

WITHERSPOON AWARD RESULTS!

by Madge Witherspoon, Publisher

I am always enormously pleased to select the winners and finalists of the Witherspoon Awards for Excellence in Chronojournalism. It is named for myself because such is the privilege of being publishing's most distinguished personality and wit. The standard is always high, so my sterling reputation is never in danger by association. Daniel Schwabauer, head of the chronojournalism department, is to be commended. Suffice it to say, 2019 winner Rachel Doughton (left) and

2020 winner Julie Potter (right) were not the only journalists in my employ who saw a raise. In these uncertain times, I am disposed to be generous.

In publishing circles, I am often asked why I bother with a chronojournalism department. But I observe there are fewer of these fools lately. Even those with no interest in history are newly aware that there was once a 'Spanish Flu' epidemic, and stories of past medical breakthroughs are popular, for obvious reasons.

This being said, fresh appreciation for so-called "old news" has not been powerful enough to curb the wanton use of *unprecedented* to describe the

times we are living in. I submit that (nearly) every event so described is, in fact, preceded. If you don't believe me, may I recommend to you the chronojournalism pages of my publication? Such a diet will soon cure you.

I invite you to explore in this special competition issue important stories unearthed by fifteen of those who represent journalism's future, my newly-minted chronojournalists.

You can enjoy the pieces by my 2019 and 2020 winners on pages 1, 3, 4, 7, and 12.

I am already in anticipation of the 2021 entries for my approval!



1st JESSE OWENS' 200 METER TRIUMPH

Julie Potter (2019) wrote her sports feature from the perspective of Carl "Luz" Long, a German long jump contestant who befriended Jesse Owens and gave him winning advice while they were competing at the 1936 Olympics! | Sports Feature, Lessons 64–66

BERLIN, 1936—You're not competing today against Jesse Owens. Part of you is glad.

It's not because of his athletic ability, or some tiff you had with him, or because you're terrible at marathons.

You're worried being around him makes you less German.

You know it's stupid, but at the same time you want to defend it. Right now Hitler is in power. He says anyone Jewish or black shouldn't exist, much less compete in the 1936 Summer Olympics.

You broke that rule yesterday. By reaching out to a black American, Jesse Owens. He was struggling during the long jump, so you offered him advice. He placed first, above you. After the long jump, you stayed with him for photos, and walked together toward the athletes' dressing room.

You didn't regret it then. But now, sitting in Hitler's stadium, watching the 200 meter sprint, you're having other ideas.

All of the ceremony and anthems are done, and you're waiting for the race to begin. People

talk around you, their conversations mingling until they buzz like bees. You smell sweat in the air, and the tart stench of coins as bets are placed.

You can see Owens clearly. You can't stop thinking about that day. You try to focus on all the athletes on the track.

You hear the crack of a gunshot.

The sprinters stand and surge forward.

They sprint like they're running from danger—no, faster. Their feet make rhythmic pounds on the track, like horses galloping through storms. It's all but drowned out by the crowd around you, hollering as if they had any control over the race. Any control on how it ends.

They make their first turn. The runners pass near you. You glimpse their faces. They look determined. For the moment, nothing matters except pushing through and winning. You know the feeling every time you compete.

No athlete looks more determined than Jesse Owens.

Okay, really? Why are you so stuck on him? Especially after the danger he's caused you? You shake your head

and try to keep your eyes off him.

It's hard now, though. It gets more impossible as the race continues. His arms and legs swing, press, fight to be the first. His chest heaves. He passes the German athletes and his black American teammate.

Another turn. Most runners are lagging behind, but not Owens. He's fighting to surge forward even more. And he does.

He makes another lap, his muscles pulsing. Sweat trickles down his neck and stains his shirt.

The other athletes are jogging, their gazes on Owens instead of the finish line. They know they're already beaten. The crowd senses it, too. People jump up from their seats, yelling Owens' name.

You search the stadium for Hitler. His face is motionless. What is he thinking?

The finish line is waiting.

Owens lags a little, but he's still in first. He puts on a flash of speed that you didn't know he could muster.

You forget to breathe.

The fate of Germany—no, the world—could be decided here. You've heard the rumors. You've analyzed the news. It stands to say whether this will be the start of it.

One minute. Almost everyone stands to their feet.

Thirty seconds. Everyone leans closer to the track.

Five seconds.

Three.

Two.

One.

Jesse Owens flies past the finish line, the other racers behind him.

You look around at the huge stadium, where people from more than half of the world are pressed into. They're all on their feet cheering and waving their arms in the air. Waving for Jesse Owens, the victor for not only your competition, but in sprinting, the event you've always thought hardest to win.

For this one moment, there is no impending war. No tension. Just an ocean's worth of athletes and athletic fans, yelling their throats out to give Owens the accolades he deserves.

You stand up with the rest of them, but you don't cheer. You're still in shock. Wondering how this



Luz Long and Jesse Owens watch the broad jump competition. Photo credit Bettmann/ Getty Images.



Long jump awards ceremony: Naoto Tajima (Japan, bronze), Jesse Owens (gold), and Luz Long (silver) giving a Nazi salute.

humble, quiet man destroyed the ideals of modern Germany in a single race.

He's breathing hard, and his head is bowed. He doesn't seem to recognize that these people are praising him. But then he lifts his head, his gaze traveling around the roaring stadium.

For a second, your eyes meet. You're transported back to yesterday. When you stepped out of line to give him advice. Knowing that he would use it, and he would win.

All of a sudden, you know you made the right choice. Even if Owens isn't Hitler's first choice for a winner, even if you are a German, it doesn't take away from the fact that he won this race. He deserved to win. When you offered him a hand, you became equals instead of enemies.

You stand up and start to clap.



Jesse Owens, photo credit Encyclopedia of Alabama

A Poisoned Lie

Leaded Gasoline has killed hundreds of people

If you could become rich, but only by telling a small lie, would you? Unfortunately, for Thomas Midgley, what started out as a small lie turned into disaster. But, even now, many do not know the truth.

Joseph G. Lessie was a chemical operator for the Standard Oil refinery in Bayway, New Jersey. He was one of many men that had been attracted by higher pay and transferred to a new unit where they would turn metallic lead into tetraethyl lead (TEL), or commonly known as Ethyl; he was also one of the first victims to suffer because of Thomas's lie. His wife began noticing his rapid decline in health shortly after he transferred over to the Ethyl unit. He began coming home feeling dizzy and confused. It only got worse as time went on. His wife was worried that his job was affecting his health; however, in January, 1926, the public health service's report stated that there was "no danger" to the workers adding TEL to gasoline. Also, that there was "no reason to prohibit the sale of leaded gasoline."

There have been studies on the effect of Ethyl; but now that new evidence has come to light, we must question whether the doubters' voices have been heard, and the things we've been told are true. The studies done have been done by people who will see it as a small lie that can bring them massive profit. However, it is much more than a small lie, and has become a threat that can directly affect you and your loved ones.

Clair Patterson was a geochemist who received his PhD at

the University of Chicago, and he was known for his research with lead. He was one of the first to notice that there was a massive spike in the amount of lead in the environment, that could cause major health problems.

However, when he began the call to ban leaded gasoline, he was refused contact with many health organizations, including the United States Public Health Service, and was removed from the National Research Council (NRC) panel on atmospheric lead contamination. Even though he had valuable research to share, it was hidden from the public.

In 1926, Joseph G. Lessie was declared dead along with the other Ethyl workers, but was secretly moved to an insane asylum. On his counterfeit death certificate it stated his occupation was "fireman" and he had died instantly due to spontaneous cerebral hemorrhage.

Although Ethyl makes car engines run smoother and has been proclaimed by some as a "gift from the gods," it is not the only option, just the cheapest and most efficient. That does not mean there are not other ways to solve this problem, and ways to reduce the "knock effect" that have yet to be found. Using leaded gasoline will be a decision that we will surely come to regret.

Although leaded gasoline has been used for years without any dramatic effects we have seen, that does not mean there will not be any in the near future. Or, it would be better to say, the longer this situation is ignored, the bigger a problem it will become. In Deborah Blum's 1926

public health service report, she writes that there is no risk for workers, as long as they were protected, and then goes on to say:

"The task force did look briefly at risks associated with every day exposure by drivers, automobile attendants, gas station operators, and found that it was minimal. The researchers had indeed found lead residues in dusty corners of garages. In addition, all the drivers tested showed trace amounts of lead in their blood. But a low level of lead could be tolerated, the scientists announced."

The report acknowledged that lead exposure levels might rise over time. "But, of course, that would be another generation's problem," Blum writes.

Although many people know the truth regarding the poisonous nature of leaded gasoline, those who try to speak are silenced, and those who are ignorant remain in the dark. Until people can realize the danger they are bringing into their own homes, nothing will be done. If you want to protect your family and your nation, you must take action to ban leaded gasoline!



Jona Siverly, 2019
Watchdog Feature, L. 58-60

Top right: Ethyl pump and attendants. Bottom left: 1920s Ethyl color advertisement rendered in black and white.



SEPARATED BY TRAGEDY

PEARL HARBOR, 2014—John Anderson trembled as he stood before a wall inside the USS Arizona memorial at Pearl Harbor. The wall displayed the names of the 1,177 men who were killed on the Arizona that unforgettable day of December 7th, 1941. He scanned the vast wall, in search of one name. His mind trailed back to where he was exactly 73 years ago, in the same place on the same harbor.

John was aboard the USS Arizona, setting up for a church service that morning. He finished up his tasks, then left for the mess hall to eat breakfast. Without warning, the thunderous boom of an explosion sent shivers up his spine. What was that? He hurried to the hatch and gazed into the sky where he observed planes flying overhead. The hair on the back of his neck stood up as his eyes settled on a horrific sight: a red ball on the wings. These were Japanese planes. John remembered his twin brother. Delbert "Jake" was also aboard this ship that was under attack. John ran to sound the alarm and, with a glimmer of hope, to find his brother.

John reached out a shaky hand toward the alarm when another explosion knocked him out of the hatch. He ran to his battle station and loaded the guns. John got permission to help Jake with the anti-aircraft guns. But before he could find his twin, a giant explosion furiously shook the ship. John's heart pounded. Where was Jake? This was a terrible nightmare! If only it was as simple as waking up, and it would all be over.

An officer rapidly instructed sailors off the doomed ship and into little boats. He yelled at John to board a boat.

"I will not leave until I find my brother." John stood firm.

The man shoved John into a small boat.

John arrived at Ford Island and found a craft. He paddled back towards the flaming Arizona to find Jake, despite the fact that it may cost him his life. He'd almost reached the ship when the craft suddenly exploded. John was launched off the craft and into the water. He swam to Ford Island for safety, only to hope his brother survived. There wasn't much he could do for Jake now.

John could hardly believe what he had witnessed this horrifying morning.

Questions swarmed in John's head as he reached the sweet refuge of Ford Island. Where was Jake? Was he able to escape? Did anyone see what had happened to him? What was once a glimmer of hope now felt nearly invisible.

The turmoil and tragedy of that terrible day slowly faded as John Anderson, now in his 90s, was whisked back to the present. He fixed his eyes on the name he was looking for.

D. J. ANDERSON.

John choked back tears. His heart flooded with emotions. Jake may not be with him now, But the glimmer of hope was no longer invisible. John knew that someday after his own death, his ashes would return to the sunken Arizona, and he would once again be united with Jake.

Never to be separated again.

Kaitlyn Keller, 2020
Time Traveler Comparison Story, L. 67-69

Top: USS Arizona sinking and burning during the attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. Bottom: Aerial view of the USS Arizona Memorial.



THEY didn't pass you when your car was bright and new—and you still don't like to be left behind. So just remember this: *The next best thing to a brand new car is your present car with Ethyl.*

If you buy a new high-compression car, you'll of course use Ethyl. But if you must make your old car do, give it Ethyl and feel lost youth and power come back as harmful knock and sluggishness disappear.

These days, when we have to do without so many things, we can at least make the most of our cars. And even if you don't measure the fun of driving in dollars and cents, you'll find that Ethyl makes real money savings in lessened repair bills. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

All Ethyl Gasoline is red, but not all red gasolines contain Ethyl fluid. The color is for identification only and adds nothing to performance. Look for this Ethyl emblem on the pump (or its globe). The all-round quality of Ethyl is doubly tested: at the time of its mixing, and through inspection of samples taken from pumps. Ethyl's margin of anti-knock quality over regular gasoline is greater today than ever before.

NEXT TIME STOP AT THE **ETHYL** PUMP

New Harpsichord Allows YOU to Change Dynamic!

3 JUNE 1768— Yesterday in London England, Johann Christian Bach performed a lovely concerto on a gorgeous pianoforte. His fingers gracefully floated over the ivory keys to produce a beautiful, clear sound. The concerto showed that the harpsichord is not the only home-worthy keyboard. The pianoforte is a quality and luxurious instrument. And it has something that the harpsichord doesn't.

The original name of the pianoforte is "gravicembalo col piano e forte"— "harpsicord with soft and loud." Yes, unlike the harpsichord, the pianoforte can actually play softly AND loudly! All you have to do is press hard on the keys for a loud sound, and lightly for a soft sound! A harpsichord contains a jack that plucks the strings inside. But a pianoforte has a hammer that strikes them!

This feature in the pianoforte gives it a fun and unique sound, whereas the harpsichord merely sounds similar

to most other string instruments. This makes the pianoforte the best choice of keyboard! It sounds similar to a bell without echo. It plays beautiful melodies and harmonies just like the harpsichord, except with a clear, one-of-a-kind sound and changing dynamic!

Bach's friends are jealous of his amazing pianoforte and how he can choose the dynamic. The harpsichord will soon grow to be outdated by this new and obvious choice of keyboard. The pianoforte truly is the better choice and soon should become the go-to household music maker.

Johann Christian Bach is the youngest son of Johann Sebastian Bach. Born in Germany, his father taught him music. He lived in Italy until 1762, when he moved to London. He instructed a young boy named Wolfgang A. Mozart in 1764, and is currently music master of Queen Charlotte.

Kaitlyn Keller, 2020
Commercial Press
Release, L. 55-57



Square Piano, 1767, invented by Johannes Zumpe in 1766, and endorsed by Johann Sebastian Bach in 1768, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

Johann Christian Bach, portrait by Thomas Gainsborough, National Portrait Gallery, London



The Metropolitan World

A *Byline* newspaper published by Clear Water Press, Inc. P.O. Box 62 Olathe, KS 66051

The *Metropolitan World* is a fictional newspaper designed to illustrate the content of the *Byline* writing program. Fictional staff include:

Publisher . Madge Witherspoon
Advertising .. Priscilla Hardsell
Circulation Al Getemall
Copy Editor Mark Salot
Arts Editor Lisa Mona
Chrono Desk Mr. S. Reporter Phil Whitespace

"Real Life" Contributing Chronojournalists:

Ethan Arn, Florida
Imani Cofield, Florida
Holly Doughton, Oregon
Rachel Doughton, Oregon
Imran Gulamhussein, Ontario
Abby Ingle, Georgia
Kaitlyn Keller, Kansas
A C Kezar, Maine
Melody Potter, Ohio
Julie Potter, Ohio
Jona Siverly, US Virgin Islands
Zech Tuuk, North Carolina
Alicen F V, Tennessee
Hannah Weed, Texas
Paige Workman, Florida

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

Fictional subscriptions are available to local residents for an exorbitant fee, for which you will receive daily delivery of the *Metropolitan World* right to your front door, adjacent bushes, or neighbor's birdbath. Out-of-area subscriptions are currently unavailable.

ADVERTISING POLICY

The *Metropolitan World* reserves the right to refuse, reject or alter advertising material at its discretion. (Clients who bring us donuts may or may not receive preferential treatment regarding ad placement.) The *World* is not responsible for the results of your ad campaign unless those results are better than expected, in which case you may be charged extra.

All stories by Daniel Schwabauer except where noted.

Image sources, when available, have been noted. Color photos have been rendered in black and white for design purposes.

Copyright 2021 Daniel Schwabauer. This publication is protected by copyright law and may be reproduced in part or in whole without written permission of the publisher.

A Beethoven Symphony Like No Other

Beethoven's 9th Symphony Premieres in Vienna.

Our reviewer just wants to make a few notes and get home for his wife's birthday dinner; he's in for a surprise.

May 7, 1824, Vienna— There are many pretty symphonies out there. Silky, bubbling ditties that vanish from my head as soon as the music is done. Why would a new piece by Ludwig van Beethoven be any different?

As I arrived in Vienna, I removed myself from the identically decorated train cars, their unauthentic gold and velvet rugs distracting each passenger from their cold, hard seats. At least I'd be sitting in comfort as I forced myself from nodding off during Beethoven's symphony. My goal was to attend the premiere, write a little something to elaborate on later, and leave. After all, I was hoping to come home in time for my wife's birthday, not delayed by more work.

I navigated through the crowded streets, checking and rechecking the map that led to the concert hall. I started to cross the street, but felt a smack and heard a disgruntled shout. I looked up from my map and saw a short, bald man in a fine suit, rubbing his side and grimacing.

"Sorry," I said in English, not knowing what else to do. I wished I had memorized a few Austrian words.

The man turned toward me and replied in accented English. "It is forgiven. You are a tourist, yes?"

"Sort of," I replied, and told him my assignment. "Are you seeing Beethoven's symphony tonight?"

"No. I wish," he said. "I have seen some of Beethoven's music before. The man is a genius! All of his work... magnificent."

"Sure." I didn't bother to hide my doubt. "I'd better get to the symphony. Have a good day."

"Grüss Gott. Good evening!" he replied, waving a hand before walking away. I made it to the concert hall without any more trouble.

After crowding my way through more finely-dressed men and women, I took my seat and ignored all the chatter around me, flipping open my notebook and digging in my pockets for a pen. The lights dimmed. I gritted my teeth and kept searching. I grabbed a spare pen just as a loud crash rang in my ears. I jumped and dropped the pen near my feet. As I crawled out of my seat and reached for it, clangs, booms, and bangs echoed through the concert hall. What sort of a symphony is this? I wondered. Pen in hand, I sat back down to take in more.

The intense noise swept into a waltz-like movement, and despite myself I closed my eyes, taking it all in. The notes now were serene and rich, like a glaze being drizzled on a strawberry, and yet there was a certain...power behind them. I could almost see each note rippling, dancing, twisting, mixing together to form a harmony.

Bursts of noise began to accompany the clear, flowing

segments. Suddenly, four soulful, warbling voices were added to the splashing sea of music, and the voices and instruments became one full, resonating spark.

As I kept listening, forgetting to keep track of the time, I began to compare the thunderous parts to darkness, and the soaring, breeze-filled parts to light. Both dark and light started out fighting but then merged together, weaving for us a harmony of sound. Showing me that both dark and light were present, and even necessary, in life.

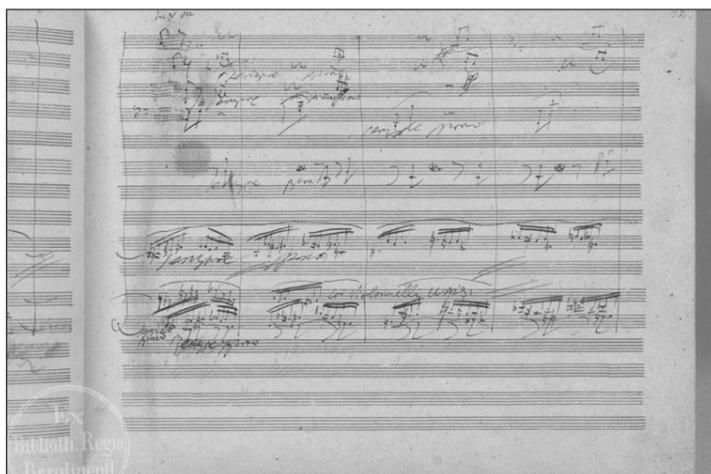
Many of the variations in the music reminded me of people, too. A rapid, determined march reminded me of my own Samuel, training to be a soldier in the Army. A single note, like a stroke of paint, made me

think of my wife. A period of merry skipping, my daughter. And in each new note I breathed in, I found myself experiencing a range of emotions, a range of lives. I shared in millions' joy and hope, covering the world for the rest of eternity. I felt, as one of the voices put it, that "this kiss is for the whole world."

When Beethoven ended with a rousing, explosive finale, I knew that each member of the audience wanted more.

I also knew that Beethoven had encompassed the unforgettable beauty of humanity in a single symphony.

Julie Potter, 2020
Review, L. 28-30



Page 12 (right) of Ludwig van Beethoven's original Ninth Symphony manuscript

The Devastating Crash of the *Hindenburg*

A Different Angle

Chronojournalist Paige Workman shines a spotlight on the man at the center of the disaster, airship Captain Max Pruss.

On the sixth of May, 1937, the German airship LZ-129 *Hindenburg* made its way to land at the Lakehurst Naval Air Station in New Jersey. However, in the twilight hours of the evening, the ship crashed and landed in a blazing heap.

Max Pruss was in command of the *Hindenburg* the night it crashed. He had four months of experience in command of the *Hindenburg*, and Captain Ernst Lehmann, the previous commander of the airship, was there with him to advise and to watch. The airship left Frankfurt, Germany on May third, and was scheduled to land in America three days later.

When they left the airfield, all was well, but when the *Hindenburg* got out over the North Atlantic Ocean, the winds were very strong. Captain Pruss was concerned that they wouldn't arrive on time to America.

The passengers remember that during meals Captain Pruss was polite, but he always seemed preoccupied. The passengers, of course, trusted that they would arrive safely to America.

When the *Hindenburg* was nearing its destination, the sun was still up, but the sky was dark with storm clouds. Lightning flashed in the air around the ship, and the passengers readied to leave the *Hindenburg*. Max Pruss took note of the weather and decided to stay over the coast of New Jersey until the sky cleared. It was around seven PM when the weather was finally calm, and the *Hindenburg* made its way to the landing field.

The *Hindenburg* arrived in New Jersey approximately fourteen hours late. They threw down the ropes and the ground crew started pulling the ship from the sky. Suddenly a jolt went through the whole ship. Captain Pruss leaned out the window to see what had happened. One of the observing officers asked if one of the ropes had broken. Max Pruss replied that they were both fine. There was a shout from the back of the airship, "The ship is on fire!" The tail of the ship sank rapidly and everyone inside grabbed onto whatever they could reach for support. The ship was sinking fast. Captain Lehmann commanded everyone to get out of the ship as Captain Max Pruss jumped out a starboard window. He and Captains Lehmann and Sammt ran towards the wreckage just as it collapsed onto them. Pruss, badly burned managed to free himself and immediately started looking for survivors, getting them away from the flames. He refused to stop until rescuers stopped him and took him to the infirmary.

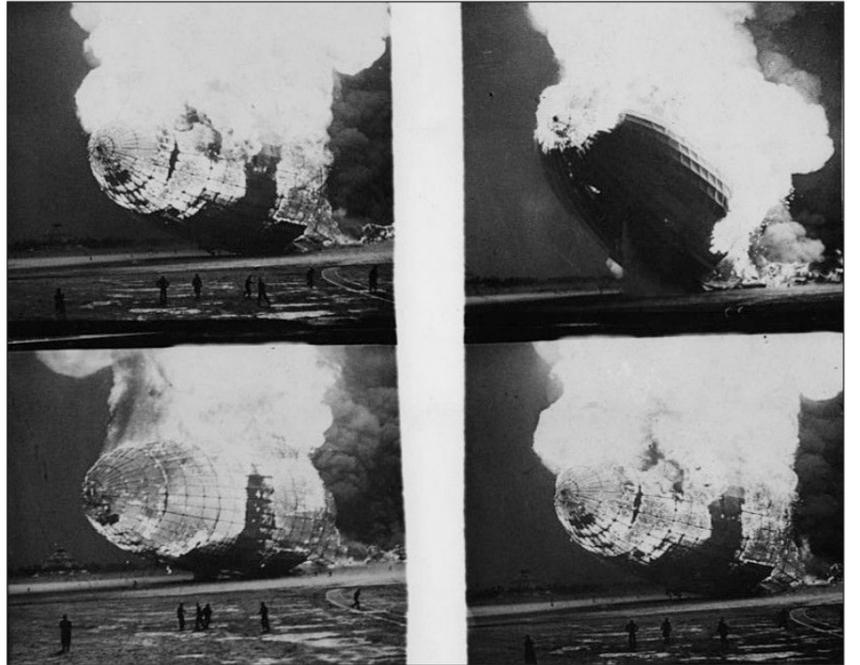
Max Pruss was rushed to the hospital, and his chance of survival was extremely low. Nevertheless he stabilized overnight and was transferred to a burn center. Pruss was severely scarred, and he was later fitted with a prosthetic nose.

Paige Workman, 2019
Current Event, L. 13–15

Captain Max Pruss using a sextant during a 1929 flight around the world. Source: Wikipedia, fair use.



Composite stills from the Pathé Newsreel, source: William Deeke/Pathé, via Wikipedia



FORD'S DISASTER

'Quick and Easy' Comes at a Price, says Julie Potter

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, 1928—Often "quick and easy" comes at a price—as employed test pilot Harry Brooks experienced.

On February 25, 1928, Brooks flew Henry Ford's newest invention and only aircraft, the Ford Flivver, across the Atlantic, hoping to set a new record. Using the unreleased prototype of the vehicle, Brooks started from Ford Field and aimed toward Miami, Florida. While flying near Melbourne, Florida, he went down. The plane crashed and Brooks was fatally wounded. Only twenty-five years of age, his body has not been found.

While relaying to the public about Brooks' accident, Ford

maintained that an engine failure caused Brooks to stop short in Melbourne. Yet, journalist Israel Klein stated, "There will be even less fear of trouble with the youngsters in these small airplanes then there has been with the younger generation in dashing roadsters embroiled with the confusion of traffic." Will there? Can we be sure that if the engine of one of Ford's Flivvers fail, then the rest of the plane will not follow? The engine is mechanically unpredictable. It's sensible to worry that the rest of the Flivver is mechanically unpredictable as well. And if something is mechanically unpredictable, are you more likely to use it or not?

Catching on to the excitement brought by the past success of

the Wright Brothers, Henry Ford decided that light, affordable aircrafts, commercially produced and distributed, would greatly benefit the whole of America. Thus, the creation of the unpredictable Flivver.

Another journalist remarked, "Many now living will see the day when some future Ford will make as many flying flivvers as Henry made cars in 1922." Through many similar articles and interviews, Ford and his colleagues have maintained that the Flying Flivver, when mass-produced, is foolproof and completely safe. But can we really look at Brooks' flight gone wrong and say that it was "safe"? Harry Brooks was a skilled aviator—flying Charles Lindbergh's mother

to Cleveland and Mexico, and flying the first aircraft solely relying on a radio beacon, as well as being Henry Ford's top test pilot. If Brooks was such an expert at his job, and even he could not rely on the Flying Flivver entirely—then what does that say for us, ordinary men and women, ordinary families, unskilled in any type of flying?

Still, Ford maintains that he has learned from the horrific accident and will straightaway make adjustments on the Flivver in order to ensure the best safety for his customers. But what about when he must make adjustments again? And again, and again, and again? Ford, for all his genius, is human like the rest of us, and humans will always make mistakes. He may be able to fix the sputtering engine in each Flivver, and hire a new test pilot. But there will always be improvements to be made to the Ford Flivver, like there are improvements to be made to the world. With every improvement, there must be something to cause it, and most often, that is another accident. Which brings up the question: What about when another improvement is too late? There has already been the one involving Harry Brooks. What about when you, or your husband, or your child,

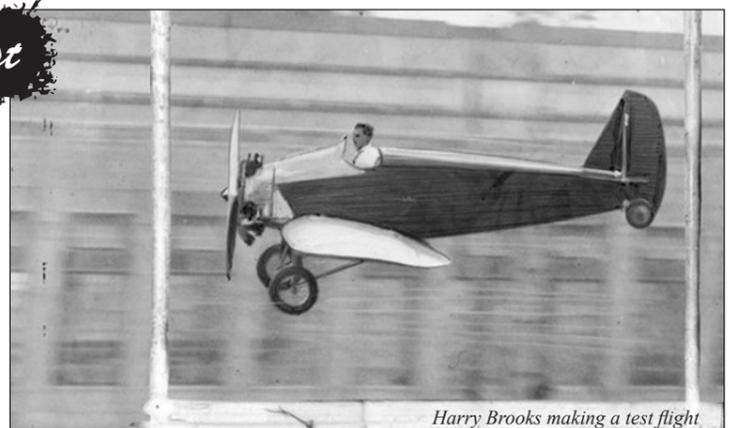
purchases a Ford Flivver? What will happen when the improvement comes too late, and you or your loved one is caught in the middle of the disaster? Can we really let these Ford Flivvers determine how we live, how we travel, when a new improvement is likely to be made?

The Manchester Herald sums up the situation by declaring, "If Henry Ford had stuck to the manufacture of motor cars his name would have been illustrious in history. But like many other men who have acquired great wealth, and the power which goes with it, he has gone into fields where his ability is less conspicuous and where his failures have been so noteworthy that they will, in a measure, cloud his fame."

An article has been printed in *The Indianapolis Times*. It bears a black and white photo of the missing aviator. Beside the photo it gives a brief history on Brooks' life. The subheading reads, "Searchers Have Scant Hope of Finding Harry Brooks Escaped Death." In the *Douglas Daily Dispatch*, a similar article is printed without a photo. It closes with the poignant words, "They [the search parties] reported seeing nothing but seaweed and a school of sharks."

Julie Potter, 2020
"Watchdog" Feature, L. 58–60

Ford Flivver, about 1927, with full-span ailerons. Source: San Diego Air and Space Museum Archives.



Harry Brooks making a test flight

The Crossing of the Rubicon

“No one moved, silence had fallen over the camp.”

Caesar would be here soon. I sat at the edge of the river with my tent group. The river wasn't very big, but we all knew how important it was. It marked the north border to our empire. I looked around at the legion of men around us. Crossing a border into Rome at the head of an army was an act of war. We knew this of course, but I knew the seven soldiers I shared a tent with and I would follow Caesar to the ends of the earth. The rest of the army I was confident would do the same. We had all gone so far with him, and we were honored to be able to fight by his side.

I thought about what it was like before fighting under Caesar, a life I would have to go back to once the army disbanded. I had started out as a guard on the streets of Rome, enforcing the law and occasionally putting out fires. Then, I had been hired to be a personal guard of Marcus Licinius Crassus. It was during a meeting where I was guarding Crassus that I met Caesar. I felt the moment I met him that he was a born leader. Being a guard for such an important patrician, I overheard many things. I learned of the senate's disposition towards Caesar long before the rest of the public, and before I was sent to join Caesar's army in Gaul, I learned of Pompey's intentions and plans for him.

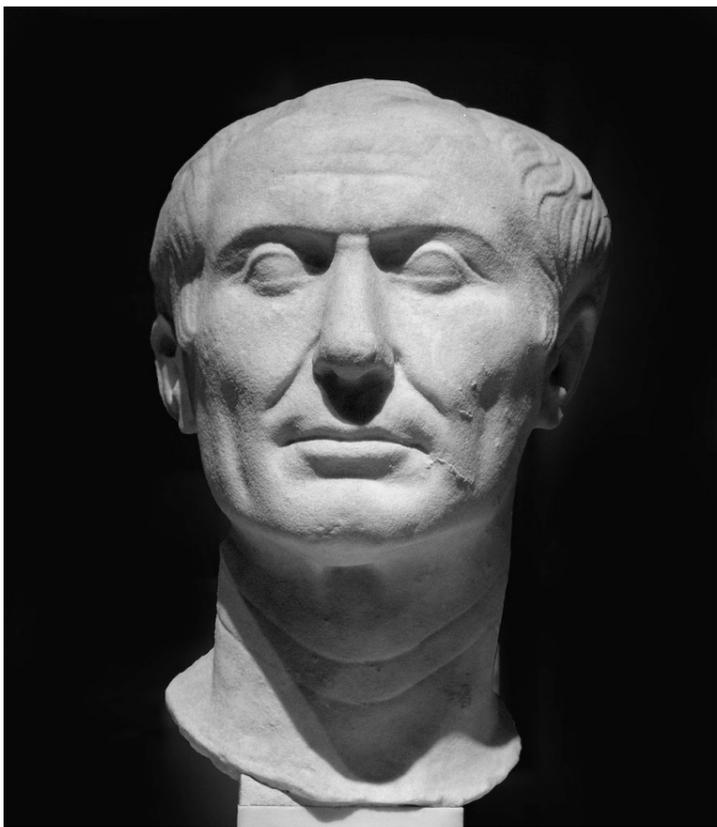
For eight years I'd fought in Caesar's army. I met my first tent group, and we quickly bonded like brothers, fighting for our general and

our empire. During our battles we lost many men, but still the enemy lost more. I remembered the day the first of my seven closest brothers in arms fell. I remember watching the first arrow from a surprise attack slide right through a chink in his armor and into his chest. We lost another in that battle, and another in the next. In the next few battles I fought harder than I had before for grief over my fallen brothers. In those eight years, Caesar had led us to many victories, and we had an undying loyalty to him.

The sounds of horse hooves and men standing up brought me out of my thoughts and back to the present. I stood up along with them and glanced at the river before saluting to Caesar. He paused there for a moment; his brows furrowed in thought. No one moved, silence had fallen over the camp. We were all waiting for our orders. I looked up at my general. Suddenly there was a sparkle in his eye, and he ordered us across the border, leading his horse into the river himself. I followed grimly after my brothers in arms as Caesar raised his sword and said, “Here I abandon peace and desecrated law. Fortune, it is you I follow. Farewell to treaties. From now on, war is our judge.” I stepped onto the banks of Rome and my fate was sealed.

Paige Workman, 2019

FINALIST
Current Event, L. 25-27



Top: The Tusculum portrait, possibly the only sculpture of Julius Caesar to survive that was created during his lifetime, Archaeological Museum, Turin, Italy. Bottom map source: History.com.



The Pharaoh's Tomb

The red dust that settled on the ground wasn't sand...

1325 B.C. THE VALLEY OF KINGS:

A chilling wind swept over the red, desert valley. It felt as if all the souls of the kings buried underneath the Egyptian earth were turning in their graves. A loud trilling sound was carried up by the gusts, and over on the East Side, slowly treading the sacred ground, a funeral procession marched.

It was a procession so grand and sad, that only the tragic death of one of the house of the gods could have caused it. Priests walked silently, holding burning torches of papyrus, while solemn men carried a grand coffin. Unkempt women trilled their tongues and wept, for the Morning Star of Egypt had perished. King Tutankhamen had only been nineteen years old, and yet, even at that young age, he was ailed with illnesses. At what many ancient doctors considered to be

the prime age for young men, he had a deformed foot, scoliosis, and malaria. He even had to use a cane.

The priests stopped the procession, and carried the golden casket into the tomb. Only the holy men could enter this far; mortal men would have died from the curse of the pharaoh. They ceremoniously set down the mummy in his shrine, and then backed away. The room was shining, filled with the richest artifacts of all Egypt. The murals on the wall looked alive enough to talk. The priests sealed the Tomb of King Tut and walked away. It wasn't disturbed for many, many years; until one, groundbreaking afternoon...

NOVEMBER 26, 1922: THE VALLEY OF KINGS

The valley was sandy. That was the only word to describe it. And yet, you couldn't call it sandy, for the red dust that settled on the ground wasn't sand. It was like the aftertaste

of a place of importance; one that was, but was no more.

The sun shone down on the grime, and the wind swept red dirt into the eyes of all who were there. Howard Carter, the eager young archeologist, pulled his goggles off and jumped out of the jeep. He watched as his heavy boots hit the ground and stomped on the dust. If his calculations were correct, then under his very feet there laid the graves of some of the greatest kings of Egypt.

The archeology team had discovered stairs leading down to a sealed door. The sealing substance was that of an old Egyptian recipe, back in the time of the Pharaohs. Carter was excited. He was sure that something was down there.

Lord Carnarvon, his boss, was present at what Carter believed would be a great moment in history. He selected a sharp chisel from a digging kit, lit a candle, and descended into the darkness of the tomb.

He finally reached the bottom step, and ran his fingers over the stone cold door. A thousand years of dust smeared on his fingers. He held the candle up to the rock, and chiseled a tiny part of the stone away in the top left corner. He then held up the candle and peered into the darkness. A slow smile spread over his face.

“Do you see anything?” called out Lord Carnarvon.

“Yes,” replied Carter. “Wonderful things!”

Zech Tuuk, 2020

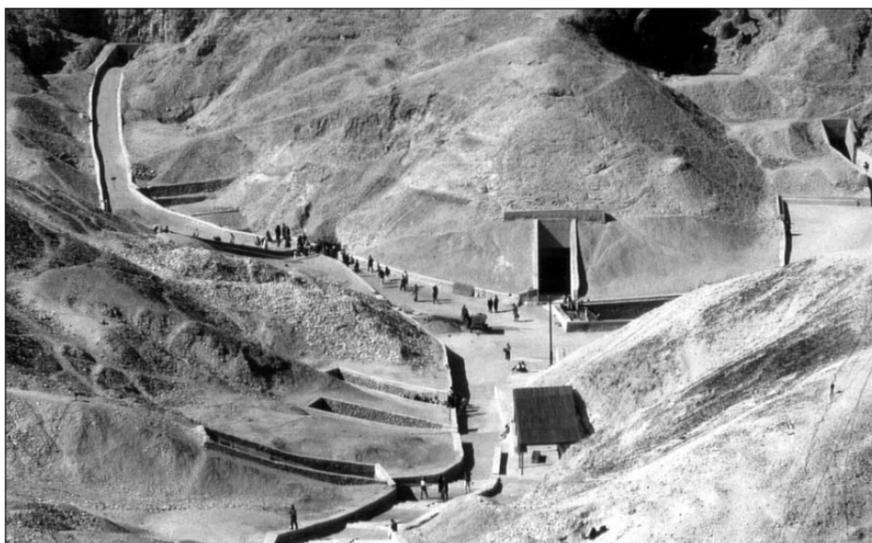
FINALIST
Time Traveler Comparison
Story, L. 67-69



Tomb of Tutankhamun, Creative Commons



Howard Carter, Lord Carnarvon and his daughter Evelyn Herbert at the steps leading to the newly discovered tomb of Tutankhamen, November 1922. (Harry Burton, photographer - The Griffith Institute Archive; public domain)



In the Valley of the Kings (Photo: Peter J. Bubenik (1995); Creative Commons)



JACKIE

You put your name on the final line: *Jackie Mitchell*. “Welcome to the Chattanooga Lookouts,” the agent firmly shakes your hand. You beam. You’re officially the only girl on the team. The baseball team that is. Next week, on April 2nd, 1931, the New York Yankees are coming with hitters Lou Gehrig and Babe Ruth. You are thrilled! They may be coming for an exhibition game, but this is a chance to strike out the Great Bambino! The chance to strike the greatest hitters of all time? You are in! They won’t expect your left-handed curveball. Especially from a seventeen-year-old girl like you.

The next week arrives quicker than you had anticipated. Today, you

will strike out Lou Gehrig, or, even better, Babe Ruth. It’s extremely nerve-wracking, but you can’t be nervous, not now. You shove your mitt on your hand, stepping onto the playing field. You smile mildly.

“I can do this,” you think to yourself, getting up to pitch, “This is my chance.”

You clutch the ball, looking at Ruth behind your glove. He tips his hat to you politely. You feel like you should be flattered, but you remember; this is competition. Not a rinky-dink practice! You wind up and throw your curveball at the Babe—he missed! You thrust the ball again in his direction—strike two.

“Check that ball,” Ruth tells the

umpire. He is impressed! When a player asks to check the ball, they can’t believe the pitch. You grab a final ball; if the Babe misses this one, he has a strike. Then, he’ll be out of the game. You hurl “the drop” at him. When you were growing up, you lived next to “Dazzy” Vance, a baseball player who went onto some league. You don’t exactly remember. Otherwise, he taught you how to throw the curveball, or, how he called it, “the drop.”

Babe swings his bat, missing the shot! He thrusts his bat on the ground, shaking his head in disgust. You struck out Babe Ruth in the first inning! Gehrig steps up to the plate. You chuck another ball his way: strike one—

strike two—strike three! The crowd cheers for your team. You have beaten Gehrig, and Ruth! This next person should be easy. Tony Lazzeri walks up to the plate. This should be simple. Remember—don’t get too cocky. You launch a ball and... He hits it. Your coach calls you to the bench after the play, replacing you with another pitcher. You feel so disappointed, and outraged! They took you off after one miss!

“Girl Pitcher Fans Ruth and Gerig,” the headlines read the next day. The game didn’t end well for your team the Lookouts. You lost 14-4 to the Yankees. You managed to strike out Lou Gehrig, (you can’t believe it either!), but unfortunately,

after you did a bad throw, another pitcher took your place. If you stayed pitching, you might have won the game! It doesn’t really matter though, does it? You got the Colossus of Clout and Columbia Lou out of the game! People will be talking about you for a while now. You look at the picture taken of you by a photographer. “Are those clothes that bulky on me?” you think to yourself as an afterthought. You still can’t get over it—You struck out Babe Ruth.

Alicen F. V., 2019
Sports Feature,
L. 64-66



OVER THE HAZARD

**American “Jamie”
Connolly wins
first Olympic gold
medal awarded in
1,527 years!**

It all started with a paper being handed to a young man who had a nickel to spare. He began flipping pages until something caught his eye. It read, OLYMPICS TO BEGIN... AGAIN! His heart sprang up in his chest and the February air didn’t seem as cold anymore. He read on, *to be held in Athens, Greece...*, Athens! The words warmed him like hot chocolate! Going to Athens had always been his dream!

When the young man, James Connolly, asked for a leave to Athens, the Chairman of Harvard University yelled, “Athens! Olympic games! You know you only want to go to Athens on a junket!” Then the Chairman calmed a bit and sat back down.

“Here is what you can do, you resign and on your return you make a re-application for re-entry to

the college, and I will consider it.”

Jim rose and marched to the door. He yelled, “I’m not resigning, and I’m not making an application to re-enter. I’m getting through with Harvard right now. Good day!”

Jim stormed out slamming the door and Harvard behind him.

The boat to Athens left in two days. Jim worked and worked in the gym preparing for the games: lifting, running, jumping. As he picked up a weight a cracking sound echoed through empty gym. He fell with a thud. His dreams were dashed into tiny microscopic pieces. A distant memory. Jim stuck up his chin. He wouldn’t give up! He would go to the Olympics! Even if he had to crawl to the stadium!

A day later he limped to the docks, pain shooting through every part of his body. He trudged up the gangplank, Cringing with every step. Only his dream pushed him on. He struggled, he ached, he gritted his teeth, he kept climbing for what seemed like days; when he reached the top he felt like he had scaled Mt. Everest. It took eight days to recover.

At a train station in France Jim’s wallet was stolen. His train ticket was in the wallet! His pass to Athens! This couldn’t be happening! He had to get on that train! What was he going

to do? All odds were against him!

Then he heard a voice shouting something about a recovered wallet. Jim ran over to the officer and told him about the wallet. The officer told him that he would have to stay in France so they could prosecute the thief. His adrenaline rushed, he pointed at the clock and in his best “French” pleaded, “Train to Brin-defr-see. Otto! Otto! Eight o’clock.”

He fled. Only one minute left! He saw his team in the carriage and leapt into it. He was in the clear!

They arrived at Athens late at night, tired yet restless, with twelve days to train. As Jim came down to breakfast the next morning he was handed a schedule. Sweat began to pour down his face. The games followed the Greek calendar! Which meant the games began THAT DAY!

An hour later the teams headed for the stadium. Jim looked out the window. The city that held his dreams, he feared, would now hold

his humiliation. All of the sights that would have housed his excitement now seemed dull. He was drowning in his thoughts! Trapped in the bottom of an ocean of worries!

No. He thought, *Not again*. The busses rolled into the stadium their brakes squealing to a stop on the pavement. Jim sat there. Rigid. Like a defensive cat, his hair standing on end. He staggered out of the bus and melted at the sight of the crowd, thousands!

The audience roared, they clapped, they screamed. Jim and ten others marched onto the field to compete in the long jump. The competition had not even begun and Jim was already drenched in sweat. He wanted to leave, but he couldn’t and wouldn’t quit! He marched right up to the starting line, took a deep breath, and sprinted towards the mud. He leaped up into the air, soaring over the hazard. His face was a mask of total concentration. Crashing into the

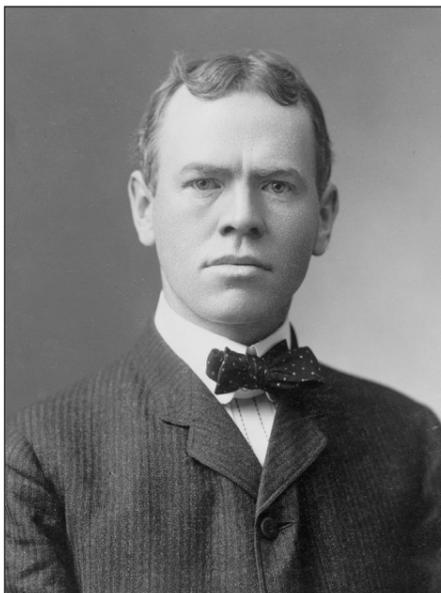
mud the refs came over and helped him up.

In one gigantic burst the entire crowd cheered at the top of their lungs. Jim looked down at the starting line. He had done the impossible! 45 feet! The world seemed a blur. With his head held high, Jim stood at attention to see the American Flag being raised high over those of his competitors! The medal was presented to him. He was the first victor in thousands of years! Later, still giddy from winning, he said to himself, “And are you lucky! S’posin’ you missed that train to Brindisi!”

He was glad that he never had to find out!

Abby Ingle, 2019
Personality Feature, L. 31-36

Left: 1906, copyright James Edward Purdy, Library of Congress; right: Athens 1896 - The American delegation, including CONNOLLY J., source: Olympic.org.



The Heart of the Matter

1st

Rachel Doughton brings us right into the commentator's box for one of ice skating's most historic and breathtaking moments.

CALGARY, CANADA, 1988—As the pair of ice skaters walks onto the ice and your colleague calls their names, you shift a little in your chair. The excitement of the first program is over and you're getting a little cramped and tired. You rub your hands together, wishing, as always, that you'd remembered to bring gloves. It's amazing how cold the room is, and you're not even on the ice. You eye the skaters' costumes, wondering if the girl is cold in her short powder blue skirt. Then you smile ruefully. Even if she is, you know she will warm up soon. You take a breath, calm your mind, and focus once more on the rink.

Sergei Grinkov and Ekaterina Gordeeva are one of two pairs representing the Soviet Union here on the ice in Calgary during the 1988 Olympics. At 6', Grinkov towers at least a foot above his tiny partner. The duo is young; he is 21 and she is 16. Although you've heard rumors

of the sensation they're creating back in their home country, you wonder privately if it isn't a whole lot of blather.

Then the music begins, the pair is off and away. They skate fast paced in time to the beat and suddenly you are reminded all over again why you love your job. Your doubts fade, vanishing altogether. The grace of the pair steals your breath away.

Your fellow announcer calls for the audience to notice how high Grinkov tosses Gordeeva as the duo performs a hydrant lift.

You are struck by the joy on Gordeeva's pixie-like face as she skims along the ice, and comment on it in your microphone. The pair moves into a death spiral. Grinkov, half sitting, supports Gordeeva as she leans back, completely trusting her partner. You notice that she isn't pointing her toe and remark on this. It will be the only mistake you can spot in their entire routine.

The music crescendos, and you marvel aloud at their unity. "They have the same body position, a rhythm far above anyone else we've seen all evening."

And it's true. Always the two spin and move as one: Sergei, strong and steady, watching over her as over a little sister; Ekaterina, like a bird, flitting about with energy and spirit.

"Their choreography is lovely," you say to your colleague. "There are so many moods to the

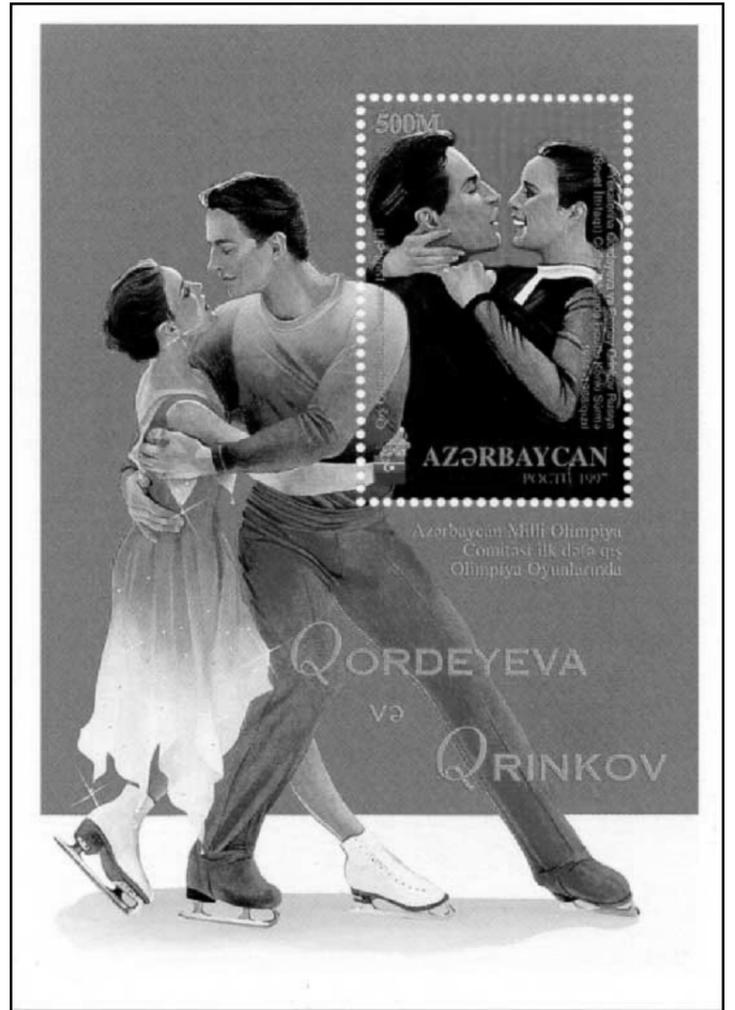
music, fast and loud, slow and soulful, and they move accordingly."

He agrees and continues talking... But you have stopped listening, caught up again in the beauty playing out below you. Gordeeva beams as she spins and swirls. You get the feeling that she has ceased to remember that she is competing, that instead she is in a world all her own, simply enjoying the skating and the friendship of her teammate. Yet for all her other-worldliness, she never misses a beat.

All too soon, the music stops and they stand, panting. As their chests rise and fall, you notice the looks they give each other. The sharing of triumph and a job well done. Then subtly, so softly that you almost miss it, you notice their expressions change. Ekaterina's beautiful smile still shines brightly, but the fairytale-like moments are over. They are back in the real world now. Back in the competition, and now they are wondering what their marks will be. The exhilaration of their dance fades and is replaced with the tension of waiting for the judges. They skate off the ice, still in sync, and you smile.

No system in the world can accurately measure the fire an athlete has for their sport. No system can gauge truthfully the strength of a friendship. Such things can only be felt with the heart.

Rachel Doughton, 2019
Sports Feature, L. 64–66



Black and white image of a 1988 commemorative stamp.

NADIA COMANECI AND THE 'PERFECT 10'

2nd

The name on everybody's lips

MONTREAL, 1976—A spunky, young girl trots into your gymnastics training center with her worn parents. They ask if they can enroll her into the gymnastics program. Her insatiable energy and endless climbing, jumping, and flipping has brought her here—to you. You start working immediately. She is obviously gifted at the sport as her natural strength and agility make it easy for her to pick up new skills. She's driven. She's always motivated to do better and be the best. And she starts climbing the levels at an accelerated pace. Soon your star student is an Olympic team member. And little do you know, but soon, the name Nadia Comaneci will be on everyone's lips.

You arrive at the 1976 Olympic Games in Montreal. Your young student from an impoverished country is hardly the attention of anyone. You think she'll probably do at least decently there, since her skill set is advanced for her 14-and-a-half years. Nadia also has a special flair and pizzazz she puts on every move. She calls this oomph the "Nadia Touch."

The first day of competition arrives. The nervous energy in the

air is thick for you, but not for Nadia. She seems weightless as she waltzes up to her first event—the uneven bars. Pride swells in your heart as your star shoots and glides across the bars. Here comes the dismount... and boom! She lands with grace and certainty. With pleasure from a good routine on her face, Nadia exits the spotlight and strolls over to you. She is never one to look at the scoreboard, since she just scores herself on how she felt she did. You glance at the board. Wait, what? The sign says: 1.00. "Nadia look!"

She turns her head as the crowd stands for an ovation cheering with every ounce of their being. "Ladies and gentlemen, for the first time in gymnastics history, there has been a perfect 10."

Nadia turns to you shocked yet composed. She steps to her next event. Balance beam has always been a challenge for her; that's why she likes it the most. Nadia flips and sticks it just like before. The scoreboard honors it—another 10! Another 10! Another 10! The days go on and by the end of the 1976 Olympic Games Nadia Comaneci—your rambunctious little pupil—is a worldwide sensation, earning perfect scores in all of her events.

In the months following you watch as Nadia steals the hearts of the world. "Romanian Gymnast Makes History!" headlines everywhere proclaim. As the years pass, a

documentary is made to show the life of the girl who exploded women's gymnastics. The music used during her routines is now renamed by the musician, *Nadia's Theme Music*, to honor this remarkable young woman.

Through it all you marvel at Nadia's unwavering sense of humility and kindness shown in every way she conducts herself after fame thrust her into the world's eye. She loves her country, and since she was forced to flee Romania because of communist oppression, she continues to make trips back there to help disadvantaged people recover their health and their lives. Now watching her become a wife and a mother and seeing her work at her own gymnastics center to train the new generation of athletes has firmly planted a place in your heart as the luckiest coach alive.

You see Nadia driving around California in a classic convertible. The license plate flashes by as you glance back on the moment that changed everything—Perfect 10. The moment that shocked the world and changed Nadia's life forever now holds as the highest standard of gymnastics greatness, and it has ignited the dreams of thousands. One poor girl from an oppressed country got the opportunity to transform her life and change the world for the better.

AC Kezar, 2020
Sports Feature, L. 64–66



Nadia at the 1976 Olympics. Public domain.

A LEGEND IS BORN

2nd

Ethan Arn finds “the story of a lifetime” when he travels back in time to 1936 Berlin, witnessing Jesse Owens defeat an idea without opening his mouth.

BERLIN, 1936—The Berlin street is lined by cheering crowds. Thousands raise their arms as one while the sleek black vehicle rolls past. It is occupied by a man with piercing eyes and a well-trimmed mustache. You realize that this is Adolf Hitler, the leader of Nazi Germany. You are here at the 1936 Olympics from London to report on the games for the BBC, and the Nazis are putting on an impressive show. As Hitler enters the stadium, the massive throng roars their support, chanting, swaying, adoring the Fuhrer. You think to yourself, *they really do worship him!* As you watch the spectacle, you realize that there is more on the line than medals in these games. These are *Hitler's* games, and the whole purpose of the event is to bring glory to him and the Aryan race he considers superior to all others.

The parade of athletes marches onto the field to a fanfare from a massive band. As they stand at attention for the national anthems, the sky goes dark. You glance up, seeing a thick cloud over the stadium. Pigeons! Thousands upon thousands of them have been released, the flock so thick they block out the sun. You can't help but feel a sense of awe at the grandeur of the event. Suddenly, the anthems end, and a battery of cannons fires a deafening salute. The pigeons scatter, and the cannons' roar is replaced by a pattering sound as thousands of droppings rain down on the stadium. *There will be strong words for whoever thought up the stunt with the pigeons. Hitler will not be amused about his parade getting pooped on!* Then your attention is drawn to the tunnel. A young man appears, wearing track clothes and carrying a flaming torch. The audience watches, spellbound, as he runs around the stadium and up the stairs to light a cauldron of oil. The Nazis have invented the concept of the eternal flame and the torchbearer's run. It is met with thunderous cheering. After the spectators quiet, the athletes parade off the field, the ceremony over. Tomorrow is the first day of the competitions.

When you arrive again the next morning, the stadium is already packed. Today is the 100-meter sprint, and six athletes are taking part. As you watch them, you notice one in particular. He is an American, tall and slender. He moves gracefully, like a gazelle. You recall that his name is Jesse Owens. Hitler is watching him, too, but for a different reason. Jesse Owens is black. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to recognize the significance. Hitler has taught for three years that the Aryan race is infinitely superior to the black people. These games are his defining moment, when he plans to show the world his superiority. If Owens wins the gold medal, it will be a crushing blow to the pride of the Fuhrer.

Your eyes move to the German sprinter, Erich Borchmeyer. He is muscular and powerful, a veteran athlete. Four years ago, he won the silver medal in Los Angeles; two years ago, he placed second in the European Championships. All of Hitler's hopes are resting on him. As the runners line up, all eyes are on the German and the American. You lean forward in your seat, holding your breath. Seconds seem like hours as you watch them. The runners crouch. The stadium is deathly quiet. The pistol cracks, and they spring forward. The whole audience is on its feet, howling with excitement. Borchmeyer is running well. But no one can match Jesse. His feet pound against the earth as he speeds forward, seeming to fly instead of run. He is leading the group. Another athlete gains on him. They are neck and neck as they charge toward the finish line. The crowd is screaming now. As the runners dart across the line, Jesse pulls ahead. He wins by a tenth of a second. As the arena roars, you lean back in your seat and smile. Jesse has done it. He has defeated his competitors, but beyond that, he has defeated an idea, a belief that one man is better than another because of the color of his skin.

Seething, Adolf Hitler climbs into his car and leaves. He refuses to congratulate Jesse, fearing the disgrace of being photographed shaking hands with a black man. The games will go on, and there will be more chances for Jesse to win medals, but the statement has been made. He has become a legend. As Jesse Owens is crowned the winner, you take out your notebook and begin to write. You may have just found the story of a lifetime.

Ethan Arn, 2019
Sports Feature, L. 64-66

AP photo source: <https://www.timesofisrael.com/ioc-apologizes-deletes-throwback-thursday-tweet-about-1936-berlin-olympics/>



COMPETING WITH HISTORY

One of horseracing's most thrilling events from the perspective of the person who had the most to lose.

2nd

The doors of the starting gate burst open. You and your thoroughbred racehorse, Sham, bolt free. You push forward. *Faster, faster!* You inwardly shout. *We're in the lead!* Once you're ahead of the others, you sense a horse pulling even with you. You don't have to look to know that it's your greatest rival, Secretariat. Secretariat's chestnut coat gleams in the sun as he overtakes you by a head. His three white socks are blurs as they surround themselves in dust. You scowl a determined sort of scowl, and succeed at passing him by a head . . . Then a neck . . .

We can do it, we can do it, you urge Sham. Stay ahead, stay ahead!

Your mind trails back to your heartbreaking defeat at the Kentucky Derby. Secretariat stole the lead away from you. You fought hard trying to pass him, but he beat you by several lengths, leaving you feeling crushed and bitter. *That won't happen now!* Secretariat is practically unstoppable, and here you are, in front of him. Your heart pounds as fast as the hooves thundering below you. You let the wind whip across your face. You and Secretariat are about eight lengths in front of the other three horses, which makes Secretariat your only concern. If you can win this Belmont Stakes, then you will prevent your racehorse-enemy from winning the Triple Crown. *And we will finally conquer him like we should have all along.*

Secretariat suddenly gains speed and bolts past you by a head as if he was reading your mind. *Well we can't have that happen, can we?* he seems to taunt as he gains a whole length on you. You drive Sham forward. Secretariat gallops two lengths ahead, then three. *No!* You have to catch Secretariat before he dodges out of reach!

Your mind travels back to the Preakness Stakes when Secretariat did dodge out of reach. He ran from last to first in seconds. You fought past the second place horse and ran the whole rest of the race failing to catch Secretariat. You grudgingly settled for second. Again.

Not this time! you determine as you urge Sham faster.

But Secretariat continues accelerating. He flies five lengths in front of you. Eight lengths. Sham begins to tire, but you push him forward. Secretariat continues gaining his lead. Sham falls behind. *This is not good.*

Secretariat is still increasing speed. *How fast can that horse go?* Secretariat is now twelve lengths in front! You feel you can't catch him at this point. But you also can't give up. You try to push reality out of your mind as you beg Sham to gallop faster. However, he's worn out from keeping up with the legend of all racehorses. Secretariat is 14 lengths ahead! You feel desperate. *Maybe Secretariat will suddenly injure his leg. Maybe he'll faint. Maybe he'll . . . No.* Your heart sinks as the fingers of reality slowly wrap around your mind. You can't catch him. You and Sham drop even with the other horses. *We have to keep fighting! Let's claim second.*

Horses pass you as you drop behind even more. *We can't get last! Keep going!* you urge Sham. Meanwhile, Secretariat's still accelerating! Soon he's eighteen lengths ahead. Then twenty-two. *How is this possible? Does that horse never tire?* Secretariat flies past the finish line thirty-one lengths ahead.

You wince as Twice a Prince and My Gallant sail over the line for second and third about four seconds after Secretariat. Several lengths later,

Private Smiles finishes fourth and you cross the line to finish fifth—and last.

You blink back tears as you watch Secretariat receive his Triple Crown trophy. *It should've been me.* Had it not been for Secretariat, you would've easily won the Derby and the Preakness. And if it hadn't been for him today, you and Sham would've stayed in front and the Triple Crown would be yours.

But it isn't. As the crowd roars, you focus your gaze on Secretariat. But this time you actually *look* at him. For the first time, you see how majestic and strong he really is.

The Triple Crown belongs to the horse who runs like the wind and never tires. It belongs to the horse who doesn't stop accelerating no matter how long he's been galloping. It belongs to the horse who has set records no one can ever dream of conquering.

You've raced neck-and-neck with the greatest racehorse of all time. You've witnessed history. You've competed with history.

As Secretariat is led away, you feel at peace – disappointed, but at peace. Secretariat deserved this win. He truly is the greatest racehorse of all time.

Kaitlyn Keller, 2020
Sports Feature, L. 64-66

Top photo: 1973 Belmont Stakes, photo by Bob Coglianese.

Triple Crown Winners

1919	Sir Barton
1930	Gallant Fox
1935	Omaha
1937	War Admiral
1941	Whirlaway
1943	Count Fleet
1946	Assault
1948	Citation
1973	Secretariat



Personality Feature

C THE AUTHOR OF CYRANO

2nd

The wildly popular stage play *Cyrano de Bergerac* was a masterpiece written by a mastermind.

Edmond Rostand: thinker, writer, author—maker of the play, *Cyrano*, a masterpiece encompassing action, wit, and romance in a single script. With extreme success in countries of both Europe and North America, one can only wonder how the brilliant Rostand spread his legacy through the public. In his earliest writing years, he was one of the well unknown creative thinkers of France. However, after he published *Cyrano* in 1897, Rostand became more than just a writer, but a director and an inspiration to all he came in contact with.

Rostand's naturally introverted nature was undetectable in his fierce writing style and bright new ideas. This is what one unaware of his fame might conclude from his solemn and reserved looks. However, the dialogue and plot of his plays formed a passion in his audience and actors alike. In particular, Sarah Bernhardt, an actress in Rostand's masterpiece, *La Samaritaine*, says, "And as they [the audience] listen to the simple story, they are moved to the heart, they weep, they pray."

Because Rostand was so well liked by those performing his

play, *Cyrano*, he was never banned from rehearsals and was even held higher in regard than the directors. Rostand has specified that if any modification had been changed to the play without his approval, the show would not go on. Most times there was no need for any of these modifications. Rostand was not only the author of *Cyrano*, but also an actor. At every rehearsal, the actors made little input; instead, Rostand directed their every detail and acted out every role. This is what made Rostand's plays his own.

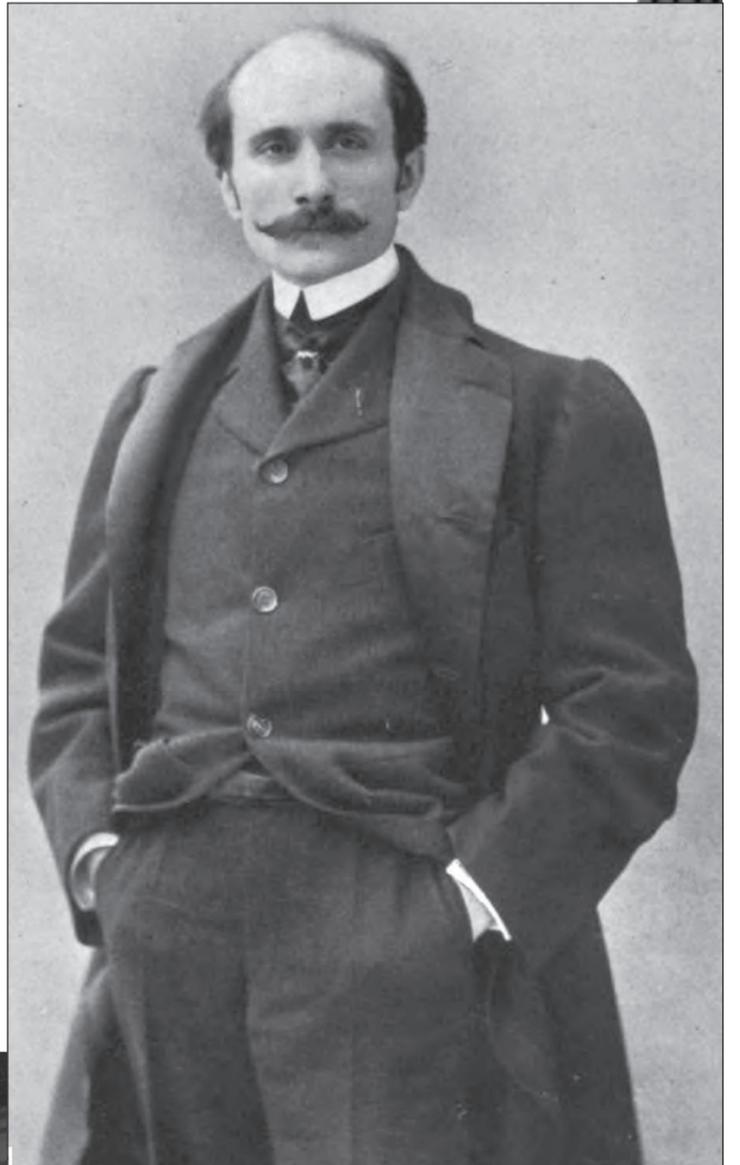
Like many writers, Edmond Rostand's creation of the work, *Cyrano*, took inspirations from his life and friends. *Cyrano*'s romantic experience mirrored the one of a young man whom Rostand had deep connections with. The fight and action scenes in *Cyrano* were realistic, and the dialogue was rehearsed to perfection. Rostand's love/hate relationship with his writing was also reflected in his style. At times, he was overly critical and wrote fierce dialogue. At others, his writing was smooth and pleasant. After heavy critique, Rostand always loved his final drafts. He tried his hardest to attend the four hundred performances

of *Cyrano* so that adjustments could be made. However, Rostand never appeared before his fawning audience. Because of this, he was prey to being called "savage;" he rarely answered letters and paid attention to fans. Although he even refused to be the royal guest of honor at his own *Cyrano* performance, Rostand is better known for the fierce art of his pen rather than his introverted nature.

Rostand, the author of *Cyrano*, was a writer like no other. He was an actor, far from his more composed personality. He was an inspiration for writers and actors alike. He was a creative thinker and wrote whenever it was possible; if it was not, then he was well contented. Rostand loved his final works as much as his readers did. *Cyrano* was a masterpiece written by a mastermind.

Imani Cofield, 2020
Personality Feature, L. 31–36

Top right: Edmond Rostand at 29 when *Cyrano* was first performed. Bottom: 1901 performance of *Cyrano* in Stockholm



WHO IS KING ARTHUR REALLY?

As the year c 705 AD draws to an end, our good king is aging, but stories and songs of his prowess keep coming. His rule for the next year looks promising, due to his popularity. Sadly, and with no shortage of sinister implications, a recent investigation shines new light on the present state of Britain and its king.

Last week a hit single, "Childhood," by Fiddlin' Bards, topped the saga charts and remains the biggest hit in taverns to this date. It tells the story of King Arthur's amazing childhood, and ends with the legendary scene of the sword in the stone. The song may be a smashing success, but it's exactly the kind of thing Holly Doughton attacks in her book, *The Dirty Disclose: A Dreadfully Delightful Discovery of a Devious King's Descent to Dysfunctionality* (complete with 25 drawings by the author). "We are being fed from a constant supply of 'Arthur is amazing' media, but it's time to face the facts," Doughton says. "There is simply no evidence for these fantastic stories. All of the magical legends about our king...are made up."

An interview with the wizard Merlin for her manuscript revealed many contradictions to the widely accepted story of the king's rise to power and early reign, Doughton relates. Also, he "forgets" if King Arthur really went into battle at age 14, and the actual round table accidentally got "lost," so its existence is unable to be documented.

"It has been a long time since all that," Merlin says, "and, uh, I've forgotten some of the details. But don't worry, Arthur is a terrific king."

Doughton offers more evidence from other interviews with a wide

range of people, plus historical proof dug up by her team of scribes, monks, spies and (honest) bards.

One example of inconsistency is the official date of Sir Lancelot's joining the Knights of the Round Table—Merlin gave a different time than Sir Lancelot, who gave a different time than his mother, who gave a different year than a castle servant.

Shockingly, another grey area is Arthur's famous sword Excalibur—or is it really Excalibur? We're not sure anymore, since all of the king's

knights who agreed to talk to Holly got King Arthur's horse and his sword mixed up. Suspicious.

From these proofs to many others, the political scam of fake tales is fully outlined and explained in *The Dirty Disclose*. Pick up a copy at the nearest Medieval Pages, or your local book bindery!

Holly Doughton, 2019
FINALIST
Political Book Press Release, L. 52-54

Herbert Hoover — Is He Really Human?

"That man Hoover, he's human!" This was one of the slogans that Republican President Herbert Hoover employed in his campaign against Democrat Albert E. Smith. The question stands though, is Hoover really human?

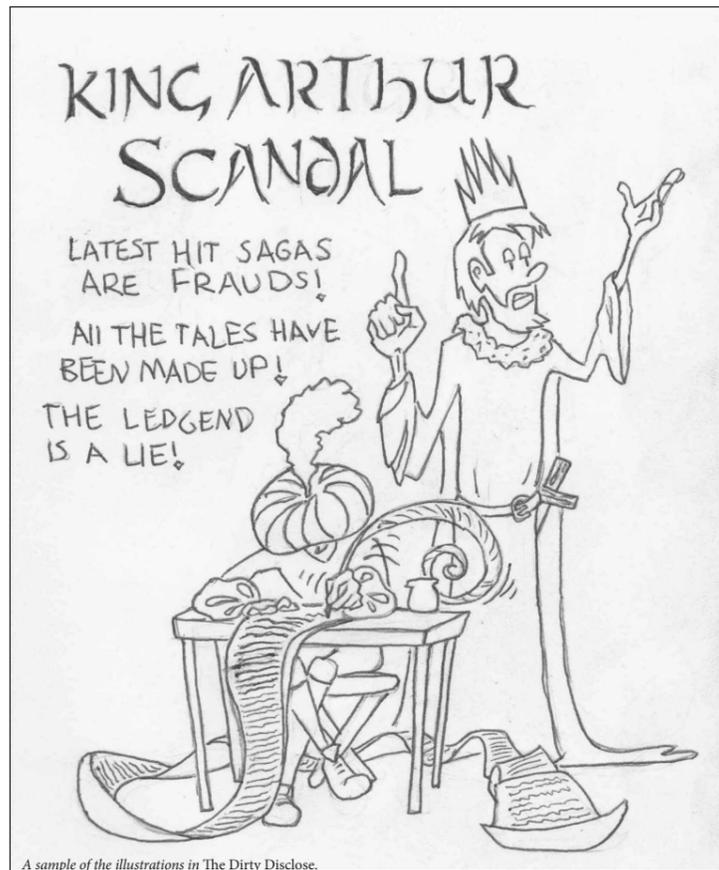
Is He Really Human? is perhaps the best title for Imran Gulamhussein's book set to be released in a few weeks. The book covers "Hooverism" a term coined by Gulamhussein meaning the principle of having two faces, so to speak. The book claims that Hoover is an

alien who has been preprogrammed from an extraterrestrial region and sent here, so that he can corrupt the government, start a depression, and even take over Earth.

The book states, "Hoover is not human. He has been sent here to trigger a great depression. Mrs. Coolidge, the wife of Calvin Coolidge, has said herself that her husband will not run for president this year because of the fact that 'a depression is coming.'"

To further support this argument, let's examine Mr. Hoover's

Continued on page 11



A sample of the illustrations in *The Dirty Disclose*.

THE POTATO CHIP APOCALYPSE



An original
Laura Scudder label

December 21, 1926—What is America's newest love?

The potato chip, of course. Who can resist the crispy, salty, oily goodness?

No one — which is why the entire earth will be poisoned and polluted with this "harmless" food within only a few years.

For one thing, there is that infuriating crunching sound. The sound of someone chewing anything in your ear is extremely unpleasant. The sound of someone chewing a potato chip is a hundred times worse. In fact, you probably go to great lengths to avoid those people.

This is the first sign.

As the time spent with chips grows, your relationships with your friends and family will decline.

First, there will be the period of polite excuses. Then will come the more forced excuses, leading to the heated arguments. Shortly after, you will be unable to bear being around any other people because of that constant sound, and no one else will want to be around you.

So, the potato chip will soon bring about the end of families and friendships, gatherings, and conversation in general. It will be the root of the close of the era of human interaction, and the dawn of the era of

isolation.

Even so, we will not wish to break free, if it means the end of our salt-soaked sin.

This brings me to my next point: salt.

At first you may think that there is no harm in dousing our snacks in buckets of salt. When you look closer, though, it becomes clear.

As the rate of potato chip consumption increases, so will the amount of water drunk by the average person.

Soon, the wells will be drunk dry. So will the creeks, streams, rivers, springs, lakes, seas, and oceans.

Water will become the most valuable item on earth—more precious than gold and diamonds. The entire world will thirst without any hope of relief.

And yet what will we do? We will continue to eat more and more of these potato chips, completely blind to the fact that we are causing our own ruin.

And yet, the worst danger does not lie in the chips themselves, but in their packaging.

Earlier this year, the waxed paper bag was invented.

The public worshipped the new advertisements.

Fresher! Unbroken! Buy now!

And we obeyed, stampeding to the stores, heedless of the danger lurking in the bags.

Suffocation! Choking! Die now! This is what the advertisements are really saying.

You may think that you are smart enough that it is unnecessary to

listen to my warning. Maybe you are. However, what about the infants? The next generation, the hope of America.

Unwatched for a single second, children will eagerly place a neglected potato chip bag over their heads. It is a great game—until they die.

Mothers will beat their breasts and wail to the heavens as in days long past. Children will be bought and sold like cattle — a luxury — but all to no avail.

Yes, unless the potato chips are banished forever, this is what will happen until, inevitably, there will be no young children left.

No children can only mean one thing: the end of the human race.

It will not come as we thought. The end won't come with a bang and a flash, by some god snapping his fingers at whim, or even in the war to end all wars.

Instead the end is masquerading as a harmless, feel-good snack.

One moment you will be crunching away without a care in the world, the next you will realize all that I have told you is true. You will throw your potato chips away, disgusted by yourself, and run to warn your loved ones.

Only, by then it will be too late.

Melody Potter, 2020

FINALIST
Hyperbolic Warning Op. Ed.,
L. 16-187

American entrepreneur Laura Scudder was the first to sell potato chips in wax paper bags, which extended the freshness of the chips and reduced crumbling.

BIGGER BAGS

Laura Scudder's
BLUE BIRD
POTATO CHIPS

SAME FINE QUALITY
SAME FAIR PRICE



Without changing the quality... without a reduction of wages... Laura Scudder now gives you 1/4 more Blue Bird Potato Chips for the same price. Materials and packages are cheaper...and we share our savings with you!

5,000,000 PEOPLE CAN'T BE WRONG

5,000,000 PEOPLE
MADE THIS POSSIBLE
1/4 MORE for your **MONEY**



The demand caused by five million people choosing these potato chips combined with lower costs of materials and packages enable us to give you 1/4 more Laura Scudder's Blue Bird Potato Chips for the same money... without changing quality... without cutting wages.

Laura Scudder's
BLUE BIRD
POTATO CHIPS

SAME FINE QUALITY — SAME FAIR PRICE

SECURING OUR SAFETY

It is time to wake up. Safety gates are dangerous.

Americans place a high value on freedom and security. Heated debates, ambitious legislation, and costly wars have been waged to neutralize threats in order to ensure freedom and security for future generations. Threats have taken on many forms in the history of our great nation. And Americans have always risen to meet the challenge. Today, a new threat has closed in on American families. It has infiltrated the nurseries and corridors of our very lives. It is not a threat from without, but from within. As a nation, we have weathered the stormy seas of Watergate (1972) and Deflategate (2015). However, the current threat opens unparalleled dangers: Safety-gate.

The safety gate was designed to serve as a protective barrier to prevent young children from accessing potentially dangerous areas in the home. Constructed of plastic, wood, or metal, these sturdy barricades expand and contract to accomplish a universal fit that can accommodate a wide variety of access points in the home. One design utilizes metal hardware, affixed permanently and immovably to studs within the wall. These typically utilize a swinging gate mechanism, similar to a door hinge. Hinges and clasps resemble bear traps, lying in wait for the unexpected paw. Many an unsuspecting adult has attempted to

release a latched gate, only to suffer the debilitating injury of a broken fingernail. The savage safety gate is no respecter of age or innocence. Just the other day, as I reached for the gate, it lunged at me, snagging the fourth fingernail on my right hand and pinching my hand as I wrenched it away from the attack. The gate closed with a squeak that sounded an awful lot like a laugh to me.

A second style of safety gate utilizes tension to stabilize the gate frame between two walls, much like a curtain tension rod. This pressure-mounted gate is removable, which might at first sound convenient, but hides a lurking peril. Because its position is not permanent, the distracted person might forget to check if the gate is installed. At a quick pace, with a mind focused on other things, or worse—if making the trek in the dark—it becomes all too easy to notice too late, misstep, or miss it altogether. Crossing over the tension safety gate is a lot like guerilla warfare. Just when you think you are in the clear, the gate ambushes you. Several times, while crossing over, the gate has caught my foot, taken me to the ground, and knocked the wind out of me. On one occasion, I lay there dazed for nearly two minutes before I could once again catch my breath.

Though dangerous during the day, safety gates transform into supervillains during the night.

They lurk around corners in the dark, awaiting unsuspecting victims. Quietly, they crouch low, anticipating the vulnerable victim of a sleep-induced stupor. Many an innocent toddler has tumbled into and over a gate on the errand to get a late-night drink of water. Or picture the adult quietly tip-toeing (so as not to wake others from their peaceful sleep) to the kitchen for a midnight snack. Unaware in the dark of the safety gate, suddenly...a stubbed toe, a banged knee, arms waving violently to regain balance, then CRASH! Face first, the fellow falls over the gate. And with that, the toddler wakes in the next room.

Safety gates are not only a hazard to overall health and a peaceful night sleep, safety gates encourage bad behavior. Everyone knows the safety rule: No running in the house! But the presence of a safety gate provokes unsafe conduct. The combined difficulties of unlatching a gate and risking physical harm, compel teens and young children to approach the gates as hurdles, running and jumping to overcome the challenge so blatantly set before them. Gates also induce a sense of injustice between the inhabitants who roam freely and those who are barricaded behind bars. This sense of injustice creates escape artists, encouraging kids to push boundaries and practice juvenile delinquency within the home.

Opinion

NEW COLT 'REVOLVER' POSES SEVERE THREAT

A reader warns of "sheer, mindless butchery" if single-shot pistols are abandoned.

Samuel Colt has recently patented his new revolver, which allows a shooter to fire six times without reloading. Needless to say, the drawbacks of this new pistol are very real. First, single-shot pistols have been used for centuries. The pistol is a gentleman's weapon, graceful, beautiful, and above all, honorable. Its use is an art, and it develops a man's courage. The duel is a challenge of skill and nerves. Imagine the chaos that would ensue if, instead of calmly standing face-to-face with a single bullet with which to vindicate one's honor, both duelists simply blazed away at each other as fast as possible. The honor of gentlemen would be traded for sheer, mindless butchery.

This is not the only problem with these devilish contraptions. Compared to the lightweight, slender Derringer, the revolver is awkward and impossible to carry in a pocket. The complicated mechanics cause it to break down easily and make it difficult to repair. On a purely aesthetic level, the mass-produced, dull-metal parts are extremely ugly, and they do not complement a gentleman's wardrobe at all.

In the revolver, you have a weapon which no honorable man

would carry. Thus, the weapon will likely only be used by vagabonds, highwaymen, and unsavory characters, which will probably produce a rise in police casualties. The only course of action will be clear to any reasonable citizen. We must call upon our councilmembers to ban the use of revolvers in our fair city and to confiscate any found within its limits.

Sincerely,
A Concerned Citizen

Ethan Arn, 2019
"Watchdog" Feature
L. 58-60

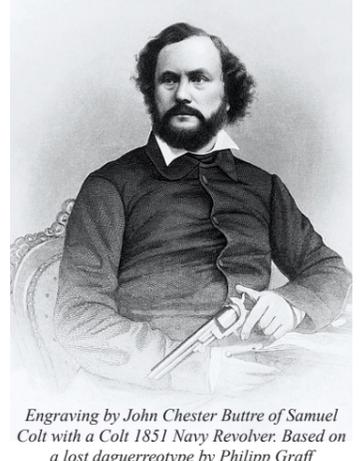
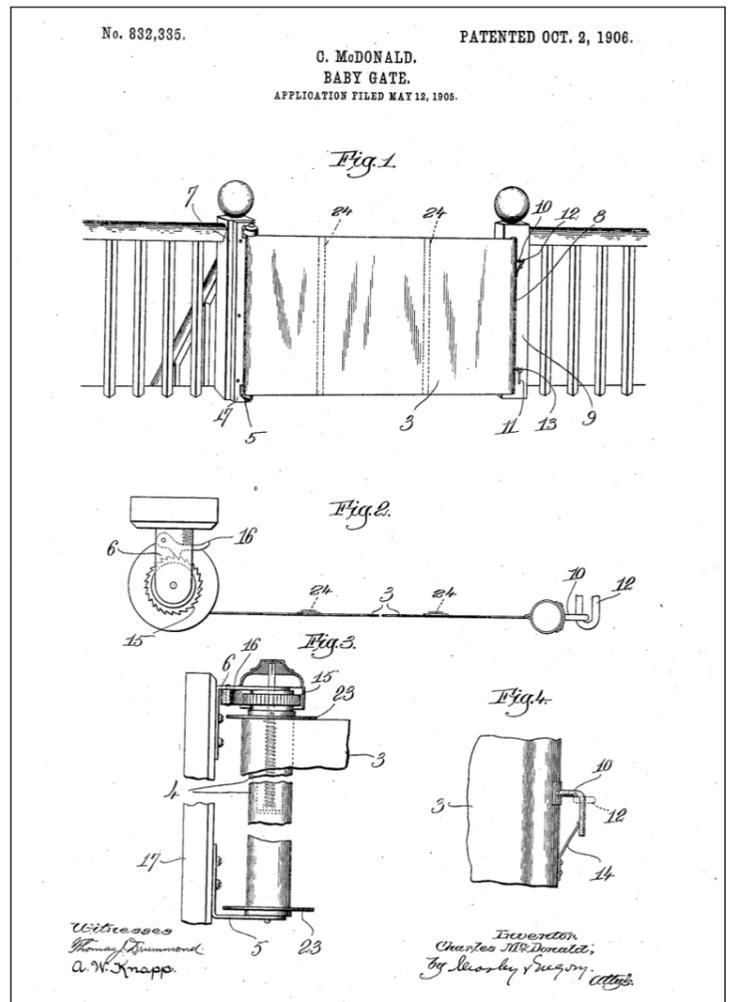


Image: Charles McDonald patent for first baby-gate, filed 1905, granted 1906.



It is time to wake up. We should look to the children and learn. For generations, the children of America have bemoaned the evils of safety gates. As Ronald Reagan cried out, "Mr. Gorbachev, tear down that wall!"—We too, must join with the children in loud voices, "Tear down that safety gate!" Safety gates are dangerous. It is time to say no to the tyranny of stubbed toes, pinched fingers, and children locked up losing

their rights to roam. As Americans, we must unite in our pursuit of freedom and liberty. Thomas Jefferson once wrote, "The price of freedom is eternal vigilance." It is time to take a stand, America. Take down those gates!

Hannah Weed, 2019

FINALIST
Hyperbolic Warning Op. Ed.,
L. 16-18

Continued from page 10, 'Herbert Hoover'

interactions with people. When he is questioned about his campaign he answers in a perfunctory monotone without bothering to elaborate. After he is done he stares blankly at the questioner until another question is posed. "Like a machine that has run down," one startled reporter said.

Simply like a robot. Do what you are supposed to do, then stop until further instructions are provided.

The book hits home on this further, "This point is illustrated by his inability to think beyond his programming, much like a robot. 'I can only make so many speeches. I only have so much to say,' he once said. Is this something that a human would do?"

The book later elaborated that Hoover is terrified from debating with the more mortal Smith, and stays away from him.

"We can therefore conclude that this is because of his inability to think independently," the book says. And just how can a president who can't think run a government? Hoover promises to run the country like an efficient corporation, which means to keep everyone in their place. No independence, no free will, no freedom of speech.

Finally, the book proves its argument by elaborating on the fact that Hoover apparently gets

along very well with fellow items of technology, and uses the example of his great ability to talk on the radio, despite his denouncing of liking to do so.

When asked whether he liked to make speeches on the radio, he snapped and said, "The same thrill I get when I rehearse an address to a doorknob!"

Friends, we urge you, do not make the mistake of electing this computer, who talks to a doorknob!

Imran Gulamhussein, 2019

FINALIST

Political Book Press Release, L. 52-54

Image 1: At his desk at Washington headquarters;

Image 2: Herbert Hoover in 1928



Have an opinion? Sure you do.
Send it in for possible publication.

LOVIN' THE NEW LIP LOOK

1st Chemist applies her first-rate mind to a feminine problem: lipstick that doesn't stay on your face.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1949 — Hazel Bishop, owner and founder of Hazel Bishop Corporation, plans to launch her new product in stores in the coming year. Bishop's product, Hazel Bishop's Long Lasting Lipsticks, recently debuted at Barnard College Club of New York.

Bishop's own foray into the cosmetics world began in 1948. Spurred on by the belief that something essential was lacking in the makeup industry, Bishop began to conduct experiments with dyes and stains in her kitchen. She felt that since women buy and wear makeup, it was strange that so few were involved in the process of manufacturing

makeup. She believed that the cosmetics industry could be revolutionized by a woman's touch, since many of the primary manufacturers were men and had no experience with the use of makeup or the problems that accompanied current products.

Chief among these problems was the issue of interim lipstick. Bishop noticed how many of the lipsticks available tended to smear easily, resulting in one of two things: Either the wearer's mouth would become splotchy and suggest the possibility of raw meat devoured in an unladylike fashion, or the lip stain washed off entirely. Whatever the outcome, it was necessary to spend much time applying and reapplying lipstick. For women of all kinds, but especially working women, there simply wasn't time. This frustrated Bishop, who viewed cosmetics as "an integral part of a woman's wardrobe, not a manifestation of vanity." So she set out to solve this problem, chemically.

After more than three hundred trials, Bishop was able to produce a lipstick with a more durable

quality. She happily reports that Hazel Bishop's Long Lasting Lipstick stays on the wearer's lips without smearing onto cups, napkins, or a certain someone's face.

Hazel Bishop's Long Lasting Lipstick comes in six different colors, each with pragmatic names such as Pink or Real Real Red. "Women want color information, not a prose poem when they buy lipstick," Bishop states. Look for Hazel Bishop's Long Lasting Lipsticks in stores January 1950!

###

Hazel Bishop is a research chemist who graduated from Barnard College in 1929. She had a bachelor's degree in chemistry and plans for attending medical school. Those dreams were never realized, and now she finds fulfillment in blessing her female colleagues with quality cosmetics. For her next project she plans to develop a new, comfortable face cream that doesn't stick or itch.

Rachel Doughton, 2019
Commercial Press Release, L. 55-57

**New Long-Lasting Lipstick
Won't Smear Off –
Stays On All Day Long!**

1952 advertisement; original was colorized. The lipstick tip was red as was the top banner.

Source for this and other images: <https://www.cosmeticsandskin.com/companies/hazel-bishop.php>



Hazel Bishop testing lipstick.



New! Revolutionary!

**HAZEL BISHOP'S Amazingly
Lasting Lipstick Stays On and
On until You Take It Off!**

1950 advertisement

NEWS BRIEFS

Bob Ross Before Fame

AC Kezar, 2020; News Brief, L. 70

"Happy little clouds" and "beat the devil out of it" are just some of the phrases that come to mind when you hear the name of the lovable painting personality, Bob Ross. Born Robert Norman Ross in Daytona Beach, Florida in 1942, Bob quit high school after one year and enlisted into the U.S. Air Force as soon as he turned 18. While stationed in Alaska, he took an art class. There he discovered a painting technique known as "wet on wet." He honed his skills painting landscapes of Alaska and selling them to tourists.

After leaving the military, Bob vowed to himself never to yell at anyone again, because so often he had been required to do so in his military position. Along with his new persona, Bob Ross continued to practice oil painting, learning from Bill Alexander, whom he later replaced on PBS.

Every Hero Needs a Horse

Abby Ingle, 2019; Follow-up Brief, L. 24

As you know, Israel Bissell began a midnight ride of his own two days ago riding on a path to Connecticut. He, as of today, has exceeded his orders as he is driving on to Philadelphia wearing out horse after horse as he rides. Bissell had requested that, "All persons are desired to furnish him with fresh horses as they may be needed," says J. Palmer, one of the Community of Safety.

If you live on the road to Philadelphia, please leave a horse with a tag that says, "for Bissell" on its bridle. It will be greatly appreciated.

A Friendship Formed by Wire

Imani Cofield, 2020; L. 22-24

The invention of the telegraph has been the most exciting of resources available to the average man. To further improve the machine for use everywhere should be the intent of all. Through the telegraph, the idea of fast communication with other people over miles of cities, even countries, is possible. Friends, relatives, and businessmen alike are now connected through wire. Likewise, telegraph operators favor this invention in quite interesting ways as well.

The chain of dots, dashes, and spaces that make up the seemingly simple Morse code reveal more to a telegraph operator than just the translation. In fact, it is proven by experience that one's disposition and character can be exposed through the way they tap out their Morse. For example, a fellow journalist and telegraphist, L.C. Hall, is known for his ability to make friends with other operators on the other line. While conversing through unique dots and dashes, Hall correctly guesses the personality and even the figure of his friend without ever having seen him before.

This is one example out of many describing how useful the Morse code is to individuals who know the language. Because two men of completely different nationalities can learn the habits and character of each other by a tap and a wire, the use of a telegraph should be available to everyone.

Kansas Invaded by WASP

Melody Potter, 2019; Brightener, L. 71

Hazel Ying Lee, a member of the WASP and the first Chinese-American woman to fly for the U.S. military, was forced to make an emergency landing in a wheat field in Kansas during World War II. Upon emerging from her plane, the field's farmer spotted her. He mistook her for Japanese, and proceeded to chase her around the field with a pitchfork, all the while shouting that the Japanese were invading Kansas. Lee explained who he was and demanded that the farmer stop. He did.

Lawyer Shoots Himself; Dies Next Day

Melody Potter, 2019; News Brief, L. 70

LEBANON, OHIO, 1871 — Clement Laird Vallandigham died yesterday. He was representing Thomas McGehean, who was accused of murder in a barroom brawl. Vallandigham believed that the victim, Tom Myers, shot himself. He demonstrated how he believed it could have happened, and, thinking that his pistol was unloaded, shot himself in the stomach. He died yesterday of peritonitis. Thomas McGehean was acquitted and released. Vallandigham is survived by his wife and son.