



Class of 1972-73

Pages 75-88

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.

1972-1973

SPEECH 12 8:15 to 9:10 a. m.

Adams, Jackie
Ash, Tony
Beyer, Joe
Carter, Frank
Carter, Tony
Cory, Tony
Degner, Dee
Dooley, Mike

Harker, Terri
Lowman, Kim
Montgomery, Peggy
Nasby, Rita
Shadley, Ron
Willey, Mike
Winkler, Tony
Zobel, George

A very active speech class with good attitudes.
Presented 47 different speech activities including all the customary ones plus heckling and panel discussion - Rita Nasby's mime actions were exceptional.

FRENCH II&III Period II

Dake, Jean; Dooley, Mike; Jester, Alison; Meal, Pat;
Ross, Candi; Wagner, Jane. Dee Degner.

ENGLISH 12A Period III

Adams, Jackie
Cassidy, Kent
Degner, Dee
Dooley, Mike
Kinniburgh, Randy
Kuhn, Doug

Montgomery, Peggy
Nieman, Jean
Posz, Leesa
Rosenfeld, Pat
Shadley, Ron

English grammar, Bible literature, English literature, fifteen written compositions.

ENGLISH 12 B Period IV

Crosby, Debbie
Chandler, Susan
Dake, Jean
Nasby, Rita
Harker, Linda

Harker, Terri
Kuhn, Dwain
Kuhn, Linda
Harker, Brenda
Roberts, Dean

FRENCH I Period VI

Ayres, Melanie
Bettner, Max
Cord, Andy
Fleming, Tammy
Hayes, Mike
Long, Angie
Owens, Lonnie
Owens, Suzanne
Brown, John

Pearce, Kim
Puckett, Jo Ann
McColley, Pam
Reynolds, Debra
Shaw, Helen
Taylor, Lanny
Wheeler, Pat
Murphy, Audrey

Average final exam grade - 82.23

French classes included grammar, conversation, reading, translation, French literature, dictée, French music and French art - and the usual French Bread and cheese.

"It is useless to send armies against ideas." - Anon.

HOLY SMOKE!

1973

DRAMA - - SPEECH

Written by Kenneth D. Sever and class members

March 23 - 8 P.M.

Synopsis

Space travel - deep space travel - is not what it is "cracked up" to be especially when the passengers are reluctant, recalcitrant, reactionary and rebellious. An unsavory shady character comes aboard and claims kindred to the horror of all. However, their guardian angel is not far away, and with the help of AMAZING GRACE they change the course of their future career. All similar "Sin-Kin" should shun similar shady situations, especially on Flight 666.

TIME - Any Day

PLACE - Everywhere

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Penelope Pryer - widow - sixtyish - gossipy - selfish - Terri Harker
Mrs. Wenow Dirtz - widow - sixtyish - gossipy - brazen - Peggy Montgomery
Otto Pilotwell - spacecraft pilot - announcer - ageless - Mike Dooley
Rev. Montcalm Merryweather - clergyman - fiftyish - dignified - George Zobel
Miss Effie Glenly - cleaning lady - seedy - crude - heart of brass - Seventy - Dee Degner
Miss Annie U. Tugger - anthropologist - women's lib - fortyish - proud - Kim Lowman
Joe Swaybach - NFL player - twentyish - brute - knowitall - Frank Carter
Dr. Andy U. Biotick - physician - fiftyish - forceful - money-wise - Doug Kuhn
Howard Gohell - TV commentator - active - fortyish - worldly-wise - Joe Beyer
Nicolas Brimstone Firestone - ageless - cunning - devilish - Ron Shadley
Gabriel D. Hornblower - ageless - angelic - subtle - celestial - Tony Winkler
J. Belairophon Morgansterne - executive - sixtyish - rich - masterful - Tony Ash
Mrs. Grace Gloribeay - Grandma - seventish - bold - heart-of-gold - Jackie Adams

As the play opens - space music - screen showing space shots - stage bare except for desk or table that will be used for instrument panel later - seats to be carried in - announcer and navigator enters and speaks to audience.

(In-the-round stage)

OTTO: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, we welcome you to our little in the round happening called HOLY SMOKE. We invite your indulgence as we expand our mental vistas thro limitless space exploring as it were new horizons of the universe. Before your very mental eyes will pass Mars, the

HOLY SMOKE! 1973 continued

red planet, over 248 million miles from earth; Jupiter, the largest planet, over 600 million miles from here; and Pluto, the farthest planet from the sun and nearly 5 billion miles from the earth. We will speed past the stars, the nearest being 26 trillion miles from our home base. This is our space capsule. Here we will be concerned with maintaining the basic pressures on the Lunar Atmospheric Detector and then later on the Solar Wind Spectrometer, trusting in our command radio guidance, or infrared guidance, and above all - we hope - in Celestial Guidance. We are fully equipped for all eventualities - rest room - refrigerator, heat shield, fuel system, air conditioner, television equipment, flame detector, minimum energy flight trajectory, and burn out velocity. This is FLIGHT 666 and our passengers are now being checked aboard. You will note something unnatural and familiar about each, we trust -

(Passengers enter with bundles, packages and all complain and criticize the rules and each other.)

page 2 . . .

OTTO: I know! I know! They all sound alike! If it isn't their dogs, it's their cats or their husbands or their wives. Never ready! Always something else to do - as if Life depended on them. Ladies, it's all right here on your flight information bulletin - Passengers are not permitted to take anything with them on the flight - now or never. Now, settle down in your seats numbered 8 & 7 and relax. We have a long eventful flight ahead of us.

page 5 . . .

HOWARD: Pardon me, sir, but I am the one who asks the questions if you don't mind. You just stick to the facts - but no one asks a TV roving reporter questions - WE are in charge.

OTTO: Oh! Ho! So you're one of those know-it-all, tell-it-all, see-it-all-while-or-before-it-all-happens - give-it-with-gusto-here-take-it - it's goo-for-you TV crackpot commentators who think you make the news that you butcher!

HOWARD: Please cooperate, there are 2 million viewers out there watching - you wouldn't want to spoil a good show would you?

OTTO: I not only will spoil an IMPERFECT show - I will also mutilate a perfectly IMPERFECT face if you don't remove that little tin idol that you worship; take your own seat and let me and my passengers enjoy a few TVless seconds together. Now, ditch it - no TV COMMERCIALS PERMITTED ON FLIGHT 666!

HOWARD: But, but, but but ... I don't know what to say. I've never experienced this before - I've never been at loss for words - I can always find something to say - but, this . . . I didn't want this assignment anyway - I have so many other shows to cover and so many new commercials to write - but I was just an innocent bystander.

page 6 . . .

ANDY: very well - but at the first belly ache, don't come running to Doc - THIS JUST MAKES ME SICK! (Tosses medicine case onto dock shaking his head.) I didn't desire to travel at this time, but how was I to know the kid had the mumps?

HOLY SMOKE! 1973 continued

J. B.: What! Let me tell you something, little man, Where I go I give the orders - I do the talking. I head a staff of 650 artists, draughtsmen, modelers, and engineers - they all have "Gasoline in their veins - really love cars." And they all jump when I cough. I also command an \$11, 500, 000 red-brick styling center set in an expanse of playing fountains and shimmering pools - Do you think for one minute that I'm taking orders from you?

HOWARD: Who in the Hell does he think he is?

OTTO: Stop! Don't mention that word here, for Heaven's sake! It's murder! I'll tell you who he is - just another soul with a seat number - only he seems to be too big for a clean fit.

. . . page 7

EFFIE: Holy Smoke! What a passenger list. It wouldn't surprise me to see the DEVIL himself

OTTO: That completes our passenger list - about time to prepare for blast off. Passengers will please adjust your seat harness.

(Enter NICOLAS FIRESTONE with big red book - Fire Brigade)

OTTO: (Rechecking chart) I don't believe we have your listed on this flight - all passengers are in place - excepting for seat #1 and I don't have a listing for that one - that's strange - what's your name?

NICK: NICOLAS FIRESTONE - NICOLAS B. FIRESTONE - the B. stands for BRIMSTONE - named after my great-grand daddy on my father's side of the lake - poor old duffer he was always in HOT water.

OTTO: No. No. there's no Nicolas Brimstone Firestone on this flight - perhaps you are registered on another flight -

NICK: Oh, I'm on this flight all right - and most of the others but especially this one - I recognize several of MY people here.

OTTO: Oh, I see. It's a family affair - some of your kin?

NICK: KIN? Yes, sure, that's it! SIN KIN - you know Kin in Sin - Kin: that sin together stay together. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! That's a good one! Bad old SIN KIN. Why I came aboard with the first old sinner that stumbled up that devilish staircase.

OTTO: In that case - I have no choice, we blast off - start countdown - close the escape hatch - prepare for rocket detonation (Countdown is heard in background on tape, sound of engines fuelling up - hiss of steam - roar of jets - flame red glow - while Nick checks each passenger personally in his BIG RED BOOK marked FIRE BRIGADE.)

(Blastoff, passengers lean backward and look up slowly simulating rapid rise - lights dim indicating passage of time - picture on TV screen shows planets and stars.)

HOLY SMOKE! 1973 excerpts continued

OTTO: Ladies and gentlemen, we are now 2,8000,000,000 miles from Mother Earth passing through the orbit of Uranus on the right and headed for the vicinity of Neptune which we will outpace by tomorrow, or should I say tomorrow will never come . . .

(Slight bumping is felt; all passengers jolt slightly simulating the jar.) . . . what was that? Must have been a bit of a comet's tail or meteorite . . .

(Enter, staggering and sighing, with left wing drooping GABE.)

GABE: Oh, Heavenly Meadows and purple pansies there went my left pinion again - I wish you people would watch what you are going - you swerved when you should have swayed - why didn't you use your Celestial Guidance Panel - you're constantly throwing our Seraphic Sonor System off schedule . . . (Wing squeaks.)

NICK: Here! Here! You childish cherub chaser, you - your landing gear is showing - it's always showing - now be-gone - you fickle fowl - this is my consignment - no Pink People for the Pearly Portals on this Project, Ducky - go flap your flippers on some other fatal flight!

GABE: I might have known - so that's it - you unclean spirit - you ruler of darkness in low places - you fallen angel with fallen arches - you arch-deceiver of mundane man - you wolf in goats skin - you - you (Tune on bells.)

NICK: Just an eternity! Just an eternity! Little heavenly host! Save all your baddy-daddy dirties for the torrid zone. These people are mine, and you cannot touch them. So scat! Vamoose! Blast off!

GABE: Not so fast! Not so fast! Cinder brain! This is my commission. See (Opens very long scroll impressively and reads.) It says right here on the Celestial Epistle #6964520777ASX3245999 "Beist it knownst to all thou who dost repose on the Celestial Capsule #666 by these present to wit - to do - that thusly and thouly the Omnipotent, Omniscient dost decree that said pilgrims are destined for the abode of the blessed - and that nothing erresterial mayst interfere with matters celestial - signed this 600 Billionth Millinium o'clock." See - they are my people. And just to prove it - I brought along my supernal Paradisoptometer which will guide us gently through those Pearly Portals that we see approaching.

(TV screen shows deep space and galaxies.)

NICK: Why you fickle feathered fathead - I have my Inferno-gyroscope which is set on sphere spins and axis reflexis - now rushing us headlong to pandemonium and bottomless perdition - BOTTOMLESS! You earthlings may chuckle over your topless Go-Go dancing, but here it's BOTTOMLESS TOO Gone-Gone - And nothing, get this NOTHING can break the trajectory beam excepting loving deeds of tender mercy - and if you think this outlandish earthly outful could be capable of such tripe, you've put yourself in for a miraculous

HOLY SMOKE! 1973 excerpts continued

surprise - for they're all my Sin-Kin. Ha! Ha! - Whee -
we're on our way to INFERNO! (Sings - cackles)

Where is the realm of sweat and tears?
Where drops the evil hole?
Why just ahead - belay your fears
And blast your cringing soul.

What means those flames that lick so far
And seem to reach the sky?
It's burning coals and molten tar
For all sin-kin who die!

(Spacecraft heads down - all passengers fall in line -
bracing themselves - bending downward - gasping.)

WEWONA: Mercyful Heavens! Somebody stop him - I'm not
ready to go - how was I to know the gun was loaded?

. . . page 10

MONTCALM: Somebody do something. This is not in my plans.
All my treasures are laid up - not down.

HOWARD: Maybe you sent your deposits to the wrong bank
and trust company - looks to me as if it's very much in
your plans, Padre - you should have thought of that when
you made out your deposit slips.

EFFIE: Praise the Lord, parson! Praise the Lord! For
goodness sake.

(CAPSULE suddenly CHANGES COURSE - heads up - all
passengers lean back.)

GABE: (Dancing, clapping) Amen! Hallelujah! Heavenly Days.
That did it - now my Paradisoptometer is on the beam again -
Headed for Eden. St. Pete, here we come - safe at last -
Kiss the furnace, goodbye - Firestone.

NICK: Confound you, you worm-eaten spirit - triple con-
found and confuse you to the lowest level of liquid light-
ning-fire - we're not there yet and no accidental slip is
going to rob me of my customers and KINFOLK!

GABE: (Shouting) HEATHEN!

NICK: HOOD!

GABE: PAGAN!

NICK: POTBELLY!

GABE: INFIDEL!

NICK: INGRATE!

GABE: STOOL PIGEON!

NICK: SKUNK!

GABE: BLASPHEMER!

NICK: BUZZARD!

GABE: HELLION!

NICK: HEMORRHOID!

ANDY: See there! What did I tell you! I had some prep-
aration H when I came aboard, but it's all down there on
the dock. Suffer!

HOWARD: Hell's Fire, that was sure a close call!

(Capsule suddenly turns - passengers fall forward going down.)

HOLY SMOKE! 1973 excerpts continued

WEWONA: Now look what you did - you microphone bug -

HOWARD: I did not mean it that way - I just said -

MONTCALM: Hold it, brother! Hold it. Don't add fuel to the fire!

NICK: (Hopping happily) Yeow! See! What did I tell you! They're just a bunch of dry kindling- Headed for Sulphur City!

GABE: HOLY SMOKE! Why did you have to do it - no there'll be Hell to pay and I'll lose that Good Conduct Medal sure!

. . . page 11

GRACE: (Picking up guitar.) Well, this sure is frustrating - planned to go to see my grandchildren - but now to the pit - might as well make the best of it - Say did you fellers ever hear my theme song? (Sings 1st verse of "Amazing Grace" as ship slowly turns and all head up again while Gabe cavorts in ecstasy and adjusts his instrument - Nick flings arms, stomps, and frowns.)

NICK: No. No. No. No. NO. No. Don't do that!

FENELOPE: Wasn't that sweet. That reminds me of our choir singer Minnie Clouistorm - she had a beautiful voice - but her homelife was terrible - why she and her husband just did not get along - it was rumored that he was stepping out on her - with the very organist and . . .

(Ship suddenly turns and HEADS DOWN - all lean forward.)

NICK: I knew it! They just cannot help it - and all the time we are gaining depth - why I can almost smell the sulphur now!

(All sing "Holy Smoke")

Holy Smoke, we're on our way to Heaven!

Holy Smoke, we're on our way to Hell!

Holy Smoke, and where we're really going!

Holy Smoke, and only we can tell:

GRACE: (Sings last verse of "Amazing Grace" - ship turns and HEADS UP.)

. . . page 12

NICK: (Slapping forehead in disgust.) Let's all bow our heads for a few moments of silent prayer! What in damnation has happened to you - No. No. No. Forget it - all this tripe about love! Hate! Hate! Hate! that's the only way to get anything done. Throw your weight around - be a pusher. Who started all this holy, holy, holy -

GABE: So long, Lucifer, not so nice knowing you - take off to your bakery - these people are being measured for wings!

. . . page 13

OTTO: (Examining instrument panel) Only one way to go now - the Celestial Guidance Detector is right on center - we just sped through the Seraphic Environmental Sphere and are entering the Resplendent Realms of Righteous Resters - Just ahead - about 175 billion miles, I can detect the first faint outlines of the Golden Etherial Escalator.

HOLY SMOKE! 1973 excerpts continued

NICK: (Who has been contorting and reacting) That does it! You poor apology for a Do-Do bird. This is where I came in. You just cannot win them all - you people are hopeful - I can use only the hopeless ones. Well, back to the burning coal mines. But I haven't given up - out there (points to audience with sweeping gesture of his hand) Out there, I say, I see many of my sin-kin just waiting for their trip - and you bet your bottom dollar that the law of averages says that I'm gonna get some of them - we need more stokers. - May you crash on the golden stairs and may all your eternities be bad ones.

(He jumps off - and all cheer.)

GRACE: Isn't that amazing! Amazing Grace, that's me. Wish my grand children could see me now. After all isn't that the real reason for life - the grand kids coming on following in our footprints. The good book says "seeing their children's children to the third and fourth generation" - I wish I could make them see the value of life, and home, and family - but I guess each one has to find out for himself. Let's sing a simple song -

Holy Smoke! We're on our way to Heaven!

Holy Smoke! we're almost really there!

Holy Smoke! We're landing at the space port!

Holy Smoke! On just a wing and prayer!

OTTO: Well, that's another flight safely delivered.

Hope you folks out there on earth enjoyed it. In case you're planning a similar trip in the near future, we'd just like to leave you with this friendly tip -

(Celestial music background)

If by chance a flight you take

Remember our admonition -

Leave all your junk on earth below

And improve your soul's condition -

For cars and games and checkbooks fat

Are good for a big sensation

But Gabe and Nick are playing for keeps -

Too late for manipulation!

Holy Smoke! Good Night and Heavenly Dreams!

"CURTAIN"

On the same evening The Waldron High School Drama Club presented a one act play NEVER TRUST A MAN by A. C. Marlers. Members of the cast included Dee Degner, Sheila Marshall, Pat Meal, Linda Headlee, Jean Dake, and Jane Wagner.

Total ticket sales for the "one night stand" was \$169.60

HOLY SMOKE received many complimentary remarks because of its "message" and "uniqueness."

Excerpts from Final Exam speeches 1973

POW'S by TONY WINKLER

In Washington last week, there was more skirmishing over veterans' affairs than at any time since the Bonus March of 1932 . . . 25,000 of them - paraplegics, quadriplegics, men disassembled and totally disabled by the frags, mines and bullets of the Vietnam War - and they have filled up veterans' hospitals throughout the country. . . . We need more love in the world; after all, there is but one race, humanity.

MEMORIES OF W. H. S. by TONY ASH

. . . Well the sixth grade was an interesting year of my grade school life. We had this crazy old teacher named Mr. Clark. This old duffer was really weird. He had this bad hangup of liking to paddle people. What he would do is, during the week, if you did anything wrong he would put a mark on the board. Then at the end of the week, he would multiply the number of marks times two, and that's the number of whacks you would get. As I recall, attendance on Friday was very poor indeed.

. . . The best year of all would have to be the present one. When I started back at the first of the year, I decided that I was going to enjoy this last and final year. The class that I have enjoyed most this year is Speech. This has been a wonderful experience since that first day that we had to get up in front of the class and just give our names. But, undoubtedly the best time we all had together was in the play. During this year we have all learned to know and appreciate the other fellow's opinions and ideals. This is one big step into adulthood.

PEOPLE (OUR TASK) by PEGGY MONTGOMERY

. . . Someone you've known for a long time grows on you and you learn to love them more each day. Everything about them is special; their smile, their kindness, and their slowness to anger. I would like to tell you about someone I love more each day because of her slowness to anger.

One day I was up in my room, and I heard the stairway door squeak. Pretty soon our cat " Puffy" came up the stairs into my bedroom and right under the bed. . . I tried to grab him and get him outside before it was too late, but he kept clawing on the shag carpet and I couldn't get him away. . . . He was too quick for me. I ran downstairs and told Mom about the accident. She came running upstairs and took Puffy outside. I knew she felt like wringing my neck and his, but she just came back inside, cleaned up the mess, and said nothing except that there would be no more cats in the house. That little episode made me realize how much I love my mother because if I had locked the back door the whole thing would not have happened.

Excerpts from exam speeches 1973

THE FOUR WAYS OF LIFE by TERRI LEE HARKER
Which Way Do You Intend To Go?

Which way do you intend to go?
Four choices then I've tried to show.
The first was the critic strong.
Do you to this sad group belong?

The Want-it-all comes next in line
Jewels, cars and clothing fine.
Why can't I have something new?
A mink stole soft and a new hairdo.

Susie Scrooge follows full and free
Always asking what's in it for me?
Never thinking about friends or foes -
Their joys, their sorrows or their woes.

Last of all comes Samaritan Grace;
Her goodness shows in her kind face.
She is the one who's best of all.
Follow her or you will fall - -
Flat on your homely face!

DAY BY DAY by JACKIE ADAMS

. . . A singing group has developed in this community from six different churches . . . Our director Ted Hodson felt that the youth had something to say about God, and that we have our own special way of saying it. All of the kids in this group work together and feel God's presence. There are four people in speech class that are in the group - Peggy Montgomery, Dee Degner, Tony Ash, and I. When I asked them their thoughts about the group this is what they said: . . . "I really dig it! The more we can sing it, the better." . . . "I think it brings people closer to God, and makes people feel good inside." . . . The name of the choir is "The Living Truth Choir," and all of us hope that people know that it is our way of telling them.

DRUG ABUSE: AN ESCAPE TO NOWHERE by RON SHADLEY

. . . Then again there are the people who go out at noon to the cars or the corner to smoke a cigarette or even a home-rolled. And then again there are the people who go out at noon to drop some tabs for the next period which is Econ. Class. But personally, I feel that the Econ teacher is somewhat of a drag, but it takes more intestinal fortitude to sit through his class than it takes to drop some acid.

So the next time if you are approached with the problem of a junkie or an acid freak, trying to sell you a lid or a drop, tell him what I have told a few - "I would rather be called a Chicken than a Dead Duck."

Excerpts from exam speeches 1973

MY HIGH SCHOOL YEARS by FRANK CARTER

My Senior year started out all right when I started working at the Holiday Inn. I have difficulty trying to keep awake the first period because I didn't get home till late at night from working. Then speech class has been a real good class; I've had a lot of fun in there. Well so far, as I can see it, my Senior year has gone real well; I haven't been in much trouble, and I 'm glad to see it all end once and for all.

" MEMORIES" by GEORGE ZOBEL

. . . however, we thought that we would include a little fun in algebra class. We really accomplished this maneuver the day the cow came to class. Ron S. brought a fantastic device to class that when you turned it over and back again it mooed like a cow. This was the ultimate thing in fun until Ronnie Stephens passed it to me while it was still mooing, and I was left holding the bag. I was scared half to death so I stuck it between my legs and tried to pretend that nothing happened. Although I was caught with the evidence and requested to stay after class, when class ended the very kid who got me into hot water bailed me out, and we've been good friends ever since.

TREASURES OF MANKIND by MICHAEL DOOLEY

The first treasure of mankind is the treasure of nature. When was the last time that we stopped our busy lives long enough to feel the velvety petals of a rose against our cheek, or smelled the sweet scent of lilacs blooming in the April sweetness of spring, or when was the last time we just looked at the lilies of the valley noticing their delicate bell-like flowers playing a symphony of old familiar tunes of life. Nature has not forgotten the blind, the mute, those who have no sense of touch, or even those who cannot smell. For the blind, nature has provided the soft touch of the rose and the sweet fragrances of wildflowers; for those who do not have have the sense of touch or smell, nature has provided the beauty of all natural things. . .

A PICTURE OF LIFE by RONNA KAY TANNER

. . . Orange comes at the end of our color chart just as memories come at the end of our life. When each one of us reach the end of a day or year, we always have something we remember. I know that when Judy Hurst, George or Larry graduate from high school or college they will have a lot of wonderful memories. (Dated April 27, 1973) ?

Excerpts from exam speeches 1973

OUR THREE SISTERS by KIM LOUISE LOWMAN

Our class play was the foundation of our friendship. It helped unite the class into one working body. Everyone was striving for the same perfection in getting the production to be a success. Whenever Dee came out for her part, our love went with her for her character and for doing a good job. Our love for George as a preacher strengthened as his character developed. Whenever he would praise the Lord, our love was with him to deliver us from the devil. And everyone loves old ladies as Terri was to be. When she hit Peggy, we were in there batting for the old girl too. Our love for each other developed more and more as the play went along . . .

HOW DO WE CLIMB? by LINDA KUHN

... I also remember the time that Jean Nieman and I got scolded for talking while Mrs. Lemasters was trying to teach us N.V.N. sentence patterns. Then in our sophomore year, Kathy Harrell and I tried to learn "Anna est puella" and "Ego amo ta" which means Ann is a girl and I love you in Latin. Also when Mr. Childers was teaching us about the Egyptians in world history class, Melinda Fischer and I just happened to be talking, and Mr. Childers threw an eraser at us. Next came our junior year, when Valerie Goodwin and I fumbled through the slide rule in Algebra II, and when Tony Winkler and I fought with chemical symbols in chemistry class. Now in our senior year, Debbie Crosby and I barely slid past the sine and cosine in math, and I recall all the long hours I spent on doing just one simple theme for Mr. Sever. All of these experiences have us a foothold in the Mountain of Education.

ADVICE FROM SPEECH CLASS 1973 to the CLASS OF 1974

To the Speech Class of 1974, don't be sorry you are in here, because at the end of the year this will be your best class. In no other class can you be yourself and have so much fun - not only giving speeches but listening to others as well. Put all you have into your speeches and do the best you can. Sometimes you might think your speech is very dull and uninteresting compared to someone else, but don't worry about it. If you do the best you can, Mr. Sever will know what kind of speeches you are capable of giving, and I believe he is very fair. KIM LOWMAN

Your decision to take speech was one of the smartest things you've done. Your first 2 or 3 speeches will scare you, but don't give up . . . The class play being the greatest, but you will get a lot more out of Speech besides the play..Go with an open mind, & don't be afraid to do anything.
PEGGY MONTGOMERY

Advice to speech class from 1973 to 1974

To the Speech Class of 1974, you will all be so thankful that you took Speech. I know that it will be your favorite class. Don't be afraid to express your thoughts and opinions in your speeches, for those are your rights, and what is said in class stays in class. Try to have your speeches ready when they are supposed to be. It will save a lot of frustration. (If you know what I mean!) Be concerned about giving good speeches, but don't get all worried about giving them because once you get up there, it's not so bad. The main advice I have to give you is just be yourself, enjoy the class, and benefit from it to the best way you possible can. JACKIE ADAMS

Always have your speech ready on time. Don't do what I've always done, wait until the last minute to start on it because if you don't spend very much time on it, it will be a flop. Believe me, I know. 2nd when you have these certain speeches like speech to inform and other speeches like that, you will be nourished by the girls who will bake a cake. That will set you off in the morning with a good start. This was the best class I've ever taken because I enjoy Mr. Sever as a teacher. You won't be sorry that you have taken this class. TONY WINKLER

To the Seniors who take Speech next year all I can say is take part in the class. It is fun and educational at the same time. I have learned quite a lot from Mr. Sever and the entire Speech class of 1973. You get to know each other better and also learn to respect one another's feelings. I hope you the class of 1974 will have a play, but just remember one thing: "All it takes is teamwork!" Best of Luck! TERRI HARKER

You have made your first mistake. If you are taking English 12, that is your second mistake. Not really, it has been a ball in both classes, and if all of you reach maturity by your senior year, you will also enjoy these classes. The main thing I liked were heckling speech, pantomimes, personal experience speeches and the play. Yes, they were all hard to do, but in the long run it's worth it, especially the play. Try to talk him into having one. (Even though you can't top ours.). RON (BRIMSTONE FIRESTONE) SHADLEY

Always listen to Mr. Sever. He knows his stuff. If you can, have a class play. It is hard work but it is worth it. My favorite was the heckling speech so all you speech students "Give 'em heckle." Have Ron, Jackie & Mike to read their final exam speeches to you. JOE BEYER

Advice to speech class from 1973 to 1974 continued

I enjoyed the speeches from all of the members of speech class, but I especially enjoyed the "Memory" speech by George Z. and the "Day by Day" speech by Jackie A. because these speeches came from the heart and treasured moments. I also enjoyed our debates and heckling speeches because it taught us that two people can disagree and still both be right. And the class play was a blast. MIKE DOOLEY

My advice to the speech class of '74 is - 1. Have a play. 2. Make sure everyone does a pantomime and entertainment speech. 3. Make sure to have good heckling speeches. 4. Read the final exam speeches of Jackie Adams, Mike Dooley, and Ron Shadley. 5. And finally don't give Mr. Sever a very bad time. P. S. Pronounce Mr. Sever's name, Sever, not Severs.

I advise the speech class of "74" to work a lot harder than I did because Mr. Sever knows what he is doing, and he also knows if you're goofing off. This is the greatest class that I have ever taken in this school. Put a lot of work into those speeches. You'll profit in the long run. TONY ASH.

Get your speeches done on time so you can enjoy the other speeches without worrying about whether or not you will have to go next. I liked Mike Dooley's imitation of Hitler and Winston Churchill the best. Speeches involving food make speech class more enjoyable and give you strength for the rest of the day. The play was the most fun and the heckling speech the most nerve racking. DEE DEGNER

COMMENTS FROM TEACHER'S GRADE BOOK AS THE CLOSE
OF THE SCHOOL YEAR 1972-73

Appraisal - Classes small - not much challenge - lack of interest in work - French I immature - some good work - feel at end of year that Fr. I did accomplish a great deal with exceptions. Study hall pathetic - noise - cafeteria - food interference contributed to poor discipline - 8th grade people very much uncontrolled - HOLY SMOKE was a great success - some speeches were good - total school atmosphere poor - some pupils still "run" the halls and influence actions unduly - seemed that very little was accomplished academically - sports and activities still "run" the show - perhaps more than ever. Poor discipline - IF BASKETBALL HAD NOT BEEN INVENTED, WHERE WOULD WE HOLD COMMENCEMENT!

TEACHER'S COMMENTS for 1971-72 - Discipline improved. Some good classroom teachers. Promise of better classes to come. Quality or learning and attainment questionable. Emphasis still on the transient and irrelevant. Study halls messy and useless. Pupils still roam the halls. Some pupils seem to be "big shots." Morale of classes quite low - lack of guidance and training in earlier years accounted for the poor attitude toward class work. Senior made noticeable progress. Too much noise. French I & II made excellent progress.