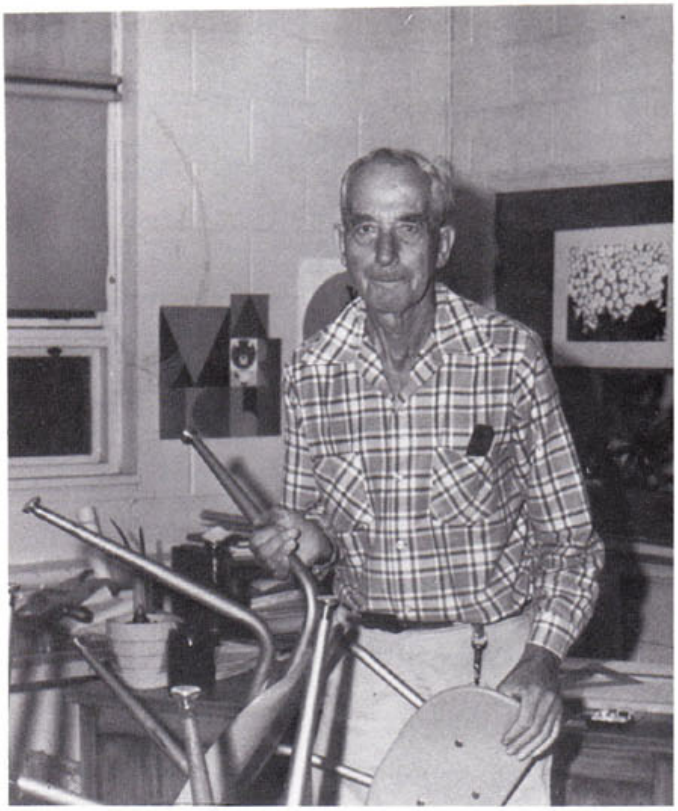
offset presses and automatic paper cutter, as well as camera work are covered in the Printing-Offset Presses Course.

Chemical Technology, Electronics Technology, Machine Shop, Computer Programming and Welding are among the other numerous courses offered at the training school.

Every year, a counselor from the Oklahoma City Area Vocational-Technical Center holds assemblies and conferences at all participating schools before pre-enrollment time to familiarize students with this challenge in educational opportunity.

"He that has a trade has an estate." This statement has been proven by the young people in today's society who participated in the Vo-Tech program. Students that have a good basic knowledge of the trades offered by the Oklahoma City Area Vocational-Technical Center will be better equipped to earn an exceptional livelihood for themselves and their families throughout their working careers.



Maintenance Entails Necessary Dedication And Hard Work

"People just don't understand how involved maintenance really is," stated Brady Graham, head of the Putnam City Maintenance Department.

Under his jurisdiction are 192 custodians, carpenters, mechanics, a truck driver and a warehouse man. This group of men keep the Putnam City School system moving.

"They change electrical outlets and water faucets, sanitize the restrooms, take care of the lawns and playground equipment and any other obscure job that no one else can handle," observed Mr. Graham.

The four carpenters employed by the district build bookcases, construct walls, install doors and replace glass. Two mechanics take care of all the plumbing, heating, electrical repair, pumps and boilers. The truck driver and utility man hauls groceries and janitor supplies as well as cares for all utilities. The warehouse man receives chemical supplies and issues them out to the head custodians of each school. He keeps a log book of where each order is sent and tells Mr. Graham when orders need to be made.

Last year, the PC School District spent over $1,200,000 on maintenance salaries and basic supplies. These supplies included such items as light bulbs, tissue paper, hand towels and cleaning supplies.

There is no age requirement for the maintenance workers. One can be hired as long as the person is strong and has a good recommendation. There are students who work twenty hours a week for $150 a month, social security pensioners who work to pad their social security checks and many bus drivers who also double as custodial workers.

Security guards work a forty-hour week. They must have a deputyship from either the Bethany, Oklahoma City, Midwest City or Warr Acres police force before they can qualify for the job. School

property is protected by nightwatchmen in conjunction with the neighborhood police force.

"The prime concern of the maintenance staff in the winter is to keep the schools warm and comfortable. In the spring and summer, the schools get redressed for the new fall term. They are painted inside and out, major irreparable equipment is replaced, lawns are mowed, fertilized and land-scaped and the parking lots are resealed," emphasized Mr. Graham.

Also employed under the general heading of maintenance, Coit Bales took on the responsibility of caring for all typewriters in the district. His work carried him from principal's offices to journalism departments to typing classrooms. The machine maintenance department is new this year to the district and unique to the Oklahoma City area.

When Mr. Bales receives a broken typewriter, he completely disassembles it and soaks it in cleaning solution. This is a far cry from the old method where the cover was taken off and the dust blown out.

"Already we have established one of the best-equipped and efficiently maintained shops in the state," commented Mr. Bales. "As time goes by, the department will be enlarged to a warehouse for typewriter ribbons and other supplies."

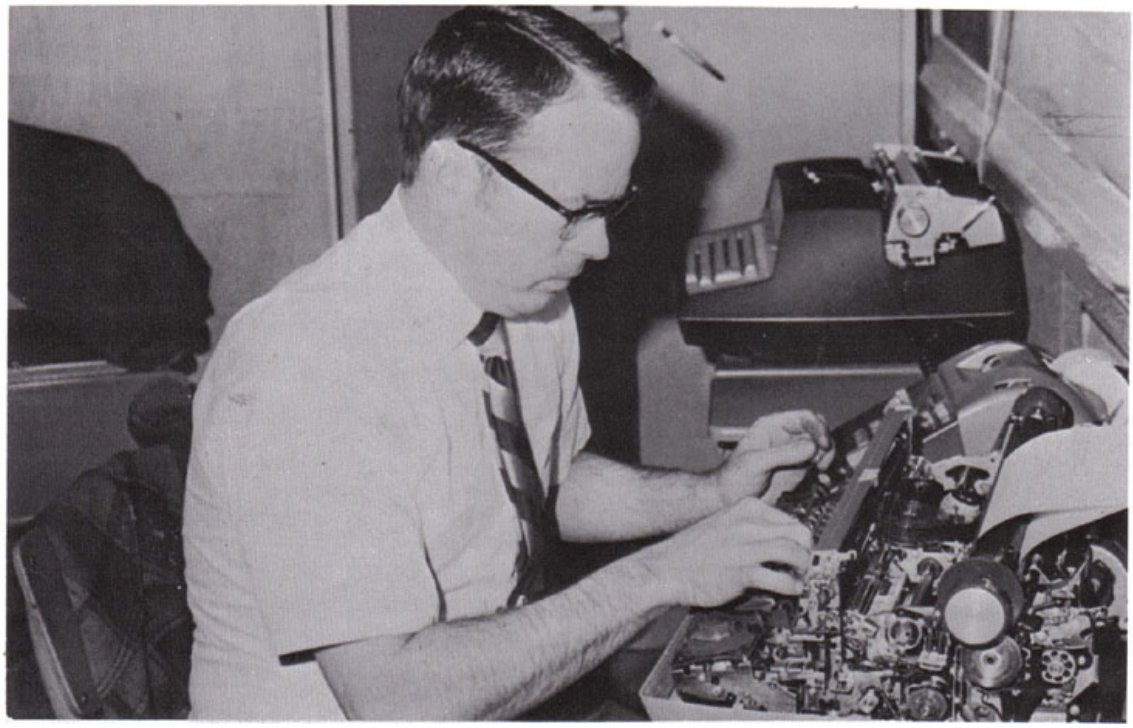
New this year in the department was a cleaning service that cared for Windsor Hills Elementary School. Hosts, Inc. worked during after-school hours to clean and straighten the building. "These men are skilled, trained and professional in their work. They are doing an outstanding job," said Mr. Graham. "This program is being studied as a possibility for other small schools, but it will never take over the whole custodial system."

Mr. Glen Crouch, director of the purchasing department and overseer of maintenance funds stated, "The expenditure for Hosts is practically the same as when we purchase supplies and pay school employees."

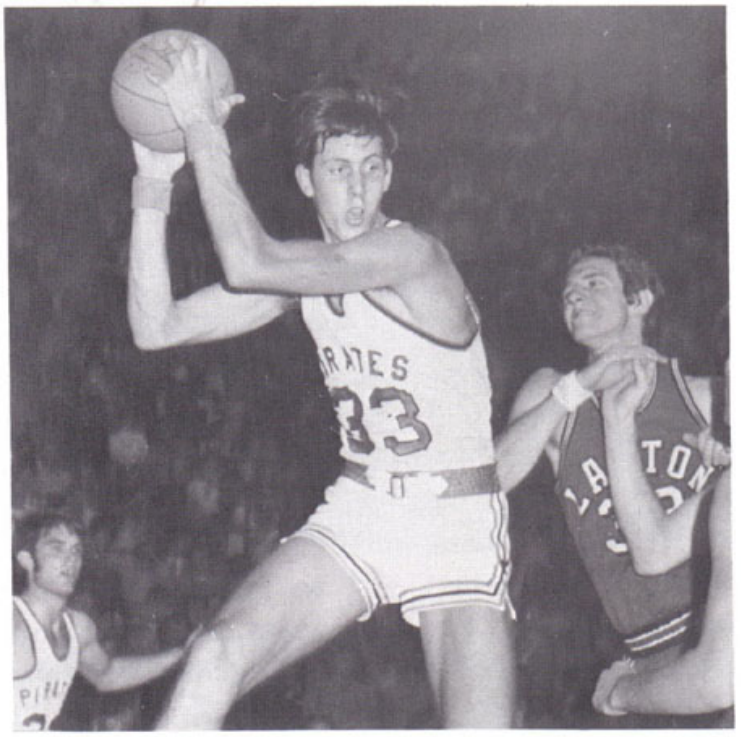
Mr. Graham emphasized the need for special classes for custodians. "The products are advancing, and there are so many new things with which to work. My goal is to set up a training program so we can be able to turn out more and better work in a less amount of time."

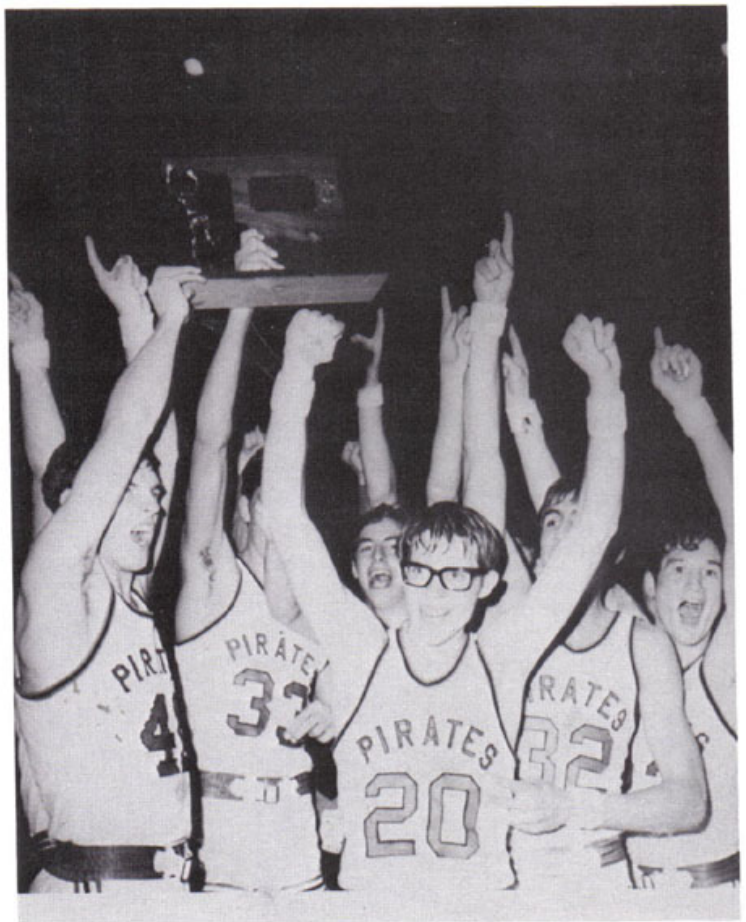
He hopes classes will be able to start June 1, 1972. The workers will be broken down into small groups so the best results can be achieved.

Maintenance is indeed a full-scale job. It involves much more than replacing lights and sweeping floors. It is a job which requires dedication and pride of the almost 200 workers employed by the Putnam City School system.



PC Dribbles To First State Championship





With their goal set for winning the first and last game of the 1971-72 season, the Putnam City Pirate Basketball team came on strong and it's impact was felt by conference and state 4-A teams as they wound up with a 26-0 record. This goal was set after the team was disqualified from the State Championship in the first round last year. Not only did they win these two games, but they won all of their games and broke school records all along the way.

State Champions (4-A), the Pirate team captured the first Basketball State Championship in Putnam City High School's history. Mr. Jim Koch, a high school and college basketball player himself who was chosen as Coach of the Year in 1971, coached the largest class team to go a season without a loss since El Reno in 1949.

Along with breaking records with the team, 6'10" All-Metro, All-City, All-State, All-American, Oklahoma Player of the Year, Alvan Adams broke a few records himself. He is one of the top ten in the United States and the only Oklahoman ever invited to play in the Dapper Dan Classic with the top players in the U. S. against the top players in Pennsylvania. This season, he averaged 25.8 points per game, had a high game of 41 and had 672 total points. (All school records.) He also hauled down 14.9 rebounds per game.

Adams had plenty of support from teammates Don Lacy, Darrel Johnson, Steve Makintubee, Larry Sherer, Paul Deal, Jim Wooldridge, Paul Nelson, Steve Minty, Carlyn Yates, Mike Ragan, Steve Martin, David Welsh and Mike Tabor.

The first night of the state tournament, against Bartlesville College, the Pirates jumped in the lead with 26-13 and never let up. The final score was 88-66. The next night against the Muskogee Roughers wasn't as easy. In the last two minutes of the game the tie was broken and the Pirates earned their 25th victory. (60-52.)

Before a crowd of 10,000 spectators, on the final night of the tournament, the Pirates showed Lawton and everyone else that they were rightly labeled NUMBER ONE. Thirty-five seconds into the second half of the game, star center Alvan Adams drew two quick personals and was fouled out of the game. All season long the Pirate team had been saying they were good as a team and this change of events made them prove it. Darrell Johnson, a junior, stepped in for Adams to help win the Class 4-A State Championship Title.

With all the glory, the work is sometimes overlooked, but in truth the team spent approximately three hours per day in practice along with Saturdays, Sunday afternoons and holidays going into making the team Number One. The coaches and players scouted every Mid-State Conference team and a few college teams for ideas and techniques to make good on their goal of winning game number one and number twenty-six.

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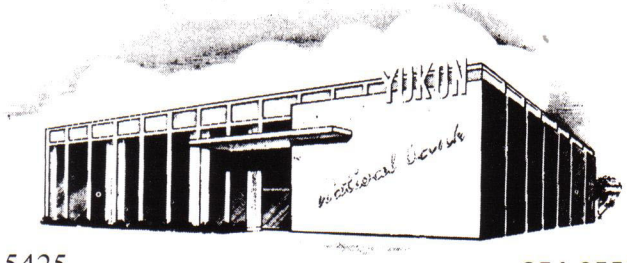

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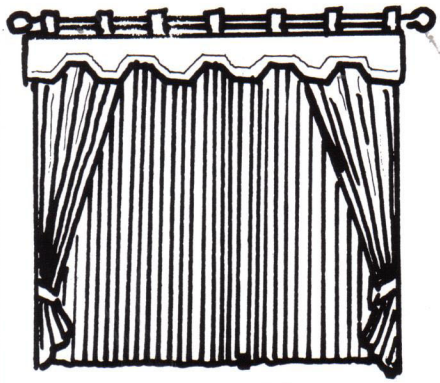

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The Great Procrastinator

by Ray Winkler, Putnam City West

It was a sunny day today,

The sky was blue, the birds were singing, and everything was just as if it were taken from a fairy tale.

Today was a day for conquering giants, and rescuing fair maidens, a day for fulfilling all those dreams.

But something happened, something came up and well, you never got around to it.
You never do, do you.

Oh sure, the sun was shining and everything did look nice, but today didn't seem like the right time.

Oh, you meant to, you meant to scale mountains and walk on seas, but somehow you never got around to it.
You never do, do you.

Remember that friend that died last week.

The one you wished you had talked to first because there were so many things you hadn't told him.

Remember how you cried and said, "If only I could have said just once, I'm sorry or thank you or I love you."

But now it's too late.
Now he's gone forever.

But today is a sunny day you were going to be open with people and share your so called love with everyone, you were going to help that strange little man that all the kids laughed at.

But somehow you never got around to it.

You never do, do you.

Remember that big dream of yours,

Oh it varies from day to day, but really it's always the same, your dreams of success, of happiness, of money, of love.

Remember how first thing you were going to start working, how first thing, tomorrow, you were going to put all your efforts into the fulfillment of that one big dream.

But something came up, didn't it? You felt like staying in bed a little bit longer today, and the morning paper seemed especially interesting.

And somehow you never got around to it.
You never do, do you.

How about someone else, how about that one special someone, the one who always smiles a little bit bigger, the one whose eyes look like your own.

Remember how you were going to make them happy.
Remember how you were going to spend all your effort for their comfort.

Remember how you were going to run away to a tropical paradise and spend forever in each other's arms.

And then your job came up.
And you needed the money to make them happy.

And then somehow (you never could really figure out why) but somehow the money you had didn't seem quite enough anymore.

So you started spending more time away, away from that one special someone, the one with the big smile, the one you were going to spend forever with.

But now you have no more dreams, no more loves, no more ifs, and, or good intentions,
All that is in the past now.

Remember how you meant to pray,
Remember how you meant to get yourself right.

To get down on your knees and say, "God, God, I'm sorry and thank you."

But somehow, you never got around to it.
You never did, did you?

IS THERE A DAY?

Is there a day
when wars will all end?

Is there a day
that peace will be made?

Is there a day
we can all be friends?

Is there a day
that no more crimes
will be made?

Is there a day
when the air
can be clean?

Is there a day
when all people
will be free?

Is there a day
we all can be happy?

Is there a day
that all problems
will be solved?

Is there a day
for today might be the day.

Anna Waits
Western Oaks Junior High

The Great American Popsicle Heist

by Mark DeLong, Putnam City High School

Back in time when finding a muffler for an Edsel was not an all-day affair and back when university was just another big word instead of a worry, life life still had its problems, though, and they were often quadrupled when temperature skyrocketed. On such a hot, muggy day comfort seemed to stem from an icy, sweet popsicle (grape!).

While sitting on the street curb, sweat pouring into my soiled T-shirt, my thoughts of obtaining that type of icy treat slipped into devious schemes. I was penniless, so buying one was out of the question. Finally, after pleading with my mother for ten cents, I resolved to ease the pangs of my sweating body and the cravings of my unquenchable sweet-tooth by means of a simple hold-up.

I was a greenhorn in the conning and crooking business, but I well understood the ethics and respectable practices involved in pulling off a heist. The Early Movie on TV which occasionally featured ancient bankrobberies had well orientated all of the kids on the block including me in the art of "getting things cheap."

I dug my feet with excitement into the sand in the gutter when suddenly Mike Maddy, the rich kid on the block, whose dad was assistant mayor, screeched to a halt in front of me. His hot 2-speed bike was the pace-setter in the neighborhood and every young man's eye was on it.

"Hi-ya, Mark!" he exclaimed, grinning a toothy smile.

"Hi," I replied.

"Are you still moping about that marble I won from you—that STEELIE?"

"Nah," I said, "but I'll win it back next time. Right now I'm thinking about how good a popsicle would be about . . ."

"My ma ain't got any either," Mike sighed.

Soon the rest of the kids came—every last one of them: "Betsy" Ross, whose real name was Robert Ross, but everybody kidded him because he was the fattest guy on the block (besides, Robert sounded too formal) and Skipper Stovern, who had a silver plated tooth that blinded everyone when he smiled. The last two that arrived (after we sent "Betsy" to get them) were: Billy Drimel, a real smart kid who had the only money in the group and Diane Johnson, the only girl accepted into our elite little gang.

After hearing my plan, everyone was buzzing with anticipation about the tasty crime to be committed, hopefully, this afternoon—assuming that the popsicle man showed up.

The gang split up to get the necessary materials—all but "Betsy" and me.

"Betsy's" mom soon called him for lunch and his patriotism for "Our Gang" immediately dwindled. Evidently he liked hamburgers more than cold popsicles.

"Hey Mark, you know I can't work on an empty stomach . . . gotta go!" he exclaimed while turning his back.

It was now noon, and I knew I was in trouble because of skipping lunch.

"Betsy" Ross was the only one missing when we reconvened

after our scavanger hunt for useful goods. Mike had brought three spray-paint cans that were half-used. He was a model car nut and had them on hand. Skip did all he could for his part of the plan—he brushed his teeth.

"Betsy" Ross came back earlier than we expected with a half-eaten hamburger. Billy hollered "Hail Wimpy—Hamburger King" as "Betsy" rejoined the gang! Nobody had really noticed Billy, who was small, sitting under a low tree on old lady Page's lawn. Bill was the moralist in the group and he pulled out a five cent postage stamp.

"I figure we ought to give the victim something . . . after all we might as well help him send his order for more popsicles," Billy offered.

"And we all (burp) know how far a postage stamp goes, nowadays," replied "Betsy," half mocking Billy between bites.

Tensions were almost to the breaking point and "Betsy" was badly asking for a fight (maybe that hamburger went to his head). Fortunately the familiar puttering, sputtering and knocking of the popsicle man's shiny white three-wheeled cart caught everyone's attention.

"Well, here comes my dessert," "Betsy" said.

" 'Betsy' I don't think you need any more insulation," Billy threw back with a sneer.

"C'mon guys, grow up. We've got a heist to pull—now get ready," I said.

"I'm gonna do what I like best," said "Betsy," "Gonna be the customer and get some treats."

"Betsy" rubbed his stomach, and ran (waddled) up the street to meet the victim who was trucking down the way in search of kids.

My mouth got to watering. I checked my pocket for the weapon I carried, a perfume-filled water pistol, that provided odorous protection (like a skunk because the smell was embarrassingly sweet on a young man). Mike was already running to the seemingly magnetized cart. The whole group was up there in a second.

"Do you have grape?"

"Yup."

"Orange?"

"Yup."

"Banana?"

"Nope."

"AW!"

An excited hush overcame our little group as they waited for me to make the first move.

"Uh, Mister, er, I would like all you got," I said.

"What?" he replied.

"I'd like all you got."

"You got the money?"

"Nope."

"Sorry, buster—no money—no treats."

I grabbed my gun quickly. He was immediately startled, but later laughed. His attention was drawn to "Betsy" who was drooling on his cart.

"And what may I do for you, Fatso?" he said.

"Um . . . I think the best thing you could do for me is to give that kid all you got . . . and I get the . . er . . goods," "Betsy" managed.

"Durndest thing I ever did see," the popsicle man mumbled while leaning over his freezer.

The time was right for Mike to make his move. The three spray-paint cans were soon behind three different people's backs awaiting discharge.

At this point one should note that every popsicle man in those days had a special pride toward his super shiny, mirror-smooth cart and would polish it for hours.

All was ready when the popsicle man returned to the surface.

"That'll be $1.55 son," he stated, handing over the popsicles to me.

"I'll pay!" screamed Billy who was struggling to the front of the crowd. He handed the stamp to the man.

"Hey, kid, this is only a stamp!"

"Yeah . . ."

"Well . . . don't you have any more money?" he asked.

"Who needs money!" we exclaimed in unison.

I nodded conspicuously and snapped up pointing their canisters of deadly paint toward the popsicle man's pride. Then after he saw the action I said: "Let me go and nothing will happen." He was shaken.

I ran the fastest I could to the predetermined meeting point; nobody followed me until the popsicle man was well out of sight (and well out of earshot).

We ate the popsicles, without excitement or smiles—they didn't taste as good as the "store boughten" ones. Maybe they were like the ones at the store, but we just got what we paid for.

The youth are alive! Look at them.
They move, feel and walk.
Look at them.
They smile, laugh and talk.
Look at them.
They write, think and sing.
Look at them.
They can do anything!

All they need is a chance,
A chance to prove
Their worth to themselves, to friends, to society.
They're on the move!
Can't you see them struggling?
They only want to care.
Can't you see them growing?
They only want to dare.

See them come.
They come from everywhere.
See them come.
They fight, they work, they share.
Oh, watch the youth of America,
They really want to live.
Let them shine forth with their talents,
They've got so much to give.