



GOVERNOR

RIGGS HIGH SCHOOL PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA
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*We are the Reminder
of Yesterday
the Promise
of Today, and
the Hope
of Tomorrow*

Think of the memories

Roaming down the halls these last few days of high school for all Seniors is an experience. For some it is the pleasure of being able to "get the heck (improvised) out of this darn (improvised) school."

But for most of us no matter how much we hate to admit it, this school will always be an important part of our lives. If it weren't for this school we would not have the lasting friendships which we cherish or the quality education which we need.

Think of the memories: bomb threats, streakers, pep assemblies, sports, State "A"s, slicker days, dances, prom, lunch room activities, study halls, field trips, plays, college planning days, elections, pranks, teachers, classes - memories!

If this school building could talk, think of what it would say! Think of how many memories the walls retain, not only from '75' Seniors but from every previous graduating class.

Riggs means something a little different to each of us, for me it contains a sort of ghostly spirit that I can't explain on paper. Maybe it is just the smell of the halls, or the slamming of locker doors, or noisy chatter between classes, but whatever it is it will always remain in my memories.

That is what it is meant to be-----a memory. It is time now for us to look into the future and make our place in adult society.

*"We are the reminder of Yesterday,
the Promise of Today, and
the Hope of Tomorrow."*



Setting sun.

We've rolled along with Lee

Not long ago I received a note from a close sophomore friend of mine which briefly told of her gratefulness of my friendship and sadness at my departure. The words will remain in my heart ever more, for not only was it addressed to me, but I, too, had written the same words two and three years past.

Departure, whether you're the departer or the departee, does not break strings, yet it pulls them to such an extent that we imagine them taut and painful. We forget their elasticity.

We must keep in mind and heart that old strings never can be replaced with new, but new can easily seek a barren hook for attachment.

Our minds, though, can not help from reflecting back on fond memories without a small wish for their return or a tear for our maturity. As graduation approaches we recycle our memories to cherish every thrill captured in our minds.

We can not remember the "ditch 'em" and "junk-it" days, the fish net stocking era, or the seriousness in which we participated in the grade school track meets without remembering our class friends. We cannot

remember the sentimental happenings of the first kiss, the trusting of our feelings with another, or the needed comfort for tears without reflecting on those we have grown up with - those who have helped us grow.

We search the future for advancement and continual growth. We view the coming years with optimism and adventure. We can enter our new lives with confidence knowing we will never be without friends, for we all are friends. We have learned from the

years we have passed through, and will learn from the coming years that friendships are gifts of love. And whether that gift is wrapped in a brown paper bag, or covered in an ornate fashion, the gift remains the same - the gift of friendship - the gift of love.



Playing in the snow.

Seniors select class heroes. . . .?

Best Body-Halona Hall

Class Flirt-Kim Beyer & Jacki Bedsaul

Most Likely to Succeed-Tim Hofer

Most Conservative-Ron Barness & Jim Butler

Class Intellectual-Chuck Nail

Shyest Person-Adele Bellendir & Jim Jones



Alex Falk



Larry Steffan and Wanda Ness

Most Open-Minded-Beth Thomas

Male Chauvanist-Pat Brown & Bob Warne

Best Physique-Mike Donahue

Class Wolf-Carl Mathews

Class Clown-Sue Weisgram & Arlyn Dyce

Most Radical-Dolly DeWitt



Lee Miller

Class Goof-Off-Erwin Werthmann

Deepest Thinker-Betsy Bickett

Class Red-Neck-Larry Steffen

Most Friendly-Sandy Simmions

Female Chauvanist-Lee Miller & Shari Yocom

Class Tight-Wad-Ron Mann

Most Cool-Jim Trimble



Jim Butler

1975



Kristin Wooley and Deb Schuler are farckling after school in the 7th grade.

Memories

We are the
of
the Promis
of
the Hope
of Te



Did I ever tell you what hot dogs are made out of.....?



Have you ever seen so many Cowpersons?



Suzanne DeZonia
['Cookie Monster']
ponders the question
of where her next
cookie will come
from.

Reminder
Yesterday

Today, and

tomorrow



Hillary Brady asks Heidi Licht
marshmallows are you going to eat?" "How many



Remember how mysteriously the hamburger man
appeared at Riggs one morning?



Get a Horse!.....Sandy Simmons and Mike
Stroup 1974-75 Homecoming royalty.

Last Will and Testament

- I Susan Olson hereby do bequeath the locker I never had in my senior year to Mrs. Weaver.
- I Mike Donahue hereby do bequeath my grasshopper's abdomen to Jack Robinson.
- I Wayne Merwin hereby do bequeath Sr. Skip Day to Mr. Lonbaken.
- I Dolly Dewitt hereby do bequeath my decayed hamster to Mr. Ruzick.
- I Trina Egger hereby do bequeath the garbage can in room 104 to Glea Krueger.
- I Kent L. Saylor hereby do bequeath Mr. Cutshaw to all the lucky kiddies in band next year.
- I Bob Warne hereby do bequeath my beer cans to Mr. Roger Pries.
- I Linda Bieber hereby do bequeath Mr. Fjelstad to Carla Bieber.
- I Mary Smith hereby do bequeath my coral and all my BULLS to Carmen Corcoran.
- I Kathy Zander hereby do bequeath the last place in the next year's graduating class to the last "Z".
- I Lori Snyder, hereby do bequeath my wrestling ability to my brother Dennis, in the hopes he makes "Varsity" next year.

High School's
a thing of the
past!
Because our
time in it
has expired
at
last!



My fondest memories

- All the bomb threats we had.-Dolly DeWitt
- The day I got "sick" in Mr. Shelps class and he saw me the same night at the show.-Susan Olson
- In 11th grade, the last day of school, the kids in my Algebra II class dared me to kiss Mr. Burrel good-bye. Well I chickened out, but after all the kids left, I went back. . . .-Joni Opbroek
- Playing frisbee during free periods.-Doug Rose
- Getting to play in the last 5 seconds of the Watertown basketball game. -Russ Ball
- Parent Senior Party and Prom.-Brian Schuanaman
- When we were '74' wrestling champs.-Lucy Gilkerson
- Graduation Day.-The Senior Class

DOOR KNOBS

One small what-cha-ma-call-it
--Rounded, shiny, smooth,
Porcelain white,
cut crystal,
shiny yellow brass
Beautiful but never noticed
Just used--
They can give you something to hold
on to so you don't stumble in through
the front door of your home.
Dum Dum Dum
I'd rather be a dirt clod than a
door knob
even though they are.
extremely intelligent people who don't
know they are (and neither does anybody
else).

Words of wisdom from the wisest

Mr. Venner

Look to the future but don't blue print it, remember the past but don't live in it. The only time that is real is RIGHT NOW THE PRESENT. Live it as you would want to be known and remembered.

Mrs. DeAntoni

Work is Nature's little way of saying, "screw you!" anonymous.

Mr. Robinson

Have confidence in yourself; if you don't, no one else will.

Mr. Fjelstad

A person who never works for more than he is paid is never paid for more than he works.

Mr. and Mrs. Mickelson

The ancient Norse have stated more wisdom in two sentences that we shall in our lives ever be able to comprehend or import--on friendship:

Be a friend to your friend
Give him laughter for laughter.
on knowledge and love:
The mind known only
What lies near the heart.

Mr. Schumacher

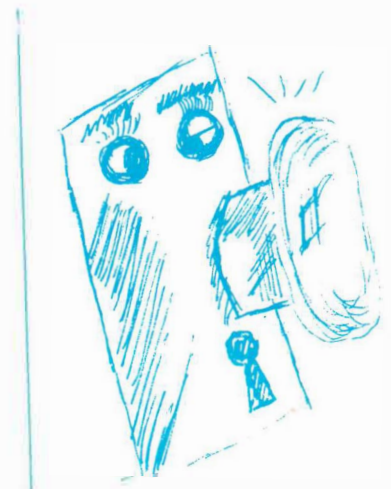
I believe that all people can create a desirable spot for themselves in the world - as you prepare to find your place, keep your eyes open so that nothing worthwhile escapes you.

Mrs. Donlin

Live it up, life is short. anonymous

Mr. Ball

Trying times are times for trying - make something happen.





Echo ^{from an} Hourglass Image



At dawn I rose, my fortune told
"In truth you shall always dwell."
I spread my wings so sad but bold,
Farewell my dreams, farewell.

The forest lives timid and free,
"Sir Rabbit you hop so high.
But tell me, please, what will you be?
Time is escaping," said I.

He stared at me from mellow eyes,
Afraid of my foreign hand.
I could see he didn't realize
That I needed to understand.

"Wise master owl, I plead for concern.
Foretell what I am to be.
Speak to my heart that I might learn
The hourglass of destiny."

The owl looked down, his words were few,
"Your future is not far.
No piece of life ahead of you
Is more than what you are."

Once again I rose at dawn
On a golden enchanting shore.
And since that day I have not gone
In search of something more.

