



# Class of 1976-77

Pages 4-22

## FOREWORD

As the years passed it became more imperative that we should preserve the astonishing antics of Waldron High School Speech 201. We could not stand "idly by" and allow those "immortal words" of the Joes and Johns, the Marys and Marthas, or the Davids and Dianas to fade into the shadows of oblivion. So the time-worn teacher decided to select as many quotations as possible from the speeches, class plays, and "adventures" of the approximately 900 remarkable young adults who "took" speech between the years 1947-1977. (He also included some reminiscences from his other language classes because they had their share of oral communication starting in 1938.)

Consequently it should be apparent that no other oral similar organization can quite match Speech 201 in colorful dialogue, vigorous variety, emotional excitement, or just pure enjoyment. So this volume is meant to be a tribute to the best speakers in the "entire system."

Therefore, to these endeavors we invoke the assistance of the Spirit of Oral Communication that he may inspire us to remember with pleasure and nostalgia the maturing times that we shared in Room 201.

## INTRODUCTION

"You may say anything you wish as long as it is the truth as you see it and as long as it is socially acceptable, but remember - everyone else has the same right so he, too, will be heard, and we must listen respectfully; moreover, each one of us must assume responsibility for our words and actions; whatever we say, if we so desire, will not be repeated beyond these classroom doors." With this philosophy each speech class session began. Our classes stressed work and punctuality - open and free participation as well as open and free listening (excepting the times of hilarious and friendly pandemonium) - and even that seemed to be constructive. We tried to have no social levels - we endeavored to treat each person as one of God's equal creatures in order to develop him or her into the best possible individual - and to a noticeable extent we succeeded. Even the teacher received his share of sincere criticism, growth, and hard work.

At times the following statement appeared on our class play programs: "Speech Class policy for years has insisted that all Seniors who choose may be and should be included in at least one stage play in contrast to the very prevalent high school practice of choosing only the few and only the "best" after try-outs. At Waldron, for the past years, there have been no try-outs and no "best" prospects. Here we write our own play trying to create parts for each class member. So, if a cast of 47 seems unwieldy and the story appears to be

"wayout" and the comedy somewhat "hammy", just remember that our PRIMARY purpose then is to create a training experience for ALL - not just the elite. Our secondary purpose then is to entertain. Past years have proved our policy; likewise, we hope this year's performance will be rewarding and entertaining. Although our acoustics, seating, lighting, stage equipment, amplification, dressing rooms, rehearsal opportunities, and general conditions are unsatisfactory, we do appreciate working with the "best" teenagers and playing before the "best" audiences. So thanks for your interest and encouragement."

During and following public performances, parents and friends frequently commented - "I didn't know she (or he) could act or perform like that!" The answer - "Until now perhaps they never had the opportunity to develop their skills and abilities."

We remember with a full spectrum of emotion the smiles - laughter - pathos - ecstasy - anger - sympathy - pride - sportsmanship - love - tears - astonishment that emitted from the podium. We would estimate that in this time space Room 201 echoed with approximately 21,650 speeches in the "you-name-it" categories. The speech class membership included some 900 individuals averaging about 26 per year; the largest class was 52 in 1969 and the smallest 12 in 1974 after the administration and school board instituted policies that weakened the school curriculum, but improvements overcame the handicap and again the enrollment reached 29 in 1976 and 38 in 1977.

In this book we are relating primarily the story of the Waldron High School class plays including casts of characters, excerpts from some of the plays and related references; also we have included quotations from some of the actual speeches. We regret that we could not include all the interesting words that we have kept through the years, but that would have meant copying a file of typed pages over three feet thick - a real, live encyclopedia!

The Speech Appraisal, used in each assignment, rated the speaker on a scale of 0 - 9 in each of the following categories: Introduction, clarity of purpose, choice of words, bodily action and gestures and posture, eye contact and facial expression, vocal expression, desire to be understood, poise and self control, adapting material to audience, organization of material, and conclusion.

Each speech required an outline which included the following: Construct a neat, complete sentence outline on this sheet and hand it to your instructor when you rise to speak. He may wish to write criticism. Type of speech - Number of words in outline - Name - Date - Purpose of this speech - TITLE - INTRODUCTION - BODY - CONCLUSION - Write sources of information on the back of sheet.

Some of the speeches were Personal Experience, Pet Peeve, Reading Aloud, Bodily Action, Pantomime, Speech to Inform, Stimulate or Arouse, Entertainment, Speech to Gain Woodwill, Drama, Eulogy, Heckling, Sales Talk, Emotional, Anniversary, Speech to Convince, Charades, Original Skits, Final Exam.

1976-1977

SPEECH CLASS

Asher, Cheryl  
Ayres, Jon  
Benson, Joyce  
Bowlby, Mike  
Crisp, Cheryl  
Douglas, Carol  
Drake, Brent  
Dunaway, Renita  
Fagel, Kathy  
Fischer, Karen  
Gahimer, Gary  
Goodwin, Valynda  
Graves, Brian  
King, Tammy  
Laird, Kevin  
Long, Gary  
Harrell, Cindy  
Jarvis, Ronnie  
Jones, Brian  
Gahimer, Sandy

Lux, Ann  
McDaniel, Shoshanna  
Marshall, Sharon  
Miller, Charity  
Mohr, Diane  
Morgason, Bret  
Nigh, Kent  
Oslund, Richard  
Sadler, John  
Stephens, Bill  
Sartin, Sheri  
Schwegman, Debbie  
Sparks, Julie  
Stader, Sally  
Stotsenburg, Shelley  
Vandiver, Sherry  
Wheeler, David  
Williams, Bret

Speeches given included personal experience, pet peeve, bodily action, pantomime, informative, animal pantomime, improvisation, convince, Cyrano de Bergerac, Three Words, entertainment, stage positions, goodwill, Impromptu #1, projections, Impromptu #2 & #3, sales, profile, production, written and oral exam. Exceptional speech class! Great!

ENGLISH 12 - Section I - Period V

Ayres, Jon  
Douglas, Carol  
Crisp, Cheryl  
Dunaway, Renita  
Goodwin, Valynda  
Gillis, Dennis  
Graves, Brian  
Harrell, Cindy  
Jones, Brian

King, Tammy  
Laird, Kevin  
Marshall, Sharon  
Oslund, Richard  
Sartin, Sheri  
Spalding, David  
Zobel, Doug  
Stader, Sally

English Literature, grammar, written composition with fourteen themes and term paper.

Section II - Period VI

Alton, Jim  
Drake, Brent  
Gahimer, Sandy  
Hayes, Mark  
Jarvis, Ronnie  
Knoll, Mike  
McDaniel, Shoshanna

Morgason, Bret  
Reynolds, Teresa  
Sadler, John  
Sparks, Julie  
Stotsenburg, Shelley  
Vandiver, Sherry  
Wheeler, David

## IMPROVISATIONS 1976-1977

(This speech experience was designed to give the class self-confidence and skill in communication. Each team went to the front, and then the teacher gave the topic which they were to develop into dramatic dialogue. They were fabulous and sensational.)

1. Governess & charge - trying to keep her from going out with boy friend whom she has just met - Diane Mohr and Sharon Marshall.
2. Mother & son - trying to make him stay away from so-called no-good girl friend - Cheryl Crisp & Brian Graves.
3. Young man & older man friend - trying to persuade him to go out with widow - Brian Jones & Bret Morgason.
4. Mortician & older man - trying to persuade him to prepare for the future by planning his burial - David Wheeler & Bret Williams
5. Two private-eye detectives - arguing about best way to find culprit - one of them is to disguise himself as a lady & try to seduce him - neither wants to - salary at stake - Brent Drake & Ronnie Jarvis.
6. Two spinsters or widows fighting over a man - which one is the better wife for him - Karen Fischer & Charity Miller.
7. Two older single ladies on vacation trip - one wants to horseback ride - the other wants to swim - to attract a man - Renita Dunaway & Sheryl Asher
8. Man wants to get married right away - girl wants to wait a year until they get enough money - Kent Nigh & Joyce Benson.
9. Husband wants her to quit spending so much on clothes - she wants him to quit spending so much on booze - Mike Bowlby & Shoshanna McDaniel.
10. Husband wants to go to Florida bathing beach for vacation - wife to Las Vegas - John Sadler & Sheri Sartin.
11. Boy friend thinks it's sensible to "shop around" a little bit; girl wants to go steady with no interruptions - Kevin Laird & Valynda Goodwin
12. Boy on first date wants to stay home & watch TV - girl wants to go to drive-in movie with parents - Bill Stephens & Carol Douglas.
13. Two grandmothers - one wants to take their grandchildren shopping to toy dept. - the other to the zoo - Sandy Gahimer & Cindy Harrell
14. Father wants to trade their favorite horse for cabin cruiser - daughter wants to trade it in on a new sports car - Gary Long & Debbie Swegman.
15. On double date - one wants to eat at fancy high-priced restaurant - the other at Burger Chef - Jon Ayres & Richard Oslund.
16. Daughter wants to date farm boy - mother insists she date banker's college boy son - Julie Sparks & Sally Stader.
17. Two old gangster molls - one wants to rob a bank - the other counterfeit money - Shelley Stotsenburg, Sherry Vandiver.
18. Brother & sister - both want cars tonight - Kathy Fagel & Gary Gahimer.
19. Sisters - both want to go with the same boy - Tammy King & Ann Lux.

THREE WORDS - Skits 1976-77

( This activity assigned a team of three persons the task of developing a brief performance using the indicated words or ideas. This practice gave an experience in creative writing and acting. They were cleverly done.)

1. Diane Mohn, Sharon Marshall, Brian Graves - punching bag, package of hot dogs, case of spoiled buttermilk.
2. Cheryl Crisp, Grian Jones, Ronnie Jarvis - a palomino filly, two hot onions, a dented fender.
3. David Wheeler, Bret Williams, Bret Morgason - airplane propeller, a dozen duck eggs, a horse shoe.
4. Renita Dunaway, Sheryl Asher, Joyce Benson - motorcycle boots, a peanut, a pet crow.
5. Kent Nigh, Mike Bowlby, Shoshanna McDaniel - cement mixer, bag of 20-20-20 fertilizer, a Japanese kimono.
6. John Sadler, Sheri Sartin, Kevin Laird - quart of red paint, T bone steak, washing machine.
7. Valynda Goodwin, Bill Stephens, Carol Douglas - three baby teeth, two gallons of ice cream, hive of bees.
8. Sandy Gahimer, Cindy Harrell, Gary Long - life preserver, a candy bar, a riding lawnmower.
9. Debbie Swegman, Gary Long, Jon Ayres - \$20,000 , a fighting rooster, a garden rake.
10. Richard Oslund, Julie Sparks, Sally Stader - a broken tea cup, a button collection, fishing worm.
11. Shelley Stotsenburg, Sherry Vandiver, Gary Gahimer - a Hereford bull, a Bikini, a pair of tin snips.
12. Kathy Fagel, Tammy King, Ann Lux - an Easter bonnet, a ham bone, bow & arrow.
13. Brent Drake, Karen Fischer, Charity Miller - a boiled lobster, three track ribbons, a fire engine.

OH BURY ME NOT  
A Comedy in Seven Scenes  
Class of 1977  
Waldron High School  
Written and Directed by  
Kenneth D. Sever  
Assisted by  
John Sadler, Sally Stader, David Wheeler  
April 14 and 15

SYNOPSIS

The Bar 7T7 Dude Ranch near the Superstitions Mountains in Arizona will never be the same after it is invaded by a series of weird events engineered by mysterious persons. Two nieces and a nephew come incognito seeking their inheritance left by their uncle, a rich, old eccentric prospector, whom they have never seen. The heirs seem to be thwarted at every turn by the young attorney who is unaware of their identity and who also desired the ranch. As the dudes arrive, we are made aware that Cupid is not really blind and that the "fickle finger of fate" has a new way of manipulating events so that not even the "friendly mortician" can be sure if he will have any corpse to bury in the romantic Arizona sands.

SCENES

Scene I - The fireplace-lounge at Bar 7T7 in early November.  
Scene II - The lounge - morning - November 22.  
Scene III - The lounge - early afternoon - November 24.  
Scene IV - On the cattle range - evening - November 24.  
Scene V - On the cattle range - evening - November 30.  
Scene VI - The lounge - early morning - December 1.  
Scene VII - The lounge - very early morning - December 2.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Summer Cactus Blossom...Mexican-Indian...48...Cheryl Crisp  
Spring Cactus Blossom...Girl chaser, Judo...16...Brian Graves  
Winter Cactus Blossom...Mischievous son of Summer - 14...Bill Stephens  
Sylvester Klone...Owner of ranch, prospector...77...Gary Long  
Broken Tail Feather...Indian, ranch manager...55...Bret Williams  
Rane Stohrm...Dude ranch attorney...28...John Sadler  
Hale Stohn...Cow hand...30...Jon Ayres  
Vollie Kano...Registrar...14...Carol Douglas  
Bliss Zarde...Activities director...28...Sally Stader  
Tor Nader...Cow hand...26...Mike Bowlby  
N. Balmer Fluid...Undertaker...60...David Wheeler  
Cole Waive...Cow hand...26...Kent Nigh  
H. I. Tyde...Chuck wagon cook...68...Bret Morgason  
Lemme Farrett...Private eye...41...Brian Jones  
Hankey Pankey...Private eye...40...Ronnie Jarvis  
Tyson Tildon Phoone...Nephew, attorney, alias Starr Bright..Kevin Laird  
Gusty Winde...Senior citizen...65...Charity Miller  
Clara Day...Senior citizen..."over 40"...Karen Fischer  
Mona Soone...Senior citizen...65...Sandy Gahimer  
Heartha Kuaek...Senior citizen...70...Cindy Harrell  
Sandy Beach...Senior citizen..."under 65"...Sherry Vandiver  
Stamm Peade...Guest, dude...21...Richard Oslund  
Misty Morne...Dining room hostess...18...Tammy King

Wellimeena Wells,..Governess to Estella...68...Diane Mohr  
Estella Knight...Spoiled teen...17...Sharon Marshall  
Ruby Sapphire...Pet Rock Club..."between 16 & 60"...Renita Dunaway  
Amy Theest...Pet Rock Club..."not so old"...Debbie Schwegeman  
Crystall Beryho...Pet Rock Club..."ageless"...Cheryl Asher  
Emma Rolled...Pet Rock Club..."just right age" ...Shelley Stotsenburg  
Fleecy Pink Cloud...Indian princess...16...Julie Sparks  
Wendy Breeze...Niece, alias Jenny Zephyrs...25...Valynda Goodwin  
Briskey Breeze...Niece, alias Penny Zephyrs...26...Sheri Sartin  
Norma L. Whether...Writer in search of story...25...Shoshanna McDaniel  
Rosa Dawn...Aviatrix...25...Joyce Benson

COMMITTEES

- Business managers - Julie Sparks, Diane Mohr, Sally Stader,  
Cheryl Crisp, Carol Douglas
- Stage managers - Kent Nigh, Gary Long, Jon Ayres, Bret Morgason,  
Bret Williams, John Sadler, Bill Stephens, Brian  
Graves, Sandy Gahimer, Charity Miller, Mike Bowlby,  
David Wheeler
- Advertising managers - Valynda Goodwin, Ronnie Jarvis, Shelley  
Stotsenburg, Cheryl Asher, Cindy Harrell,  
Renita Dunaway, Karen Fischer, Brian Jones
- Make-Up Committee - Joyce Benson, Sharon Marshall, Debbie Schwegman,  
Diane Mohr, Charity Miller, Cheryl Asher, Julie  
Sparks, Sheri Sartin
- Costume-Furniture-Props - Shoshanna McDaniel, Richard Oslund, Kevin  
Laird, Brian Jones, Shelley Stotsenburg,  
Bill Stephens, Karen Fischer
- House Managers - Cheryl Crisp, Tammy King, Karen Fischer, Sherry  
Vandiver, Valynda Goodwin, Cindy Harrell, Renita  
Dunaway
- Assistant Directors and Prompters - David Wheeler, John Sadler,  
Sally Stader

7T7 Theme Song

Oh bury me not on a six by six plot  
Where the wind and the soft breezes blow -  
Where the mountains loom high and the cactus are nigh,  
And the turquoise is hidden below.

Here, here on the ranch  
Where love is the word of the day,  
Remember the time in this sunny dry clime  
And the 7T7 class play!

Appreciation

Sincere appreciation to Mr. Walter Crady, Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Nicholson,  
and Mrs. Cardassilaris for their assistance throughout the  
production.

Quotes from play script - "Oh, Bury Me Not!"

Scene II, page 7

BLISS: Yes, and we had better be ready for them - what with swimming, shuffleboard, ping-pong, horse shoe pitching, rock hounding, sauna-bath, tennis, riding and roping events, square dancing, the sun deck, riding the range, chuck wagon parties, golf tournament, Dude-Days, arts and crafts, trail hiking, wildlife lectures, and panning for gold (She is checking her clip board.) there is no time to lose. Everybody must be provided for. (ENTER N. BALMER FLUIDE DR.)

N. BALMER: Ah, how coincidental - and how true; every BODY must be provided for, and you have with you now the epitome of perfection. (Removes glasses very formally.) Allow me to introduce myself - and please have my card (passes cards to all) - N. Balmer Fluide, your friendly mortician - services to fit any purse or HEARSE. We put them away well. People are dying to use our services. Now where is that body? (Takes out tape measure.)

BLISS: (Surprised) I merely stated that everybody must be provided for, and then this person . . .

N. BALMER: Tut! Tut! My lady. We go the way of all flesh together. Nothing to be cut up about. If you will now trot out the body. I will perform my duties.

BLISS: (Growing impatient) Will some BODY please inform me -

N. BALMER: Bodies are my specialty, Cow-poke - come, come, don't be backward about coming forward with the BODY - Daily the grave calls our friends and neighbors, and it stares us in the face. Who died?

TOR: No BODY!

N. BALMER: (Taking out little black book) How do you spell his last name?

COLE: This person is surely an odd ball.

N. BALMER: (Writing and spelling it out loud in his book)

SHIRLEY ANN ODDBULL - what a pretty name - when did he depart this vale of grief and tears - or should I say she?

HALE: Will someone please tell me what is going on. Who is this character?

N. BALMER: Please read my card. (Looks Hale over carefully, checks his teeth, feels his pulse. Shakes his head and then listens to his heart with stethoscope which he takes from his sachel - shakes his head sadly.) My friend, you have one foot in the grave.

HALE: (leaving DL) I'm getting out of here - he's giving me the willies.

TOR: Me, too - next thing he'll be measuring us for our coffins.

H. I.: Wait for us - this is no place for men in our condition.

(Exit TOR, H. I. AND COLE DL.)

N. BALMER: OH, the situation is grave. Very grave. But we must face it bravely.

(Interrupted by H. I. racing back across stage in dishevelled state - shirt torn - one pants leg in shreds - Hale right behind him urging him on and trying to hold back the "girls" who are hot on his trail.)

H. I.: This is no place for me - back home on the range - chuck wagon here I come . . . (Runs into group entering - turns and screams.) Oh, no - right from the frying pan into the fire! (Enter Pet Rock Rangers - Ruby Sapphire, Amy Theest, Crystal Beryal, Emma Roelled - they are spinster rockhounds bringing their pet rocks for some Western sun and fun and their love-lorn loneliness in search of a companion.)

RUBY: Look, a real live cowboy!

AMY: Running to us with open arms.

EMMA: What a wonderful reception.

CRYSTAL: He may be weather-beaten, but he's a man.

H. I.: Ye branding irons and little doagies! (Turns and runs back toward DL as the "girls" enter screaming in unison.)

SANDY: There he is - my man.

GUSTY: Come to momma - he's mine.

MONA: Take it easy girls.

HERTHA: What's so exciting about an old man?

CLARA: Don't let him get away this time.

H. I.: For gosh sakes - stop the thundering herd!

AMY: Rockhounds to the rescue - come on diggers - all fair in love and war.

RUBY: He's a diamond in the rough. (They grab him - both sides - and start pulling - clothing flies - down to his "red flannels.")

EMMA: Girls! We've hit rock bottom!

CRYSTAL: He's going to be my pet rock. What a man.

GUSTY: He's ours - we saw him first.

H. I.: (Gasping for life) Help - I'm being seduced!

(Rane laughing, pulls his guns from holsters. Fires shots into the air - girls scream - let go - hold their ears.)

RANE: Heads up! You're killing him.

H. I.: (On knees DC) BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE!

Quick Curtain

Scene IV - page 22

NORMA: Hey! They are handsome aren't they - and no rings on their fingers - I know how to bring them out of it - remember sleeping beauty? Let's kiss them.

ROSA: You don't think they will turn into frogs do you? I'm with you - let's try it. (They kneel down and buss the boys - they sleep on after making very agreeable sounds and responding very favorably in their sleep.)

NORMA: Nothing doing. Isn't that disgusting - I'm losing my touch - no response - and they did not turn into frogs.

ROSA: Disgusting is right - in fact it's downright humiliating and infuriating - actually insulting - Here I am Rosa Dawn - blonde, beautiful and properly Wing Songed - completely ignored - Well I'll show you, you hick cowpoke (picks up pancake box, mixes batter in bowl and dumps it on Cole's face - they both then stomp off DR. Cole comes up slowly



"Oh, Bury Me Not!" continued

and deliberately wiping batter from eyes - wipes hands carefully and threateningly looks at Tor, picks up bowl and pours contents on Tor's face who comes up slowly, cleans self, looks threateningly at Cole and says -)

TOR: Look, you mange-eaten son of a loco coyote, who rustled your doagies?

COLE: You did. You onery, no good son of a measly desert rat - you did - now keep your hands to yourself and let me alone - I was having pleasant dreams when you turned slap-stick and poured - Hey, what's that on your face? (Points to lipstick.)

TOR: My face? Why it's pancake batter that you dumped there you mountain goat.

COLE: No I mean that red stuff on your face!

TOR: Red stuff - Hey, you got some on your face.

COLE: I have?

TOR: You have.

COLE: How did it get there?

TOR: Did you have a dream?

COLE: Did I? Wow! Boy, did I?

TOR: About a couple of beautiful gals?

COLE: About a couple of be-au-ti-ful gals!

TOR: So did I.

COLE: You did?

TOR: Yeah (dreamily) Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy - she was a real dream - why - I -

COLE: Hey - what's that? (Picks up girl's scarf dropped by Rosa.)

TOR: Gosh - it's a lady's scarf (Sniff) Gee, get a load of that smell - Wind Song by a mile - Way - You know what?

COLE: It wasn't a dream - something beautiful is happening - those were real live signoritas.

TOR: Headed for the ranch I bet - what are we waiting for? Quick before they change lipstick!

COLE: Yeah, let's saddle up and head for Eden - Paradise, here we come before Eve's lipstick fades.

(They exit and all is calm until Big Foot lumbers across the stage UC, steps over other sleeping forms and Steals off DR.)

page 28

BRISKEY: Underneath that rough exterior there is a little boy heart - you're really good at heart - but you are trying so hard to be a big bad Western bad man - and I think I'm just the one to bring you your best.

RANE: My best? Gee, thanks - say, this is going to be fun - you know, I like you more every minute, and all the time I thought that you would chicken out.

BRISKEY: Me - Penny Zephyr, chicken out? Over my dead body.

N. BALMER: (Jumping up from grave that he is digging, dusting hands, taking out his notebook.) Did someone call?

"Oh, Bury Me Not!" continued

RANE: Call - what do you mean?

N. BALMER: Someone just said to come over the dead body over her - Now I'll be glad to fix you up with my casket deal No. 7 - all pine - knotty pine - with satin interior - all for . . .

BRISKEY: (Laughing) Oh, no Mr. Fluide - no - I just said - oh never mind - you misunderstood.

N. BALMER: (Disappointed) Gee - there goes another good one - I'm always misunderstood (almost crying) I get wrapped up in my shroud - I mean my work - I get so carried away - It's just ap-pall-ing how it deadens my feelings - I just bury myself in my work - it's such a grave responsibility - I dream of dead bodies with nobody to bury them almost every night (going back to graveyard) - It's most mortifying! (Enter Ty and Wendy from DR.)

WENDY: There you are - what are you two doing out here by yourselves?

BRISKEY: We're not by ourselves - not with Mr. Fluide within ear shot - here, let me show you (Raises voice) Where is EVERY BODY?

N. BALMER: (Scrambling up and coming DC) Pardon? Did I hear aright? Where is the body?

RANE: Wrong again, Mr. Fluide - she was just talking with her sister.

N. BALMER: (Taking out handkerchief and blowing nose) I just cannot bear it - it will be the death of me - all these bodies and some other mortician gets them - I just love bodies. (Sadly goes back.)

TY: (Laughing) That should deter - or should I say inter him for a while. Say, Rane, old boy, I hope you don't mind my letting Jenny here in on our little secret - but she was so curious - and cute - that I couldn't resist - er, I mean I couldn't resist telling her about Big Foot.

RANE: Oh, that's okay - but no one else - just us four and no more - get it - otherwise it might not work - and I'm going to plan our first little episode tonight. Now If you will excuse me, I'll go set up my exciting surprise. (Exit DL)

from Scene VI page 32

EMMA: Here too - just about the time we're getting a man interested in us - people start talking about pulling out - I'm staying too even though the situation is very GRAVE.

(Enter N. Balmer Fluide)

N. BALMER: Fluide's Fancy Funerals at your service - did I hear some warm body appeal for friendly assistance?

SANDY: All she said was the situation is very grave - she certainly was not implying any help from you.

N. BALMER: Ah yes - the situation is grave - very grave - each day we approach a little nearer the end of our days when man's candle flickers and goes out - ah - yes - my friend - better let me fix you up with Fluid's Fancy Funerals - it's

"Oh, Bury Me Not!" continued

a package deal - Who knows any moment the fickle finger of fate may interrupt your hectic happiness hunt and shout "HOLD UP!"

(Enter Wendy dressed as Mexican bandit DL holding track pistol just like the real thing so that when it goes off - it is very impressive.)

WENDY: These ease stæk-oop - all gringos put dese hands oop - pronto - or I shoot dirty American gringo dudes!

Pronto! (They all put their hands up but Stamm, who drops to the floor and crawls behind the furniture, leaving his "tail gate" exposed wïch Wendy very promptly "shoots" just as Wellimeena kicks it - and he howls and pulls it in. Everyone screams.)

WENDY: (To Stamm) Hah! El burrito! Mucho Americano el vaquero - zee dude - zee cheeken (to all) En seguida! En seguida! Oop zee hands. I take zee valuables. You (points to one of the ladies) zee necklace por favor!

RUBY: Oh, no, this is priceless - please. Here take these, but leave my necklace. (Indicates rings.)

WENDY: I take all. (She takes all.)

RUBY: Oh, you, you, you ...

WENDY: (Threatening her) El loco - silence! (Starts taking other jewels, keeping them completely under control - comes to Rane.)

WENDY: Hah! Zee peso belt - with zee bulges - fork over zee money belt, buddy.

RANE: Now, you look here, you pint-sized Mexican cockroach - you've gone too consarned far - now you get out of ...

WENDY: Oh Ho! Zee brave gringo - I shoot you queek and I take ...

RANE: (Hands still up - starts to lower them.) The gun's not loaded - it's just a track pistol. (Shakey but not sure.)

WENDY: (Points gun to off stage left - shoots - her helpers outside break glass dramatically.) So theese peestol not loaded, eh - now geeve!

LANE: Look, couldn't we make a deal? (She shakes head - brandishes pistol - he very reluctantly, slowly, but impressed, removes money belt.) This really hurts - there goes my future!

WENDY: (Backing out door) DR. Adios, Senors, Senoras, Senoritas - stay poot in zee places por five meenoots - nobody move or I'll (shoots) shoot! (They all jump - Stamm quivers. She exits.)

Scene VII page 36

MONA: It was sweet of you to get me up so early. This desert air is so invigorating.

H. I.: (Pouring her a cup of coffee) Well, you asked me to, and it was the least I could do.

MONA: You are so kind - have you always been this way?

"Oh, Bury Me Not!" continued

H. I.: Kind? Why - er, yes, I guess. (loosening his collar) Getting a little warm her, isn't it?  
MONA: Warm? I hadn't noticed. Could it be you're nervous?  
H. I.: Nervous? Who, me nervous - no I'm not nervous.  
(Spills coffee) Oh, pardon me, Mrs. Soone.  
MONA: Please call me Mona. Remember the night in the desert?  
H. I.: Huh? Oh, yes, Mona. (Laughing nervously)  
MONA: Oh, how sweet and personal.  
H. I.: (Starts to rise) Well I've got to go - cows to water - potatoes to peel and (Big Foot's hand comes over and pushes him back into seat.)  
MONA: (Smiling temptingly) Change your mind?  
H. I.: (Mystified) Yes - I guess I did.  
(Big Foot's hand comes in and caresses Mona's neck and shoulders.)  
MONA: (Shyly looking down) Oh, H. I., How could you? This is so sudden!  
H. I.: Sudden? What? What's so sudden - I don't see anything sudden. I I I I I I I (Hand comes in and strokes his hair and nape of his neck, feeling around his ears.) Uh - Uh - Uh - Uh - Oh, gee, (giggles) that feels gooooooood.  
MONA: What? What feels good?  
H. I.: What you just did.  
MONA: (Buttering him up) Oh, you wonderful man - what did I just did?  
H. I.: (not looking up) When you touched my ear and my hair.  
MONA: Oh, Hi. I., did I? Oh, you want me to - is that it? (Scoots nearer and strokes his hair and ears) How's that - is that what you like?  
H. I.: Oh, Mona, that is wonderful. (Moves closer - Big Foot pushes heads together - they dream and beam.)  
Mona: Oh, H. I., Just think what we've been missing.  
H. I.: I am, Mona, I am - and believe me we are going to make up for lost time aren't we - believe me - aren't we, Mona?

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WELLIMENA: No, two-bit mangy monster is going to cow old Wellimena Wells - there take that you moth-eaten ape. (She squirts her muggers spray in his face - he stands stunned for a moment - turns to flee - staggers - then falls down stage left - Wellimeena goes to him - rolls him over with her foot.) There's your monster - it took a woman to master him - now you men, do something.  
STAMM: If Wellimeena can cool him, the least I can do is skin him. (Goes to him - tries to remove costume - removes hands, then head.) See, some old dodger - look!  
RANE: Why, it's Sy, old Sy - but he is lost up in the mountains. I don't understand. (by this time Sy is sitting up, shaking his head, rubbing eyes, Cole and Tor help him.)  
Sy: I'll be darned - tan my hide and call me saddle leather.

Class Notes '77

Mr. Sever had a melanoma removed from his right arm and was absent for two weeks in February and March; the assistant play coaches reported to him on the progress of play rehearsals as follows:

Mr. Sever,

We are slowly but surely progressing on the play. Lines on Scene 7 are pretty good it's just the feel of the Scene that is taking time.

I was going to tell you about three guys who weren't where they were supposed to be last Wednesday, but I hear you've already heard about it. \*

As far as I know the committees are all getting their work done.

The only complaints I have are the noisy P. E. Class, the gymnastic equipment on the stage and few class clowns. I was pretty upset by their actions since you've been gone but today they straightened up a little. I guess there are clowns in every class.

I hope you are feeling better and can get back as soon as possible. Take care.

Sally

Dear Mr. Sever,

Everything seems to be going pretty well. Most of the lines are memorized. We are having a little trouble keeping their minds on the play, but we'll get it done. The stage committee is having a hard time finding a wagon. That's about all there is to say. Get Well Soon

Morbidly yours,

David Wheeler

Progress Report March 1, 1977 "O Bury Me Not"

So far lines are coming along as well as can be expected, under circumstances. However, distractions from the cast are adding to the problems of the directors and Sub. teachers. Lines are known but not memorized in Scenes 6 & 7. There have been many absences because of flu, and this is taking away from the performance as well as some of the committees. Players are beginning to feel their characters. This is a bit of progress that is worth mentioning. Stage was cleared today so that we have more room in which to act.

Flats are all covered, ready for drawings. Charity has been sick for a week & also today. The chunk wagon has been problem, but we now have a choice between 2.

John Sadler, assistant director

\* Mr. Sever left school for St. Francis Hospital via I74. As he was nearing the London overpass, a car passed him and his wife; recognizing the passengers, Mr. Sever turned to his wife and said, "There they go, Brian & Brian; they should be in class; I'll bet they did a double take when they saw me." Apparently they did.

LIFE IN F. F. A. by Kent Nigh

. . . My first big trip in F. F. A. was Greenhand camp. Donny Meyers, Tim Beyer, Gary Long, Doug Zobel and I were the honorary group that went. First of all we had to go all the way to Trafalgar, Indiana, in the back of Howard's truck. When we arrived, they divided us into groups. You might know we were all split up. We had meetings we were supposed to go to, but somehow the people from Waldron managed to skip out of them. While the others at the camp were in meetings, we were eating watermelon someplace else. Gary and I had a pup tent that we slept in at nights. Being dumb, we put the tent in a low spot and it rained all night long. By morning, there was water standing in the tent about two inches deep. By the time the week was over, everyone was ready to come home.

. . . mischievous bunch of boys consisted of Mike Bowlby, Gary Long, Dennis Gillis, Don Crosby, Steve Schwegman, and I. We went all the way to Kansas City in November in the back of Watson's truck. It was so cold the camper shell had ice on the wall and roof. We had traveled for about three hours when all of the sudden Mr. Watson slams on the brakes and throws Steve Schwegman up against the cab of the truck. Steve said, quote "Goddamn Howard" unquote. Steve had a big knot on his head for the rest of the week. One of Mr. Watson's pet peeves was stacking the suitcases in front of the back window. So the last day when we were going to the American Royal to see a rodeo, we stacked the suitcases up. Mr. Watson was backing the truck into a parking place when I told the others to watch me scare him. While he was backing up, I opened the tailgate and slammed it shut. I had never seen Mr. Watson move so quickly. He stomped on the brakes and jumped out of the truck thinking he had backed into another car. Although there was a lot of fun on this trip, we saw and learned a lot too. . .

INFLUENCES AND EXPERIENCES OF MY LIFE - by Bret Morgason

As I start out my speech, I am reminded of a scene from the play "Oh, Bury Me Not" when I was H. I. Tyde. I was lying in front of the cast smiling and looking over the situation. I was told by Kenneth Sever that this reminded him of Burt Reynolds in some of his carefree situations . . . Now the one thing that influenced my life more than any other was my Grandfather's death in 1970; this made me realize that I had to grow up and take over the upkeep of my Grandmother's home which was also my home, along with showing me that life does not end when one person dies since people do die and the world goes on; what is done is done and nothing can change so we make the best of it and keep on living. . .

Excerpts continued

THE BEST IS YET TO COME! by Shoshanna McDaniel

. . . One example is Sally Stader. I have seldom seen Sally without a smile on her face and looking as if she really enjoys life. She has the drive and determination to get as much done as possible each day without worrying about the future. Another example is Kevin Laird. Kevin works to achieve a specific goal. Whether it be clearing a height in pole vault, getting the fastest time in a cross country meet or the highest grade on a chemistry test, he devotes all his energy to that activity. He may have many goals each day, but he reaches them all.

LIFE AFTER DEATH by Jon Ayres

. . . The question, "Is there life after death?" still remains a mystery despite the in depth research of notable specialists such as Drs. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, and Raymond Moody. Since the only being known to have died for a prolonged period of time and then come back to life, was Jesus, I conclude that true Christians should believe in life after death. In his book concerning the death of his son, who was an atheist, John Gunther dedicates this sonnet to John Jr. - "Death Be Not Proud."

REINCARNATION by Brian Jones

. . . In conclusion, I would like to say that reincarnation is near to everyone of us, and it is possible that someone in this class was once a Mongolian War Lord, a priest or possibly even a murderer.

BEING A GOOD SPORT by Bret Williams

. . . . When it comes to high school basketball, this is something else. . . Kids get themselves all psyched up to win and if they lose it is a real let down . . . in some cases, if they lose, the coach will show that they can not take losing and show that the player learn how to be un--sportsman like. Two examples of this is that we had a coach here for two years, and after the Rising Sun game in which we lost, he came into the dressing room and simply broke wild. He started out by getting this red streak across his forehead and then started yelling, then threw the ball bag, which hit me in the head, and then kicked the medicine kit, which made a mess all over the floor. To this day I am still trying to figure out what that little episode proved . . . same person chased the officials out of the gym, yelling a few words of encouragement. . . . came into the dressing room . . . did a field goal type kick into the trash can, then threw the water bottles. . hit the ceiling with a metal chair. . . and put a hole in the ceiling and broke the chair. Examples like these two is what causes players to start fighting, and this makes things unpleasant to every one.

## Excerpts continued

### MEMORIES HERE AND THERE by Richard F. Oslund, Jr.

. . . Last year's Junior and Senior Prom was also a different experience. It was at this Prom when I realized that Waldron was behind the style of dancing. In Germany there was a variety of dances such as the Hustle, Robot, Bus Stop, Bump, The Soul Train and the Fred Flintstone. I eventually got tired of just sitting around and asked Debbie Pond to dance. If eyes were beams of fire, I would have been well done that night. It was at this Prom that I got a general idea of everybody.

### SUCCESS by Bill Stephens

Another example of success in our high school is Carol Douglas. Her success is most evident in the field of music. She has been the accompanist for the Senior show group for four years, longer than any other member has been. She has received "firsts" at contest for the last four years in both voice and piano. An example of someone successful in many fields is Kent Nigh; he has been a class officer for two years, being President his Sophomore year and Vice-president this year. This year he is currently President of the band. He was also President of the F. F. A. for 1976-77 year. He was sentinel for the F. F. A. in 1975.

### WHAT WILL TOMORROW BRING by Karen Fischer

. . . My parents were good friends with Debbie Schwegman's parents when I was very small. Debbie and I grew up together and were best of friends when we entered first grade. Then we met new friends. We both started school at St. Vincent's where we both met many new friends . . . Diane Mohr, Sharon Marshall, Ann Lux, Cindy Harrell, David Wheeler and Gary Long . . . We spent six years of grade school together.

### MIRACLES OF TIMES by Tammy King

. . . Nevertheless let's go into a field where the third road takes us, into a field where there is a tractor with a disk behind it. On the tractor is my father, my brother Brian, my brother Andy, and me. We ducked a tree branch, but my brother Andy was knocked off by the branch. Andy got run over by the first part of the disk and almost the second part. We stopped the tractor, and slowly we raised the part that was on him. Everyone was yelling. we thought we had killed him. We took him to the house. He was crying! We washed him off and found he was lucky that he was not hurt badly by the disk. The disk just left marks on his back. He does not have any scars today . . .

### REPRODUCTION by Ronnie Jarvis

Reproduction has been here since Adam and Eve. I wonder what it would have been like. I got some pictures of what Playboy thought it was like, but I better not show them.



## Excerpts continued

### DEATH by Valynda Goodwin

. . . One day I was working at the nursing home and my number one favorite patient was very sick. As the hours passed, my jolly old lady friend did too. It reminded me of a falling star. She was just one of the million lights in the world that flare up for a few years only to disappear into the endless night forever. This death experience was the first for my heart. The acceptance of my dead friend was a frightening thought. I couldn't help to shed a few tears. One of my fellow workers came to me and saw my teary eyes and said, "Just remember, sunshine follows rain." This experience made me aware of our limited life span. Can anyone imagine what this world would be like if we lived each day as if it were our last twenty-four hours to exist. We wouldn't take for granted the simple things in life such as an ink pen, the morning newspaper or vanilla ice cream. We would greet the morning like a bright sunflower. . .

### HOLD FAST TO DREAMS by Sharon Marshall

. . . Not only did I see Notre Dame on the inside, I also climbed some 300 stairs that would clear to the top. . . I saw picturesque stained glass windows at Sainte Chappelle, and I caught a glimpse of Luxemburg Gardens. . . The most unusual and shocking part of Paris is the district known as Pigalle or the "red light" area. Every other building was some sort of sex shop or movie place. One can surely tell a tourist and a native in this area. Most tourists were walking around with disbelief on their faces and bulging eyeballs. I had never seen a real live prostitute, and I was simply dumbfounded. . .

### THE SUCCESSFUL PRODUCTION by Carol Douglas

. . . When I was about the age of seven, I would play the piano at the State Fair in the Farmer's Building. I can still remember Grandma saying, "If you fall off the piano bench act as if nothing has happened and keep playing." She is right. The show must go on. . .

### LIFE IN THESE NARROW HALLS by John Sadler

. . . Just as parents worry about their children, we worried about the same kind of things. One worry of everyone was Mr. Sever's absence of almost two weeks. Times were hard enough without that happening, but things like that always seem to work out, and they did. All the worrying soon passed, however, for all the things that Mr. Sever had told us about performing out in front of an audience soon came true. . .

### BLESSINGS by Cindy Harrell

. . . Brian Jones has been blessed with the gift of gab and a talent to annoy people. . . Cheryl Crisp has been blessed with a beautiful personality and a hobby of collecting mice. . .

Excerpts continued

GROWING UP IN A CATHOLIC SCHOOL by David Wheeler

. . . It was a new year. I had already shot the summer and it was time for me to start my first grade. I knew I was in for trouble because my brothers didn't seem to get along with the nuns. Sister Laurene, who used to call Mom and tell her that Eddy growled at her, also called one day and said that Tommy attracted the girls and that would have to end. Being as cute as I was, I knew I was in for trouble. . . when I got that first glimpse of the two hundred and fifty pound nun that was to be my teacher I nearly ran home. Her name was Sister Everlidis - we nicknamed her "butterball." At that time I thought she was the meanest woman on earth. . . One of the advantages of going to a Catholic school is that you get to go to church every day. When you're a little boy like I was your mind just wasn't on church and singing, so to keep us in line the nuns devised a demerit system. If one of us were caught looking around, (gauking as they called it) talking or not singing, we were given a demerit. Of course a demerit had to be signed by your parents which was always scary. If you think that we were bad little kids, there's a reason for it. We had to go to confession once a week, and there just wasn't a whole lot to say if you didn't create some mischief. . . . These will always be valuable memories to me because they were some of the happiest times of my life. Now I would like to conclude this speech with a poem by Thomas S. Fones entitled:

SOMETIMES

" Across the fields of yesterday  
He sometimes comes to me.  
A little lad just back from play -  
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully  
Once he has crept within,  
I wonder if he hopes to see  
The man I might have been."

NO TIME TO WASTE by Cheryl Crisp

. . . We think that they don't need reassurance of our love. But everyone likes to hear someone say they care about them. I love everyone in this class in a very special way. Everybody worked hard to make the play a success. "What? Did someone call? Did I hear aright? Where's the body?" People can't work that closely with people that they don't care about. I consider everyone in this class to be a friend of one kind or another. I want all of you to know this before it is too late . . . I will always remember all of the good times I had with you in Speech Class . . .

## Excerpts continued

### THE HANDS OF TIME by Diane Mohr

The first big day in speech was frightening. I really was scared. I never had had Mr. Sever before but I'd always heard that he was an outstanding teacher. I remember thinking that his room was awfully colorful and had a pleasant atmosphere. He gave us our first assignment, which was to give a brief autobiography of ourselves, and it was due the following day. That night, I read over and over what I had written down. I had it memorized after the tenth time. The next morning, I was petrified. I finally got up enough nerve to do mine. It was nothing. I did all that worrying for nothing. That is what set me off. I really enjoyed giving speeches once I got started. I'll never forget Gary G. in his bikini. That was really something else. Just little things like Charity's car, Joyce's mishap with the barn, Shelley's slumber party, and Gary's encounter with his "LARGE" jock, keep popping into my mind. Oh yes, and I never never forget our 7T7 class play. I still don't know whether people are criticizing or complimenting when they say, "You fit that part so well." I hope people don't consider me as an old "Wellimeena Wells" all the time!!!

### HIGHLIGHTS OF "4" AT W. H. S. by Sandy Gahimer

. . . That night when we got to St. Louis and to the hotel, we were all pretty tired and Sally, Sherry, Shoshanna, and I had just started settling down when somehow I rolled off the bed and got stuck between the bed and the wall. We were all laughing, and I really found out who my friends were. I thought they were running to help me, but they all ran to get their cameras. . . We have had several ski trips and retreats, and we have had fun at Opey Land; watching Shoshanna ski into the ski lodge; and meeting a dog named Mike. Not only have we had fun, we have had some meaningful experiences. We have learned about other people, God, and ourselves . . .

### MEMORIES SO BEAUTIFUL AND YET by Debbie Schwegman

. . . Another of my embarrassing experiences was the time when I went to see the show "Silent Movie" with Kent. There were several people there that we knew like David and his date, Brenda and her date, and Bob and Maja Kuhn. Before the show starts they always play the National Anthem. When it began, Bob dared Kent to get up and sing. Well, when Kent is dared to do something, he does it. No one in the whole cinema was making a sound so Kent's voice really carried. One by one David, Brenda and I sank down in our seats while everyone's head was turned looking toward Kent. After he had finished, he sat down just like nothing had happened, and the whole balcony rang with laughter.

Excerpts continued

DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING? by Cheryl Asher

. . . John Sadler will own, manage, keep the records, and be the only employee of Alley's Lumber Yard. He will change the name to Sadlers and Sons. Bret Morgason will own B. M. and W. Sales and Service. Gary Long will take over his father's car wash with the improvements of making one lane automatic. He will change the name to Long's Maxi Car Wash. Bret Williams will own William's Heating and Cooling. Mike Bowlby will inherit a chain of Standard Oil Stations. . . Every school needs a truant officer to catch those who skip out. I feel Brian Jones is the best qualified in this field. Who else besides Debbie has had so much practice? . . . I finally determined that David will own his own funeral home. . .

CHILDHOOD TIMES by Joyce Benson

. . . Another similar episode that comes to mind was again when I was staying at my grandma's, but this time little Bret Williams came over to see me, and he had his ol' buddy Bret Morgason with him. Well, we were all on the porch and all of the sudden, Bret Morgason climbed over the side of the porch wall. I told him he wasn't supposed to do that, but he just stood down there in the grass by the porch. Then Bret Williams and I looked down there to see what he was doing. He was going to the bathroom! (Standing up!) That's the first time I ever knew boys went that way. Then, as I was still watching, Bret Williams got real mad and ran down there and started yelling at Bret Morgason. He said, "Bret!!! You Know you're not supposed to do that in front of girls!" . . . Then there was the time that John Sadler proposed to me and wanted me to run away with him on his tricycle, how flattering, but I was in love with Timmy with the big ears . . .

"Something beautiful is vanished,  
And we sigh for it in vain;  
We behold it everywhere,  
On the earth and in the air,  
But it never comes again."

INVENTIONS PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE by Mike Bowlby

. . . First the inventive, creative mind of Kevin Laird. He made the comment that someday he would like to see a solar power tractor and an air ride planter that floats over the ground on a cushion of air. This planter can also be extended indefinitely to plant the whole field in one swath.

IF I WERE A CHILD AGAIN by Renita Dunaway

To be a child again with the sun and the moon and the wind,  
To see the things of nature from an open glen;  
So as I use this ink and pen,        There are many sides of  
childhood that I would like to see once again every now and  
then.

Excerpts continued

THE ART GALLERY OF ADVERTISING by Sally Stader

. . . I have conducted a small scale poll of this class to find out what your favorite and least favorite commercials are.

NAME	FAVORITE	LEAST
Shelley S.	Parkay	Purina Cat Chow
Gary L.	Bob Powers	Pepto Bismal
Kevin L.	Nair (short shorts)	X-Lax
Mr. Sever	Pizza (Totino's)	Rose Milk
Charity M.	CoKe (puppies)	Bounce
Sharon	Ken-L ration	Charmin
Karen F.	Coke	Cat Foods

LIFE by Shelley Stotsenburg

. . . It was not until mid way through the track season that Karen went to the doctor. He told her she had Osgood Slatters, and he explained exactly what it was. It affects the muscles and ligaments surrounding the knee. He also told Karen it could be dangerous if she continued to run in track. If she would happen to pull a muscle or ligament, they would have to put her leg in a cast, and she would be out of sports. Because of Karen's love for sports she still participates, and she does her best. Karen has shown more endurance than some people will even hear about.

WINTER, SPRING, SUMMER, OR FALL by Julie Sparks

. . . First came our schedule, then the SAT test. The Sadie Hawkins Dance came in November, then the Christmas Dance in December, then the Sweetheart Dance in March and then our very last school dance, the Prom in May. . . our last locker, our last books, our last written exercise, our last high school Halloween, our last Thanksgiving convocation, our last school Christmas vacation, our last ballgame, our last library card, our last pass, and our last day of skipping school, and, yes, our last speech. And now it is time to say good-bye to all these things.

LATE AUTUMN

"The lean, starved trees lift their arms in supplication,  
Begging Heaven to send an untimely, reviving spring.  
The last few leaves are dancing in jubilation,  
Spending their eleventh-hour reprieve in one last fling.

The triumphant, mocking frost struck again last night,  
Wounding mortally my poor efforts to create beauty.  
The moaning, whining wind cries out its plight,  
Clearing the path for Winter is merely its divine duty."

- Kay Mook, 1964

## "PROFESSIONAL" REACTIONS 1976-77

While he was called from the gym on "stage business," during the final play rehearsals, the 7T7 cast surprised Mr. Sever by replacing his seat with a very comfortable director's chair with his name thereon.

Jottings from the "Old Man's" grade book for 1976-77

WHO NEEDS A TEACHER? ESPECIALLY AN OLD, CONSCIENTIOUS ONE?

September 24 to May 19 - 596 Pupil hours lost by class interruptions - (actual count by date) - yearbook activities, photos, judging teams, Student Council, meetings, pep sessions (whatever that is?) - political speeches, commencement planning, cheer block, dental and medical appointments, income tax talk, Show Group, "convocations", dance preparations, music program practices, field trips and more field trips, Band programs, choral programs, testing, basketball and track, Stage Band, girls' teams, Seminars, yearbook pictures - all from 201 classes - and this is just the "tip of the iceberg" all designed to freeze out the effective of the classroom teacher.

One class session more important than one sports event or two or three? Or what's a school For?

Sally: (after being called from class for a meeting)  
"I've had it! I told them - No! - I'm going to class - I need to go - I'll miss something." So she came back to class! Bravo!

Commencement 1977 - was informed that seniors requested that Mr. Sever read names & give commencement address - but administration thought he should not because of "various reasons" - therefore, he was permitted to sit back and relax for first time in 25 years.  
AWARDS - May 20, 1977: Speech-Valynda Goodwin; English 12-Cheryl Crisp; French-Todd Stafford; Valedictorian-Kevin Laird; Salutatorian-Sheri Sartin.

When "teachers" were out on "personal business" and a substitute came - then all "Hades" broke loose - talking back - yelling - sample, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ on May 12, 13, 17, 24, 25, 26 and so many other times - - it's a farce - and the "teachers" ask for it.

During final exam speeches - tried to interrupt speech class for more yearbook photos - "the Old Man" "blew his top" - class members refused to go to get their pictures taken - really shook the old "school" a little - finally "the Old Man," seeing the futility of "bucking the system" told them they had better go - and they did reluctantly - what a day!

## REACTIONS continued

School Year - 1976 - 77

Has been the most noisy year in existence - installing windows - floor covering - fluorescent lighting - and the periodic trucks that pick up the trash on the north side - most oppressive - Why? - ignorant planning & poor consideration for a teacher - the last straw! And they are still installing windows below #201 - Dec. 7, 1976! & Dec. 14.

Heating still quite erratic! 65 - 80 degrees.

Too many interruptions especially in P. M. Why bother - Why plan? - I think I'll "quit" planning soon!

Very common practice is to interrupt class for very trivial reasons - ball games, practice, floats for homecoming, pictures, etc. maidenettes, cheer leaders - Continuing into Spring, March, April, May - still nonsensical interruptions - stupid announcements - too many innovations & trips - this is not school yet - still a play-house! April 29 - Some classes still noisy and indefinite -

1975 "Barometric Pressure" school conditions

Aug. 28-29	Stormy!	Dec.	Stormy
Sept. 2-5	Change	Jan.	"
Sept. 8-12	Change	Feb.	"
Sept. 15-19	Fair	March 8	Change
Oct. 31	Stormy	April	Fair
Nov.	Stormy		

Commencement 1976

"Your Assignment for Tomorrow" speech, May 23, 1976, drew much favorable comment - some little criticism - but the truth hurts - very good opportunity - glad I did it.

English 11 - Reading Test, May 14, 1976

Average words per minute - 265; Average comprehension - 67%  
Average vocabulary score - 77%  
High Score words per minute - Brian Jones  
High Score comprehension - Kevin Laird & Sheri Sartin  
High Score vocabulary - David Wheeler

Class play committee 1976-77

Sally Stader, Sherry Vandiver, Shelley Stotsenburg, Cheryl Asher, Valynda Goodwin, Kevin Laird, Diane Mohr, Sharon Marshall, Joyce Benson, Sheri Sartin, Carol Douglas, Bill Stephens.