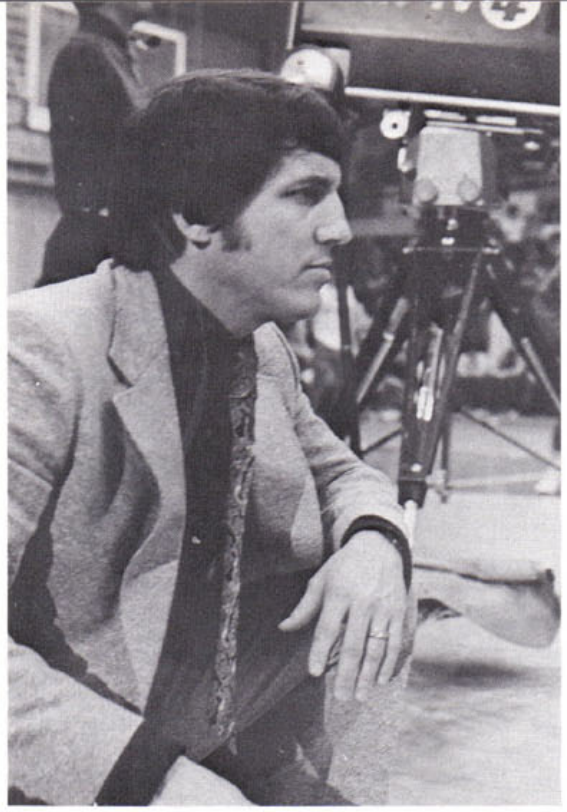


COMMUNICATION KEY TO SUCCESS

In spite of the fact that wrestling in Oklahoma is facing an uphill battle, Stan Abel, Putnam City High School alumnus, retains his sense of humor and is not sorry that he made OU his choice of coaching this year.

When Stan Abel was graduated from Putnam City in May 1955, there weren't many people who expected him to return to the high school as head wrestling coach in 1959. Likewise there weren't many people who expected him to return to the University of Oklahoma, his old alma mater, to be the Sooner's head wrestling coach.

Coach Abel admits that he didn't turn into a caliber wrestler until he had left high school. His wrestling ability was perfected at OU and he placed first in both the Big Eight Conference and in the nation his junior and senior years. His coaching ability has not gone unnoticed either, as he was voted 1963's High School Coach of the Year by the Oklahoma Wrestling Coaches Association. Then in 1972 he was chosen Rookie College Coach of the Year by "Amateur Wrestling."

Stan Abel became a coach because of the admiration and respect that he and his teammates had for their high school wrestling coach at Putnam City High School, T. J. Snyder. He wanted the same respect that Coach Snyder had gotten while he did something he liked, so he went to OU. There, he could be involved in college wrestling and get the education he needed to become a coach.

Oddly enough, both Colorado State University and Oklahoma University found themselves in need of a head wrestling coach the same year and they both asked Mr. Abel to join their respective faculties. After a great deal of thought and discussion, he chose to return to OU.

When asked if that decision was a major turning point in his life he said, "I don't know; I think every year has been a turning point in my life. Life is just a series of opportunities we either take or we don't take. We act upon whatever we think is best for us at that particular time in our life, and if you want to put it that way, everything we do could be a turning point."

Coach Abel wants all the young men who participate in wrestling to advance themselves both athletically and fellowship-wise. With this in mind he presents a coaching philosophy which is individual and yet universal.

"I try to let my kids here realize that my door is always open and that I like to talk to them about their situations before they become problems. I'd like to think that all the athletes and I have a direct communication with one another. You have to set up certain standards and disciplines that they have to live by if you're going to maintain a success. However, I don't think you can take that human relationship out of it as too many coaches do. Strict disciplinarians really don't get ahead. If you put things together, your won-loss record won't matter."

The 1973 week-long spring break set a precident for the Putnam City School District. Because of the novelty of a week of free time, besides at Christmas, students and faculty planned diverse activities to ensure maximum enjoyment.

Persons preferring the cooler climates migrated north to go snow skiing while others preferred basking in the sun at Padre Island. The Mexico and London trips were probably the most unique as students, accompanied by teachers, learned about different peoples, different cultures and different countries.

"VIVA MEXICO!"

Sunny Mexico City was the setting for a week-long stay by 82 students and 7 sponsors from Putnam City High School.

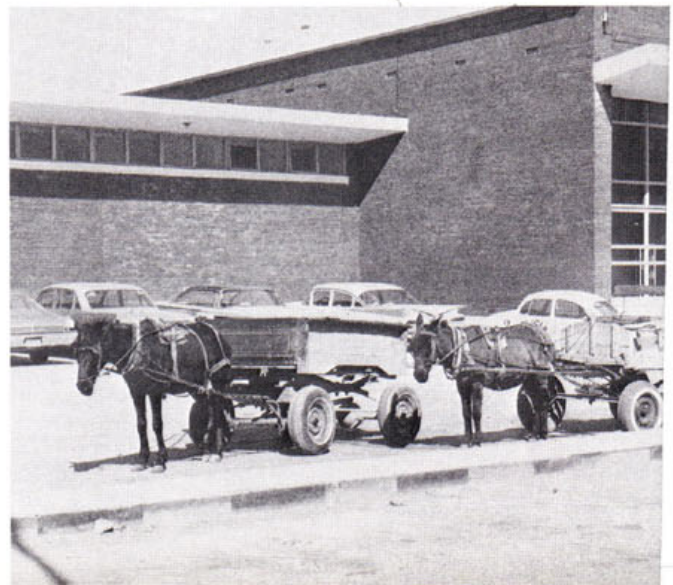
A total of 600 students and sponsors from all over the state reached Laredo, Texas by bus and then crossed the border at Nuevo Laredo where they boarded their train for Mexico City. In Mexico City, the Putnam group stayed at the San Francisco Motel, located directly across from beautiful Alameda Park.

Everyone on the tour found Mexico City to be a fascinating contrast of the very old and the ultra-modern. They could expect to see anything in that metropolis of 8½ million friendly, industrious people. However, the one thing the foreigners noticed the most about the Mexican people was that they were never in a hurry—except when they drove. Speeding buses, screeching brakes, honking horns and near-accidents made most students thankful they were not driving.

After one jaunt to the market, the foreigners learned that the Mexican vendors understood and expected the fine art of haggling, or bartering for an item. An asking price of 125 pesos could be lowered, following 15 minutes of smiles and counter-offers, to 70 or 80 pesos.

Highlights of the trip included visits to the National Cathedral, Shrine of Guadalupe, floating gardens of Xochimilco, Museum of Anthropology and Pyramids of the Sun and the Moon. The tourists also attended the ballet "Folklerico" in the Palace of the Fine Arts.

The tourists all agreed that even though street vendors, taxis and fresh fruit were plentiful in Mexico, they were glad to return to the United States where one can find plenty of water fountains, girls in slacks and McDonald's.



"We're Now Arriving in LONDON"

"Passengers, we are now encountering our landing in Gatwick Airport, London. Would you please bring your seats to an upright position, fasten your seatbelts and dispose of all smoking articles."

These were the words that aroused much excitement within approximately 200 people anxiously awaiting their eight-day venture in London.

The 200 people were divided among five buses and given a schedule of tour destinations. The Putnam City tour group consisted of 22 students and 17 adults including PC tour hosts, Mr. Kenneth Pray and Mrs. Katie Phelps. London tour guide Miss Penny Howard had the awesome privilege of escorting the hair-brained PC clan.

"Watch the hotel bulletin board for time changes, otherwise we will leave at 9:30 for Westminister Abbey. You must not be late as we can only stay 1½ hours at the Abbey or we will miss the changing of the guards in Parliament Square at 11:30," Penny announced.

The next morning forty bright-eyed people boarded their bus ready for the day's activities. Besides seeing the two places previously mentioned, the group visited St. Paul's Cathedral, the London Tower House and Bridge, the governmental houses of Parliament and gazed upon the crown jewels.

During the evening the tourists enjoy one of two stage plays, "Suddenly At Home" or "Canterbury Tales." Another alternative was simply walking the streets of London drinking in all the foreign atmosphere.

The next day was free for shopping, with a tour of Windsor Castle and the Hampton Houses offered in the afternoon.

Wednesday, March 21, the bus was boarded promptly at 9:30 and the sightseers departed from London to their next destination, Stratford, England, the home of the famous playwright William Shakespeare. At Stratford, a visit was made to the beautiful park where Shakespeare's memorial, place of birth and his wife, Anne Hathaway's cottage could be viewed.

Traveling on a sunny Thursday, the visitors left Stratford and headed for Salisbury, England. Staying only long enough to see Salisbury Cathedral, they continued on to Bornmouth, England, a seaside resort where the evening was spent by the Atlantic Ocean.

Rising on Friday morning, they moved on to Dover, another seaside resort along the English Channel. There the group explored Stonehenge, the site of the few ruins left by primitive man. The tourists also saw the chalk cliffs of Dover and were offered a trip across the water by ferry or hovercraft into the country of France.

Windy and misty Saturday came around when the sightseers this time departed for Canterbury Cathedral.

At last the clan returned to London and began preparing to leave. But because of a flight delay, anyone wishing to could attend services at a variety of cathedrals on Sunday. That evening, sad but glad, the five divisions rejoined and packed their bags and went to Gatwick Airport.

As the flight headed for the United States was called, 200 people slowly paraded out to their plane proudly singing "America." Mixed with the singing was "Cheerio Ole Chaps" when those left behind said goodbye to the new friends they had made.

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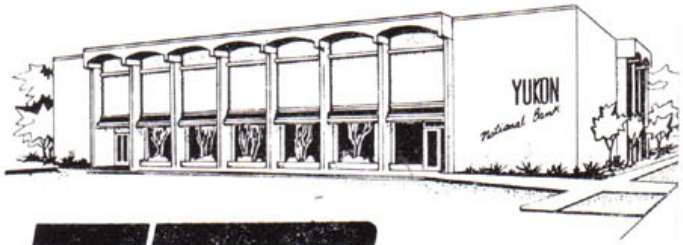

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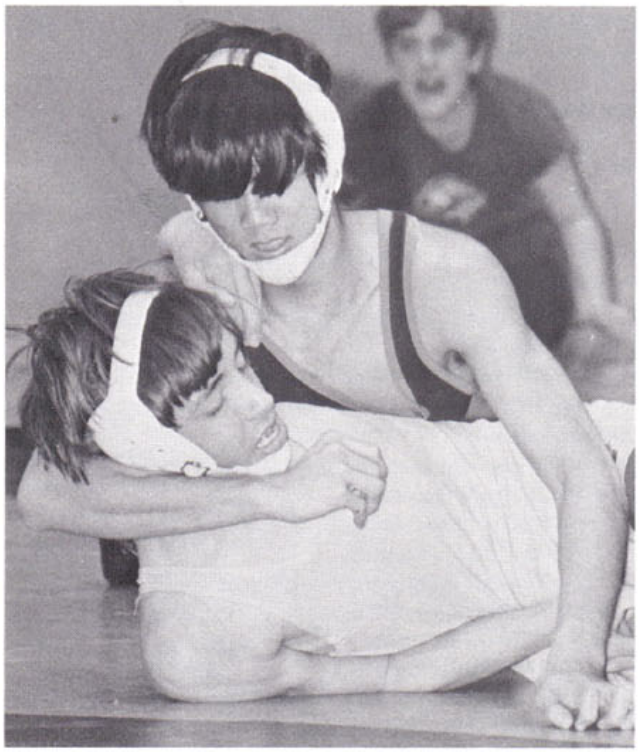


Outstanding High School Wrestler Gary Mikawa overpowers his opponent.

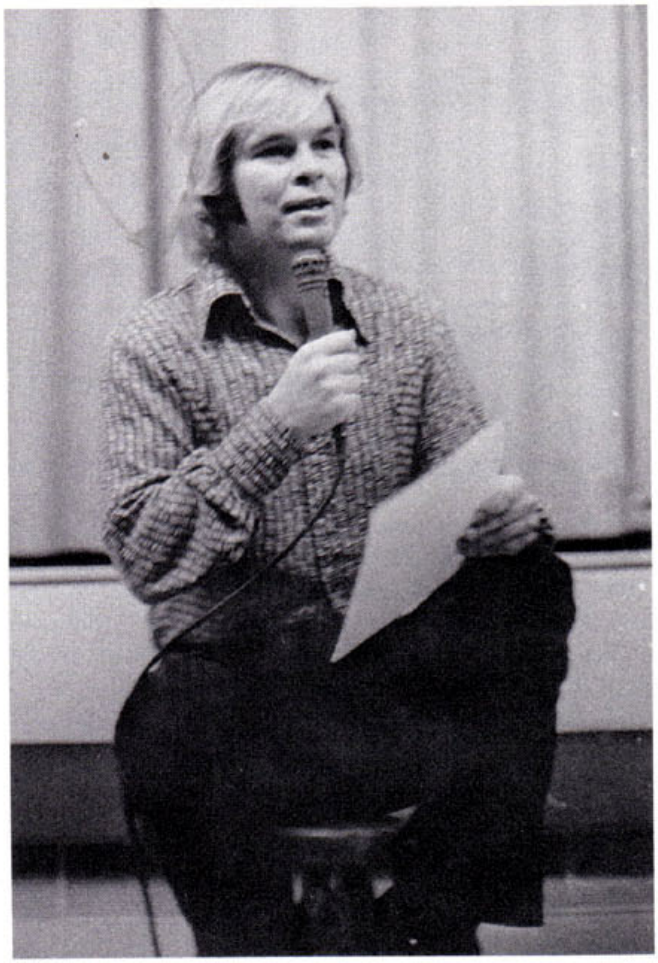
The Pirate gymnasium made room for another orange and black state championship banner when the PC wrestling team captured their first state mat title at the class 4A finals held in Tulsa.

For Gerald Whitfield's team to take the coveted crown, they had to overcome the top-ranked Norman Tigers, and this they did in front of 7,000 fans.

Gary Mikawa, Oklahoma's Outstanding High School Wrestler, set the pace for his fellow teammates by taking his match 4-3. Second place finishes by Larry Glenn at 136, Kim Carter at 141 and Courtney Warren at 168 added strength to the Pirate's power. "Wrestler of the Week" honors were bestowed upon John Welker in recognition of his defeat of Norman's Nieto 10-3 in the consolation matches. Carter Hines defeated Ken Howard of Grant in the consolation matches 8-4.

In order to achieve their title, the Putnam City wrestlers put in a lot of hard work each morning at 6:30 and countless hours after school. It looks like hard work never hurt anybody.

(Front) Larry Glenn, Bob McCoury, John Welker, Gary Mikawa, Mitchell Bryant, Darrel Cook. (Rear) Mike Ritz, Larry Bennett, Courtney Warren, Carter Hines, Greg Stone, Kim Carter, and Coach Gerald Whitfield.



SKIP LARGENT

Skip Largent, modern playwright and poet from Oklahoma included in the Artist-in-Residence Project which is partially funded by the State, visited Putnam City High School for three days in January. Putnam City invited him for the purposes of getting young people interested in writing and encouraging those who already write.

At the age of 29, Skip has written five plays, one rock musical, and three anthologies of poetry. He has received eight state and local awards for poetry and playwrighting, and he also is the recipient of the Schubert Award, a national playwright award.

During his brief, but meaningful stay at PC, Skip aided numerous young people with their writings. The results were personal, unique and thought-provoking.

The following poems are the works of students who greatly benefited from Skip's visit.

The Transparent Wall

A transparent, yet concrete wall divides us.
The world is on one side.
The people wander aimlessly—always
busy at doing something.
Buildings are constructed by noisy
construction workers.
Cars whizz everywhere, anywhere
The people must keep moving, always busy.
They instruct me on life.
They command my beliefs.
My every move, thought, breath is subject
to their review.
I don't want to submit to their incessant
babbling—
I sit on the other side of the wall—
Watching.
Watching how all these millions of people
can always find something to do.
But they don't see me.

If they did they wouldn't let me watch them.
They are paranoid.
I hear them moving—
continuous motion.
But I sit quietly they don't hear me.
The world on the other side is growing
in turbulence.
Its intensity increases.
Then suddenly the roaring mobs
break through that wall.

—Carolyn Morley

She walks to her father,
occasionally taking a fall and bump
but eventually she will make it.
When she reaches him, his bronze and
rugged arms reach out to light her to his chest.
As he holds her, he takes a new appearance,
his eyes, once filled with doubt, are now filled with love,
his arms, although strong, show much gentleness.
He holds her close and tightly.
Tears fill his eyes as thoughts come into his mind.
Gently, he brushes the blond hair from her face
and sees the innocence which she holds.
He speaks to her softly,
"Daddy sure does love his little girl,
you know that?"
and to himself,
"Oh God, I pray the world will
treat her right."
Although she doesn't understand what he's saying,
she knows the look in his eyes
and reaches up and grabs his neck.
Still holding her closely,
hugging her tightly,
he'll never let her go.

—Elaine Hinkle

My hopes were up
Soaring high in the wind
On wings of a silver dove
no shackles to bind him, never to fall
My outlook on life is shiny
like that of a new copper kettle
in a warm cozy kitchen
on a rainy day.

The warmth in my heart
like that of an old
man in the park
feeding the hungry birds
with one last dime.

The brilliance in my eyes
like that of a child
On Christmas morning
with unsteady hands
holding that tiny pink puppy.

The charity of my arms
like that of a child
reaching higher to touch
the face of God---but
drifting farther away.

The smile on my face
like that of a new father
in a room of solitude
caressing his newborn child.

But now something has happened,
I stumble over rocks and thorns
and
cannot see for the tears, he left
my eyes have no more brilliance.

My outlook is dull
my hopes have fallen
like cloudy puffs
and floated away.

The smile is tilted downward
like that of a clowns when
no one laughs
the warmth once there has
frozen----but soon to melt.

—Lynn Barton

Silent Thoughts

If I could go silent
for so many years
and understand why
I am crying these tears
for those nothing
although they speak well
and understand why
I go through this hell
to tell of my feelings
to let them be known.
Like trying to say something
by writing this poem.
If I could just write
and tell of my thoughts
and find a few people
these feelings have caught
Like feeling the warmth
of the sun coming up
knowing this feeling
is almost enough
or knowing the sadness
of a sunset burn
while watching its beauty
which cannot return

—Michael Henry Garner

SHADOWS. . .
give contrast to the world
give hiding places to
thugs and thieves and mad rapists
who give the world contrast.
shadows
wait among the alleys
lurk behind doorways
get under peoples feet
follow unassuming children.
shadows
give and get and wait
and lurk and follow and
really aren't all that bad,
but I wouldn't want my
sister to marry one—
they're never home at night.

—Rick Hutchison

Field of carnations (white)
Blue heaven (white angels, white
carnations, white prince with
dark brown skin, blue princess).
Emptiness, loneliness, sickness,
all from a loss of love.
Memories of a smile breaking
onto his face. His eyes looking
at me with unbelieved satisfaction
and love. His black eyes, just
telling me stories of his love
for me. His big hand, touching
my face. His glasses slide
down on his nose.
Me! touching his face, and
then my tiny hand moves
to his chest, pushing away
the clothes to reach his skin
just to feel the life---Pressing
my face against his chest I
hear his heartbeat. So strong,
so full, so solid.
He takes my small white hand in his
big dark palm,
and looks at me again
with his dark black eyes,
telling of his love.
No words are spoken, but
our eyes share a story of
all the feelings and emotions.
Months pass by and days
for us grow shorter, as
time took its course and
distance separated us.
His love could not grow
without my eyes, so, wiser
than to die, he chose another
love. While my love for
him still shone.
Time still passing I see
him again. He tells me of
his love and of her eyes.
He stood, his eyes were
rocks, his body a stone.
I touched his chest and
longed to listen for the
heartbeat, but it wasn't
there. His eyes were stone,
it was gone.

—Marsha Sheppard

The snow had already
become icy and slippery
But there was still a chance
that it would melt
before hurting anybody
A little bird jumping around
didn't even know the
cold winter way laying
on him
Instead of melting, the ice
formed big rocks
big rocks that crushed the little bird
But the ice will melt
and run in tears
The tears shall dry in the sun
in the spring the little bird
shall live.

—Josie LaCroix

Life is like a rumble,
the tough fight for a belief,
the rest sit back and accept it,
hoping for relief.

Life is like a rumble
for white, and black, and red.
Sometimes I feel I might be,
better off dead.

—Bob Trask

In the midst of life
as time slowly goes by
I remember all the good times
and how sometimes I'd cry.

I think of when we were alone,
and of our quiet walks.
We'd look at all of God's great gifts,
and have some serious talks.

The lake,
the park,
the love we shared
in the dark.

Our dreams and schemes
of a fantasy world,
our hopes and thoughts
of a life to be shared.

The simple pleasures
you've given to me,
the joys that I knew
when you and I became we.

Things are so lonely
since you've gone away
my thoughts lead to times
spent with you everyday.

I've asked for God's help
and I've asked to die,
to be joined with you
up in the sky.

—Pam Brady

When I am lonely
I think of you
Where you have gone
I have no clue

Where did I see you
Is what searches my mind
As I walk making footprints
In the sands of time

Oh, I see you now
I picture you clear
I thought I'd be happy
But I'm filled with fear

Is it love I'm afraid of
No that can't be
Maybe it's you
Or maybe it's me

-Susie Sewell

Where shall you take me next
Oh mind, that dips and sways
throughout all time, where
shall you take me next?

If I were a weaver I'd try
to weave the patterns that
I can't perceive so I might
see them better.

Perhaps if I could see the
paths that you would have
me follow the road would
be more clear. I will try
to be unafraid.

Would you have me feel my
way through each day and let
some unknown power direct each
of my desires.

Then since I have a part
however unseen it may be
Since there is a pattern cut
for me there. Is no need to
try to be unafraid, for fear will fade.

—Cindy Gill

Time, space, people, things,
People sometimes more than most.
Scuba diving, it's real fun.
Gliding over reefs of red,
green, blues and purples, yellow
orange and in betweens.
Thinking of the past
or of what's to come.
Dream a dream
in the reality of life.
Love and laughter.
Tears and sadness.
Love and laughter most of all.
Friends come and go.
Stay for a while, cause it won't last.
Skip, tomorrow you'll be a memory,
a fading memory.
Someday. Today.
Maybe never again.
Passing faces
Fleeting emotion
Bounding from star to star
from mind to mind
from soul to soul.
Chance, by chance, all by chance.
Is everything from chance?
Or was it prearranged
My friend?
Who's to know? No one here.
We don't know, but we can guess.
The starting point
The end and when?
Who's to know.

—Bobby Smiley

The sun is shining
The birds are singing
The world is happy

My eyes are shining
I am singing
I am happy

Together we will run
Hand in hand.
Oblivious to everything around us.

We cannot see the future
So we live in the present
Sharing all,
owning nothing.
What shall we do?
Shall we run?
Shall we walk?
Shall we share?
Shall we walk hand in hand?
Shall we part?
We cannot see the future
So we live in the present.

It seems such a shame.
Today we are singing.
Tomorrow we may cry.
We have no way of knowing
What tomorrow will bring
So today we sit and wonder
Tomorrow will we still know
how to sing?

When it is spring and the sun
is shining
The first buds begin to show.

As the sun shines more
the grass grows and flowers bloom.
Then the cold comes
Everything loses color.
Then snow comes
And the world sleeps.

But soon to wake again
So it is with love.
If you catch it, it is beautiful
If you lose it, don't fret.
It will return as beautiful as ever.

—Robin Boyer

ONE LAST PLEA

By Robin Austin

Why is there war between the intelligent and the ignorant? Can't those ignorant human beings understand that we, the intelligent, think it's useless to fight and kill one another just for the sake of sport? Why don't they go find their own planet to destroy? This one belongs to understanding and loving creatures. What are they doing to my home, the place where I was born and raised? I remember when I first learned to fly—Mother had to push me out of the nest. She told me about humans on that same day. She said not to let them bother me and that they had a right to be here the same as we did. I don't think they have the right. As long as they stick to killing each other, that's fine. But when they start killing our race and other intelligent races in the world I say, "They have to go." It's getting harder and harder every day to protect yourself, let alone your children.

God, You put them here to fill the earth with life. Can't You see what they're doing to Your creation? I remember my mother telling me about how You had created such a beautiful world. On each day You added a new great and glorious factor that made life on Earth possible. Then You added life. You made us before You made them. Don't we have any priority?

I'm sorry, Lord. Please forgive me. I have no right to judge You or others. But I know this, if You don't do something about it, we will. I'm tired of seeing my best friends shot to the ground by some barbarian.

There are very few of us left. All I can say is before they get me, I'm going to get as many of them as I can. Come on, come on, you ignorant barbarians! I'm ready for you!

Ooooooh! Please, dear Lord——help——us.

A DISSERTATION OF RAIN

By Denise Young

Within the golden confines of Heaven, there lived a fun-loving little boy who never could sit still for even a moment. He was constantly running from cloud to cloud looking for some kind of adventure. But Heaven, being a beautiful, peaceful place didn't provide enough adventure for this little boy and he gradually lost his sunny disposition. His wings started to droop and his halo became dimmer. The elder angels often stumbled over the little angel who now just sat listlessly around the cottony clouds. By now God knew about the unhappiness of His little angel, and God, being God, knew He had to do something to put a smile back on the little angel's face. So God called a meeting of some of the wisest and smartest angels in Heaven and sought their advice about the boy. Andrew, who was quite sympathetic to the boy's plight, offered a suggestion. "Why not make the boy a pogo stick? I've been watching some of the little children on the earth and they seem to take great delight in the pogo stick. I'm sure the boy would love it." The council heartedly voiced its approval of this move and a few angels volunteered their services to make the boy's new toy. A few days later they presented a golden pogo-stick to a very surprised boy. Absolutely delighted with his new toy, the little angel took off across the clouds, bouncing on the golden stick. After several hours of bouncing from cloud to cloud, the thirsty little angel went to the golden water well of Heaven and drew a bucket of water to quench his thirst. Because he was trying to hold his pogo-stick in one hand while trying to grab the bucket with his other, the bucket slipped from his hand and water flooded over the cloud. But the water disappeared. The little angel stood there stunned. What was happening to the water? He knelt down and looked closer. The water was falling through some small holes. But where did the holes come from? He looked at his golden stick. Of course! The pogo stick made the holes. But what would God say about the falling water? Suddenly the little angel heard a Voice: "My Little Angel, look at the earth. See the greeness where the water is falling. You have helped make the earth more beautiful. Thank You for what you have done. I shall call your creation "rain." I will put you in charge of the rain. Whenever the earth needs more greenness, will you see that it rains, Little Angel?" The little angel beamed proudly, "Yes, Sir!"

"I want a better world for my child. I want my child to have and know things that I could never even dream of when I was young. I just want the best world possible for my child to grow up in."

It's a rare parent that hasn't thought this sentiment. And today's world is getting better. A controversial war has ended, teens are allowed to express themselves in government, and Jesus is finding a place in more hearts and homes across the country.

Even the educational system is rapidly improving. Athletic programs, open concept schools and new, unique teaching devices are all part of the Putnam City system. There are still some improvements needed in this world of ours, but as can be seen in even the past ten years, Putnam City is striving for a better world for it's students who are learning things "I could never dream of when I was young."