

A Walk Down Memory Lane

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Future Queens of Ebay - *Neither of us remembers how it started. And I, for one, haven't a clue where we got the stuff. But sixth grade at Lincoln School was a year to remember!*

Southern Oregon winters were mild in the good ol' days. I remember wearing light cardigans and bare legs as I galloped around the playground with my best friend, Candy Morasch. I say "galloped" because that's exactly what we did—pretending to be wild horses, the most beautiful wild horses imaginable, and terrorizing every boy within striking distance. So much for shifting gently into puberty.

Anyway, at some point Candy and I began spending our pre-school recess and lunch times hunkered down on the concrete walkway under the front portico. What were we doing, you ask? Trading jools, that's what. Yes, we brought bags and boxes of trinkets with glittering rhinestones or sequins to school each day and spread them out on the ground to admire and barter.

"I'll trade you this earring with only one rhinestone missing for that strip of sequins." "No, I want the red stone too." And on it went, both of us oblivious to the curious classmates who began coming around to watch two lunatics playing with junk.

Not too far into this enterprise, someone reported us (never found out who) to Principal Fenton McAllister (my first hard crush!) and the bartering came to a screeching halt. Back to the rodeo on the playground.

But years later, on my birthday, a package arrived from Candy - inside, a black velvet ring box. Inside that - the most beautiful silver plastic ring adorned with a huge green plastic stone! A true treasure, and a great memory.

Ft. Vannoy/Dimmick - *For the 5th and 6th grades, Fort Vannoy students attended Dimmick School that was affiliated with Fort Vannoy. Every day we were bussed to Fort Vannoy for hot lunches, and then bussed back to Dimmick. For the 7th and 8th grades, we went back to Fort Vannoy and attended classes in the old, two-room building with a large bell on the porch.*

When we were in the 3rd or 4th grade, Fort Vannoy was expanded to eventually take in the 5th and 6th grades. I remember how exciting it was to get new, modern desks and go to classes in brand new rooms. Originally, the 1st and 2nd grades were in one room. Things changed little

by little over the years. I remember eating hot lunches in the basement of the old building until a few years later a new, large cafeteria was also added to the new addition of classrooms. I remember that my mother played the piano for our 8th grade graduation. I was so proud!

Spelling Bee - *In grade school we had spelling bees every once in a while. I remember that Jeanne Masters, Arthur Amberg, Bob (Robert) Bastian, and a few others who moved away, were at the top of the class in every subject. I was a pretty good speller too, so was middle-class in "smarts", and I did manage to exceed in group speed addition on the blackboard due to the persistence of the great curmudgeon, Mr. Benge, in the 8th grade.*

Kibosh to Valentine Cards - *On the first day of 6th grade at Riverside Elementary School, some of us were transferred to the new Highland Elementary School. I fondly remember previous Valentine Day celebrations where we would use our artistic skills and cut out a large red heart or other design using red construction paper. We were given a list of students' names in our class which we would take home, address our Valentine cards, either purchased or handmade, selecting just the right one for our friends, and then slip them into the decorated hearts which hung on the classroom wall.*

This year was different, however. Our teacher informed us we would not be exchanging Valentine cards as one student in our class couldn't afford to buy cards. I don't remember how we celebrated the day but every year since then I've remembered this, and I often think this could have been handled differently. Valentine cards could have been made in class to be shared with each of our friends. For the sake of one person, we were all excluded from the pleasure of giving and receiving. I'm wondering if that child knew why our teacher decided not to share cards with one another.

Jerome Prairie School - *Excerpt from the Jerome Prairie History Book – School Year 1958-1959*

"First day of school was September 8th. The enrollment that year was two hundred eighty. Some of the main entertainments were the Christmas program, the Valentine Carnival, and the Music Festival.

The school was moving into more natural science programs and one of the purchases made that year was a Keno-vision bioscope which would project images from a microscope onto the wall. They would spread a living frog's foot on the microscope and watch the blood circulate through the veins. If they watched closely enough and were really sharp-eyed, they could even see an ameba separate.

The main fund raiser was the Valentine Carnival. That year was the Oregon State Centennial Year with many of the parents and students wearing Centennial costumes to the Carnival. The queen that year was Judy Pyle. She was crowned on stage and received a crown and a large box of Valentine chocolates. Sandy Jubera was 8th grade princess.

To celebrate the Centennial, residents of Josephine County were asked to dress accordingly. Men were encouraged to wear beards and bright red and blue handkerchiefs and the women to wear a lot of calico print. Mr. Lovitt, the principal, enjoyed seeing the girls in pretty calico dresses, but when some of the older boys showed up at school with signs of needing a shave, he put a quick halt to that and not one of the eighth grade boys graduated with even a sign of a beard that year.

Graduation was held on June 3, 1959 in the gym with rose arches. The graduates were:”

<i>Linda Alm</i>	<i>Sandy Jubera</i>	<i>Judy Pyle</i>
<i>Edwin Ballenger</i>	<i>Diane Kelly</i>	<i>Sandy Rand</i>
<i>Catherine Barnes</i>	<i>Rick Kenyon</i>	<i>Jenette Randolph</i>
<i>Carolyn Bowser</i>	<i>Rita Lasater</i>	<i>Richard Redifer</i>
<i>Fred Boyce</i>	<i>Lynnette Lefler</i>	<i>Maxine Rigel</i>
<i>Eddie Crowe</i>	<i>Patty McCann</i>	<i>Lunda Sittman</i>
<i>Joe Dexter</i>	<i>John Meyers</i>	<i>Delores Smith</i>
<i>Judy Dexter</i>	<i>Ana Milburn</i>	<i>Gail Smith</i>
<i>Patti Donahew</i>	<i>Becky Morris</i>	<i>Loren Stafford</i>
<i>Karen Foster</i>	<i>Kathleen Murphy</i>	<i>Ferril Wardlaw</i>
<i>Auvern Jack</i>	<i>Harry Pangburn</i>	<i>Nancy Woods</i>
<i>Mike Johnson</i>	<i>Kenneth Polk</i>	<i>Howard Van Cleave</i>

Moby Dick & Ms. Thorton - *In my senior year at GPHS, one of my teachers was Ms. Millie Thorton, and I think she taught either literature, reading, or something like that. Anyway, I was much less interested in what she was teaching than the woman herself. If I recall correctly, Ms. Thorton was a very good looking woman, she only had about 10 to 12 years on me, she had an attractive body and truth be told, I had a tremendous crush on her. I would sit in her class and day dream about all of the things thatwell, let’s just say I would day dream.*

It seems to me that it may have been the winter term when she had us read Moby Dick, and for the next week after week after week, we studied Moby Dick until I couldn’t stand even the thought of it anymore. I mean, let’s face it, for a young kid of 18 my thoughts were more along the lines of something other than some stupid whale.

When we finally finished studying Moby Dick, the whole class was mortified to hear from her that we would be reading and studying another “stupid” epic novel for the next nine weeks. I do not recall what that next reading assignment was, but I do recall that pretty much the entire class was near revolt. Ms. Thorton was not too pleased by this, and she told the class that if anyone wanted to get up and leave the class, they were free to do so and that they would spend the remainder of that term in the library. She said that whoever got up would not be allowed back in class until the end of the term, but those leaving could come back (if they thought they were so smart) to take the final exam.

Out in the hallway after class, a bunch of us got together and struck our plan. At the next class when she said we could all get up and walk out if we wanted to, the vast majority of my classmates agreed that would be exactly what we would do. We’d show her...by golly...!! We weren’t going to waste our time studying some boring subject for the next nine weeks.

Well, sure enough, at the start of our next class with her, she discussed the upcoming reading assignment, the fact that she was aware that many of us were not happy with the material we would be studying, and then she said the magic words all of us had been waiting to hear. If any of us wanted to get up and walk out of the class, do it now.

That was the signal for all of us to stand up from our desks, grab our books, and walk out the door. Not a second had elapsed from her making that statement than I was standing and gathering up my books. Slowly, I noticed out of the corner of my eye that I did not see anyone else standing. Not anyone....except for me...! YIKES...!! I glanced around the now very-silent room only to see that my co-conspirators were now studying the tops of their desks with a kind of transfixed stare. They didn’t even look up...!

Well, now I’m committed. There was no way that I could sit back down at my desk. In what seemed like an eternity, I slowly looked around the class...now realizing that I was the only one to follow through with the grand plan. I glanced up at Ms. Thorton, saw in her eyes that she was not backing down, so out the door I went.

As it turned out, I spent the next nine weeks in the library instead of that class. As luck would have it, Ms. Thorton did let me come back to take the final exam so I did not completely fail her class. Also, very fortuitously, prior to me taking the final exam, several of my classmates passed along to me enough of the test that I passed.

Fifty years later and in my mind’s eye, I can still see Ms. Millie Thorton. She has not aged one bit...and I still have that crush.

Keep Your Hands on the Wheel... - Back when I was a junior or senior, I was out on a date one night with a young lady. We decided to see the lights of the city (OK, we were going to park), so headed over to "Mt. Blue" south of the city. We drove higher and higher on the mountain and the road became dirt and then nothing more than a path. In trying to turn around, I managed to get the car stuck.

My date and I left the car and walked through the dark downhill. We eventually spotted the lights of a small house. We approached it hoping to be able to call a tow truck. Who should open the door and greet us, but Leo Schweinfurt – my Modern Problems teacher! Now if you remember Leo, he was quite the character and he was having a good time saving my butt. Leo was nice enough to pull us out of our predicament with his tractor and sent us on our way.

In class, Leo never said anything about the incident, although occasionally he would smile and wink at me. When we graduated I had Leo sign my "Memories" booklet. His sage advice: "Larry: keep your hand upon the wheel and your eye on the road". Leo Schweinfurt.

Bodyguards – Flashback to 1st and 2nd grade at Lincoln School. I was picked on by some big boys while walking to and from school on 7th Street. So, my best friend Leslie Gurgle would come and walk with me. Of course we were also teased more by these boys. I told my dad and he knew the boys' dad who was a race car driver and not home much.

One evening my dad took me to their house and I was scared to death. He told their father what was going on...OH MY!! He was a big man, he called his boys, and they were in serious trouble. After that Leslie and I had body guards. No one was to pick on us. They did not like it but that was what they had to do. Later I found out their dad had beat the hell out of them for picking on a little redhead and her friend.

'57 Plymouth – During our junior and senior year I drove my 1957 green/white Plymouth with chrome reverse rims (big deal in those days) to school every day. I got very upset when someone took my spot on the street in front of the pool! Now it sits in my yard waiting to be refurbished.



State championship wrestling tournament
Hodges for lunch
Wrestling the Japanese All-Star Team
Drag racing on I-5 and the mint farm
Big Bertha
Mrs. Jones' clicking heels
Mr. Schweinfurt's "lectures"
Graduation!!!
Dissecting frogs in biology class

Boy's State at OSU
Cruising Larry's Drive-In
Prom night
Homecoming bonfires
Tuffy Keith
Baccalaureate
Gum snapping in Mr. Farrand's class
Manual typewriters

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No One Injured As Big Wind Rips Off School Roof

Blown Roof Clutters Parking Lot

By KAY GRAHAM

"Raising the Roof" was the chosen theme of the violent 75-75 mph wind which destructively ripped off the roof on the southwest corner of GPHS Friday, February 24, at 1:48 p.m. To the students' dismay, after a one day vacation, classes are back in session even though some have been shifted temporarily to other rooms.

Damages to GPHS were varied and extensive. A 30 by 50 foot section of the roof was picked up by the wind and dropped on the opposite side of the school in the parking lot damaging Mrs. Van Vels's 1959 Nash Rambler extensively. Among the serious damage of over 2000 sq. ft. of roof, 20 ft. and others. The upstairs southwest hall and the window on the southeast stairs were damaged. Also a beam crashed through room 14, causing considerable destruction.

The entire destruction to GPHS was estimated between \$20,000 and \$40,000, according to Ralph Jones, superintendent of schools, through the cooperation of the contractor and architect's findings.

Students after having been evacuated from the building immediately after the storm was given, most said they didn't going disturbingly at the damaged building. Students were then excused to attend the district wrestling tournament, which was (Continued on Page Three)



It took quite a puff of wind February 24 to flip the school roof and create such wreckage as the above. This wreckage came from the southwest corner across the entire building before it landed on the east side of the building between the main GPHS building and the shops.



Violent winds blowing over caused this portion of the 30 ft. roof to be the office of the principal's Math room.



Behavior Problem Increases

A perennial problem that brings considerable disapproval from most students is the hall behavior of some "going steady" couples that persist in making a display of their affections.

Fortunately, the problem does not involve a majority of students taking part in such displays of affection but it does affect the reputation of the entire student body. Visitors are certain to see and comment upon such behavior.

Most students are brought up in such a way that they have learned a sufficient amount of etiquette to realize such actions should be kept away from the school and its surroundings. As in all cases, there are a few who do not practice what they have learned, and do not seem to care what others think.

This issue was brought to the attention of the students again by Miss Calhoun, dean of girls, in a fairly recent talk when she said, "Some, and by that I mean a very small percentage, have ignored all of this and by so doing are bringing the morale of the entire school lower. We feel that the improvement of this situation merits the combined efforts of all students and teachers."

We agree, particularly with the statement that it will have to be an all-student body effort to correct such a situation.

To those who persist in these untoward displays, we can only remind them that they too are a part of the student body and should by now, if for no other reason, realize that "it just isn't done in good company."