



Class of 1966-67

Pages 195-208

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.

SPEECH Period V

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Arthur, Bob | Kuhn, Karin |
| Benson, J. C. | Lemasters, Gregg |
| Bettner, Sherry | Laws, Steve |
| Boger, Pam | Long, Jackie |
| Bridge, Nancy | Lux, Jeanette |
| Cox, George | Mahin, Norman |
| Cunningham, Pete | McDaniel, Richard |
| DeBaun, Bruce | Mohr, Linda |
| Durbin, Les | Rhoades, Ronnie |
| Eiler, John | Roell, Linda |
| Fox, Susie | Solomon, Rebecca |
| Henderson, Judy | Suter, Sally |
| Hungate, John | Thibo, Holly |
| Hungerford, Marius | Thurston, Karen |
| Jordan, Bruce | Wickliff, Victoria |
| Kendall, Janice | Wheeler, Eddie |
| Kuhn, Bruce | Winkler, Penny |
| Kuhn, Gail | Yantiss, Jolinda |
| | Yarling, Nancy |

This class produced 29 speeches including panel discussion, vocabulary, oral reading, and drama. A good class gave interesting impromptus. - 35 enrolled second semester.

ENGLISH 12

| | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Cox, George | Long, Jackie |
| DeBaun, Bruce | Lux, Jeanette |
| Durbin, Les | Mc Daniel, Richard |
| Eiler, John | Mohr, Linda |
| Fischer, Doris | Ray, Steve |
| Fox, Susie | Rhoades, Ronnie |
| Jordan, Bruce | Solomon, Rebecca |
| Kuhn, Bruce | Thibo, Holly |
| Kuhn, Gail | Thurston, Karen |
| Kuhn, Karin | Wheeler, Eddie |
| Lemasters, Gregg | |

The class wrote 30 themes, studied vocabulary, grammar, spelling; second semester followed with English literature, Bible study, and vocabulary. Class wrote research paper. Average final grade - 91%. A very productive class.

Eight pupils were enrolled in French I, and five in French II. Average grades 91. Dictation, translation, reading and grammar were included. Also French music and food.

C'est le coeur qui sent Dieu et non la raison. Voilà ce que c'est que la foi: Dieu sensible au coeur, non à la raison. L'homme est visiblement fait pour penser; c'est toute sa dignité et tout son mérite; et tout son devoir est de penser comme il faut. Or, l'ordre de la pensée est de commencer par soi, et par son auteur et sa fin. -Pascal

TIME WILL TELL

A Comedy-Farce in Three Acts by Kenneth Sever.
Assisted by Ed Wheeler, Bruce Kuhn, Nancy Yarling, John Hungate, Pete Cunningham, Gail Kuhn, Gregg Lemasters, J. C. Benson, and Sherry Bettner.

April 6 & 7, Class of 1967, 8 p.m.

Synopsis

Nordlaw High School is in a dither. Pupils are trying to raise funds to help in the construction of a new high school, and they are confronted with obstacles and confusion from all sides. Unless they can prove to school officials that they are not all juvenile delinquents, there will be no new school. Belligerent board members, tactless teachers, jealous janitors, ingenious inventions, and loquacious lovers add to the misery. Only TIME WILL TELL how it will terminate.

TimeThe Present
Place,,,,,,Nordlaw High School
Act ISchool Activities Hour
Act II, Scene 1Seconds Later
 Scene 2Minutes Later
 Scene 3Minutes Later
Act III
 Scene 1One Day Later
 Scene 2Sometime Later

Cast of Characters

| | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| Delbert Quakespear | - Play Coach Teacher | - Les Durbin |
| Maria Martini | - H. S. Pupil | - Nancy Bridge |
| Dilly Spool | - H. S. Pupil | - Jolinda Yantiss |
| Sweeter O'Toole | - H. S. Pupil | - Gail Kuhn |
| Eliza Baylor | - H. S. Pupil | - Jackie Long |
| Lucille Bell | - H. S. Pupil | - Janette Lux |
| Lauren Because | - H. S. Pupil | - Karen Thurston |
| Sophie Loran | - H. S. Pupil | - Linda Mohr |
| Hortense Croshea | - Home Ec. Teacher | - Sherry Bettner |
| Wendy Threade | - Home Ec. Pupil | - Penny Winkler |
| Beena Bobbin | - Home Ec. Pupil | - Nancy Yarling |
| Nina Beedles | - Home Ec. Pupil | - Sally Suter |
| Lena Stitch | - Home Ec. Pupil | - Janice Kendall |
| Vena Hemstitch | - Home Ec. Pupil | - Susie Fox |
| Kathy Crosseam | - Home Ec. Pupil | - Pam Boger |
| Patty Pattern | - Home Ec. Pupil | - Judy Henderson |
| Milly Milliner | - Home Ec. Pupil | - Karin Kuhn |
| Elisha Elijah Reamer | - School Board | - George Cox |
| Edythe Elvina Driller | - School Board | - Victoria Wickliff |
| Marveletta Masher | - Phys. Ed. Teacher | - Linda Roell |
| Eglantine Nevabride | - Snoopy Teacher | - Rebecca Solomon |
| Clyde Calamity | - School Janitor | - John Hungate |
| Sonny Bruzeriski | - Football Player | - Ed Wheeler |
| Jake Braweski | - Football Player | - Bob Arthur |
| Kooney Loosawitz | - Football Player | - J. C. Benson |
| Wally Tubalotski | - Football Player | - Bruce Jordan |
| Woozy Stienkiewicz | - Football Player | - Gregg Lemasters |
| Willy Zorowitz | - Football Player | - Bruce DeBaun |

Characters TIME WILL TELL 1967 continued

Gabby Bazovitz - Football Player - Pete Cunningham
Bordo Wera winawitz - " " - Ron Rhoades
Kordo Werawinawitz - " " Richard McDaniel
Gordo Werawinawitz - " " - John Eiler
Jerry Cephalon - Junior Inventor - Bruce Kuhn

Excerpts from TIME WILL TELL 1967.

Act I - page 5 & 6 . . .

(Enter Clyde Calamity DL - half asleep - dust rag hanging from pocket and dragging a broom behind him.)

ALL: CLYDE!

CLYDE: (Jumps - half asleep - looks around - starts to run.) What - what? Who? I'm Clyde. Hey! Whaddya mean? Scarin' me outa week's growth. Bunch a gol-durned gold-brickkin kids - I got work ta do - leammie alone - leannie alone - now you get outta here. (Starts sweeping weakly - muttering epithets under his breath and mumbling about dad blamed kids.)

WILLY: Good old Clyde - our star janitor.

JAKE: What would we do without Clyde?

GORDO: Wonder how he will react in the clinches? Boy, this I want to see.

Jake; Clyde, you're just the man we were looking for.

CLYDE: Whassa matter, nuther blamed light bulb need replacin?

PATTY: No, Clyde, it's more difficult than that.

CLYDE: (Waxing louder) Them dang rest rooms. I just knowed them danged drains wouldn't work - consarn it anyway. That's all I get done - moppin up them dang over-worked rest rooms. Doggone it atall!

MILLY: No, Clyde, it's more important than that.

CLYDE: Now, wait just one big minute - there arint nothin more important than -

WENDY: Oh, yes there is Clyde.

ELIZA: Wait till you see, Clyde; why you'll never be the same; you'll have a lilt in your step and a song in your voice.

BORDO: Clyde, have you ever had a girl?

CLYDE: (Embarrassed) Oh, shucks, now - you durn kids - go on now, durn it, you got me all plum kee-fuddledappellated. It allus did make me upset to talk about the wimmin folks - they's kinda disconsertin like - dad blame it, you kids, whadda ya trintado? Make me unaffishint?

VENA: Clyde, we've got just the one true girl for you.

CLYDE: (That took his breath away) NOW YOU LOOKIT HYARE - yer shore gettin me all worked up - now you go on you -

VENA: She's beautiful, Clyde - lovely, lanky, lonely, and love-sick.

GORDO: You just stick around and we'll fix you up in no time. . . .

page 8 . . .

(All leave DR - except Gabby and Clyde still slow motion.)

GABBY: (Examining pill and moving it from hand to hand as if it were hot.) B bbbbbb boy, llllllll wiwiwi wi wi wi wi wish sh'eed come.

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CLYDE: And now my elegant Eggie, may I be so bold as ter ask yer a very tender and very personable question?

EGGIE: Oh, do Clyde, do do do. Do ask me a very tender question - I can hardly wait to hear your very tender request.

CLYDE: (Getting bold and eloquent.) Eggie, my little moon-bean, I am so bold to ask yer the big question. Eggie, (loses confidence.) Eggie, could you, er can you er well in other words - Eggie, how about -

EGGIE: (Giggling) Oh, Clyde, you great big powerful glob of masculinity, what is it you wish - oh do tell me without delay.

CLYDE: Eggie, Eggie - Oh, shucks - Eggie may I hold yer sweet little hand?

EGGIE: Oh, Clyde - why, why, it takes my very breath away. I hardly know what to say. Never before has a man asked me such a serious question. But, what can one mere girl do against the purposes of a great strong cave man like you.

CLYDE: Eggie, now that's what I calls a real fer shore answer - here lemmie hold yer little hand a spell. (Carefully takes her hand.) Y'know, Eggie, this does something er me. It makes me want to get in thar and really use that old broom.

EGGIE: Oh, Clyde, how wonderful that I can inspire you in your work. Oh, Clyde, I think (Giggle) I think I'm going to - Yes, indeed I shall; I'm going to kiss you!

CLYDE: Now look, Eggie, I'm all fer this hyhar love making - but don't yer think yer rushin things just a trifle?

EGGIE: Oh, Clyde, I do believe you're bashful. There! (She kisses him on the cheek.)

CLYDE: (Befuddled) SHUCKS! Now, you shouldn't of went and did that. SHUCKS! Gee, Whillerkins - WHOOPEE!

EGGIE: Oh, Clyde. (They cuddle.)

CLYDE: Oh, Eggie.

(Enter team dressed as girls and girls dressed in uniforms L.) . . . Page 10 . . .

(Whistle screeches loudly - in rushes Coach Masher excitedly - boys react.)

MASHER: (Blows whistle furiously) HERRRRRRRRR! What's going on here. (Blows whistle three times loudly.) Now let's get on the ball. I wondered where you were. Now, you girls, it's time for phiz ed - you, and you and you and you, trot yourselves down to the dressing room and change into your gym clothes - and get out of those fancy pants - PRONTO! Get moving! (Blows whistle.)

SONNY: (Changing voice) Oh, I don't take girls' phys eddie.

MASHER: (Getting red in the face and yelling.) YOU DON' WHAT?

You don't take girl's phyz eddie? Did you hear that? Did you hear that? She doesn't take girls' phyz eddie. LOOK

LITTLE SISTER! ALL girls take girls'phyzz ed in this school.

ALL girls, see? And you'd better have something done about that throat. All girls take phizz ed.. ALL girls dress in the same locker room, ALL girls romp in the same romper room,

shower in the same shower room, and powder in the same powder room. ALL GIRLS (boys jump)! Get that? Now move. (Two whistles. Boys react with alarm and mill about in excitement, gesticulating.)

WILLY: (Changing voice) But, I just can't bear to change with a bunch of girls staring at me.

MASHER: OHO! WELL WELL WELL - one of those kinds, eh? Well, I have a special treatment for you, my fine lady. If there's one thing I can't stand it's a bashful prudish girl. When I get through with you, girlie, you won't have any modesty left.

GORDO: Someone please tell us how we are going to get out of this one.

SWEETER: Keep your chin up - we'll think of something.

MASHER: Now shoo, every last one of you.

(Girls in uniforms start automatically to move too.)

MASHER: Here, Here. Here! What goes on here? Not you. Just the girls. Boy, I'm going to change jobs. First, I have to push the girls, and then the whole blamed team wants to take gym. (Blows whistle - Exits after boysL.)

. . . page 11 . . .

(In rush L male team members in all stages of undress.)

SONNY: Help, you gals, hide us from that Masher monster.

JAKE: Yeah, Old Phizz Ed herself is hot on our trail.

WALLY: Quick, hide us - we cannot afford detection now.

ELIZA: Here, over here, you guys, hunch down and let us throw these rock-sheet props over you - just be a bunch of rolling stones!

LUCILLE: Hurry, here she comes. (Sound of whistle off L.)

(In rushes Marveletta blowing whistle L.)

MASHER: Where are those coy maidens. I declare - school teaching it getting battier every year. That's the biggest bunch of birdies I ever saw. Where are they?

HORTENSE: Where are who, Miss Masher?

MASHER: Those gals that I just shoved out of here for physical education. I had to herd them all the way to the dressing room - even had to start getting them ready and then I was called to the phone and when I got back they had flown the coop. . . .

ACT II SCENE 1 page 17

(Curtains open a few seconds later - Reamer and Nevabride have left - lights come up revealing two Gorillas - male and female - in same position of protest and anxiety - then they look at each other hopelessly and look at their hairy bodies - gesture in disgust and pace floor.)

SONNY: Gruff - gruff - gruff - room - room biff biff !

DILLY: Whinny, whinny, aroff - garoff aroff rally wheen.

SONNY: Whinny, ruff ruff - garoff. (With inflexion.)

DILLY: Wheen - Wheen - raff - roff reggy roof roof -

(Enter home ec girls L.) (All turn scream, run off.)

. . . KATHY: There's a gorilla on the stage! . . .

. . . SONNY: (Pacing floor and clumsily flailing arms about him.) Ah uh - rooly roosters - gruff.
BEENA: That was their battle cry - there was blood in his eye.
. . . MILLY: Here comes the zoo wagon. (Siren in distance.)
SONNY: (Desperately) Cally, cally callycoo, coo - ah whee!
. . . (Siren arrives - stops - door bangs- noise - rush in - all run on stage following the two men in white coats . .)
VENA: Carefully they're very dangerous.
SONNY: (Gestures and pleads) Whim- wham- whim gally - furr.
DILLY: Whem, whim whim - gilly - riff - firr - riff -
(Rushes into his arms for protection.)
1st ZOO KEEPER: Get them into the right position.
2nd ZOO KEEPER: Yes, it's always less painless to shoot them in their fatty portion in the rear.
SONNY: Ah ah ah - room. Billy billy blam baroff! . . .
2nd ZOO KEEPER: (Takes HUGE tranquillizer gun from case and sets it up.) We'll shoot the big one first ; it may take several HEAVY charges to subdue him! He seems to possess a lot of extra energy - just as if he understood . . .
SONNY: (Slapping forehead) Golly - gelly - golly geeeeee.
WENDY: Why that sounded almost like someone I know! . . .
. . . BEENA: (Sees time machine.) You don't suppose...?
(Zoo men are trying to get into position for a good shot while Sonny is maneuvering to avoid it.) . . .
. . . WENDY: I just know that is Sonny. It sounds just like him.
JAKE: I'll bet someone caught them in the time cycle. Quick, someone go get Jerry and let him adjust the dials.
BORDO: I'll get him; he's in the lab. (ExitsL)
1st ZOO KEEPER: Now, he's in your sights; let him have it!
2nd ZOO KEEPER: Here goes! (Fires tran. gun with BOOM.)
SONNY: (Hit by pellet - holds back side - jumps up and down - screams - growls & flails arms about him - shakes fist at keeper, finally starts to relax and gradually gets quieter and falls to floor - Dilly bends over him - comforting him and exposes her back side.)
1st ZOO KEEPER: Now, there's a perfect shot. Get her!
2nd ZOO KEEPER: RIGHTO! Got her. (Shoots Dilly in rear who reacts same way as Sonny and finally collapses in heap at his side. Jerry rushes from L and hurries to time machine.)
WOOZY: Too late. They're out cold!
JERRY: That doesn't matter. Somebody been MONKEYING with this plate. Now let's see - (turns dial and watches as machine hisses and buzzes.)

CURTAIN

. . . SCENE III page 22

(Next curtain a few minutes later reveals "cave men" in same position - sitting around in crude skins, hairy hands, beards - going through same actions and wearing necklaces of bones, claws etc.)

JAKE: (Lifting stone axe.) Big ax good . Big kill antelope.

KOONEY: You big nouth. You chop gums much much.

WALLY: (Playing huge "stone" cards) Close trap. Your deal. Shuffle well.

WOOZY: (Trying to shuffle stones.) By the great antlered antelope. How shuffle deal?
WILLY: Use muscle. Cave man strong like buffalo.
GABBY: Ho. Ho. Ho. (Stutters) Big Wolf - no brains.
BORDO: He have no brain. He brother to pea-brained mammoth.
WALLY: Come, Big Wolf, shuffle-deal.
GABBY: Ho. Ho. Ho. (Stutters) He got no strength in hand.
SONNY: Here, let Leopard-killer deal. He sabre-tooth-tiger strong.
WOOZY: Ah, go shoot a mastodon, ya big ape and let me alone. These dog-gone slabs weigh a ton.
JAKE: (As Woozy deals) Hey, you deal big good.
WALLY: Him deal me two aces.
KOONEY: You cheat. You pull card off bottom. Me get dirty deal.
WOOZY: You shut wooley mouth. Me mash you with hunting ax. Me take no insult.
KOONEY: (Picks up ax) Me let out your little brains. Me open you up for research. . . .
(Kooney and Woozy square away at each other.)
WILLY: This more fun than chasing cave women. . . .

ACT III SCENE 1 page 26

. . . . (Enter boys pushing the RENAULT from L)
SONNY: Boy, anyone that can make that thing run deserves the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Croix de Guerre, and the Purple Heart - some junk.
JAKE: Patience, my good man, with my skill as a mechanic, she'll be running in no time.
KOONEY: With all the rattles that that thing will develop, the vibration will cause another one of our major calamities.
WALLY: Speaking of calamities, don't let that thing back fire - we'll spoil a real hot Calamity love affair and have old Nevabride snooping again.
. . . . JERRY: O. K. Here goes. Stand back, everyone. This may be violent. (Drops three pills into gas tank and jumps back. First, a quiver, then a vibration, then a starting sound or two, then a couple of backfires with plenty of smoke, then intermittent motor sounds, the car begins to shake, more backfires, then the horn starts to sound loudly.)
JAKE: Hurray; she works, but will she run?
KOONEY: Here let me get her in gear. (Others pile in - shift gears and car is pulled rapidly and noisily backfiring from stage - plenty of smoke - R.) . . .
. . . . page 29

REAMER: (On his feet and dusting himself off.) Now I am mad. You onery no-account cleaner of rest rooms - you roll of toilet tissue - you drain pipe - you leaky faucet - you you -
CLYDE: JUST A MINUTE. JUST A MINUTE, you big noise - when I get through with you, you'll wish you never had seen a school board. . . . (Picks up his mop bucket which is filled with SUDS and dumps it over Reamer's head.) There take that!

EGGIE: Oh, no. Oh someone please do something, anything; I can't bear to look - he has ruined his curly locks - Oh my poor Lockinvar!

(Car backfires off stage and Eggie snaps out of it. Reamer gets pail from head and stands covered with foam.)

. . . CLYDE: (Approaching Eggie, putting arm around her.)

Honey, do come with me to the nice cozy boiler room.

EGGIE: (Slaps hand.) Get away from me - what's the matter with you?

REAMER: (approaching and putting his arm around the other side and then taking arm and trying to pull her away from Clyde who takes other arm and pulls.). No, come flee away with me.

EGGIE: Help, you maniacs. Let me alone. (Being pulled -)

. . . CLYDE: (Letting Eggie go) That does it. (Cracks him over the head with mop which Reamer grabs and unbalances Clyde who falls in heap with Reamer - which immediately breaks spell.)

REAMER: (Getting to feet.) Here. Here. Here. What am I doing here. What's going on here? More teenage shennanigans, eh?

CLYDE: Hyar. Hyhar. Who did that? I'm a busy man . . .

. . . EGGIE: There's something rotten in the state of Denmark, and I aim to get to the bottom of it. (Exit L.)

REAMER: I shall report this to the school board, you may be sure. (Exit R.)

(CAR COMES SAILING FROM R catching Reamer and pinning him to the radiator - roaring across stage - loaded with team members - horn - yells - backfires.) CURTAIN.

ACT III SCENE 2 page 31 32

. . . DELBERT: (Looking it over and reading it aloud.) Listen to this! This is from our Senator in Washington - he has verified all the facts about the time machine - and he is now ready to inform us that the National Defense Board has authorized him to inform us that they assume complete control of Jerry's time machine and that they will build a complete new \$2,000,000. Nordlaw High School with the actual work to begin as soon as final legal papers and building plans can be processed. And furthermore the Department of National Defense has indicated that anyone who interferes with these plans will be subject to prosecution. . . .

. . . EGGIE: (She plops it into her mouth and then starts reacting.) (Sees Reamer.) My hero! Ah, what fortitude! What stamina!

REAMER: Now, look here, young lady. Let's not go through all that again. I have enough on my hands now without -

EGGIE: Oh, my knight in shining armor - My bold brave Belvedere. Crush me in your arms. (Starts toward him.)

REAMER: (Moving away) Now you stay away from me. (She starts to chase him as the car loaded with some of the team - horn beeping comes "roaring - bumps Reamer & Eggie - both sit on radiator - center stage - all gather & sing ONWARD NORDLAW.

FINAL CURTAIN.

To the Cast of TIME WILL TELL 1967

The curtain calls are finished;
The team has played the game;
Our style show is over,
But this play will live in fame.

Reamer rode his mighty horse,
And Masher mawled the team;
Old Eggie chased the janitor,
And Delbert ripped his seams.

Woozy wowed the audience
With his graceful party dress,
And Jerry's tranquilizer
Made the stage a hectic mess.

The nut men shot their little guns;
Our old Renault did sputter;
The witches stirred their ugly brew,
And did our Gabby stutter!

The whole gym echoed with the yells,
The roars and screams of pain
So Time does Tell us here tonight
We'll never be the same.

So here's to good old TIME WILL TELL
And the Class of '67 -
We'll sing once more our NORDLAW SONG
When we all arrive in Heaven!

We'll make the very angels sing
And learn of TIME WILL TELL:
I wouldn't be a bit surprised
If they heard it down in Hell!

So don't forget the morals
Of sin, and sex and smut
And the crazy one who wrote it,
For he had to be a nut!

But, too, remember this one -
That the cast was crazy too,
And if ther'e any praises,
They go to you and you and you!

So thanks for all the fun you caused
And all the work as well;
I wish the very best to all, BUT
ONLY TIME WILL TELL!

- Kenneth D. Sever, 1967

PRINTS ARE LIKE PEOPLE by Linda Roell

Dorothy's Mod Shop is located two miles east of Indianapolis. It is the greatest mod shop. They have the wildest outfits, from mini-skirts to fashionable, flannel pajamas. You can get in on the latest happenings at Dorothy's. How do I know so much about it? Just ask me, I'm Dorothy.

DEATH BE NOT PROUD by Linda Mohr

I can remember when I first learned about death. I was at my Aunt Ann's house, and her husband had died shortly before this. She was sitting in a swing, and I was lying down with my head on her lap. I must have been around five, but anyway I asked her where Uncle Claud was. Well, she explained death to me in a way I've never heard. She told me that God had a garden in Heaven and in this garden everyone's name was written. She said that whenever God started to get lonely he'd throw a penny and whoever's name it landed on he would pick to come to Heaven to be with him.

ROADS OF LIFE by Ronnie L. Rhoades

"I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood and I -
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference."

FOUR SEASONS OF HAPPINESS by Pamela Boger

. . . Perhaps Nancy will find happiness in her job at the bank. And perhaps the rest of us will find happiness in different ways as we go our separate ways. Sherry believes she will be happy as a beautician, but I don't believe John Hungate would. And Pete believes his life ambition to be a race driver and to be able to race in the 500, but I don't believe his parents would like that idea too much. . .

HEROES by Bob Arthur

. . . An example of this would be two years ago when John Eiler and I were putting up hay at Gail Kuhn's house. There was a tractor and wagon out in the middle of a field, so John and I said we would go out and get it. You know what, we couldn't get that tractor started for anything. It was a real old tractor so we couldn't find the starter. Gail must have noticed how red we were getting from embarrassment that she came out into the field and started it for us. Gail was our hero even though she did damage our male ego . . .

CONTENTMENT by Sally Suter

. . . If we get something that we really are content with, it soon wears off, and we start using those two words that have become so familiar to us that we seldom realize that we are pitying ourselves and wanting others to pity us. . . Did you ever stop and look what you have right in your own back yard?

Quotations from final exams continued 1967

DOCTORS' ADVICE by Penny Winkler

"How cheerfully he seemsto grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in,
With gently smiling jaws."

I was lying on the cat's bed. Just as his paws reached out to grab me, Mom woke me up from my horrible nightmare. . . . Remember kids, always follow the doctor's advice or you may end up with the consequences.

THE FOUR SEASONS OF LIFE by Jolinda Yantiss

"Although winter is delightful
And has its share of worth
My pulse begins to quicken
When Springtime comes to Earth."

. . . Just as the seasons come and go, so do our lives. But come next spring a whole new life will begin.

WEAPONS FOR FREEDOM by Bruce A. Jordan

. . . Now that you have completed your trip through my arsenal, I hope you have a better understanding of freedom and nature's way of attaining it. You have seen the Civil War bayonet, the Springfield M1903, and the M-1 carbine. Just remember what they mean. Each one was used in a battle for freedom and each one took many lives in these battles.

THE TREES OF LIFE by Nancy Bridge

The acorn can be considered as our beginning. From an acorn a tree does grow, from a child and adult does grow. From the time the acorn drops to the ground until it grows into a young tree, it struggles for life. . . We had to struggle each through the right nourishment, environment, childhood diseases, and parental discipline. . .

UP, OVER, AND DOWN by John R. Eiler

. . . The vaulter has made it over the bar, but how well and with what form did he do so? He could have gone over backwards, upsidedown, or even jarred the bar but not enough to knock it off. How he went over will determine how he is to land. . . . If the vaulter doesn't land properly he may be hurt.

WAR by George Cox

The big question today is what will man do with the tremendous destructive power that he has at his fingertips. What would a world-wide war be like today? Could there be a war? . . . destroying nearly every living thing on earth . . .

LET THERE BE PEACE by Janette Lux

Has there ever really been peace in the world? Let us find out by going through five stages of our world's history. Each letter of the word PEACE can represent one of the stages.

FAITH by Victoria Wickliff

Some of us think we have a good reason for not going to church. Maybe we're dead tired from that party at someone's cabin last night, and since our head feels twice as big as it should, we fake a sickness and lie in bed on Sunday mornings.

WITH THESE HANDS by Karin Kuhn

. . . Tony likes my dad because he let him go places with him and shows him how to work on the farm. One day while Dad was working, he saw Tony standing in the corner of the barn, crying. Dad knew why Tony was crying because John had told Dad that the kids at school had been calling Tony names. Tony was crying and saying, "Why can't people like? Why can't I be the same?" My dad didn't let Tony know that he had heard him say this. He just went over to him and held out his hand to Tony. Tony slowly looked up and placed his small brown hands in my father's. They left the barn and went on about the same work they always did . . . My dad helped Tony's courage by giving him a friendly hand when he needed it so very much.

THE FIVE LETTERS OF FAITH by Bruce DeBaun

. . . Everybody has faith in something. John Hungate has faith that his car will start every morning. Leslie Durbin said he has faith that his dad will always keep the car fixed, and also he has faith in his mom because she will always have a meal ready.

MEMORABLE GIFTS OF HAPPINESS IN OUR LIVES by Nancy Yarling

. . . One time Susie Fox had a Halloween party, and she had invited all the kids in our class from Blue Ridge. After we'd had most of the party in the barn, we got soap and toilet tissue. We went down to the iron bridge and really had a ball stringing that toilet tissue across that bridge, over it and around it, too. I think that was most fun that so many of us had enjoyed at once together.

LIFE COMPARED TO BREAD by Sherry Faye Bettner

The one ingredient we have left is fun. Fun is something no one should ever be without. Pete and JayC. both have fun. Maybe to Pete fun would be driving a car in an auto race, but to Jay C. fun might be having a date with a beautiful girl. Fun is many things to many people. . .

FORWARD! MARCH! by Karen Thurston

Before we seniors start out on our long, long journey, we have several thank you's and farewells to say. First of all, to our teachers - we say a great big thank you . . . for all the time, effort, skill, and patience that it took to get us our education. On the day of May 23, at the exact moment when the seventh period bell rings - that will be the end. No longer will Janette, Karin, Linda, Doris, and I sit at that back table giving Mr. Sever a rough time in French.

C'EST LA VIE! by Rebecca Solomon

. . . It's funny how you can watch these various periods right before your eyes. My sister Elizabeth knows that Mom does not allow Peyton Place on the television at our house, but still she tries to get Mom out of the house so she can switch it on and just hope Mom doesn't come back too soon. (Elizabeth was graduated magna cum laude from Kindergarten College, pfc. in Captain Kangaroo's patrol, and first mate on board Popeye's ship.) Like I said, she's making the big change, for the other day she turned thirteen.

Television is only about one-third part of a teenager's life. Another one-third is dedicated entirely to music. Records, record players, transistors, hi fi's - what teenager doesn't have at least one of these? My brother David has all of them except for the hi fi, and I wouldn't be surprised if he doesn't build one before long. . . .

First is a memory book. I have my grandmother's here. As you can tell, it's been through some years. The papers are yellowed and the blue cover reminds me of our school books, but - oh, what memories it holds. Here is a page of autographs - "Mud" Clay, "Peggy" Cuskaden, Ben and Len Miller, "Abe" Marshal Gahimer and "Boobs" Ruby Holbrook . . . This is a picture of her class in their freshman year . . . She delights in describing the basketball team that went "to the State Finals." . . .

When looking for a poem, I found to my despair

That a poem with "C'est la vie" in it could be found nowhere.

So I sat down in the study hall and thought and thought - and then

It came to me, and I started to write. All I needed was my pen.

A baby needs a diaper, music is loved by teens,
Parents long to be free from worries and bills that come between,
And older people wait patiently for the grave that is to be.
Well, what do you know! It all adds up! It 's plain old
C'est la vie!

THE TREASURY OF THE MIND by Susan L. Fox

. . . Rebecca, instead of taking a favorite stuffed animal to bed with her, loaded her bed with books. . . . At basketball games when she was two years old she would call the cheerleaders EI girls, and if Waldron would get behind she would say, "I mean it boys!" . . . Bruce DeBaun had fun playing with his barn yard animals and trains . . . John Eiler won a prize for most beautiful baby at the Strand. When Sherry was born John stayed at his grandmother's house, and when his mother came home, he came back to see his mother and new baby sister. He stalked into the room took one look, pivoted and walked straight up to his grandmother and said, "Let's go home grandmaw." Eddie, did you used to sit in one of your classes at St. Vincent behind a map so you could watch the teacher and eat candy safely and not get caught?