

I'm the Killer

by Steve Scott

I'm a killer. I kill with lung cancer, coronary disease, and emphysema. My method is to deposit .14 cc. of tar and nicotine in a person's lungs—filter tips don't stop me at all.

Last year I killed 37,500 people. In the future I plan to kill even more—I will end the lives of 41% of all men aged 35 by the time they are 65. And although parents warn their children about my stunting their growth, I'm going to kill 1,000,000 school children by the time they are 70. So you see, I don't stunt growth—I stunt lives

I'm the Victim

by Julie Alexander

I'm the victim. At least that's what those goofy doctors call me. Actually I'm a robust, vigorous, bicep-bulging he-man, and I don't believe any of this bunk about lung cancer. I'm healthy. Even Madison Avenue says so. In the ads, I smoke on mountain tops, in wooded glens and underwater in Caribbean lagoons. Why, just look at my pictures and envy my virility. See my hairy black arms, my gargantuan hand with that purple eagle tattoo. I wear sweaty cowboy shirts when I stare beetle-browed off to the horizon. I inhale while I fish, dragrace, climb mountains, ride horseback, and go scuba diving. The only time I don't have a cigarette in my mouth is when I kiss a gorgeous doll. Then I hold my cigarette in my tattooed hand.

You can see through all this propaganda put out by cancer groups. Take me for example. I've never been healthier in my life. I've been smoking 12 packs a day for 10 years (I'm 26) and I've never felt—HACK-hruffhruff-wheez—better. Excuse that little cough. (The smog in this town is getting terrible!) As I was saying, I never felt better in my

OBITUARY: Marlin L. Boro, world famous play-boy, died today from advanced cancer of the lungs. His illness was attributed to over-enthusiastic cigarette inhalation.

L.S./M.F.T.—Long-time Smokers Merit Fitting Tombstones.



New Fad Hits Webster with a Roar

Do you know what a Zundapp is? or a Honda? or a Vespa? or a Yamaha? They're all motorcycles, or motorscooters, or any one of that mode of two-wheeled self-propelled vehicle with the prefix "motor". If you want to see one, or even if you don't, it can be found along with numerous others of the same species by the bike rack outside the Senior Girls' gym. If you can't find one there, which during school hours is highly unlikely, you can hardly avoid seeing at least one, invariably perched upon by a swashbuckling adolescent, clattering down a street in Webster.

There are, in general, three major categories of this two-wheeled wonder. The first is the motorbike. It is characterized by a thin frame (not unlike that of a bicycle), large thin wheels (also like a bicycle), and a small engine capable of emitting an annoying whine.

The motor scooter has small wheels and a frame heavier than that of the motorbike. It belongs between the motorbike and the 'cycle as a matter of convenience. The scooter is endowed with a larger engine, enabling it to roar more vociferously than its little brother, the motorbike.

By no means least and rarely last comes the motorcycle. It has large wheels, a large, streamlined body, and an engine fully able to produce a sound loud enough to break the eardrums of even the hardest of hearing.

If you care to learn more about this intriguing, and at least locally timely topic, you can approach any member of that awesome and distinguished group of motorcycle

(motorbike or motorscooter) owners. They are easily identifiable by their jaunty attitude, their devil-may-care posture, or their referral to their machines as "bikes." You may even want to become one of them; and while you motor to school on a winter morning, icicles flying from your ears like pennants in the breeze, feel grateful that in America anyone can better his position in life. You have ascended from the warmth and security of a carpool to the fierce, frozen independence of the motorcycle seat.



Have you seen any dragons lately?

Hah--I knew it--you've already raised your eyebrows and are hurriedly deciding to read something else on the page. I've made you uncomfortable, right? Well, of course. After all, it's part of human nature not to like people prying around your secret thoughts and finding out things about you. You want everyone to think that you fit in with the crowd. And it simply isn't fashionable to have seen dragons lately.

It isn't in. As a matter of fact, dragon-watching went out with the Middle Ages when St. George annihilated the last one. Up until then it was a national past-time of every country far enough along in the arms race. (As a little-known fact, dragons were the primitive forerunner of the modern flame-thrower.)

At any rate, you are discomfitted

Massot Adds French Flair to Classes

by Lynn Zeiser

"How do you say it...corn on a cob?" Mr. Georges Massot, the new teacher from France, leaned forward in his chair with infectious enthusiasm and told of the first time he had eaten that kind of corn. "We don't have much of it in France so I didn't know how to eat it. I took my knife and fork and cut off each little seed until I saw a man pick it up like this and..." He laughingly demonstrated on the air in front of him.

Mr. Massot, who is from Vallon Ardeche in southern France, didn't plan to end up teaching French to American students. However, when he and his wife, who is a French teacher at Hixson Junior High, found they could come to this country in a teacher exchange program, they jumped at the chance.

"We wanted to understand how people in America live," he explained.

Mr. Massot simplified the process of getting here by saying, "We applied at the Commission Franco-Americaine l'Echanges Universitaires in Paris and filled out lots and lots of papers. The Board of Education in Washington found a place for us in Webster

Smoking Survey Reveals Grim Facts

48 Statesmen are puffing their way to an early grave.

In a carefully conducted survey, THE WEBSTER ECHO polled the number of smokers and non-smokers. Combining the paper's survey with the American Cancer Society's figures, it can be estimated that of the 461 Webster students who smoke, 10.2% will die of lung cancer before they can collect Social Security.

The findings of the survey revealed that 28% of the 1665 students polled smoke. The percentages of smokers by class are:

Seniors	34%
Juniors	28%
Sophomores	21%
Divided by sex, the tabulations prove boys smoke more heavily than girls. Of those questioned, 33% or 282 boys relax regularly with cigarettes. In comparison, only 22% or 179 of the girls smoke. The percentages by sex and grade:	
Senior Boys	41%
Girls	27%
Junior Boys	33%
Girls	23%
Sophomore Boys	24%
Girls	16%

that someone would ask you such a ridiculous question. Dragons! Hmph. In fact, the last time you saw anything even resembling a dragon was in 1962 when some cinerama theater bilked you out of \$4.50 to see "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm."

But then, there are some readers who have had singular experiences with dragons, lately or not. Beowulf had his Firedrake and Bilbo his Smaug, and even good ol' Charlie What's-his-name found a few people who would answer the question. Here it is again, with three highly acceptable answers:

Have you seen any dragons lately?

1. Yes, and a very gorgeous one it was at that.
2. No, and my name isn't lately.
3. No, not since last Christmas when I saw eight reindeer dragon Santa Claus.

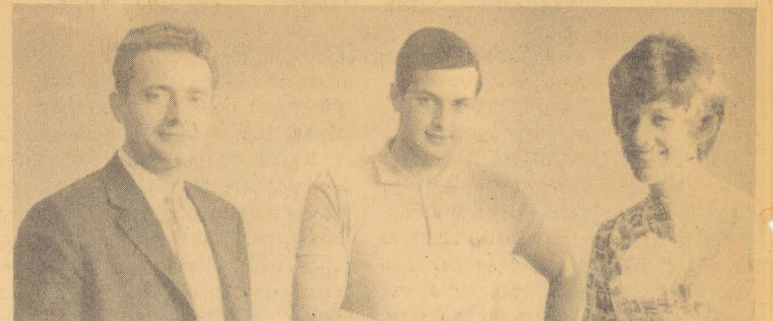


Photo by Dempster

M. Georges Massot (left) is introduced to Foreign Exchange Student Piero Pezze by Sue Menke, chairman of the Foreign Exchange Committee.

Groves, and," he shrugged his shoulders, "we came."

Taking the equivalent of five or six years of English has helped him a great deal in getting along in this country, but, as he admits, "That was a while ago and it's hard to remember."

He has had only one major mishap with the language so far. "On the boat coming over, the steward asked me do I want 'hodurcold.' I had to have him tell it to me three times before I understood he meant 'hot or cold'."

Besides English, the new arrival at Webster has studied Latin, Greek, and the Romance Languages, and knows "35 words of Yugoslavian."

In his classes, which he conducts in French, Mr. Massot is

always eager to stop and explain something if the students don't understand. On one memorable occasion he painted a word picture of how some Frenchmen think of the average American tourist. "He's about 45 years old and wears a shirt with big red and yellow flowers and birds, and has a camera here, and here, and here!"

His hands waved articulately as he tried to make it clear. "And, oh yes! He has a wife and three children--every American tourist has three children--and," he paused dramatically, "he smokes a cigar this long!"

What do his students think of him? As one of them expressed it fondly, "He's the only man I know who can make 'elevator' sound like 'alligator'."

A SOLUTION TO HALL CONGESTION?



Valenti Casts More Than Average

Mike Valenti, a senior, has discovered balcony railings aren't the sturdiest poles in the world. During a Hi-Y camping trip in the Ozarks, Mike decided he was tired of going through the front door of the cabin, so he tried to grab hold of a balcony railing and pull himself up. The poles gave way, and Mike fell, breaking not one arm, but two!

Since no ambulance was avail-

able, Mike admitted it was "almost as neat riding the fifty miles to town and back in a 1963 Supersport."

One of Mike's casts will be removed in about three months, giving him just enough time to get his writing readable for semester tests. But the other arm will have to remain in a cast for another three months.

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