

17th SCHOOL BOONE HIGH SCHOOL

'78

CROLL

scroll

1978

Boone High School Boone, Iowa

The year and times of approximately 1400 Boone High Students, as told to Boone High Students, by Boone High Students.

1978. . . a year for new ideas, a year for change, a year for EVALUATION. Everyone prepares for the NCA Rating team to visit, the architect to draw up his plans for a new building, and for our dreams to become realities. . . This year may prove to be interesting.



Evaluating . . .

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1978 Scroll Staff

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“Hop In,



I'll Drive!"



Scoopin' *the loop*

In the dark of the late hours of night, where do all the teenagers go? Scooping the look, that's where.

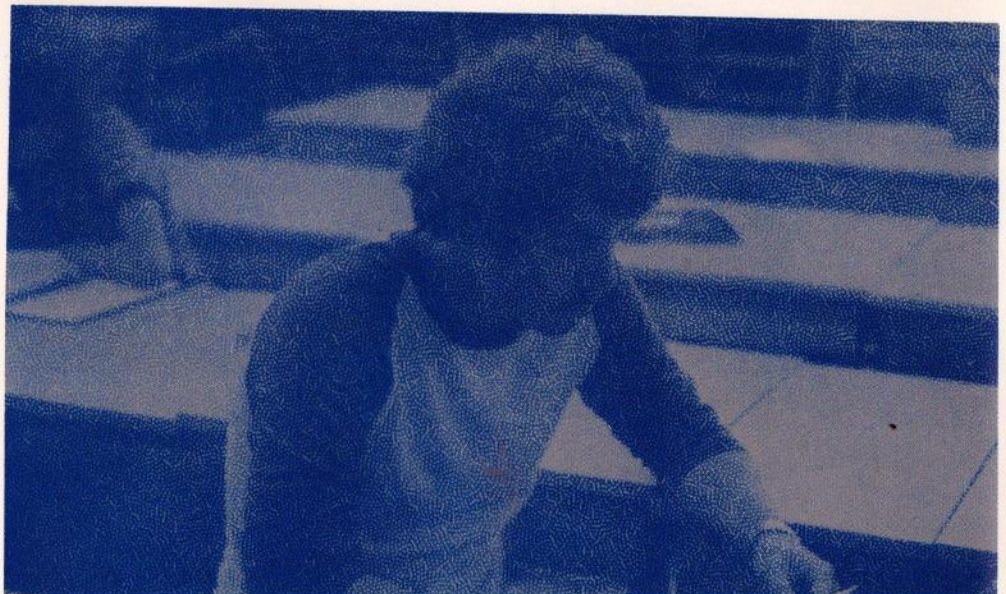
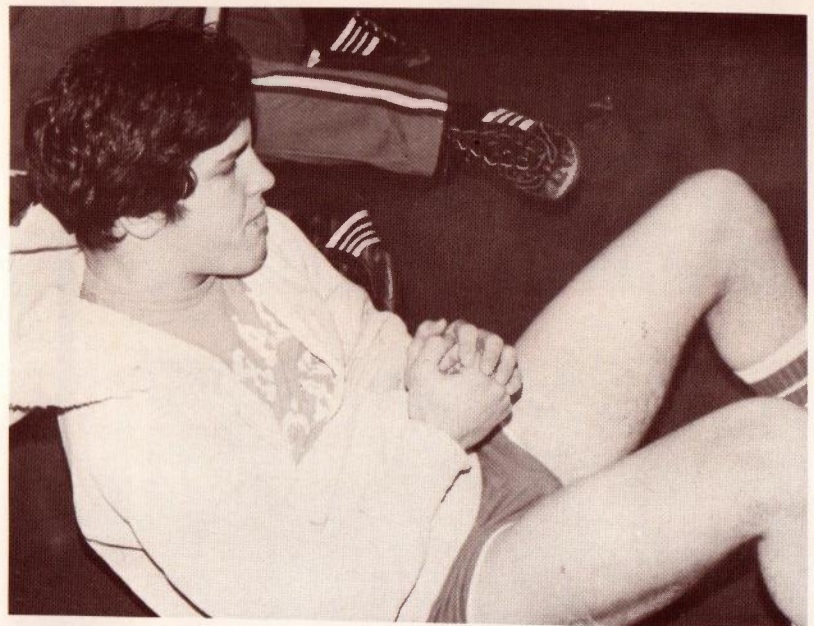
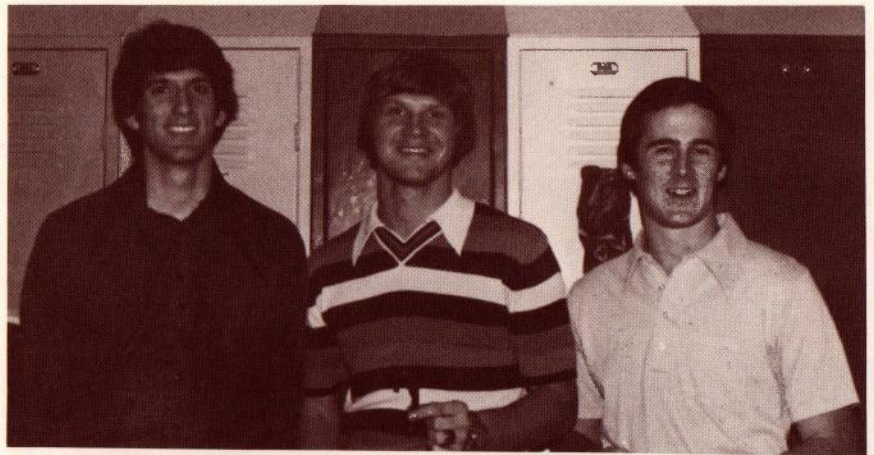
Dragging the main, cruisin', and scooping the loop are three terms for basically the same thing . . . ridin' around.

Many parents think this activity is often a waste of time and money, but little do they know the fun things one can do.

First there's the good old water balloons. Picking on your favorite enemy and catching him unexpectedly. This tends to give them a scare.

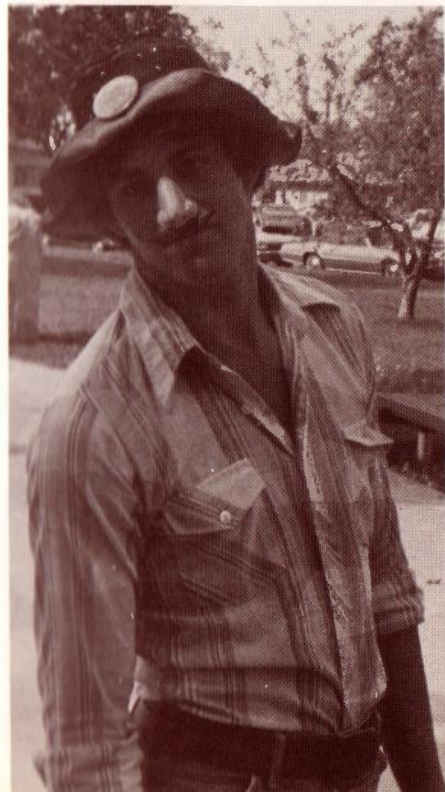
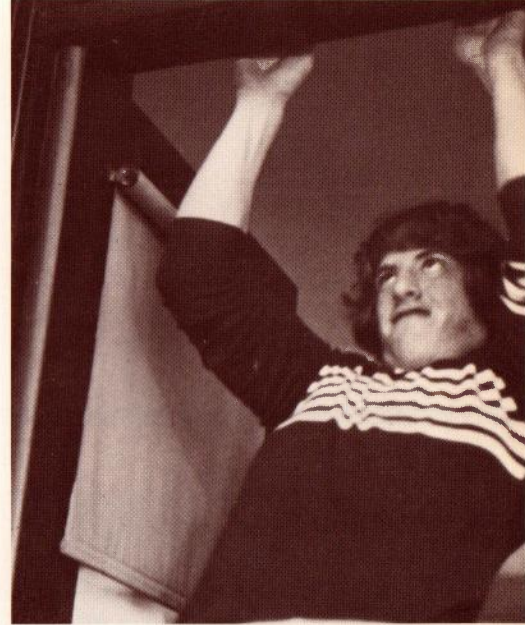
Then, with all sympathy to the car, the bumps. The famous bumps are known to all the kids. When the excitement dies down a good bump will lift everyone.

Finally, when the evening wears on, one statement will serve you with all kinds of action: "Ya wanna run 'em?"

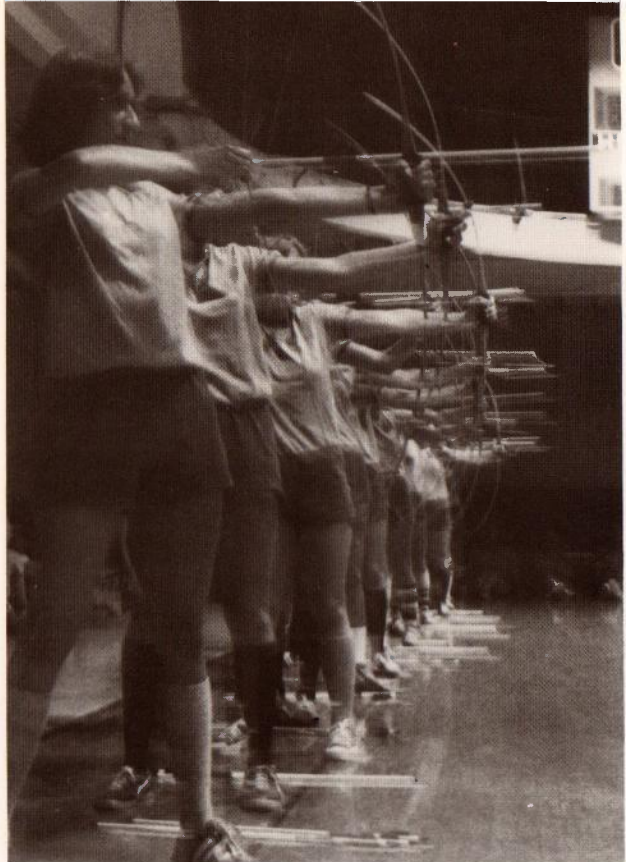


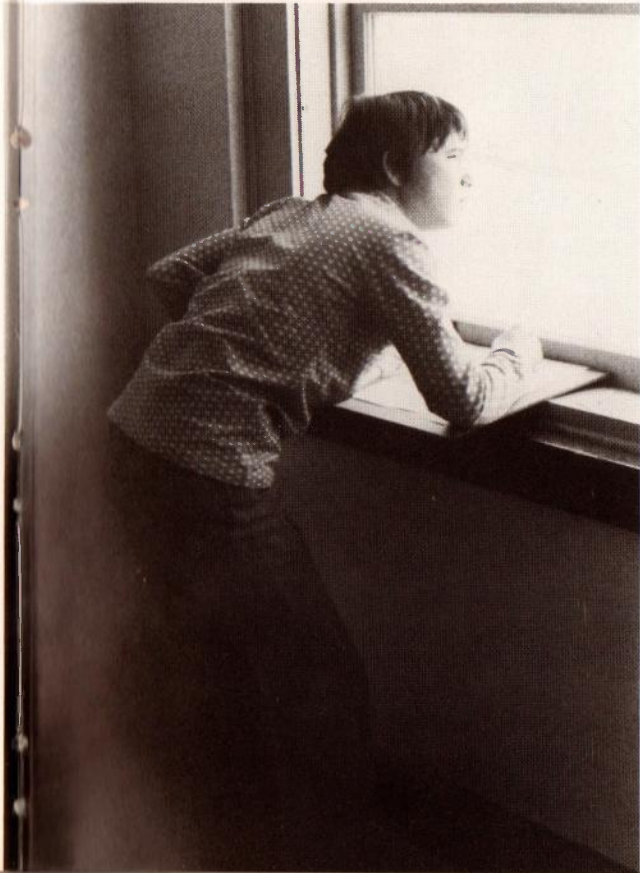


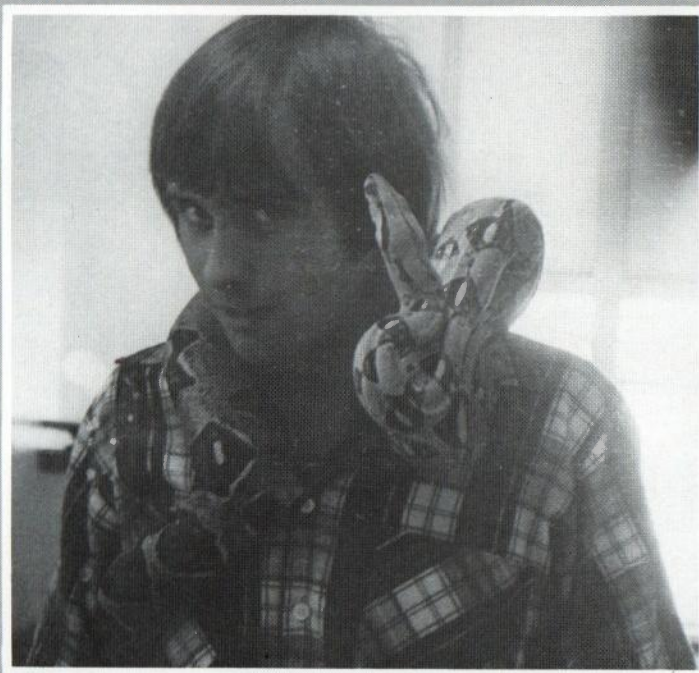
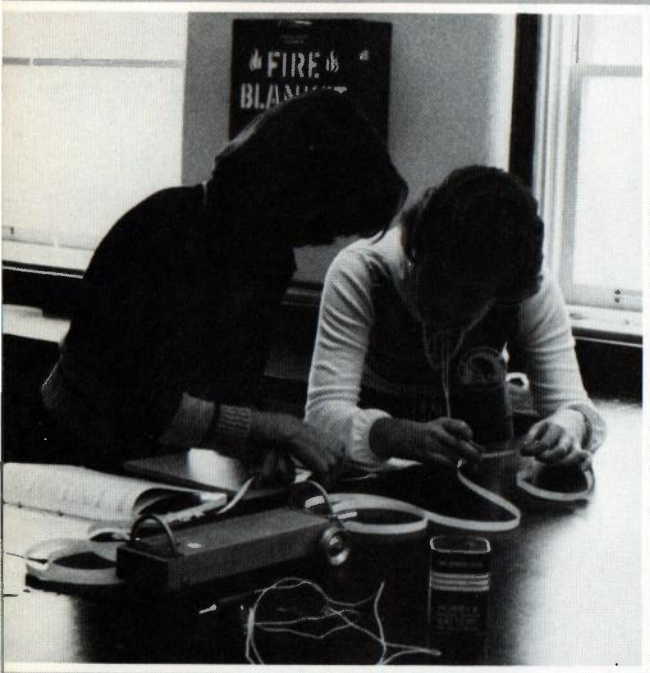
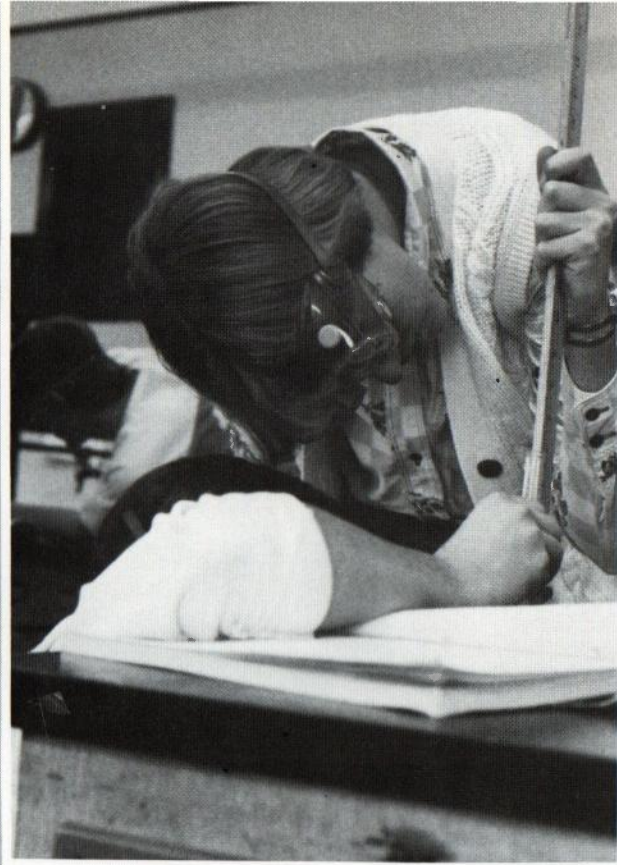
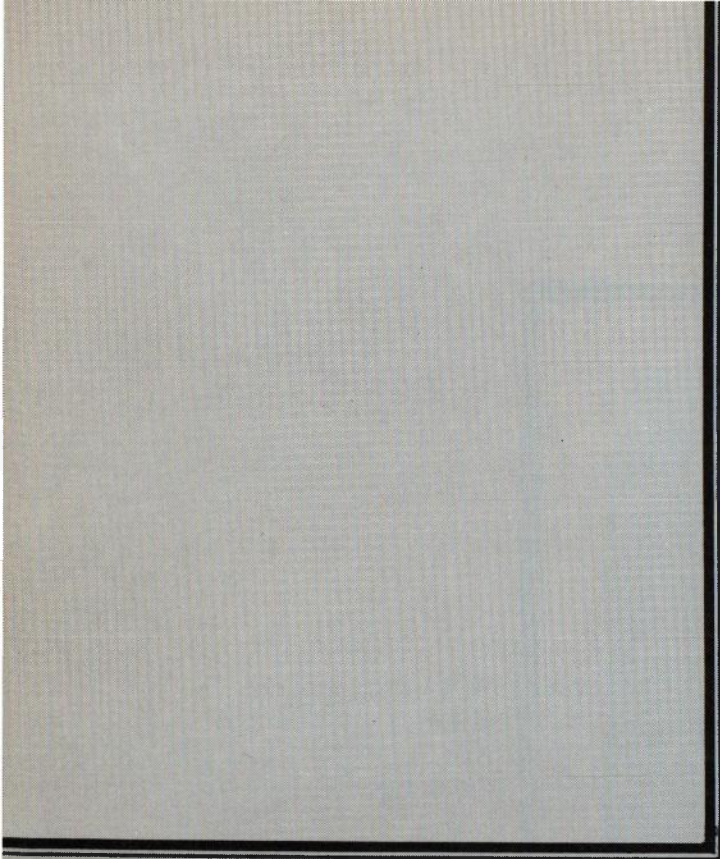
People's Faces
 gently smiling tearfully crying
 sadly eyeing all the faces
 passing by
 never smiling never crying
 always staring at nothing.

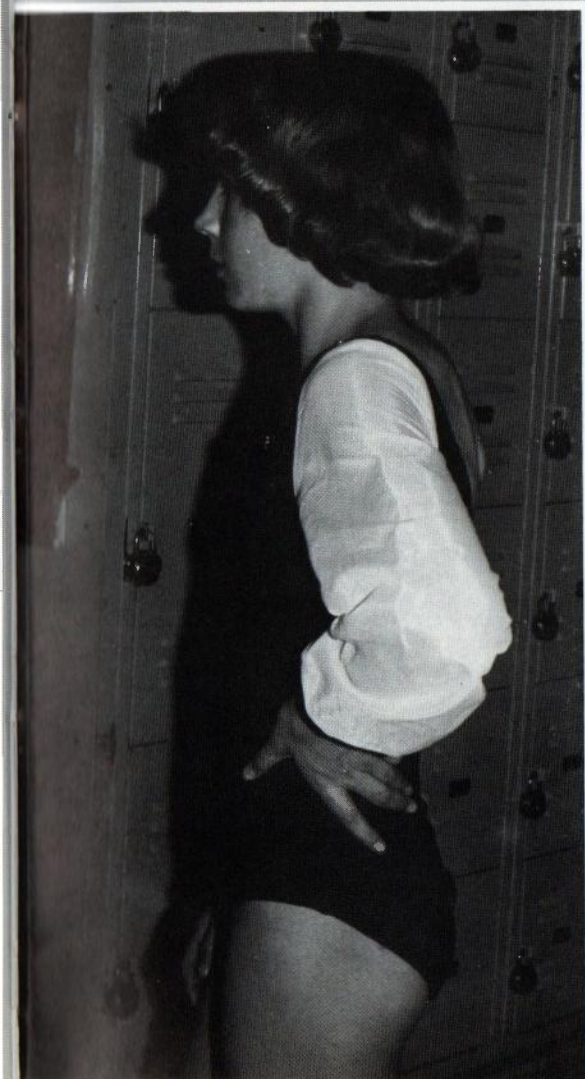


*Time is a miraculous wonder,
fall, winter, spring and summer;
We live and thrive through the changes,
going through so many stages;*





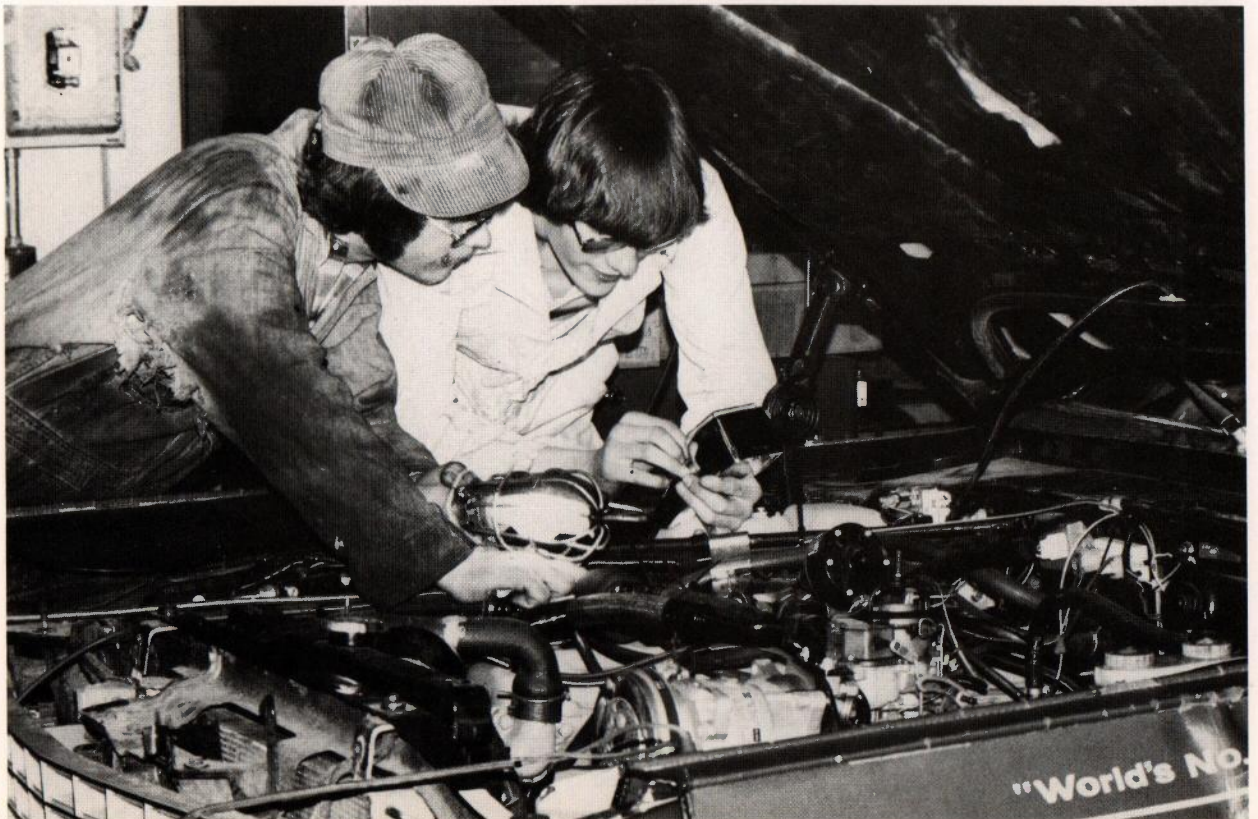




*We sing, we laugh, we seem insane,
but try, we do, even in pain.
Time is indefinite, it shall go on forever,
as long as there's youth to explore the whatever;*

*To search on, to strive, for personal goals,
to play their part, to act out their roles;
Move over world, for here we come,
the youths of today are number one!*

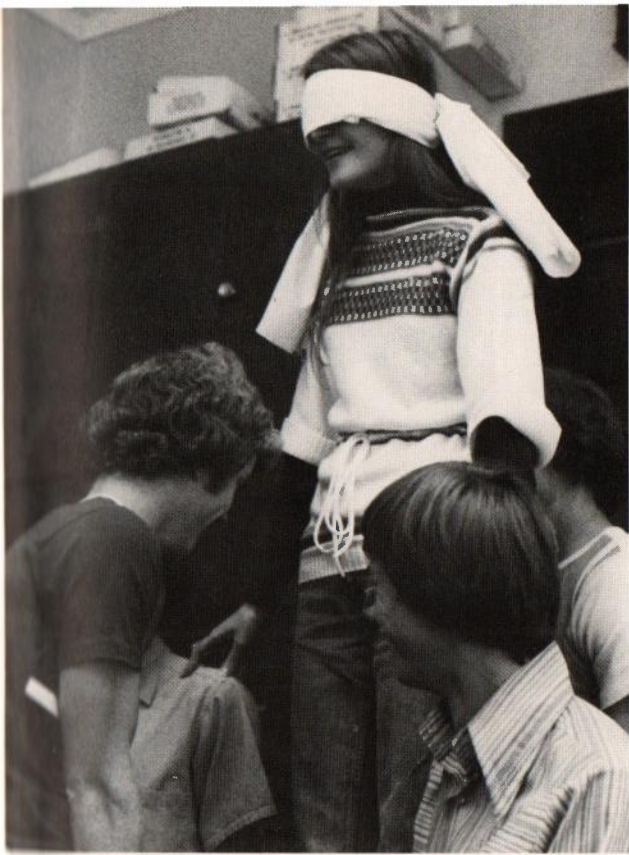
by Mark Baldus





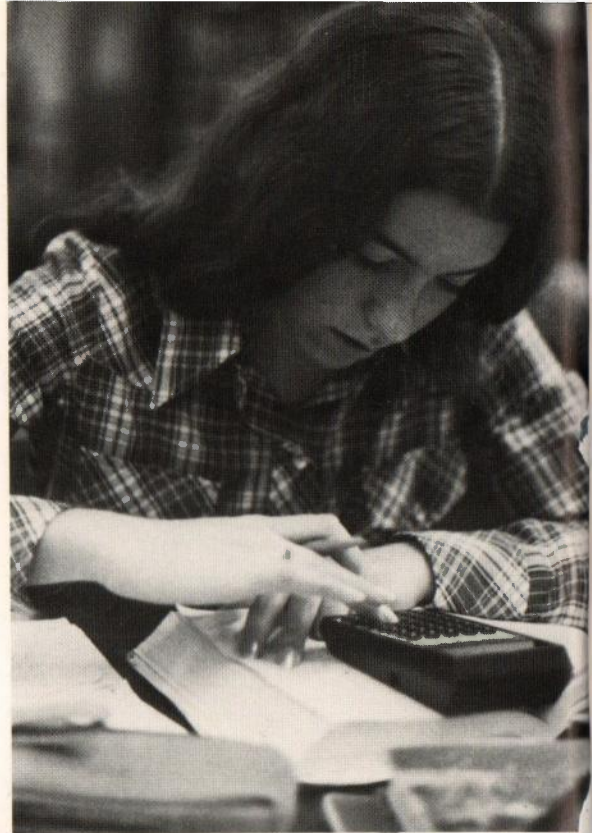
*I remember, I remember,
When I was very small,
I didn't have a care,
Nothing bothered me at all;*

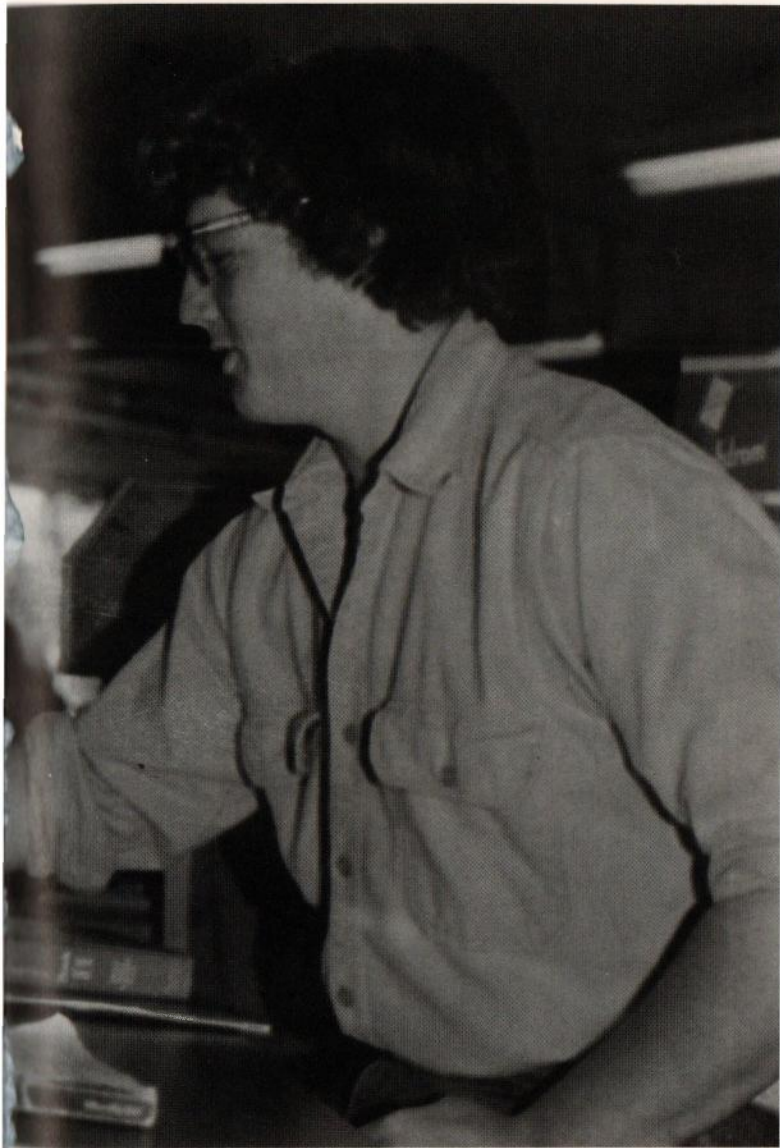




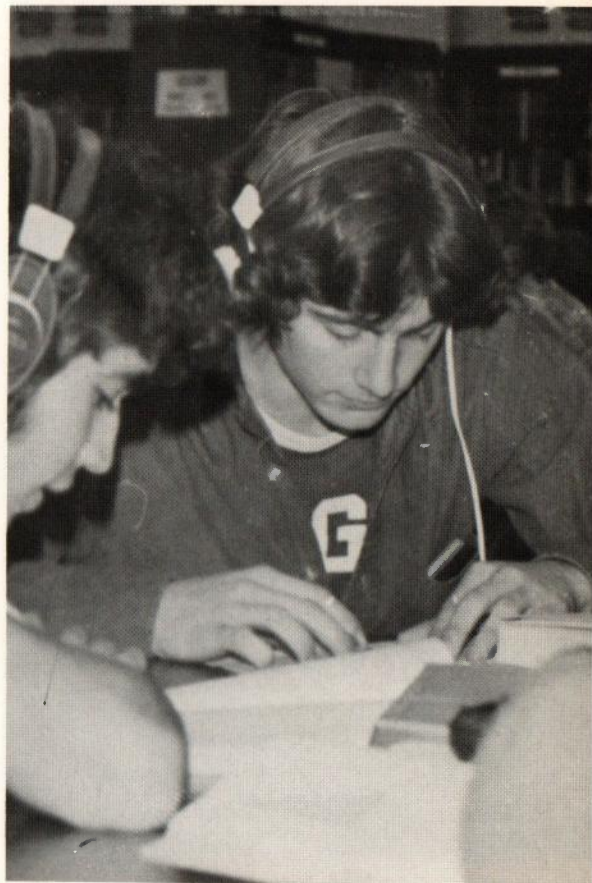
*No pain or hate or sorrow
Existed in my world,
I took each and every moment
As it happily unfurled;*

*There was no time to ponder
On yesterdays gone by,
No binges of self-pity when
I'd stop and wonder why;*

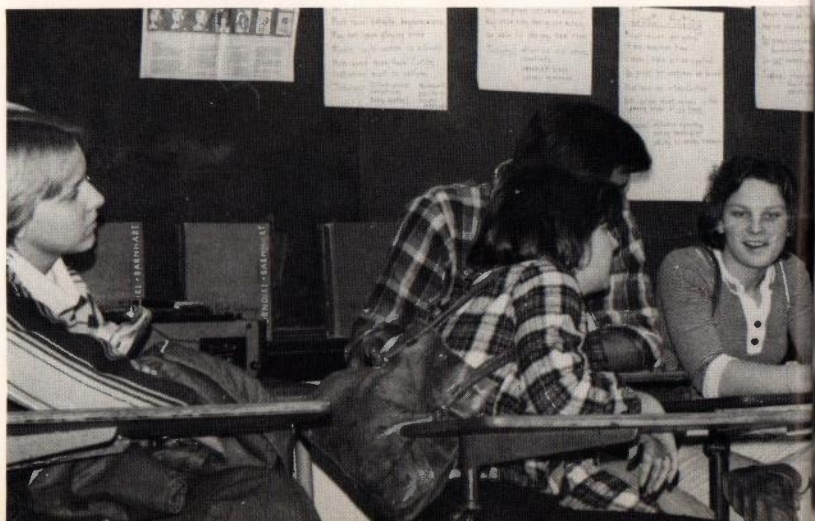


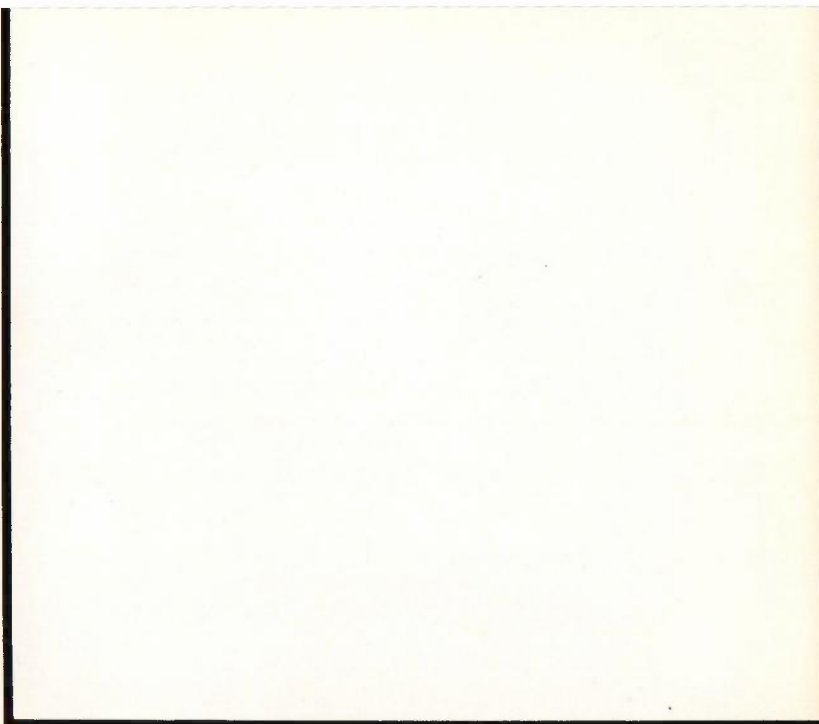


*I never thought of growing up
And being on my own,
The hardships I would have to face
To me were never shown;*



*It's sad to think of when
Time was at a standstill,
And even sadder yet to think
That it really never will.
by Christy Nelson*







"Boy, look at the length of those halls and the lockers are gigantic, I never thought being in seventh grade could make me feel so small."

Hello old friend

You have been a large part of my life

I only mean the past 12 years

I have learned what I willed

I have joined what I liked

I have laughed and smiled when I mused

I have frowned as I failed

Only to get up and try again

My friends are here

In only a few weeks

Graduation will once again consume
more friends

And soon it shall be me

"I feel school has been a cornerstone in my life as I walked down that long road of being myself."

After graduation a whole new way of life begins. The security and "sameness" are miles away and almost completely gone. But is that "sameness" always a part of the school system?

It was time to look back through the school's history, building, and student learning abilities and assess what has been and what the future holds for Boone High, as the North Central Association evaluated our school.

As students, teachers, and evaluators mixed for two days they become as one, finding and displaying faults and seeking and discussing the new and worthwhile things.

With time, all things must move ahead

With progress things must change

To stay the same and conventional,

Only serves to render the clock still

Nothing passes,

But neither is anything gained.

Your self-worth is shown by progressive
changes

To change is to meet face to face

With a stagnate idea that is going nowhere

And sits still for all

But to be young is to laugh, jump, change
the wrong, and improve the good.

A time for change; A time for evaluation

The NCA is a three-point program: (1) Self-evaluation; (2) On-site evaluation by an external team of educators; (3) Implementation--using the results of the evaluation to improve the school by effecting thoughtful change.

Self-evaluation is a process in which the staff, curriculum, and student services are appraised.

Those involved and conducting this evaluation are teachers, administrators, university professors, and state department representatives. Teachers from the school served on subcommittees.

Our school was subject to comparison with schools from 18 other states.

The steering committee began its work two years ago with the initiation of the self-evaluation program. Committee chairman was Ed Tiller. Committee members were Darlene Frazier, Rosemary Hall, Mary Powers and Harold Smith. Questionnaires were filled out by students, faculty members, parents and

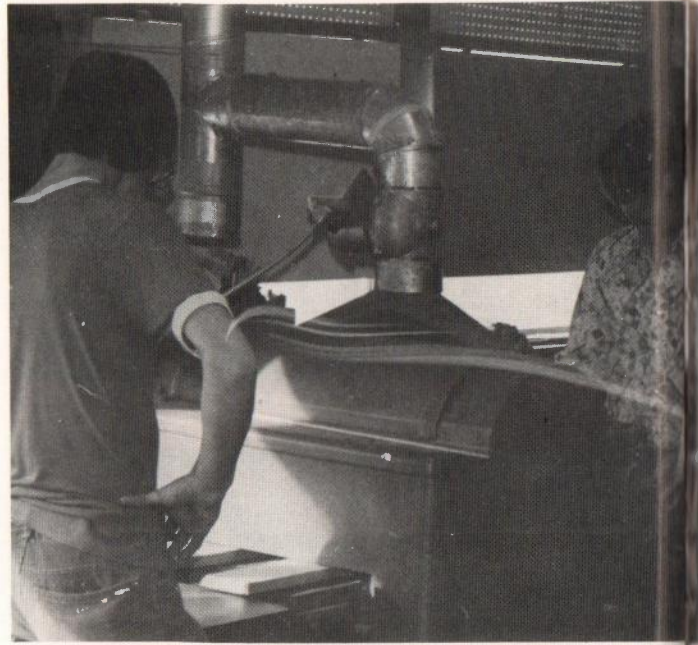




Goodbye . . .
 It's such a final word
 Saying goodbye to dreams, hopes and
 making room for changes . . .
 Leaving, never looking back . . .
 Saying goodbye.
 It's like walking into the sunset,
 and wondering if a new day will dawn.
 Many things are taken for granted . . .
 saying goodbye to a friend though you'll
 see him the next day;
 Saying goodbye to the warm summer
 days though they return with the
 passage of time.
 It's like saying goodbye to the dew fall, in
 the early morn.
 Saying goodbye--a final goodbye to
 something sentimental, always brings a
 quick, but silent tear.
 Saying goodbye is always so hard . . .

school board members who also helped with the self-evaluation. This
 year the NCA staff visited the school. There were two
 committees: the general committee with units investigating school
 activities, activities, staff and administration, guidance and educational
 media. The second committee investigated subject areas: English,
 math, etc.

Life after school...?





All right! Pay day!

A vast majority of Boone students enjoy a common pastime - - - working.

Having a job is important to the growing teenager whose expenses abound. There are cars, movies, girl friends, clothes, food, and that's just a starter.

Teenagers find a large majority of different things to spend their money on, although most parents would call it a waste, for example: gas for cruisin' around town on Friday and Saturday nights.

Food ranks high on the list of expenditures. Everybody need food and nobody turns down a good pizza. Then there is always money needed for school projects, candy, buttons and dances.

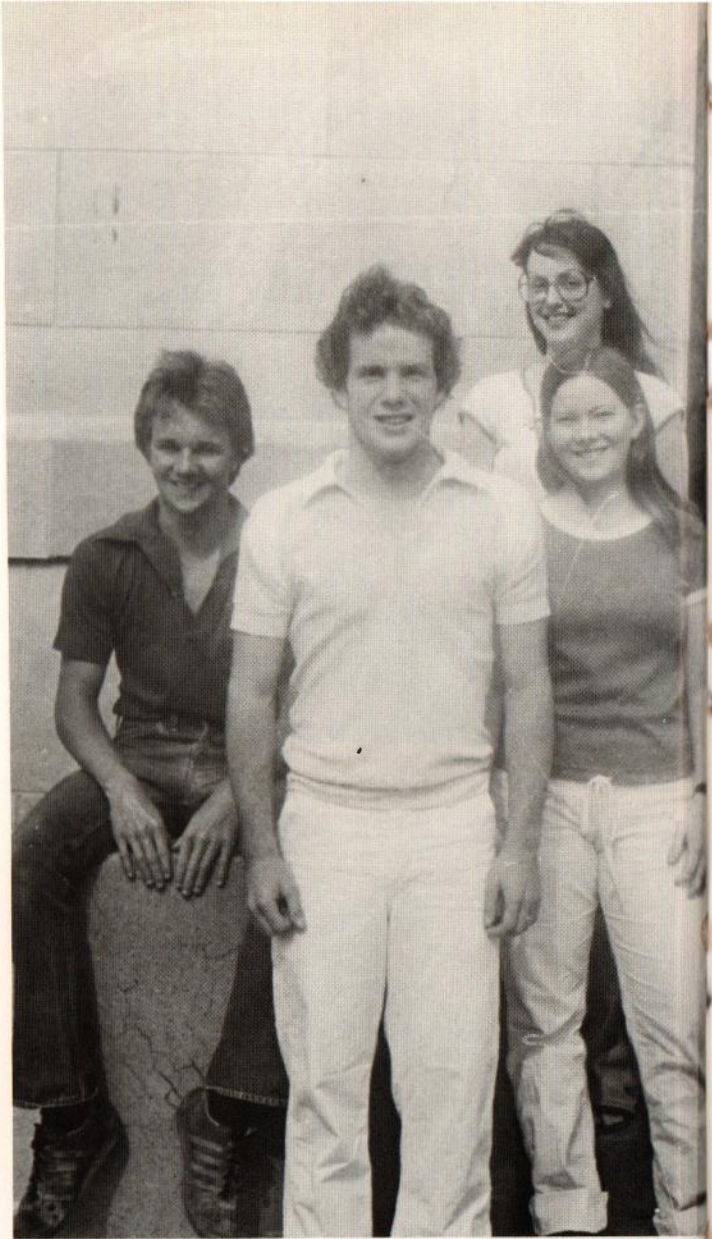
Everybody needs money and around every corner you'll see a hard working student trying to earn money for Friday night.



Top center, senior class officers were: vice-president Steve Bell, president Jeff Springer, secretary Michelle Stecker (back), and treasurer Jan Peterson (front).

Immediately below, sophomore class officers included: (front) vice-president Roxanne Nystrom and secretary Reenie Baldus, (back) treasurer Brenda Roe and president Janine Johnson.

Bottom, junior class officers were: secretary Kathy King, treasurer Dan Morrow and president Kerin Springer. Not pictured is vice-president Steve Frandson.

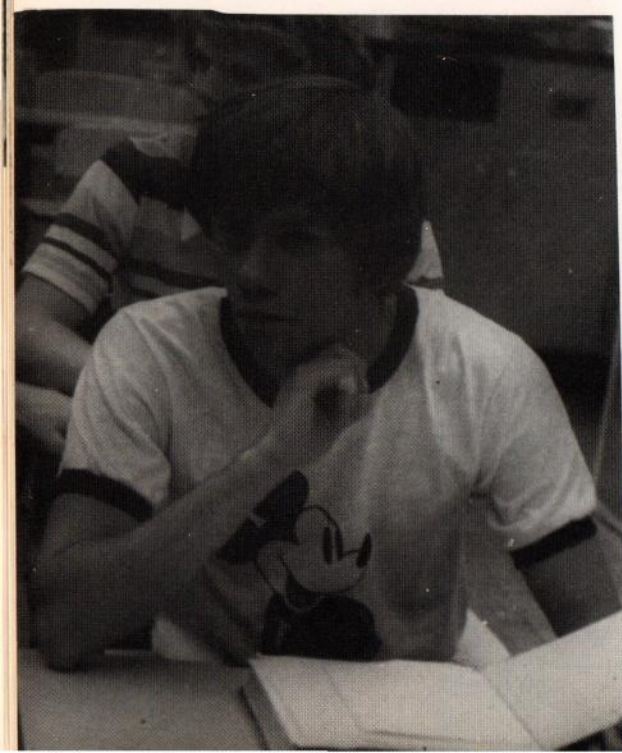


Their leadership benefits our school

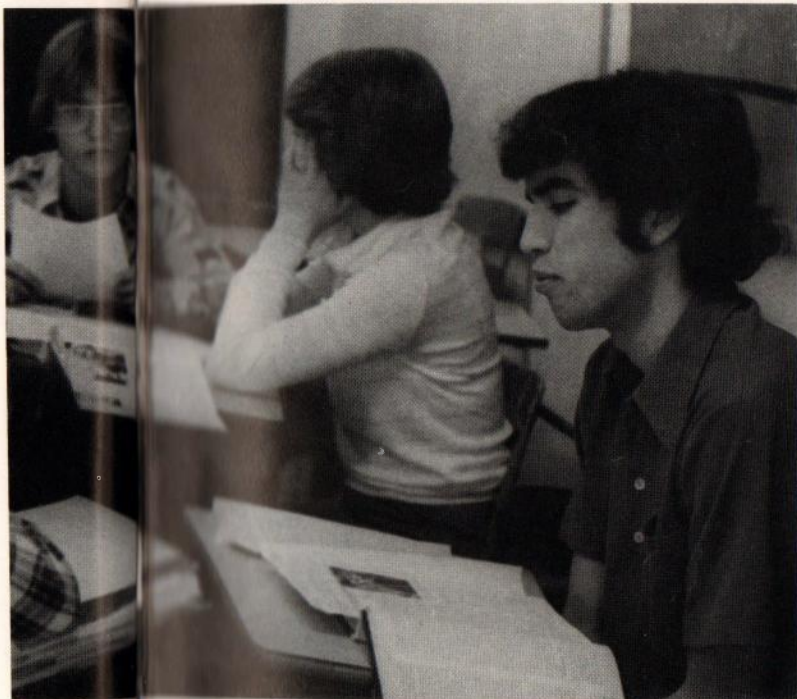




Top left, Kerry Hasstedt, Emily Krug, and Cindy Larson each work on every day things - homework. Top right, Barb Digmann slowly walks up toward the school building on another cold winter day. Far right, Jeff Springer, John Caffrey, and Jill Jones take it easy during cafeteria and John looks as if he could even fall asleep. Center left, Pam Harken and Barb Digmann listen to another classroom lecture. Bottom right, Stuart Gregori is concentrating, or is he? on an assignment. Far left, Jon Jacobsen is reading his text, but where is the print? Pretty tricky reading from blank pages. Bottom left, Tom Tays keeps calm and cool as the person in the next chair dozes off.



Well, here I am again, put me to work!



So this is life, huh? What will all these demeaning little tasks mean years from now? Can't I take a nap, I'm really tired. If only I could be home. It's such a nice day outside, I demand that they give equal school's out time to sunny days as well as winter days. I'm done with my homework, what's there to do now? Got a dime? Call someone who cares. Spring fever -- it hits everyone. Boredom and apathy come from work not doing people. Everyone gets tired. It's easy to think of things one's hated:

Trying my hardest and still losing,
Last picked when the captain's choosing;
Being yelled at when I get home late,
Always single and never having a date;
People who throw snowballs,
And trying to look graceful as I fall,
Being awakened early in the morn,
No time to sleep when I'm really worn.
Walking to school when it's 10 below,
Seeing the winner, and knowing he's not my
hero;
Sitting in class and time creeps by,
Sounds of disgust ending with a sigh;
A friend's subtle teasing,
And in the middle of study hall sneezing;
These I have hated . . .

What a great time we can have just sitting with friends or catching 40 winks when the teacher's not looking. Seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, and even months may seem to pass by slowly, but years seem to fly by.

Boone High Students is the "cwaziest" peoples

Another day, another --- class. With each new day of school, new surprises abound. This year was no different.

This year began as usual with people beginning to get into the rhythm of every day routine.

As the year passed, a wave of craziness struck the school. One day this wave of insanity struck Miss Rosemary Hall, as she decided to go to lunch rather than to teach her class.

Mr. Geiken kepot the wave going with such feats as banging on lockers with long metal rods.

Charge accounts made Mr. Hora go wild, as with each blast of his little air horn a sudden shout of "charge account" filled the air.

Now for Mr. Friedrich, well, being naturally a little crazy, this was another year of excitement for him. Students in "Fred's" classes looked forward to going just to see what insane stunt he would perform.

When school dismissed for summer this epidemic slowly moved on, but without a doubt it will return again next year.

The year was filled with tardy slips and late passes. Mrs. Foster shows signs of having permanently cramped hands as a result.

Notes crept silently across each classroom. It was often the teacher's delight to intercept one of these little slips of paper. Laughs and chuckles often accompanied the reading of these writs.

Cheat sheets seemed to be quite popular this year as they were often found on hands, the bottom of shoes, even tiny rulers.

Hall duties are so loved by the many members of the faculty! What better way to spend the early hours of school than playing shepherd to the hundreds of kids that troop into the building.

Mr. Moseman spent the year playing co-star to the Hall Stalker as he crept around pouncing on students with no passes. We can imagine Mr. Moseman keeps a large chart on his wall to keep track of the numbers of his victims.

