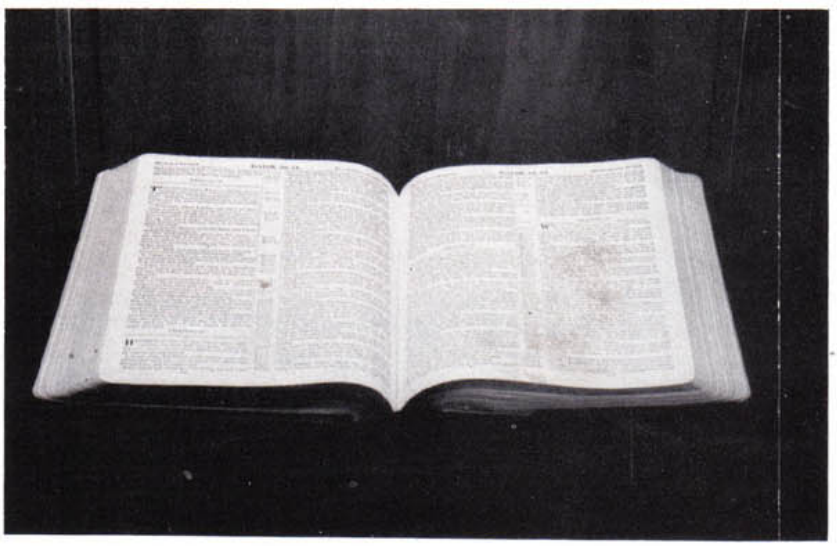
AT WORSHIP

The nation as a whole is saying that something must be done about Communism. Our faith in God is an essential weapon in this battle. We CAN do our part by attending the church of our faith regularly. One can feel more a part of his community if he has a church in which to worship, in which to be active and in which to be close to God.

As Americans, our constitution guarantees this right to attend the church of our choice.

Located in the main trophy case of the front hall is Putnam's large Bible. Each day it is open to a significant scripture.



Families of the community enjoy America's freedom of worship.

IF JESUS CAME TO YOUR HOUSE

If Jesus came to your house
To spend a day or two—
If He came unexpectedly,
I wonder what you'd do.

Oh, I know you'd give your nicest room
To such an Honored Guest,
And all the food you'd serve to Him
Would be the very best,

And You would keep assuring Him
You're glad to have Him there—
That serving Him in your own home
Is joy beyond compare.

But—when you saw Him coming,
Would you meet Him at the door
With arms outstretched in welcome
To your heav'nly Visitor?

Or would you have to change your clothes
Before you let Him in,
Or hide some magazines and put
The Bible where they'd been?

Would you turn off the radio
And hope He hadn't heard,
And wish you hadn't uttered
That last, loud, hasty word?

Would you hide your worldly music
And put some hymnbooks out?
Could you let Jesus walk right in,
Or would you rush about?

And I wonder—if the Savior spent
A day or two with you,
Would you go right on doing
The things you always do?

Would you keep on saying
The things you always say?
Would life for you continue
As it does from day to day?

Would your family conversation
Keep up its usual pace,
And would you find it hard each meal
To say a table grace?

Would you take Jesus with you
Everywhere you'd planned to go,
Or would you change your plans
For just a day or so?

Would you be glad to have Him meet
Your very closest friends,
Or would you hope they'd stay away
Until His visit ends?

Would you be glad to have Him stay
Forever on and on,
Or would you sigh with great relief
When He at last was gone?

It might be interesting to know
The things that you would do
If Jesus Christ in person came
To spend some time with you.

By Mrs. Lois Blanchard

Math Club

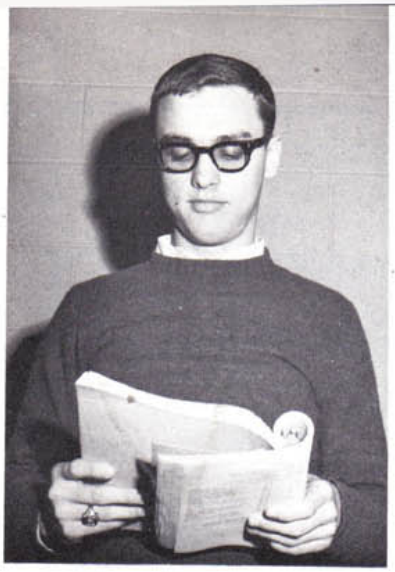
The OPEN

What can be seen of Putnam City High School from the outside? A massive structure of brick and steel, and windows through which one may view the youth of today—the framework of the world of tomorrow. These things are impressive, but they fall far short of expressing the entire picture.

For upon entering, one may look beyond the limited scope of the material body into the evasive heart. One may see the throbbing pulse of young people, the growth, the accomplishments, the thriving, the striving to serve, and the failures and successes that daily fill its halls.

One must enter to understand. A friend can not be made unless the walls guarding the true personality of the stranger can somehow be surmounted. Friendship's love blossoms only as the friend becomes more familiar. In the same light, unless our community can enter our school, they will never have more than a vague idea of the true spirit and worth of the institution they support.

This part of our magazine is so designed and dedicated. We extend to you the invitation to enter, explore and evaluate in the hope that you may cross the threshold through his all new picture panorama—THE OPEN DOOR.



Debate

Drama

DOOR

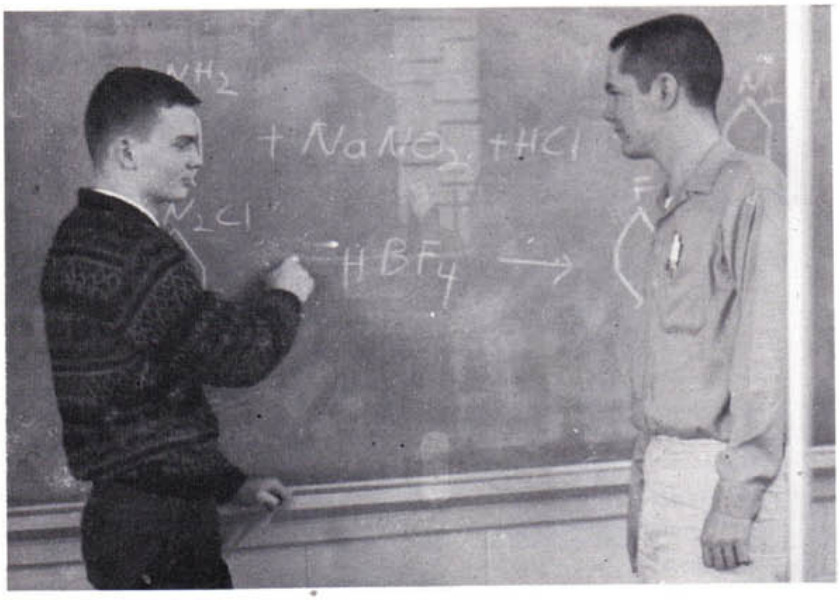
Safety Club

Audio-Visual

Art

Student Council

Science Club



Four-H Club

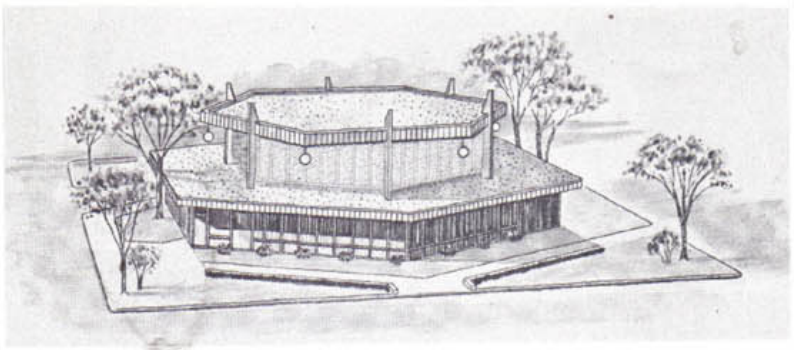
from

OKLAHOMA'S

GREAT

INDEPENDENT

DAIRY



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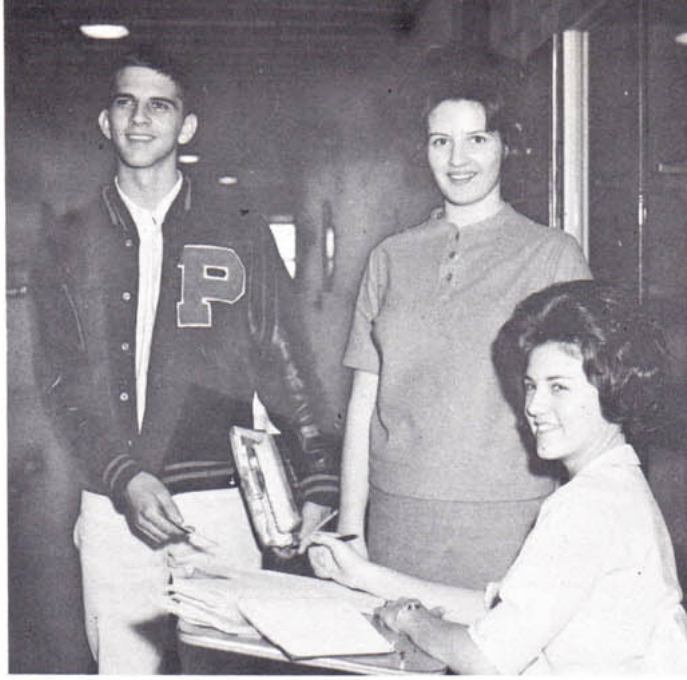
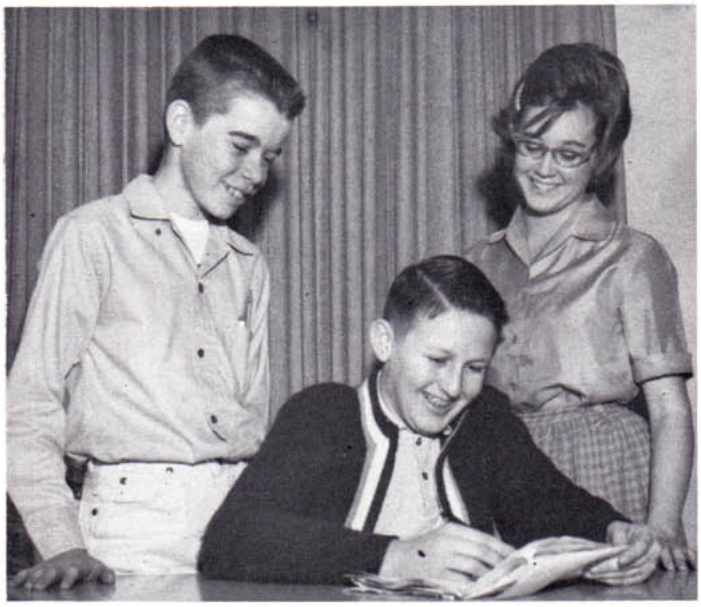
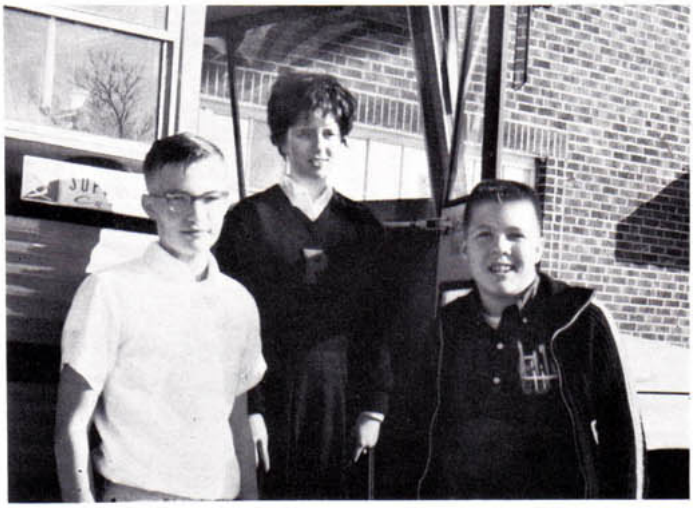


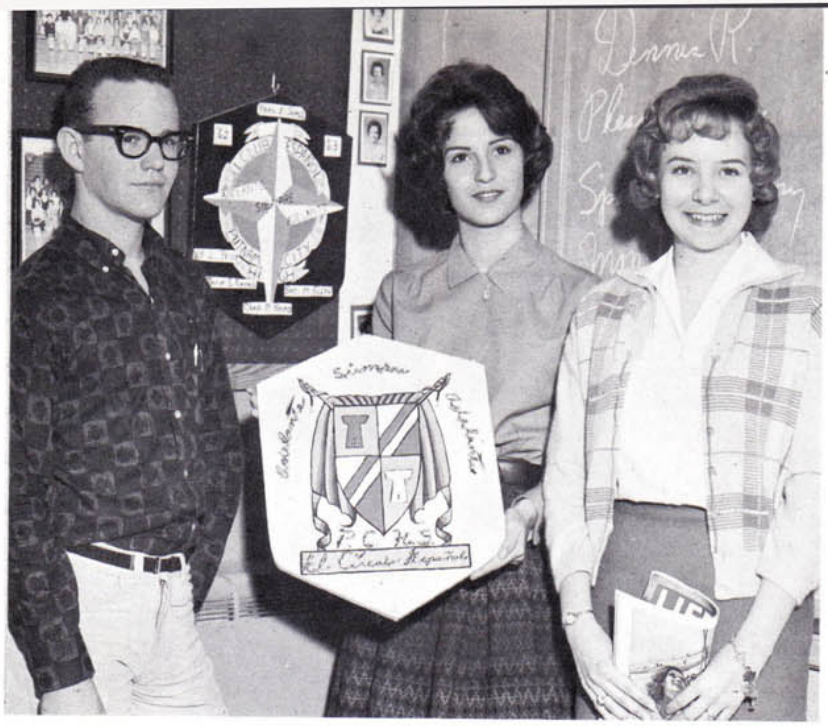
Hall Proctor



Jr. High Service Club



Jr. High Honor Society



Spanish Club

Annual Staff

World Affairs Club

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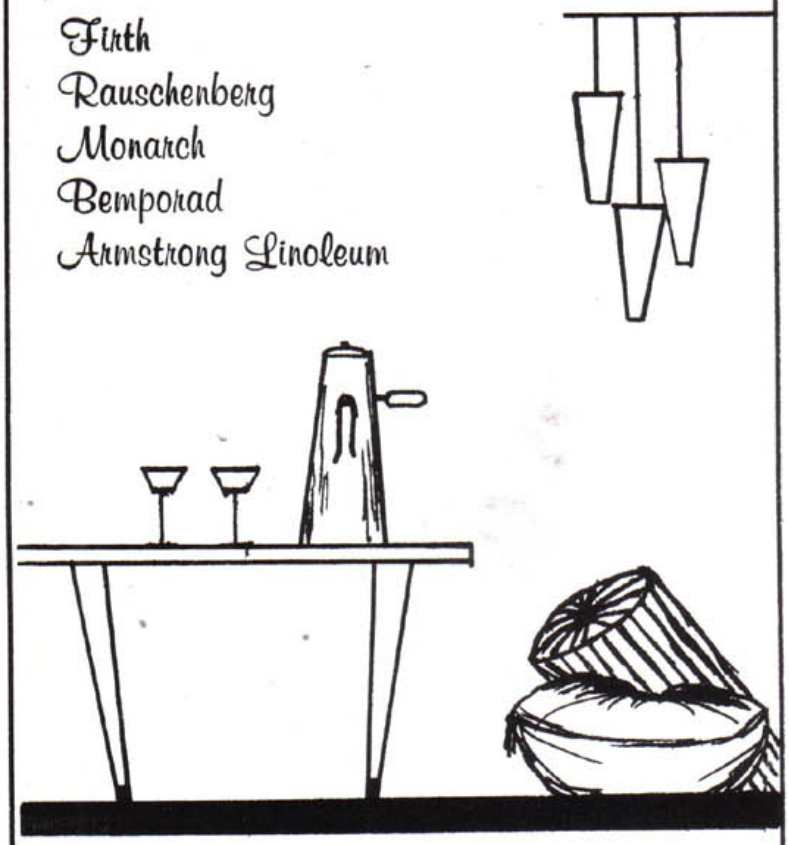

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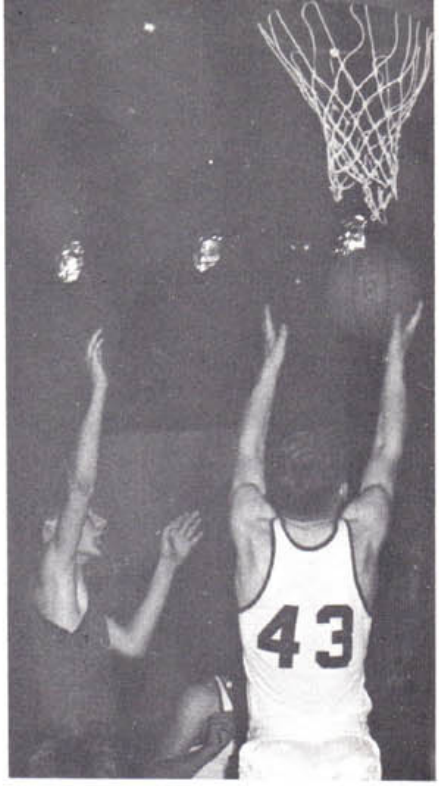

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the sports picture

"The important factors in the building of strong character for sports are the same as those in any endeavor: attitude, condition, desire, ability and practice." These words of Bob Gray, our baseball coach, paint the picture of athletics as they present the goal of all sports — building a more competent, healthy and happy individual.

A prominent member of our community says, "Putnam City High School has an exceptional athletic department of which the whole community can be proud." This extensive program offers nine school - sponsored teams and is adding new sports as the demand arises.

Tennis, cross - country, golf and swimimng are all additions of the past five years. The older sports of football, baseball, basketball, track and wrestling are steadily developing as the years roll by.

Sports at Putnam started when the school was organized. An alumnus of the first graduating class in 1917 reports, "Yes, we had a sports program. We had basketball, golf and tennis teams, all of which were quite popular and a lot of fun." Tennis and golf were discontinued soon after this but basketball has remained popular. Girls had their own team until 1955 when the practice was discontinued. Girls now participate by playing each other in gym classes.

The boys have made progress rising from the county to Mid-State conferences. Basketball boys of 1961 won third place in the Mid-State tournament only one year after moving up to it. Basketball draws large crowds and the 1962 season has seen some real thrills. Putnam lost to Douglass in the Mid-State regional tournament by a score of 54 to 56, and finished with second place.

Paul Dunbar has coached this hardworking team this year. They have showed unusual energy and good sportsmanship although hampered by height. Many promising juniors will be returning in the fall.

Football is another top sport in our program. This is shown by the capacity crowds which attend every "archrival" game, and the collected money contributed to our athletic department by the sale of tickets. The splendor of homecoming is a highlight of the year.

Putnam has produced excellent gridiron teams in its history. Sometimes handicapped by injury, as in 1961 and 1962, they often come back the following year using those who had gained experience as substitutes while sophomores or juniors. The forecast for 1963 is bright, says Joe Garrison, former coach.

The record shows ten All-Staters from Putnam City. J. O. Scott, our first, was chosen in 1944, under the coaching of Mutt Herring. Bob Watts, in 1962 was our most recent.

Many of our alumni players have won fame. Among them is

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Allen Bumgardner, a very talented player on the University of Oklahoma line-up.

Tennis, although one of our original sports, was not resumed until 1960. The team consists of eight players who practice every day on the school's courts.

Last year at the Classen Invitational Tournament, the boys won the first tennis trophy in the history of the school. During the 1962 season, the team had seven lettermen.

This is very good since one must win over 100 games to letter. Ronald Coffman coached the team through 1962.

Our tennis forecast looks good again this year as Jim Hepburn, new coach, has had much experience on the court.

Our first wrestling team was coached by Leo C. Mayfield. Stanley Abel, 1963 Coach of the Year, was graduated from Putnam in 1956 to return in 1961 as coach. 1960 we won first in regional and 1962 captured the coveted Mid-State title. Bud Townsend and Caspar Lipe represent Putnam at All-State for wrestling. Talented sophomores and freshmen offer us a bright forecast for 1964.

Baseball opens in March and continues until school closes. Although not fully developed, baseball is coming into more demand and our school has had several good years.

"Hours of stiff training with stiff regulations for participating limit the number eligible for the team," states Bob Gray, coach.

Cross-country, which is running a two-mile route over rough ground, is a sport for which not everyone can qualify. One must maintain maximum physical fitness and mental alertness. The team, coached by Carter Burney, is gaining status rapidly.

Swimming is entering its third year. This sport consists of twenty-five boys who are chosen and judged for their speed and swimming form. They participate in many meets and practice in the WESTSIDE Y. In 1962, our team won third in Mid-State. The coach is Bill McMinimy.

Our physical education classes closely follow President Kennedy's physical fitness program with their daily rounds of exercises. Glenn Newsome and Stanley Abel serve as boys' P.E. teachers. The girls' classes are taught by Miss Ivine Paris.

Our sports program is complete, profitable and a vital part of our school life. Moreover, it provides an OPEN DOOR to everyone interested. So investigate your favorite and take advantage of the wonderful opportunities that present themselves in the world of competition at Putnam City.

Putnam City Sports' Trophy Case

Actively supporting the nine sports in our school is the ALL-SPORTS CLUB. Membership in this club, which supports all worthwhile projects, is open to parents and others of the community interested in the sports program.

In 1954, Benton Whitaker organized the group as the QUARTERBACK CLUB, but in 1960, under Bob Dennis, it became the ALL-SPORTS CLUB to "promote interest and boost programs and sports activities of P.C.H.S."

Under the leadership of Aldon Townsend, the group donated two station wagons to the school as their project for 1963.

They also sponsor a spring banquet in honor of all Seniors who have participated in any of the nine sports.

Here the baseball boys take advantage of the station wagon furnished by the ALL Sports Club.

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antics of a

Now that I look back on the beginning of my teen years, I see what a rascal I was as a kid.

During my tender years, I lived in the young state of Oklahoma, with Maw, Paw, my older brother Bob, and my younger brother David, who we called "Patches." The reason is that he had some kind of love for a barb wire fence. I'll never forget all the times he tried to ape Bob and me bouncing over fence poles, only to get caught in the wire. My Maw could never understand why she was always patching his clothes.

Being three years younger than Bob and 2 years younger than me, it was a real challenge to keep up with us. And so that's where he got his nickname.

We pulled a variety of outrageous jokes, some mean, some funny, cause we had nothing else to occupy our minds with.

I'll never forget the time my brothers and me took an old gallon can and put a hole through the bottom and strung twine in it which I coated with rosin. Every time I pulled on the string it would make noises like a wild crittur.

There was this old busy-body who lived across the road about half a mile down the way. Once he told Maw and Paw that Bob and me had cut school. Well, it was true, but he didn't have to tell every one that he saw us. So we got even. We put the can in a tree outside his window about midnight the following night. I took hold of the string and pulled just as hard and fast as I could. If it wasn't a wierd sound, I never heard one! The night was silent and carried the sound good. The next morning there was a rumor around town that there was a wild cat on the prowl.

I remember the tree house we built. We picked up all kinds of boards, nails, and shingles and stored them in the shed. It was all a big secret.

Each evening, when Paw took Maw to town, we headed with new material toward the woods. It was grand there — peaceful and lonesome—that is till we got there. We built a platform on a tall post and put it into the ground. The post was supported by cables connected to trees. You couldn't see the house till you were right up to it. You never saw such a tree house. Windows, small chairs, dishes, and an old sheep rug from the dump.

It was a year before Maw and Paw learned our secret. A couple of hunters came upon it and asked Paw about it.

And there were rubber-band guns. We built some mighty powerful weapons. Bob was a real craftsman when it came to whittling and he built a life size model of a shotgun, that could knock a can off a post at ten yards.

All our battles took place at the tree house. We attacked the stronghold from the surrounding trees, the ground, and even the top of the tree house. Let me vouch for one thing — rubber bands shot from those guns sure did hurt, especially when you're bending over to reload!

We had a white face bull, he never did give us any trouble. But one day we was chasing "Patches" and my cousin through a field. And you know what a bull will do when something attracts his attention.

My cousin was a plump boy and couldn't run very fast. The closer the bull got, the more frightened Cousin got. I jumped the fence, but Cousin darn near tore that poor fence down!

One evening when I was fifteen, Bob, Jerry, and me was just sitting around. None of us had a driver's license, so there wasn't much to do, but mischief. We went down to an old bridge and hid in the bushes while Bob climbed over the railing and put his arm over the side where only the arm would be visible to

young boy

by-passers. We hadn't waited long until a car came by. It passed and then came to a screeching halt. For a minute we was afraid it would turn over, but it came back. By that Bob had joined us under the bridge at the other end. Two men searched with their flashlights for the body they thought they had seen. We about died laughing. They started to come to the other end but changed their minds. If they had, we would of knocked all the water out of that river getting away.

The curfew in our town was eleven o'clock, but no one kept the ordinance too well in mind at all times. Some of us kids went to a ball game and came back through town. We drove by the city dump and got the big sign that said "DUMP". I put the sign in the trunk and headed toward the school. We nailed the sign on the back door.

The next day we came to school. The sign was gone. We decided to take a stroll down by the principal's office. As we passed the door we could see the sign laying on his desk. They never found out who put that sign over the door!

There were other stunts that we pulled, like soaping the tracks on a grade which was climbed by all trains. When Halloween came around, we put old Doc Hardy's goat on top of his drug store. One year, we took his buggy apart on the ground and reassembled it on the roof of his store. And, of course, in the summer time we would always steal watermelons.

When Bob and I were about old enough to leave home, we would often talk over our plans with each other. Our discussions were usually interrupted at home so we would walk down the road chewing on apples and making great plans. When there wasn't anything else to talk about, we'd go off to make mischief again.

Those days were good days, chock full of living, and I often wish some of them had lasted longer. But we grew up and all moved and began our own lives, just like boys always do. Maybe someday we'll get the old gang together again and ramble down to the old tree house and the lot where the old school used to stand. Who knows? We might even find an old rubber gun in one of those tall oak trees.

Ed. Note: It only takes a short story like this true one to bring to our minds the thoughts that Longfellow expressed so eloquently in his poem "My Lost Youth" when he mused:

A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth
are long, long thoughts . . .

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FROM THE EDITOR

For the first time in Putnam City's history, it has three publications: THE PIRATE LOG, the school paper; the TREASURE CHEST, our yearbook; and PIRATE HI-LITES, Putnam's newest journalistic undertaking.

It has long been the dream of Principal Leo C. Mayfield to put out a magazine explaining our school thoroughly but interestingly to the adult public, as well as the student body. With Mrs. Lois Thomas, advisor to all of the above-mentioned publications, he worked out a format for PIRATE HI-LITES. They then selected a group of journalism students who were willing and eager to devote their time to the preparation of it. At times, it seemed as if the magazine might never reach its present state.

But now, we have done all that we can to assure you of many hours of enjoyable and entertaining reading.

As this year draws to a close, Putnam City High School will present diplomas to its largest graduating class. What you take with you from the doors which have been opened, depends on you alone. Many of the alumni have profited from these experiences and have been of service to their communities.

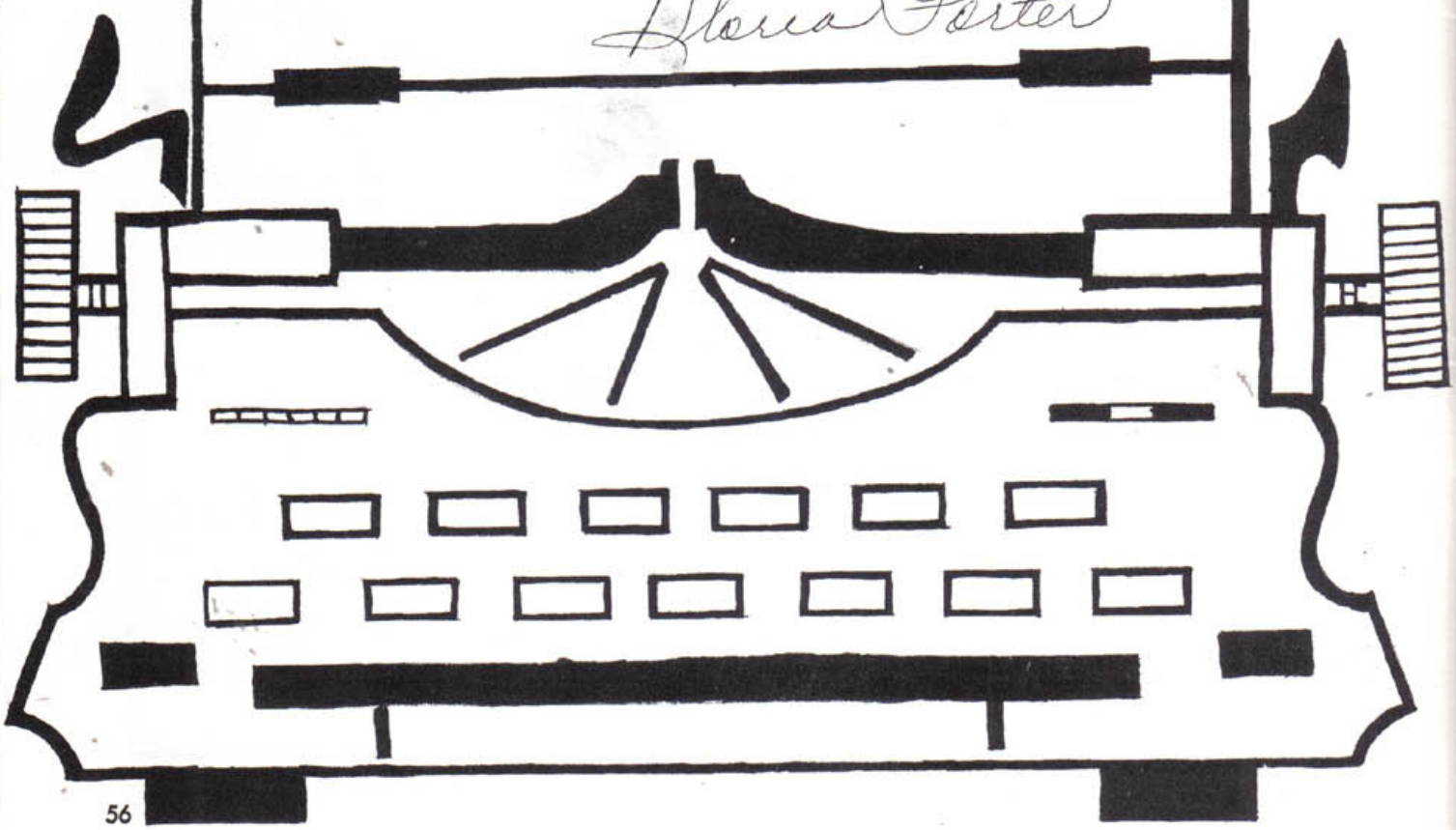
My ambition at the beginning of this 1962-63 school year was to present to you students, faculty members, and administration, a magazine both useful and full of memories of the past year.

We on the staff worked long hours before, during, and after school on this publication and it finally emerges as the fulfillment of our journalistic endeavors. We present it to you—**the community**—with the hope that you will discover new and interesting facts about the area in which you live. We present it to you—**the students**—with the hope that you will better appreciate the school system in which you have labored these past years; to the **faculty**, we depict our school its ambitions, its personality, and its individuality.

To the administration, we offer our gratitude for your whole-hearted cooperation in the making of this magazine.

Here it is . . . please read it and enjoy it.

Gloria Porter



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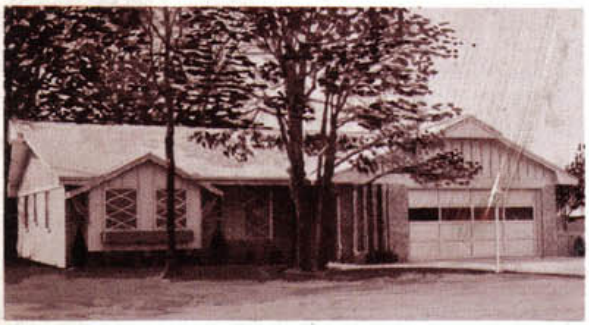

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