shwantke

The Duke was very worried. He couldn't think of anything to *Dew*. He gazed out the window *Payne* and saw the King's horses tied in a long row to a fence in the middle of a nearby cornfield. Suddenly like *Boltz* of lighting, he had an idea. Immediately he called all of his subjects together to tell them of his plan to *Winn* the war.

That night, a few of the inhabitants of the fort chosen to go on this mission gathered in the King's *connaster* room for last minute instructions. Among the people there were *Everette Alexander* a local *Butcher*, *Claude Welch*, an apprentice *Baker*, *Linda Burgess*, a *Barber* specializing in *Beardles* haircuts, *Charlie Hague*, a *Hoad* on probation, *Isabell Fingeson*, a *Taylor* who sells bubble gum machines on the off season, and *Linda McDowell*, the local money *Hord*. After the Duke had briefed them on the plan of attack, they all set out for the *West* cornfield.

Not one *Starr* was out that night and a chilling *Gayle* swept over the land as the scheme went into effect. It was midnight when the Duke's men crept up to the cornfield and begun setting small fires throughout the cornfield where the Kings horses were tied up for the night. The time was 2 A.M. As the fires began to *Byrne* hotter the corn began popping right off the cobs! and for some five hours afterwards, the *Ayers* was filled with popcorn. By next morning, the cornfield was one big *Messer*. But that was exactly the plan. When the horses awoke that morning and saw all of that popcorn heaped up all over the cornfield, they thought it was snow and lay down and froze to death.

With the King's horses in their *Graves*, it was no problem for the Duke of *Lonwasser* to drive the *Black King of Schwantke* clear back to *Holland*, and so he lived happily ever after.

## Coliseum Adventure

by Tommy Lapacka

The cross-country track meet was due the following week, and I was out practicing by running a mile or two through the woods each day. It so happened that as I was running my usual route through the woods, I saw, in the middle of road, a huge web-like obstacle blocking my pathway. Through closer observation I noted that it was a mixture of sparkling, colored webs which seemed transparent. To continue my running meant going through the web, so I leaped into it.

When I awoke, I noticed that I was on a hill over-looking a huge city, and I remembered what had happened. After jumping the web, I had had an erie feeling as my head started spinning and all I could see were colors of all kinds spinning around me. I had blacked out and I guessed I had only been out about an hour. Looking down on the city, I seemed to recognize it from somewhere. Then it came to me. Of course! It was the ancient city of Rome that I had seen pictures of in my history and Latin books. I wondered if I were dreaming this, but when I felt a sharp spear at my back, I knew I was not.

"Okay, you spy!" a Roman soldier shouted. "Come with me."

I was jerked and pushed all the way to the governor's house where I was to be interrogated.

"I found this spy just outside the city, sir, and I have bought him to you to decide his fate," the Roman soldier said upon entering the house.

"So you have, Simcon. You shall be rewarded for this," the governor said.

The soldier left and I was now alone facing the tall, lean governor.

"Where are you from and why have you been spying on Rome?"

I stood my ground and said, "I am from a far away land called America and I wasn't spying on Rome."

"Not only have I never heard of this place called America, but also I do believe you were spying on Rome. Your punishment is that you will fight for your very life in the coliseum."

Before I could open my mouth in protest, the governor clapped his hands and two guards hauled me over to the coliseum. I was to become a gladiator in the Roman Coliseum!! Upon arriving at the coliseum I was given armor to put on over my t-shirt and shins, and in addition I was given a helmet, a sword, and a heavy shield. The instructor told me I was to spend a week in training before I was to fight. I had to learn how to move quickly with my heavy armor while at the same time swing effectively with my sword and block with my shield.

The week of my training passed quickly as the day of my first fight was upon me. My trainer had no confidence or faith in me whatsoever

and apparently didn't care whether I won or lost, died or lived. I tried to assure myself that I would win the battle, but I was really nervous and my stomach felt jittery. I was to fight after the battle which was going on now between an unarmed man and a hungry tiger. As could be expected the tiger tore the man to shreds and proceeded to eat the mangled body of its prey. Trumpets sounded as the announcer announced my fight. My opponent was about twenty pounds heavier than I and about three inches taller. He made a fast charge at me with his sword raised high for a strike, but that was his first and last mistake. As he got practically upon me, I rammed my sword through his 'gut' and as the blade pushed its way out through his back, blood spurted from his wound onto the ground. A groan of agony came from his lips as he slumped down to the ground and death. The crowd was so delighted with this spectacle of sport and even the emperor took special notice, when he heard the tremendous response. Since the crowd seemed to like me so much, the emperor appointed me to the position of palace guard.

After about two weeks of serving as palace guard, I got my first chance to accompany the emperor to the coliseum. Today on the schedule was the lions vs. some slaves who had started a revolt against the senate. It took only a minute or two for the lions to make short work of the poor unfortunate slaves. Only blood-stained bones remained of the men. I could not stand it any longer.

"Stop!" I yelled to the emperor as I ran toward him. "You just can't have human beings killed for the sport of it."

I raised my spear, and with a flash of metal the spear pierced the emperor's heart. As the emperor screamed in pain, the crowd gasped with both shock and disbelief.

"After him!" screamed a soldier.

Now I had to run for my life. Through the hallways of the coliseum to the streets and then to the hills I ran. The soldiers were closing in fast, but I knew, if luck was with me, the web would still be beyond the next hill. As I topped the next hill, I saw the web dangling in mid-air. I stopped to look back and saw the soldiers stop dead in their tracks, looking astonished as I jumped into the web.

Again I saw spinning colors and awoke in the woods near my home. I also noticed that the web had disappeared from sight. When I ran home, I found out not only that I had been gone only an hour, but also I found, when I looked through my history book, an account which read:

"... and when the soldiers of the emperor had chased his assassin, they came back empty handed with astonishing accounts of the man vanishing into mid-air."

## Come to the May Day Dance

May 1

7:30-10:00



# THE BREEZE

Published by the students of Fairfield Jr. High

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