

## AFTER-THOUGHTS

Some manuscripts were undated causing difficulty in filing; a number were lost since they were used by other speech classes in their planning; some were not turned in at the end of the school year; and others were missed as I was typing the quotations. Therefore, here are those that remained when I finished the Class of 1955: Quotations from final exams 1977 - 1955.

NOSTER PATER IN CAELO by Wayne Paul Cox

. . . Ann Rudicel described to our class a trip she had taken to Mexico. She described the many beautiful plants and rock formations which she saw. This was one type of prayer of praise. . . In closing I would like for everyone to pray together with me the "Lord's Prayer," and as we pray think back over the six types of prayer . . .

MY HIGH SCHOOL YEARS by Joe Beyer

. . . One day we were welding and Kevin was using the arc welder. He was so involved in work that he didn't know that he was so close to the curtain and set it afire. Well we ran over and got the fire extinguisher and while we were doing that, Mr. Lake went over and ripped it off and threw it out the door . . . In English for extra credit, Gary Fralich, Frank Lux and I made some stocks which we put in Mr. Adams' room. . . . we were supposed to go coon hunting over by Flat Rock and by some strange coincidence we were in Howard's neck of the woods. Well, we overshot Howard's house so we turned around in this guy's yard, and Ron was driving my Mustang, but he didn't know about the clutch arm that jumped off when you gave it too much. . .

LITTLE THINGS by Bob Bridges

. . . When Mike Wagner put hydrochloric acid on Jim Durbin's chair, it seemed a very minute thing; but when Jim sat in it and the acid began to eat a hole in his pants, it seemed more than small . . .

THE STAR YET TO TWINKLE by Gary Lynn Thibo

. . . James Russell Lowell said, "Science was faith once." Science put John Glenn three times around the world in space, but faith was the first step in that trip. Faith will find a safe path to the moon. . .

THE BEAUTY OF LIFE by Jeff Wright

. . . Everything in this world and out of this world is really beautiful if we look at it in the right frame of mind. It might be an old storm-worn tree to one person, a shimmering stream to another, a slithering snake to a boy, or a robust robin to a bird watcher, but they are all beautiful to them. John Keats said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

MEMORIES by Merrill Leon Stillabower

. . . Do you remember your first day of school - the teacher, the desk, and the A.B.C.'s on the blackboard? . . . Do you remember the first day when puppy love grasped your heart? . . . the first day we entered this three-story school . . .?

AFTER-THOUGHTS continued

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF LIFE by Carolyn Beth Hungate

. . . If you were browsing through the library and found a book with this title, BRIGHT GOLD, before you, wouldn't you have the urge to pick it up? . . . I turned the page, and a small quotation, written by Cateau De Leeuw, caught my eye:

"Possessions can crumble, and coins can tarnish,  
All worldly raiment be stained and rent,  
But the bright gold of love will wrap you in splendor  
And grow in firm volume the more it is spent."

AGE AND BEAUTY OF ART by Judy Henderson

. . . "Art is a human activity having for its purpose the transmission to others of the highest and best feelings to which men have risen."

SHARING by Russell William Gahimer

Would you like to build this building by yourself? Would you like to try to put on a class play by yourself? Of course you wouldn't because you couldn't. You would have to have help, in other words you would have to have others to share the burden with you. Sharing can be **fun** and it definitely is easier. . . .

GOALS by Stephan Grant Sever

. . . By reaching the goals of health, happiness, and contributions, you have success. If you'll do as Emerson said, "Hitch your wagon to a star. . ." you will reach success . . .

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE by Wray Macy

. . . When the Communists found that we made no move to enforce the Monroe Doctrine, they went to work on the other countries of South America. When the people saw that we were not going to help them, they had no place to turn but to the communists. So by 1972 South America had become a complete communistic continent. . . .

THE WIND IS NOT by Barbara Jane Thompson

The wind is not afraid - it whistles and howls when angry, sings when happy, cries when sad, sighs when lonely, murmurs when satisfied, whines when discontented. It doesn't do our bidding or follow our wishes. It doesn't worry about our reaction to the weather it brings. Why are we afraid? We jump at our shadow, we kneel when we hear a harsh voice, we reply "no, thank you" to change when hungering for it, we bow when we hear a harsh note in the harmony of agreement, we bend to the blustery force of the "Mass," we beg for praise and snivel when we don't get it, we join in the songsong of the "Mass" rather than blend our own harmony, we hide our feelings in sugary frosting, we do not knead our bread or form our own ideas, but let the "Mass" do it for us, we are milk fed to Babies, we yield to the transient whims of the "Mass," we are the string the Kitten pounces on, snags ravel, tangles, and leaves in ruin when bored, we encounter freedom and deny it to ourselves, we see Honey but do not reach for it because of fear of the Bee's sting. The wind is not afraid. Why are we?

## AFTER-THOUGHTS continued

### ODE TO AN ALCOHOLIC

Every morning at the Bar; you could see him crawl in,  
It wasn't hard to tell where he had surely been.  
With his trousers full of wrinkles, and both his shoes untied,  
It looked as if his wife had made him sleep alone outside.  
You could see him at the bottle day by day and night by night  
Guzzling down his liquor with all his boozy might.  
But, it's not all his fault for the way that he has gone;  
His wife's been there at his right hand to cheer him merrily on.  
Nagging at him for every check,  
A gal like that's a pain in the neck.  
Before both of their lives become synonymous,  
They should join Alcoholics Anonymous.

by Robert Hines - Class of 1962.

### FROM THE TEACHER'S MEMORY BOOK

Sophomore 1938-39 class produced a very effective debate team  
that won significant victories in Shelby County.

Gerald Shadley & George Weintraut - the boys were "mixing it up"  
while I was conducting class in old Room 14. I looked up in time  
to see Gerald reach for George; I stopped, went to Gerald, pulled  
him across the arm of his chair-desk and "laid it on" his bottom,  
and I ripped his Pants! He sat still the rest of the time and  
during the next "break" I took him down to the boiler room - took  
needle and thread and "sewed him up." Accidents will happen.

In the same room one day I was expounding the glories of Shakespear  
when I heard a buzzing noise. I knew what it was - it was Bill  
Smith and his box of clock parts (main springs, wheels, etc.); I  
told him to put them away because he was disturbing the class; a  
little later I heard them again; I sailed out of the room and  
upstairs to the office - returned with the school paddle - opened  
the door - called Bill and turned him over the old metal swivel-  
top waste basket and "blistered his hide" - (While I was gone, the  
class had a ball - the boys told me that he was not worried about  
the paddling to come - he was very much upset and afraid that I was  
going to take his precious clock parts away from him.) - and, of  
course, he said as they all did, "It didn't hurt." He kept his  
clock parts, but he did not bring them back to class.

In 1937-38 I paddled C. S. because he had been smoking in the  
"outside outhouse." He didn't appreciate it. After school that  
evening, one of the girls (M. W.) came to the window and said, "Mr.  
Sever, C. S. put a big roofing nail under your car's rear tire so  
when you back out, you will have a puncture." Narrow escape!