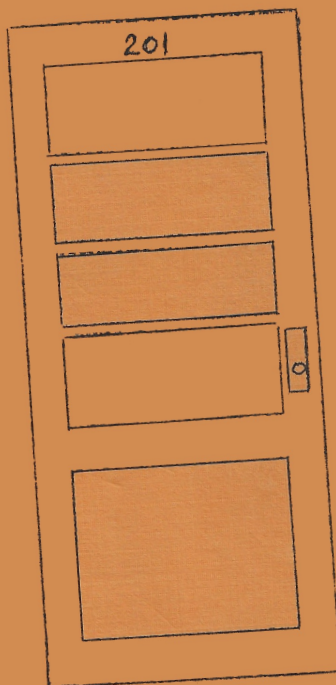


WALDRON HIGH SCHOOL
201 SPEECH ODYSSEY



IN REMINISCENCE:
THE CLASS PLAYS, SPEECHES,
MEMORIES OF SPEECH AND ENGLISH CLASSES
1977-1938

KENNETH D. SEVER, TEACHER
WALDRON, INDIANA
1985

Class of 1963-64

Pages 231-241

Kenneth W. Sever

201 SPEECH ODYSSEY

TABLE OF CONTENTS	Pages
Foreword and Introduction	
Class of 1976 - 1977	1 - 3
"OH BURY ME NOT"	4 - 12
Final Exam Speeches 1977.	13 - 20
"Professional Reactions"	21 - 22
Class of 1975 - 1976	23
"THE SPIRITS OF '76"	24 - 28
Final Exam Speeches '76	29 - 37
Advice to Class of 1977	38 - 43
Memorabilia 1976.	44
Class of 1975	45
"YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT"	46 - 50
Final Exam Speeches 1975	51 - 55
Advice to Class of 1976.	56 - 58
Impressions 1974-1975	59
Class of 1973 - 1974	60
"LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME".	61 - 67
Final Exam Speeches 1974.	68 - 69
Advice to Class of 1975	72 - 74
Class of 1972 - 1973	75
"HOLY SMOKE".	76 - 82
Final Exam Speeches 1973.	83 - 86
Advice to Class of 1974	87 - 88
Class of 1971 - 1972.	98
Final Exam Speeches 1972	90 - 98
Advice to Class of 1973	99 - 102
Class of 1970 - 1971	103
"ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY".	104 - 110
Final Exam Speeches 1971	111 - 120
Advice to Class of 1972	121 - 123
Comments from Teacher	124
Class of 1969 - 1970	125
"THOSE WERE THE DAYS"	126 - 138
Teacher's Comments	139
FINAL EXAM Speeches 1970	140 - 149
Class of 1968 - 1969	150
"FINDERS CREEPERS"	151 - 159
Final Exam Speeches 1969	160 - 166
Advice to Class of 1970.	166 - 171
Quotes from Teacher.	172 - 173
Class of 1967 - 1968	174
"HIP HIPPIE HERO"	175 - 186
Final Exam Speeches 1968	187 - 194
Class of 1966 - 1967.	195
"TIME WILL TELL"	196 - 204
Final Exam Speeches 1967.	205 - 208
Class of 1965 - 1966.	209
"GRIN AND BEAR IT".	210 - 215
Final Exam Speeches 1966	215 - 221
Class of 1964 - 1965	222
"MR. KATTE'S PAJAMAS".	223 - 227
Final Exam Speeches 1965	228 - 230
Class of 1963 - 1964	231

TABLE OF CONTENTS continued

"THE MONSTER AND THE PLAYBOY"	232 - 236
Final Exam Speeches 1964	237 - 241
Class of 1962 - 1963	242
"MOUNTAIN DEW BALLET-HOO"	243 - 248
Final Exam Speeches 1963	249 - 253
Class of 1961 - 1962	254
"VIVE L'AMOUR"	255 - 258
Final Exam Speeches 1962	258 - 262
Class of 1960 - 1961	263
"ROCKET IN HIS POCKET"	263 - 265
Final Exam Speeches 1961	266 - 268
Class of 1959 - 1960	269
"SEE HOW THEY RUN"	270 - 273
Final Exam Speeches 1960	273 - 276
Class of 1958 - 1959	277
"MR. MERGENTHWERKER'S LOBBLIES"	277 - 279
Final Exam Speeches 1959	280 - 281
Class of 1957 - 1958	282
"GIRL CRAZY"	282 - 285
Final Exam Speeches 1958	286 - 287
"I Don't Know" Paddle	288
Class of 1956 - 1957	289
"THE PERFECT IDIOT"	289 - 292
Final Exam Speeches 1957	292 - 294
Teacher's Notes	295
Class of 1955 - 1956	296
"BUY JUPITER"	296 - 298
Final Exam Speeches 1956	298 - 300
Class of 1954 - 1955	301
"SEE HOW THEY RUN"	301 - 302
Final Exam Speeches	302 - 304
Teacher's Memory Book	304
"DOWN TO EARTH"	305 - 308
Quotations from Speeches 1954	309
Class of 1954; Classes of 1952 - 1953	310
"THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED"	311 - 312
Teacher's Memory Book	313
Class of 1951 - 1952	314
"GREEN VALLEY"	314 - 315
Class of 1950 - 1951	316
"REST ASSURED"	316 - 319
Teacher's Memory Book	320
Class of 1949 - 1950 "PAPA SAYS NO"	321
Class of 1948 - 1949	322
"IN SPRING THE SAP"	322 - 323
Class of 1947 - 1948	324
"LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR"	324 - 325
Teacher's Memory Book	326
Classes 1946 - 1947 "THE DAFFY DILLS"	326 - 327
Classes 1945 - 1946	327
PRE-201 Classes	328 - 330
After-Thoughts	331 - 333
Teacher's Memory Book	333
L'ENVOI	334

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 Goodwill, Drama, Eulogy, Heckling, Sales Talk, Emotional, Anniversary, Speech to Convince, Charades, Original Skits, Final Exam.

1963 - 1964

SPEECH 12 Class of 1964

Braden, Rosalyn
Collins, Willard
Cord, Dee
Durbin, Nancy
Everhart, William
Firsick, Brenda
Frogge, Kathy
Fuchs, Larry D.
Gahimer, John
Gahimer, Tim
Gilles, Tony
Harker, John
Harker, Tommy
Hatton, Martha Ann
Hatton, Susan
Holt, Glenn
Kehrt, Janet
Kuhn, Marvin

Kuhn, Sandra
Laws, Gilbert
LeMasters, John
Lewis, Tony
Lux, Max
McDaniel, Steve
Richards, Dennis
Shoopman, Janie
Stafford, Dean
Tevis, Stephan
Thibo, Jan
Tucker, Rita
Wheeler, John
Wheeler, Mike
Winkler, Rick
Winkler, Ronnie
Wisker, Dan

A good class producing 21 speeches - 10 oral readings, a panel discussion, tape recordings, and dramatics. Average 91%.

ENGLISH 12 Period V Literature

Braden, Rosalyn
Cord, Dee
DeBaun, L.
Durbin, Nancy
Firsich, Brenda
Fisher, Sharon
Gahimer, John
Gahimer, Tim
Harker, John

Hatton, Martha Ann
Hatton, Susan
Kuhn, Sandra
Lewis, Tony
Mook, Kay
Thibo, Jan
Wheeler, John
Wheeler, Mike
Winkler, Dan

Average grade 87%. Interesting group - willing to work.

ENGLISH 12 Advanced Composition

Gahimer, John
Gahimer, Tim
Harker, John
Kuhn, Marvin

Laws, Gilbert
Wheeler, John
Wheeler, Mike
Wisker, Dan

Unusual class - all male - interesting discussions - they wrote 31 very good themes - studied grammar and spelling. Average grade - 88%.

ENGLISH 12 Advanced Composition - Summer 1964

Cunningham, Mark
McVey, Barbara
Morgason, Mike (inc.)

Sawyer, Linda
Small, Alan
Wright, Jeff

This group produced 29 themes - June 5 to July 31 average 86%.

French I had eleven enrolled - average grade 86%
French II had three enrolled - average grade 84%.

THE MONSTER AND THE PLAYBOY

Class of 1964 - Comedy-Farce in Three Acts - Waldron
Plotted by Kenneth D. Sever

Cast of Characters

Jean Tabeux	French Artist-	30	Willard Collins
Beatrice Shapely	Artist's Model	30	Rosalyn Braden
Effie Lou Wooer	Cook	30	Susan Hatton
Isadore Finklewinke	Inventor	55	John Wheeler
Percivale Pansywaite	Poet	40	Rick Winkler
Merton Viner	Owner of Villa	53	John Gahimer
Wisteria Viner	Wife of Owner	52	Sandra Kuhn
William Viner	Son of Owner	21	John Harker
Paul Viner	Son of Owner	20	Tony Gilles
Melanie Viner	Daughter		Barbara McDaniel
Grandpa Viner	Gramps	78	Mike Wheeler
First Fireman	Fireman	40	Larry Fuchs
Second Fireman	Fireman	40	Bill Everhart
Third Fireman	Fireman	40	Glen Holt
Alonzo Mintmore	Millionaire	64	John Lemasters
Elsa Dollahs	Dowager	62	Jan Thibo
Agness Evergreen	Spinster	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	Dee Cord
Agatha Evergreen	Spinster	72 $\frac{1}{2}$	Janie Shoopman
Sheriff	Sheriff	40	Dean Stafford
Lottie House	Maid	30	Rita Tucker
Tweedy Walker	Health Fadist	50	Brenda Firsich
Mary Trifles	Playboy's Mom	53	Janet Khert
Harry Trifles	Playboy's Dad	55	Gilbert Laws
Terry Trifles	Playboy	21	Dan Wisker
Celeste Clouds	Playgirl	20	Martha Hatton
Theresa Rankin	Playgirl	20	Nancy Durbin
Kathryn Ormsby	Mother	45	Kathy Frogge
Lester Ormsby	Twin	15	Marvin Kuhn
Chester Ormsby	Twin	15	Max Lux
OMOO	ROBOT-"THE THING"		Dennis Richards
Lonnie Koony	Hired Hand	30	Tim Gahimer
Jim Brown	Milkman	30	Steve Tevis
Al Black	Milkman	30	Tom Harker
Jake	Milkman - Thief	32	Tony Lewis
Butch	Milkman - Thief	32	Ronnie Winkler

Excerpts from the play - Introduction to Act I
MERTON: Good evening neighbors. Welcome to Finers' Villa -
" a country home away from home for people who desire to get
away from it all and relax in mountain-vally contentment,
leaving troubles behind and money ahead, the epitome of peace
and tranquillity-rest for jaded nerves." I am Merton Viner,
proprietor. If you are looking for a summer resting place,
may I recommend our farm? Our rates are are reasonable -
just \$35.00 per week - our food is good - Effie Lou, our cook,
sees to that - and our entertainment also - never a dull minute.

In our first act you will see the dining room - lobby.
There you will meet my family, (my two sons and daughter are
somewhat disappointed with the type of guests we have), and a

strange array of characters including artists, poets, firemen, old maids, bachelors, and widows. As the curtain opens you will participate in a typical day's activities at Viners' Villa. We hope you enjoy it.

ACT I page 1

Scene opens in living-dining room lobby - French portrait artist LC is painting portrait serenely of artist's model, Beatrice Shapely, dressed as a "flame of the gay 90's. DR Isador Finklewinke, eccentric scientist, is poring over several scientific books in complete concentration oblivious to all around him. Percivale Pansywaite, not-so-promising young poet, is busy gathering choice tidbits for his next creation. EFFIE LOU: (Rushing screaming from kitchen R.) Fire! Fire! Help! Murder! Police! Call the Marines! (Rushes across stage and out door DL.) Save me! Fire! Call the department! The whole kitchen is afire! (Door bangs and voice fades into distance.) Fire! Fire! (Smoke begins to wisp from kitchen as artist and inventor and poet continue their work. Model's eyes widen in fright, but she doesn't move.)

JEAN: Pleeze, mam'selle, ow many zee times ave I tole you! Pleeze not to move zee muzzle.

ISADORE: (Thinking aloud) Yah. That's it! By changing the transmitter to conform to the oscilloscope and by eliminating the vaccum-tube amplifiers, the electrons may be more easily conformable to the posterior thermostat.

(Fire siren heard in distance rapidly approaching - people on stage remain perfectly calm in their concentration. Noise of truck arriving - doors bang - ladder noises getting louder - voices shouting - firemen burst into house carrying long water hose and race across stage to kitchen followed by Effie Lou. Mother, father, grandpa, come rushing from outside L.)

MERTON: What in the thunder is going on?

WISTERIA: I'll bet Effie Lou has done it again.

GRANDPA: By Crickey she's got the world beat when it comes to trouble. (They rush on through to the kitchen - voices muffled and incoherent. All reappear after few seconds.)

FIRST FIREMAN: This is the third time this month. I move we bring the fire truck up here and take all calls from this room.

SECOND FIREMAN: Second the motion. It'll save the town money.

WISTERIA: Effie Lou was only doing what she thought right.

THIRD FIREMAN: Lady, may I make a suggestion? The next time something runs over in the oven . . .

EFFIE LOU: (Sobbing and interrupting) How was I to know it was just that old peach pie?

FIRST FIREMAN: (Raising voice) Anyone with an ounce of sense -

MERTON: Now, you look here, young man -

(The following four speeches in unison)

FIRST FIREMAN: And they call us up here to clean out the stove oven. Why did I ever become a fireman? I should have been a coal miner; then at least I would not have been at the mercy of every silly maid who is learning how to cook. The more I see of this sort of thing the more I think that I will start a home for frustrated firemen.

SECOND FIREMAN: Merton, why in the tarnation don't you get

Excerpts continued 1964

another cook. I would believe that all this racket would be enough to run all your guests clear over on the other side of the mountain. I'm getting tired o answering all the silly false fire alarms. Just one more time up this crazy hill and I'll hand in my resignation, believe me!

THIRD FIREMAN: Hold it! Hold it! Consarn it, hole it! Let me speak! I'm captain of the ladder brigade. Pipe down, will you! Now you listen to me. Give me a chance to speak, and I'll settle the whole matter. Just get rid of Effie Lou and all will be well. Now I know a girl over on Tenth Street who is looking for a job. Ask her.

FIRST FIREMAN: Will someone please be quiet. I have an idea that I think will work. Just quit baking peach, apple, plum, apricot, pineapple, blackberry, blueberry, raspberry, gooseberry, and custard pies. That will solve the whole matter. Just quit using the oven for anything that might get spilt of that might run over.

MERTON: Now you listen to me, you twobit firemen. You just do your job - and not questions asked. It's no business of yours who our cook is. You just answer the alarms and we'll run our own hotel business. You're getting paid for it.

WISTERIA: - and furthermore, just quit tracking up my kitchen. You should have investigated before you came barging in.

SECOND FIREMAN: Barging in? Is that all the thanks we get for trying to save your house? Why didn't someone tell me that people are like this. (Voices fade as they leave L. Viners leave R.)

PERCIVALE: (Who has been scribbling furiously) Ah, this has given me the very inspiration that I need:

Ah, brave fireman, climb your ladder and make our maid a little sadder. Pull your hose and swing your axe and squirt the water through the crax. For Viner's Villa has peace and quiet for just an hour in the dead of nigh-et; The other hours are full of crises and other events that are not nicez.

(He exits L.) ISADORE: (Rises, shakes head, sighs and starts for hall door L.) It still doesn't quite agree. I'll have to calculate some more. (Moving toward door) Now, why shouldn't the vaccum-tube oscillator produce high-frequency responses? . . .

JEAN: (Turning furiously) Silence! Couchon! Vee are vorking on Zee grande portrait. Vee must ave zee silence!

ISADORE: Oh, pardon me, Tabeaux, I'm sorry I disturbed you.

JEAN: And nevair let eet appen again! And now, M'selle, eef you will cooperate a leetle more; pleeze to quit moving . . .

BEATRICE: Holy jumping catfish! The frog is batty! He asks me to quit moving my eyebrow! Will you pardon me, Sir, While I swallow, my Adam's apple has to jump, you know. And in the meantime go jump in the Louvre!

JEAN: Pardon, m'selle. Vee jump in zee Seine, not zee Louvre.

BEATRICE: Ah well! Such is life! Sail on, Columbus - it can't be far to land now . . .

ACT II page 7

MERTON: What did I tell you, folks. Never a dull minute. Poor Alonzo! Looks as if he needs more than money to get

Tweedy off his neck. And, Omoo! You haven't heard the last of him. Quite an invention I would say. Now in our next act events take a turbulent turn for the terrific; Agnes and Agatha, the men haters, are shocked to distraction; Alonzo falls like a ton of silver dollars, and our playboy arrives with a couple of complete surprise packages - Oh, yes, Omoo the monster does his part in keeping us from becoming completely distracted . . .

. . . EFFIE LOU: What's the matter with my cooking? I've been cooking for 20 years and have had no casualties.

TWEEDY: Not enough nature food! We need more raw fruits and vegetables (Effie exits in a huff.)

GRAMPS: Aw, go peel a turnip; there's nothing wrong with Effie's cooking. . .

PERCIVALE: How true. How true. May I dedicate my latest creation to our fair cook?

Turnips, peas, and cabbage heads, Beefsteak and oyster stew; Boil them all together and we spell Effie Lou;

She stirs the beans and chowder and bakes bread in a pan

While all the time we rightly know her mind is on her man!

. . .
ACT III Scene 1 page 14

. . . JEAN: Ah my masterpiece she ees ruined. All my work. (Beatrice rushes L from room followed by Jean who calls.)

KESTER: Hot Tomalies! Boy, this is good She sure gave him the business.

KATHRYN: Shame on you boys. Spoiling that nice man's work. Now you come with me before I frame you. (Exit L.) . . .

PERCIVALE: Ah but this domicile is the perfect place for poetry. What inspiration! What involvement!

French art is spicy so they say with arms and shapes and color gay! With languid bodies row on row and figures draped with so and so! But this man's art and that man's face belong apparently in some other place; For our lady fair seems far from pleased with painting her skirt below her knees! (Exits L)

. . . page 19 . . .

(Effie and Lottie enter, step over rope trap, R.)

EFFIE: (Back to doorL) Strange things are happening these days, Lottie. Why just this morning right through that book case over there I dreamed I saw a monster - a mechanical man come straight at me with huge paws and bright beady flashing eyes. (Omoo appears and starts across stage as -)

LOTTIE: (Speechless with fright, points and tries to scream, then she faints.)

EFFIE: I told Lonnie about it but he just laughed at me - Lottie, where are you? Now I wonder where she could have gone. (Omoo follows her around, taking things from her hands and placing them on the tray- Effie works absently, not looking up.) Well, I wondered where you were, Lottie. Here take this dish. Omoo takes it from her.) As I was saying it surely must have been my imagination (Omoo follows her every movement - taking dishes to kitchen and returning across stage and our L.) Effie stumbles over Lottie on other side of table.) Lottie,

what are you doing under the table? Shame on Y ... she's fainted! ... but who took the dishes from me ... Oh, no ... Help! Help! Eeeeeeeeeeee... (faints). (Omoo exits bookcase.)

(Enter Percivale from kitchen.)

PERCIVALE: Sounds like fair damsels in distress. Be calm, I'll save! (He steps on rope noose; it starts to tighten on leg as....) CURTAIN

ACT III, SCENE 2 page 19

(As curtains open Percivale is seen dangling from ceiling just a few minutes later. Lonnie enters from left.)

LONNIE: Effie! Where are you? (Sees Percivale.) What in the thunder are you doing up there? Here let me cut you down. (Cuts rope.)

PERCIVALE: Dear me! I must go to my room.. Such excitement. Oh what inspiration to be hanging between heaven and earth! (Takes out note book - writes as he exits L.)

Oh brave new world twixt earth and sky, And a gentle rope on which to rely. And what a surprise is in store for one Who hangs from earth twixt moon and sun . . .

. . . page 26 . . .

SHERIFF: (Seeing thieves.) Oho. Butch and Jake. Well, come along boys. We'll put the milk men in the cooler for a long spell - Condensed milk men! (Handcuffs them and takes them out left.)

PERCIVALE: I feel a verse coming on. This momentous occasion calls for an ode. I shall entitle it "Ode to the Monster and the Playboy." (Couples get together.)

In the murky dark of night
Our playboy caused a fight
And the monster stalked with footsteps deep and long.

While the Viners all asleep
Did dwell in dreams so deep
Our heroes stood with muscles great and strong.

They grabbed the villains base
And stopped them in this place
And the fire department's sirens wailed the song.

So let us sing their praise
Before we end this daze
And tell them that they both to us belong.

(Applause and ad lib from cast.)

(Effie passes out cookies to everyone - couples get together center as they all sing "For they are jolly good fellows" with "The playboy and the monster" as the second line.)

FINAL CURTAIN

(Merton's speech before last scene - "we add more butterfat to the milk with a little extra applesauce agitated in. Lester and Chester devise a couple of sneaky tricks, Gramps goes Sherlock Holmsing and our philandering playboy shows what stuff he is made of - we hope you have enjoyed the vitality of Viner's Villa; if there's a time you need relaxation, you'd better look for some other place. . .")

INTEGRATION - SEGREGATION by Tony Lewis

. . . The Negro at this time is striving for equality with every ounce of power they have within them . . . Along with many authorities that the main reason for the whites' rejection is the fear of intermarriage or the intermingling of the races . . . Dr. Margaret Mead . . . feels that we have a blending of races right now. . .

THE WEALTH OF LIFE by Tommy Wayne Harker

. . . So let the whole world know about your talents and become something in life. I've got an aunt at Connersville who paints pictures of all kinds, and they are beautiful. She usually kept them put away so no one could see them. One day she invited a friend to her house. She showed them to her, and the lady suggested she try to sell them. Now she is making her entire income from her paintings; she recently sold one of a covered bridge in Connersville for \$150. This is an example of a person who kept her talents a secret. If she had been discovered earlier she would have probably been a lot more famous than she is now.

ARE YOUR COMPLAINTS SHOWING? By Rosalyn Braden

. . . If we could only become more aware of such audible sounds as the melody of the wind whispering through the trees, the majestic chorus of the birds, the clatter of a passing car, and the undescrivable music of the chirping and buzzing insects, rather than making complaints and being ungrateful toward the privileges that we possess - our lives would be greatly enriched . . . We can start at this moment by beginning to listen to the world of sound. . .

SCIENCE AND OUR LIVES by Dennis Richards

. . . Science through power, clothing, food, and medicine has increased the life span of man and made it more comfortable. All through the ages man has tried to increase his life and make it easier. Through science he has found the way.

FAILURES by Tony Gilles

Flops have a fine distinction for those who like to fail; They never seem to try a job in sunshine and in gale.

Flops fill their world with wonder And their little brain with dread, And for all we benefit therefrom They might as well be dead.

How can we let these failures change the way we act each day; They are merely guideposts; They show us on our way.

So don't let failure down you or make you change your pace. Just smile and be courageous - Look old failure in the face. (Written for Tony by Mr. Sever.)

FAITH IN OURSELVES by Rita Tucker

. . . One of the things I value most in life . . . FAITH IN MYSELF, IN MY COUNTRY AND IN MY GOD!

Quotations from final exam speeches 1964

FAITH by Willard Collins

. . . Do I believe that the Creator created me?
Do I believe that the Creator created me for a purpose?
Do I believe that I can find that purpose?
Do I believe that my thoughts can change situations?
Do I believe that changing some situations is a requirement
to success and happiness?

THE COURTROOM OF LIFE by Janie Shoopman

. . . God has judged us and the jurors have stated
their grounds upon which they will pass judgment; now is
the time to accept our sentence and live a good life to the
best of our ability.

POKER - EDUCATION by Dan Wisker

. . . The last four years at high school may be com-
pared to a game of five-card-draw. It may seem funny to
compare poker to education, but actually there is little
difference. Poker and education both take a lot of skill.
One will be dealt five cards with an option to replace three
or less. The draw is usually the most critical point of the
game. . . . The last card is the future. Will you "fill-up"
your straight?

PORTRAIT OF FEAR by Kathy Frogge

. . . These fears must exist and will exist until
men realize that the power of God is the one thing that can
drive them away; To conquer any fears you have - Remember
these words - "It is only the fear of God that can deliver
us from the fear of man."

CHARACTER AS A SCULPTOR by Nancy Durbin

. . . Everyone in this class will probably look back,
say in about 15 or 20 years and remember someone else by his
character. Let's see now; you might remember Susie for her
quietness, or maybe Brenda for her funny jokes, and then
there's Mike, whom we all know for his daring ideas . . .

THE PLANE OF LIFE by Dee Cord

We are gradually growing older, coming closer to our
destination. When we took-off, we had to make some prepara-
tions beforehand. It is the same with landing. This, too,
requires preparation. . . . "What we call life is a journey
tp death, and what we call death is a possport to life."

MATHEMATICS AND LIFE by Larry D. Fuchs

. . . Learn to divide your responsibilities with other
people and let them help you out if you need it . . . Learn
to divide your time into better use. Learn to use it pro-
perly because time is one thing that no one can stop.

Quotations from final exam speeches 1964

FISHING by John LeMasters

. . . I'll tell you a story about Steve Tevis and Allen McCain and me when we went fishing. We found a pond where there was a pretty nice place to fish. We built a fire; also we had taken some hot dogs along. We got a fire going well; then we ate and went fishing. We went on around the bend fishing when we smelled smoke so we went running; back to where we had left the fire unattended; we threw water, buns, not dogs and everything we could get our hands on to keep it from spreading. Boy was that an exciting afternoon that wonderful day. . .

SENSES OF LIFE by Stephan Ray Tevis

Have you felt the touch of childhood; Searching for an answer bold? Felt its tiny fingers hunting; For knowledge to unfold? Have you heard the winds of trouble, while they blow great gusts of rain; Heard the cries of difficulties, As they acquiesce to pain? Have you seen the deprivation, Of those who would find God, Seen their look of wonder Deepen at the grave-filled sod? Have you smelled the stench of hatred, as man inhumans man, Smelled the horror and the meanness, As he destroys God's plan? Well if you've touched and tasted, Heard and seen these patterns base; And have smelled all evil passion, In this earth our dwelling place - Then don't despair and give up, Or take wrong attitudes; For man has lived before you In teeming multitudes. But look to God the Master, Who created sight and sound; He'll teach and guide your footsteps, And make your life profound.

(Written for Steve by Mr. Sever.)

"Open your nose to the smells of the woods;
Awaken to tangy hickory smoke,
Laced with frying bacon and eggs;
Walk through the invigorating scent of the pines,
Over the aroma of crushed, decaying leaves;
And sniff the pungent gunsmoke,
As your first deer lies at your feet." - John Gahimer

AMERICAN WARS by William Everhart

"The old men sat conferring with Smiles and scheme and lie; The old men made the blunders Today the young men die."

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE by Sandra Kuhn

"I'd rather be a could be If I could not be an are.
For a could be is a maybe, With a chance of reaching far.
I'd rather be a has been Than a might have been by far;
For a might have been has never been, But a has was once an are."
(from Susan Hatton)

FRIENDSHIP by Ronnie Ray Winkler

Last week when I was down in the cafeteria eating my dinner, in through the door walked a boy and girl together . . . the little boy pulled the chair back for her so she could sit down better. . . . This is true friendship . . .

BRIGHT GOLD OF LOVE by Susan Hatton

A person who has always tried to give material things at the right time is my grandmother, Harriett Hungate. One winter evening she was filling a Goodwill bag with her winter clothes that she no longer wore. Grandmother got so engrossed in her job that she unintentionally gave away her good navy blue suit. A few days later when she discovered her mistake, she was quite shocked. She soon recovered because she believes this: "Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over." Another way of saying this would be, "Give according to your means or God will make your means according to your giving."

CLOTHES AND LIFE by Marvin Dale Kuhn

. . . The gloves that I buy are going to represent courage in life, the trousers are going to represent decision, and the shoes are going to stand for togetherness.

HOW OLD ARE YOU by Martha Ann Hatton

We all will not mature at the same time or in the same way. Will you be ready for each new cycle of life . . .? If you keep striving for the best and looking for new things, you will be ready for these cycles. Do you go by a person's physical age to determine what he is best suited for? I ask you - "HOW OLD ARE YOU!"

AGE AND MAN by Glenn Holt

. . . I intend to live a long, long time, and I expect a lot of other do too. I'm looking forward to a ripe old age but not to death, because I know where I'll go. If you are the same way, take it easy. Time, like age, waits for no man.

VEGETABLE SOUP by Steve McDaniel

. . . So far we've added ingredients but ingredients are no good without a sort of foundation. Seems about the same in the community too. There is always someone who is a backbone to the group or community. In searching for an example, I think I have found one of the best. Someone who isn't too outspoken, ~~met~~ has firm opinions, who takes a real interest in the community and people; he gives of his own time not asking for something in return, Mr. Sever. He surely has been my base or backbone for this speech. I didn't have any topic idea or incentive until I talked with him. Meat serves as a foundation for vegetable soup, and in turn people like him serve as a foundation for our community, our state and our nation. . . . Keep in mind always that we need each other for we are all in the soup together.

CHARITY by Jan Thibo

. . . Are you satisfied in observing life or are you going to get in there and play ball with Kindness, Faith, Patience, Truth, Hopefulness, Endurance . . . and Charity?

THE GARDEN OF YOUTH by John Gahimer

. . . Our parents have taught us how to behave; Our
clergymen have taught us to respect God; and our teachers
have taught us a multitude of things - Mr. Sever has taught
us individuality; Mr. Doig has taught us how to think rati-
onally; Mr. Trotter has taught us a love of nature. You
probably noticed that I neglected to mention Mr. Gullion:
He has kept us out of trouble long enough to listen to our
teachers. . . . The Wheeler boys, Mike and John, want to be
engineers . . . Dee plans to study foreign languages . . .
Sandra and Barbara say they will possible study teaching . . .
and, according to Mr. Sever, "Teaching is the most important
profession on earth - bar none!"

IDEAS FROM SEVENTEEN

The people are a mirror,
Reflecting the color you shine upon them.
Is your reflection a rosy pink -
Or a somber grey?

Man is unbelievable small,
A speck of dust in the cosmic cloud,
One bolt in the bridge of time; and yet,
Man is more important than a billion suns -
He is infused with the Omnipotent.

Atoms, all atoms - man is the same
As the dirt and the rock and the bat and the eagle.
He writes his name across the sky in big letters -
The letters are atoms, too.

Ideas to learn, to think about; to tell others -
And Life is so short.
Why must we waste it
Making mudpies to throw? John Gahimer, '64

SILENCE IS GOLDEN by Brenda Firsich

. . . Remember, you have invaded the law of privacy,
just as speaking can awaken the hidden silences of man. I
hope you have learned something by peeking into my diary, and
I would also like you to remember that "Silence is golden."

THE BATTLES OF LIFE by William Gilbert Laws

. . . These four things - ignorance, poverty, disease
and hate are all going to have to be conquered in order for
man to survive.

FLOWERS by Dean Stafford

. . . The Narcissus, indicating self love, is beauti-
ful but its actual worth amounts to very little. People who
are vain and think only of themselves and how good they are,
are of little value to anyone even themselves. Beauty is only
skin-deep, and if there are no motivating characteristics to
make this person share, he is worth very little.

Tweedy off his neck. And, Omoo! You haven't heard the last of him. Quite an invention I would say. Now in our next act events take a turbulent turn for the terrific; Agnes and Agatha, the men haters, are shocked to distraction; Alonzo falls like a ton of silver dollars, and our playboy arrives with a couple of complete surprise packages - Oh, yes, Omoo the monster does his part in keeping us from becoming completely distracted . . .

. . . EFFIE LOU: What's the matter with my cooking? I've been cooking for 20 years and have had no casualties.

TWEEDY: Not enough nature food! We need more raw fruits and vegetables (Effie exits in a huff.)

GRAMPS: Aw, go peel a turnip; there's nothing wrong with Effie's cooking. . .

PERCIVALE: How true. How true. May I dedicate my latest creation to our fair cook?

Turnips, peas, and cabbage heads, Beefsteak and oyster stew; Boil them all together and we spell Effie Lou;

She stirs the beans and chowder and bakes bread in a pan

While all the time we rightly know her mind is on her man!

. . .
ACT III Scene 1 page 14

. . . JEAN: Ah my masterpiece she ees ruined. All my work. (Beatrice rushes L from room followed by Jean who calls.)

KESTER: Hot Tomalies! Boy, this is good She sure gave him the business.

KATHRYN: Shame on you boys. Spoiling that nice man's work. Now you come with me before I frame you. (Exit L.) . . .

PERCIVALE: Ah but this domicile is the perfect place for poetry. What inspiration! What involvement!

French art is spicy so they say with arms and shapes and color gay! With languid bodies row on row and figures draped with so and so! But this man's art and that man's face belong apparently in some other place; For our lady fair seems far from pleased with painting her skirt below her knees! (Exits L)

. . . page 19 . . .

(Effie and Lottie enter, step over rope trap, R.)

EFFIE: (Back to doorL) Strange things are happening these days, Lottie. Why just this morning right through that book case over there I dreamed I saw a monster - a mechanical man come straight at me with huge paws and bright beady flashing eyes. (Omoo appears and starts across stage as -)

LOTTIE: (Speechless with fright, points and tries to scream, then she faints.)

EFFIE: I told Lonnie about it but he just laughed at me - Lottie, where are you? Now I wonder where she could have gone. (Omoo follows her around, taking things from her hands and placing them on the tray- Effie works absently, not looking up.) Well, I wondered where you were, Lottie. Here take this dish. Omoo takes it from her.) As I was saying it surely must have been my imagination (Omoo follows her every movement - taking dishes to kitchen and returning across stage and our L.) Effie stumbles over Lottie on other side of table.) Lottie,

what are you doing under the table? Shame on Y ... she's fainted! ... but who took the dishes from me ... Oh, no ... Help! Help! Eeeeeeeeeeee... (faints). (Omoo exits bookcase.)

(Enter Percivale from kitchen.)

PERCIVALE: Sounds like fair damsels in distress. Be calm, I'll save! (He steps on rope noose; it starts to tighten on leg as....) CURTAIN

ACT III, SCENE 2 page 19

(As curtains open Percivale is seen dangling from ceiling just a few minutes later. Lonnie enters from left.)

LONNIE: Effie! Where are you? (Sees Percivale.) What in the thunder are you doing up there? Here let me cut you down. (Cuts rope.)

PERCIVALE: Dear me! I must go to my room.. Such excitement. Oh what inspiration to be hanging between heaven and earth! (Takes out note book - writes as he exits L.)

Oh brave new world twixt earth and sky, And a gentle rope on which to rely. And what a surprise is in store for one Who hangs from earth twixt moon and sun . . .

. . . page 26 . . .

SHERIFF: (Seeing thieves.) Oho. Butch and Jake. Well, come along boys. We'll put the milk men in the cooler for a long spell - Condensed milk men! (Handcuffs them and takes them out left.)

PERCIVALE: I feel a verse coming on. This momentous occasion calls for an ode. I shall entitle it "Ode to the Monster and the Playboy." (Couples get together.)

In the murky dark of night
Our playboy caused a fight
And the monster stalked with footsteps deep and long.

While the Viners all asleep
Did dwell in dreams so deep
Our heroes stood with muscles great and strong.

They grabbed the villains base
And stopped them in this place
And the fire department's sirens wailed the song.

So let us sing their praise
Before we end this daze
And tell them that they both to us belong.

(Applause and ad lib from cast.)

(Effie passes out cookies to everyone - couples get together center as they all sing "For they are jolly good fellows" with "The playboy and the monster" as the second line.)

FINAL CURTAIN

(Merton's speech before last scene - "we add more butterfat to the milk with a little extra applesauce agitated in. Lester and Chester devise a couple of sneaky tricks, Gramps goes Sherlock Holmsing and our philandering playboy shows what stuff he is made of - we hope you have enjoyed the vitality of Viner's Villa; if there's a time you need relaxation, you'd better look for some other place. . .")

INTEGRATION - SEGREGATION by Tony Lewis

. . . The Negro at this time is striving for equality with every ounce of power they have within them . . . Along with many authorities that the main reason for the whites' rejection is the fear of intermarriage or the intermingling of the races . . . Dr. Margaret Mead . . . feels that we have a blending of races right now. . .

THE WEALTH OF LIFE by Tommy Wayne Harker

. . . So let the whole world know about your talents and become something in life. I've got an aunt at Connersville who paints pictures of all kinds, and they are beautiful. She usually kept them put away so no one could see them. One day she invited a friend to her house. She showed them to her, and the lady suggested she try to sell them. Now she is making her entire income from her paintings; she recently sold one of a covered bridge in Connersville for \$150. This is an example of a person who kept her talents a secret. If she had been discovered earlier she would have probably been a lot more famous than she is now.

ARE YOUR COMPLAINTS SHOWING? By Rosalyn Braden

. . . If we could only become more aware of such audible sounds as the melody of the wind whispering through the trees, the majestic chorus of the birds, the clatter of a passing car, and the undescrivable music of the chirping and buzzing insects, rather than making complaints and being ungrateful toward the privileges that we possess - our lives would be greatly enriched . . . We can start at this moment by beginning to listen to the world of sound. . .

SCIENCE AND OUR LIVES by Dennis Richards

. . . Science through power, clothing, food, and medicine has increased the life span of man and made it more comfortable. All through the ages man has tried to increase his life and make it easier. Through science he has found the way.

FAILURES by Tony Gilles

Flops have a fine distinction for those who like to fail; They never seem to try a job in sunshine and in gale.

Flops fill their world with wonder And their little brain with dread, And for all we benefit therefrom They might as well be dead.

How can we let these failures change the way we act each day; They are merely guideposts; They show us on our way.

So don't let failure down you or make you change your pace. Just smile and be courageous - Look old failure in the face. (Written for Tony by Mr. Sever.)

FAITH IN OURSELVES by Rita Tucker

. . . One of the things I value most in life . . . FAITH IN MYSELF, IN MY COUNTRY AND IN MY GOD!

Quotations from final exam speeches 1964

FAITH by Willard Collins

. . . Do I believe that the Creator created me?
Do I believe that the Creator created me for a purpose?
Do I believe that I can find that purpose?
Do I believe that my thoughts can change situations?
Do I believe that changing some situations is a requirement
to success and happiness?

THE COURTROOM OF LIFE by Janie Shoopman

. . . God has judged us and the jurors have stated
their grounds upon which they will pass judgment; now is
the time to accept our sentence and live a good life to the
best of our ability.

POKER - EDUCATION by Dan Wisker

. . . The last four years at high school may be com-
pared to a game of five-card-draw. It may seem funny to
compare poker to education, but actually there is little
difference. Poker and education both take a lot of skill.
One will be dealt five cards with an option to replace three
or less. The draw is usually the most critical point of the
game. . . . The last card is the future. Will you "fill-up"
your straight?

PORTRAIT OF FEAR by Kathy Frogge

. . . These fears must exist and will exist until
men realize that the power of God is the one thing that can
drive them away; To conquer any fears you have - Remember
these words - "It is only the fear of God that can deliver
us from the fear of man."

CHARACTER AS A SCULPTOR by Nancy Durbin

. . . Everyone in this class will probably look back,
say in about 15 or 20 years and remember someone else by his
character. Let's see now; you might remember Susie for her
quietness, or maybe Brenda for her funny jokes, and then
there's Mike, whom we all know for his daring ideas . . .

THE PLANE OF LIFE by Dee Cord

We are gradually growing older, coming closer to our
destination. When we took-off, we had to make some prepara-
tions beforehand. It is the same with landing. This, too,
requires preparation. . . . "What we call life is a journey
tp death, and what we call death is a possport to life."

MATHEMATICS AND LIFE by Larry D. Fuchs

. . . Learn to divide your responsibilities with other
people and let them help you out if you need it . . . Learn
to divide your time into better use. Learn to use it pro-
perly because time is one thing that no one can stop.

Quotations from final exam speeches 1964

FISHING by John LeMasters

. . . I'll tell you a story about Steve Tevis and Allen McCain and me when we went fishing. We found a pond where there was a pretty nice place to fish. We built a fire; also we had taken some hot dogs along. We got a fire going well; then we ate and went fishing. We went on around the bend fishing when we smelled smoke so we went running; back to where we had left the fire unattended; we threw water, buns, not dogs and everything we could get our hands on to keep it from spreading. Boy was that an exciting afternoon that wonderful day. . .

SENSES OF LIFE by Stephan Ray Tevis

Have you felt the touch of childhood; Searching for an answer bold? Felt its tiny fingers hunting; For knowledge to unfold? Have you heard the winds of trouble, while they blow great gusts of rain; Heard the cries of difficulties, As they acquiesce to pain? Have you seen the deprivation, Of those who would find God, Seen their look of wonder Deepen at the grave-filled sod? Have you smelled the stench of hatred, as man inhumans man, Smelled the horror and the meanness, As he destroys God's plan? Well if you've touched and tasted, Heard and seen these patterns base; And have smelled all evil passion, In this earth our dwelling place - Then don't despair and give up, Or take wrong attitudes; For man has lived before you In teeming multitudes. But look to God the Master, Who created sight and sound; He'll teach and guide your footsteps, And make your life profound.

(Written for Steve by Mr. Sever.)

"Open your nose to the smells of the woods;
Awaken to tangy hickory smoke,
Laced with frying bacon and eggs;
Walk through the invigorating scent of the pines,
Over the aroma of crushed, decaying leaves;
And sniff the pungent gunsmoke,
As your first deer lies at your feet." - John Gahimer

AMERICAN WARS by William Everhart

"The old men sat conferring with Smiles and scheme and lie; The old men made the blunders Today the young men die."

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE by Sandra Kuhn

"I'd rather be a could be If I could not be an are.
For a could be is a maybe, With a chance of reaching far.
I'd rather be a has been Than a might have been by far;
For a might have been has never been, But a has was once an are."
(from Susan Hatton)

FRIENDSHIP by Ronnie Ray Winkler

Last week when I was down in the cafeteria eating my dinner, in through the door walked a boy and girl together . . . the little boy pulled the chair back for her so she could sit down better. . . . This is true friendship . . .

BRIGHT GOLD OF LOVE by Susan Hatton

A person who has always tried to give material things at the right time is my grandmother, Harriett Hungate. One winter evening she was filling a Goodwill bag with her winter clothes that she no longer wore. Grandmother got so engrossed in her job that she unintentionally gave away her good navy blue suit. A few days later when she discovered her mistake, she was quite shocked. She soon recovered because she believes this: "Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over." Another way of saying this would be, "Give according to your means or God will make your means according to your giving."

CLOTHES AND LIFE by Marvin Dale Kuhn

. . . The gloves that I buy are going to represent courage in life, the trousers are going to represent decision, and the shoes are going to stand for togetherness.

HOW OLD ARE YOU by Martha Ann Hatton

We all will not mature at the same time or in the same way. Will you be ready for each new cycle of life . . .? If you keep striving for the best and looking for new things, you will be ready for these cycles. Do you go by a person's physical age to determine what he is best suited for? I ask you - "HOW OLD ARE YOU!"

AGE AND MAN by Glenn Holt

. . . I intend to live a long, long time, and I expect a lot of other do too. I'm looking forward to a ripe old age but not to death, because I know where I'll go. If you are the same way, take it easy. Time, like age, waits for no man.

VEGETABLE SOUP by Steve McDaniel

. . . So far we've added ingredients but ingredients are no good without a sort of foundation. Seems about the same in the community too. There is always someone who is a backbone to the group or community. In searching for an example, I think I have found one of the best. Someone who isn't too outspoken, ~~met~~ has firm opinions, who takes a real interest in the community and people; he gives of his own time not asking for something in return, Mr. Sever. He surely has been my base or backbone for this speech. I didn't have any topic idea or incentive until I talked with him. Meat serves as a foundation for vegetable soup, and in turn people like him serve as a foundation for our community, our state and our nation. . . . Keep in mind always that we need each other for we are all in the soup together.

CHARITY by Jan Thibo

. . . Are you satisfied in observing life or are you going to get in there and play ball with Kindness, Faith, Patience, Truth, Hopefulness, Endurance . . . and Charity?

THE GARDEN OF YOUTH by John Gahimer

. . . Our parents have taught us how to behave; Our
clergymen have taught us to respect God; and our teachers
have taught us a multitude of things - Mr. Sever has taught
us individuality; Mr. Doig has taught us how to think rati-
onally; Mr. Trotter has taught us a love of nature. You
probably noticed that I neglected to mention Mr. Gullion:
He has kept us out of trouble long enough to listen to our
teachers. . . . The Wheeler boys, Mike and John, want to be
engineers . . . Dee plans to study foreign languages . . .
Sandra and Barbara say they will possibly study teaching . . .
and, according to Mr. Sever, "Teaching is the most important
profession on earth - bar none!"

IDEAS FROM SEVENTEEN

The people are a mirror,
Reflecting the color you shine upon them.
Is your reflection a rosy pink -
Or a somber grey?

Man is unbelievable small,
A speck of dust in the cosmic cloud,
One bolt in the bridge of time; and yet,
Man is more important than a billion suns -
He is infused with the Omnipotent.

Atoms, all atoms - man is the same
As the dirt and the rock and the bat and the eagle.
He writes his name across the sky in big letters -
The letters are atoms, too.

Ideas to learn, to think about; to tell others -
And Life is so short.
Why must we waste it
Making mudpies to throw? John Gahimer, '64

SILENCE IS GOLDEN by Brenda Firsich

. . . Remember, you have invaded the law of privacy,
just as speaking can awaken the hidden silences of man. I
hope you have learned something by peering into my diary, and
I would also like you to remember that "Silence is golden."

THE BATTLES OF LIFE by William Gilbert Laws

. . . These four things - ignorance, poverty, disease
and hate are all going to have to be conquered in order for
man to survive.

FLOWERS by Dean Stafford

. . . The Narcissus, indicating self love, is beauti-
ful but its actual worth amounts to very little. People who
are vain and think only of themselves and how good they are,
are of little value to anyone even themselves. Beauty is only
skin-deep, and if there are no motivating characteristics to
make this person share, he is worth very little.