



Class of 1967-68

Pages 195-208

FOREWORD

As the years passed it became more imperative that we should preserve the outstanding value of Waldron High School Speech 201. We could not want "it" to go and allow those "important words" of the gods and Johns, the Herrs and Kurlows, or the Davins and Dianes to fade into the shadow of oblivion. So the nine-year teacher decided to select as many quotations as possible from the speeches, class plays, and "adventures" of the approximately 700 remarkable young men who "took" speech between the years 1947-1977. (He also included some really "goodies" from his other language classes because they had their share of oral communication training in 1978.)

Consequently it would be apparent that no other oral class organization was quite what Speech 201 in colorful dialogue, vigorous activity, mental excitement, or just plain enjoyment. So this volume is meant to be a tribute to the best speakers in the "entire system."

Therefore, to those speakers we invoke the assistance of the spirit of oral communication that he may inspire us to remember with pleasure and nostalgia the exciting times that we shared in Speech 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 as 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 (accepting the ideas of listeners and friendly participation) - 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 special creations in order to develop him or her into the best possible individual - and to a noticeable extent we succeeded. Even the teacher realized his share of sincere criticism, growth, and hard work.

At times one reflecting 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 support of 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" selections. Here we wish our men play trying to obtain parts for each class member. So, if a cast of 49 seems unattractive and the story appears to be

"boring" and the merely essential "actors", just remember that our primary purpose here is to create a training experience for all - not just the elite. Our secondary purpose then is to entertain. Each year has proved our policy "flexible" as long as this year's performance will be convincing and class-enjoying.

Although our activities, reading, lighting, stage equipment, amplification, dancing rooms, rehearsal opportunities, and general conditions are unsatisfactory, we do appreciate working with our "best" teachers and playing before the "best" audience. So thank you for interest and encouragement."

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

We conclude with a full spectrum of reactions of the smiles - laughter - praise - ecstasy - awe - sympathy - pride - appreciation - love - tears - appreciation that we shared from the podium. We would estimate that in total time since Speech 201 school with approximately 57,610 speeches in the "senior-to-seniorities". The annual class speeches included some 210 individuals averaging about 28 per year; the largest class was 32 in 1958 and the smallest 11 in 1974 after the administration and several local institutions that reduced the school curriculum, but improvements progress the reading and again the enrollment reached 29 in 1976 and 36 in 1977.

In this book we are relating primarily the story of the Waldron High School class plays including some of characters, extracts from some of the plays and related references, also we have included quotations from some of the actual speeches. We hoped 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 each three feet thick - a real-life impossibility!

The Speech Appraisal, used in each assignment, rates the speaker on a scale of 5 - 3 in each of the following categories: instruction, clarity of purpose, choice of words, bodily action and gestures and posture, eye contact and facial expression, vocal inflection, desire to be understood, praise and self-criticism, adequate 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. Be sure to write underline - 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 Piece, Reading Aloud, Bodily Action, Rhetoric, Speech to Deform, Stimulate or Arouse, Entertainment, Speech to Gain Approval, Drama, Biology, Knowledge, Sales Talk, Emotional, Aggravation, Speech to Convince, Character, Original Think, Final Exam,

H I P H I P P I E H E R O

A Comedy - Farce in Four Scenes 1968

Written and Directed by Kenneth D. Sever

Assisted by Don Laird, David Solomon, Steve Tucker, Kenny Jacobs, John Johnson, and Vic Nasby.

Class of 1968, Waldron School Gym, April 4 & 5 8:00 p.m.

SYNOPSIS

When some U. S. A. Hippie flower children overhear and decode a secret radio message from Communist Russia, and when some red red Reds from El Cubador overhear and decode the same secret message stating that a Russian agent will board the Carribean pleasure boat, the La Cucuracha Queen, and will be carrying on his person a highly dangerous formula for a fantastic death ray, Photomagneticon, lost by a crew of a flying saucer from the planet Jupiter, then the not so funny fun begins. For both groups decide to board the ship to try to intercept and capture the formula - for different reasons. Members of the ship's crew and the passengers - a group of gay club ladies, a bunch of energetic college kids, a young millionaire and his Texan girl friend, a young man with extra-sensory perception, two cagey deaf "old birds," a neurotic pill-taker, and the little green men from Jupiter, and others - suddenly find themselves in the middle of a plot to start a red red revolution. Consequently they learn the hard way that freedom is not free - "that ya gotta pay a price - ya gotta sacrifice for your liberty."

The Prologue - The Present Time

Scene I - Morning First Day

Scene II - Late afternoon Two Days Later

Scene III - Early Next Morning

Scene IV - Evening Same Day

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Crew of the Good Ship La Cucuracha

George Washington	Captain	Bill Doig
Tom Jefferson	First Mate	Mike McDaniel
Ethan Allen	Steward	Larry Kuhn
Nathan Hale	Steward	Larry Mohr
Paul Revere	Radio Man	Kenny Jacobs
Betsy Ross	Personell Director	Annette Reed
Clara Barton	Nurse & Social Director	Mary Ann Wheeler
The Flower Children		
Pansy Primrose	Flower	Charlie Avey
Lily Bluebell	Flower	Mark Huffman
Rose Bluebell	Flower	Max Huffman
Orchid Geranium	Flower	Steve Tucker
Poppy Yucca	Flower	Duke Norris
Mums Hibiscus	Flower	Norman Jones
Ultra Violet	Flower	Susie Billheimer
Daisy Daffodil	Flower	Sandy Bridge
Iris Aster	Flower	Betty Planck

HIP HIPPIE HERO 1968 CONTINUED

The Reds from El Cubador
 El Infidel Cascara Redest Red David Solomon
 El Muchacha Mucho Redder Red Vic Nasby
 El Heebie Jeebie Red Red John Johnson
 El Juan Puncho Red Jim Cord
 El Carlos Nogattas Red Pinko Ronnie George
 El Poco Loco Pinko Carl Daulton

College Kids from Iowa State
 Dolly Madison College Girl Susie Beckett
 Jane Addams College Girl Debbie Newton
 Harriet Stowe College Girl Debbie Haehl
 James Monroe College Boy Wray Kappes
 Alex Hamilton College Boy Kevin Williams
 Aaron Burr College Boy Joe Harker

La Cucuracha's Entertainers
 Carmelita Cameo Entertainer & Dancer Donna Haymond
 Estella Estrellita " " Jane Miles

U. F. O. Personnel
 Oto Awa Little Green Man Kenny Arthur
 Ubu Omo Little Green Man John Rogers
 Other Passengers Aboard The Good Ship La Cucuracha
 Andy Jackson Young Millionaire - 27 Steve Beyer
 Rachel Donelson Young Heiress - 25 Nancy Dale
 Ben Franklin Deaf old man - 70 Tom Barker
 Eli Whitney Deaf old man - 71 Mike Sipes
 Will Rogers Young Imp - 15 Donnie Laird
 Nero Osis Seasick Man Jim Ross
 Nickolas Trotskey Secret agent, & Wally Don Stagge

La De Club Members
 Susan Anthony President - Big Tea Pot Hyla Morgan
 Barbara Fritchie Silver Butter Knife Regina Phipps
 Molly Pitcher Gold Soup Spoon Debbie Smith
 Mary Lincoln Stainless Meat Fork, Brenda VanArsdall
 Louisa Alcott The Kitchen Sink Mary Wisker
 Lucretia Mott The Pantry Door Rose Mary Beyer
 Crew of the Coast Guard Cutter
 Charlie McCarthy Deck Hand Kenny Arthur
 Edgar Bergen Deck Hand John Rogers

Assistant Directors and Promoters - Tom Barker, John Rogers,
 Mike McDaniel.

Post-Play Party on Stage - Susie Beckett, Wray Kappes,
 Debbie Newton, Donna Haymond, Kenny Arthur.

Stage Effects (Sounds and Lighting) - David Solomon,
 Norman Jones, Tom Barker.

Songs:: "Freedom Isn't Free" and "I Like It Here"

Any resemblance to persons living or dead between the
 characters is coincidental.

SCENE I page 3

(The play deck of La Cucuracha Queen - Captain is leaning over the rail looking out to sea away from the audience - turns upstage - sees audience - saunters downstage to front rail and addresses audience.)

CAPTAIN: Welcome aboard! Glad you decided to come along on the cruise. This is the play deck of the La Cucuracha Queen. This is a cabin area, and this a lifeboat. Over here is the smoke stack and the forward section of this beautiful old liner. This is the deck where most of the action takes place. Now, I would like to introduce our crew who are at present off duty for a short time. First, our steward who looks after the passengers' physical needs - Ethan Allen. (He comes and stands facing audience from UL.) Next, my first mate Tom Jefferson (each in turn comes from UL and stands beside others.) And my deck steward, Nathan Hale - my radio and communications man, Paul Revere - our personnel director, Betsy Ross - The ship's nurse and social director, Clara Barton - and our two Latin American entertainers, Carmelita Cameo and Estella Estrelita - then our two deck hands Edgar Bergen & Charlie McCarthy. (Ship's personnel are dressed in white uniforms and the dancers are dressed in bright costumes.) We welcome you to the Queen! (All sing the ship's song to piano accompaniment in the wings.) "Come and sing, La Cucuracha - Join the crew in song and story - All about La Cucuracha - Raise your voice with us in glory. La Cucuracha! LA Cucuracha! We can sail the ocean blue! For we have only - Yes, we have only - just begun the cruise for you!"

. . . page 5 . . .

(Enter Cascara and henchmen UL)

EL INFIDEL: The coast is clear. Those capitalist dogs are all below gorging themselves with food and drink. Let's set our plans for the quick take over.

EL POCO LOCO: Si! We make them walk the plank.

EL HEEBIE: Si! Senor! But first we find the formula - then we blow them sky high.

EL MUCHACHA: Si! I teenk I see the spy!

EL CARLOS: Where? At what place? Where is spy?

EL MUCHACHA: No. No. I teenk I find heem in the stateroom on the second deck. I teenk he is the little man with the goatee.

EL INFIDEL: No! He ees not the one. He is too dumb looking.

(Pansy reacts in background - "Why that lousy....")

I teenk eet ees the wan weeth the rubber nose - the beeg one - he has an evil eye - we cut hees throat tonight. (Draws knife and cuts air.) (Poppy groans in background.)

EL JUAN: What ees that! I teenk I hear someting coming from that ventilator! (Gang reacts violently.)

EL HEEBIE JEEFIE: Si! I teenk I cut somebody's lungs out - thees boat is full of spies. I, too, heard the weird sounds.

EL MUCHACHA: Silencia - peegs. You are too touchy. There ees not one there - see - (lifts up lid on trash can, gasps, and pulls out Orchid frightened and squirming.) Oho! I

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catch the feesh! And whose little minnow are you?
ORCHID: Pardon me, kind sir, I was just leaving. . . .
EL INFIDEL: Cut hees throat and toss heem to the hungry sharks - dropper of the eves. Ha! (Gestures with knife.)
EL MUCHACHA: Ha! And what are you doing in here. Yankee dummie?
ORCHID: Please, kind sirs, I was just looking for my - my - my - my - my - my -
EL HEEBIE: (Brandishing knife) Your what?
ORCHID: My - My- My - GOSH! Keep him away.
EL JUAN: Come, come, little one (Sticks knife under nose) what do you see now.
ORCHID: Please, kind sirs, I'm allergic to cold steel . . .
EL JUAN: Ha! The Yankee is allergic to steel - We will now make heem sneeze. . . .
(To distract them Lily enters "swaying in the breeze.")
LILY: Hello, you big blowsy blokes. Whose empire are you crumbling now?
EL POCO: Santa Columbo! What a cheeken! (Their attention is turned to Lily, and Orchid breaks away and runs off DR.)
EL HEEBIE: The feesh she is gone - but never the mind - what ees theese compared to theese deesh! Come to Papa Heebie! Senorita! (He starts to pet her and to pull her to a deck chair. She sees that he is going to chair where Pansy is hidden - so she fights back.)
EL CARLOS: (Shoving Heebie away and taking over.) She was speeching with me, Pigmy brain. Come, let us stroll and watch the bounding sea together. (Starts to pull her toward chair as she fights back.)
EL INFIDEL: Dogs! Swine! Let her alone, Capitablit Vixen! She is merely the decoy. (Draws knife and starts toward Lily.) Vamoose, vixen, before I trim your mainsails!
LILY: Full speed ahead! Brother, I'm on my way. (Off DR.)
EL INFIDEL: Now, back to our plans. I suspect the senor in Stateroom 77 - he has the sly look of our Russian Comrads - Tomorrow night at midnight we strike.
EL MUCHACHA: Buenos nochas! I like to strike!
EL CARLOS AND OTHERS IN UNISON: Si, We Strike. (Brandish knives. El Heebie starts to sit in deck chair, but Pansy has covered himself in chair with blanket - wild scene ensues - all chasing Pansy until they finally catch him and toss him struggling and screaming "MAN OVERBOARD" over the rear rail. (Then Paul calls "Man overboard, Man overboard" over loudspeaker as curtain closes rapidly.) . . .

SCENE II page 6

(Enter Andy in white dinner jacket, and Rachel in evening gown from UR - arguing.)
ANDY: This stupid boat - all they think about is rules and regulations. You'd think we were in the Navy. Lifeboat drills - swabbing the decks at all hours - daily announcements - flag waving - why, it smacks at tyranny.

did want to be a HERO. When do I get my purple heart, Daddy?
ETHAN:: NO. No. I mean set up a deal whereby you walk in
and rescue her from a fate worse than death.

ANDY:: You mean - just play like - pull the old wool so to
speak?

ETHAN:: That's it. Hire one or two of those bearded gents
to set up a deal some evening when the deck is deserted -
the crew will cooperate - then you rush in - put up an al-
ready fixed fight - rescue the lady in distress - then she
will wilt in my hero's arms without a murmur.

ANDY:: Say - that sounds pretty good! I think I'll try
just that - what a deal - old Andy Jackson wins a wife by
heroically rescuing her from cruel kidnapper and muggers.
Me - a HERO!

ETHAN:: Now you're talking - it'll work, I know it - and
I'll manage to keep the deck cleared for action and cover
up for you with the Captain. See you around and good luck.
(Ethan exits UR and Andy exits UL.)

(Will Rogers enters from DR - takes seat and starts reading
magazine which he has pulled from pocket - talks to himself.)

WILL:: Let's see now, according to my geoisotopic gleanings
from the inter-planetary perception principles, landings
and sightings occur within the space of 24 hours almost pre-
cisely in our present oceanic position. (Mumbles, figures.)

(In the meantime WALLIE THE WALRUS is flopping and jumping
at the rear rail trying to get over - he finally succeeds
while Will is mumbling, and flops across deck toward Will.)

Wally stops and gurgles and gurks to get his attention.
Will is too engrossed to notice.)

WALLY:: GLOOP! GLOOP! GLEE!

WILL:: Go away. I'm busy. (Without looking up.)

WALLY:: GLOOP! GLOOP! GLEE!

WILL:: Stop that confounded noise. I'm concentrating on
the UFO landing.

WALLY: (Flapping his flappers and jumping up and down.)

GLOP! GLOP! GLOOP! AH! AH! ROOOOOOOF! (He bellows.)

WILL:: Here! Here! Here! that's no way to act. (Looks up
and sees him.) Oh, pardon me, Wallace, I thought that you
were one of the passengers.

WALLY: RAK! RAK! GLOP! GLOP! HARRUMPH!

WILL: Really, I'm sorry - I was so busy here that I had no
idea that an OBOBENUS DIVERGENS was anywhere near this area.
You belong farther south near the Pole.

WALLY: GLEEP! GLEEP! GLOP! GLEE! GLEE?

WILL: How did I know your name? Oh, that was easy. I have
unusual sense of perception. Even though you slipped up on
me, I immediately knew that you were Wallace Warburton Walrus
from the South Atlantic area.

WALLY: GLEEP! GLOP! HARRUMPH! HARROMMMM! SKEEP! GUCH!

WILL: you say that a killer whale is after you? And you
want to hide on this boat till all danger is past?

WALLY: GLEEP! GLOO!

WILL: Okay, I'll help you - and I'll bring you some food too - just step into this store room here and hide till we find a better place. You will not be bothered here. I'll check on you later.

WALLY: GLOOP! GLOOP! (He waddles into store room - Will closes door.)

WILL: Well, that settles that. Now back to my concentration. (Mumbles as he moves off stage DL.)

ENTER DR - the two deaf men, Ben Franklin and Eli Whitney - take places in deck chairs where they can watch the play deck.)

BEN: This sea air shore is good for the rhumatiz - I feel younger by five years.

ELI: Wouldn't mind a little snort, myself, Ben. Don't care if I do.

BEN: That's right - them college girls' play time sure perks me up, too.

ELI: No, lookie Ben, this is no time to talk politics!

BEN: Who said anything about my operation? I feel fine!

ELI: Ben Franklin, if you don't lay off that stuff, you'll be seein' purple elephants as well as the pink ones.

(Enter Lily DL - crosses rapidly DR.)

BEN: Hey! Hey! What a sight for sore eyes.

ELI: Kind of winds the old main spring, eh? (He cackles.)

(Enter Rose DL crosses rapidly DR.)

BEN: Wup! How'd she manage that?

ELI: Galloping ghos. that's what she is.

(Enter Lily UR crosses DL.)

BEN: Here she sails again.

ELI: She's all over the place.

(Enter Rose DR to DL.)

BEN: Holy Smoke! I like the ladies, but this is too much.

ELI: Always were afraid of fast women.

(Enter Lily UL to DR.)

BEN: That does it! Gonna have to change eye doctors.

ELI: Sea-sick, my eye, this is pure unadultrated insanity. One more round of that gal and I quit.

(Enter Rose UL to DR.)

BEN: Oh, my aching peepers! Where are they all coming from.

ELI: No I'm seeing double - must be my bifocals. . . .

BEN: . . . By Cracky, this shore is one beautiful cruise. I'd like to play a little game or two with those cuddly cuties.

ELI: Pull yourself together, Ben - remember what Farrigut said, "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead!"

BEN: I'd advise Geritol. Just can't beat it for that old zip, zip, zip.

ELI: You're right - them girls are lonely. They need companionship - and I'm just the old turkey they need.

BEN: Flying saucers? Who said anything about flying saucers. If we air gonna do any flying, let's flip right over to those pretty little pigeons and give them a whirl or two.

. . . page 9 . . .

ABIGAIL: I'd feel better if I could just hear YOUNG voices for a change!

(Boys - stowaways, James Monroe, Alex Hamilton, Aaron Burr - in life boat talk as if the old men near them are speaking.)

JIM: You'll have to admit that the red head has excellent contours.

ALEX: And look at the classic silhouette on the blonde.

DOLLEY: Well, of all things - those two old birds are not so tame as they look.

CARRIE: Never take any man for granted - I'm getting out of here.

FRANCES: Not me - one more crack out of those two ole potatoes, and I'll wrap this paddle around their skinny necks.

HARRIET: If we ganged up on them we could toss them overboard..

JIM: Hey, Cutie! You with the stars and stripes in your eyes, how about a little smoochie party tonight?

AARON: Man, that one in the green blouse sends me to Venus and back!

ALEX: Yeah, Sweet Ida from Idaho, let's get together. What do you say?

FRANCES: Of all the nerve! I've had enough!

JANE: Just imagine - and they sound serious, too.

ABIGAIL: Too serious to suit me. I knew I shouldn't have bought this pink outfit.

ELI: All these pretty things are dulling my senses - blinding me in fact; think I'll go below and get some nourishment.

BEN: Sharks in these waters? There shore are, Buddy, plenty of em. (Rises) Always did say those big fish are dangerous!

(Both exit DL slowly.)

JIM: Bye, Cuties. Remember our smoochie party.

ALEX: See ya later, Baby.

AARON: Toody - oo - la - la What shapely shapes!

FRANCES: If I didn't know better I'd swear that I've heard that voice somewhere before this trip.

JANE: You took the grammar right out of my book.

HARRIET: I'm beginning to hear voices, too - familiar voices.
(ENTER Nero Osis, sea sick man, and Betsy Ross, ship's lady with Nero's pill case.)

NERO: (In deck chair) My, My, My, (looking at watch) It's almost time for my potassium permanganate tablet -

BETSY: There, there, my dear boy - don't fret - little old Betsy will look after you. Here sit right down here and I'll get your little old pilley for you. (She starts to rummage through bottles and pills and finally comes up with one.) Is this it?

NERO: Oh, my dear no. That's my - I'm almost ashamed to say it - that's my sodium phosphate.

BETSY: Sodium phosphate? What's so odd about that?

NERO: Oh you sweet little innocent girl; that's my laxative!

Excerpts continued HIP HIPPIE HERO 1968

BETSY: Ho! Ho! You are the sly one aren't you. (Laughs and pushes him in the chest playfully.)

NERO: Here! Here! not so rough. Remember my condition.

BETSY: Oh yes, my dear - here let me find your pill.

(Enter Deck Steward, Nathan Hale, with tray of food - he stands just below life boat so that hands reach out and take food and dishes from tray.)

NATHAN: Mr. Osis, here is your special formula food for your special seasick diet - piping hot from the ships finest cuisine.

NERO: Oh joy! Joy! Joy! I feel as if I could eat a sumptuous repast - this sea air and this kind lady have really inspired my ailing appetite.

NATHAN: (Starting to serve him - gasps as they see bare tray.) Why! Why! Where has it gone? Who took it? I'm sure I picked up the correct tray..

NERO: Mr. Steward, if this is your idea of a joke - it's not funny - It almost brings tears of anticipation to my eyes - now my stomach is starting to do funny little flips and things - please hurry and bring my **NOURISHMENT!**

BETSY: You ought to be ashamed you naughty, naughty men! Now begone! (Nathan hurries out DL.)

NERO: This is most unnerving. Quick give me one of my sedatives - those in that big green bottle. (Betsy opens bag, gets pill - he swallows it.) There, I feel better already. That was such a horrible ordeal. (Girls are still playing shuffle board and are starting to be attracted by the pill episode.)

JANE: Boy, just imagine - a pill for every occasion.

ABIGAIL: If he lasts the entire trip, it will be a miracle.

DOLLY: Don't worry, mamma will take care of him. She surely must be hard-up for companionship.

CARRIE: Any old sport in time of storm.

FRANCES: She's stormy all right. She's seen all her better days. (Enter steward DL hurrying - stops in same place and again food disappears.)

NATHAN: Here you are Mr. Osis. I personally supervised loading your tray this time - Baked young breast of chicken, smothered in milk gravy - spring garden salad and strawberry eclair - just what you ordered.

NERO: Oh, How exhilarating - roast young breast of chicken - how tempting - I can hardly wait. Here, serve me! Serve me at once! (All at wit as he fixes his napkin around neck.)

NATHAN: (Lowering the tray with a flourish.) Now I know how Whistler must have felt when he unveiled his "Mona Lisa" for the first time - Ah -Uh - Uh - No! It couldn't have . . . - (Starts to search on hands and knees for the food.) Where is it? I personally put it there myself!

NERO: Oh no! This is more than I can bear - my digestive juices are running freely now - and you thwart my natural impulses - Oh! I just know I'm going to be seasick! Quick, Betsy, my pink pills!

Excerpts continued HIP HIPPIE HERO 1968

BETSY: Yes, dear - here, swallow quickly - be careful.
Oh, you vile man, you, can't you see what you are doing
to this poor dear?

NATHAN: I swear I put it on this tray - but where, who?

NERO: I gasp for air. Food, man, food - go - hurry.

BETSY: Hurry, you fool, before it is too late. (com-
forts Nero as Nathan rushes out DL.)

JANE: Something isn't right. What's going on?

. . . . (Nathan comes running on deck out of breath, no tray.)

NATHAN: Oh, Mr. Osis, the chef says you've had enough. You
can't have any more; it'll make you sick.

NERO: What? Oh no! But I had no food. I'm starving - Oh,
I feel faint. You tell him, Betsy, dear.

BETSY: Now listen, you jerk-water tea-bag, get out of here
and bring two meals, or I'll tear you apart with my bare
hands; I'm about to starve with all this folderol going on
- now go!

NATHAN: But you don't understand - the chef says he's al-
ready had enough food - chicken, salad, eclair, vegetables -

BETSY: Stop! Stop! Can't you see what you're doing to this
poor man? Begone! Bring a ham sandwich, a piece of cake,
ice cream, a pickle -

NERO: Oh no no no no no no no Don't mention that frightful -
I can't stand pickles! They upset my stomach - Oh, dear, I
fear I'm going to be sick.

BETSY: Go - before I commit bloody, bloody murder. . .

NATHAN: Yes, mam, I'll try. (Nathan rushes out.)

NERO: Quick my vitamin pill (She finds pill and gives it
to him. Nathan runs in DL with tray.)

NATHAN: This is the best I could do. Cold beef sandwich
and apple pie.

NERO: Here, feed me, I'm too weak. Oh, hurry, hurry. . . .

. . . . NATHAN: But I have food right here. (Lowering empty
tray again.) Oh no. It's magic. I'm hoodooed - it must
be those voodoo drums - black magic, how can this be?

BETSY: (Picking up tray and beating Nathan over the head
with it.) You counterfeit. I shall personally inform the
captain. You thief, you glutton (Chases him off DR.)

(Nero rises and hurries to rear rail where he does the
heaves. Girls saunter forward and look toward boat. Nero
staggers off UL.)

JANE: Did you see what I saw?

FRANCES: I surely did. . . .

CARRIE: And I'd swear that they were Iowa State sweat
shirt sleeves.

ABIGAIL: Someone is hiding in that life boat . . .

JANE: Okay, you wise guys - the comedy is over . . .

ALEX: (Peeping from under boat cover) Is the coast clear?

JIM: Yeah - any red sails in the sunset?

AARON: How's the barometric pressure down there?

DOLLY: . . . and give an account of yourself

(Boys get out, climb down, dressed in college togs.)

. . . page 12 . . . (Deck hands skit here - Edgar and Charlie; followed by Ben & Eli pantomime showing how the two old fellows tried to set up deck chairs and became very much involved and entangled in the process - this skit was the highlight of the play bringing the very responsive audience to the verge of hysterics - it received "rave reviews" by many perennial critics.)

Scene IV page 15 . . .

EL CASCARA: Silence, Imperialist! Or you will be shot. We do not recognize "flower people" or the decadent hippie - this is just some more of the degrading American foolish.

EL JUAN: Now, dog, operate!

ORCHID: Stop it, you red scum - you can't force us to do anything. We're Americans! I protest!

EL CASCARA: (gestures to El Heebie who "konks" Orchid who then slumps to the deck.) You WERE American, fool, now you are nothing.

MUMS: (Rushes forward to help Orchid) Here! You punks - let my buddy alone. He's an American citizen. I protest!

EL MUCHACHA: (Sticking knife in Mum's stomach) Shut up. Or I'll open you up, pig - Yankee swine!

MUMS: Yes, sir - but I still protest.

EL POCO: Silence or we execute.

EL CASCARA: And now, doctor, operate!

PANSY: (Shuts his eyes and slashes) There, I hope you are as - sa - sa - sa - sati.....(He faints and falls to deck.)

EL JUAN: Look - there's the capsule! It was encased in a plastic skin-like bag.

EL CASCARA: (Grabbing it) Now we will rule the world - we have the capsule at last - and to think it was encased in the plastic film under a false wig all the time (holds up wig.) Ha! We shall rule the universe! (Andy has again come to and has slipped over to Rachel and has untied her hands and gag - then signalling the flower children - in the excitement the henchmen are not looking - the college girls point and gesture toward the boys peeping from under the boat covering - and gestures to get the henchmen under the boat, etc. - crew cooperating, in the meantime Will has slipped out to release the captain and other crew members.)

ANDY: Hey, you tin horn dictator, look behind you!

(Henchmen rush him as he maneuvers them under the boat where arm protrudes with mallet and konks out first Poco, then Heebie, then Juan, then Carlos, then Muchacha; gang and crew gang up on Infidel - Tom knocks gun from his hand and maneuvers him under boat where he receives the "coup de grace." Then all cheer.)

RACHEL: Andy, I'm proud of you; you acted just like a hero.

ANDY: Guess I was wrong all along. Better take care of this little matter right now. (Tears down red flag and replaces American flag.)

(Captain and other members of crew enter with Will.)

COAST GUARD #1: What seems to be the trouble, Captain Washington.

CAPTAIN: (Points to Cascara and men.) There's the trouble - they tried to take my ship into the red red orbit.

ANDY: (Rubbing his head) I'd say they did a pretty good job.

ETHAN: Not only that, but they tried to cash in on good American dollars.

COAST GUARD# 2: All right, you proud comrades. Let's go meet Uncle Sammy.

EL CASCARA: (Coming to earlier, realizing his situation.) I demand my rights. You cannot arrest me. You have nothing on me. I have been mistreated. We were not informed of our legal rights. You cannot hold us. I demand a lawyer.

TOM: Now he talking like an American hood - boy, they surely yell when they're on the receiving end.

COAST GUARD# 2: Up and at 'em, all or you - come on - it's the brig for you. (Henchmen reluctantly get up, rubbing their heads, and slowly they are marched off stage by C. G.)

MUMS: So long, Comrades, not so nice knowing you, but thanks for the big cool eye-opener. From now on I'm a people.

POPPY: Eye-opener is right. Count me in on the U. S. A.

CLARA: I say Hip, Hip Hooray for the Heroes!

ABIGAIL: And especially the Hippie Hero who helped find the formula.

RACHEL: Here's my hero. Boy, what a transformation. (Arms)

HARRIET: And one big Hip Hip Hooray for the college heroes who cooled the hot reds.

CARMELITA: It's good to live without fear.

ESTELLA: And to be able to vote for my choice.

JIM: I like to speak my mind.

ALEX: And I like to raise my voice!

AARON: We are lucky to be in America! (Scenery slowly changes.)

DOLLY: I'm thankful that I can do as I please.

CARRIE: And be free as the breeze.

FRANCES: I'd like to climb to the top of a mountain and and say how grateful I am.

JANE: So I'm going to work and give and help the U. S. A.

PAUL: As a radio operator I'll have to admit that this little taste of tyranny helped me tell all America I LIKE IT HERE!

TOM: That's the word for it - Hip, Hip, Hooray for the U. S. A. We like it here. LET'S SING IT!

(All sing " I like It Here" and wave to audience as Finale.)

FINAL CURTAIN

Plaque presented to play coach at final curtain:

"Kenneth Sever. To the man who has shown us that life is as much fun as we make it. Our unsung hero of HIP HIPPIE HERO whom we will always remember. The Speech Class of 1968"

QUOTATIONS from Final Exam speeches 1968

WAKE UP AND LIVE! by Nancy Dale

. . . Be yourself; know yourself. Few of us are individuals. We tend to go along with whatever the other guy does. This is a well-known statement, it is true. But stop to think about it. It was not long ago that some of us all stuck together, and where did it get us, besides into trouble. It would have taken only one girl to say, "this is not right; we should not do it," and the rest of us would have either called her a chicken or else done what she said because we knew she was right. . . . "Why not have an unchaperoned slumber party and let boys in the house?" . . . something would have been added by the time our parents found out about it. "To be what we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life."

THE CLOCK OF LIFE by Charlie Avey

. . . Don't keep putting things off until tomorrow because who knows, there might not be a tomorrow. Whenever you have a job to do, it is always best to do it and get it over with. If a teacher makes an assignment in a class, it is always better to do it without complaining. I was sitting in study hall last week working on my economics scrapbook, and there were seniors all around me complaining because they didn't want to write out all of the economics terms or do their scrapbook either. As the period went on, I finished my scrapbook and noticed that there was still 35 minutes left in the period, and the same boys who were complaining 20 minutes before were either asleep or still complaining. By the time the period was over I had three chapters of terms done, and all the guys who were complaining at the beginning of the period were asleep. . .

THE TRIAL OF THE UNITED STATES by David Solomon

. . . In a similar sense, all of the rioting in the world won't make races respect races. Russell Lowell once said, "The secret to civil harmony is not I am equal to you, but rather you are equal to me." . . . The attendance in the House of Representatives during the last decade looks more like the roll call at a teacher's meeting on a Saturday night. . . . I trust that you will deliver the verdict and try as Americans to help your country. Know your Congress. . . .

THE PATTERN OF LIFE by Sandy Bridge

. . . Patience must be a trait of all if we wish to be a success . . . "Success is easier to come by than failure. All failure has to do to succeed his way is quit - or never start in the first place."

YOUTH IS OUR FUTURE by Wray Kappes

. . . is dissention over the Vietnam War. People know we are losing GI's, but the reasons why are not clear. So many do not take part in government affairs. . . . it seems officials do not care what is best for America .. just votes.

THE GARDEN OF YOUTH by Joe Harker

. . . Another thing Dad and I do to the garden is to keep the weeds hoed out so the fruits can grow because weeds rob the fruits of their nutrients. And like the garden, some ideas that grow in our mind are like the "weeds" and have to be eliminated so the other ideas can grow and prosper - because other "weeds" (these ideas) rob us of valuable time. The ridding of "weeds" also leaves our minds open for additional ideas to fill our garden. . . .

LIFE'S STAGES by Carl Daulton

. . . " How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face."

THINGS I CAN'T EXPLAIN! by Larry W. Kuhn

Among the mysteries I wonder about
Are the thoughts we have and how they turn out.
For deep within the mind of man
God planned a mysterious and wonderous plan.
Our brains and our souls are so to be
The very essence of God's infinity.
So as I ponder from day to day
There are things I cannot explain away. (K.D.S.'68)

PAWNING LIFE'S POSSESSIONS by Brenda Van Arsdall

. . . When you go to church, I wonder if you just go because you have to or whether you go because you want to worship and to pray for someone besides yourself. A lot of people go to church because they need a favor of God or need to ask Him to forgive them. They think only of themselves.

TWELVE LONG YEARS AND NOW? by Annette L. Reed

. . . Another happening took place at Noble during the fifth grade. Joe Harker always hid candy in his desk to eat during class. Fate finally caught up with Joe one day during arithmetic class when he got his head caught in his desk with his mouth only 3 inches away from the Clark Bar. The really funny part of the incident was that the janitor had to be called to take Joe's desk apart so that he could get his head out.

THE MYSTERIES OF MIGRATION by Mike McDaniel

. . . it has been proven that the lesser Yellowlegs, a shore bird which weighs only 3.5 ounces, can fly from the coast of Massachusetts to the island of Martinique in the West Indies in six days. This is a distance of 1930 miles; therefore, the bird averaged 322 miles a day. One of the longest distances flown was by the Arctic Tern which flies yearly from the Arctic to the Antarctic - . . . 9,500 miles.

Quotations from final exams 1968

THE TIMES, THEY ARE A-CHANGIN' by Tom Barker

. . . People today who were just as guilty
Sprain and strain their necks
To hear and gasp in horror
At teens' wide-spread atheism and pre-marital sex!

. . . Where something once was sinful
And not to be thought of or done.
Today this action is commonplace
And enjoyed by everyone.

Sex is a good example,
And everyone is interested in this,
That act that is to be performed
Only under the bonds of wedded bliss.

The early Puritans considered sex
Only a means of reproduction.
Not to be taken for anything else
Except for this one and only function.

How foolish, how silly to have
Such an attitude as this.
If sex is to be used only for reproduction,
Of what function, then, is a kiss?

But nowadays its realized what happiness is,
And it's enjoyed to the fullest degree.
But what a price was paid in unfulfilled lives,
When all along it was free.

. . . Nobody danced, nobody sang,
Never would the children play,
And many a man was thrown in the clink
For drinking a drink on a holiday.

. . . So, whether or not it's popular to admit it,
Religion is going downhill.
Where the church was once all-powerful,
Now it can't even control a small Pill.

A colorful example of changing times
Is the attitude that people have on the game of pool.
I'm sure you've all played this, probably with a cigarette
. . . Or some other article to make yourself look "cool."

Well, this game was once taboo
And not to be played except by the toughest of males.
But today it's played by everyone.
Even the women have taken it up. Nothing is sacred,
it never fails. . . .
So keep up the good work, Youth. Shrug off our Six- thousand
year old chains! Let's show the world that life can be more
great and free By putting down superstition and using our
brains!

FILL THE SPACES OF YOUR LIFE by Donna Haymond

. . . I can recall an incident which happened here at W. H. S. that shows how much the right teachers can influence the worst student. A few years ago a boy, whom I shall call Roy, decided to quit school. He didn't like the subjects and nothing interested him, for he was older than the other students in his class due to the failing of some grades in school. Roy's parents tried to talk with him, but it was useless. He was determined to quit. Then, it was the influence of two teachers who changed his outlook on life. For the first time, people took an actual interest in him. They believed in him. One of these teachers was Mr. Sever. And because of the influence of this speech class, Roy stayed in school. Because there were two believers to lend a helping hand, Roy regained fortitude, ambition, and courage; and Roy graduated . . .

THE SALAD OF LIFE by Ken Jacobs

"Life is too brief Between the budding and the falling leaf. Between the seed time and the golden sheaf, For hate and spite. We have no time for malice and for greed; Therefore, with love make beautiful the deed; Fast speeds the night."

GETTING TO HOME PLATE by Jim Ross

. . . We must also avoid bad health habits - smoking, drinking, and using drugs. If we smoke too much, we are likely to get emphysema, or even lung cancer. If we drink too freely, we may get cirrhosis of the liver. We can kill ourselves by drinking too much. Using drugs, however, is the most fatal habit I have mentioned. I have a case I would like to relate to you . . . "seventeen . . . increased her doses . . . nineteen . . . too much and died."

SACK-O-HAPPINESS by Elizabeth Rosenfeld

. . . Most of my most cherished possessions have to do with school, for example: my class ring, yearbooks, Senior Scene, sock-o-dirt, and, of course, my senior cords. On my cords I have packed some of the highlights of my senior year. Needless to say, there are some things I could not put on them. The little things, like when Keith Kuhn, Judi Knight, Lynda Smith, and I kept avoiding study hall the first semester of this year. We would go any where as long as there was not a teacher. Believe me, we wound up in some of the oddest places. . .

OUR SUPERIOR TASKS by Debbie Newton

. . . Several people in our class live on farms and are skilled in plowing. Ronnie George and Steve Beyer for example, have been plowing for years. But they haven't acquired this without the help of their fathers. They can do this task well, but it takes talents.

Quotations from final exams 1968

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED by Ronnie George

"On a sunny Sunday afternoon
We took a ride one day in June;
Just Father, Mother, Sister and me,
Riding along in our new Model T.

We honked our horn as loud as we could
And waved to our friends as good friends should;
We jogged along in the summer breeze
With neighbors all driving their own Model T's"

LOOKING AT LIFE by Kevin Williams

. . . Most people, probably never saw a humming bird
make a nest. After the outside is finished, the bird
gathers cobwebs and makes a cushion inside. The majority
of people never see things like this because they do not
have time or are just too lazy. Instead, if a person just
takes time to look at nature and have his eyes open, he can
learn a lot.

FRIENDS by Mary Wisker

"The touch of gentle hands...
That is the boon we ask
For groping, day by day,
Along the stony way.
We need the comrade heart
That understands
And the warmth, the living warmth,
Of gentle hands."

KICKS AND LOVE by Duke Norris

. . . a hippie who was high on acid. He was in front
of a mirror and he wanted to get into the mirror so that
he could see the world backwards. This hippie said, "I
could feel myself leave my body and start to get into
the mirror" but he got scared and got back into his physi-
cal self. The reason he got scared was because he was
afraid that he couldn't get out of the mirror. So this is
hippie love? . . .

SCHOOL DAYS - THE ROOT OF LIFE by Hyla Morgan

. . . "Bennie, Full of mischief, Freckles on his
Nose, One tooth out and careless of his hair and clothes.
Duty he finds boresome, and though work must be done.
Interest always failures with prospects of fun.
In he walked last evening, School had long been out;
Didn't tell " I'm hungry with his usual shout.
Washed his face and hands, then Plastered down his
hair, Asked me for a sweater: Put it on with care.
Worried for a moment, Oh, my heavens above; Is he sick
or something? Then I knew t'was love."

THE CLOCK OF LIFE by Betty Planck

. . . In life there is a lot of sorrow, but without sorrow we couldn't have happiness, without tears we could not have laughter, without shame, we could not have pride. So let your clock of life lead you to a time of happiness and success. "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much."

WHO AM I? by Rose Mary Beyer

The other day when I was walking down the hall, I overheard two girls talking about one of you girls. I was rather shocked to hear those two talking like this about her, since they are supposed to be such good friends. And besides, I didn't think that they would gossip. Then it really hit me that everybody, even the ones we look up to, have many faults. I know I have many faults, and many I don't know about. You all should look at yourself real good in a mirror and ask yourself, "Who Am I?"

THE RACE OF LIFE by Steve Beyer

The other night when we were warming up to run a track meet with Greensburg, the thought of life entered my mind. The meet started out in our favor. In the field events we out-scored them badly. Richard Fix took first place in the pole vault and Mark Eiler was second. We took second and third place in the broad jump with Joe Harker and Kenny Arthur doing the work. In the high jump Kevin Williams placed first with Delmar Sipes next for us. We really showed them up in the field events. Then came the interesting part of the meet, the running events. Since Greensburg was much bigger than we, we didn't know how we would place. First up was the high hurdles. Larry Kuhn took first place. Joe Harker took second and Kevin Williams third. Boy, that was really encouraging, sweeping an event without their scoring. Next came the mile run. This race was close all the way. It ended up with Richard Fix taking second place. Then came my event, the 100 yard dash. I had been told that their sprinter was quite fast. The gun fired and in 10.8 seconds the race was over. They took first and third and I took a second. . . . The score was totaled and Waldron came out on top over Greensburg . . . a smaller school could defeat a larger school . . .

COMMUNICATE FOR A BETTER LIFE by Kenny Arthur

. . . True communication begins not only when we accept the other guy, but also when we accept him despite his faults. When we all find this great gift, we will have made a small contribution to our world where people need, as they've never needed before, the gift of speaking to one another! Just as easily as the telephone lines were repaired, each of our lives would be greatly changed if we will master the art of communication.

Quotations from final exams 1968

LIFE AFTER HIGH SCHOOL by John Wheeler

College is a big step in life. College is different from high school. It builds men. My cousin, Jim, attends the School of Engineering at Purdue. The first time he came home, he looked tired and sleepy. He had lost much weight. When Marvin and I went to Purdue a couple months ago, we talked with George Wisker. George said that it was a lot different from high school. The assignments are longer more difficult. George looked as if he had lost much sleep. They both agreed that college builds men.

LIFE'S ROADS TO SUCCESS by Regina Phipps

. . . "So let the way wind up the hill or down,
O'er rough or smooth; the journey will be joy:
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
My heart will keep the courage of the quest,
And hope the road's last turn will be the best."

TAKE A GOOD LOOK by Susan Beckett

Why do we feel superior to each other? Are you seeing something in your mirror that no one else can see? If so you need to try on these "glasses."

A GIFT FROM THE HEART by Debbie Haehl

. . . "The gift itself may soon wear out, Its usefulness be past, But always you can be quite sure That love tucked in will last."

WHAT TO EXPECT AFTER GRADUATION By Larry D. Mohr

. . . In asking various people in government class what they thought of marriage, I received quite a few different answers: Susie Billheimer "Too much work." Steve Tucker "You've got a good thing going." Dave "I'm all for it, baby." Nick Lux, who was standing outside the door "I think it's real nice, especially if you have to." John Johnson "I'd rather live in wealth." Gary Crosby "It's all right if you find a girl with whom you have things in common." Roger Riggins "I think it would be hell." Mr. Miller "No comment." Mrs. Holcomb "It's a thing one has to work for." "I highly recommend it, but only to the very mature. Most of the opinions were very brilliant; however a few of the students had a dim outlook for marriage. . . . Anon: "When a man marries, his troubles begin." . . . In conclusion, I would like to say that I hope each one of you have, at least, an idea of what to expect after graduation.

"Speak when you are angry and you will make the finest speech you will ever regret."