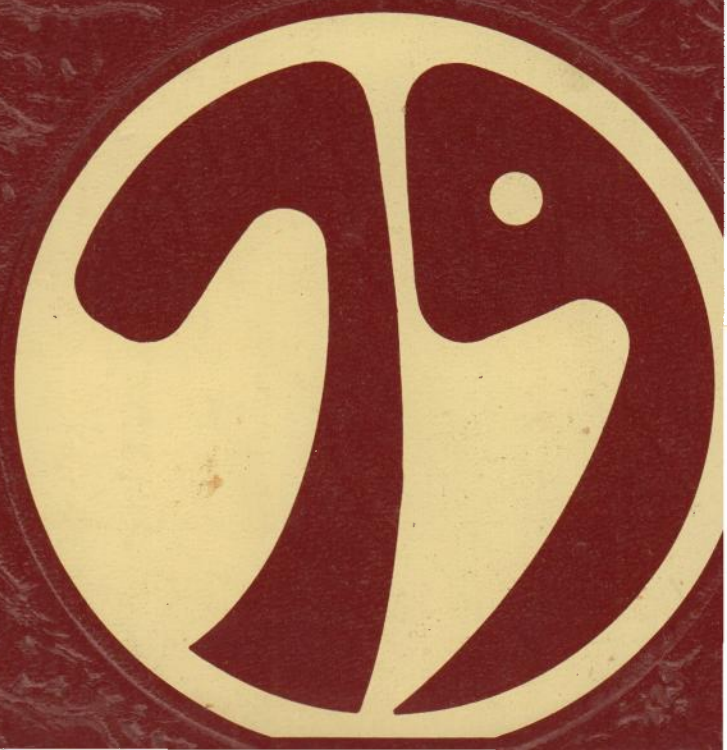


Boone High

Scroll



TEACH HIM GENTLY . . . IF YOU CAN

My young son starts school tomorrow. . . It's all going to be strange and new to him for a while, and I wish you would sort of treat him gently.

You see, up to now, he's been our little boy.

He's always been the boss of the backyard. . . His mother has always been around to repair his wounds, and I've always been handy to soothe his feelings.

But now, things are going to be different. . .

This morning he's going to walk down the front steps, wave his hand, and start out on the great adventure. . . It's an adventure that will probably include wars and tragedy and sorrow.

To live his life in the world he will live in requires faith and love and courage. So, world, I wish you would sort of take him by his young hand and teach him the things he will have to know.

Teach him, but gently. . . if you can.

He will have to learn, I know, that all men are not just, that all men are not true. But teach him also that for every scoundrel there is a hero. . . that for every selfish politician, there is a dedicated leader. . . Teach him that for every enemy, there is a friend.

It will take time, world, I know, but teach him, if you can, that a nickel earned is of far more value than a dollar found. . . Teach him to learn to lose. . . and to enjoy winning.

Steer him away from envy, if you can, and teach him the secret of quiet laughter.

Let him learn early that the bullies are the easiest people to lick. . . Teach him, if you can, the wonder of books. . . But also give him quiet time to ponder the eternal mystery of birds in the sky, bees in the sun and flowers on a green hillside.

In school, world, teach him it is far more honorable to fail than to cheat. . . Teach him to have faith in his own ideas, even if everyone tells him they are wrong. . . Teach him to be gentle with gentle people and tough with tough people.

Try to give my son the strength not to follow the crowd when everyone else is getting on the bandwagon. . . Teach him to listen to all men. . . But teach him also to filter all the hearts on a screen of truth and take only the good that comes through.

Teach him, if you can, how to laugh when he is sad. . . Teach him there is no shame in tears. . . Teach him there can be glory in failure and despair in success.

Teach him to scoff at cynics and to beware of too much sweetness. . . Teach him to sell his brawn and brains to the highest bidders but never to put a tag on his heart and soul.

Teach him to close his ears to a howling mob. . . and to stand and fight if he thinks he's right.

Treat him gently, world, but don't coddle him, because only the test of fire makes fine steel.

Let him have the courage to be impatient. . . let him have the patience to be brave.

Teach him always to have sublime faith in himself. Because then he will always have sublime faith in mankind.

This is a big order, world, but see what you can do. . . He's such a fine little fellow, my son!

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Synopsis of Our Lives

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This is for the
senior class, so
they will always
remember and
never forget.

Volume

LXVI

Yearbook Editor

Carla Silver

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(1st semester)
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Chris Stewart
Mike Van Pelt

Second Hour Advertising Staff

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Donna Needham
Robin Sanders

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Mr. A.K. Stock

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(2nd sem.)

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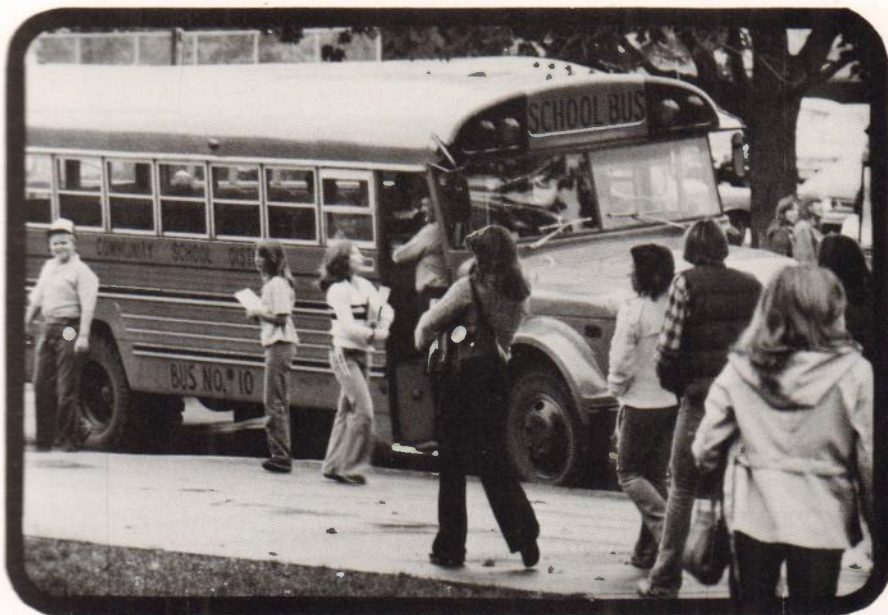
1979

**End of an era...the
beginning of life.**

**From
this
moment
forward
we
shall
set
our
goals
high**



**and strive to achieve
them.**



and make sure we'd
never part,
and I'd live with you
again.

wanted to leap
between your covers
and stay within your
realm,

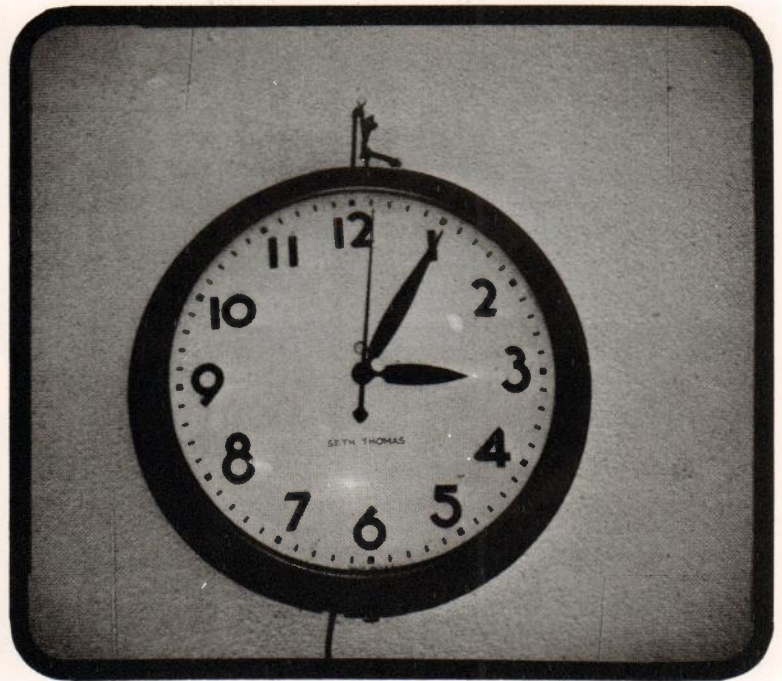
Well, book,
the last page is turned
but are you really
gone?

No, for you were like a
good friend,
you brought life to me
from your mellowed
ivory pages,
you gave me part of me.

You made me laugh,
you made me cry
and ache with all your
troubles and pain,
you made me explore
me, deep within my
soul,
you gave me part of me.

You made me scared
to turn a page
for fear what I might
find,
yet spurred me on
so I dared to face
whatever that next
page brought us,
you gave me part of me.

And as I turned that
final page
there sprang a painful
inner turmoil,
I longed to cry out for it
not to end
and that I'd do it all, with
you, again,
you gave me part of me.



*But, I knew that it could
never be,
for you were you and I
was me,
yet, you gave me part of
me.*

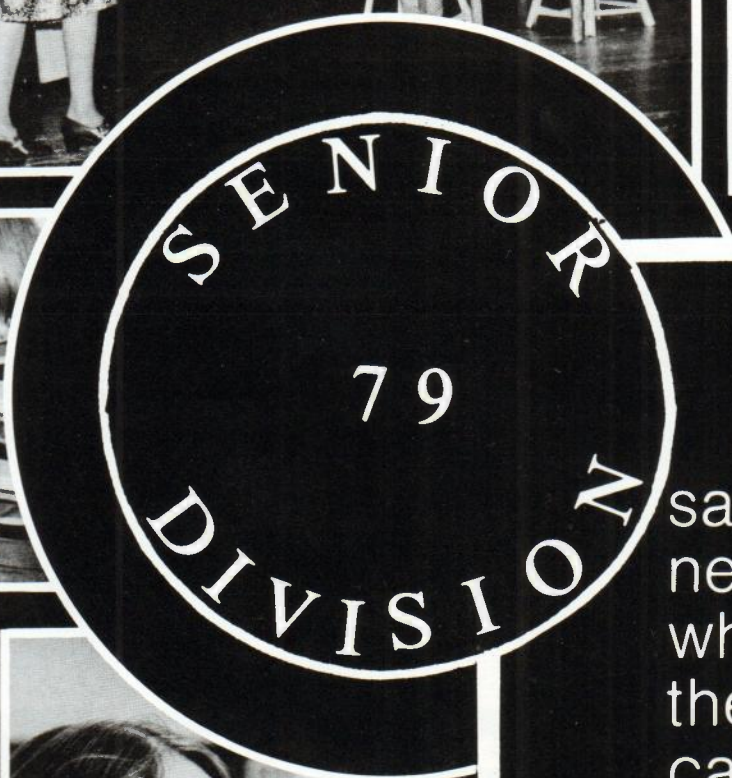
*I shed a tear
and sighed a sigh,
but knew, like all good
friends, you'd never
end,*

*for you'd become a part
of me.
You, book,
my comfort, my pal,
my friend.*

by Donna Dodd







It is easy to say how we love new friends, and what we think of them, but words can never trace out all the fibres that knit us to the old.

George Eliot



Class Day



Reenie Baldus and some friends sang a song that Reenie wrote for the seniors.



Barb Nell speaks at Class Day.

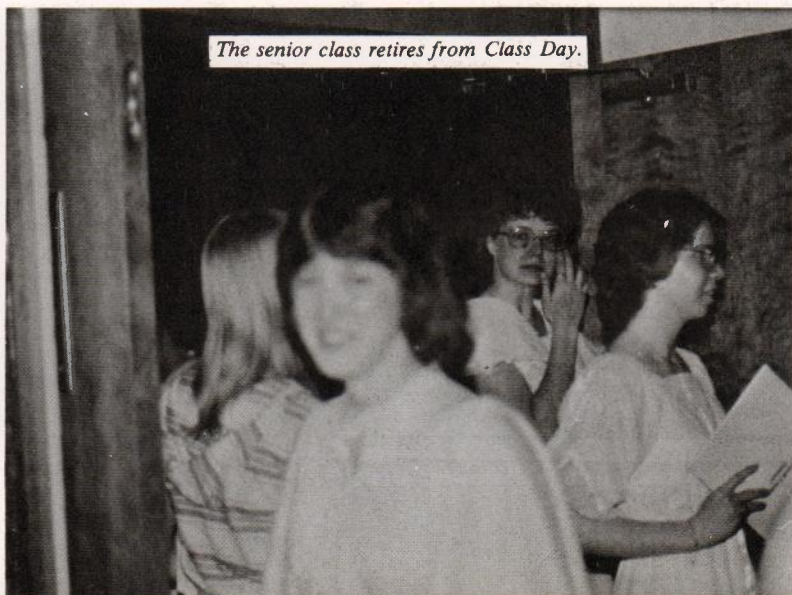


Members of the senior class sang their song to their parents.

The Class of 1979 sings.



The senior class retires from Class Day.



Class Day —

Colors — Red and White

Theme — “Days to Remember”

Song — “The Times of Your Life.”

***Flowers — Red Silk Roses Bouquet
White and Red Streamers***

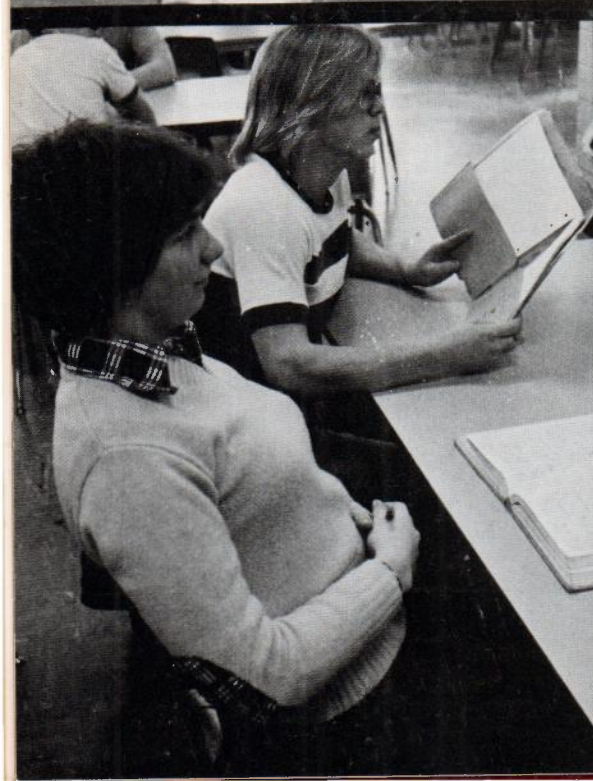
***Motto — “It is not the direction that the wind
blows, but the way we set our sails,
for now we enter into a boundless
sea.”***

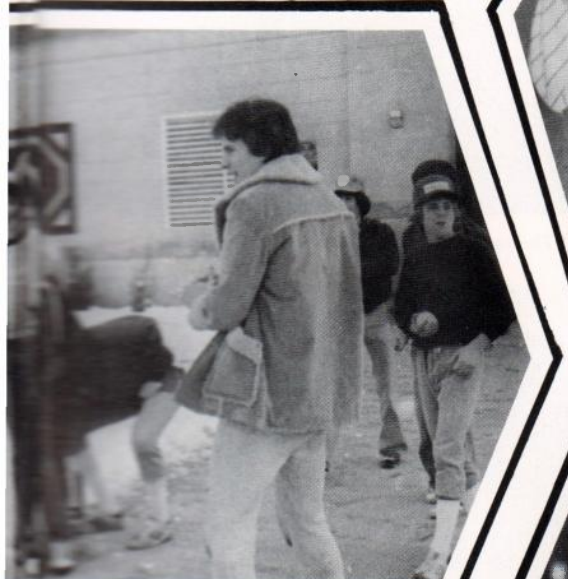
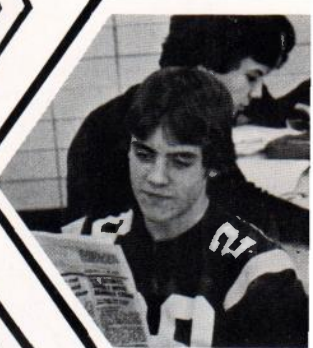
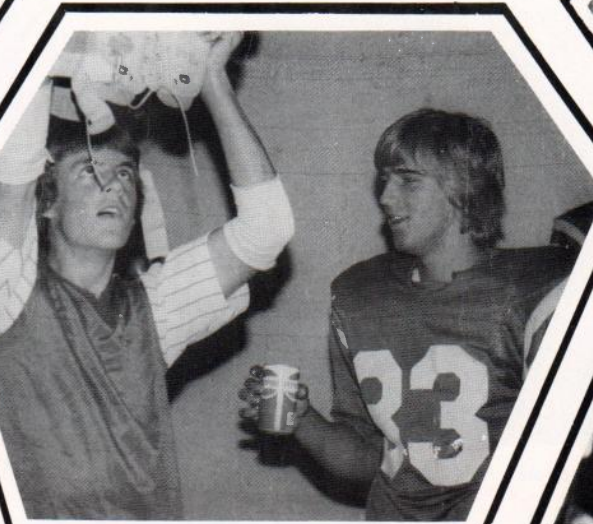
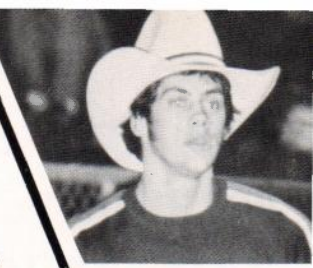


*Students say the final good-
byes.*



*Everyone was sad that it was all
over.*





Graduation



Mr. Anderson, President of the school board, hands Barb Venema her diploma.



The senior class gets lined up for graduation.



Dan Blaess receives his diploma.



Seniors wait to hear their names read.

Junior Class President, Jeff Nelson and Junior Class Vice President, Brad Oatman lead the class of 1979.



Commencement exercises for the 1979 Boone High School Graduates were held at 4:00 p.m. Sunday May 20th at the Geoppinger Field



The senior class of 1979 retires with diplomas in hand.



Mr. Lyness was the speaker for graduation.

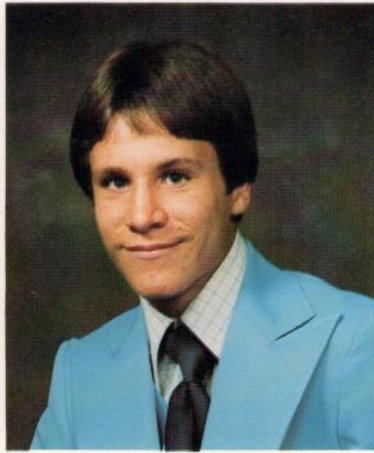


The senior class enters Geoppinger field.

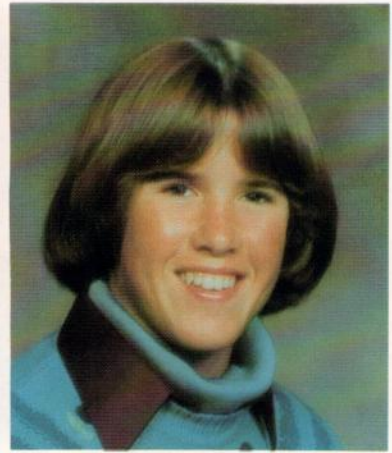




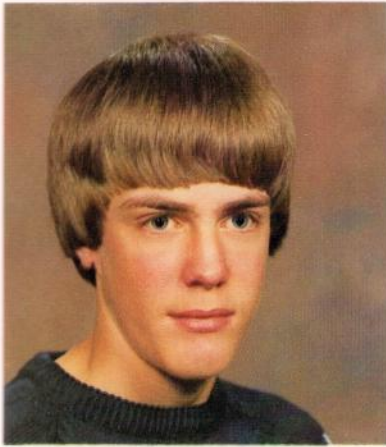
Jim Stotts
Class President



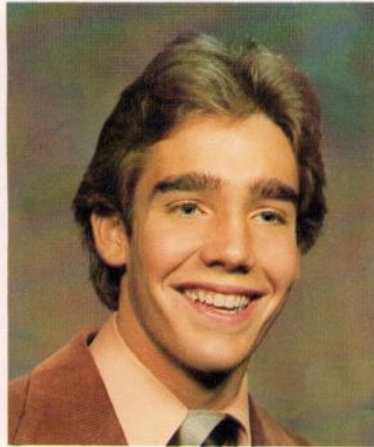
Steve Frandson
Class Vice President



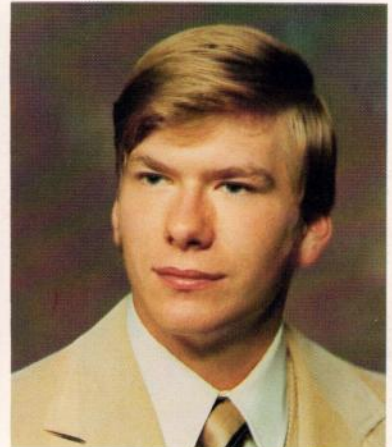
Kelly McIntyre
Class Secretary



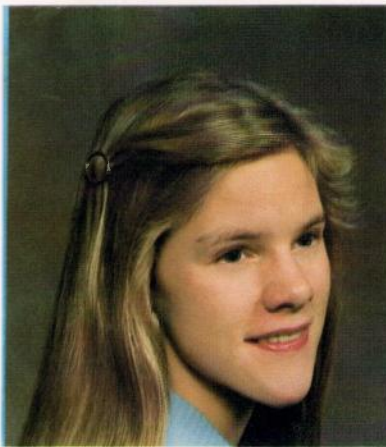
Jerry Dean
Class Treasurer



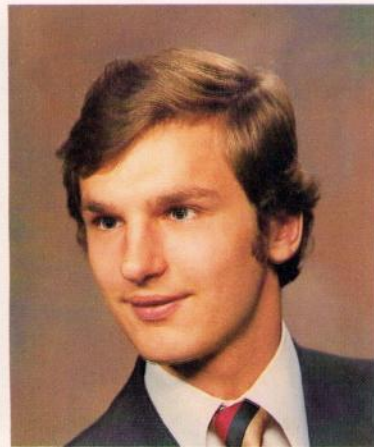
Tim Orr
Student Council President



Bill Killion
Student Council Vice President



Sue Thorngren
Student Council Treasurer



Marc Pipi
A.P.P. Student (Belgium)

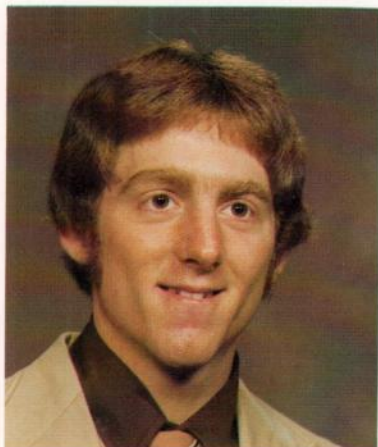


Meryn Fairfull
A.P.P. Student (Australia)

... These I Have Loved:
Sitting on a fallen tree over a quiet creek; Playing tennis on
mild days and winning; Going to a sad movie with my
boyfriend; Not having to wake up at 5:30 A.M. to jog to
work; Eating a thick, cheesy, pepperoni pizza; Gazing at a
fire while munching on popcorn; Just goofing off and

having fun with my friends; Taking a leisure stroll in the
woods; Reading a good mystery on a dreary, rainy day;
Receiving a big pay check; Buying new clothes and
jewelry; Getting dressed up and going to prom; Holding a
soft, cuddly puppy in my arms; Dreaming of the
possibilities of my future.

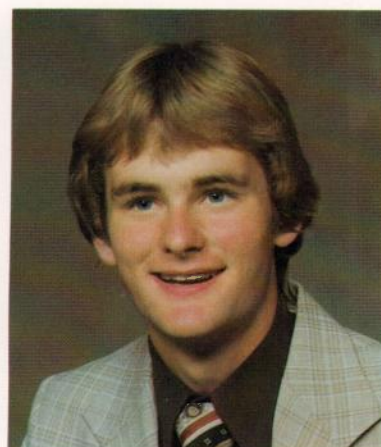
by Lisa Moorman



Wayne Abrahamson



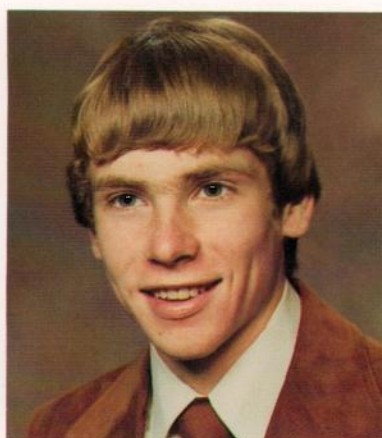
Ronette Adams



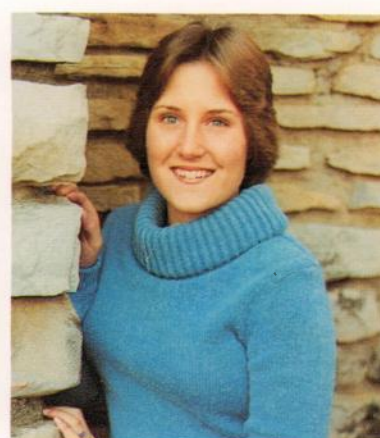
Bruce Anderson



Monica Anderson



Steve Anderson



Janice Annan



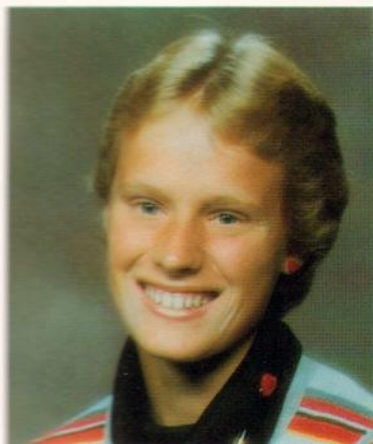
Julie Annan



Deb Arnborg



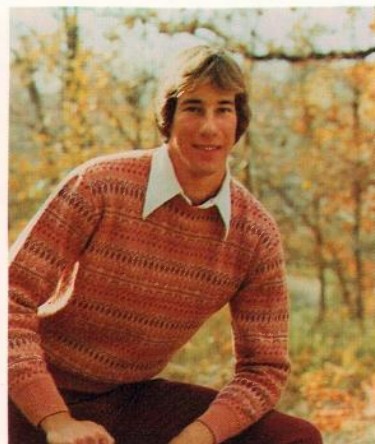
Brian Aspengren



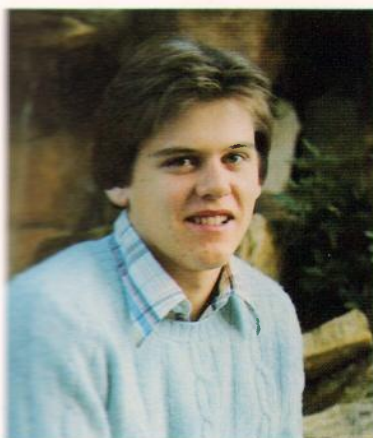
Annie Backous



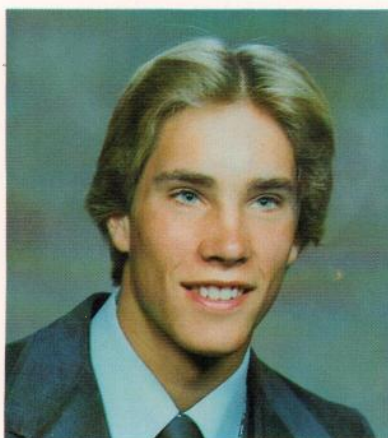
Carla Baldus



Rob Bargaquist



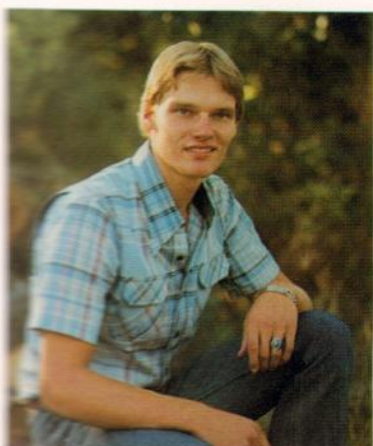
Kevin Barnes



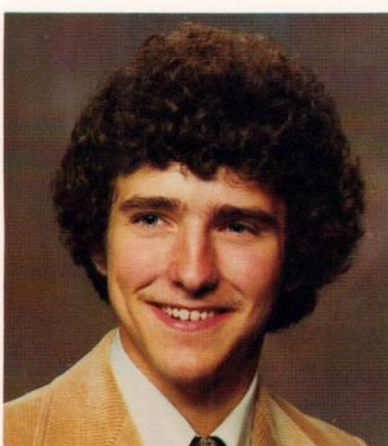
Jon Barstad



Chad Bass



Bill Behling



Jeffrey Bennett

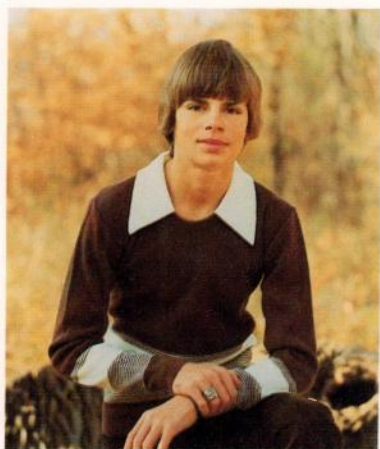


Karen Bennett

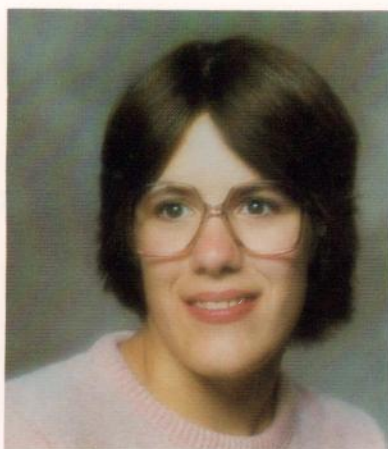
*Here of old and faces of new, people you know and people
you know. Crossing together then drifting apart, always an
ending, now a new start. At graduation you all grow
wiser, and all your friends seem much dearer. As you say
your final goodbyes, one last embrace and one more cry. A*

*"keep in touch" and "promise I will," "a" remember when"
but "better still." "A place in our hearts you'll always say-
that's what's said as you go your own way!"*

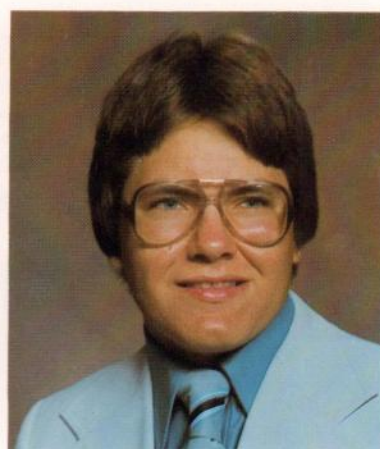
by Janet Briefell



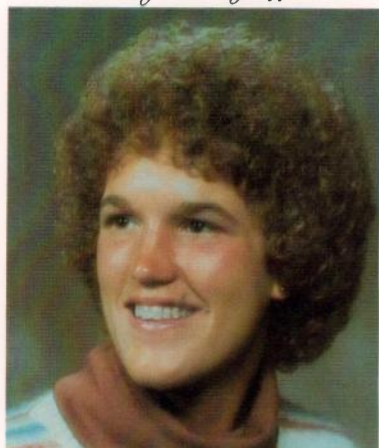
Tony Bergloff



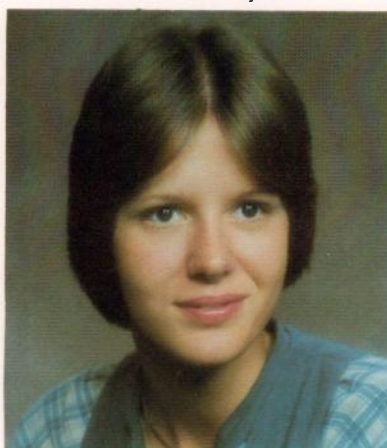
Lanet Bielfelt



Dan Blaess



Jane Boesen



Elizabeth Bothner



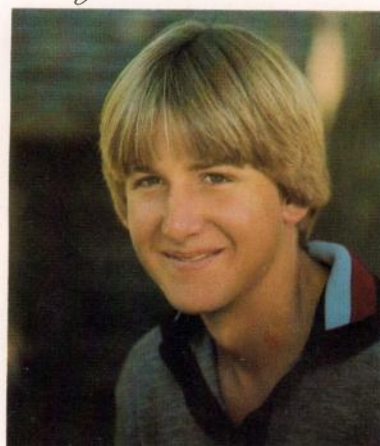
Julie Bowes



Brenda Bray



Dan Brown



Michael Burge

... these I have loved:
 Rolling a canoe on a hot summer day; Sliding down small
 Trout Falls; Catching trout from a gurgling stream;
 Cooling my feet in a nice cool stream; Backpacking during
 beautiful autumn; Being alone on a trail to see deer;

Watching the sun set behind giant pines; Watching the
 Aurora Borealis appear in the sky; Sleeping under the
 stars to awake content; Cooking on an open campfire;
 Falling asleep with rain pattering against the tent; Eating
 steak after two weeks in the wilds.

by Mike Scheuerman

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 unfolded; 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 stand still and even sadder yet to think that it never will.
by Christy Nelson



Glenda Carlson



Terrie Carman



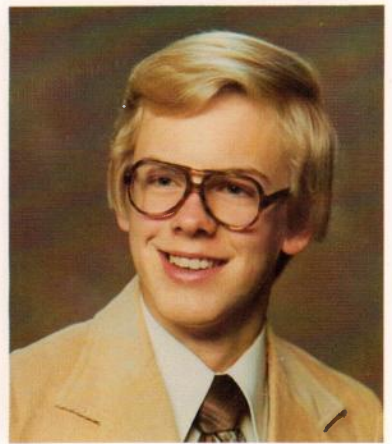
Jeanne Carpenter



Joyce Carter



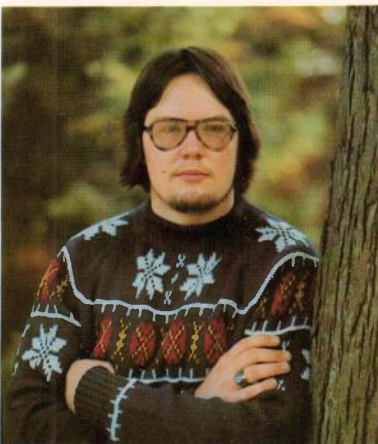
Sandie Cerny



John Chelswig



Sally Clark



Chris Colvin



Rich Conrad

... These I Have Loved:

*Ice-skating, skiing, tennis, and walking; Writing to friends
and just plain talking; Dancing the hustle, ballet, or Irish*

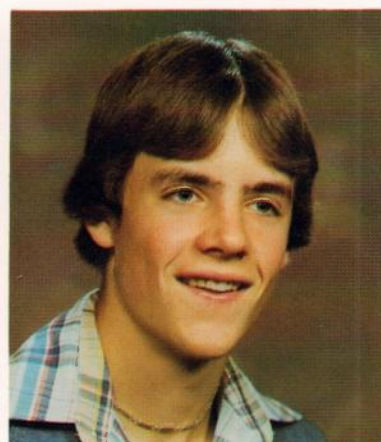
*jig; Laying out in the sun and getting nigg; Listening to my
favorite tune, And gazing at a bright, full moon; Going to
Baskin Robbins for an ice-cream cone; Receiving a call on
the telephone; Riding around town on a Saturday night;*
cont.



Cindy Cook



Marvita Grandell



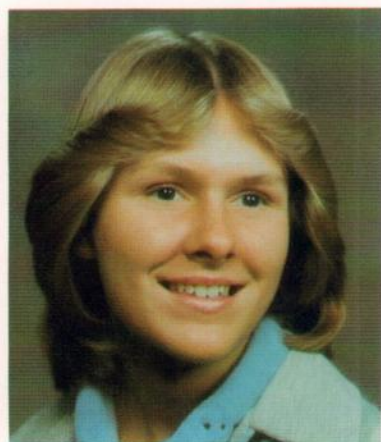
Randy Creasman



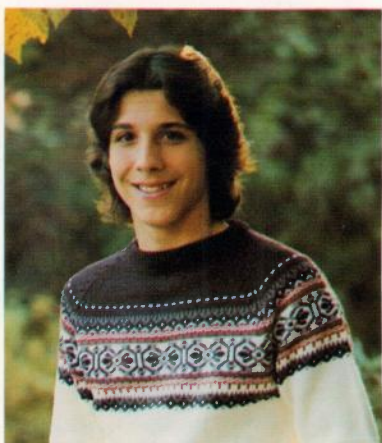
Mary (Kit) Curran



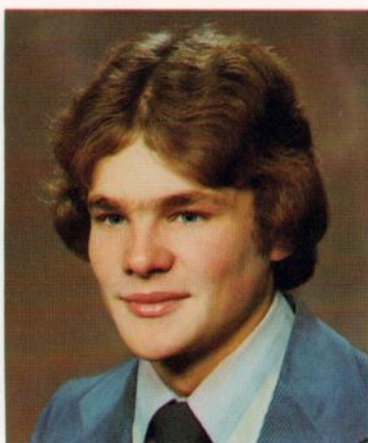
Dora Dearborn



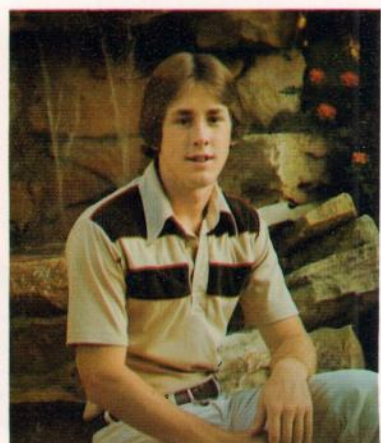
Julie Dennert



Bob Dennis



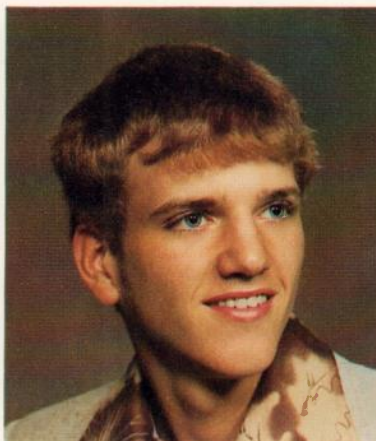
Bob DeVoogd



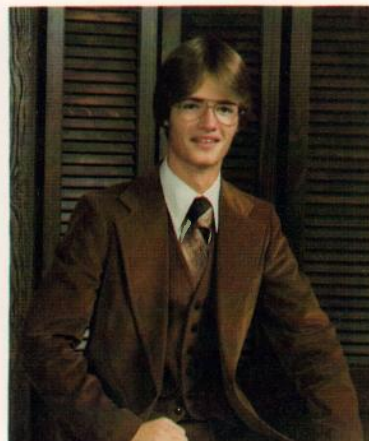
Dan Dillavou



Rhonda Dittmer



Duane Duncun



Michael Edwards



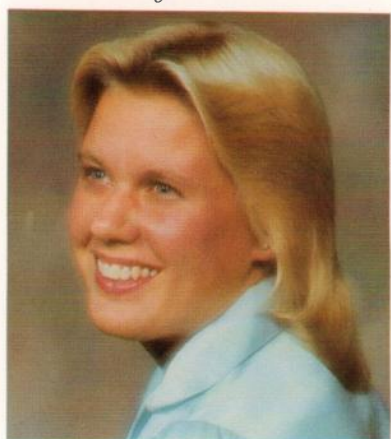
Sandy Eatock



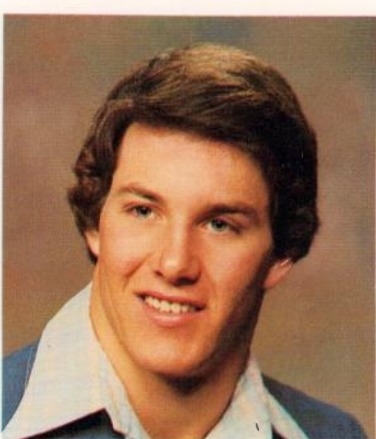
Deanna Eckhart



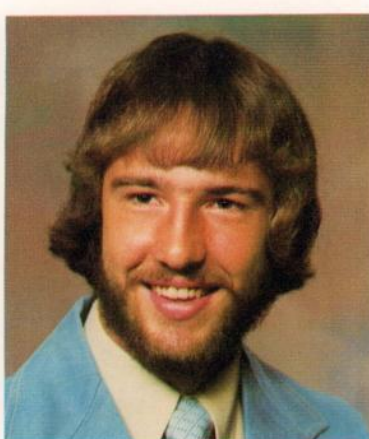
Kenneth Eckhart



DeeAnn Eckley



Randy Ekampf



Doug Elsberry

And being chased by neat guys, all right!; Christmas, Thanksgiving, The Fourth of July; Any day when people's spirits are high; Visiting my Italian kin; And getting fat on pasta and pizza, what a sin!; Bluebirds,

robins, parrots, and doves; These are the things that have been my loves.

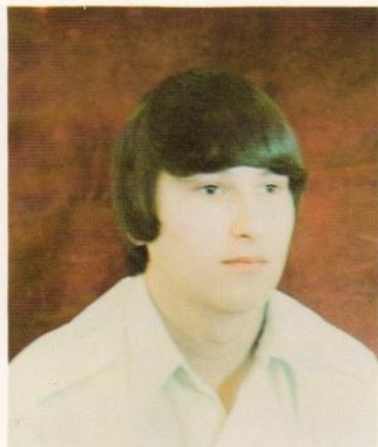
by Gail Peitzmeier



Renee Elsner



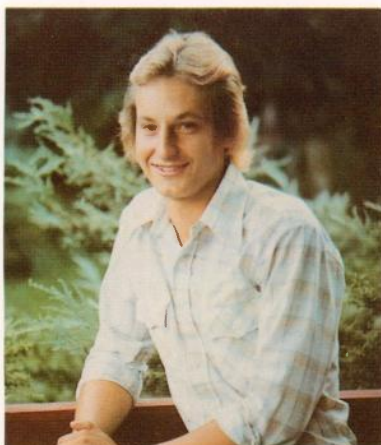
Sherri Engquist



Dale Erb



Shayne Farringer



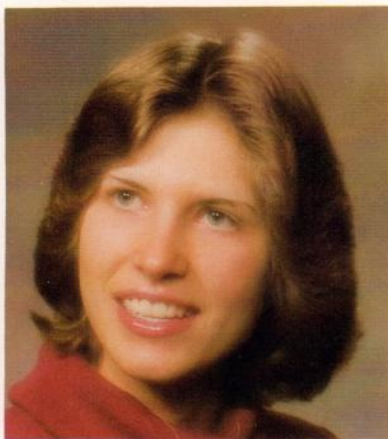
Scott Feldmann



Charlene Fibikan



Suzanne Foshee



Patty Frakes



David Frisk

... these I have loved:
The fresh smell of spring in the air; Having a weiner roast
in June; My dog with his freshly clipped hair; Being with
friends both old and new; My brothers and sisters when
they're sweet; Christmas time with its hustle and bustle;

Waiting for Halloween to trick or treat; Giving gifts to aunts
and uncles; The smell of new fallen snow; Waiting for
summer to go to camp; Watching children give a show;
Learning how to jump on a tramp; These I have loved...
by Robin Jensen

... these I have loved:

Playing the piano just for you; Swimming in the hot hot sun; Running my fingers through clean hair; Taking walks in warm summer air; Going barefoot in warm sand; Exploring the flat green meadow land; Eating popcorn by the firelight; Listening to the rain fall at night; Going on a

hayride in November; Hearing the Christmas carols in December; Having a Boyd's thick malt for a snack; Eating my favorite sandwich, a Big Mac; Going to camp for a week; Seeing my friends is a real treat . . .

by Renee Jensen



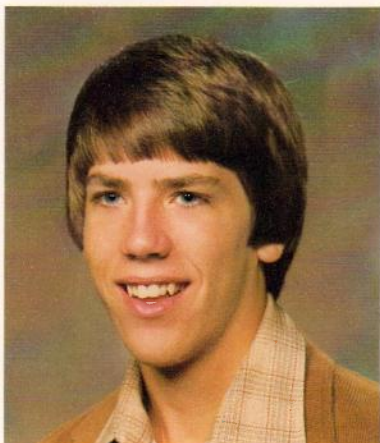
Liese Geiger



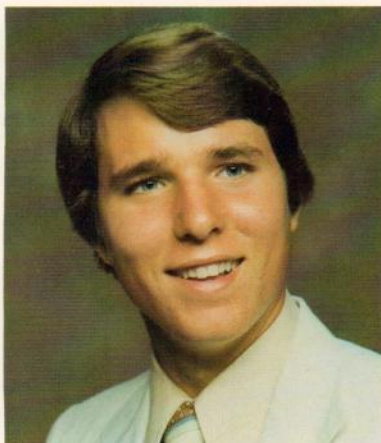
Annette Gibbs



Donna Givens



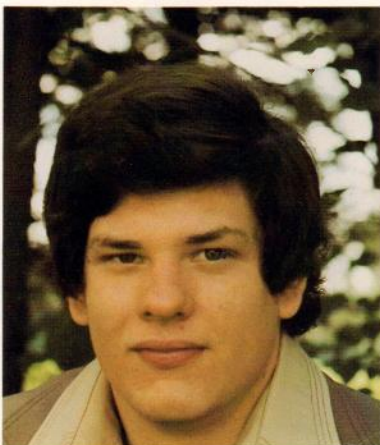
Jeff Grady



Dan Grapentine



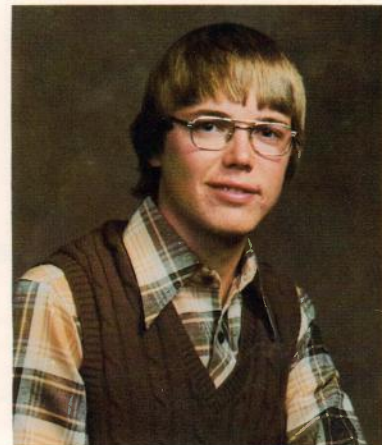
Janna Graves



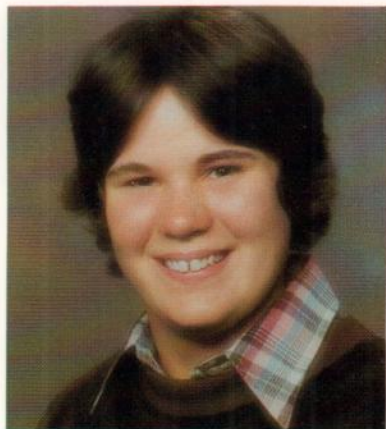
David Green



Susan Gus



Jim Gutteridge



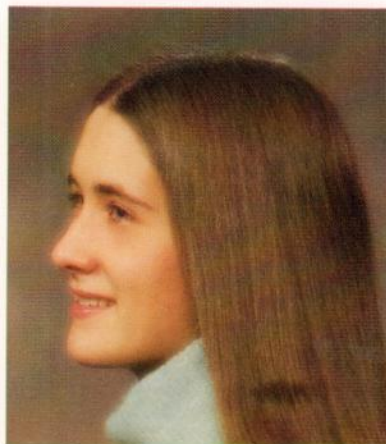
Catherine Hall



Teresa Hammer



Linda Hansen



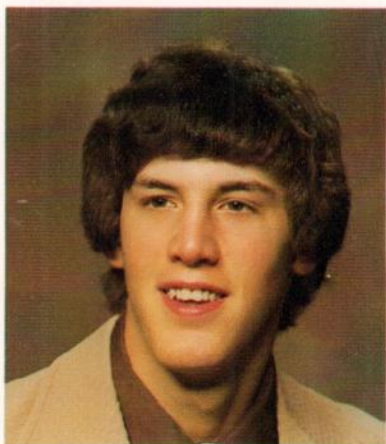
Pam Harken



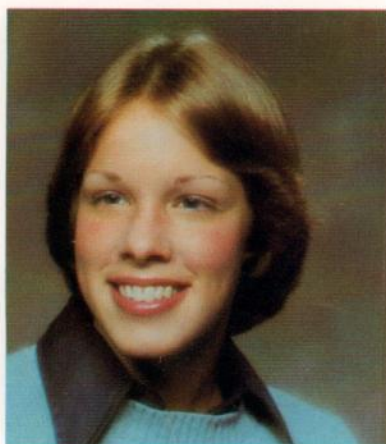
Mysty Harper



Chris Harrington



Brent Harris



Patricia Harris



Bill Hasstedt

... these I have loved:
Long summer afternoons; Being with friends and knowing
they care; My little blue Maverick all shiny and new;
Crying at sad things no matter how little; Both of my dogs
though one has died; Roller skating with a crowd on
Saturdays; Boys that have come and those that have gone;

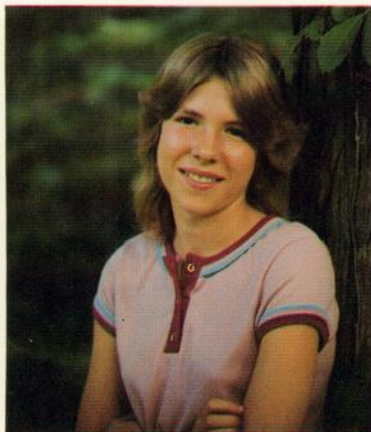
Listening to Barry Manilow and Bread; The excitement
of the State Fair; Camping with my family and being
close; The football games of 1976; The rainbow after a
spring shower; Seeing cousins from far away; Sitting alone
and remembering the days that have passed me by; These
are a few of my loves . . .
by Kim Orr

It feels great for it's my Senior year and the last year is the best for there is a lot of excitement and privileges with assemblies, dances and being the top class in Senior High. As graduation day comes nearer, I feel quite depressed for

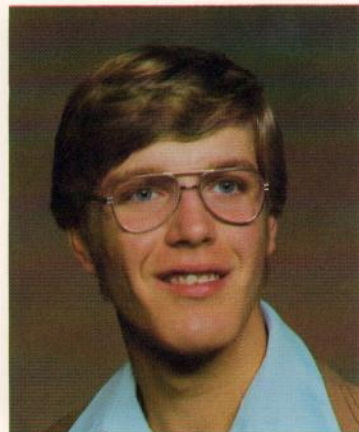
leaving B.H.S., and this will probably be the last time to see all my friends, the senior class meetings, fourth hour lunch, pottery, library and all our rowdy get-togethers. Seniors are the class with class!



Richard Heldt



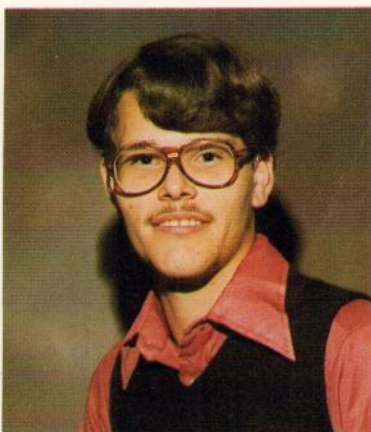
Cathy Henry



Michael Hickie



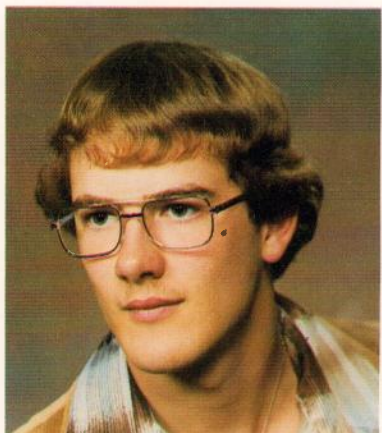
Shelley Hollis



Jeff Hopkins



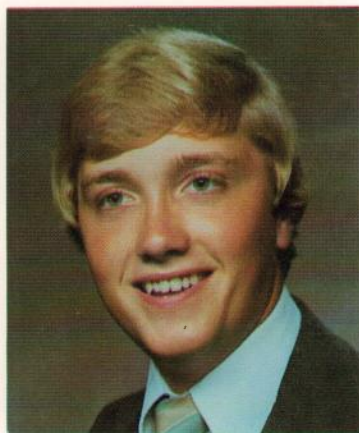
Craig Howard



Don Howe



Patricia Huff



John Hull

Life is so short, yet so long lived it has a beginning and an end. The pages between is what fills the heart. The sand of time quickens our pace. The simple things are often forgotten or replaced by a side glance that looks at all but sees nothing. As many sit back and watch the sunset many do not realize their allotted time is running out. Life is to be lived, not

endured. Goodbyes serve no purpose but hellos signify a beginning. Each of us passes through our school days. But is it enough to simply slide through these days. Graduation could be such a final goodbye. But it can also be a beginning to look forward, meet new people, see new places.

by Carla Silber



Lisa Hull



Cindy Humphrey



Paul Jackson



David James



Renee Jensen



Robin Jensen



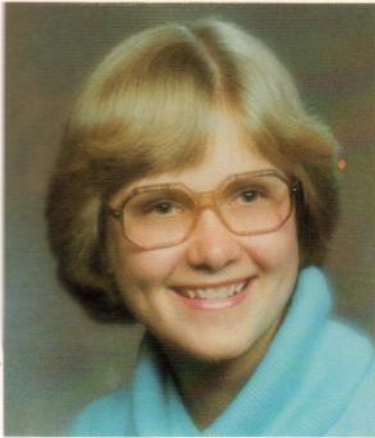
Larry Johnson



Lori Johnson



Kathy King



Lisa Kirkman



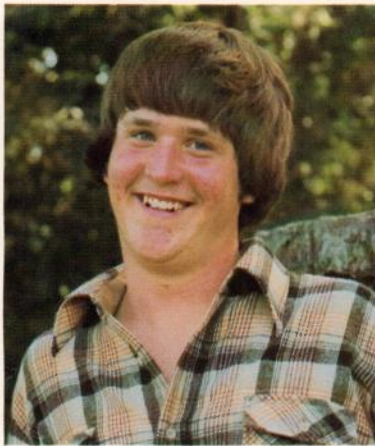
Lisa Knight



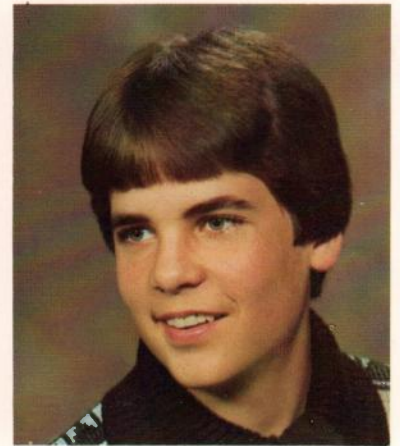
Carmen Kokemiller



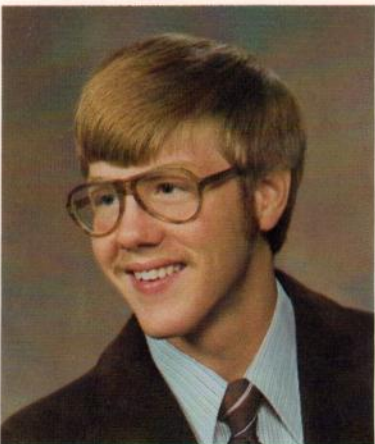
Natalie Krug



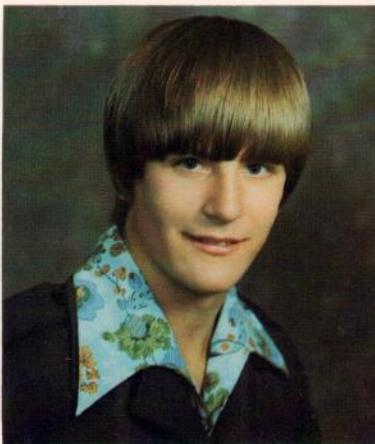
Kurt Kruse



Mike Kruse



Jim Lacey



Eliot LaFollette



Sherry Lamb

*I remember, I remember the days of the old schoolyard,
Playing old maid without the one famous card; Pedaling
my bike down 22nd Street, Never being frightened by
anyone I would meet; Laughing and giggling as I
walked through the tar, Filling through the steering wheel
on Dad's old car; Pulling out the fresh planted onions in the*

*garden, Stealing popsicles out of the freezer before given a
chance to harden; Hours spent building in the sand pile,
The walk to and from school-almost a mile; The bruises
and scrapes from my first bike, Looking down in the
basement at my rusty blue bike.*

by Janna Graves

... these I have loved:
 Rain on rooftops and the rainbow that follows; Walks in the
 park on warm afternoons; Violets and daisies growing wild
 in the mountains; The sweet smell of my grandpa's pipe;

Loving hugs from my grandmother, who cares; Quiet
 evenings with that certain someone; The closeness of good
 friends; Campfires and hayrides out on the farm; Hot
 chocolate chip cookies fresh from the oven; The softness of a
 cont.



Gwen Leichtler



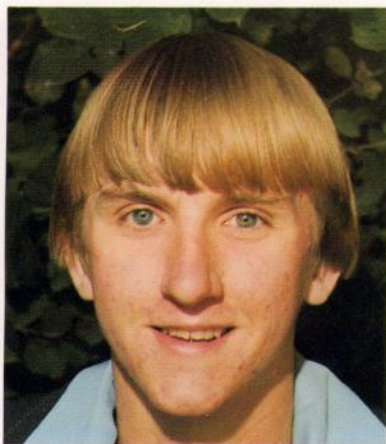
Clarence Lendt



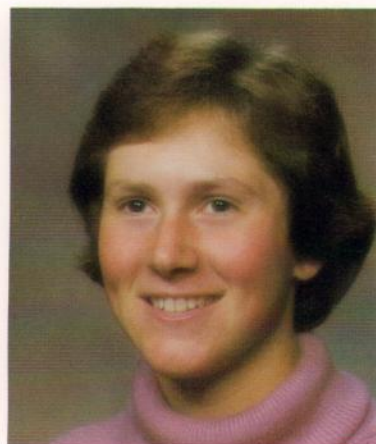
Julie Lett



Jill Littleton



Kevin Lindahl



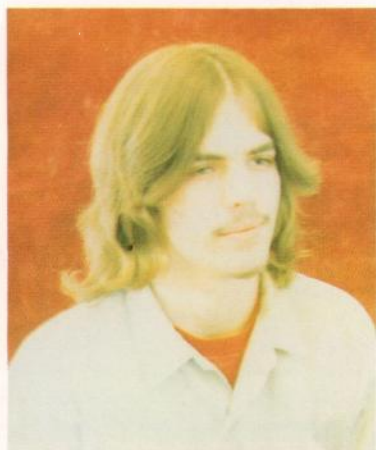
Kathy Long



Marcie McCabe



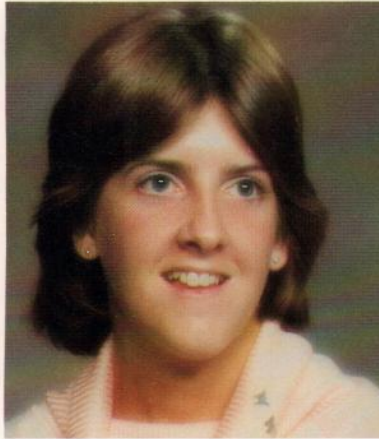
Martin McCoy



James McGlynn



Joan McNace



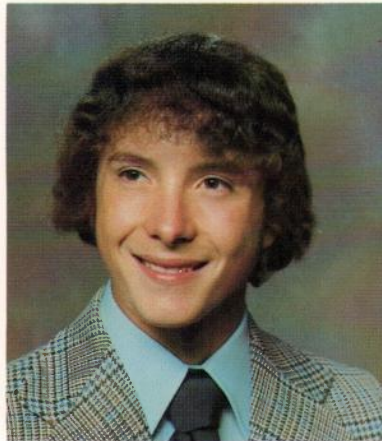
Debbie MacDougall



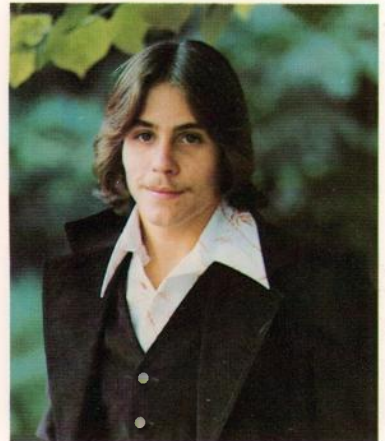
Lorraine Mayfield



Earl Meadows



John Meadows



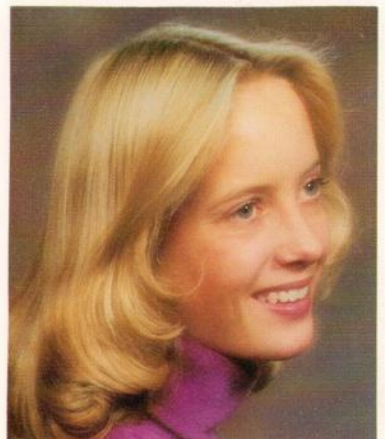
James Merrill



Brenda Miller



Cory Miller



Kitty Miller

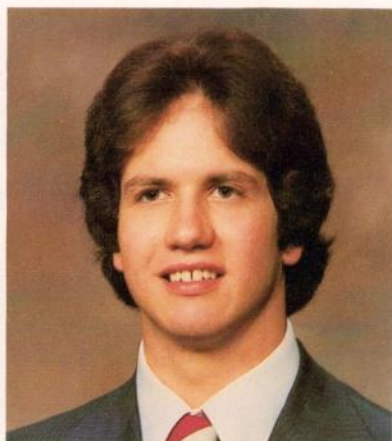
baby, so innocent and new; Surprises on birthdays, or for no reason at all; My purple blanket, all tattered and torn; Little kids playing in the yard; Smiles from strangers, trying to be friends; Fighting with my sister and winning; Getting

dressed up to go out to eat; Being with my family for everyday occasions; Writing in my diary when no one is around; These have all been my loves.

by Jill Smith



Kathy Millward



Kevin Minnihan



Kurt Moeller



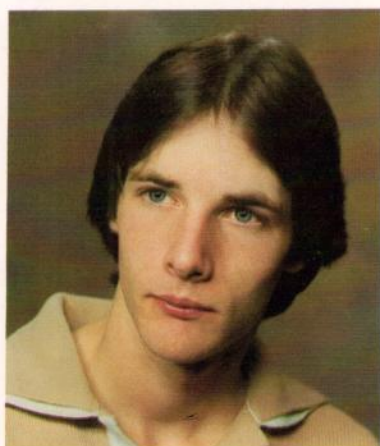
Mary Moffitt



Lisa Moorman



Lynnette Moorman



Shawn Moran



Shelly Moran



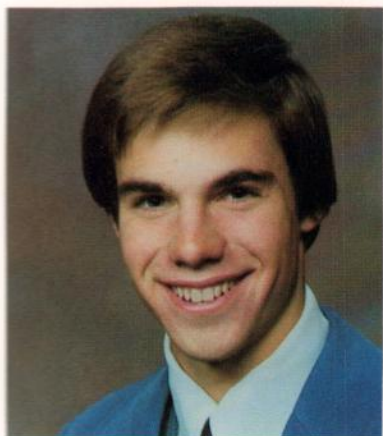
Bill Morgan

It's great to be a senior, but it's scary to think about it. To know that soon I'll be out on my own and high school days are over. Now it's time to think about a job and finding a career that will be best for me in my future. It's a lot of fun

this year and it will never be forgotten, high school will always leave lasting memories in my mind. Best of luck to the rest of the students. Have fun in High School and live it up, you'll never forget your senior year. It's great!

It really feels good to know I made it through all the years of home work and report cards. It's kind of a reward to be graduating from high school, but I'll probably go back to school next year to go through it again.

I think being a senior is great because it is your last year of school and it is the best year. We should try to remember everyone that we can because it may be the last time we will see our friends or be with them.



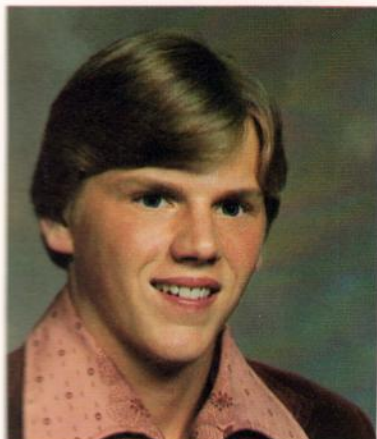
Daniel Morrow



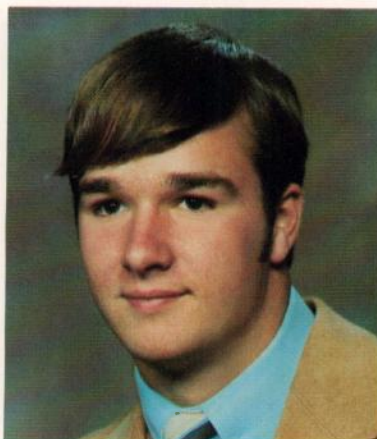
Kris Mosman



Marcy Munson



Michael Musser



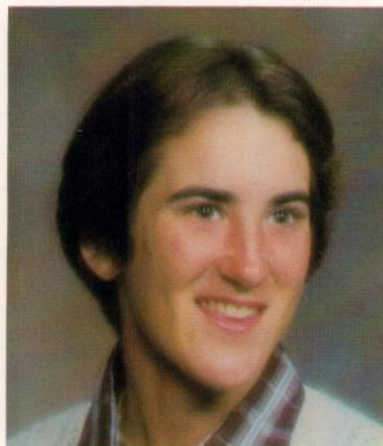
Scott Myers



Barb Nell



Christy Nelson



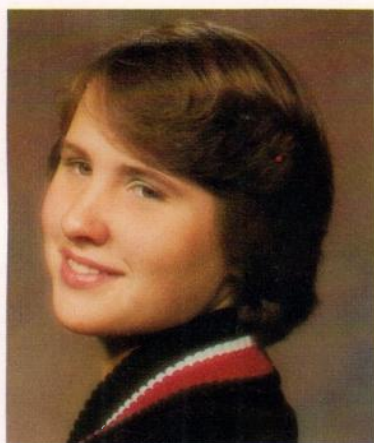
Julie Nelson



Jim Newbold

... these I have loved:
 Going to dances with all of my friends; Talking on the
 telephone for hours and hours; Spending my summer
 vacation in Missouri; Going waterskiing on warm
 afternoons; Working on my stamp collection on rainy days;
 Putting jigsaw puzzles together during long winter nights;

Riding my bike through the park in the summer; Cruising
 through town in my little green Comet; Playing my horn at
 football and basketball games; Band trips to Estes Park,
 Colorado; Sharing secrets with close friends; Working at
 O.E.T. with Gail and Kit; Spending time alone with my
 niece; Just being home with my family. by Lisa Kirkman



Lori Newcomb



Kim Orr



Teresa Otis



Rick Outhouse



Lorraine Payton



Michelle Pearson



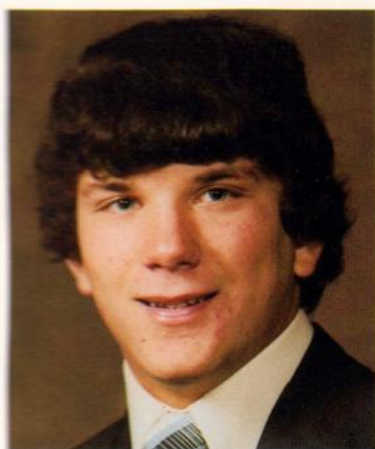
Gail Peitzmeier



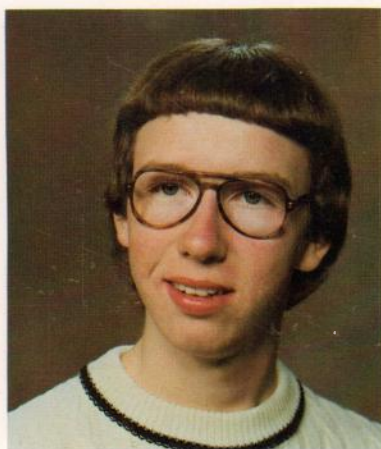
Phyllis Pepper



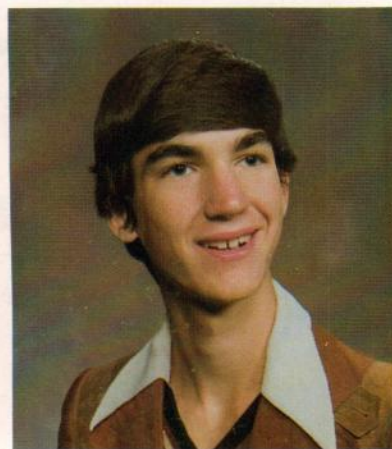
Larry Peter



Jim Petersen



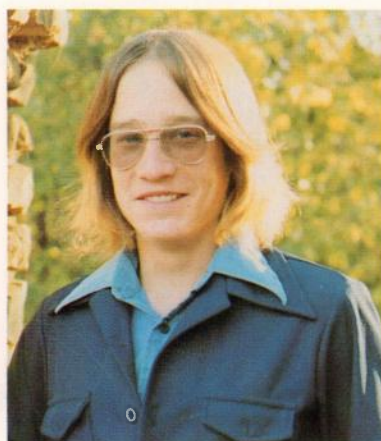
Jeffry Platter



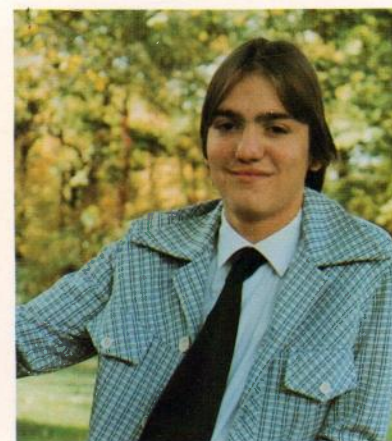
Robert Powers



Kris Prokop



Paul Rand



Mark Rardin



Patty Rather



Tim Reece



Jean Reed

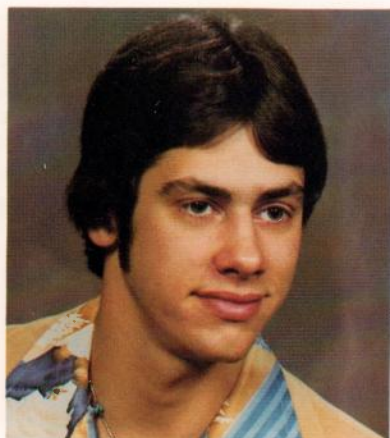
...these I have loved:
Sitting atop a mountain watching the sun rise; Viewing the clouds in never-ending blue skies; The smell of a pine forest of trees; The whistling of a soft cool breeze; Hours I've spent watching the North Star; Answering the question, "how far is far?"; The sound of the crickets on a warm summer's

even; Laying under a shade tree thinking of the things I believe; Watching a deer or a soft little fawn; Sitting on grass with fresh dew collected upon; Throwing rocks into a babbling stream; Laying in a rowboat dreaming my impossible dream.

by Janna Graves



Debbie Reitz



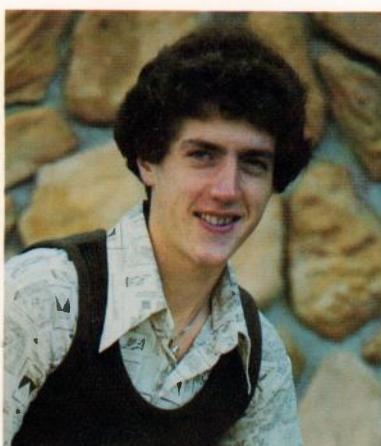
Brent Reutter



Francis Rickertt



Roberta Riordan



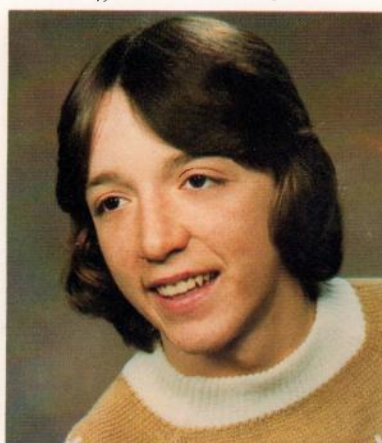
John Ripkey



Frank Risdal



Kathy Rodwell



Jim Rouse



Julie Runestad

I remember. I remember the great yellow school bus that swept me away; For this was it, my first school day; The people I had met, throughout the next thirteen years, all came to know my thoughts, all came to know my fears; For those are the memories that will not

part. They remain throughout your lifetime; They remain throughout your heart.

Barb Nell

*Walking through the rain, hand in hand, With someone
very special (his name is Ben.) Watching television,
listening to some tunes, Twinkling little stars and big
bright harvest moons; Watching little babies taking their
first steps, Running through lawn sprinklers without
getting wet, Little baby bunnies, quiet little mice,*

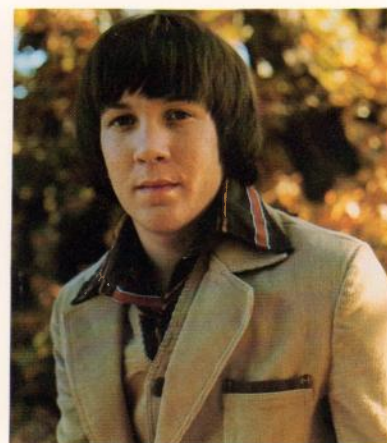
*Vacations in the winter are really very nice; Skipping out
of school to go downtown and shop, Or just staying home
to watch my favorite soap-op; Going to bed early, the
flight of a dove, All of these very special things are things
that I have loved.*



Nyla Samson



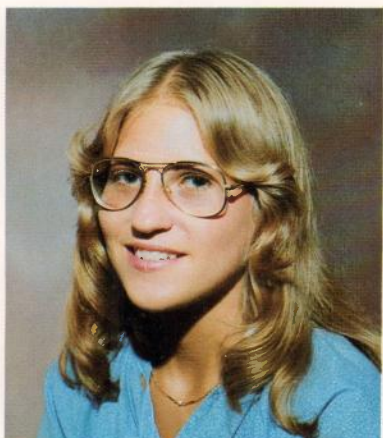
Ronna Santage



Mike Scheuerman



Carol Schmidt



Anna Schroeder



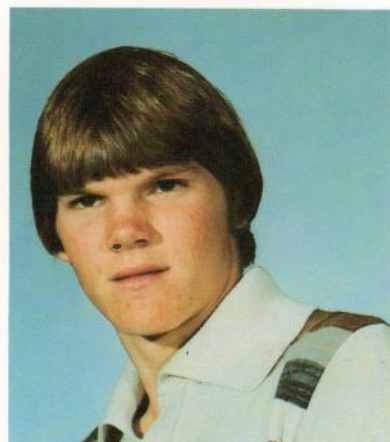
Cathy Schroeder



Jeff Schwartz



Randy Thadle



Steve Thuey

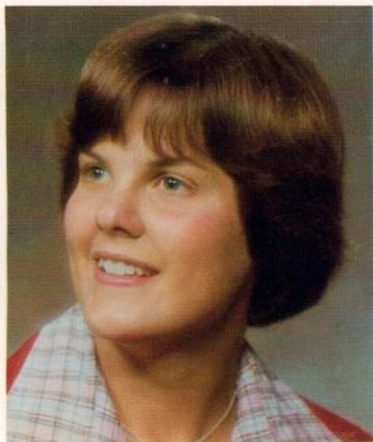
Turning Point

Well, it's over. Never again will I be a child. Never will adults owe me as they once did. Never will I have to look up to the world. But, wait a

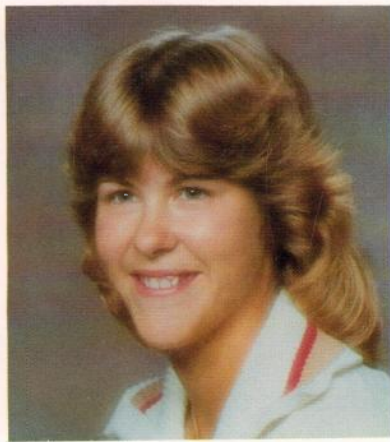
moment. Do I want to be treated like a child forever. Following rules set down before me, Seen, heard, but not listened to? Do I want that? No. Today, this minute, right now, I will make and end of childhood, and start fresh. Today, I will make a beginning.



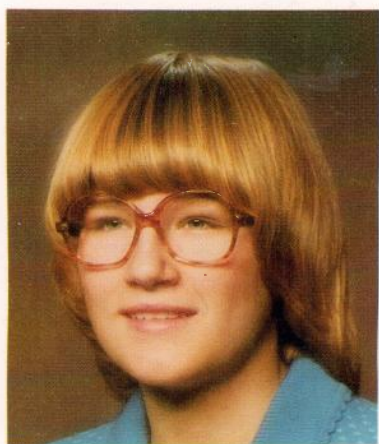
Carol Tidors



Lori Tifrit



Carla Silver



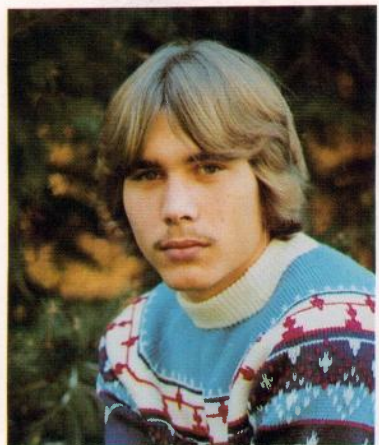
Jill Smith



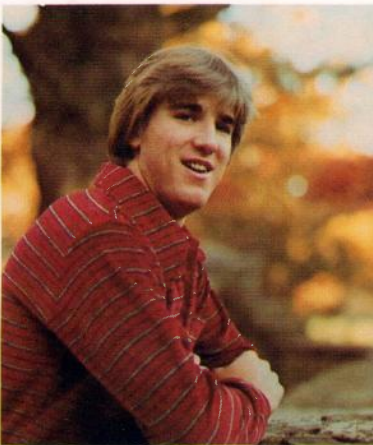
Kerin Springer



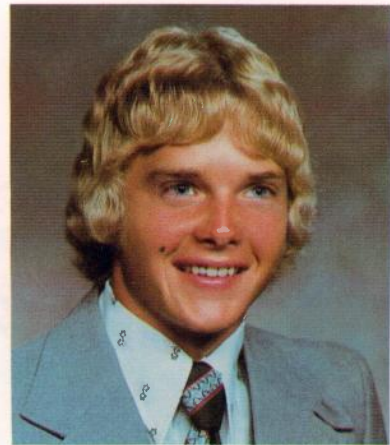
Sue Sternquist



David Stoneburner



Tim Strain



Mike Sunstrom



Brenda Taylor



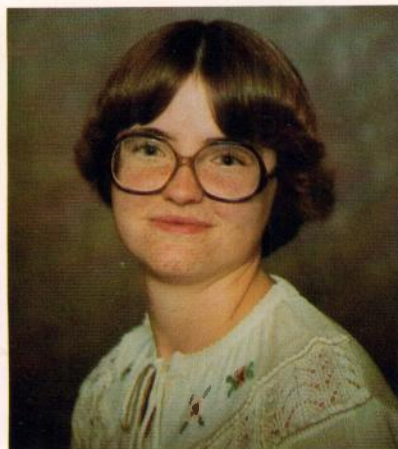
Martin Teig



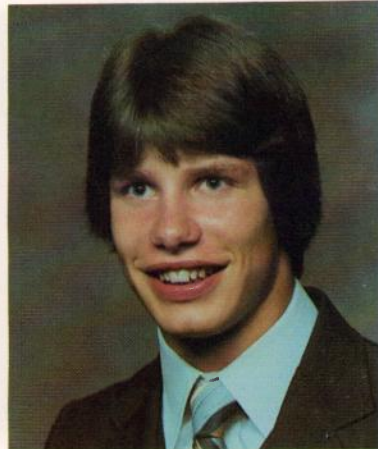
Norene Tilley



Debi Todd



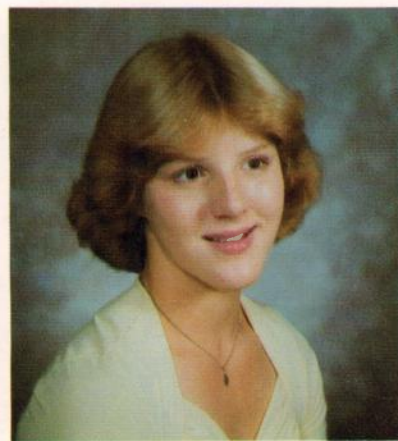
Julie Triska



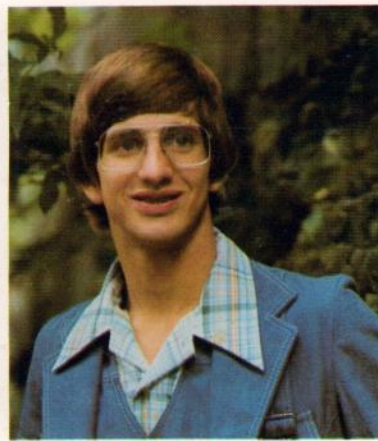
Jeff Tucker



James Udelhoven



Marilyn VanCannon



Michael Van Pelt

I remember, I remember my childhood days so free when all my problems could be solved by my best friend and me. I remember, I remember the years of summer camp and how I loved those canoas

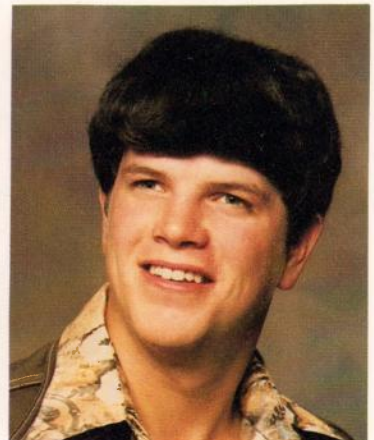
tents that were so dark and cramped. I remember, I remember so many happy things that, as I write, come rushing back like moths on silver wings.



Barbara Venema



Cheri Wallerich



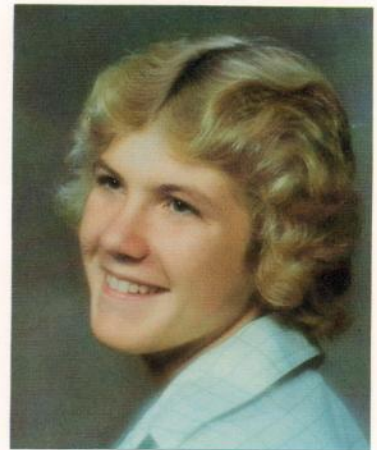
Les Walters



Robin Walters



Jeff Warren



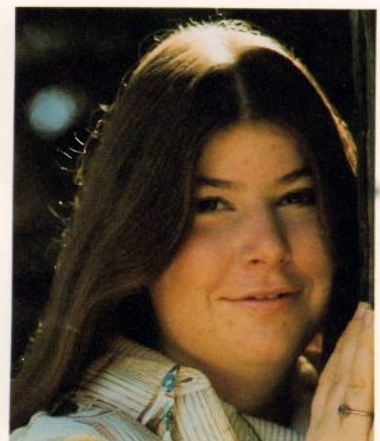
Monica Waterbury



Sheri Whyte



Gary Wilcox



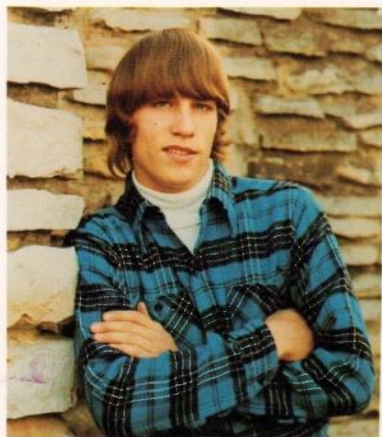
Karla Winebrenner

I used to try to impress my friends, But now I just don't care; I used to be very selfish, But now I always share. I used to be very active, But now I'm very lazy; I used to act quite normal, But now I act quite crazy. I used to try

to catch the wind, But now I walk beside him; I used to know what I wanted from life, But now my future's dim. I used to lie my way out of trouble, But now I tell the truth; I used to want to age quickly, But now I cherish
cont.

youth. I used to be afraid of death, but now I have a fear of living; I used to want things constantly, But now I'm content in giving. I used to hide from reality, But now I face it head-on; I used to stay at home a lot, But now I'm

always gone. I used to want a lot of kids, But now I think two are enough; I used to resent my parents, But now I love them very much.



Dallas Wisecup



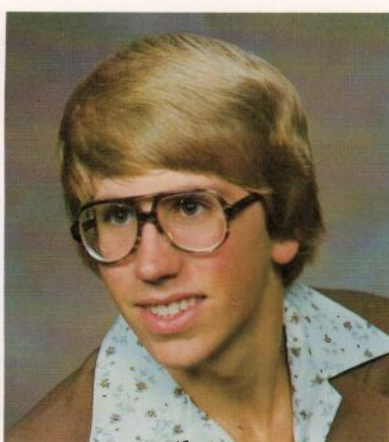
Shelly Wisecup



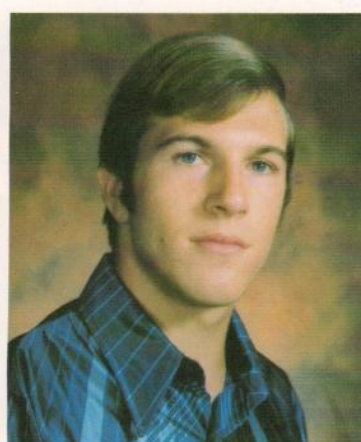
Lura Woolson



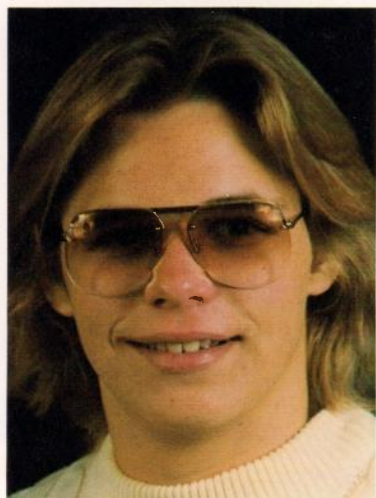
Chris Young



Mark Lenox



Bill McClure



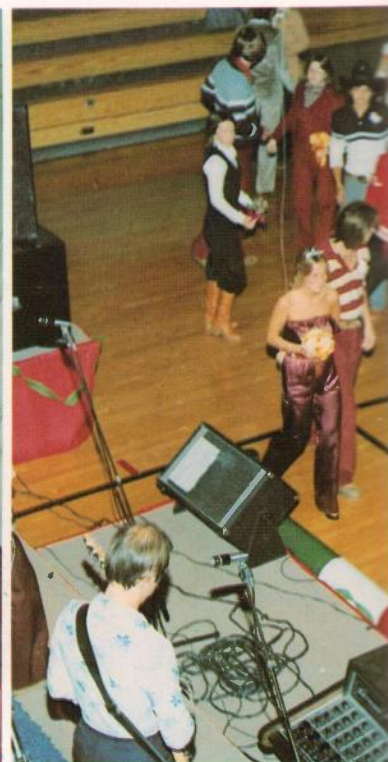
Jeff Thomas



Queen Candidates: Janna Graves, Ronette Adams, Sherry Lamb, Dee Eckley and the crowning of Debi Todd.



Queen Candidates: Sherry Lamb, Janna Graves, Queen Debi Todd, Ronette Adams and Dee Eckley. Escorts: Craig Howard, Jeff Tucker, Scott Meyers, Doug Elsberry and Bill Killion.





Bill Behling and Leona Phipps stop for a picture.



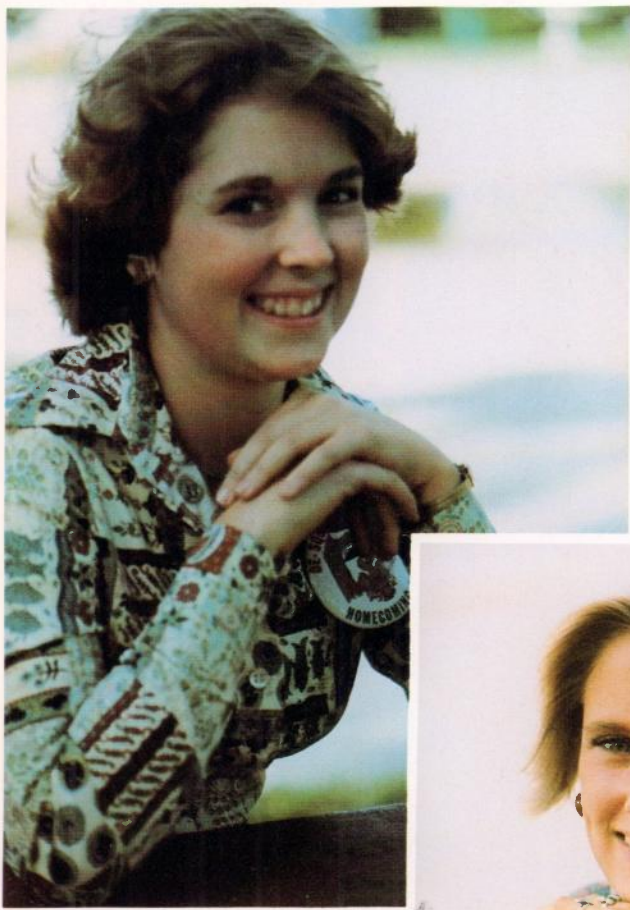
Queen Debi Todd



Everyone is having a good time.



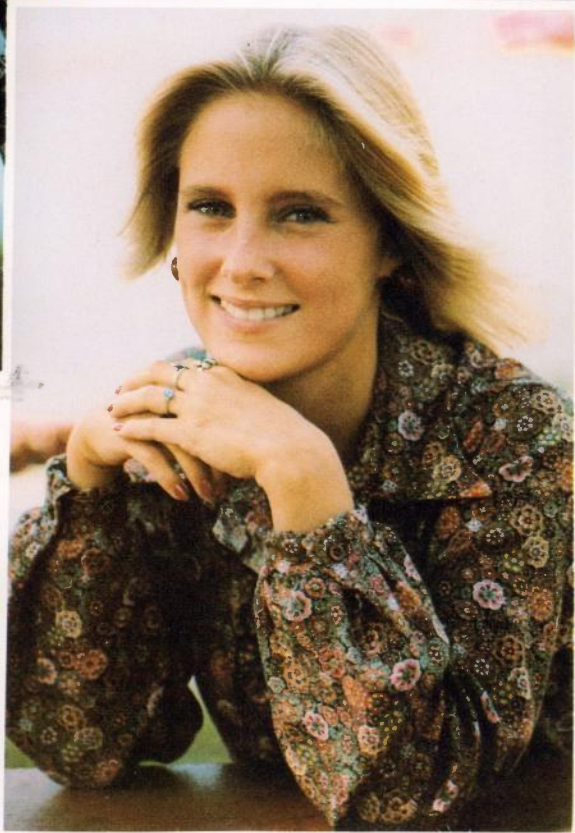
Dancing the night away.



Sherry Lamb



Janna Graves



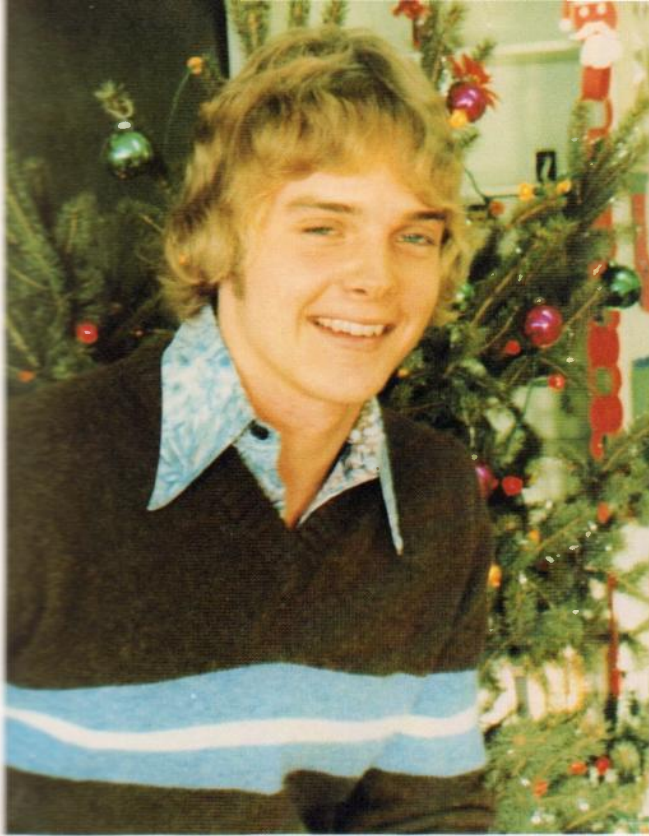
Ronette Adams

Dee Eckley



Queen Debi Todd





Mike Sunstrom, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sunstrom, is a member of the Swing Choir, Chorus, Marching Band, the Methodist Church, and is a participant in the carpentry project of building a house on Montana Street.

Kerin Springer, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenny Springer, is a member of the Boone High School band, the jazz band, pep band, the Health Careers Club, Speech Club, Fellowship of Christian Athletes, Cross-country, Central Christian Church, and was the first runner-up in the Boone County Junior Miss competition.



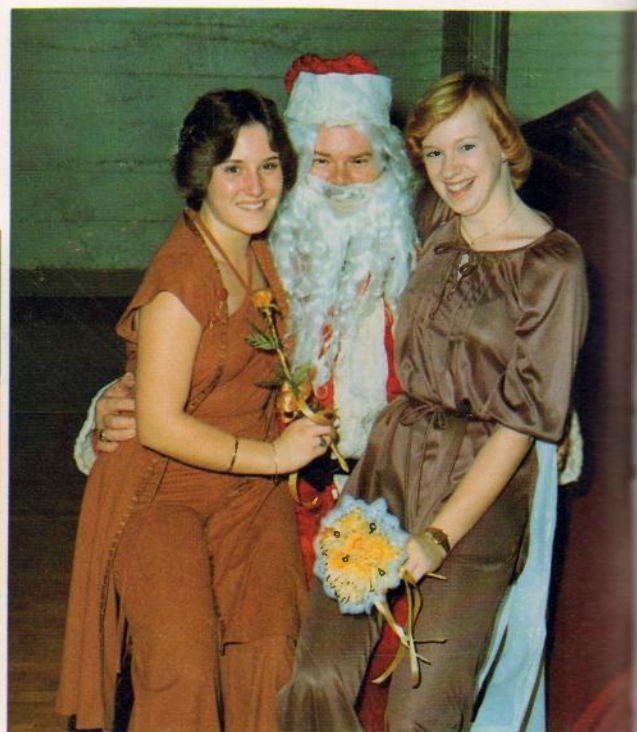
Mike Sunstrom and Kerin Springer were crowned as the reigning King and Queen of the Christmas dance.

King candidates: Doug Elsberry, Tim Orr, Craig Howard, Randy Efkamp and Mike Sunstrom. Queen candidates: Sherri Whyte, Barb Nell, Renee Elsner, Sue Thorngren, Kathy King and Kerin Springer.

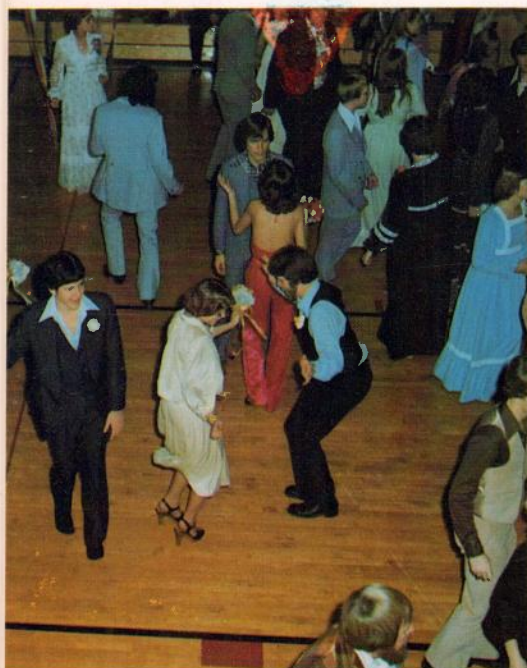
December 10th Christmas dance touches off the Christmas spirit.



Couples enjoy a slow dance.



Janice Annan and Sue Gus sit on Santa's lap.



Dress style changes from year to year.



"Glider" was the band for Christmas dance.



The Queen and King dance the Royalty dance.



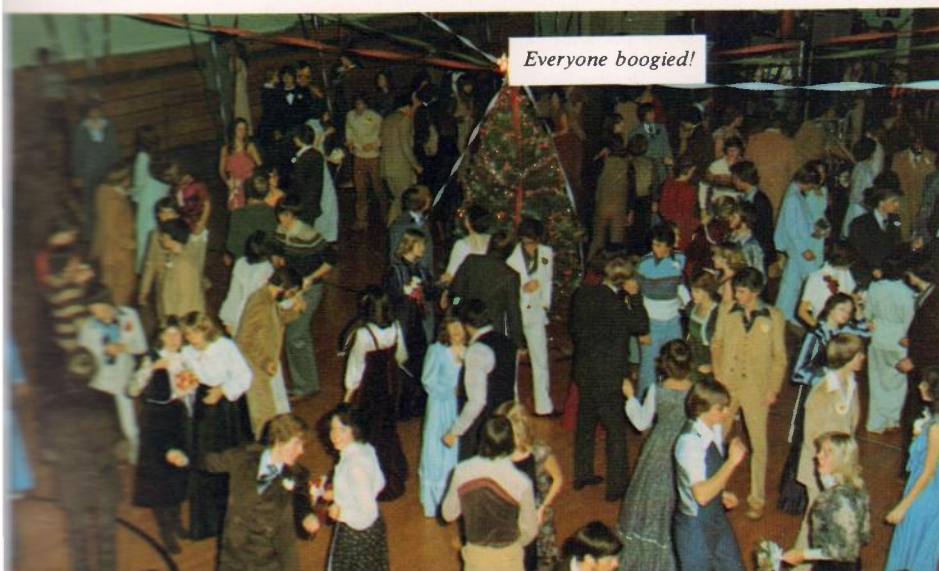
The music slowed down.



Mike and Chris show everyone how to dance.



Time for a break.



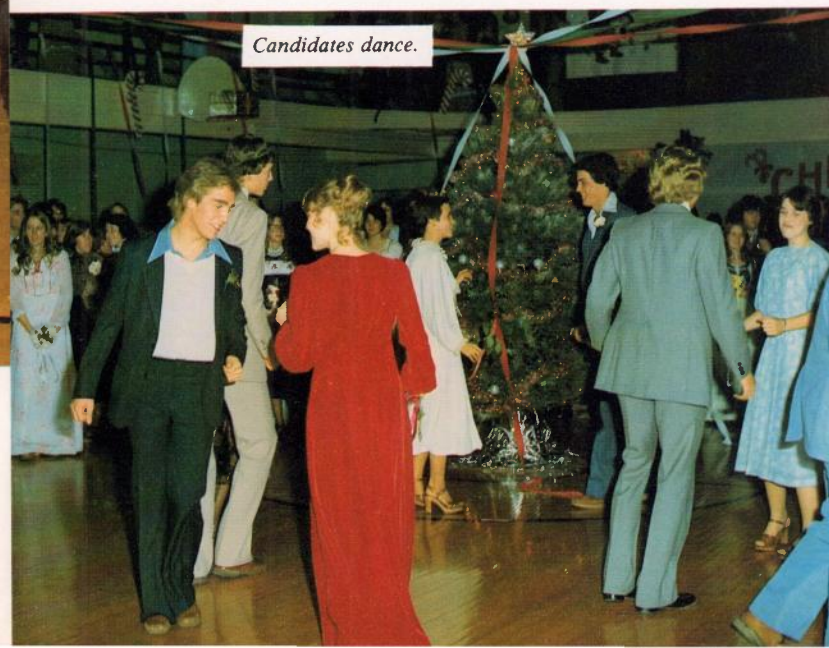
X-mas Dance Royalty 1978



The King and Queen candidates impatiently await the crowning.



Christmas dance Queen candidates socialize with Santa.



Kerin Springer and Mike Sunstrom are royalty at the 1978 Christmas dance.