

THE ROCKET

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FAREWELL SENIORS 1962

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

"Thanks for the Memory" are the words the Seniors are saying to all the people who have made these past four years so wonderful. It is hard to realize but very, very soon graduation will not be just a dream of the present but a reality. With the coming of graduation and the anticipation of our future life out in this "Big Wide World" our thoughts linger long on these past four years that will be spoken of in the future as the "Best Years of our Lives."

Remember that day, four years ago, when we entered the hallowed halls of learning as green Freshmen? Little did we realize that day was the beginning of a life that was to remain a wonderful memory to us. Just thinking about initiation day makes us laugh. How funny the girls looked in men's pajamas and wool socks, and the boys in burlap skirts and high heels. It seemed like no time at all and we were going to Shawano Lake for the picnic and that meant the end of our freshman year.

Remember how we came bustin' into school the next September? We were Sophomores and now at least we could get revenge on those "poor little Freshmen." We really made them suffer. Then all too soon came the school picnic and another year had passed and we found that half our goal was reached.

We looked forward with much anticipation to our Junior year expecting to really show'em. Homecoming was a huge success, and we walked off with a first prize for our float. Then came the big social event of the year--The Junior Prom. How can we ever forget all the headaches, heartaches, and work we put forth into making that prom a success. The gym could hardly be recognized with its ceiling of blue and silver stars. After the prom came final exams and everyone remembers how they quivered and shook hoping they would pass.

Then came last fall and the Seniors vowed silently among ourselves that this would be the best year ever. And it really has been too!

Remember all the joys and disappointments we suffered during basketball and football seasons. The joys outnumbered the disappointments, didn't they? Remember the hurry-scurry days we spent working on the annual? Our Annual! We will never forget "Room for the Groom," our class play, and all the hectic moments we caused for Mr. Burke.

Then came the Senior banquet and the sudden realization that this was probably the last time all the members of our class would be together. The realization that graduation was just a few days away and that we had reached that goal for which we had worked these past four years. These years will always be remembered by the Seniors as the best years of their lives.



GOOD WORK BILL!!

For four years our students have heard the voice of one of the students but few have seen him. Confined to his home because of illness Bill Silora has gone to school via the telephone. The success of this method is affirmed by his final rank in class--Bill ranks eleventh among the Seniors. Congratulations to a boy whose courage has helped him to succeed in spite of the odds!!

SCHOOL Specials

FINAL

I'm a canoe guide in the north woods and many of the people who come here, make me wonder how they ever get along in civilization. Take the Joneses for instance. He was one of them retired businessmen, an executive I guess, and she was one of them high-falutin' society gals, matrons I guess they call 'em. What they were doin' here, I'll never know, but they arrived with enough gear to sink the "Queen Mary." After they got it unloaded, it took two hours to find the crick. Later, much later, we got the stack down to a ton or so and set out.

I was in the cargo canoe, loaded down to the gunnels, and they were in a skiff that was supposedly unsinkable--but they managed to sink it. He stood up with a camera and she leaned out to pick some water flowers, and the next thing I knew I was findin' out first hand how cold the water is in May--the fool fell right across my bow. People today still portage around "Gear Falls."

I went back to get dry gear for the night. While I was gone, she built a fire, and it was a honey. It chased out every mosquito and attracted every smoke jumper in three states. Not to be outdone, he applied his vast camping knowledge to cooking. He'd heard that soaping a pan before placing it in the fire is a good idea. It is, when you soap the outside, but soapy sirlolin is good only if you want to shave it. Somehow we survived the night without having the tent collapse--they couldn't get it up, and I was too chicken to try.

The next morning, I was awakened by a roar. That darned fool was tryin' to pet a bear cub and his wife was distracting the she-bear with our ten pound supply of bacon. Was, Mama was too smart for 'em, she wacked the bacon into a tree and then treed in another. Some berry juice from nearby bushes hit Mrs. Jones and she thought she'd died, but I never did find out where she thought she'd gone. Mama bear took her

bacon and cub and went her way, while we had baconless, greaseless eggs. Take my word for it there's nothing like 'em.

But them two had more lives than a cat. I don't think I was sittin' still a minute getting them out of trouble. I finally found out what they mean by "Keepin' up with the Joneses." Three, oh so long, days later, we got to the landin' and they went their way and I went to a rest home. A week later in comes brother John--he'd just finished guidin' 'em, too. Five days after that, a ranger brought in Jack, another guide; he'd gone woods crazy. You guessed it, he guided the Joneses, too.

By James Taylor



WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE- DRIVING INSTRUCTOR

Can you remember some of your first driving lessons? If you can't, you must forget nightmares and horror movies easily.

My first driving teacher was my father. It was wonderful to observe how bravely he sat beside me, after fastening two safety belts around himself and handing my mother his last will and testament through the car window. The way he said hood-by, I thought he never expected to see her again.

We started out beautifully. Dad said, "Check doors."

"All clear," I answered.

Dad said, "Ignition on." This was just like launching a rocket ship. "Ignition on," I answered.

Dad said, "Depress gas pedal."

After the wrecker pulled the back end of our car out of the side of our garage and Dad stopped screaming, I quietly reminded him that he hadn't mentioned putting the car in forward and not reverse. After all, I was just learning.

I still can't understand why Dad hired a Professional Driving Instructor to be my new teacher. I thought Dad and I were progressing beautifully. Little accidents are bound to happen.

Now let me give you a few facts about hired driving instructors. They see very quickly. When I first drove with mine, he was calm, self-confident, and had gorgeous black, wavy hair. I used to admire it all the while I was driving until one day he informed me that most people look through the windshield while driving. Anyway after two weeks, his hair started falling out and I really think that fact bothered him, because he became very tense and nervous after that. Even little things, like my going through stop signs, annoyed him. I think some of his careless driving students were beginning to get on his nerves, because he soon quit his job and joined the "Driver's Anonymous."

I've had two more driving instructors since then, but they just weren't as nice as my friend with the receding hair line. One made the mistake of sitting too close to the windshield when I applied the brakes. May he rest in peace.

I sometimes receive a letter from the other one. He says he likes the mental institution fine, and he hopes I will come to see him; if I promise to take a bus.

I guess I had better finish putting on my lipstick some other time, because I see a corner up ahead and it's rather hard turning a steering wheel with one elbow.

By Donna Bonnin

FTA

The FTA banquet will be held at the Red Lion Inn on May 21. We have invited Miss Hartman to be our guest because of all the things she has done for our organization. We are planning our annual Teachers Tea at which we will honor the teachers who won't be returning next fall. The date hasn't been set yet.

The following is a list of the seniors who have taken an active part in the athletic program at Bonduel High. They certainly are a credit to our school and will be missed in the future. They have brought several championships to Bonduel and were very hard to beat when they were beaten. The under-graduates of BHS will surely notice the loss of these fine athletes and students.

Wayne Bahr--Football Manager, Wrestling, Track
 Robert Barkhaus -- Football (all-conference), Track
 Aaron Beilfuss--Football and Track Manager
 Richard Benz -- Track (most improved 1961)
 Ronald Blom--Baseball
 Bill Brecken -- Football, Basketball (captain 1962) Baseball (most valuable 1961)
 Bette Busch--Cheerleader
 Dan Busch--Football, Basketball Manager, Track
 Diana Cagle--Cheerleader
 Dale Dirks--Football, Track
 Randy Duwe--Football, Baseball
 Clarence Froemming--Football, Track
 Lyle Gehm--Football (all-conference, most valuable 1962), Basketball, Track (most valuable 1961)
 Dale Gueller -- Football, Basketball Manager, Track Manager
 Dean Gueller--Football, Track
 Charles Herb -- Basketball, Track
 Roland Hilliker -- Football, Track
 Gary Hovey--Basketball (all-conference 1961 - 1962, most valuable 1961-1962), Baseball
 Allen Tomashek -- Baseball Manager
 Harvey Westphal -- Football (all-conference), Wrestling, Track
 Tom Westphal--Football (all-conference 1961 - 1962), Wrestling (captain 1962, most improved 1961), Track
 Del Zernicke -- Football, Basketball Manager, Track

The preceding is a list of which athletes took which sports their senior year. There are some names not listed who took sports in other years. Most tragic is that there are some who were injured during their under-graduate years and couldn't participate all four years. Also, some awards haven't been given yet. Please do not feel slighted if an honor was unintentionally missed.



THERE WERE CLASSES

WHAT WE'LL REMEMBER THE SENIORS FOR:

Sally Zeman: Cheering (Faculty game).
 Lyle Gehm: Gehm's pet gold fish.
 Bill Brecken & Gary Hovey: withdrawals from the Shawano Bank.
 Toben Schlick: his safe driving award.
 Larna Boerst: her driving license.
 Tom Westphal: wrestling at Coleman.
 Janet Popp: her giggles.
 Diana Cagle: "give me a 'B'".
 Roland Hilliker: Huns' 17 mile dash to Zachow.
 Dale & Dean Gueller: The Green Valley Twins.
 Ronnie Blom: his smooth tonsils.
 Eugenia Dobretz: her fascination for bridges.
 Darny Busch: "Fright"
 Tromp 'n Claude.
 The familiar saying, "Holy Bear".
 The noon-hour crowds of Seniors near Mr. Herb's room.
 Bonnie Boerst: trips to Madison.
 Bucky Krueger: "I like Nichols, not dimes."
 Janet Porter: morale support of U.S. forces.
 Mel Klosterman: Joe's famous parties.
 Allen Tomashek: trip up the creek without a paddle.
 Nancy Perz: her love for Polaroid cameras.
 Nancy Uelman: wise cracks.
 Senior G.A.A.: pajama parties.
 Don Jeske: parking on Park Street.
 Ronald Lotto: Sandra.



MAY

GRADUATION PLANS

This year the Senior Class has chosen, "Onward and Upward with God as our Guide," as our class motto.

Roses were chosen as the class flower and blue and white were selected as the class colors.

Each graduate will be given five reserved seat tickets. These are to go to the immediate family of each graduate. Those not having a ticket will be required to sit in the bleachers.

The speaker for commencement exercises this year is Mr. George Walters. He is the Dean of Men at Lawrence College, Appleton.

Every year one Senior is chosen to sing a parting song. This year Bette Busch was chosen. She will sing, "May the Good Lord Bless and Keep you."



BOWLING CHAMPS

Bonduel Community Schools physical education class participated in the Annual 1962 Mailographic Bowling tournament sponsored by the Wisconsin Division for Girl's and Women's Sports.

The number of schools participating was 41 and the number of participants was 777.

In division I, including freshmen girls, the top five bowlers placed 11th with 1104 pins. Marilyn Hoeffs placed 10th with 244 pins for the high two game series.

In division 3, including junior and senior girls, the top five bowlers placed 14th with 1240 total pins. Mary Ellen Gunderson placed 10th with 325 pins for the high two game series.



PRIZE FLOAT

SENIORS, DO YOU REMEMBER??

That first track meet on Eighth Grade Visiting Day?
 Finding the right classrooms those first freshman days?
 Those locker combinations?
 Getting out at 3:30?
 The "lipstick and perfume" initiation?
 Fifth and sixth hour freshman English class?
 The freshmen home ec. and shop classes?
 Welcoming our sophomore year—no longer being called "Little Freshmen"?
 The "disappearance" of the class rings?
 The thrill of the new school?

Our top sports teams?
 The Glee Club "flat tire"?
 The Mixed Chorus Christmas Program?
 The first basketball game in the new gym?
 The game with Gillett?
 The school picnic?
 "Unloading" the magazine subscriptions?
 Those chemistry "experiments"?
 Pulaski's cheerleaders?
OUR JUNIOR TROOP
 That first term paper?
 The Athletic Banquet?
 "Retaking" the annual pictures?
 Apples?
 Homecoming pumpkins?

WE WERE FRESHMEN

The "parties"?
 The letter?
 The fifth CWC Forensic Quiz?
 The Senior Class Play—and "practice"?
 The monitors?
 When Toby didn't have a car?
 When couples didn't line the halls? (We don't remember either)
 When Janet didn't giggle?
 When Mr. Jensen was single?
 When we didn't go to the "Twist"?
 Some happy memories, some sad ones—but they all add up to our wonderful high school days.