

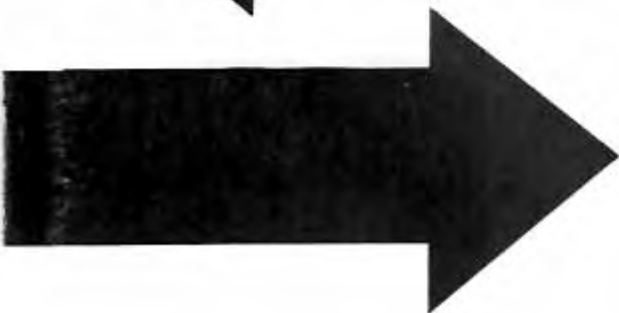


Directions

1970

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*The
Lincoln
School*





THE LINCOLN STUDENT, WHO IS HE?

He's freshman, sophomore, junior or senior.
He comes from rural and urban sections
of Kentucky,

He's black, he's white,
He's passive, he's militant,



He's religious, he's not,
He's sociable, he's a
loner,



He loves, he hates,
He grieves, he rejoices,



He questions, he accepts,
He thinks, he acts,



He's turned on, he's turned off,
He's inward, he's outward.



Why does he stay? Because his expectations are being fulfilled - or there's nothing to go home to?

Why does he go? Because he's turned off or he's afraid to tackle the world by himself.

No motivation, or maybe he's... ready to move on.

Where does he go?
Home? Why? School? Why?

Job? What kind?
Army?

The lincoln Student
He's...

Diane Leach



... *he's urban* ...

Bank Street Mural

The sidewalk burned in puddles of streetlight,
Thick heat had seeped into all the houses that
lined it.

Out to get some air,
I tried not to feel the empty cries of the buildings.
But one cried louder than the others:
A young family
Was imprisoned within its walls
I had to stop walking
And peek through a window at the
animals
on display.

An open box of Pop Tarts stood in the grease
on the dinette table.

It had been robbed by a small
child
Who scurried through the kitchen doorway
Holding one of the half-eaten pastries,
It's jam smeared on his clown face like make-up:
He trotted into the living room where a
Dingy undershirt
and
Green pair of work pants
Sat watching television.
A man-
the boy's father-
Lived inside the clothing.

The grey television picture kept rolling.

Mommy,
A pretty painted bitch
Wearing slacks and a sweater,
Appeared in the living room doorway
With four other children.
She'd come to get the fifth and put them all to bed.
Father slapped
her ass
lovingly
as she walked into the bedroom with her
filthy brood.

I had to stop watching then:
They might think I was
staring.

Carl Smith



Photos - Carl Smith

For years the Appalachian mountain region has been regarded as the "backwoods" area of our nation: never really known, not very often visited. Now hundreds of years later this land is being discovered. Behind the stereotype of the mountaineer, America is finding real people. Finally the problems are being faced and the mountaineer is being rediscovered. . .



There are so many things holding him back: his pride, his low education, and his traditional way of life. Yet there are some beginning points. Even though the A. V. A. s and Vista Volunteers are there, they must be prepared to work within the present structure of life and culture in the mountains . . .

. . . *he's rural* . . .

The Mountaineer's eyes and heart have turned to the promises of the future life, only because his hopes have so often been frustrated in this life and he has never lived with real joy and satisfaction. Often you may hear a father crushed by the poverty that he didn't create say that "We '11 be rich some day by-in-by." These people are longing for a tomorrow of wealth and joy and health in heaven. For many it is the only hope, and to destroy it is a great injustice to a people who have already suffered too much at the hands of outsiders. . .



In concluding, I have but my feelings to express. I've lived in the mountains for fifteen years of my life, home and love. Only recently did I find out that my way of life wasn't very good, that it has mostly disadvantages. This paper therefore isn't just a paper for me, it's the things that I've seen and felt myself. . .

For Days!

Kat Brown

More
Power
To You!

Keep on
Pushing!




ROSES

In my dress of gleaming red
satin,
I stand on my pedestal of
thorns.
Aloof, cool, untouchable.
The Beauty of the Forest.

The Violet

I, the shy, small, shrinking violet-
shy of other flowers, small and
petite.
I huddled close in my
bower of green, hoping the world
will let me be.



The Morning Glory

I am the herald of the morning.
I open when the sun rises.
My bugle of myriad colors is
lifting itself gaily.
If I failed to open, would the forest
wake up?



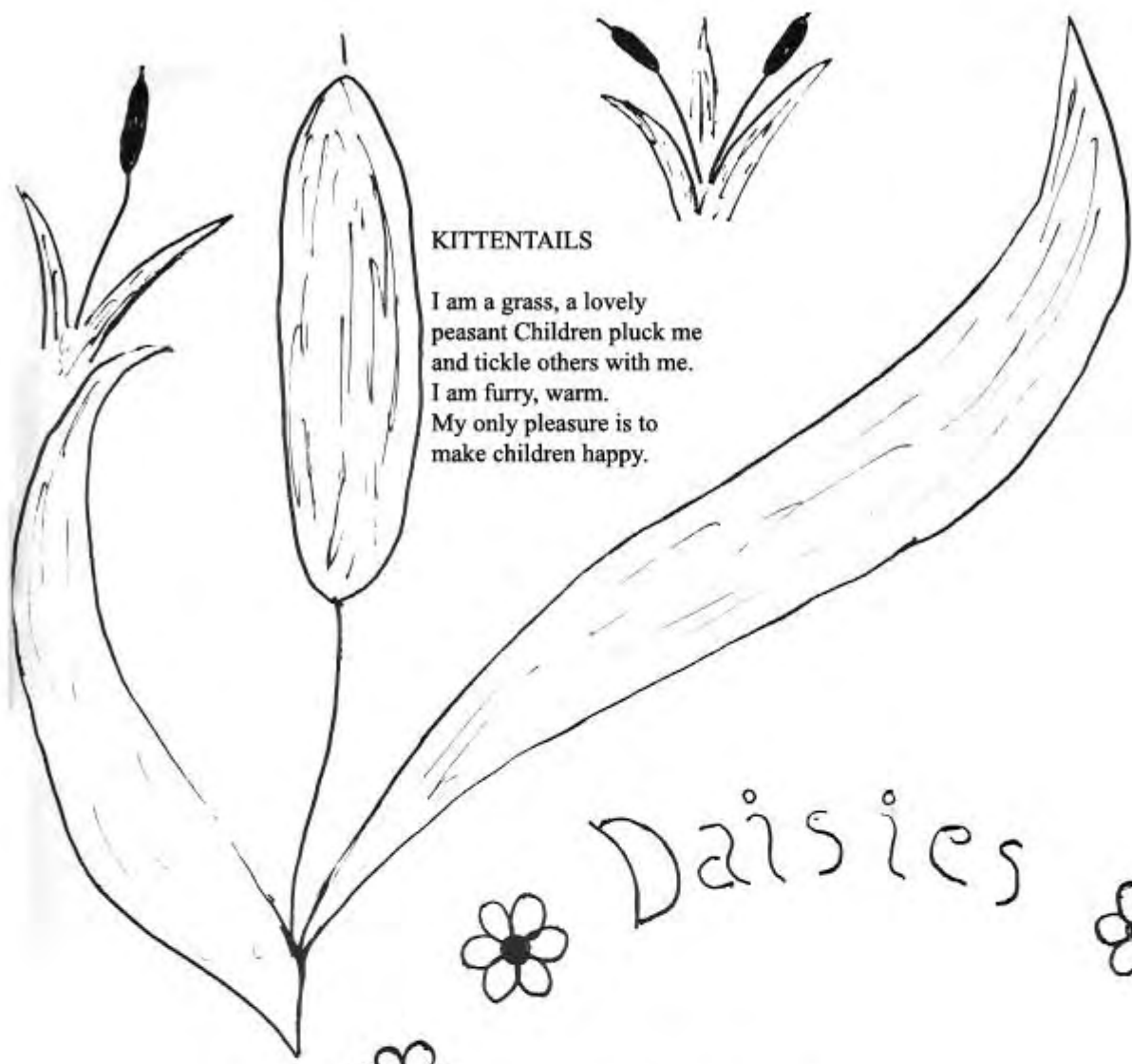
QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

I, the regal queen of all the woodland forest,
sit on my throne of leaves,
I nod gently in the wind,
returning tribute to they that
pay tribute to me.
My crown of white lace
interwoven - finer than any
spider's web, is my
glory - for without it
I am but a peasant.

Honeysuckle

There is no fragrance
sweeter than mine.
I perfume the forest.
Bees like me, I provide nectar -
food of the goods - expressly for them.
My dress is satin. .. smooth.
But I am only a vine -
I cannot hold my head up alone -
-Dependant, I am.
Without a fence, I am
crushed, broken and I creep
on the ground. The other flowers
would look down on me, and
when the rains come, they would
take their leaves and drop
every bit of rain on me they
could - drown me! For they
are jealous - I smell good.

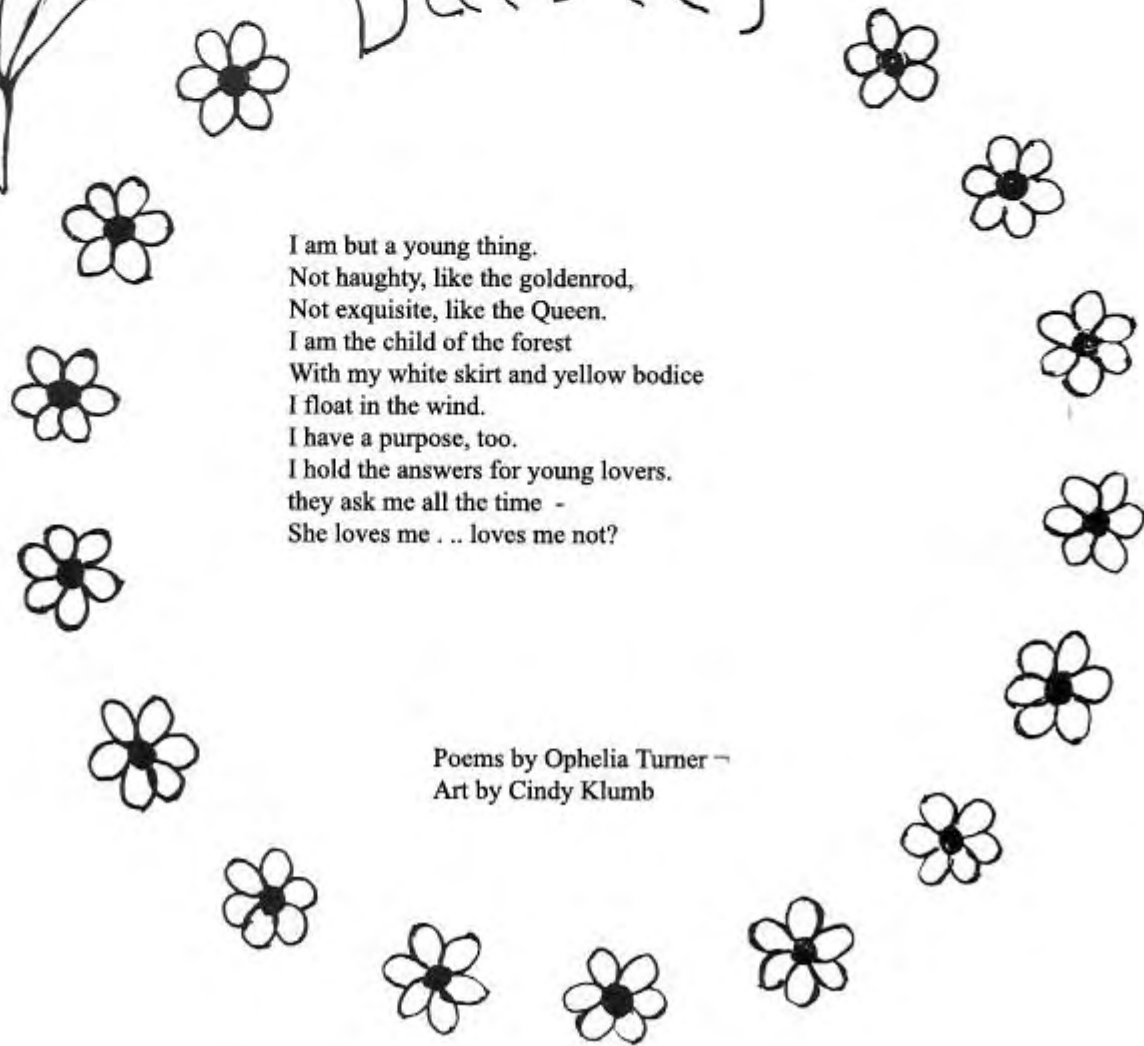




KITTENTAILS

I am a grass, a lovely
peasant Children pluck me
and tickle others with me.
I am furry, warm.
My only pleasure is to
make children happy.

Daisies



I am but a young thing.
Not haughty, like the goldenrod,
Not exquisite, like the Queen.
I am the child of the forest
With my white skirt and yellow bodice
I float in the wind.
I have a purpose, too.
I hold the answers for young lovers.
they ask me all the time -
She loves me ... loves me not?

Poems by Ophelia Turner ~
Art by Cindy Klumb

A Time to Live and Learn

Summer is ending and school begins,
You're in a new environment full
of new people and situations.
Now is the time,
To live and Learn.

Autumn begins and you're really in.
You've made friends and now
you know what Lincoln is about.
Now is the time,
To live and Learn.

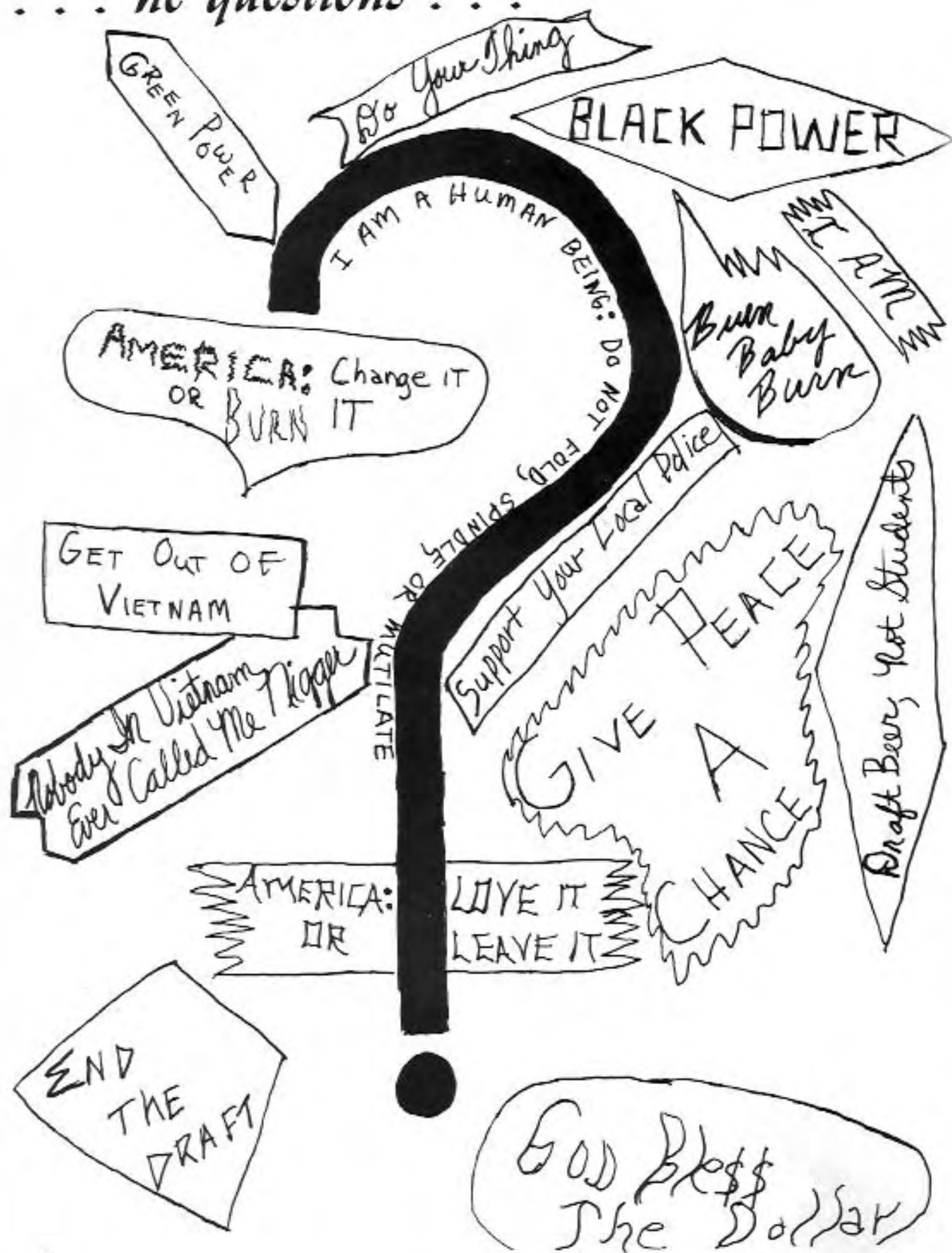
Winter's here and so are the gusty winds.
You're planning your future and
now you're looking forward to Spring.
Now is the time,
To Live and Learn.

Spring hurries to make its appearance.
You've seen the inside and
You've seen the outside.
and you've really
Lived and Learned.

Now it's your turn to mix,
convey, compare, accept or
reject. It's your world –
The horizons are unlimited,
A time to Live, a time to Learn.

Huey Prater

... he questions ...



left handed people are
Cool !

Come back Ark - All's forgiven
- Alice

I'm so desperate
I could jump off Berea -
but it's probably a 60-level
offense

"Hit the Gate"



Being young
only happens once,
enjoy it while you can.
You may wake up one
morning and find out you're
an ADULT!



HELP



"EXTERMINATE"
everyone over 21

This is cute

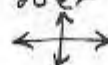
Stop the war,
it's making enemies
m.c.e.

To the J's
from the graduating class
"your day will
come"

Today is the 12th day
of the rest of your life...

I am in
love with
you

If anyone sees Jung E, tell
her we're looking for her
She's over there



(THERE IS WRITING ON THE WALL...)

anti- aggression
- autoocracy
- apathy:

Activites go

u
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o
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n
d

TURN TURN
TURN TURN
TURN TURN

The
CRANK

This is a paper with an open format. Our primary purpose is to provide a medium for public discussion of ideas. It is our opinion that the stimulation and dissemination of thought is one of the most important goals any student at The Lincoln School could achieve. We are going to try. We will never deliberately stir controversy, but we will always believe that controversy is to be desired over stagnation.

We need your interest, ideas, and support if this paper is to continue If you have something to say, write it and give it to one of the editors. We accept both signed and unsigned articles.

In the belief that our faculty plays a key role in communication on this campus, by providing a two-way dialogue with the students, their support and articles are also solicited and very much desired.

Davy Jones
Danny Scott
Carl Smith
Mike Stadther
Earl Walther



*... he's
turned on
he's
turned off . . .*



At the Crossroads of Crossed Intent

So.

Here we stand
At the crossroads of crossed intents;

Me -

Braked at my stop,

waiting

For you to move on

before I cross,

Breathing the churning traces

of your movement in my life

Lingering,

lingering,

now settled.

So,

At the crossroads of crossed intents,
Are heads hung,
With throats constricted,

homage

to the reign of Silence,

whose ghastly veil,

embarrassment,

suppresses clean emotion;

Only

filtering through

hollow good byes

and flinching, downcast eyes

for you.

Oh

What is lost when friends must leave

to

Travel down their separate pathways!

The loss is great,

And not till they are imbedded in the horizon

Is the blow

realized,

that knocks the breath.

And when

comes the rain,

a light may suffuse

the dampness

of your windowpane

Making you look

through steaming swirls of wonder,

Wishing

not

to be alone.

Danny Scott



*... he's inward,
he's outward ...*



... he's a Senior ...

After three years at The Lincoln
School, twenty-three seniors who
began the Lincoln tradition head
in unlimited directions towards
uncharted horizons. . .

"Draw your chair up close to the
edge of the precipice and I'll tell
you a story. "

F. Scott Fitzgerald,
"Notebooks, " from *The
Crack-Up*
(Ed. Edmund Wilson)



Danny Scott

Pages 19 and 20 are missing.

If you have a hard copy of this year book containing these two pages, please contact Howard Priddy so we can include them in this online yearbook.

Pages 19 and 20 are missing.

If you have a hard copy of this year book containing these two pages, please contact Howard Priddy so we can include them in this online yearbook.



TO LEARN

TO CREATE...



TO LOVE...

These are the sole purposes of my life. "

Cindy Klumb



"I heard of it . . . Lincoln.
It was vague. . .
I decided to come. . .
I'm here. . .
I'll soon be
leaving. . .
A true living and learning
experience. . .
I have a destination. . . college"



Arletta Hundley



"The four gray walls that surround me make me long for
The green, green grass of home."

"I came to the Lincoln School looking for a new experience,
not knowing what the future held, but willing to face it head
on. Now that I'm leaving I know that I have found a new
meaning: to be myself. "

Esther – a girl with many ambitions
And talents.

She's from Louisville and was
one of the first students to be cho-
sen to come to The Lincoln School
in 1966. During her years here
Esther has been an active partici-
pant in band, chorus, and student
activity planning. Esther intends
to go to college.





Harold Hathorne

Well if it isn't Harold Hathorne! This senior has a personality all his own. No one can pinpoint the real Hathorne. But we can tell of Lincoln's Hathorne. Harold has served on the Student Council for two years. He has contributed to student activity plannings. Harold was a member of Lincoln's first basketball team. His scholastic interests lie in the areas of social studies and English. After he graduates he plans to attend college. Some of his choices are Brown, U. K. and U. L. With a changing personality and an excellent academic background, Harold Hathorne has a sound basis for going on to higher learning and finally leading to a good and prosperous life.

a person of many talents. . .

an actress. . .

mathematician. . .

interested in others. . .

fun to be with. . .

mature. . .

likes to have fun.. .

serious yet not too serious. . .

A whole person named Aritha Gardner. . .



If I were to describe myself I would say I am "A Jack Of all Trades and Master at None." I've done so many things here and haven't been great in any of them. Look at my career in basketball, track, crosscountry and my classes. I let them know that I'm there, but I haven't Starred yet. Since I've been at Lincoln I've learned how to get along with people and how to control myself. It's been a pretty long time since I've lost my temper. Lincoln has helped me quite a lot. I know where I'm going, and what I want out of life. And no matter what happens I plan to get what I want!

Go! Howard!



Howard Priddy



I have gained a great deal of knowledge and good experience, not only the academics, but social and cultural activities as well. I am pursuing a career in music. I want to give my best regards to TLS's administration and best wishes to the ones who have tried to make Lincoln what it is: the students of TLS.

Goodbye Lincoln School ...
Yolanda Graham



Gary Partin is a senior from Adair County. He was among the first students to enroll in The Lincoln School. He played on the J. V. basketball team his first and second years. Gary has demonstrated social concern by his participation in the Oct. 15 Moritorium Teach-In and the Philosophy and Goals Committee. His academic interests will probably lead him in the direction of science.

“I hold it, that little rebellion, now and then, is a good thing, and is necessary in the political world as storms in the physical world.

- Thomas Jefferson



Earl Walther



My name is Karen Smith. I enjoy music and meeting new people. Academically my interests wander, but socially I enjoy watching basketball. My favorite class is sociology. I have enjoyed my years at Lincoln very much, although I've had my ups and downs. So far I haven't made any definite plans after high school. But who knows what the future holds?



"So be it. Welcome, O life. ...

James Joyce



George Sanders



September 1969

"I have one year left at Lincoln. I wonder if I really want to leave? Sure, I've had my ups and downs. For instance, I really enjoyed the trip to Tulane. The trip helped me to decide what kind of school I'm looking for. I've experienced a few bad times also.

One thing I just couldn't get over was living in a situation like Lincoln. Oh well, life isn't perfect. I still have college! "

Melvin Sears

Heh! Heh! Heh! Its Gary Ware! Gary graduates this year. He hopes to continue his education in college. Gary has participated in various activities at school such as basketball and drama. Among his accomplishments, in the academic world, he was a semi -finalist in the NMSQT ... A nice and likable person.

Good Luck!



Rod enjoys reading, meeting people and drama. Although his interests are broad, he wants to work in Law or Radio Broadcasting, perhaps at the University of Kentucky. When asked about his years at Lincoln, Rod replied, "my best times were During the first and second years Here."

(Wonder who got on him that Third year?)



"Lincoln has truly been a change of atmospheres for me. I've had my ups and downs, but most important, I'm sure my experiences at Lincoln will partially determine what I do in the future. A challenge indeed - TLS. I am happy to have had the experience, and to have grown enough to not need it again. "

- Mary Elkins

a senior. . .

basketball manager. . .

entertainer. . .

enjoys life. . .



plays guitar. . .

student.. .

travels. . .

Who is he?

Mike Durr

Althea Jones is a very active person both socially and academically. She is the president of the girls' dormitory and vice president of the Student Council. Althea has served on various committees formed to help better the Lincoln School. Her wide list of academic subjects include: French, mathematical functions and calculus. Socially Althea participates in helping organize dances and other social flings. She has been a junior varsity and varsity cheer., leader. We can truly say she is a Lincoln booster! In all, her contributions to Lincoln have been many and her demands few.

Here's wishing you a
prosperous career in
whatever field you
choose ...

I



. . . *he*

Reflections

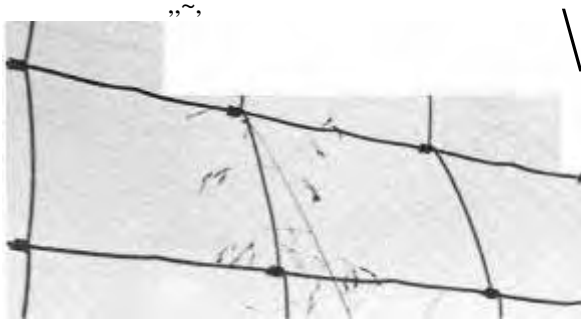


Monday morning, all quiet on the Lincoln front.
The flag just died on its chain, hanging motionless.
It's one of those fleeting unpredictable, stop-and -
listen moments when the wind has ceased its
ominous whirring - that low, dull whistling sound
which tortures the sensitive ear that is yearning,
always yearning, to hear and ponder all the small,
delicate sounds of Winter-Spring-Purgatory and
take the time to ask what it's all about?

I trample alone over woods, soggy fields,
crooked streams, and restricted lakes writing
melodramatic prose on my back in the wet
grass without a watch or a worry or a girl to
lie with me and ask stupid questions like Do
you love me? and make me wonder.

I stop and sit on the soft, sloping banks of
Nature's lake and now I see her waters are
not the shimmering drops of sunlight that
hurt my eyes and made me happy, but merely
the reflection of that which is Above. And I am
glad.

I see the world. I see two young lovers about to
kiss - afraid. Then... the world.



I watch the sun. I watch it at dawn. I wonder at its strength, its virtue. It
brings the morning to us all. Every one, everyday. It
worries not of skin or sex for it has neither. Then I wonder at the world.

Dan Bell

Photos - Carl Smith



thinks . . .



Photo by Earl Walther

I sleep on thoughts of greatness coming, and the future looming 'fore and 'bove me like a huge block of paraffin, warming slowly to the point of perfect pliancy, after which, if strong young hands don't take hold and mold and shape with quiet certainty , melts fast away, impossible to gather up again.

Dan Bell

. . . *he acts* . . .



"The ball
Slides up and out,
Lands,
Leans ,
Wobbles,
Wavers,
Hesitates,
Exasperates,
Plays it coy
Until every face begs with unsounding screams
And then



And then

And then,

--
Right before ROAR- UP,
Dives down and through. "

By Edwin A Hoey







Training, practice

It seems, forever.

Is the effort worth it?

Perhaps

It is self-satisfaction.

Can you read it in these

Faces?



"Off like the wind along the cobbled footpath and rutted lane, smoother than the flat grass track on the field and better for thinking because its not too smooth, and I was in my element that afternoon knowing that nobody could best me at running but intending to beat myself before the day was over. "



I couldn't see him anymore, and I couldn't see anybody, and then I knew what the loneliness of the long-distance-runner running across country felt like. . .

The Loneliness of
The Long-Distance
Runner.

- Alan Sillitoe





... armwrestle ...



... tram through the woods ...



... roll down hills ...

I was, never very big on

organized sports.

Often I'd rather..



... shoot pool ...



... play ping pong...



...be free...



... sail a ship...

HOW COME I'VE
NEVER SEEN
YOU IN SCHOOL?

I DON'T GO
TO YOUR
SCHOOL.



WHERE DO
YOU GO TO
SCHOOL?

IT'S SUPPOSED TO
BE A SPECIAL
SCHOOL FOR
GIFTED
CHILDREN!



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YOU LIKE
IT?

IT'S A BIG GYP!
I'VE BEEN THERE
A YEAR AND ---



- I HAVEN'T GOTTEN
A GIFT YET!



You and me standing there,
 neither of us the richer.
You are dark, and I am fair-
 the camera making the picture.
In the dark place,
 there the negative came.
A different color upon our face,
 as in real life we are not the same.

Wanda Smith





Philosophize



Meet **Observe**



Play

Interact

Act





TALK Bullgive

Advise Listen



Dream



Plan



Love





*the
unseen
campus . . .*





As the World Watches On

Who are you, and what's your
purpose?
Things you should know,
things you'll learn;
This is what Lincoln teaches
As the world watches on.

Can you or can't you?
Will you or won't you?
Things you'll learn,
things you should have known.
This is Lincoln's ultimate
goal And still the world watches on.

Who are you?
Where are you going?
Things you should know,
things you'll learn,
This is what Lincoln teaches,
As the world watches on.

You've got your identity,
you know where you're going.
Things you know,
things you have learned.
This is where Lincoln gets off
And still the world watches on.

If you attain your goal
and can be proud,
with all you know and with
all you've learned
This was Lincoln's ultimate goal,
As the world stands to applaud.

Huey Prater

Out of chaos comes . . .



Diane and Miss McCulloch ponder a problem...



Last minute proofing - Arletta, Diane, Van put in long hours uncomplainingly

Thanks to the staff

~ Diane Leach - Editor
Arletta Hundley - Copy Editors
Van Lawless
Huey Prater - Photographer
George Hughes - Business Managers
Randall Robbins
Mary Elkins
Karen Smith - Reporters
Cindy Klumb

D
I
R
E
C
T
I
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N
S



Huey checks over some pictures.

And thanks to all who contributed photographs and ideas.

Pg. 2 (t to b, 1 to r)
 Weatherby, C.
 Durr, M
 Partin, G.
 Smith, K.
 Jones, R.
 Brown, S.
 Ware, G.
 Minter, D.
 Green, A.
 Davis, D.
 Turner, O.
 Klumb, C.
 Stadther, M.
 Thornton, T.
 Burdine, P.
 Lawless, V.
 Kelley, P.
 Bellingham, D.
 Tunstill, S.

Pg. 3 (t to b, 1 to r)
 Ray, S.
 Perkins, J.
 Leggett, J.
 Tunstill, S.
 Edwards, V.
 Bickman, Mr. M.
 Dawson, Mr. R.
 Jones, Mr. W.
 Carmichael, Mrs. M.
 Robb, B.
 Wabnitz, Miss S.
 Logan, C.
 Little, Mr. J.
 Sears, M.
 Partin, G.
 Mullen, R.
 Gander, Mr. D.
 Minter, D.
 Wilson, C.
 Dixon, M.
 Tisdale, M.
 Young, P.
 Burdine, P.
 Green, D.

Pg. 15 (1 to r)
 Dixon, M.
 Walker, C.
 Anderson, J.
 Allen, G.
 Farrow, A.
 Marlow, R.
 Robbins, T.

Pg. 15 Con't
 Brown, S.
 Leggett, J.
 Combs, B.
 Young, G.
 Jackson, S.
 Collins, R.
 Miller, R.
 Tincher, T.
 Combs, B.
 Frierson, V.
 Brock, G.
 Dyer, K.
 Hathorne, H.
 Louden, T.
 Skinner, C.
 Goetzman, Miss N.
 Thornton, T.
 Green, G.
 Lee, S.
 Hill, B.

Graham, Y.

Pg. 18
 Scott, D.

Pg. 19
 Leach, D.
 Brown, K.

Pg. 20
 Gray, R.
 Stadther, M.

Pg. 21
 Klumb, C.
 Hundley, A.

Pg. 22
 Feese, D.
 Frederick, E.

Pg. 23
 Hathorne, H.
 Gardner, A.

Pg.24
 Priddy, H.
 Graham, Y.

Pg. 25
 Partin, G.
 Walther, E.

Pg. 26
 Smith, K.
 Sanders, G.

Pg.27
 Sears, M
 Ware, G.

Pg.28
 Mullen, R.
 Elkins, M.

Pg. 29
 Durr, M.
 Jones, A.

Pg. 31
 Smith, C.

Pg.32
 Hill, B.
 Priddy, H.
 Jones, R.
 J - V Basketball Team

Pg. 33 (1 to r)
 Ware, G.
 Whiteside, G.
 Prater, H.
 Hill, B.
 Copper, L.
 Casey, M.
 Duke, R.
 Tincher, T.
 Walton, W.
 Weatherby, C.
 Smith, W.
 Jones, A.
 Fleming, J.
 Bynum, C.
 Eldridge, T.

Pg. 34
 Eldridge, T.
 Hughes, G.
 Eldridge, T.
 Hunter, J.

Pg. 35
 Hill, B.
 Priddy, H.
 Prater, H.
 Hunter, J.

Pg. 36
 Avery, L.
 Burgess, S.
 Green, G.
 Burdine, P.
 Graham, Y

Pg. 36 (con't)
 Bynum, C.
 Bellingham, D.
 Wilson, C.
 Hill, B.

Pg. 37
 Wilson, C.
 Weiss, Mr. H.
 Adams, A.
 Leach, D.
 Klumb, C.
 Gardner, A.
 Humer, J.

Pg. 39
 Tincher, T.
 Jones, R.

Pg. 40 (t to b, 1 to r)
 Weiss, Mr. H.
 Young, Mr. H.
 Simpson, Mr. E.
 Bickman, Mrs. L.
 Foust, Miss E.
 Brown, Mr. D.
 Craig, Mrs. N.
 Caesar, Mr. C.
 Hahn, Miss C.
 Wilson, Mrs. M.
 Baird, Mr. K.
 House, Miss A.
 Dye, Miss C.
 Gander, Mr. W.

Pg. 41 (t to b, 1 to r)
 Fore, Mr. R.
 Polsgrove, Mr. R.
 Patterson, Miss B.
 Owen, Mr. M.
 Williams, Mrs. R.
 Stack, Miss S.
 Goetzman, Miss N.
 Robinson, Mr. S.
 Vislisl, Mr. D.
 Gedney, Mr. E.
 Bowman, Mrs. M.
 Schneider, Mr. F.
 Bridge, Miss N.
 Ecton, Mr. G.
 McCulloch, Miss S.
 Gold, Dr. M.

Pg.42
 Pierce, W.
 Ellis, P.

Pg.43
 Pierce, W.

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