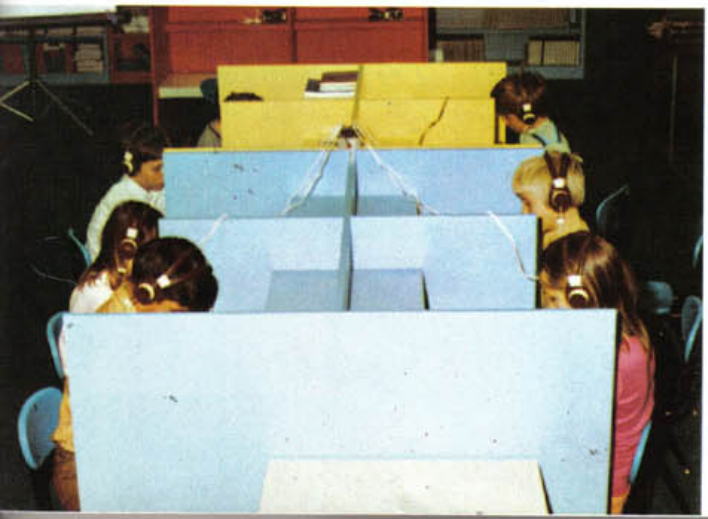

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Minor Sports Play Major Role Winnning All-Sports Trophy

Although basketball, football, wrestling and baseball have always played a major role in school activities, minor sports began to run a close second by combining ability with integrity. The purpose of minor sports was to allow students to excel in other sports besides the basic four. They contributed a great part in winning the All Sports Trophy. Swimming, golf and cross-country placed first, and track placed fourth.

Golf coach Mr. Tom Cheatwood, optimistically announced, "This year if everyone (the golf team) keeps working, we'll be first place." The team was divided into a first team and a second team. Seniors Mark DeBolt from Northwest Classen, Mike Clayton from Texas, Jim Burkett from Woodward and sophomore Steve Walser from Hefner comprised the first team. The second team consisted of seniors Bobby Lowe, Skip O'Dell and Greg Sorenson and sophomore Steve Martin.

At the Stillwater tournament the "A" team finished first with Clayton and Burkett tied for low honors. The Ada competition was definitely the hardest one during the fall season. The first day Ada was ahead by nine strokes, but the next day Putnam City stormed ahead and won by three strokes.

In the championship division, Clayton and DeBolt won the city four ball tournament with an eighteen under par. Walser won the A-Flight at nine under par.

With the dual season that began in March at Fort Worth, Putnam City began to putt towards first place in the Mid-State Conference, continuing their reign as Mid-State champs. Placing first or second at the regional meet would make the Pirates eligible to go on to state.

Track offered varied opportunities with pole-vaulting, broad jumping, high jumping, discus throwing and hurdling. Track helped to increase stamina and endurance. The team showed prospect this year with returning lettermen Ron Bearden, Roger Eccles, Gary Ford, Martin Smith, Ron Stair, Gordon Stone, Jeff Dethrow, Terry Griffin, Joey Hammond, John Huddleson and Joe Linder. Along with new additions, they opened the season January 29 at the Oklahoma City International Track Meet where they placed first. After competing in six meets, they run into Mid-State competition. If they place at least third at the regional meet May 1, they would qualify for the state competition May 14 and 15.

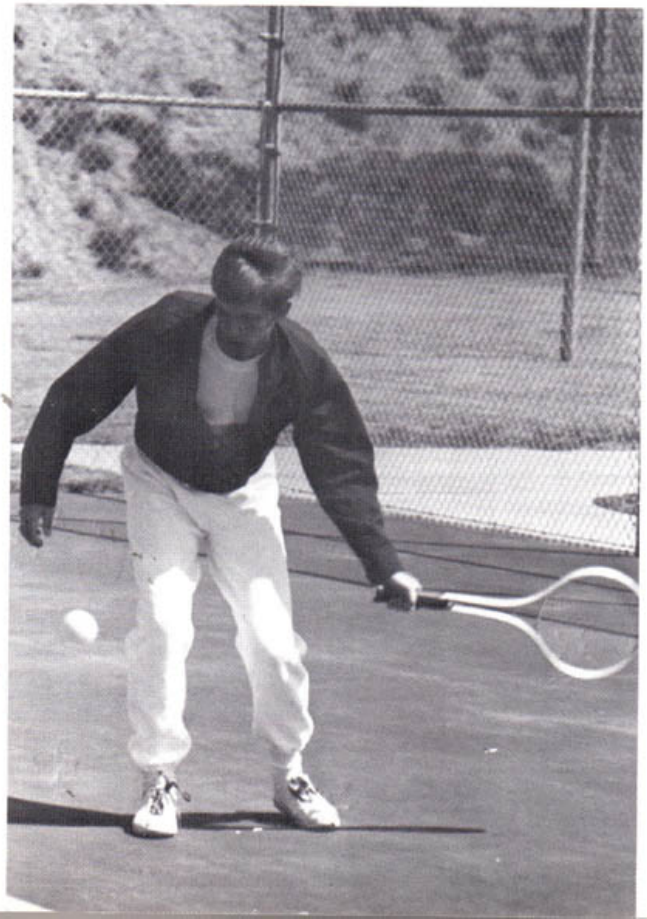
John Marshall was the greatest challenge for the cross-country team this year. Mr. Gene Firth expressed pride in the team when they placed runner-up in the Mid-State Conference. The team had twelve dual meets—winning ten and losing two. At the state meet they placed sixth.

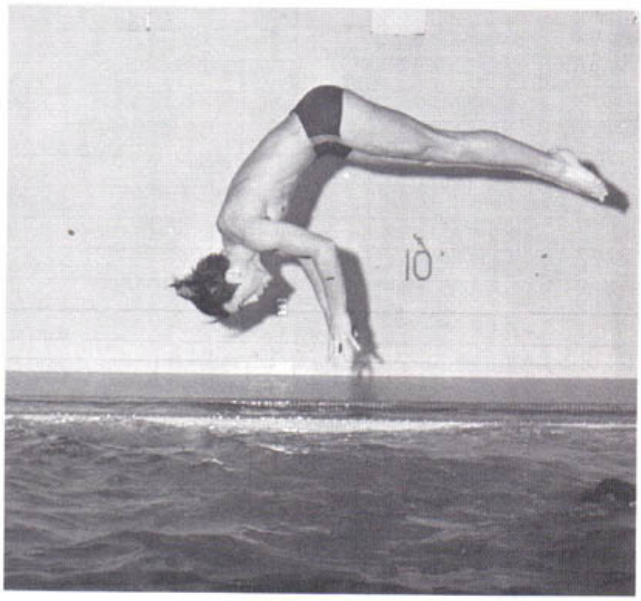
The outstanding runners were seniors Martin Smith, Reed McNeely, Gary Ford and Gordon Fuller, juniors Jeff Dethrow, Jim Spivey and Craig Young, and sophomores Mike Johnston and Vance Sanders. Mr. Firth added that the "B" team did very well and he is looking forward to an exciting 1971 year.

More boys turned out for swimming this year than ever before because of the increased benefits it offered. Besides keeping the body in shape, it furthered better competitive relations between schools. Mr. Gene Abney expressed down-to-earth pride in the swim team when he announced, "Without any unfortunate luck we should win Mid-State Conference for the third year in a row. There are some "tuff" teams throughout the state and we hope to place well." Some of the "tuff" members of Putnam City's team were Richard Hermes in the 200 I.M., 400-yard freestyle and the 400-yard free relay and Charles Crittenden in the 200-yard I.M., 200-yard freestyle, 100-yard breaststroke and the 400-yard free relay. Steve Jamison swam the 200-yard freestyle, the 400-yard freestyle and the 400-yard free relay while David Lynn competed in the 400-yard medley relay, the 100-yard breaststroke and the 200-yard I.M. At the swim meets, Dan Houston entered in the 100-yard backstroke and both relays. Harold York competed in the 100-yard backstroke and the 50-yard freestyle with Howard York in the 100-yard freestyle and the relay. The 100-yard butterfly and medley relay were swum by Blair Shorney.

Tennis helped to improve greatly the coordination and reflexes of the boys on the team. Mr. Whit Roberts, tennis coach, declared at the beginning of the tennis season, "We have an experienced group. If we can get good play from them (the team) we could be pretty tough at conference." The foreign exchange student from Spain, Toche Solano was one of the members of the team.

Every year minor sports play a larger part in school activities and this year proved to be one of the best. School spirit continued to grow behind minor sports and with it grew a record of success.





New Library, Resource Center, Student Store Pride of Putnam City

Out of the pounding, sawing and hammering, a great change sprang forth at Putnam City High School this past year. Pirates gained a new library, teachers were blessed with an enlarged lounge and everyone obtained a new resource center.

Plans for this new source of pride were started three years ago. Since then, much time and dedication by Mrs. Janelle Kirby, Mr. C. Ralph Downs and Mrs. Betty Gatchell were expended to bring the students a library that is not only functional, but reflects the tradition and philosophy of Putnam. To obtain ideas for an efficient library, the three visited many schools in Oklahoma.

A combination of the former library conference room, three classrooms and a portion of the patio were utilized to form this new structure. One hundred fifty thousand dollars of the total two hundred thousand dollars spent was for the actual construction of the library along with the fireplace and air conditioning. The remaining fifty thousand completely furnished it.

Four glass-enclosed rooms encircle the five major areas of the library. The west room contains back periodicals and microfilm. One of the three rooms along the north wall is the workroom where all processing is done. The two remaining rooms are conference rooms—one for students and the other for counselors, teachers and parents.

Four areas of the library are so situated that a student may walk directly from the entrance area to any other area without going through another. The reference area on the west side and the magazine area on the north side do not conflict with the study area on the east side and the section for group study in the northeast part of the library. This helped to keep disturbance and confusion to a minimum.

The six patio-size windows give much of the needed light while the olive carpet adds to noise elimination as well as comfort. The offices facing the main section of the library are for the bookwork needed in running the library efficiently.

This library has some of the finest facilities in the state. It has the best magazine collection of all the high schools in Oklahoma.

It will seat a maximum of one hundred eighty-five students—one hundred more than the old library. Shelving area was increased from 15,000 books to 25,000 books.

This year the new library was open Monday through Friday from 7:30 a.m. to 4:40 p.m.

Because of the rotation of shifts, a professional was on hand at all times to offer any assistance needed.

With the knocking down of a wall or two, and the building up of a few, a new resource center was assembled. Mr. Versel Rice, director, was quite pleased with the new material center since all equipment was stored in various places over the entire school last year. Included in the material center is a preview room, Mr. Rice's office, storeroom and the main room.

In the main room is complicated and expensive equipment. The Xerox, used for copying, cost the school $60 a month, rental fee. The Thermofax could do a great number of things and proved to be quite useful. The Diazo aided teachers in making colored transparencies.

The preview room is designed for teachers to preview a film or tape they plan on giving to their classes. However, if not in use, students used it when being tutored. Students sometimes used it to listen to a tape or record during their free time. In it was a tape recorder, projector and a television set.

The faculty room was moved to the old library. Couches contributed to comfort while study carrels gave teachers the needed area for preparing for classes during designated planning periods.

Putnam City's new poster-clad student store was quite a change from previous year's small booth. The store was extremely functional in that it met many of the students' needs—from a small eraser to a Pirate T-shirt. The newly painted walls and bright cabinets added much to its attraction.

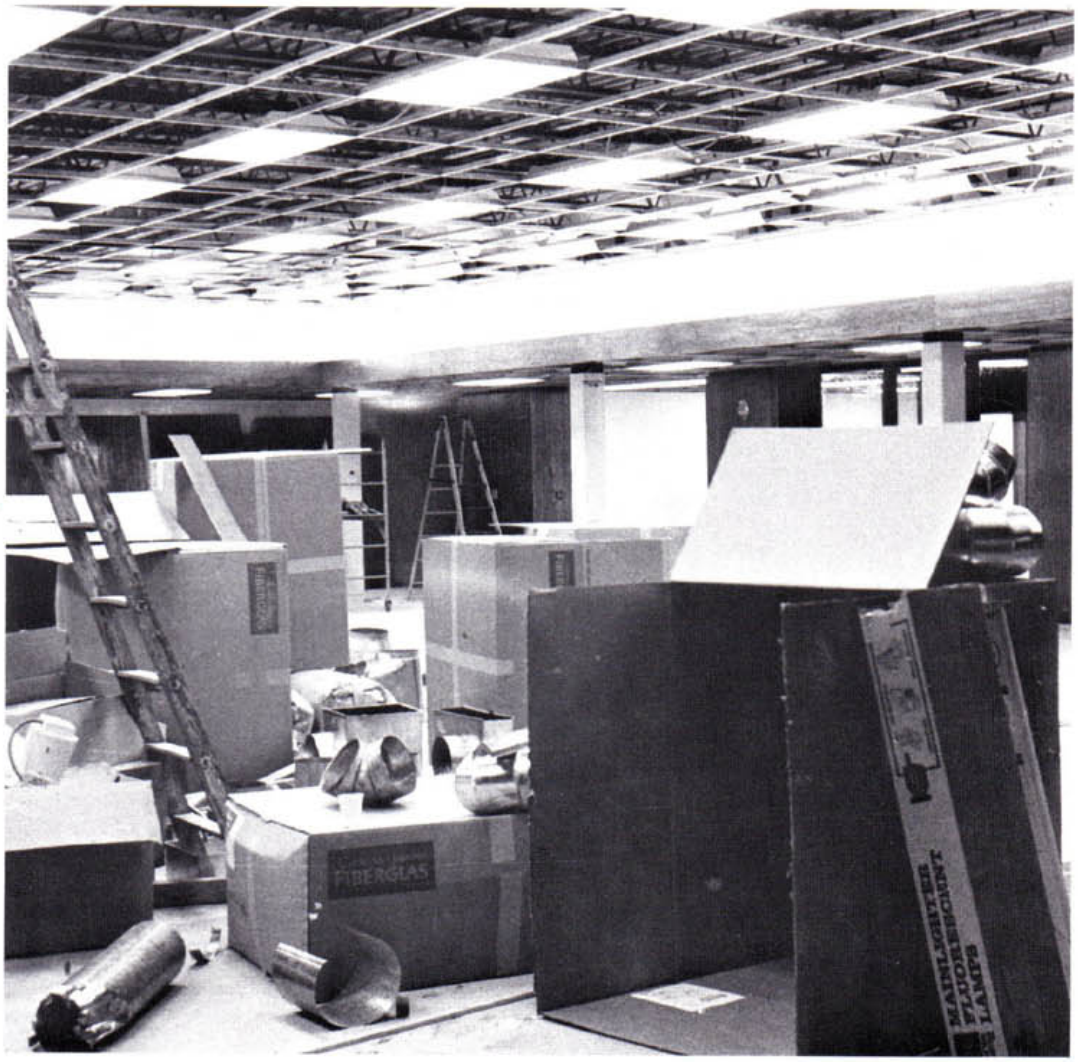
PUTNAM CITY WEST HIGH SCHOOL

Putnam City was not the only school to have a few changes. Putnam City West expanded also. Its construction began during the spring and when doors opened on August 31, there was a new wing on the school where only a mud lot had existed before.

This wing provided twenty new classrooms, including some specialized rooms for the Cooperative Office Education and DECA Departments. Students also received rooms with more cabinet space and electric outlets along with new conference rooms. The Home Economics department gained a room where both cooking and sewing could be done. Lab tables were added in the science rooms and a greenhouse was constructed onto one of the science labs to allow extra room for horticulture classes.

To fill the vacant rooms, twenty-nine teachers joined West's staff. They came from all around—from as close as Bethany Nazerene College in Bethany, Oklahoma and from such distant places as San Fernando State College in San Fernando, California. Another phase of expansion included the building of a track to allow the Patriots home track meets. The track surrounds the practice football field south of the school.

Putnam City's and Putnam City West's expansions and improvements were just an example of today's fast-growing world. They followed the philosophy that schools must expand at the same rate as the population in order to be a working body.



Letter To Tom

By Jane Shedden

Editor's Note: The following story is a letter from a Putnam City High School senior, Jane Shedden, to her brother, Tom, who died in the October 2, 1970 crash of the Wichita State football team. Tom was a 1968 graduate of Putnam City. He was active in Spanish Club, Fellowship of Christian Athletes and 12-year Club. He was the FHA Sweetheart his senior year and FTA Sweetheart Attendant. He played Pirate football and as a senior played center on the All-State squad. In baseball, too, he made All-State as catcher. This is a true and tender story written by Jane as a Christmas present for her father.

"I have done my best in the race, I have run the full distance, I have kept the faith. And now the prize of victory is waiting for me, the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me on that Day—and not only to me, but to all those who wait with love for him to appear." II Timothy 4: 6-8.

An aged, chartered twin-engine airplane was carrying the best of the football team from Wichita State University along with their athletic officials and fans over the rugged Rocky Mountains of western Colorado about 1:00 p.m. on October 2, 1970. The plane had been checked and refueled in Denver moments before and the boys were laughing and joking with each other and their coaches. They were on their way to play Utah State University the following day and were prepared for the tough game they knew they had ahead of them. Though not a victory had been won previously in the season, they still had their spirits up for the meeting the next day with the opposing team. What the passengers were unaware of as they began to enjoy the lunch being served to them was that the sound system of the aircraft was faulty and they were not forewarned of the accident that was quickly coming. Suddenly the Martin 404 began to shake severely, turning its right wing downward, then taking the fatal, sharp dip to the right, quickly and violently crashing into the snow-flecked mountainside of Loveland Pass. After plunging into the heavily wooded area, the plane was engulfed instantly in hot, fiery flames, which leaped up among the wreckage of trees, various bits of football equipment, airplane seats and the rest of the plane's jumbled remains. Laughing only a moment before, the small handful of young men who were able to escape with their lives were the few who had not fastened their safety belts. Along with so many others, my brother, Tom Shedden, was not one of the fortunate few. His race was finished, completed, ended, in a matter of only a few seconds. But somehow, I wonder if he, too was not a lucky one. Was he not going on to something better? I really believe he was and I am truly happy for him.

In the days following my brother's death, so many things came to mind that I would have liked to talked to him about. But since he was gone, I wanted to write this final letter to him, to tell him of my never-ending appreciation for the great sacrifice he made for so many and more personally me.

Dear Tom,

I am so glad for the twenty years God let me have you for my brother. I know you could not have been a better one, even though sometimes we did have our little brother-sister disagreements which were to be expected. I wish I had been more appreciative toward you for the things you did for me while you were here, but that is past. I want to express more gratitude now than I ever have. I want you to know how much I have learned from the great sacrifice you made of your life for me and so many others. I have taken your philosophies, beliefs and examples, Tom, studied them and applied them to my life.

As a dedicated football player, I know you must have had football on your mind a big part of the time. I bet you compared a football game to the game of life. I have done the same thing, brother and come up with many parallels which have untangled many of the tangles in my life. Before I proceed to tell you about the many truths I have found I want to share a Bible verse with you rewritten to suit any Christian football player by your pastor in Wichita, Kansas, at University Methodist Church, Reverend Richard Taylor. It is from Ephesians 6: 10-17:

"Therefore take the whole armour of God, that you

may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having girded your loins with the hip pads of truth, and having put on the shoulder pads of righteousness, and having shod your feet with the equipment of the gospel of peace; above all taking the thigh pads and knee pads of faith with which you can protect yourself from all the hard contact with the opposition. And take the helmet of salvation, and develop a good stiff arm which is the work of God. You'll need it when the going gets rough."

I believe, Tom, you must have believed in this passage. I have grown close to it and think of you when I read it.

I have studied a few of the basic elements involved in a football game, compared them to the game of life and learned so many things. One truth I have discovered is that team work is essential in both if you want to win. You were, and still are, a good example of a winner. I imagine you learned in football, that what you said in the locker room concerning your abilities, did not count nearly so much as how you performed on the field. I have tried to follow this concept of yours, that is, not to be hypocritical in my everyday life. Another parallel I have discovered is that you must play by the rules in both games. The only difference is that penalties for infractions in football follow immediately, whereas sometimes in life they are not always so quick to follow. Tom, I have also come to realize that just as a football game ends, so does the game of life. We all have the satisfaction of talking it over with the coach after it is finished, too. I know you talked to many coaches here on earth, but none can compare to the Great Coach Upstairs, right, Tom? The last thing I realized in my comparisons is something a little harder for me to deal with than the other ones since you have gone. That is the realization of knowing that even though you have no more time left on the clock, the time is still running for me. At first, my natural tendency was to stop running and give up. Slowly though, the realization came upon me that you would not have me stand still, but to continue on in the game, to give life my all and never let up. So just as you gave football all your determination, so shall I give life all of mine.

This is just part of the many examples you have set for me, brother, and I know you must have many expectations for me. I want you to know that your life is now my inspiration and motivation. I know now that if I never let myself down, I will never let you down. I know you are up in the stands watching me now. You have given me not only examples to live by, but fond memories to keep. You are someone of whom I will always be very proud and whose image will live on in my heart forever.

Your loving sister,

Jane

Wind-Thoughts

By David Brewer

The morning breeze caresses me,
her hundred fingers
tickling my face
and playing with my hair.
She sings to me
with a thousand voices
sounds of green-grass
and morning-sun
and you.

Brother-tree awakens
shaking his arms
to cast off
the night.
What does he care
if a few leaves
fall to the ground?

The breeze blows through his
green hair
whispering words
just for him.
What does she say
that makes the air-spirits
fly to hear?
Is she speaking again of you?

The lake leans
as if to hear,
his tongues lapping up
the brown earth
trying to share the secret.

Sultan-sun hurries from his eastern palace
running lest he miss
the news.

What is it she tells
that makes my brothers and sisters
act this way?
Is she speaking again of you?

Soon, though, brother-tree no longer shakes his arms.
Each lost leaf means lost life.
The air-spirits no longer fly,
but crouch together for warmth.
The lake's tongues are frozen in silence
that not even brown-earth can hear.
And Sultan-sun lives in glory below the east
far away from his whispering sister.

What is it she told
that makes them act this way?
Was she speaking again of you?
Or was she speaking of me?

Tribulations of Dorm Life - American Style

By Mike Anderson P. C. graduate 1970

Last year, I left the peace and security of high school life at Putnam City and took that "next big step in life;" I left home and went to college. Many people warned me of many things the summer before. They warned that I would be up until the wee hours of the morning studying each night. They alerted me to the fact that each college professor *enjoys* failing students. Ah yes, there were many warnings issued, each of which I dismissed until I could see for myself. The one thing, however, I was not prepared for was life in the college dorm.

Picture an around-the-clock, three ring, Barnum and Bailey special with lighting effects—loud speakers—TV sets—stereo sounds and a fight or two and this adds up to dorm life. Sleep is unheard of.

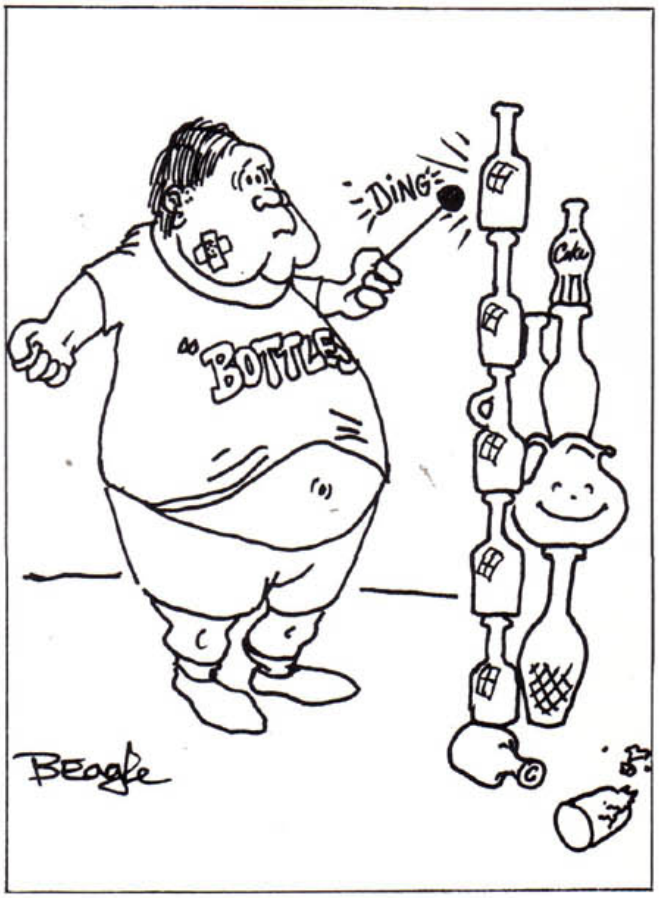
My dorm life centers in Thatcher Hall, a place affectionately called "The Hole" or "The Ghetto." Thus called because it is close to fifty years old, heating is bad and the tiles on the floor are warped.

Occupants in this specific dorm have as their objective to make as much noise as possible during the *quiet period*, 11 p.m. to 8 a.m., without getting caught. Believe me there are some very adept characters at this fine art.

Right down the hall there is a boy, *Bottles*, who specializes in bottle clanging—he is a real pro. He knows through a sixth sense just when people are dropping off to sleep and when to drop five or six bottles to keep them awake 'just a little longer'. I can hear him all night roaming the halls collecting bottles. People will go down to the sometimes operable vending machines, buy a coke, drink it and leave the bottle outside the door for *Bottles*. During the night, he comes by and takes them and uses forty cents worth to trade for a pack of cigarettes. The rest he stacks in his closet and these periodically collapse in the middle of the night to add to his effectiveness.

Second best noisemaker is the dorm demolition expert. He collaborates with *Bottles* and takes full advantage of his sixth sense. He is a very mysterious fellow and only *Bottles* knows who he is. He sets off a cherry bomb every night at midnight, without fail, always picking a different part of the building for his demolition work. Since no one knows who he is, everybody covers for him. As his bomb goes off, everybody jumps out of bed, opens their door and slams it. This completely confuses the Campus Police and they arrest the first person they see the next morning. After the arrestee has threatened to sue, he is released and over and over it goes. The reason everybody covers for this clown is because we have our own ideas on what to do with him if we catch him.

One of the more conventional ways of causing sleeplessness is done by the "Phantom Knocker." He specializes in the fine art of door rapping. No matter what time of night he hits, no one has ever caught him. He is so clever that some people are beginning to think that they are knocking on their own doors during a sleep walk

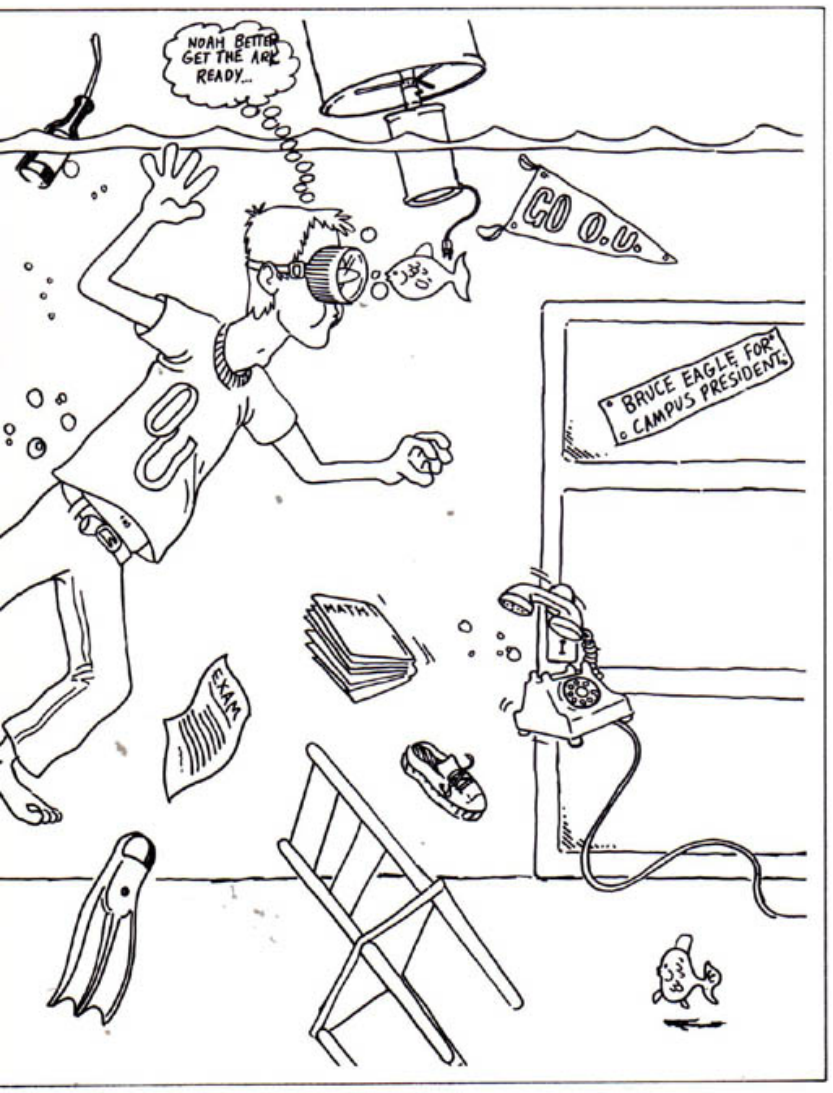


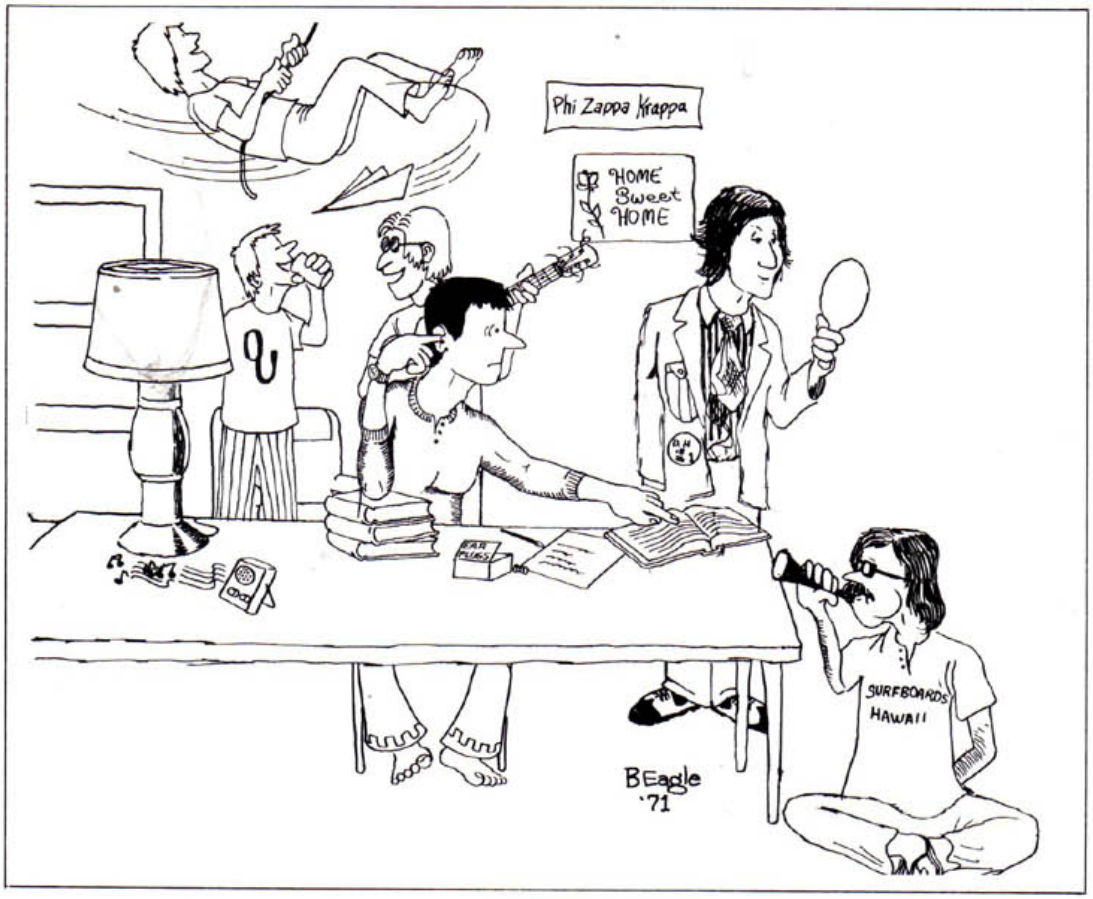
and then waking up to find nothing. Some of the four-year veterans insist it's the ghost of a long dead House Mother.

Then there are always the Night Owls, the people who sleep during the day and play their stereos at full blast all night. Someone just above me plays drums on the floor all night and a Viet Nam veteran next door talks in his sleep (the walls are so thin I can hear each word he says). He has retold his love life as encountered on his tour of Viet Nam several times so vividly that some boys have decided to sign up at the end of the year and get in on the action.

Perhaps the rudest way to get awakened at night is through a dorm flood. First, you hear a knock on the door and thinking it's the "Phantom" you leap out of bed only to land in six inches of water. You turn on the light just in time to see your math book float out the door and your pet parrot going down for the third time. You then look out the door to see the floor supervisor smilingly handing you a broom and mop to clean your room. These floods are caused by the local plumbing expert who delights in stopping up all drains in the restrooms and turning faucets on full blast. Of course, there have been casualties. One fishbowl has been knocked over (the fish escaped down a drain after a dorm wide chase down the hall in six inches of water), one policeman has lost his badge and perhaps the worst of all, *Bottles* lost a whole closet full of bottles when they collapsed as he was trying to salvage his history book which had floated in among them.

Another thing to contend with are the weekly Tuesday morning room checks. During the week the rooms become quite messy because most teenage boys have this thing against cleaning—they are allergic to it. These rooms look so bad that it even makes the name "The Ghetto" look high class. It looks just like the city dump has





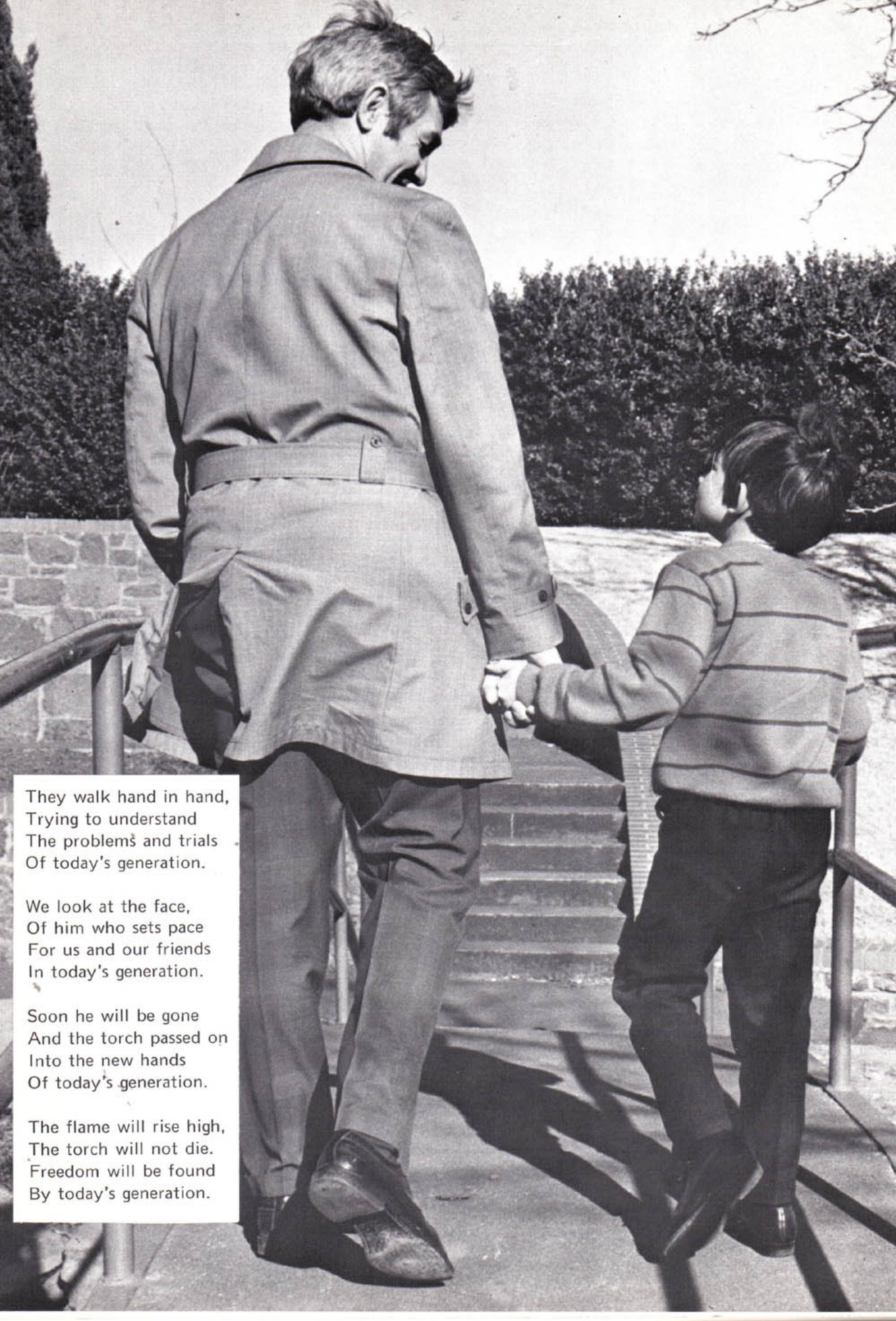
been relocated in Thatcher Hall. This mess is supposed to be cleaned up every Tuesday morning or a demerit is given. There are various ways of getting around this. Some just dump everything in the closets, but this is good for only two weeks. When the door is opened after that, you are buried in an avalanche of banana peels and paper bags. Another way is to sweep everything out into the hall and say someone else put the mess in front of your room. If luck is with you, however, a flood will hit Monday night and float everything away leaving you nothing to do the next morning but sleep.

Of course there are bright spots in this otherwise *routine* existence. One of the best experiences is finding a note glued on your door that says, "See 'Mom' (House Mother) immediately." You tear down to her office only to find out she can't remember what was so urgent. It took nine weeks and ten notes for her to remember that I was supposed to go see the head sports editor of the college newspaper for a job.

All-night poker games help to dispel the boredom. Big money exchanges hands during these daring games, sometimes thirty or forty cents at one time. Why I won $2.40 one night.

Perhaps the best diversion is the Monday Night Football Gang Fight. This happens every Monday night during football season. It begins at 7:45 when the Arabian members of the dorm go down to the TV room and turn on Gomer Pyle. Gomer Pyle is a good show and on any other night every one would want to watch it, but on football night; no way. These Arabs don't want to watch Gomer, they just don't like football. At 7:55, nine hundred football hungry guys show up and change the channel to Howard Kosel and football. The Arabs change it back and the footballers change it back again. This goes on until kickoff time and then the fight breaks out and lasts until the Campus Police show up. They are told some story that they jot down and then leave. By then, the Arabs like football and the bets go down and everything is settled.

Although I have made out dorm life humdrum and boring, my college friends from other campuses assure me that theirs is never that way. After living in a dorm nearly a year, most of us agree that we could never move back to the hectic goings on of home life with the parents.



They walk hand in hand,
Trying to understand
The problems and trials
Of today's generation.

We look at the face,
Of him who sets pace
For us and our friends
In today's generation.

Soon he will be gone
And the torch passed on
Into the new hands
Of today's generation.

The flame will rise high,
The torch will not die.
Freedom will be found
By today's generation.