



You've lived with the professors
 And they've all liked your looks;
 With great lawyers you've discussed lepers and crooks.
 You're very well read—it's well known.

But something is happening here
 And you don't know what it is
 Do you Mr. Jones?

Sound familiar—or if not the lyrics, the message? It's Bob Dylan and it's what's happening; tell it like it is.

This is it, sometimes good, sometimes bad, like never before.

And it's here—NOW. For the times they are a'changing. And we, at WHS are a part of this change.

This is a change that encompasses many different things. Everything from the wild, the far-out, and the bizarre, to the restricted. Psychedelic clothes and flickering strobes contrast the appearance of Minnesota Poets, closed circuit TV, and the crea-

tion of a student art gallery.

The change is exposure to new ideas and philosophies—a time for hard introspection of the self. It is a time for the seeking of stability in the confused, chaotic world.

In one respect it is race, poverty, prejudice, Viet Nam, religion; and in another it is the educational process, the social scene, finals, term papers, SAT's, clothes, money, college, country clubs, popularity, status, and self.

It is I, it is the group. And more important it is where do I go?

What do I do?

This is the Happening—

Wayzata Senior High School, 1968