

BOONE HIGH CLASS OF 1947

35th REUNION

JULY 24th 1982



CLASS COLORS: GREEN AND WHITE

CLASS FLOWER: WHITE ROSE

CLASS MOTTO: "THE HIGHER WE CLIMB, THE BROADER THE VIEW."

PROGRAM

JULY 24, 1982

6:30 - 7:30 P.M.-----Cocktail Hour

7:30 - 8:30 P.M.-----Dinner

Master of Ceremony-----Bill Curell

Business Meeting-----Jim Schroeder

SlidePresentation-----Vernon Moorman

9:30 P.M.-----Photo Session

MUSIC & VISITATION

HONORED GUEST

Mr. & Mrs William Hartley

Mr. & Mrs Howard Stutzman

Boone High Facts

In 1913 the erection of the old part of the present building was begun and on January 19, 1914, the classes were transferred. Still the number of students increased until it was finally necessary to build the present junior high edition.

The Pep Club is an organization of girls that whoop up the pep from the side lines at the games.

The Science Club before 1928 was known as the Radio Club. In 1928 it became the Aero Club, and in 1931 the Science Club.

The girls had a Science Club of their own for a few years - organized in 1933.

Commercial Club was organized in 1923. The band was organized in 1924.

In 1912 the commercial department started publishing a small school paper which culminated in "The Bumble Bee" in 1914. In 1977 the name of the paper changed to the "Ole" with it's first editor being Chris Bishop.

The Boys Hi-Y had its beginnings in 1918.

The Hi-Yette Club was a school activity until 1930 when the name was changed to the B-Y-Ettes.

Quill and Scroll, an international honor society for high school journalists, was established April 10, 1926. The Boone Chapter was organized in October, 1927.

The Boone Chapter of the National Honor Society was organized in Boone High School in 1933. Those chosen for this society must excel in scholarship, character, leadership, and service, and must rank in the upper third of the class.

The Superintendent of schools from 1913-1919 was E.C. Meredith. He resigned March 1, 1919. In 1913 the principal was C.C. Ball.

The first graduating class from Boone High in 1914 had the motto "Rowing, not drifting."

In 1913, 159 people petitioned the Board for Kindergarten to be started.

In 1914 the Home Economics course was voted to be one year in length instead of six months.

In 1917 French was substituted for German in the schools as an elective. Board voted to abolish the teaching of German in schools.

In 1916 a grade school principal was tried before the Board for whipping a boy, the Board dismissed the charges.

In 1917 the high school had no pianist so a Mrs. B. was paid \$2.00 per week as a pianist for the glee clubs.

In 1915 the High School tuition rate was \$44.00 per year.

The new high school was open to visitors January 14 and 15, 1914 and the pupils had full use of the building in the fall of 1914.

In 1925, the Boone football team played against Marshalltown and reporters said Boone played like bull fighters, and that's when Boone's mascot became the Toreadors.

The two school bond issue dates for building a new school were October 1978 and February 1980. They were both voted no.

REUNION JITTERS, OR THE ULTIMATE COMPETITION

Some of life's most strenuous competitions take place away from the athletic fields. They are held in high school cafeterias, in catering halls and on college campuses. We call them class reunions.

A class reunion is an opportunity to measure ourselves against those who started the race to adulthood at our sides. No wonder so few of us are willing to go to a reunion unprepared.

Training begins as soon as the cute note from the reunion committee arrives. "Hi, all you guys from the Class of 65". . . . Won't it be terrific to see old Mrs. Simonelli again, the only teacher to teach French with an Italian accent?"

We instantly renew our commitments to diet and exercise. We reevaluate our wardrobes and our spouses. One friend went straight to her hairdresser with but one instruction, "Make me look successful."

It may be too late to change our spouses, houses or careers. But it is not too late to change the way we describe them when responding to the inevitable reunion question: "What is the former president of Future Accountants of America doing now?"

Homemakers become part-time potters, salesmen become marketing experts, doctors and dentists become slightly more swell-headed than they were before.

All of this primping and propaganda cannot wholly hide the truth. We relish the sight of the bloated and the balding fellow who once topped the "best looking" list. We compare the yearbook predictions of success, hoping that the class genius now works in a carwash and the class clown has been elected to Congress.

Most surprising are the late bloomers: the kid who couldn't add but made a fortune in the disco business, the former delinquent now enrolled in divinity school.

Some say the key to successful reunion competition is timing. One guy told me he skipped his 10th reunion because he was not yet a success-but can hardly wait for the 20th when he'll be wreathed in glory.

Why do reunions bring out our most competitive instincts? Why are we so busy rating our friends and ourselves that we fail to find enjoyment in each other?

Reunions bring us face-to-face with the choices we made along the way, the dreams we discarded or reshaped.

The real reunions at reunions occur when the people we meet are the people we thought we would be.

For me, the class reunion occurs annually, when my childhood friend Carol comes to town. Every June she shows up, fresh from her latest assignment as a wire service reporter in some exotic capital of the world. She carries tales of reporter's intrigue - and gifts of Thai silk or African batik. I bring baby pictures and behind-the-scenes stories about working in Washington.

In past years, we have compared work and waistlines-she always won. We compared homes and loved ones-I always won. We matched our lives point-and nobody won.

For my part, I always came away feeling like a failure. We started with the same dreams. How did she turn out to be Barbara Walters and I turn out to be Betty Crocker?

This year, I am determined to declare a truce. Surely, we have grown up enough to stop trying to prove the other failed in order to feel we succeeded. In our new maturity, we should meet as admiring equals and not competitors.

Even so, I can't help wondering what I should wear--Just in case.

Leslie Milk is a free-lance writer and public affairs consultant whose column will appear each Wednesday in the Virginia Weekly.

SACRED HEART CLASS OF 1947

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The Original
School and Convent

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