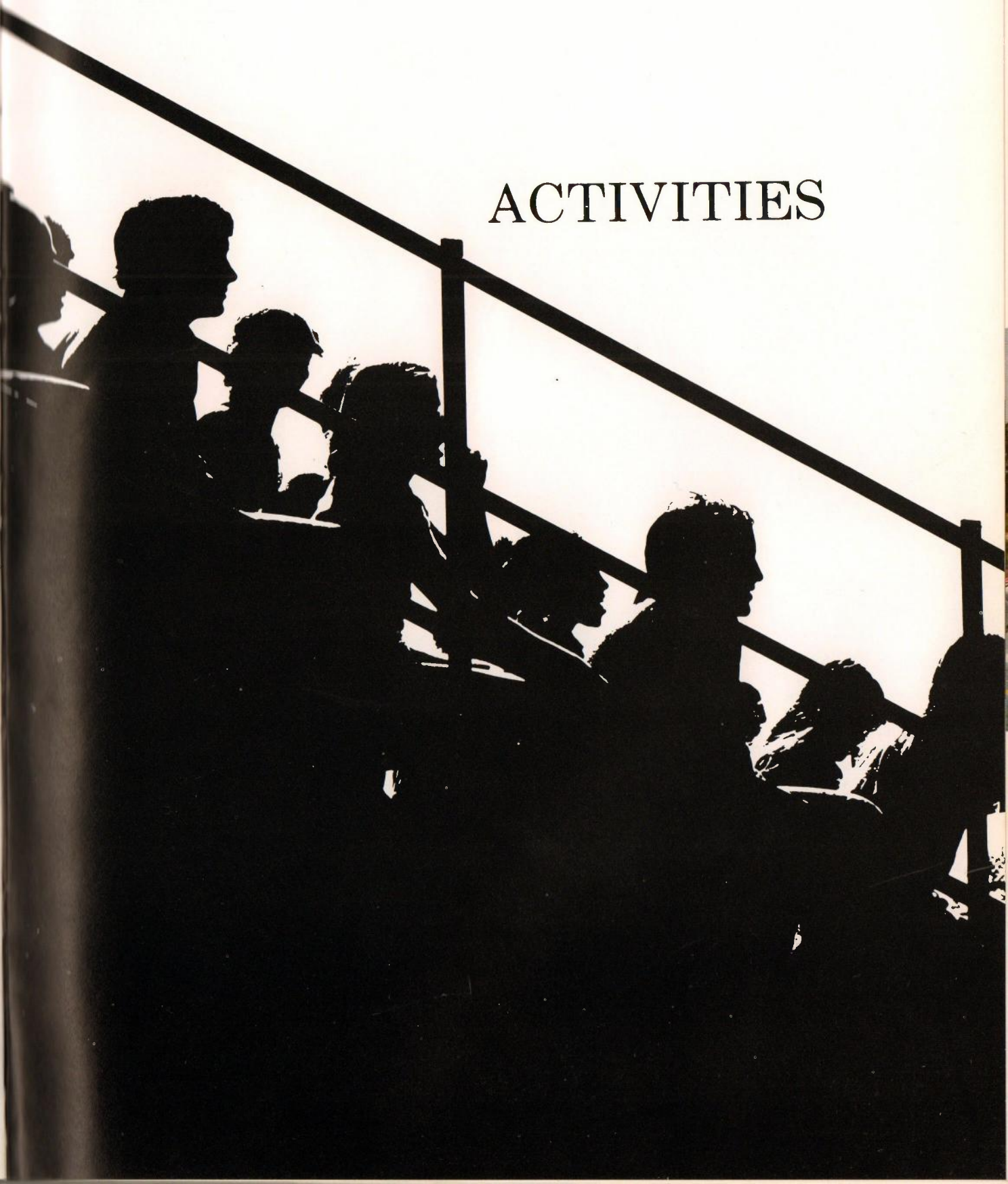


ACTIVITIES





Lisa Watson

Cold, damp weather had no effect on the excited spirits of the student body and the red-hot football players. Enthusiasm was soaring all week long and had sky-rocketed by game time.

A muddy, ill-conditioned field teamed with constant mist and drizzle limited the Treador's ability for well-executed plays, and also spoiled all chances for photographs, which we deeply regret.

Despite overpowering odds, the Treadors played a splendid first half. There was excellent control of the ball, adequate offense, and probably the best defensive playing of the season. In return for this the Treadors were rewarded with a 7-0 lead at the end of the first half.

The second half provided a frightening devil for the excited players. The half was struck with disastrous field position, tangled with costly errors. Offense was continually cut off, but still the defense fought on.

The defense managed to spoil every Indianola attempt, with the exception of one, the deciding play. Even two major field goals were clipped by Treador power.

A fumble in the fourth quarter gave the Indians possession of the ball with 9:15 left on the clock. The score remained 7-0.

The Treadors stopped Indianola at the 19-yard line with a 3 down, 9-yards-to-go situation. It looked spectacular for BHS.

Then on the next play, Indianola quarterback Tom Rundie faded back to throw and saw a hole in the Boone defense and ran 19 yards for a touchdown. Seven minutes, 45 seconds remained. The score a deadly 7-7.

The game went into fearful overtime. With a quick two plays, Boone scored. It happened with Tim Adreon carrying the pigskin to the Indianola eight yard line.

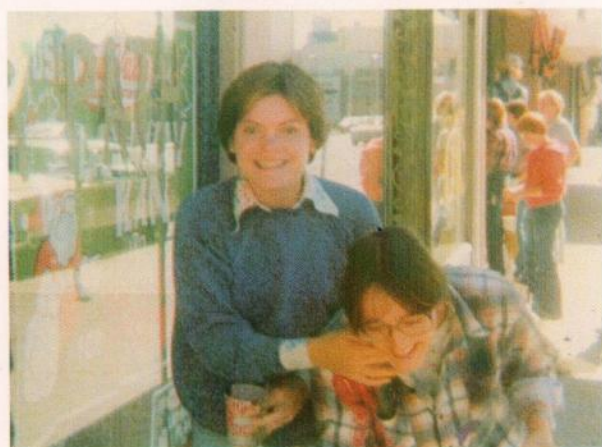
Dan Batt rifled a pass to Senior Mike Murphy. In his excitement Murphy hurled the ball joyfully into the air, resulting in a penalty. The kick was blocked, the score stood 13-7, Boone was superior.

Because of the penalty, Indianola was given the ball on the Boone 5-yard line, with one attempt they scored--the game stood 13-13.

All five time outs were taken to pressure the Indianola kicker. He stood strong, however.

When the clock stopped, it was the Treadors behind by a point; 13-14.

The Treadors fought hard and battled long. A certain one chance shot by Coach Burke was sighted as "coming out smelling like a rose."



On the Sunday preceding the game, creative window painters decorated downtown windows with victory slogans, believing we would win . . .

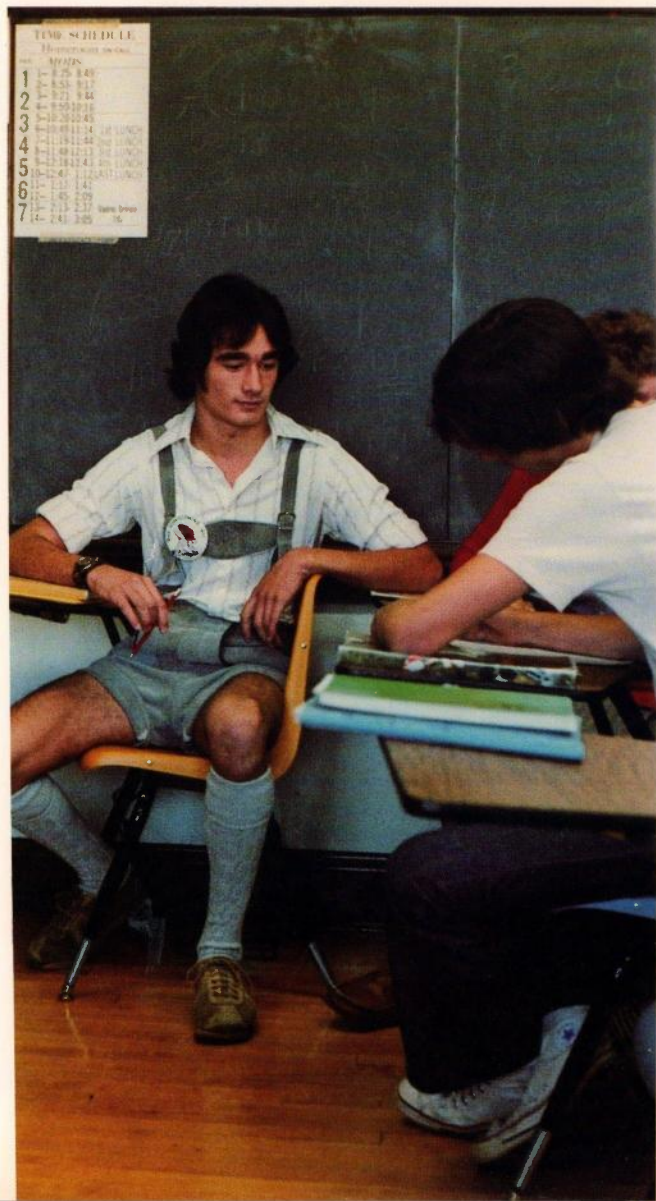
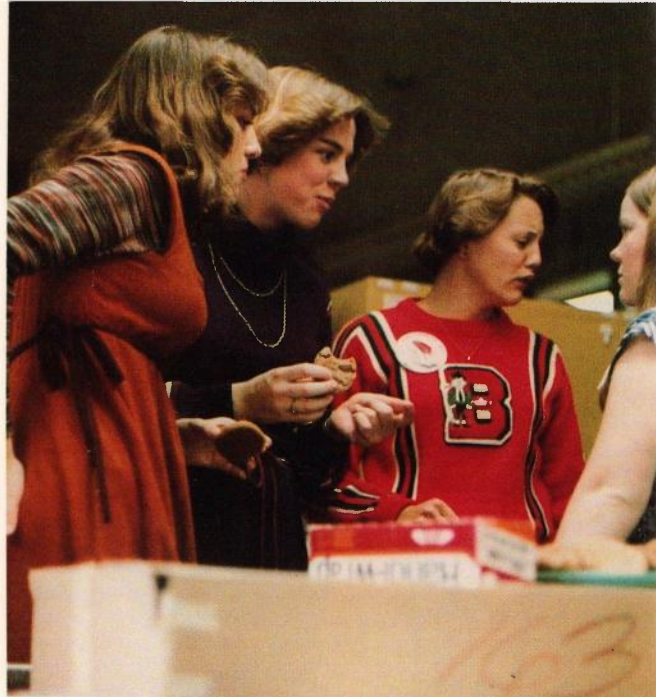
Participation Unequalled As Spirit Rises

Spirit Week was designed and carried out by the student council. They were supported through the efforts of the art classes and various committees throughout the week.

The spirit of Boone High's students was at full speed on the first day of Homecoming week. Monday was designated as De-feat Day. An array of shoe styles were worn to prove to Indianola that the Boone High team could defeat them any day.

The second day of the week was Hat Day. Everyone was to put on his thinking hat and get a line of strategy worked up against the opposing team to psych them out on Friday night.

When Wednesday finally rolled around, B.H.S. was so fired up they decided to show their better side by having Dress-up Day. Instead of wearing their "Sunday best," students and faculty wore their "Wednesday finest" to show that B.H.S. has style both on and off the field.

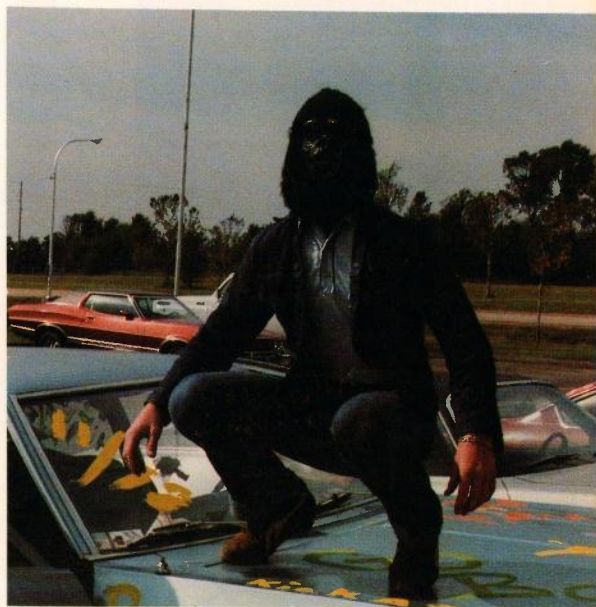


TEAM SCHEDULE	
Homecoming week	
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2	8:55 1:10
3	9:25 1:40
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6	10:55 1:10
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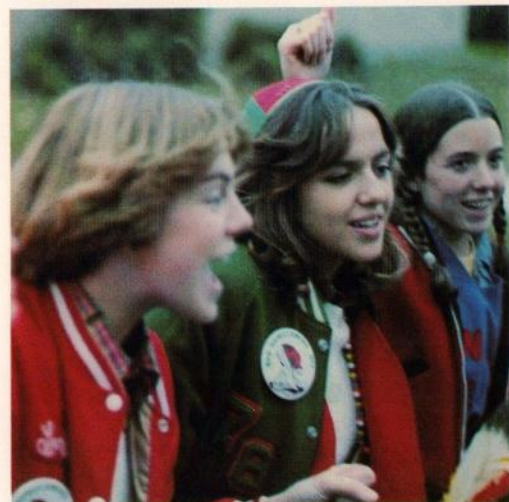


On the fourth day of Spirit Week the students came to school wearing old-fashioned clothes. Many different styles were displayed. Thursday was named Old-fashioned Day in clothing to bring back some of the spirit of the past.



Friday, the most important day of the week, was specified Red and Green Day. The student body was to show its true colors to exhibit pride in the fighting Toreadors. The halls were filled with the feeling of excitement and enthusiasm for the activities of the afternoon and evening. Red and green were noticed from the ribbons in the girls' hair to the socks on the guys' feet. The spirit was at zenith for the Homecoming game on Friday night.

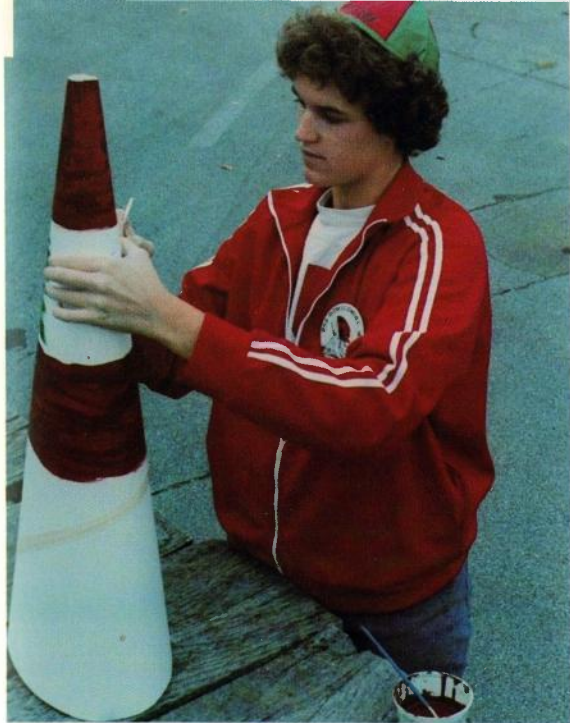
Boone High Screams for an Old-Fashioned Victory



While the pep band blared the school song, the cheerleaders cheered, the pep club members sang, and the football players threw firecrackers. This doesn't sound very organized, but the annual snake dance was a success, for all the participants were drunk with the victory spirit.

The parking lot was a sea of crepe-paper adorned trucks, a hayrack, and an antique fire engine. Scores of pep club members (with their beanies affixed to their heads) and their friends taped dozens of red, white, and green streamers from the tips of the trucks' antennae to the hubcaps of their wheels in anticipation of the parade through Boone's business section.

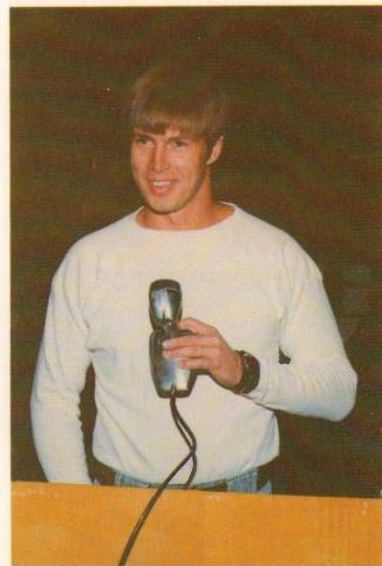




Led by the antique fire engine loaded down with cheerleaders, the queen candidates riding in old-fashioned convertibles and the rest of the procession wound their way from the streamer-littered parking lot down Story Street and on to the football field for the pep rally.

Serving as master of ceremonies for the rally, Mike Hope wore a racoon coat and yelled through a megaphone.

Spirit was high and loud as the cheerleaders led the crowd in several familiar cheers. Ted Hora gave a pep talk to the players and the crowd about the champion team he contributed to in the early 60's. The varsity Toreador football team introduced themselves and named their positions, followed by a few more cheers. The spirited crowd then left, in anticipation of the next night's game.



Top left, "It was like a childhood dream," said Lori Feeney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Feeney, after receiving the Homecoming crown at the assembly October 7, 1977. Bottom left, the Homecoming Queen and her court consists of Annette Jensen and her escort Rick Dearborn; Becky Berglund escorted by Dan Batt; Queen Lori Feeney and her brother Jim Feeney; Cindy Larson with her escort Tim Adreon; and Michelle Stecker who was escorted by Mike Murphy. Top right, Queen Lori Feeney and her escort lead the recession to the Homecoming Tea. Center right, Her court applauds as Lori catches a happy tear. Far right, Sheri Lamb's spirit soars as she leads the crowd in a final cheer. Bottom center, Jeff Springer, vice-president of student council acts as master of ceremonies for the assembly. Bottom right, part of the crowd watches as the candidates take their positions for the coronation.



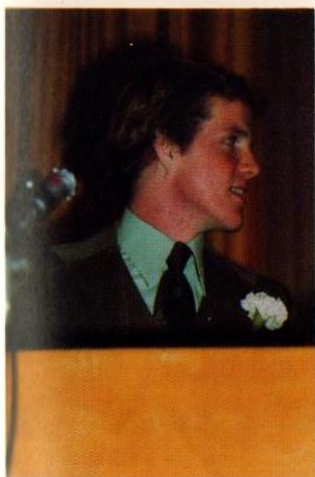
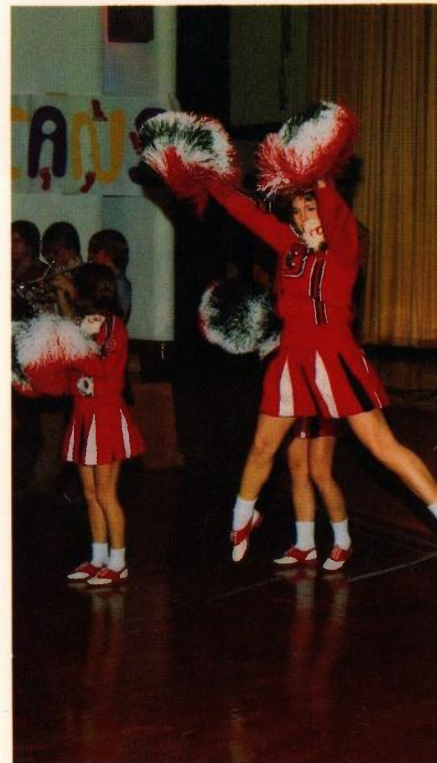
Boone Sees Lori Feeney Crowned Queen



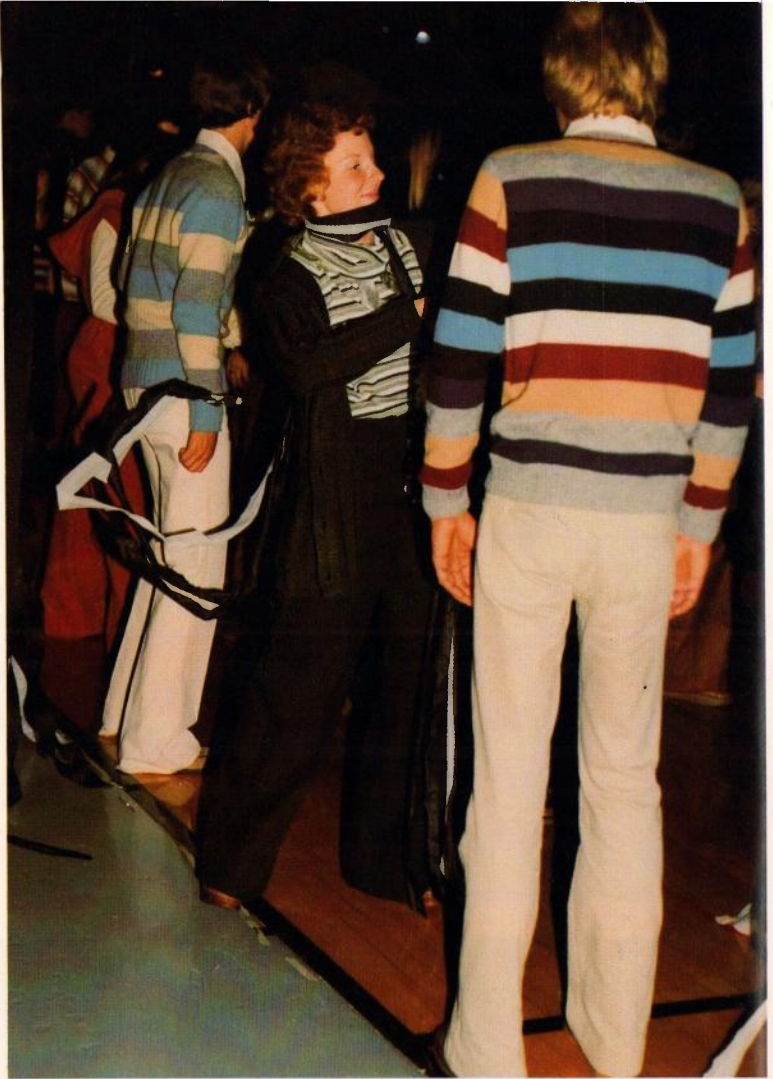
Anxious friends and relatives joined the hundreds of Boone senior high students to await the crowning of the 1977 Homecoming queen.

The band softly played "Traces" while the candidates were escorted to the platform by varsity football letterwinners. Candidates and escorts were Annette Jensen and Rick Dearborn, Becky Berglund and Dan Batt, Lori Feeney and brother Jim Feeney, Cindy Larson and Tim Adreon, and Michelle Stecker and Mike Murphy.

The assembly was shorter than previous years and although a few were disappointed because the ceremony did not proceed smoothly, the tension and excitement mounted as Lori Feeney was crowned queen.



Black Magic Casts Spell On Defeated Spirits



Homecoming spirits were held high even though rain and an initial loss threatened to dampen this festivity.

Black magic was the theme for this festive occasion. Black and orange streamers twisted their way from floor to ceiling adding to the merriment of the evening.

The Wicked Witch of the West stood guard over the dancers all through the night from her perch in the middle of the dance floor.

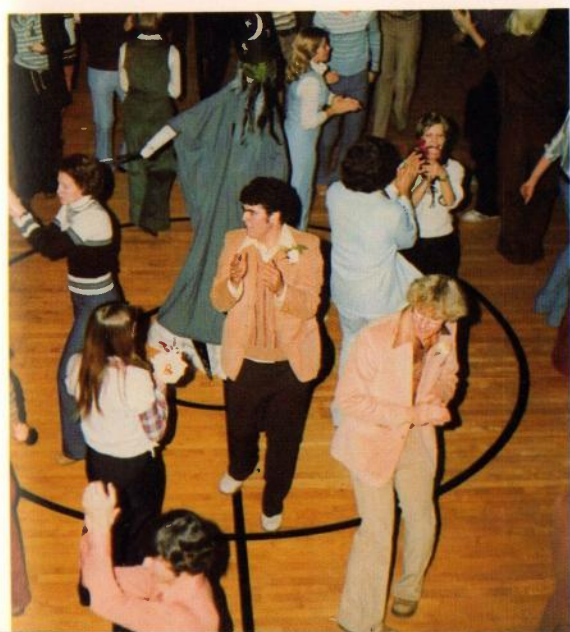
At one end of the gym a witch was seen flying across the mellow glow of the full moon.

The electric sounds of the music by the band, 'Arion' captured the participants' enthusiasm.





Far left, Jeff Mattson dances with queen Lori Feeney to the music by the band Arion. Left top, Kris Roorda tussels with the streamers as she dances. Left bottom, Ben Jiminez and Esther Dosseger sign the dance tickets as they enter with their dates. Right top, Stars hanging above the students provides a heavenly atmosphere. Right center, everybody has their own dancing technique as is displayed here. Right bottom, John Duffy and Kevin Farley dance near the witch that was the main attraction for the theme "Black Magic." Far right, couples enjoy the refreshments on the balcony.



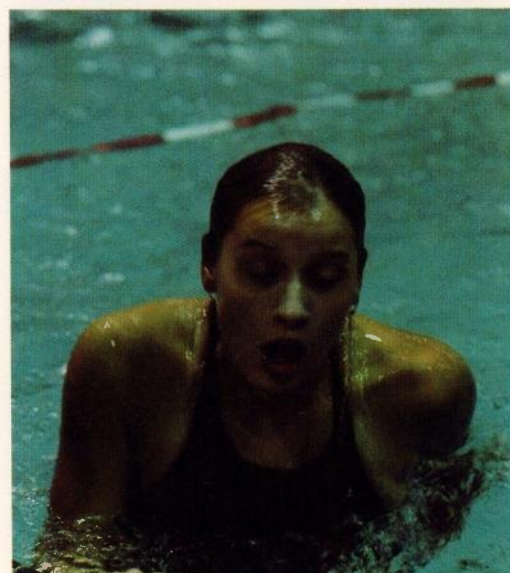
We Got It. . . Girls' Swimming!

MORNING PRACTICE

by Kelly McIntyre

There is nothing better in the world that a person can do than get up at 5:30 a.m. for swimming practice. The experience of rolling out of bed to the beckoning of an alarm clock and finding the outside world blanketed by darkness is a definite thrill.

What really makes morning practice the ultimate is the nice warm temperature of the water. It is so enjoyable to jump into a relaxing pool that is a comfortable 30 degrees F. With



the water as warm as it is, swimming is easier. It has been found that the body moves faster when the blood is in a slushy condition. Muscles and bones continually thank the body for not stepping on the side of the pool to rest when swimming. It would be foolish to supply the body with oxygen. A person's arms and legs learn new tricks to keep the body afloat after several hundred laps. Everyone enjoys losing or going without her goggles because of the reward bestowed on her blood shot eyes. Passing through the day with stinky, watery eyes is a goal of the team. Everyone loves to look at a blurry world.

Another enjoyable aspect of morning

practice is the locker room after the team is done swimming. Showering is a highlight when thirty-five girls get to share four heads. The locker room itself becomes a self-made sauna, which does wonders for the body. Perspiration flows freely as teammates hold contests to see who can drip the most. Water on the locker room floor is also exciting. The morning would not be complete without leaving with wet socks! One mirror adds to the sportsmanship of the team. No one wants to see herself or improve her appearance so she gracefully allows the next person to have time in front of the mirror.



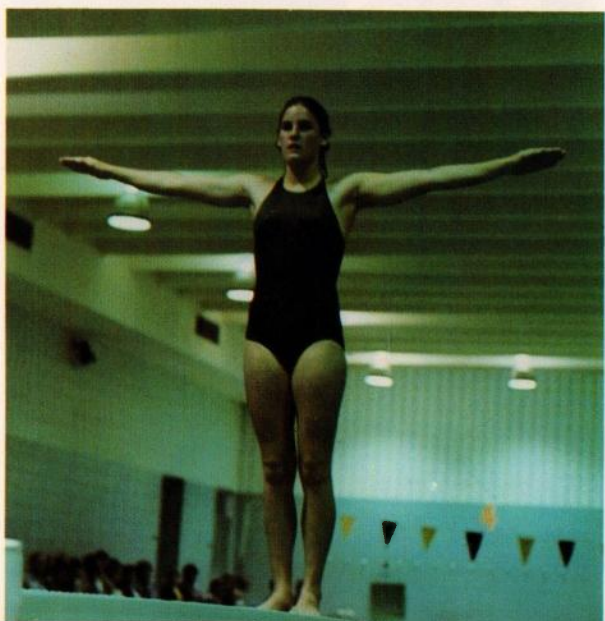
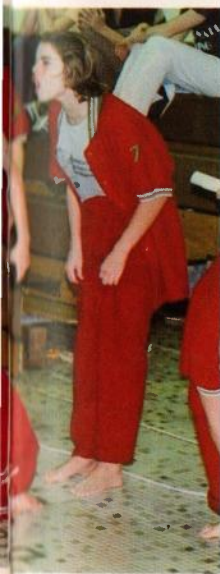


Then there is breakfast, which is a whole new world in itself. It is a fantasy land where a person is allowed to design his own design, build his own build, and create his own create. An important part of the swim team training is getting three well-balanced meals a day. The nutrition that is stressed is usually displayed every morning. A day does not pass when one can't find her teammates eating a good sound doughnut, Mr. Pibb with its essential vitamins, or a pop-tart with all its protein.

The side effects of the morning swimming are wonderful. The chlorine of the pool leaves its million dollar scent on swimmers, which enables them to carry it around all day. Fellow students ask with envy where the swimmer gets her terrific perfume. Dry, damaged hair is another goody offered by the pool. Swimmers like the knotted, snarled look, so they avoid all creme rinses for their hair.

After practice the team reluctantly leaves the pool.

Dedicated swimmers stand and beg for more laps. Since morning practice is so enjoyable, the swimmers ask to have it six mornings a week instead of four. It is very hard to go without such an important event more than one day a week!



You Are What You Eat

The time is 11 a.m. The classroom chatter grows, but your stomach growls louder. You know you've got to get out of school and grab something to eat, but the decision of where to go is overwhelming.

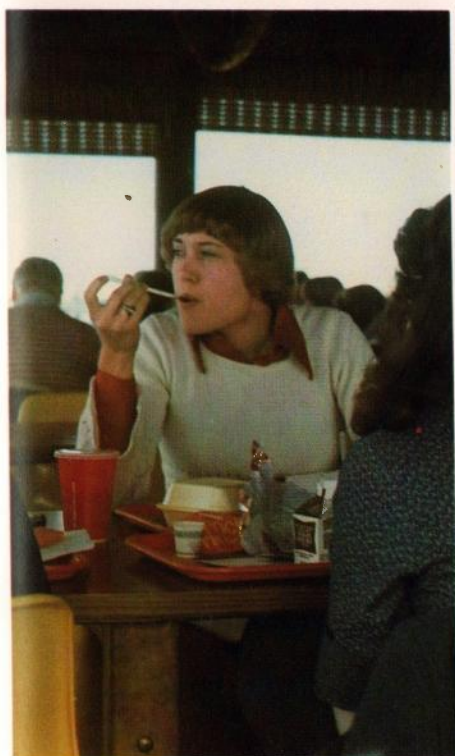
This is a typical experience in the life of a Boone High student. It is true that Boone offers an assortment of places to eat for young and old.

The places to go for the average burger, shakes, and fries are Hardee's, Arctic Circle, and Dairy Sweet. Each offers its own individual atmosphere and prices that the student can afford. The menus range from apple pies to fish-fillets.

For a touch of class, one might try the Tic Toc. It is not your ordinary hamburger joint, but a distinguished restaurant. Crowds from the football games are usually seen enjoying pizza or steak.

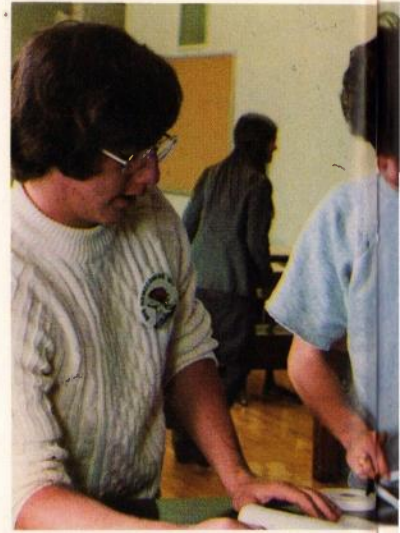
The final places to quench that craving is the Godfathers or Pizza Hut. Each offers deep dish pizza, salad, and assorted beverages. The afternoon crowd can take advantage of the "Eat All You Can" specials and the weekend crowd can take advantage of the leisure atmosphere.

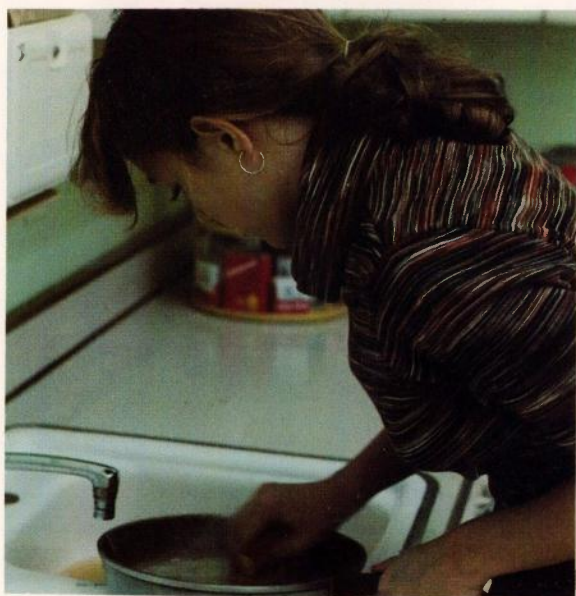




THE GAMES

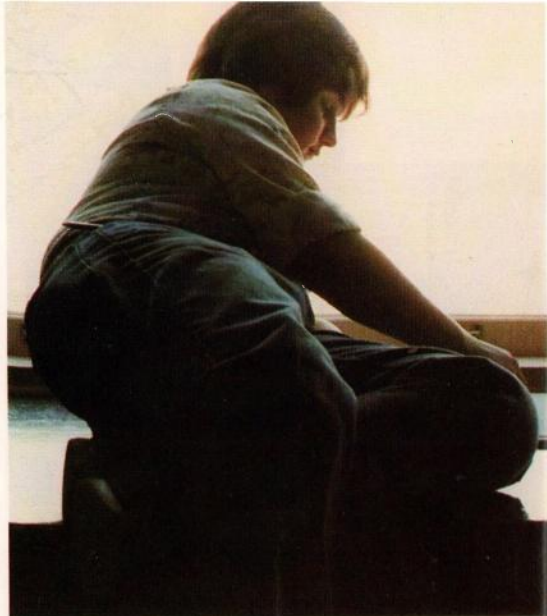
Game is defined as the passing of time by amusement. This year, the student body found many ways to make the time pass quickly. For many of the seniors, it went too quickly, as they found that as the year progressed, a new door opened in their lives.





Scoopin' the Halls At Boone High

Life is full of assorted experiences. some may be good and some may be bad, but nevertheless, life is full of them. The good experiences tend to lean toward the acquiring of money, falling in love, and passing classes. The bad lean toward bankruptcy, hate, and war. An experience that holds its own, and falls in neither category is that of passing through a Boone High School hallway. The halls are unique in their own right. They are a place where one learns the thrill of victory and the agony of de-feet. A place where a plant is found attached to the side of a locker. A place where the week's English lesson is proudly displayed on the walls.



The general atmosphere of the halls isn't all bad. A day hardly passes when one doesn't learn a new word while walking along side a student with unfinished homework. Gossip and talking behind backs is no problem. Everything is blurted out freely in order to be heard over the kid from across the hall. The pace of the traffic is another highlight of the halls. One step out of the lanes going in either direction and a person gets totally eliminated.

Friendliness in the halls is not uncommon. An hour won't pass when one doesn't receive a sweet little nudge that sends books flying and papers afloat. There is no problem with the loss of books though, because they are simply kicked down the hall to the person's locker.

Another gesture is provided by the groups of people at their lockers. Contests are held to see which group can acquire the most people and hold up the passing students the longest.

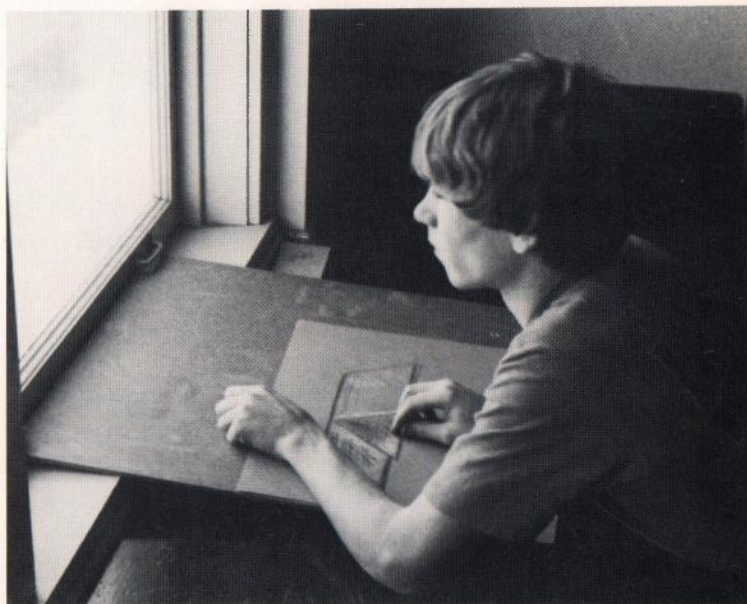
The seventh graders busy themselves by playing a game as they rush from class to class. They all simply leave a classroom, stop at their lockers (but never open them because it takes too long), shift their books from arm to arm, tuck their heads, and forge onward. With eyes closed, a race is then held to see who can make it to the next class first while knocking off as many senior high students as possible.





Lockers are a whole new problem. Each reveals the personality of its inhabitant. The more domestic reveal a clean door, sport spirit signs, and assorted notes. Next comes the junk lockers - another closet. They contain collections of Hardee's and Arctic Circle cups, stray mittens, memo pads, and lots of valuable garbage. The third and final is the most eye-appealing and awesome. They contain the frazzled, folded, and creased faces of the year's most popular Hollywood stars. Shaun Cassidy and Farrah Fawcett-Majors run a close race for the most proudly displayed.

The halls of Boone High offer excitement for all. They represent the different personalities of the students and provide an adventure for those that enter them.



Christmas dance . . . I was going to Christmas dance. My adventure in attending the Christmas dance could possibly be described as "Mission Impossible." In my ordinary school day, I was always clad in blue jeans, tennis shoes and t-shirts. This switch to long gowns and high-heeled shoes was a whole new life for me.

My first big step was buying my dress . . . what a nightmare! Each time I tried on a dress I became more and more discouraged. I looked like a fish out of



adorable beat-up tennies shoes to three-inch heels. Walking on stilts was an understatement to the way I felt. But I must admit I have perfected my balance because of the occasion. However, people thought I was a bit strange walking with my arms out at my side.

With the task of buying my clothes out of the way, I sat back and awaited the memorable date--December 10. When it finally arrived, I was a fit of tangled nerves. After six pairs of pantyhose and washing my hair four times I was ready.

water. When I finally settled on a light blue gown, I was still a little hesitant . . . graceful I was not, and with my new outfit I felt as though I had four left feet.

Next came the shoes. Although I have never been to the mountains, after buying my shoes I felt a rise in the altitude. It was a major step going from my

Tiller and LeMaster reign over wonderland

When my date arrived, I joyfully bounced down the stairs to greet him, only to become a pile at the bottom of the stairs. Embarrassed, I grabbed my shawl and stumbled out to my waiting carriage: a beat-up 1969 Chevy; Cinderella never knew she had it so good.

Upon my arrival, I was dazzled by the glitter and excitement that lit up the dance floor. Streamers of red and green flowed from every direction and a Christmas tree decorated with lovely babies' breath stood watch over the festivities.

When the band, Sixth Division, took a rest from their frenzied performance, the king and queen candidates marched gracefully up their carpet of red. As the tension mounted, crowns were lifted slowly over the hopeful winners. Back and forth they floated. Suddenly, they landed gently on the heads of Lisa Tiller and Jeff LeMaster.

The night was quick and the enjoyment short lived. Soon the weary dancers trudged homeward, exhausted from the night's activities.

As I wobbled back down the walk to my carriage,

happy from the exciting night I had just lived, one thing made my smile widen: the thought that my golden slippers would soon change back into my good old sneakers.

Left top, the group awaits the crowning of the candidates. Left bottom, a surge of excitement sends the new queen, Lisa Tiller, jumping as she is crowned by John Carswell, a '77 king candidate. Nanette Neely, Micah Smith, Julie Abbott and Lori Larson were candidates for the honor. Rod Baldus, Jim Feeney, Mike Hope and Dan Batt were all vying for the king's crown, but Jeff LeMaster received it from Kalen Hester, last year's queen. Right top, the whole crowd dances to the sound of Sixth Division. Left center, Jeff LeMaster loses sight of things as he accepts his crown of royalty. Right bottom, Shaun McIntyre, Tim Orr, Jon Barstad and Janine Johnson all enjoy their gifts from Santa Claus.



It's a candy cane?

Christmas is a time of good cheer, anticipation of the long-awaited vacation (two weeks of pure bliss), and an all-around great time. Adorning the halls were mistletoe clusters, Christmas trees, lights, posters, lockers decorated with stockings, and most of all, high spirits.

The traditional Santa Claus for 1977 was senior, Kevin Farley. Santa's traditional rounds were upheld in a most royal fashion as Kevin wore a red suit with jingling bells and all the trimmings.

Wild mixtures and brews were concocted as Mr. Geiken's chemistry students celebrated the season by making candy canes on the day before vacation began. Some were as perfect a specimen as those found in stores, and the others ... well, they tried and had fun doing it, too.

Mistletoe (a traditional way of expressing the holiday spirit) caught the attention of a few students as they passed from the hallways to their classrooms.

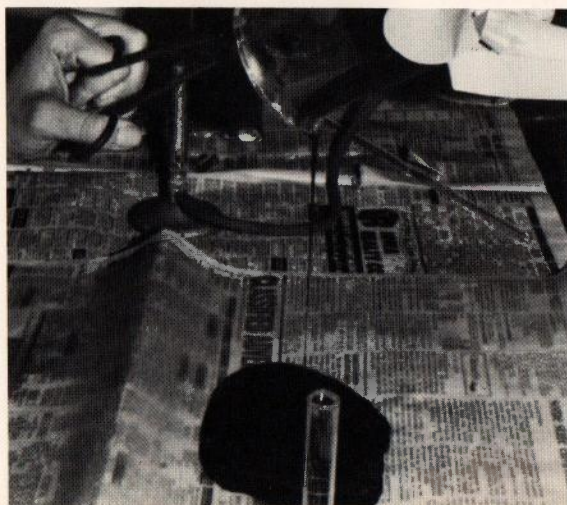
Mr. Walczyk's foreign language classes learned and sang Christmas songs from other countries during their class periods.

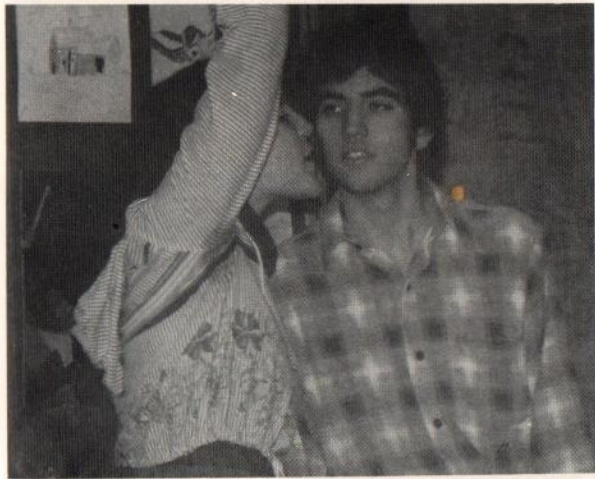
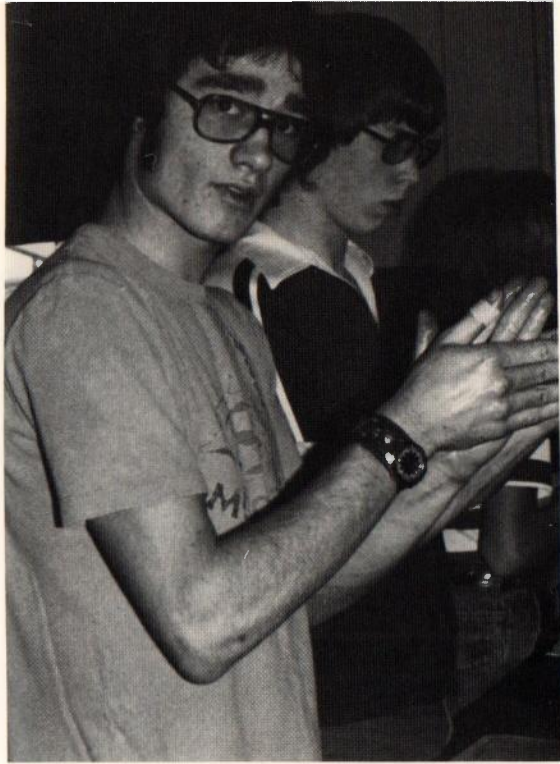
The annual Vespers concert took students away from the classrooms and into the world of musical art. The program included members from the chorus, band and orchestra.

Once again this year Christmas grams were offered at the small price of one dime. A student could send a word of cheer or rhyme to his/her friend or lover. The notes were delivered during the last ten minutes of each period the day prior to vacation.

The students lined their lockers with bells, tinsel, stockings, and letters to Santa revealing their secret wants and expressing what "good" kids they had been during the year.

Students also became involved in a student spirit week, which was held with each day representing another holiday object: Monday, Ding Dong Day; Tuesday, Hat Day; Wednesday, Christmas Tree Look-a-Like Day; and Thursday, Red and Green Day.



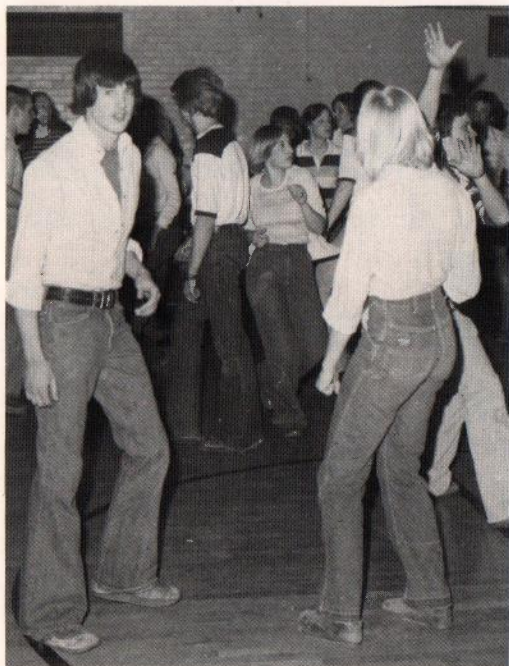


Of course the Christmas dance was an activity long-awaited by many students. The dance was two weeks before vacation, but many attended the dance and began their Christmas anticipation early. The Christmas vacation nearly marked the end of their high school days for those who were mid-term graduates. It is hoped that they will remember this, their senior year and this last celebration together, as the best ever.

Right top, Mark Baldus demonstrates the method of pulling and rolling candy canes. Top right, Ronette Adams and Teri Phillips test their candy canes. Far left top, Penny Abrahamson, Liz Thoren and Alicia Eckstein personally deliver and give the Christmas grams out loud. Left top right, Sherri Enquist receives Christmas gram slips to be sent to students. Right center, mistletoe overcomes Micah Smith as she gently kisses Stuart Gregori. Bottom right, a locker shows a student's dedication to Santa Claus. Far left bottom, Lori Payton and La Krug lean over their brew. Center left, shows the technique of candy cane making. Inside bottom left, Mike Scheuerman shows his excitement as the minutes tick towards Christmas vacation. Right bottom, Barb Digmann receives her Christmas gram.

As the night wears on boogie to the beat

AFS Dance and assembly sparked the weekend of March 10 into something to be remembered by all. The AFS students arrived Thursday night before the dance and a pot luck supper was held. An assembly on Friday was held for the AFS students, their hosts and hostesses and senior high students.



Classroom visitations took place throughout the day and questions were asked about the students' native countries and much was learned. The AFS students played volley ball during fourth hour lunch as those students returning from lunch looked on.

The dance was a delight for all because of the band, decorations, and the mood in general.

There was a big turn out for the dance and everyone danced. The band was Marsijas Rocks and they were fairly expensive and provided a variety of songs from well-known groups. A punch and cookie table was on the balcony with ninth graders serving and keeping the punch bowl filled for all thirsty dancers.

Esther Dossegger was one of Boone High's AFS students. Her home was in Switzerland and she spent the year with her American family, the Fibikars. She made several trips during her stay in the U.S., one of which was to visit relatives in Florida. She was a member of the Boone High girls' tennis team.

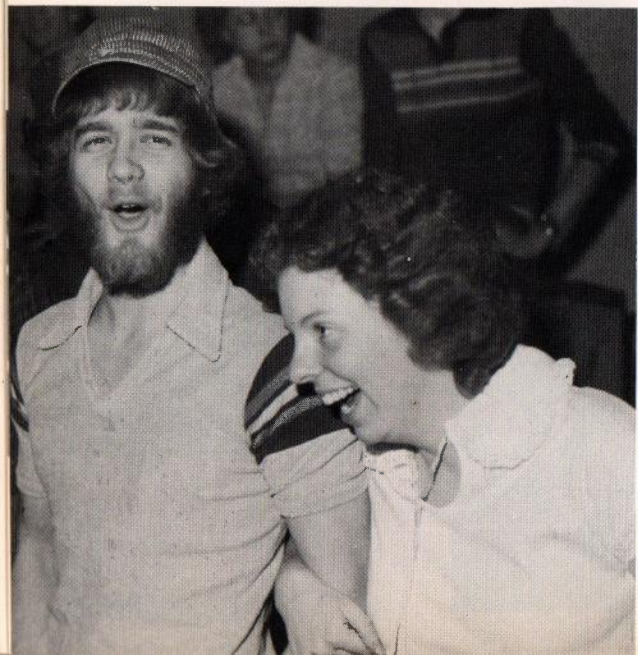
Ben Jimenez stayed with the Scott Moorman family. He was manager of the boys varsity football team.

The dance was put on to celebrate and give recognition to Boone's AFS students.

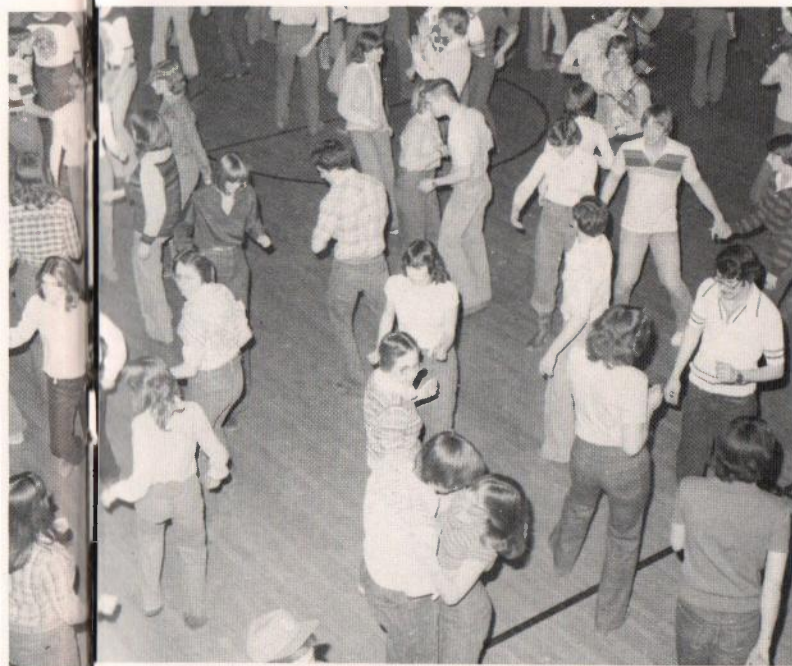
The assembly contained a menagerie of talents from



Top left, Russ Campbell and Liz Thoren try their dancing techniques. Top right, an open shot of the dance floor shows a number of people enjoying the music. Far right, Marcia Matt captures the AFS spirit in full swing. Bottom left, Bernie Schmidt and Kris Roorda are obviously enjoying themselves. Middle left, a part of the assembly shows a few AFS students displaying their talents. Middle right, Esther Doessegger talks to students in their classrooms. Bottom right, Sally Clark and Julie Annan are dancing to the beat.



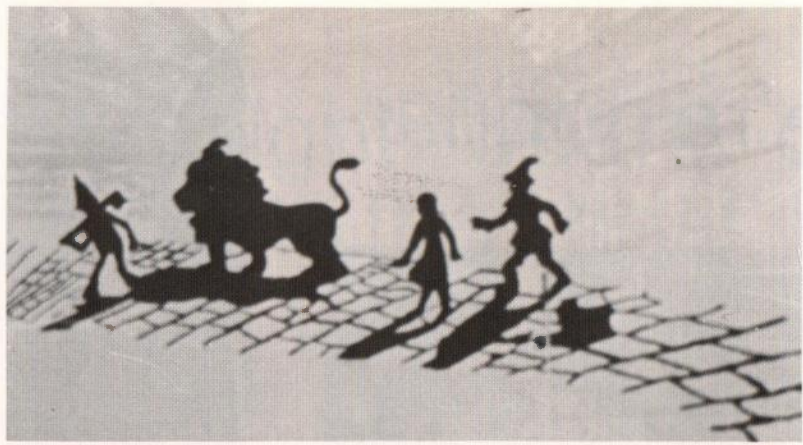
we're gonna



playing the piano to a game of soccer. Throughout the hour, students laughed and joked, even a native dance of Switzerland was initiated that involved the audience. The Swiss dance began and as the dance progressed, each partner in succession picked a different partner until the stage was full of people dancing. When the hour ended and all the students had returned to their second hour class, their spirits were high and a mood for festivities had settled over Boone High.



To find
our goals



we're gonna follow the yellow brick road

Prom decorating has long since been a tradition of the junior class. The class of '79 followed suit by creating the theme "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" for the 1978 prom farewell to the senior class. Prom planning and organization began several months early and was followed up by class meetings and committee meetings.

Decorating began slowly but picked up more speed as Tuesday and Thursday night meetings were held. The day of prom, May 5, those who volunteered their time were released from class to help in the gym the entire day.

Paint, glue, and bits of streamers were worn by each participant when they were done. The doors were open for visitation at 3:30 p.m. Many flahbulbs went off with the "Oooh's," and "Ahhh's" of onlookers.

A yellow brick road wound around the tornado which was suspended from ceiling to floor with a house sitting at the foot of the tornado.

The refreshment area was behind a drawbridge, the stage had a castle and rainbow behind the band.

Top left, A mural depicts Dorothy, the Tin Man, the Scarecrow, and the Cowardly Lion heading for the "Land of Oz." Top right, Terri Otis adjusts a loose streamer in front of the Cowardly Lion. Center left, Joan McNace takes a minute out to size up the prom decorations of 1978. Bottom left, Charlene Fibikar, Janna Graves, Cindy Humphrey, Don Howe, and Dan Dillavou are all busy at work on the stage for the prom theme: "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." Inside right, Steve Shuey hangs streamers from the ceiling. Far right, Don Howe and Mr. Potts work on the tornado that sat in the middle of the floor.

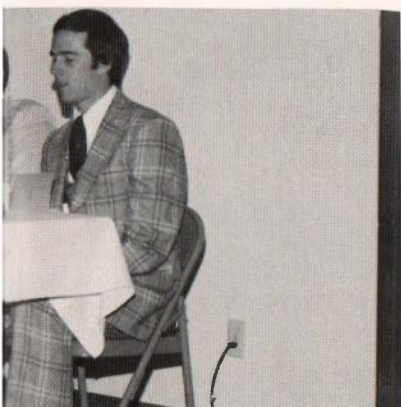


To the seniors ...cheers

Banquet was a dinner of delights. The evening started off perfectly as the skies were blue and the sun was just beginning to set. For many, this marked their final banquet and prom, for others, it was only their first. Either way, who could help showing a smile as they descended the stairs of the Colonial House to the party room which contained their classmates, friends and teachers. It came as a shock to see the girl whose normal dress was blue jeans and t-shirts suddenly walk past in a silk dress, shawl, curled hair, high heels and her friends or escort trying to locate a seat. Who could possibly quarrel that all the guys looked handsome in their suits and dresspants?

It was 6:30 p.m. on Friday night, May 5. This was a night to honor the seniors, and their best efforts were put forth by the class of 1979.





May they remember this always As a time of joy



Banquet was a pre-planned menu of ham, mashed potatoes, creamed corn and strawberry parfait. The waitresses were sophomore girls who volunteered their time to take orders for drinks and serve dinners. They dressed in light-colored dress pants and shirts, and each wore a corsage. The students chose their own seats and a yellow-satin menu, that will fill the scrapbooks for years to come, was in front of each guest.

The room was filled with people who laughed, smiled and didn't have a care in the world. Jon Barstad acted as emcee who introduced all the speakers and kept the program moving with excitement. Mike VanPelt gave the blessing before the meal.

When all were finished and the tables were cleared, Kerin Springer gave the welcome to the senior class in this, their last official reign as the upperclassmen. Jeff Springer, senior class president, accepted her welcome with a response that thanked the juniors and acknowledged their efforts. Speaker Ted Hora briefly skimmed what our lives had been like up until graduation. This summary included everything from our first crying day in kindergarten to the first kiss, and finally to graduation. Although his speech had great meaning and hit home for many, it was done in such a way with many recurring undertones such as, "parking," and "will he hold my hand?" and "will she let me?" that had the whole audience rolling with laughter and tears.

Entertainment afterwards was Lori Sifrit who sang "The Spy Who Loved Me," Patty Harris, who entertained us with "Muskrat Love," and the jazz combo of Dan Morrow, Curt Petersen, Julie Bowes, Jerry Dean and Mark Zenor who played a variety of numbers.

The dinner was over but the night was only beginning. It was 8 p.m. and the stars were shining beautifully.



They took us over the rainbow

As the evening wore on, escorts and their dates went the age-old process of getting ready, waiting for, or picking up their dates and getting that last farewell from Mom and Dad after a roll of film and three boxes of flash cubes had been used. The couples began their evening. The people were lined thickly in rows that were four and five deep to watch the couples walk up the sidewalk in the long dresses, shawls, tuxedos and bouquets and boutonnières.

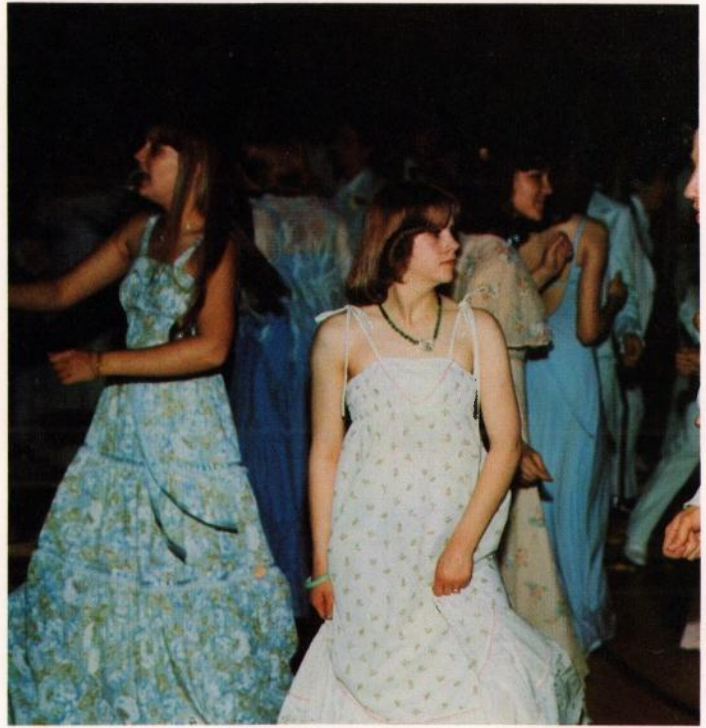
What a wonderful evening it was to be. Thoughts ran through the minds of all that this was it, what they had heard about when older brothers and sisters were in school was finally happening for them, they no longer had to wait. From behind this feeling that it was all pretend, they could see parents, relatives and friends staring at them and flash cubes flashing in their eyes as they walked up the stairs and into the entrance of the school. Their dance tickets were taken and they joined their friends to discuss the evening's events.

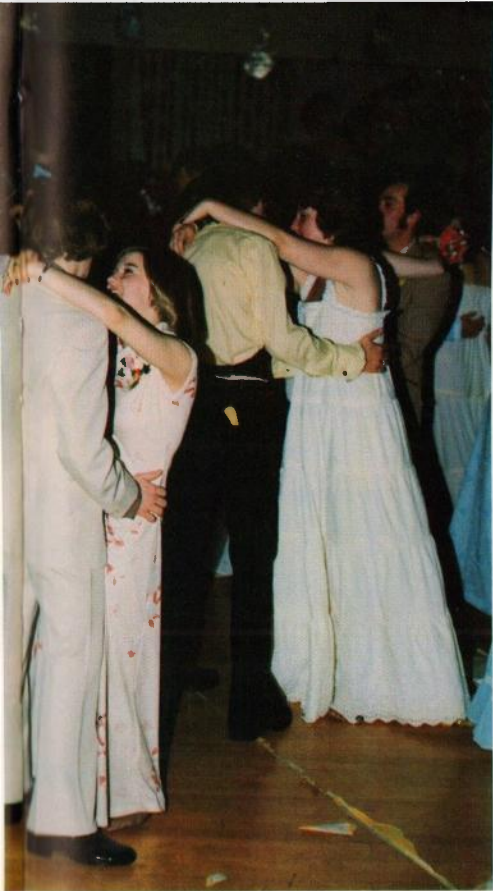
In a few moment's time, the couples lined up and began the dance with the traditional Grand March, which took the line out of the school, around and down the sidewalk to once again be seen by all the spectators. As the building once again swallowed the couples into the gym, they were surrounded with swirled streamers and decorations. As they walked through the doors of the castle, they were encompassed by the theme, "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." This included everything from the tornado engulfing Dorothy's house to the cowardly lion, the tin man, and the scarecrow. A beautiful rainbow of paper flowers arched over the stage where the band, Benson, played tunes familiar to all. A yellow brick road which encircled the central tornado was a path for which couples wound around as if in a spring to wait for all the others to complete the Grand March before breaking off and dancing.

Tables lined the edge of the dance floor for those who wanted to rest their feet. Black lights that shone upon the wall paintings lighted the white tuxedos and dresses to the give the effect of the glow-in-the-dark person.

Photographers on the balcony took pictures of the couples for them to save and remember all of their lives. With the night yet so young and the good times that all were having, it didn't take much coaxing to bring smiles to the faces of their subjects.

As the clock struck 12, the dance came to a close, but the morning was just beginning. The flower that had adorned the stage and fancied the room were now clutched tightly by their new owners who had wrestled the crowd for a souvenir of Prom 1978.





Top left, Lori Feeney swirls to the music. Top center, Couples slow dance. Top right, Couples enter after Grand March. Bottom left, Kerin Springer and Jon Barstad lead Grand March. Bottom center, Dan Dillavou and Cindy Humphrey are dancin' to the beat. Bottom right, Couples wait for all to enter the gym.



Top left, Stuart Gregori and Felicia Trites are shown as the crowned royalty of the Ki Hi Kapper dance. Top center, Janna Graves is shown sitting among friends for early morning snacks with date Jeff Springer. Top right, Couples enter the movie theatre to see "Other Side of the Mountain Part II." Bottom left, Kris Roorda really likes the band at the Moose. Bottom center, Mike Burge and date Julie Mendell are getting out of their chauffeured limousine they won in the tuxedo drawing. Bottom right, Ki Hi Kapper candidates were: row one, Shelly Raulston, Becky Barsiad, Maribeth Waldman, Queen Felicia Trites, Terri Phillips and Mindy Groves. Row two, Scott Moorman, Brad Risen, Dave Majors, King Stuart Gregori, Ric Schroder and Tim Pepper.

The dance was over and it seemed the perfect time for sinking into red cushioned chairs with shoes off and leaning into your date's arms. So it was, as they walked from the school to their cars where they would drive to the Boone theater for the movie. Town still had some onlookers who decided to stick around for another glimpse of the festivities. Parking places were far and few, but who minded the walk in the night's fresh air and twinkling stars? The street by the theater was blocked off for all cars except the Lincoln Continental which was chauffeuring Mike Burge and Julie Mendell and their guests, Steve Allen and Lisa Smith.

A white carpet led from the street to the door where once again, the flashbulbs went off in scores. Inside the theater, seats were found and chosen, refreshments were waited for by those who were hungry enough to stand in line. Loud chattering and giggling could be heard from the crowd as they waited to see "The Other Side of the Mountain, Part II."

When the lights came on again, it was apparent that the late hours were taking their toll on those who were fast asleep, but the number of those asleep was matched and over-matched by those who were still alive with energy and excitement. The night was not over, the Ki-Hi Kapper dance was yet to come with the crowning of the royalty. Many who were wide awake and jumping with enthusiasm were obviously reaching and grasping for the promising adventures that still lay ahead.



This night will last forever within our memory banks.

Each couple set off in their separate cars to the Moose Lodge for breakfast, more dancing and crowning of the royalty.

A light mist was hovering over the roadways as the early morning silence was broken by the sound of footsteps entering the lodge. The guests were greeted by lodge members who were directed into the party room. The dance floor was considerably smaller than that of the schools, but only the most exuberant of couples remained on the floor for an extended period of time. Hamburgers, potato chips and ice cream were served along with all the pop one could drink.

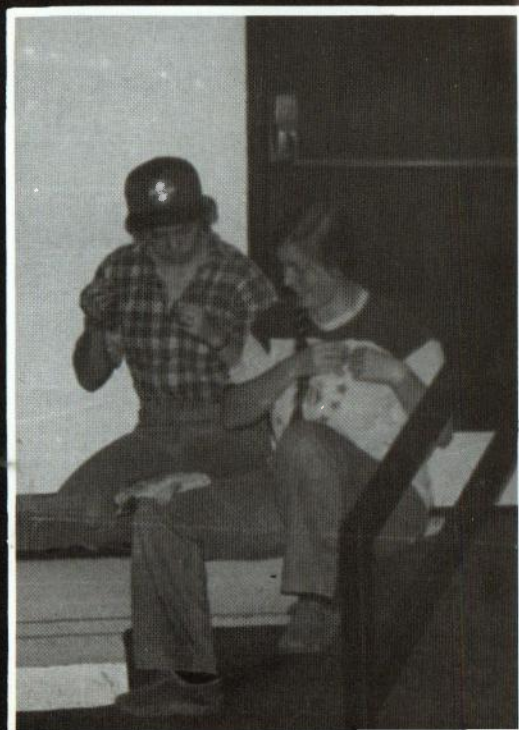
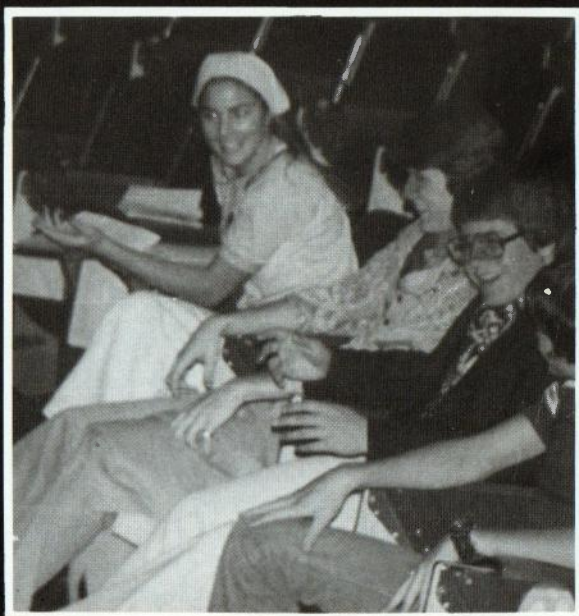
It wasn't an unusual sight to see a guy with his girl with her head slightly resting on his shoulder sound asleep by 4 a.m.

At 4:30 in the morning, all were wide awake again as the excitement heightened while the royal candidates were introduced. They were Becky Barstad, Maribeth Waldman, Mindy Groves, Felicia Trites, Shelly Raulston and Teri Phillips. King candidates were Stuart Gregori, Scott Moorman, Brad Risen, Tim Pepper, Dave Majors and Ric Shroeder. The suspense climaxed and was at its peak just before Felicia Trites and Stuart Gregori were crowned King and Queen to reign throughout the evening.

It was over, but could it really be? That night could never have a definite ending, for as long as history shall allow, people shall remember it at its slightest moment. That night will go on forever in the memory banks to recall whenever a smile is needed.

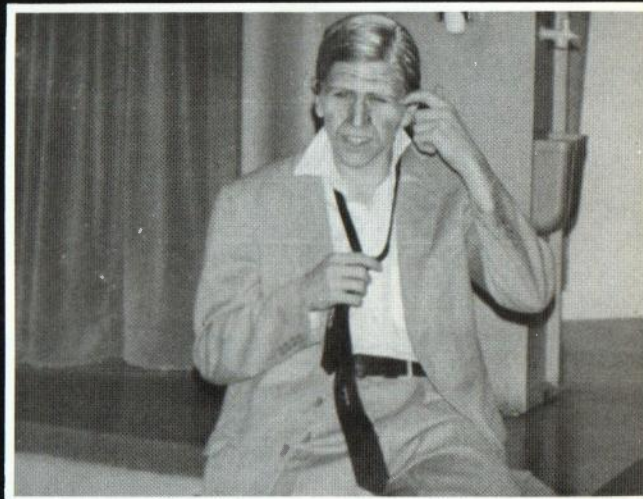
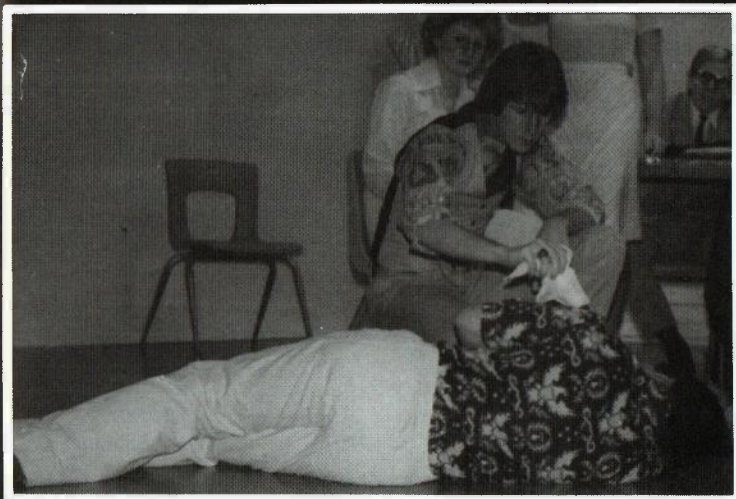


And the show goes on . .





Top center, Jean Pepper shows Bette Bushore how a shorter man would stab one taller than he. Top far left, much of Boone High's production of "Twelve Angry People" dealt with the reenacting of a knife killing. Bette Bushore paces out how many steps an old man had to travel to actually witness the stabbing. Top left center, Donna Dodd demonstrates how a "real" killer would use a switchblade. Right center, in another reenactment, Mike Hope kneels over Dan Blaess as he attempts to wipe away the finger prints after the murder; luckily, no mistakes! Far right, Mark Zenor is wondering if he'll be able to see without his glasses. Lower left, Director, Miss Saltou discusses some of the funnier parts in the play. Lower right, Deb Venema and Phoebe Savonell look over some of the props together.



The fall play, "Twelve Angry People," played to warm audiences November 5th and 6th at the Des Moines Area Community College. The cast consisted of twelve jurors, a guard and several off-stage voices. The jurors were:

Foreman	Lynn Norley
No. 2	Jennifer Lett
No. 3	Jean Pepper
No. 4	Mike Hope
No. 5	Donna Dodd
No. 6	Lisa Gengler
No. 7	Dan Blaess
No. 8	Bette Bushore
No. 9	Mark Zenor
No. 10	Brad Ripkey
No. 11	Sandy Eatock
No. 12	Dana Hanna

The part of the guard was played by Joann Lett. The director for the play was Miss Saltou and the technical assistant was Mr. Yoho.

The plot of the play was centered around a disagreement between several jurors as to the guilt or innocence of a young boy charged with knifing his own father. In the beginning, all the jurors, with the exception of Number 8, were convinced the boy was guilty. In the end, however, all jurors but Number 3 were swayed to change their vote. The last two words uttered on the state were by juror Number 3: "Not guilty!"

Upper left, Larry Johnson offers a present to a cast member in the play, "Pillow Talk." Top center, Linda Carter and Deb Venema eye a vase. Upper left, Cindy Russell and Brad O'Neal show their enthusiasm as active play mangers. Lower left, cast members are shown setting up props for the opening night. Lower right, Donna Dodd, Kathy Lacey and Shane Harper show off their acting abilities.



The arts are still alive



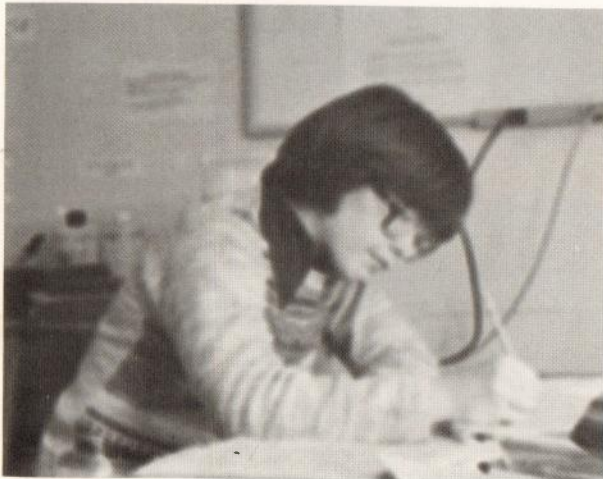
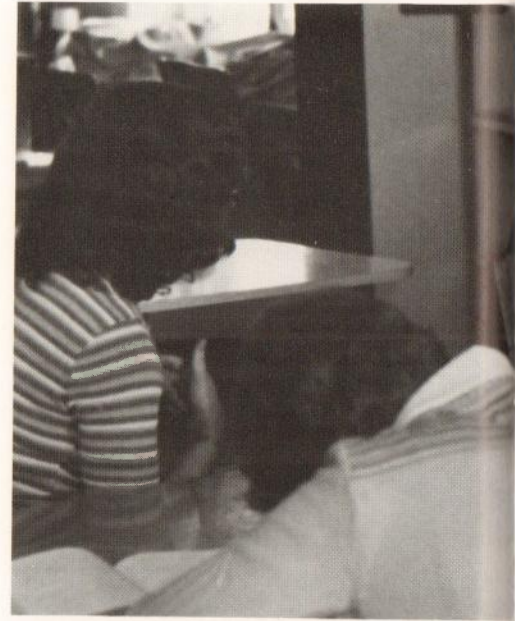
"Pillow Talk" was performed during March. Its two-night performance was viewed by Boone students, faculty and parents. The play was held in the high school auditorium due to scheduling difficulties at the DMACC.

The following students performed in the play: Jennifer Lett-Jan Morrow; Larry Johnson-Jonathan Forbes; Phoebe Savonell-Alma; Deb Venema-Pierot; Jim Dawkins- Policeman and Graham; Shane Harper-Brad Allen; Steve Davidson-Tony Walters; Linda Carter-Mrs. Walters; Teena Ott-Bessie, Brad's maid; Cindy Russell-Mane; Kathy Lacey-Yvette; Donna Dodd-Eileen; Julie Davis-Mrs. Frost; Sue Shuey-Mrs. Ames; Marcia Matt-Miss Conrad; Lynn Norley-Miss Dickenson; Teresa Miller- supervisor; Pam Blaskey-Ann; Bette Bushore-singer; Joann Lett-operator and Tilda.

Crew members were: Props-Sandy Eatock, Mary Dawkins and Lisa Durham. Lights-Tim Stadler and Jim Frite. Sound-Monte Shuey. Make-up-Julie McVicker, Camella Thomas, Michelle Brockschmidt and Becky Hansen. Costumes-Melodee Fleming and Chris VanMeter. Student director-Dana Hanna. Reporter-Bette Bushore. Photographer-Bake Hall. Designer-Lisa Durham. Typist-Jim Dawkins. Displays-Jeanette Foshee. House Manager-Nancy Ulrick.



Another assignment?



As a past journalism student, I know what secretive lives we all live. We walked down the halls hurrying and diving for each corner as we saw our editors coming down the hall. The thought struck us all when we saw an editor approaching us: "Don't give me another assignment, I haven't even gotten the last one done yet."

But as the year progressed, we became more accomplished. We had races to see who would have the most printed inches after each issue.

The most fun of all was spending the entire hour putting together and folding the Ole's. This caused

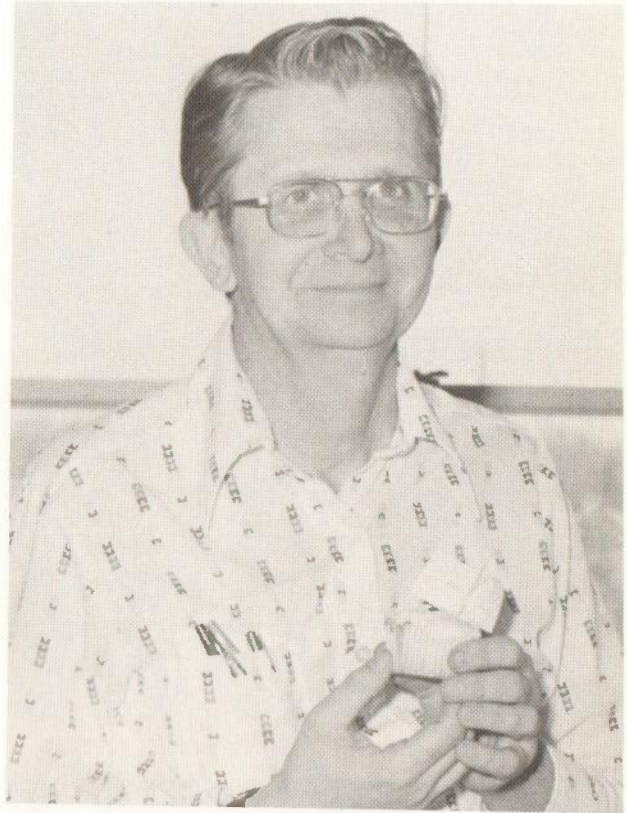
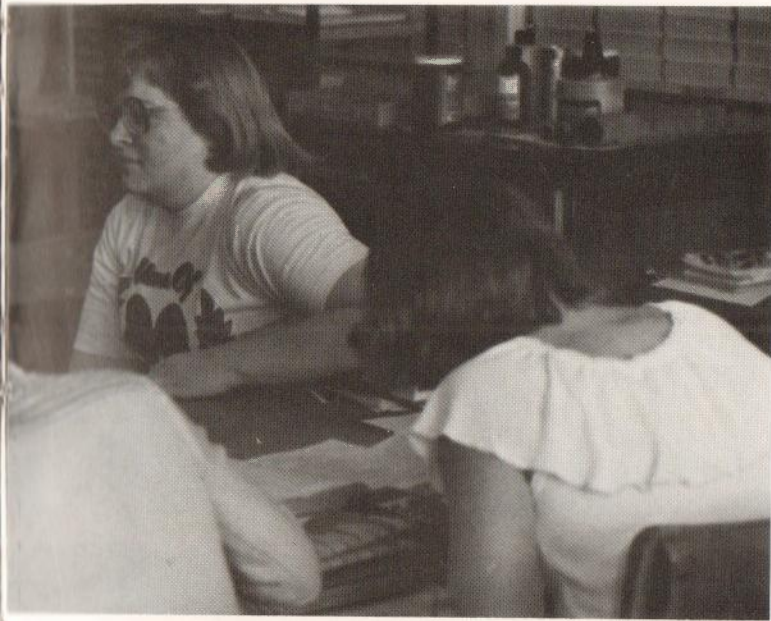
red marks on the back of the hand that folded them. Those lovely inked areas that turned the hands black were looked forward to by everyone.

How often each journalism student had heard, "Where's your assignment? When can you have it done? We need that story!"

Being on one of these staffs had its fun moments, too. Everything from cupcakes to waterguns, to hide and seek.

The publications staff worked for the student, to attempt to right the wrong, improve the good, start the new, commend the old, and be a voice for the

Don't say that!



students.

It was a chore to work, work and work to meet the deadlines, only to have a new one to meet the next month or week.

The editor's job carried a load of responsibility. They had to know everything from, where's the masking tape, to how do you spell disciplinarian? Without them it couldn't have been pulled off.

A special thanks goes to advisor, chief, assistant, proofreader, typist, copy-setter, photographer, press

operator and last but not least, friend, Mr. Stock. This was Mr. Stock's 25th year teaching and we hope we have made it one he will remember for many years to come.

Top left, Bette Bushore (assistant El Picador editor) has a mean bite when assignments aren't done. Top center, Members of the journalism class are shown working on their assignments. Top right, Mr. Stock (publications advisor) was caught eating his Valentine's cupcake. Bottom left, Julie Davis (Ole' editor) is shown working on layouts for the next issue. Inside left, Kris Roorda (business manager) goes over the files again to see where the money's being spent. Inside right, John Humeston (none other than the great El Picador editor himself) shows us how leisurely copy can be proofed. Bottom right Terri Smith (the comp setter and typist) waits for the copy to be returned from the processor.



"Togetherness" produces Scroll



What could be said about a bunch of lunatics who spent every free study hall and even the first two weeks of their summer vacation in room 308 working on the Scroll? And what about the editors who locked themselves in the darkroom closet so they could let out their frustrations by screaming? (We won't mention any names, Jan!) Were they crazy? We all thought so, but we didn't want to take the blame, because we didn't have our pages done either.

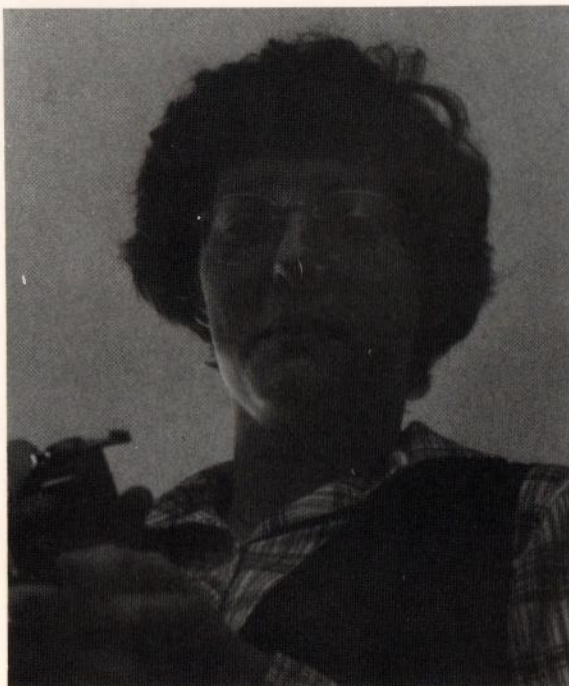
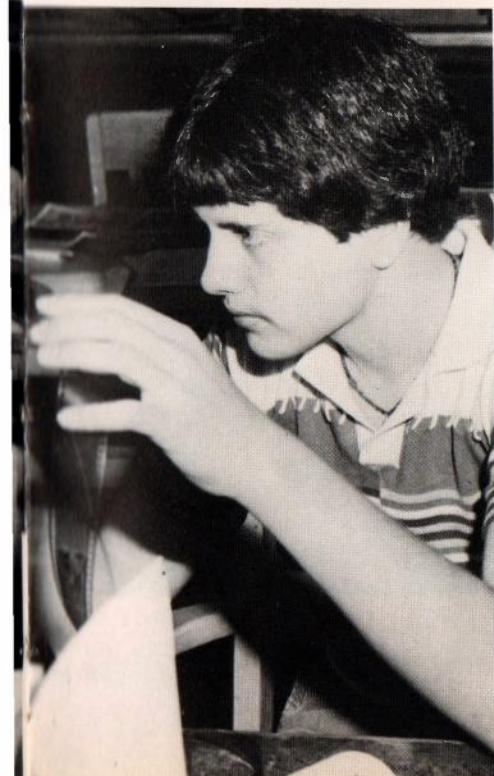
The Scroll room in itself was an amazement. It had no apparent order, but rather disorder could be found at a moment's glance. Move one small item and things couldn't be found for weeks.

The negative file was a perfect example of perfect order. To look up a print of dolphins, one must first relate it to swimming, which is done in the water, in which only fish live. So it would have been perfectly natural to find the dolphin negatives under the letter "F" for fish!

Many times it was probably heard by the student body what a 'pain' it was to have to work on the Scroll every free moment. It really wasn't though. There were more fun times than we could count and the good times and memorable moments compiled quite a list.

Top left, Carla Silver, Blake Hall and editor Jan Peterson display their decision to go wading, but it gets carried away into a swimming party after lunch, during the time they spend working on the Scroll in the summer months. Center top, Blake Hall, Jan Peterson and Jamie Lamphere show what 'togetherness' means when they work on the Scroll. Top right, Twyla Willuweit gets a kick out of the Christmas mistletoe. Far middle left, Jamie Lamphere works on the senior pages with much care. Inside center left, Nora Mallicoat, Vickie Hull and Paula Pringnitz demonstrate that three heads are better than one. Center right, co-editors Jan Peterson and Micah Smith each work

separately to improve the Scroll. Bottom left, Jamie Lamphere and Nora Mallicoat are glad when all the Scrolls are picked up at the party. Bottom inside left, Steve Dawkins tries to organize his pages. Bottom inside right, Mark Arnburg could usually be found eating when he was not working on the Scroll. Bottom inside right, Blake Hall searches through the files for just the right negative. Bottom right, Chris Harrington is caught by another photographer while she prepares to take a picture.



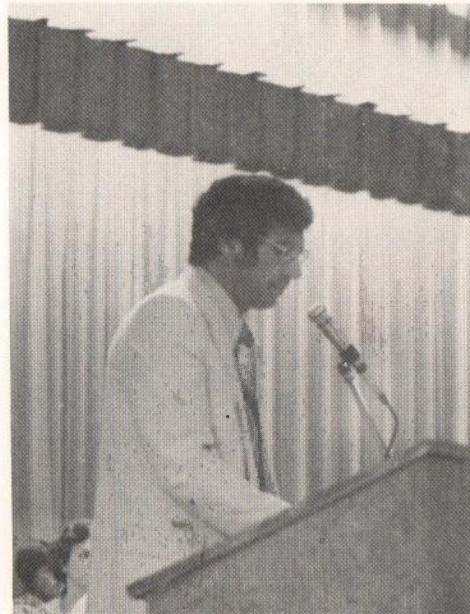
Brains over brawn



"I didn't think I would ever make the Honor Society. I didn't know I was that smart!" That was heard from one hundred Boone High students on April 5, when they received certificates from the National Honor Society.



Top left, Miss Bro gives Ric Schroeder a certificate and a hearty handshake as a part of the assembly. Middle left, seniors who received the Honor Society Awards for 1978 include; row one, Connie Bargloff, Bette Bushore, Bill Bushore, Pat Carpenter, Lori Colby, Linda Carter, Julie Davis, Rose Dorr, Paul Faust, Luann Fitzgerald, Renee' Fleming, Charissa Gehring, Melinda Groves, Anne Haberer, Annette Hammer, Kerry Hasstedt, Jon Jacobsen, Richard Johnson and Maureen McIntyre. Row two, Jan Peterson, Teri Phillips, Stella Rilling, Kris Rorda, Janelle Runnestad, Phoeve Savonell, Ric Schroeder, David Scott, Micah Smith, David Steig, Debra Stoltie, Tom Tays, Lisa Tiller, Kraig Tripp, Felicia Trites, Debra Venema, Lisa Watson, Brian Wilcox and Tom Wilson. Middle right, Miss Marcia Bro speaking to the student body, parents, and faculty about "Building Bridges" as Connie Bargloff listens carefully. Middle far right, Patty Harris gives her special look as Miss Bro hands her the certificate. Bottom left, Mr. Cook tells a little bit about the Honor Society before announcing the recipients. Bottom right, juniors who received certificates include: row one, Bruce Anderson, Steve Anderson, Carla Baldus, Jane Boesen, Julie Bowes, Mike Burge, Joyce Carter, John Chelsvig, Cindy Cook, Kit Curran, Florilea Dennert, Julie Dennert, Sandy Eatock, Deanna Eckhart, Renee' Elsner, Sherri Enquist, Suzanne Foshee, Patty Frakes and Steve Frandson. Row two, Annette Gibbs, Janna Graves, Patty Harris, Craig Howard, John Hull, Melodee Fleming, Cyndy Humphrey, Renee' Jensen, Robin Jensen, Kathy King, Lisa Kirkman, Mike Kruse, Elliot LaFollette, Sherry Lamb, Julie Lett, Debbie MacDougall, Lori Mayfield, Marcie McCabe, Kelly McIntyre and Brenda Miller. Row three, Kris Mossman, Barb Nell, Julie Nelson, Kim Orr, Lori Payton, Michelle Pearson, Gail Peitzmeier, Jeff Platter, Paula Pringnizt, John Ripkey, Julie Runnestad, Ronna Santage, Mike Scheuermann, Randy Shadles, Steve Shuey, Lori Sifrit, Kerin Springer, Teresa Thompson and Sue Thorngren



Jan Peterson brought a friendly welcome to the audience as she and Lori Colby served as mistresses of ceremonies for the afternoon. The Boone High Swing Choir, under the direction of Mr. Steve Carstenson, entertained the crowd by singing two very appropriate songs, "Looks Like We Made It," and "It's A Miracle."

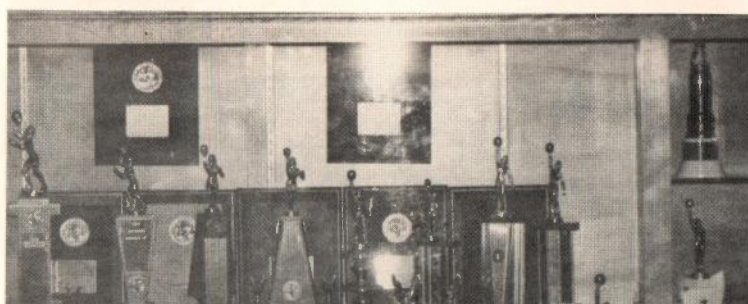
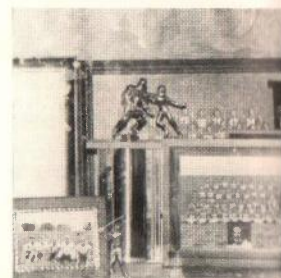
Miss Marcia Bro, senior high guidance counselor, was the guest speaker and talked on "Building Bridges" in our lives.

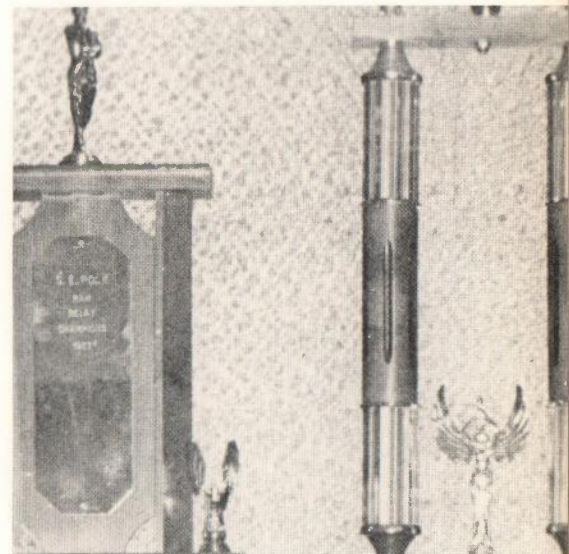
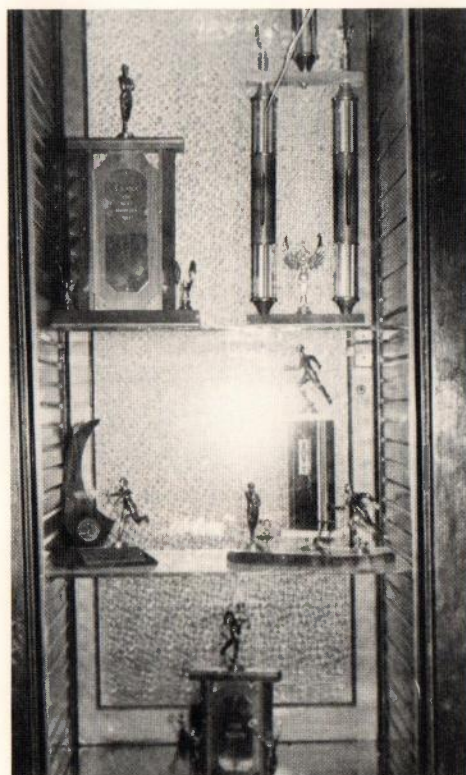
A number of sophomores were also recognized as students of 3.2 grade averages or better so far in their high school career. The juniors and seniors were presented certificates by Mr. Roger Cook, senior high guidance counselor and Miss Bro.

A tea was held honoring the award winners following in the school cafeteria for all parents, faculty and honored students.



Showcases show off spirit of the present and of the past



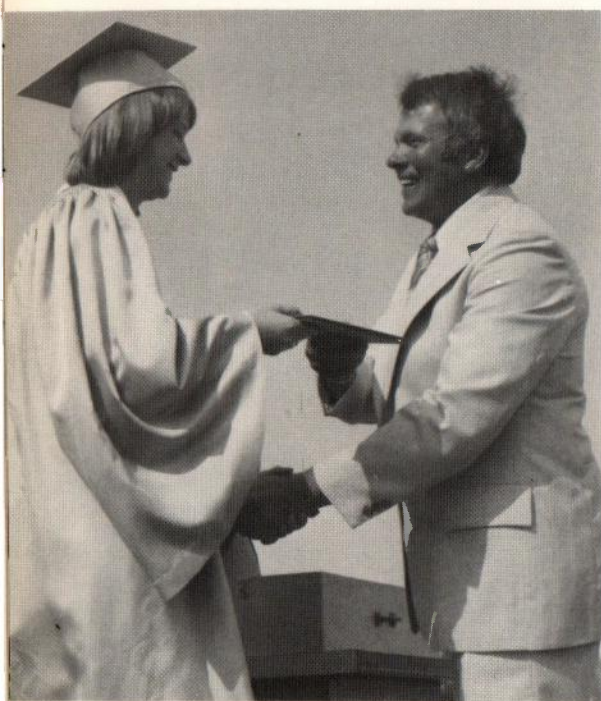


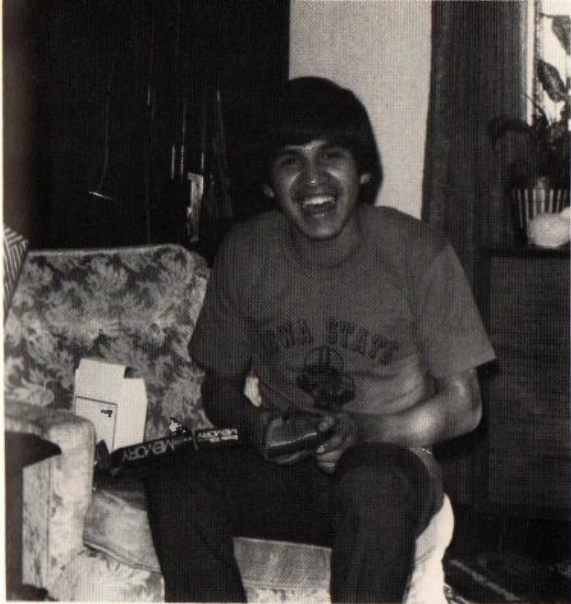
The showcases that boarder Boone High's hallways reflect the effort Boone athletes extend in their strive toward being Number 1. This is nothing new at BHS; it's been going on as long as Boone has been alive.

All of the trophies, plaques, pictures and murals are proudly and tastefully displayed. Remember, this is what can never be taken away from the students who, with their individual and team efforts, surpassed the opposition.

Boone High's non-athletic activities, such as speech and Scroll, have received many acknowledgements for their own award-winning works. Every year their facilities, ideas and machinery is being improved above competitive schools.

Top left, Esther and her American sister Charlene Fibikar go through their "mud" beauty treatment. Top right, Ben opens gifts from his American family. Far left, Esther receives congratulations as Jim Anderson presents her diploma. Inside left, Esther experiences an "American birthday" at Happy Joe's. Inside right, Ben takes a few moments to pose with his family, the Vernon Moorman's. Far left, Esther is shown with the Indians in Tennessee, where the Fibikars vacationed. Inside bottom left, Esther holds her namesake, Fibikar's cat Esther. Inside bottom right, Ben shares one of his many times of joy with the Moorman's. Far bottom right, Ben is shown with his American brother Scott, on the day of their graduation.





BHS imports friendship

1977-78 was a year that will be recalled many times by two BHS seniors, their American families and their American friends. Esther Dossegger from Switzerland and Ben Jimenez Terratachea of Mexico spent the year as American Foreign Exchange students in Boone.

Esther lived with the Edwin Fibikar family of Route 3, Boone. She had two American sisters, Charlene and Ronna, in addition to one of the Fibikar's cats named Esther. During her year here, Esther was very active in vocal music and student council. She spoke at various community club meetings and participated in many AFS activities.

Ben stayed with the Vernon Moorman family, where he experienced farm life with his American brother Scott, and the rest of the Moorman's. Ben was involved with student council and Quill and Scroll. He was the manager of the varsity football team and, like Esther, was busy with community speeches and AFS activities.

It takes very special people to be AFS students. Esther and Ben shared with us their ideas, talents and abilities. We were sad to see them go, because many of us had a friend in Esther and Ben. But real friends never leave, they are always on our minds, and always in our hearts.

