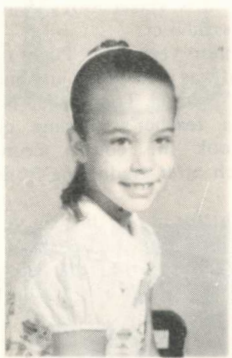


*You ain't seen
nothin' yet*

Senior Supplement created by Katherine Musgrove



and I remember, I remember...



'Set goals, work toward them' - Davis

There is a Chinese Proverb which states that a journey of a thousand miles begins with the first step.

No matter what we plan or what goals we set, it is that first step of action which makes the plans a reality. How regrettable to think of the number of thousand-mile journeys which are never accomplished because that first step is never taken.

Our generation has set for itself a thousand-mile journey. We want an end to all wars, an end to poverty, an end to injustice, and an end to hate. Our generation has justifiably criticized the "establishment" for their seeming cold-heartedness, for their resistance to needed change and for their prejudices. The changes which have been advocated by our generation are probably the most idealistic of any age group, and they are changes urgently needed to make this world a better place.

Yet while we have set ourselves these goals, many of us have not taken that first step of the thousand-mile journey.

It is great to be idealistic and set high goals, but unless we "get with it" and start working toward those needed changes, we will be nothing but hypocrites.

We want an end to war and its killing, but how many of us through our unkind actions and cutting remarks have created hate, the very root of war?

We speak against the prejudice of the "older generation", yet are we truly open-minded with our parents or with the person who is over forty with a butch hair cut?

We want crime to be abolished, but we despise the officer who arrests those who are law-breaking?

We preach against the materialism of the establishment but we refuse to share our money and possessions with the handicapped and those in poverty.

While we demand that teachers give us respect and consideration, and treat us like people, we, in our criticism of them, fail to realize that they are human, and they, too, should receive respect.

Our generation sees many things which should be changed. We criticize, but do nothing. We don't want to get personally involved in making the needed changes because it's too much work, or it's not our responsibility, or we just don't care as long as it never happens to us.

We have that ability to make the changes, to make that thousand-mile journey, but unless we all take that first step the world won't become any better, and we'll become hypocrites.

Mayor Ray Davis,
Riggs High School



Rules still much the same 'Keep the wastebasket clean!'

When I interviewed my grandmother, Mrs. Alma Pugh, about Pierre High School, she said that school hasn't really changed much since she graduated fifty years ago. regulations seemed to be the same now as they were when she was in high school.

For instance, the following rules were just a few taken from a booklet Mrs. Pugh received at her 50-year class reunion.

1. Beat the teachers out of a grade whenever you can -- it will help win life's battles after leaving school.

2. Throw all waste paper on the assembly room floor -- it will keep the wastepaper basket neat and clean.

3. If you dislike a teacher -- let everyone know. There was no dress code when she was in high school but "most of the kids tried to wear their better clothes as often as they could," commented Mrs. Pugh thoughtfully.

While showing me some snapshots of her friends and herself when she was a junior and senior, Mrs. Pugh pointed out her favorite dress that she used to wear often to school. She also explained to me that the kids then were pretty lucky to have even two good outfits to wear.

Subjects offered when Mrs. Pugh was in high school were basically the same as those offered now. Four years of English were required. algebra, geometry, adv. algebra and solid geometry were the math courses offered. Government, a required course, was taken during the year long history class. A year of science was also required. Students could take either general science, chemistry or physics. Physics was Mrs. Pugh's favorite class.

The languages offered then were French and Latin. Mrs. Pugh took two years of Latin and one year of French. Home Ec and Manual Training (shop) were also offered. Physical Education class was not offered, but music was. A pupil received 1/2 credit for band or chorus.

Pierre also entered a lot of declam and oratory contests, much like it does today.

The superintendent at that time was R. E. Rawlins for whom the new City library was named last fall. Miss Hazel Ulrey was Mrs. Pugh's Senior Class adviser.

During her senior year, Mrs. Pugh took a special course that was offered for just one year and was called "Normal Training". "Normal Training" was a teacher's training course. Students who took this course received a certificate to teach after graduating from high school.

Mrs. Pugh taught for about thirteen years in all after graduating from high school. She taught two years before getting married. After raising her family, she taught intermittently for eleven more years. She is now retired.

Mrs. Pugh is a mother of five children and has 27 grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. Her five children and seven of her grandchildren have graduated from Pierre schools. Four of her grandchildren now attend Riggs High.

In July, 1972, the class of 1922, had a 50-year reunion. Mrs. Pugh pointed out that of the 36 graduates, 30 are still living, five of whom live in Pierre including Mrs. Alma Pugh, Mrs. Anne Hickie, Mrs. Opal Telford, Mrs. Gertrude Murphey and Mrs. Ruth Zander.

Out of the 30 living graduates, 16 made it to the reunion, 12 sent regrets stating they couldn't come, and 2 couldn't be located.

The 16 alumni that were at the reunion live in ten different states including: North Carolina, North Dakota, Missouri, Colorado, Ohio, Minnesota, Nebraska, California, Maryland and South Dakota.

Most of the 1922 graduates have become lawyers, doctors, teachers, and businessmen so the Class of '22 was pretty successful, implied Mrs. Pugh.

Marva Lee Norman



Senior skip day--Pierre High School 1922.



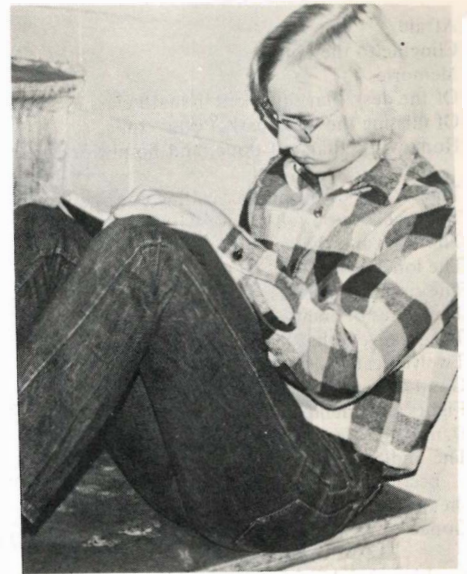
Pierre High senior Alma Pugh in her favorite dress, 1922.

We have but to toil awhile,

endure awhile,

believe always,

and never turn back.



Cesar LaTorre bids farewell to students

I have a few days left in South Dakota and I'm supposed to get ready to go back home.

Now I have to start thinking seriously about what this year means to me.

This experience does not end when I go home a little bit Americanized and with my hair a little bit longer. It really means to have lived with other people. It was a challenge that I might not have met without the friendly people here.

When I came I saw only the empty brown plains, and I thought it was ugly, but the people make South Dakota a nice place to live. This year has shown me that there are nice people in all parts of the world.

I hope this experience away from my land, will help me find myself in many ways.

I hope I may see many of you again sometime. Who knows? But right now, I just want to tell you that I really appreciate the time I was with you at Riggs High School in Pierre, So. Dak. We'll see you.

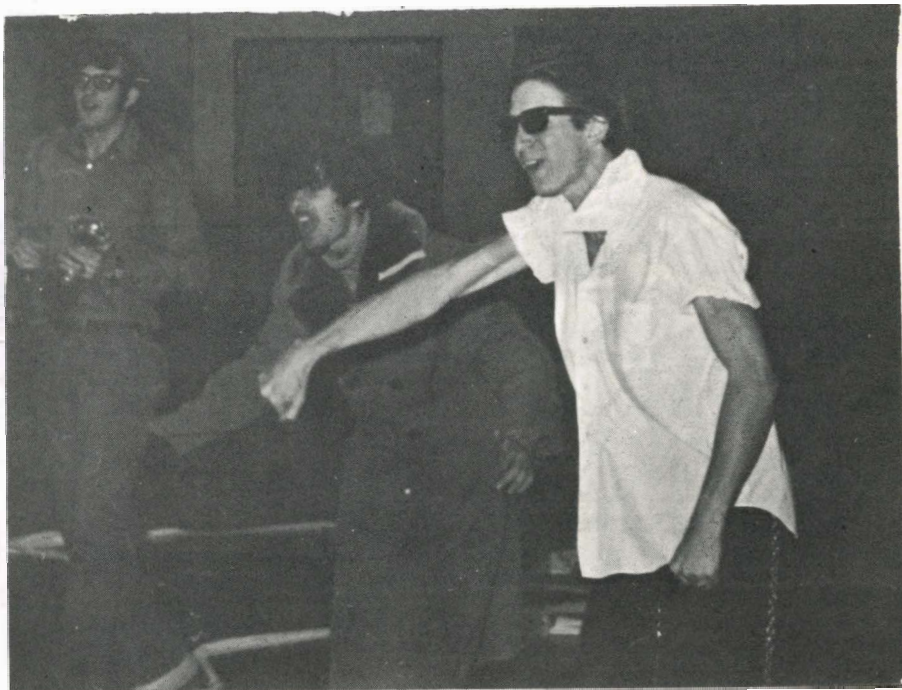
Cesar LaTorre

TO PAT ON GRADUATION

Merrilee Miller

We relate,
No longer do I have to hide my feelings when
I'm with you
We talk, not like we did ten years ago but as
young adults.
We know the problems of the world,
Although we have not understood them
thoroughly,
We have not yet moved away from the sweet,
home we love,
But, as it has happened to our older brother, so
will it happen to you.

It is time
Time to leave.
I hear you tell me that it will be the same there
as it is here.
But I see loneliness and a worried look in your
eyes
And although I neither believe nor disbelieve in
God, I pray for the first time,
Because if there is a God:-----
Well, I want what's best for you.



CHANGE

Afraid.
 Clinging to the familiar.
 Memories
 Of the desk that squeaked in math class,
 Of missing the wastebasket every time,
 Homework that got done, and homework that
 didn't,
 The "Voice of prophecy" calling your name
 The teacher you fell in love with,
 The tears and the laughter,
 The loneliness,
 The smiles of friends,
 The glares of enemies,
 The strangers that became friends.
 Twelve years.
 Good times and bad,
 Fights and friendships,
 Dances, parties, elections, games,
 The endless days and weeks that have suddenly
 become
 the last twelve years of your life.
 Gone.

Looking ahead;
 Afraid, yes,
 But excited, intrigued, challenged.
 The mystery of the future pulls you forward.
 Soon there will be new friends, new enemies
 and new loves
 Adventures never dreamed of,
 More sorrows,
 But more joys, too.
 A whole new world to conquer,
 A brand new life to begin.

by Connie Blair

