



Class of 1959-60

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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 Eric Jones and John, the Harris and Kaulhus, or the Davis and Diana to fade into the shadows of oblivion. So the wise-woman teacher decided to select as many quotations as possible from the speeches, class plays, and "adventures" of the approximately 100 remarkable young men who "took" speech between the years 1947-1957. (He also included some really "good" ones from his other language classes because they had their share of oral communication training in 1958.)

Consequently it should be apparent that no other oral skill subject is as quite much Speech 201 in colorful dialogue, vigorous activity, mental excitement, or just pure enjoyment. So this volume is meant to be a tribute to the best speakers in the "entire system."

Therefore, to those elsewhere 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, Eric Fennell - 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 hours." With this philosophy our speech class really began. Our classes stressed work and punctuality - open and free participation as well as open and free listening (accepting the ideas of listening 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 equal creatures 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 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 charging only the fee 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 own play trying to create parts for each class member. So, if a cast of 49 seems unideal and the story appears to be

"out-of" and the merely essential "actors", just remember that our primary purpose was to create a training experience for all - not just the elite. Our secondary purpose then is to entertain. Each year has proved our policy, therefore, we hope this year's performance will be convincing and enjoyable.

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

During and following public performances, parents and friends frequently comment - "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 quotation of section of the smiles - laughter - praise - ecstasy - anger - sympathy - pride - appreciation - love - tears - accident that existed from the program. We would estimate that in 1958 alone some 200 school with approximately 25,000 speeches in the "senior-orientation". The speech class members included some 200 individuals averaged about 20 per year; the largest class was 22 in 1955 and the smallest 11 in 1954 after the administration and several local institutions that reduced the school curriculum, but improvements overcame the handicap and again the enrollment reached 29 in 1956 and 36 in 1957.

In this book we are relating primarily the story of the Waldron High School class plays including some of characters, excerpts from some of the plays and related references, also we have included quotations from some of the actual speeches. We hope 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, rates the speaker on a scale of 5 - 5 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, degree to be understood, praise and self-criticism, 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 corrections. 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, Past Events, Reading Aloud, Bodily Action, Rhetoric, Speech to Deafens, Stimulus or Answers, Entertainment, Speech to Gain Goodwill, Drama, Biology, Realize, Sales Talk, Emotional, Analytical, Speech to Convince, Character, Original Sketch, Final Exam.

1959 - 1960

SPEECH AND ENGLISH 12 Class of 1960

Ash, Mike	Howe, Dwain
Barnard, Bill	Hoban, Bob
Branson, Bill	Jones, Elizabeth
Brewer, Clayton	Kaster, Bill
Brison, Pat	Keppel, Philip
Coffey, Ronnie	Kuhn, Tommy
Cox, Wayne	McGrew, David
Creed, Gary	Mull, John
Cunningham, Alan	Neeb, Pete
DeBaun, Michael	O'Dell, Sandra
Donica, Connie	Olvey, Shelby
Durbin, John	Rahe, Henry
Fuchs, Donald	Rudicel, Ann
Gahimer, Joan	Ronsheim, Steve
Haehl, Donna	Swinford, Kay
Harker, Harry	Tevis, Phillip
Harker, Judy	Weaver, Larry
	Wisker, Rosie

One of the most remarkable classes that the teacher ever enjoyed, possessing an unusual number of very talented personalities who have gone "far" in their contributions to society. Perhaps the word for it is "outstanding." Average final grade 87%.

FRENCH I Period II

Coffee, Ronnie	Kaster, Bill
DeBaun, Mike	Rahe, Henry
Durbin, John	Rudicel, Ann
Gahimer, Joan	Tevis, Phillip
Harker, Judy (inc)	

This is the first French class offered in Waldron Schools and only then because of Title III and the persistence of the teacher in stressing the importance of language study - "the administration" was very slow to approve. A very good first class - average 89%.

English 11 Period III

29 juniors enrolled - average grade 80%

English 11 Period IV

32 juniors enrolled - average grade 84%

Notes from teacher's record book:

The heckling speeches were "wild" - each person endured "a hail of fire" while trying to convince the class; Clayton Brewer was especially aggressive in heckling the others; however, when his turn came, the class "turned it on"; he pleaded, he begged, he used the chalk board to stress his points - all to no avail; finally, he took his seat in dejection, wiped his eyes in defeat and after a time "joined the fray" once more having perhaps learned his "lesson."

"Charm is the ability to make somebody think both of you are pretty wonderful."

SEE HOW THEY RUN

A Farce in three acts

By Phillip King

Presented by THE CLASS OF 1960 Waldron Gym

8p.m. Wednesday, March 23; Thursday, March 24, Friday, March 25

Directed by Kenneth Sever, assisted by Clayton Brewer, William Kaster

STORY OF THE PLAY

No question about the title of this smash London hit. So swift in the action, so involved the situations, so rib-tickling the plot that at its finish audiences are left as exhausted from laughter as though they themselves had run a footrace. Galloping in and out of the four doors of an English vicarage are an American actor and actress (He is now stationed with the Air Force in England), a cockney maid who has seen too many American movies, an old maid who "Touches alcohol for the first time in her life," four men in cler-gymen's suits presenting the problem of which is which, for dis-guised as one is an escaped prisoner, and another a sedate bishop aghast at all these goings on and the trumped-up stories that are told him. Said "Theatre World" and English publication when the play was first produced in London: "An apt title for an excellent farce of the most involved variety . . . Nor is there any offense anywhere in this admirably written play which deserves a long run for its rollicking good humor."

A Word of Caution To Our Audience:

This is strictly a professional English play. We have tried to arrange questionable parts to suit your taste. We hope you will not be puzzled or offended at our crazy goings on. Remember, it's just a play. And we do think you'll enjoy it.

Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French Co.

Synopsis of Scenes

The action takes place in hall at the vicarage, Merton-Cum-Middlewick.

Act I - An afternoon in September

Act II - The same night

Act III - A few minutes later

Cast of Characters (casts named in order Wed., Thurs., Friday.)

Ida (A Maid) - Connie Donica, Kay Swinford, Pat Brison
Miss Skillon (A Gossip) - Sandra O'Dell, Elizabeth Jones, Rosie Wisker
Rev. Lionel Toop - Harry Harker, Bill Kaster, Clayton Brewer
Miss Howe (A Gossip) - Joan Gahimer
Jake (The Gardener) - Mike DeBaun, Don Fuchs, Phillip Keppel
Penelope Toop (Vicar's wife) - Donna Haehl, Judy Harker, Ann Rudicel
Corporal Clive Winton - John Durbin, Allan Cunningham
The Intruder - Henry Rahe, Shelby Olvey, Bill Branson
The Bishop of Lax - Gary Creed, Bill Barnard, Phillip Tevis
Rev. Arthur Humphrey - Ronnie Coffey, Dwain Howe, Tommy Kuhn
Sergeant Towers - Mike Ash, John Mull, Wayne Cox
Assistant Sergeant - Steve Ronsheim, David McGrew, Bob Hoban
Willie Briggs (Choirboy) - Larry Weaver, David McGrew, Bob Hoban

(The director wishes to thank the cast for its fine spirit of cooperation and concern. Working under severe handicaps, the cast has demonstrated unusual ability.)

ACT II page 36 ...

LIONEL: Ida ! Come here. Ida ! (Ida returns.) Ida, Miss Skillon is not well.

IDA: Why, what's happened?

LIONEL: I don't know. I came in here just now and found Miss Skillon ... found her ...well - found her.

IDA: Oh yeah !

LIONEL: Ida, do you know how Miss Skillon came to be here?

IDA: I shall say what I have to say in the witness-box ! (Exits)

LIONEL: (blank amazement) In the witness-box? What on earth ?

(Telephone rings) Oh, my goodness ! (Rushing round to the phone.)

Hullo? Hullo? - Yes - The Vicar speaking - Who? The Police?

. . . a what? . . . Russian spy? . . . is he armed? . . . Oh dear !

What with one thing (looking at Miss Skillon) and another . . .

Miss Skillon, wouldn't you like to go home?

MISS SKILLON: Who with?

LIONEL: . . . I do not wish to alarm you, but there's a dangerous character abroad tonight.

MISS SKILLON: Bring him here ! I feel like a lion that has tasted blood ! (Enter Ida L.)

IDA: Did you ring?

LIONEL: Ida, please answer my questions. Do you know where Mrs. Toop has gone?

IDA: Not a word will I breathe. You can't make me an accelerator before the fact.

MISS SKILLON: Over and over ! I saw it happening before my very eyes.

LIONEL: What did you see, Miss Skillon?

MISS SKILLON: Over and over. With my own eyes I saw them. "Sweet-heart" he called her.

LIONEL: I cannot make head or tail of all this. Ida, has someone been here to see Mrs. Toop?

IDA: My lips are sealed ! . . .

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(She moves to the closet, and opens the door, hurling the things wildly. There is a low groan from Miss Skillon in the closet. Ida slams the door to, and turns facing the Bishop, who, hearing the groan, jumps up.)

BISHOP: What was that?

IDA: What?

BISHOP: I thought I heard someone groan.

IDA: That was me - leastways, it was my neuritis.

BISHOP: Neuritis. You have my sympathy. I get a touch of it now and again. Mine is in the arm.

IDA: Mine's in the closet. (Exits DL)

BISHOP: (to himself) I suppose every village has one ! (He sees the bottles on the table, crosses to LC, picks up the brandy bottle, holds it up, then looks in the direction of the departed Ida. Lionel appears up R., clad in undershirt, shoes, socks and with table-cloth tied around his bare legs. He is dazed and carries a poker. He starts toward the Bishop who turns and sees him. Putting down the bottle - amazed.) Good Heavens !

LIONEL: (raising the poker: in a dull voice.) Tovarisch ! (The Bishop with a loud cry dodges and rushes across to behind sofa where he gets down on floor, and cannot see Lionel, who mechanically brings the

poker down as if on a head. . . While doing this he wanders absently over to the closet door, opens it, enters and closes the door after him. The Bishop comes from his hiding-place. He wipes his brow as he looks around, making sure he is alone. He is very shaken. He crosses to R of the table and picks up bottle as Ida enters DL)

IDA: That's right, your Highness, make yourself at 'ome.

(She begins to ascend the staircase. She has hot-water bottle.)

BISHOP: Here, young woman, come here. Have you a brother in this house?

IDA: I 'avent no brother at all. Why?

BISHOP: A lunatic came in here a moment ago.

IDA: WHAT?

BISHOP: He attacked me with a rod of iron.

IDA: (Seeing bottles) I'll fetch the soda-water.

BISHOP: I don't want any soda-water. I want to know who it was that attacked me just now. . . .

. . . IDA: (Placing both hands on his shoulders and pushing him down into sofa.) Yes, well, you sit down, your 'ighness, and take it easy.

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BISHOP: Penelope, I wish you would explain to that creature that I am neither the Archangel Gabriel nor the Aga Khan! And as for you, sir - (Looking round.) Where has he got to now?

BISHOP: Your husband. (Crossing to sofa) Oh, there you are!

CLIVE: (sitting up) So I am!

BISHOP: As I came down the stairs just now, I could not help overhearing what you were both saying.

CLIVE: We've got a sergeant like that.

BISHOP: Penelope, what are you hiding from me?

PENELOPE: Nothing-nothing at all! We'll talk it over in the morning. Now do go to bed.

BISHOP: I will not go to bed until I know what is going on in this house. I heard this man distinctly say, "If you don't find it, I'll go upstairs and tell the Bishop everything." Now, what did he mean by that?

PENELOPE: Nothing - nothing at all! (To Clive with venom.) Did you, dear?

CLIVE: No - my sweet!

BISHOP: (to Clive) And I suppose you meant nothing when you said, "He'd love to know the kind of man your husband really is"?

CLIVE: Pen, please tell him the truth. Don't let him blabber on like this.

BISHOP: "Blabber," Sir!

PENELOPE: Uncle . . .

BISHOP: No, Penelope! I am speaking to your husband!

PENELOPE: He's not my husband!

BISHOP: WHAT?

PENELOPE: He's not my husband. I'm not married to him.

BISHOP: (aghast). Not married - I think I'm going to faint.

(There is a blood-curdling scream from Miss Skillon in the closet. Penelope rushes to the closet door and stands with her back to it.)

Merciful Heavens! What was that?

Penelope: I - I think it was an owl!

BISHOP: An owl?
CLIVE: Owl my -
BISHOP: Sir!
CLIVE: - foot. Anyway, it wasn't an owl.
BISHOP: It sounded to me like a woman in distress. Was it someone in the house?
PENELOPE: (standing with her back to the closet door). Well, I thought it came from outside. (She motions frantically to Clive to get the Bishop outside.)
CLIVE: (misunderstanding Penelope's signals). What's the matter? Got something in your eye? Oh, outside!
BISHOP: No, I'm sure it came from inside. (There is another scream.) There it is again.
CLIVE: (suddenly). I know! The lily-pond.
PENELOPE: What?
CLIVE: The lily-pond. Someone must have fallen in the lily-pond.
PENELOPE: But we haven't got a lily-pond.
CLIVE: Of course we've got a lily-pond. Everybody's got a lily-pond. We must have a lily-pond. Come on, Bishop we'll investigate.
BISHOP: But I'm not dressed for the lily-pond!
CLIVE: Lily won't mind. (He pushes the Bishop through the French windows.)
BISHOP: But it's cold out here. . . .
(To be continued in Class of 1955)

"To An Educated Man"

"We, the students of the 1960 Speech Class, wish to thank and commend you Mr. Sever for your everyday services which extend far beyond your teaching duties. You have stimulated our minds, directed our study, and inspired our lives with your expert advice on many occasions.

For all these services, you expect only our thanks; so in our sincerest manner, 'Thank you Mr. Sever,' and may God bless you for your deeds." (Signed by 35 members of speech class.)

Quotations from final exam speeches 1960

F. E. A. AND R. by Shelby Olvey

. . . Fear is my topic, that is why I have named those four mountains - Failure, Eternity, Ambition, and Realization. We fear the first three all the time, for they are craggy and rough looking, but the fourth is smooth for it is the last lap although you have to climb the other three to get to it. . . .

THE ROAD TO BROTHERHOOD by John Mull

The road to brotherhood is not a macadam street but a rough granite mountain. This mountain must be hewed away by man. To properly build this road we must break each wall of granite and crush it into stone to be used as footing under the highway. . . .

LIFE IS A SHOE by Patricia Ann Brison

Are your arches falling? Yes! I said are your arches falling? Do your shoes fit or pinch? If they fit, wear them. If your shoes pinch, can you feel pain? By feeling pain, a person knows that he is alive. . . life is a shoe. . .

Excerpts from final exam speeches continued 1960

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT by Phillip Tevis

The music of life is an octave in brief,
With notes of depression or joy.
Much will depend on our melody scheme;
How the four octave notes we employ. . . .
Thus we have found, Through practice and strife.
The four magic notes For a self-reliant life.

IMMORTALITY: A PLAY IN THREE ACTS by Tom Kuhn

In the Museum of Arts and Science in Chicago there is a wire attached to the top of a dome which is some two hundred feet above the floor. Connected at the bottom of this 200 feet wire is a sphere concern; this apparatus is a perpetual motion device which represents immortality, something that is endless and eternal. We should never doubt this belief in immortality. God had placed eternal life all around us in nature . . .

DEATH by Connie Donica

. . . Often we can compare tombstones, the markers of death, to the happenings and emotions of life. It isn't the monument of the dead that will be remembered but the monument each gives himself before death that counts. . . .

THE COMPOSITION OF MOTHER by Sandra O'Dell

I'm sure if we could stop and realize what all our mothers have done for us, we could picture a woman with worn hands and wrinkled face, and the lines that show sacrifice for her children. Once again a mother must bear these qualities . . . love, strength, courage, patience, and faith in God.

WOMEN OF FAITH by Joan Gahimer

. . . Mary McLeod Bethune, a woman who worked with children and enjoyed a wonderful understanding of them. She wanted Negro youth the strength of spirit and will power to overcome apparently insurmountable handicaps. . . She once made the statement - "I will not rest while there is a single Negro boy or girl without a chance to prove his worth." . . .

CREATIVENESS by Harry Harker

. . . Cezanne's artistic ability was suppressed in the early part of his life when he tried to satisfy his father by attempting a banking career. His father soon realized the mistake, awarded him an endowment, and allowed him to paint - . . . his creativeness was not recognized until after his death. . .

PATIENCE by Pete Neeb

Patience is an attribute of teachers. We must realize that teachers must endure the ignorance of children while trying to teach the proper fundamentals. Teachers must also control their emotions while having to confer with misunderstanding parents. . .

"Everyone I meet is in some way my superior."

Quotations from final exams continued 1960

THE PRIZE AND PRICE OF GIVING ALL by Judy Ann Harker

A plain bar of iron is worth five dollars. This same bar of iron when made into horseshoes, is worth ten dollars and fifty cents. If made into needles it is worth four thousand two hundred eighty-five dollars. If turned into balance wheels for watches, it becomes worth two hundred fifty thousand dollars. This is true of another kind of material - you. Your value is a good example of our production in life. . .

HOPE by Don Fuchs

. . . Our strongest hope should be in God. . . . God has given us life, and we should place our hope in Him. He has promised us eternal life. . . . We should have hope in our fellow man. . .

LIGHT by Mike DeBaun

The pale silvery light of the moon, the flickering light of candles, and the penetrating light of the sun are our types of physical light . . . There is also another type of light which is becoming explicitly important in our modern world. It is the light which Jesus was speaking of when he said, "Let your light so shine that men may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

EYES by Gary Creed

You are blind ! You do not and will not use your eyes ! You see no more than what you have to see or what you make up your mind to see ! . . . If I would ask you to look at me and tell me what you saw some would reply, "I see that you dress nicely." A second would state, "Well, you're not so handsome as Bill Barnard. A third would say, "I see that you are an individual with certain points." Each one saw the same situation in a different manner, but only the last answer is even close to correct. Well, you ask, "What should I see?" I would say to this, (1) see good in everyone; (2) see industry in yourself and others; (3) see honesty in all; and (4) see beauty in nature. . . "Use your eyes as if tomorrow you would be stricken blind." - H. Keller.

"FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN" by Donna Haehl

. . . Everyone who has a smaller brother or sister as I have knows that they always tell the truth. Debbie, my younger sister, has more than once wrinkled up her nose with dislike for something I've bought - not because she wants to hurt my feelings, but because it's what she really thinks of it. . .

OUR TASKS, STAIRWAYS TO HEAVEN by Dwain Howe

. . . Sometimes when we are in a crowd, we are tempted to do something that we know we shouldn't do, but we just haven't got the will power to say "no". It is our task to recognize these little things and not become involved in them.

THE TWO-SIDED TRIANGLE by Clayton Brewer

. . . In addition to water, Man has wasted land by planting element-robbing crops year after year. Grazing and overplanting have been excessive in many dry climates, such as Oklahoma, where milling stock ate the vegetation from the land; and when rain failed to appear, the unproductive Dust Bowl was formed. Besides grazing and over-planting, Man is moving out of cities to the suburban areas and without the constant guidance of city zoning laws, is spreading himself on ten acres when one would have accommodated him. This urban sprawl is presently devouring countryside at an enormous rate.

HARVEST YOUR HAPPINESS by Bill Barnard

. . . Plant your seed of happiness early and get the fullest out of life. . . let your stem of happiness or the little things that we do for each other every day - let them bring you happiness. . . appreciate your parents or the leaves of happiness . . . sink your roots in with God's roots because His roots are your guiding light . . . "A man there was, they called him mad; The more he gave the more he had." Are you going to harvest your happiness?

LOVE by Kay Swinford

. . . our mother was our first girl friend and our very first sweetheart. Can you remember back when you wanted something, you probably started crying or threw a toy on the floor, and if she didn't come at once you scolded her when she did come? People beyond their baby years still act this way at times . . . we think of our fathers as the person whom we ask, for some money, or the keys to the family car. . . He is the person whom we confer with about our problems, our financial trouble, the weekend job or that most popular one, the equation to a mathematics problem.

NOTRE HÉRITAGE FRANÇAIS by Ann Rudicel

. . . Mes amis, le tour est fini. It is time that we leave the Louvre, mais I hope the memory of this tour will be with you always and I believe it will, for one who has learned to appreciate "la belle France" never forgets her. But in leaving, I'd like to give you this poem as a souvenir. It reads as follows:

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France
O, ma patrie
La plus chérie,
Qui a nourrie ma jeune enfance !
Adieu, France - adieu, mes
Beaux jours."

"Allons, enfants de la Patrie, Le jour de gloire est arrivé,
Contre nous, de la tyrannie, L'étendard sanglant est levé,
Entendez-vous, dans les campagnes, Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusqua dans nos bras, Égorger nos fils, nos compagnes !
Aux armes, citoyens, Formez vos bataillons! Marchons, marchons,
Qu'un sang impur Abreuve nos sillons !" - LA MARSEILLAISE.