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## Pretext 1972

College of Eastern Utah

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# ARETEXT



# 77



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PRETEXT

1972

COLLEGE OF EASTERN UTAH

PRICE, UTAH



WHEN GOD DECIDED TO CREATE THE EARTH  
HE TOOK ONE BREATH BIGGER THEN A CIRCUS TENT  
AND EVERYTHING BEGAN.

WHEN MAN DETERMINED TO DESTROY HIMSELF  
HE TOOK THE WAS OF SHALL AND FINDING ONLY WHY  
SMASHED IT INTO BECAUSE.

E. E. CUMMINGS



I YAWN, AWAKENING TO A NEW DAY,



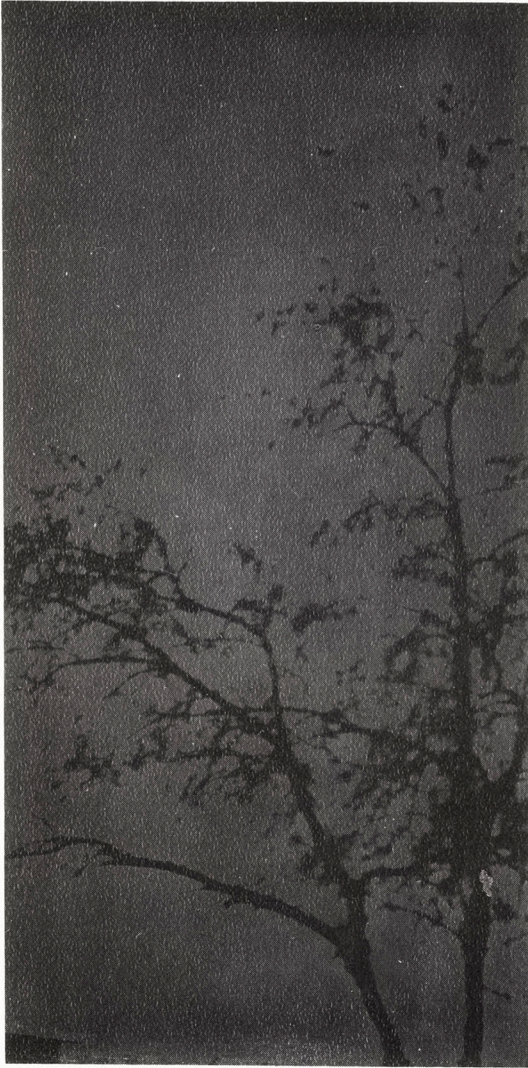


EXPANDING, I BREATHE. . .



IN THE COLD AIR  
ANTICIPATING LIFE,  
INHERITING CHARACTERISTICS,  
DEVELOPING VALUES,  
SEARCHING FOR INDIVIDUALITY  
MOTIVATED TO LEARN. . .





THE FEAR OF  
CONFUSION,

THE FRUSTRATION OF  
DEFEAT,

THE UNCERTAINTY OF  
RESPONSIBILITY,



OF ALL THAT I HAVE LEARNED . . .



THE OPPORTUNITY OF  
CHALLENGE,

THE PAIN OF  
DISAPPOINTMENT,

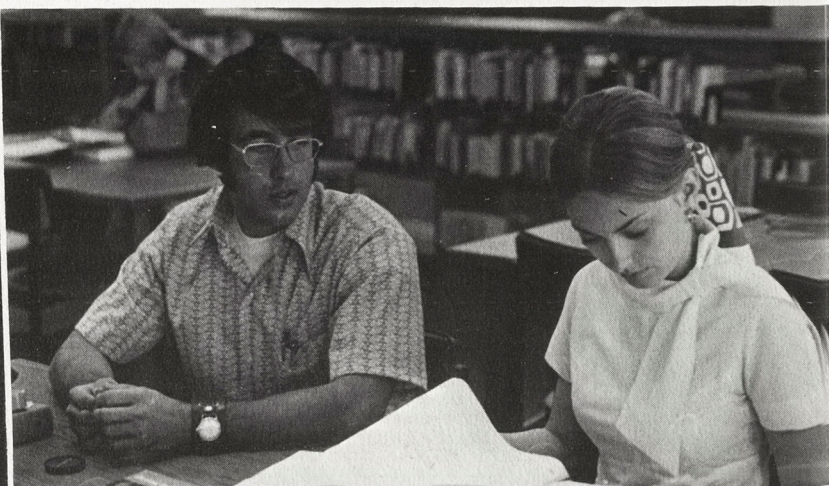
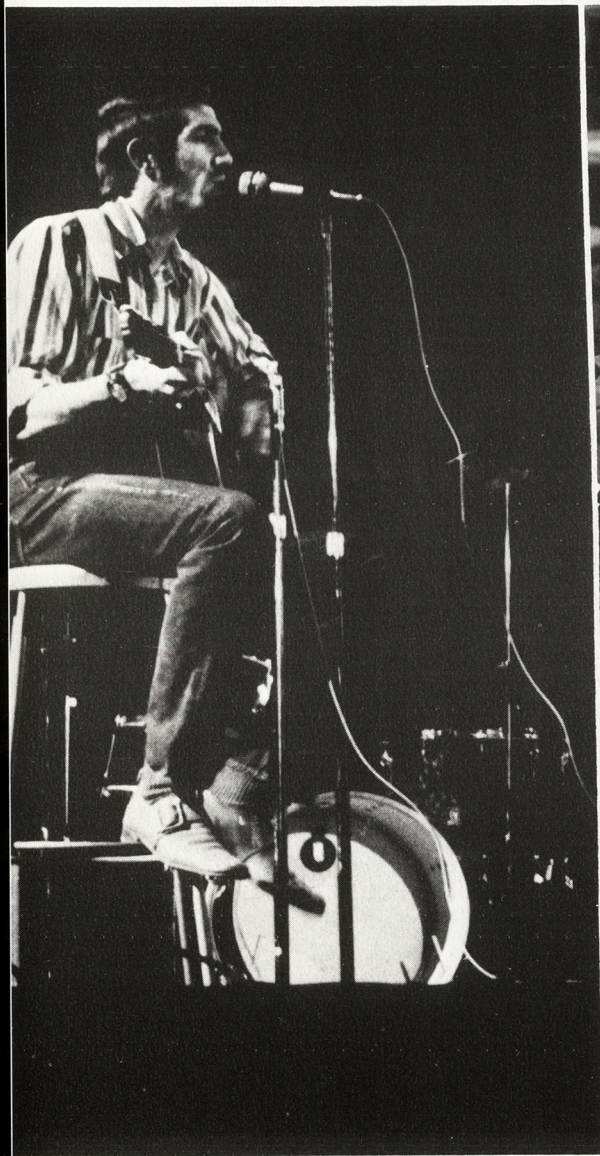
THE HELPLESSNESS  
OF NOT KNOWING.



FOR NO PERSON

HOWEVER ALONE OR SOLITARY HIS EXISTANCE

HAS EVER BEEN TOTALLY, ENTIRELY HIMSELF. . .



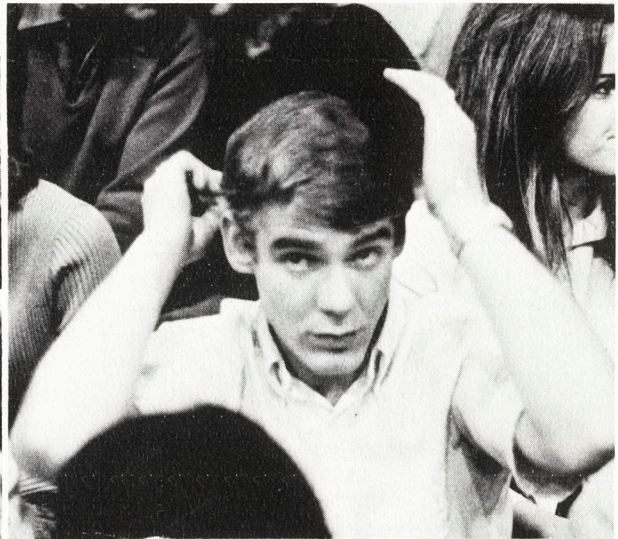


IN DARKNESS

I AM EXPOSED TO THE EXPERIENCE OF CHOICE

I CAN SUCCUMB TO THE CROWD

YET I WILL STILL REMAIN AN IMITATION OF MY INDIVIDUAL NICHE



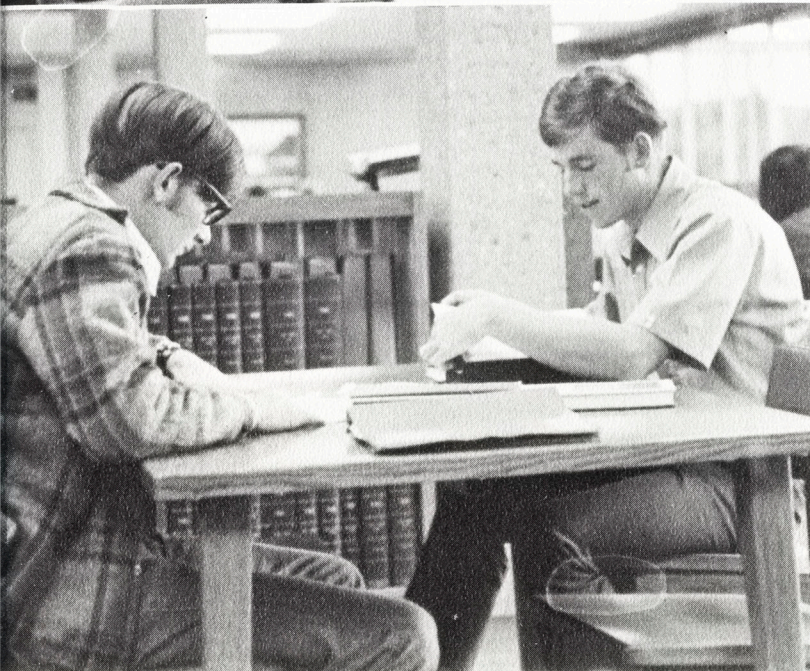


THE WARMTH OF A FRIEND'S CLOSENESS,  
THE INNOCENCE DAWNING INTO REALITY  
SHARING THE MYSTERY OF MY IMAGINATION  
WILD LAUGHTER INTO SPRING  
THE HAPPINESS OF A NEW DAY. . .





SO SHALL I FLOUNDER AND GRASP  
I REACH OUT AND FIND MYSELF  
AND I SMILE. . . . .  
REMEMBERING THE GOOD TIMES. . . .





STILL I'M AMONG FRIENDS. . . . .

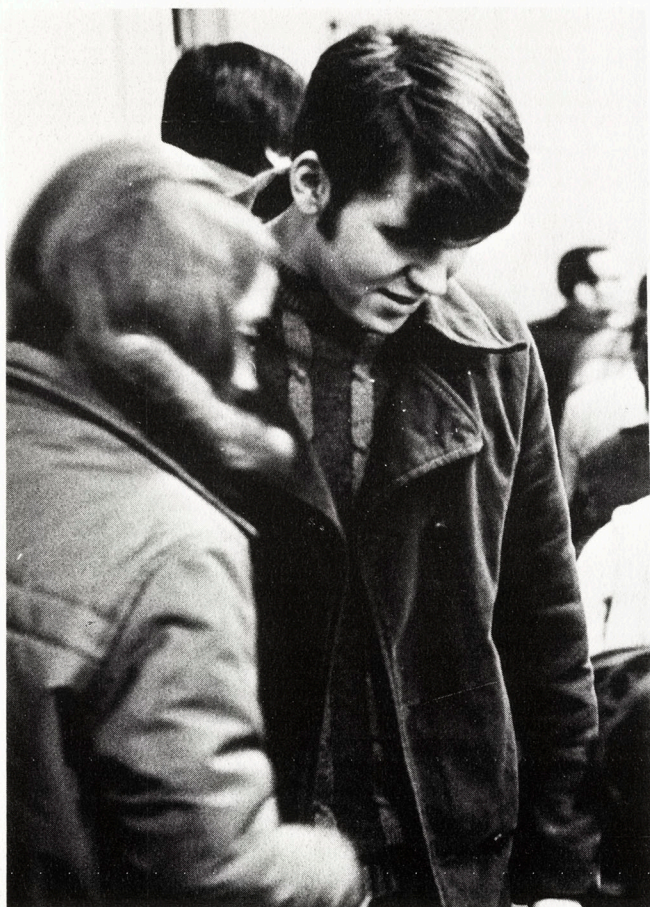
EACH KNOWING

FEELINGS

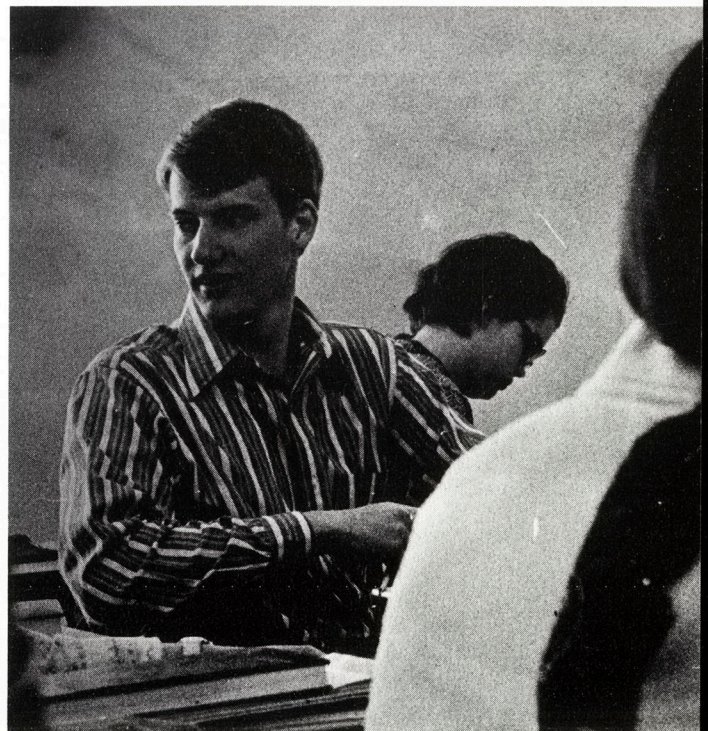
UNTOUCHED

BY

WORDS. . .









I FIND THAT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN IF I HAD WISER EYES. . .  
BUT I'M ONLY AN INTRICATE EXPERIMENT OF LIFE PILED ON LIFE  
SHARED IN TOGETHERNESS.





THE WEALTH IS THERE, FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT  
FORGOTTEN TO SEEK IT OUT...





# FROSH ORIENTATION

Clyda Frandsen, Linda Davis, Janice Davis, and Evelyn Rees.



Jay Leavitt  
Ike Jackson  
Rufus Ellington  
Terry Hansen  
Scott MacArthur  
Gayla Murray  
Teresa Crumbo

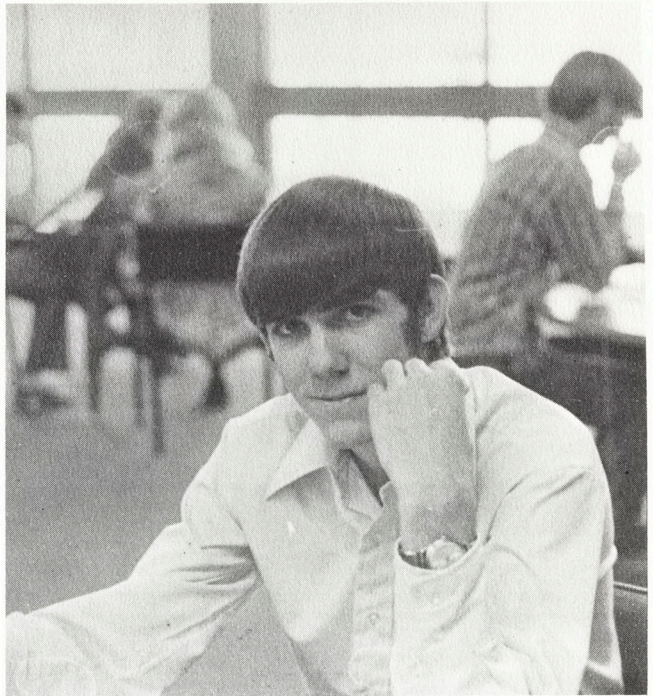
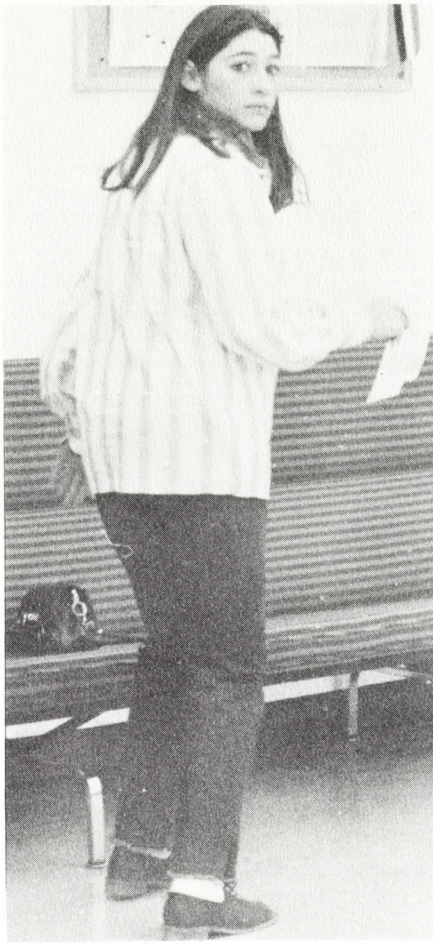












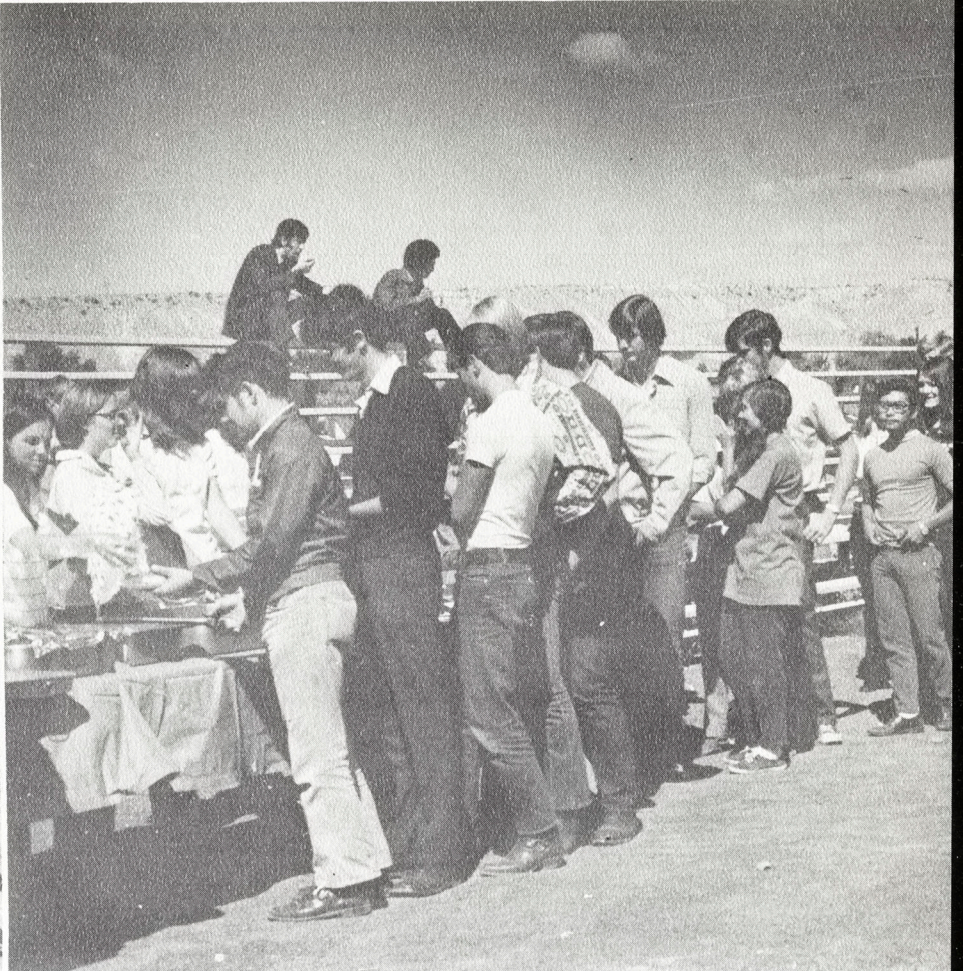
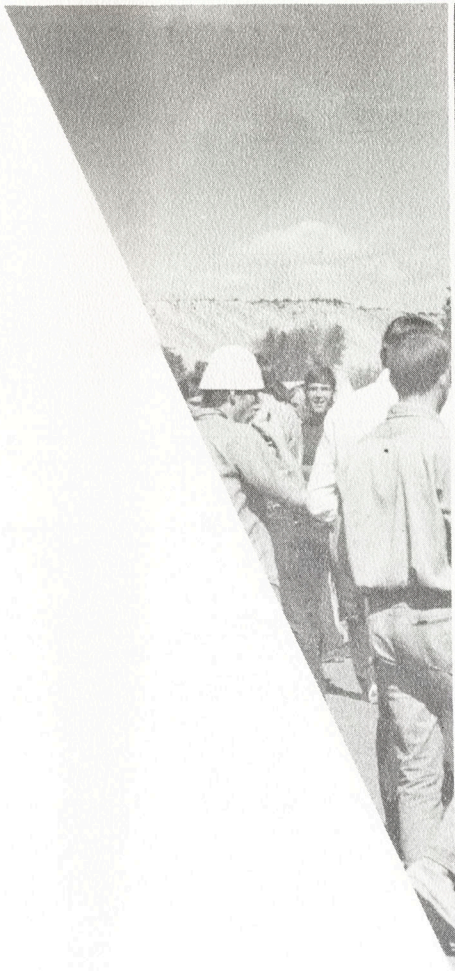
Gratitude is the sign of noble souls  
...Aesop



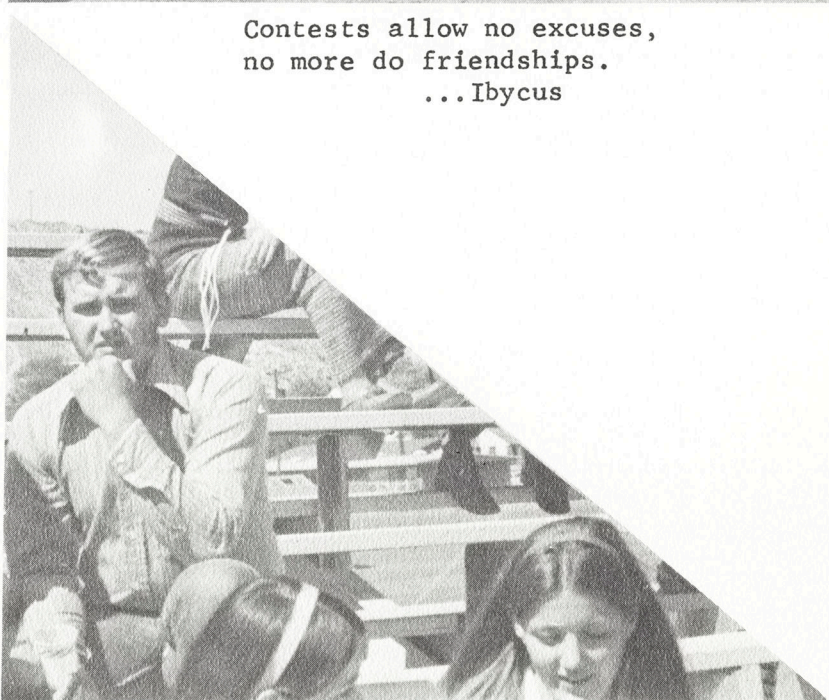








Contests allow no excuses,  
no more do friendships.  
...Ibycus







Diane Bunnell



Debbie Miller



Steve Yack

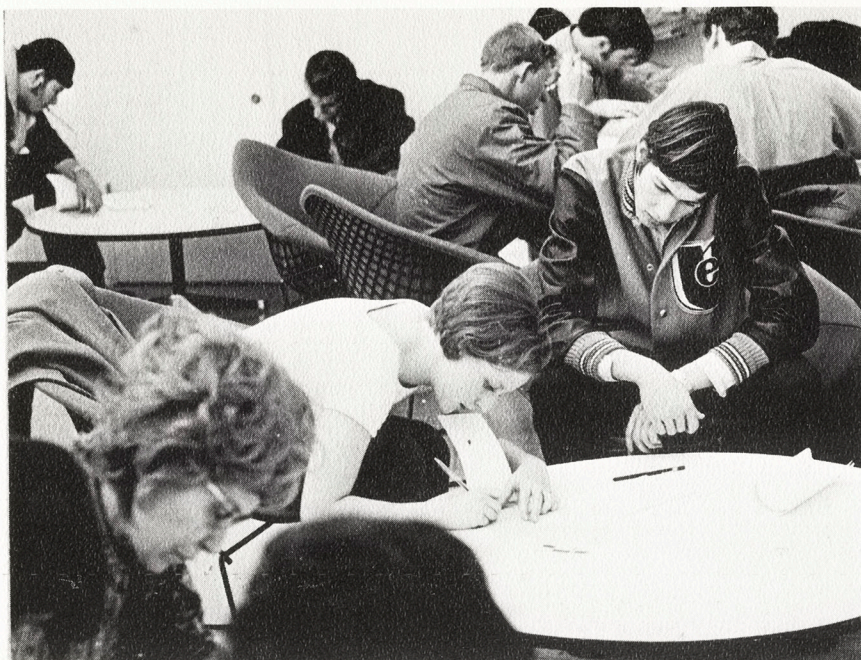


Sheila Jensen, Gerrie Elkin

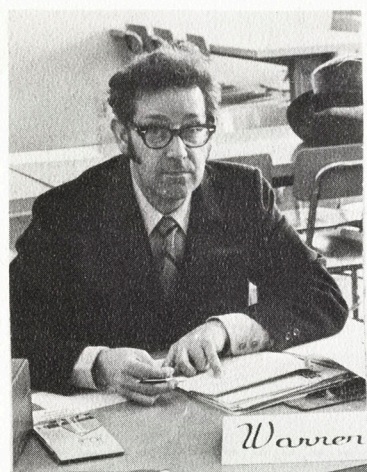


Ike Jackson, Rufus Ellington

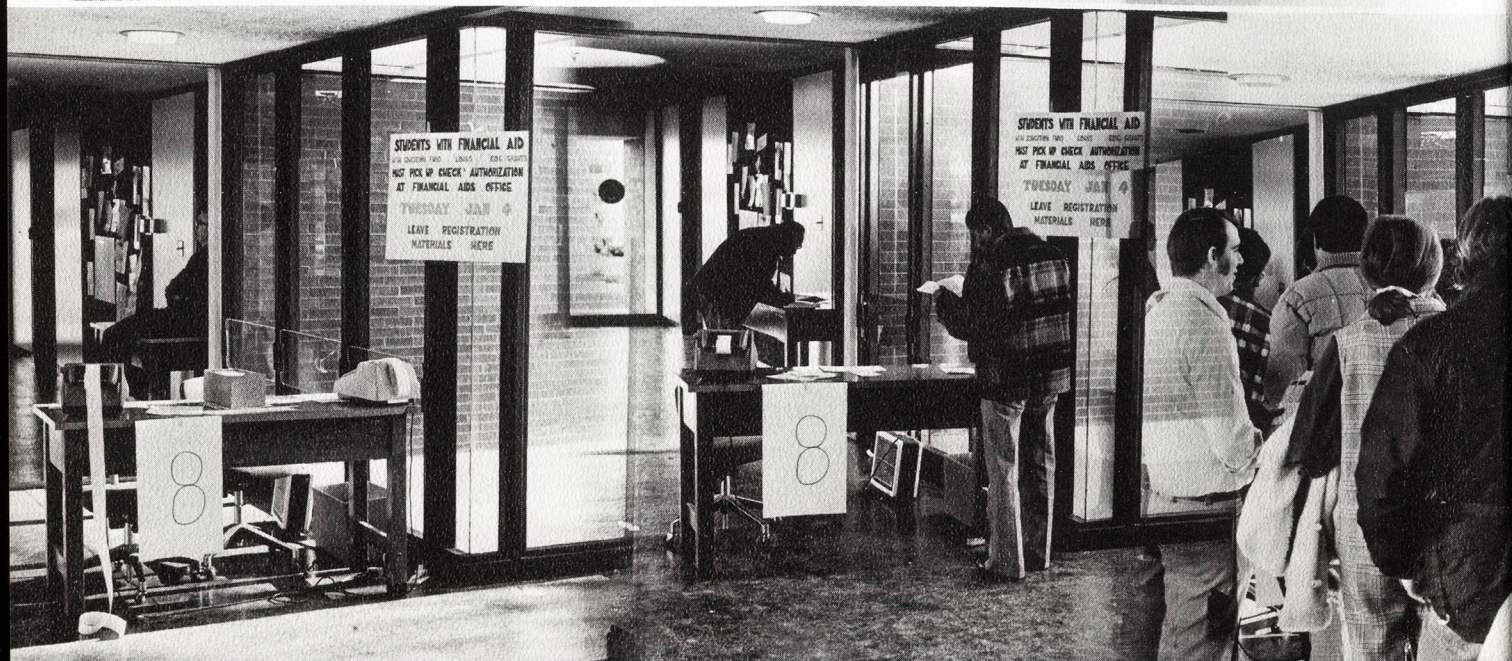




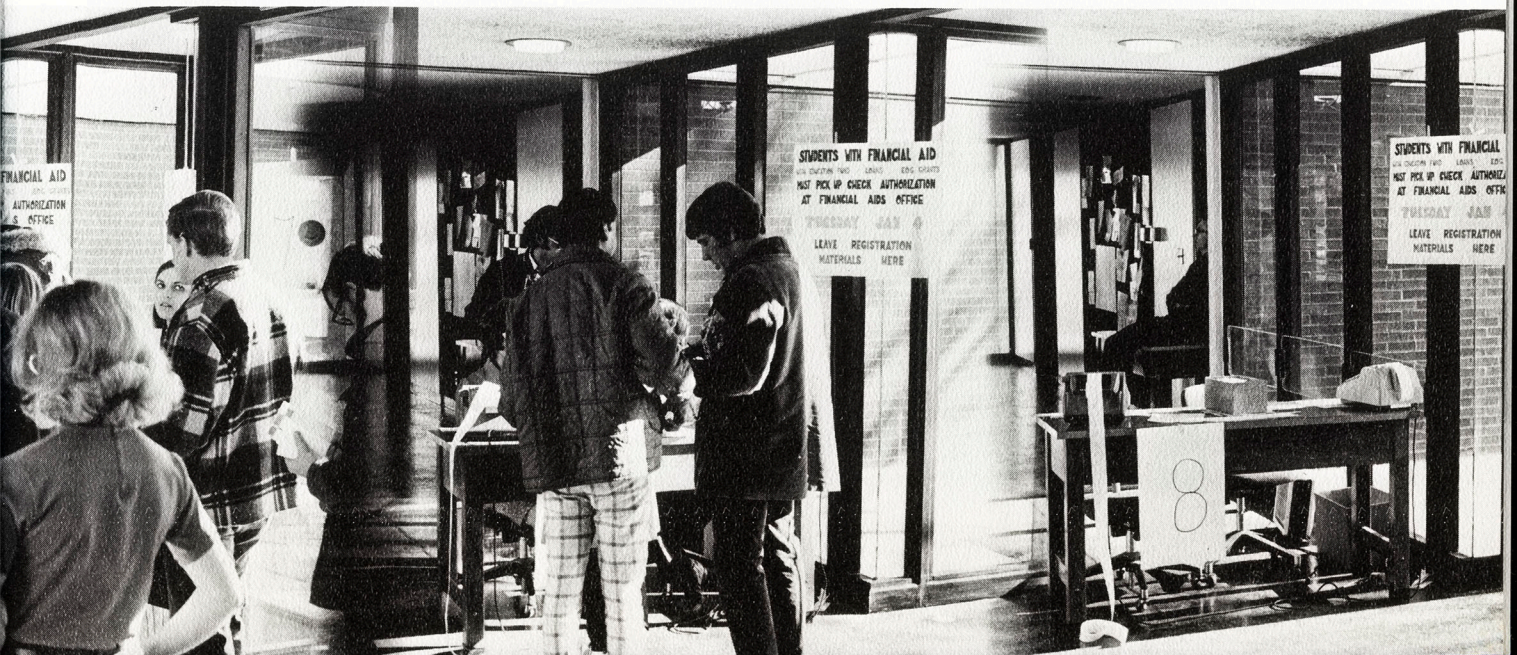
Arlene and Kohn Smith



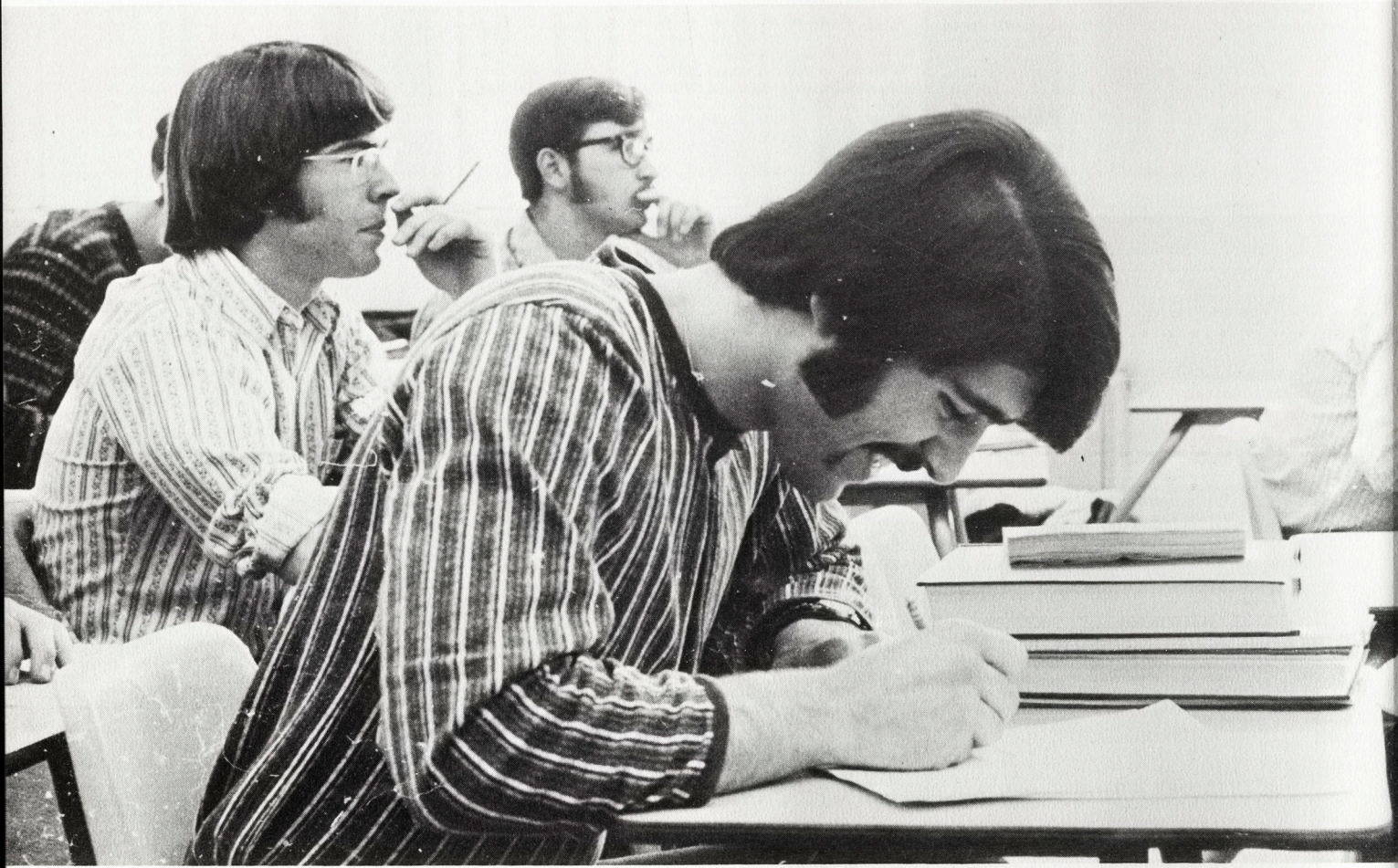
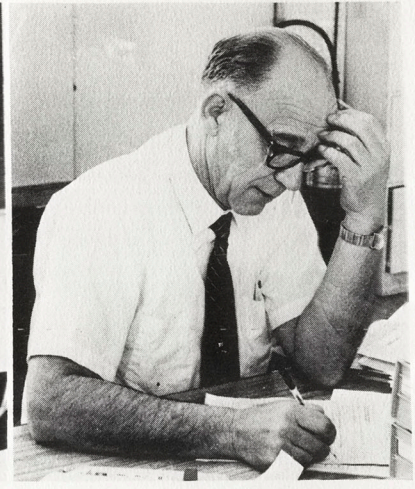
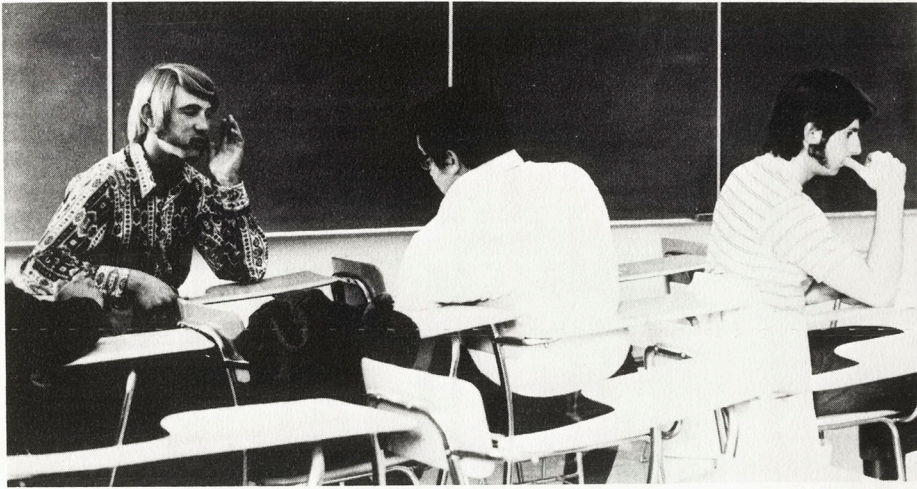
Dan Oaser.





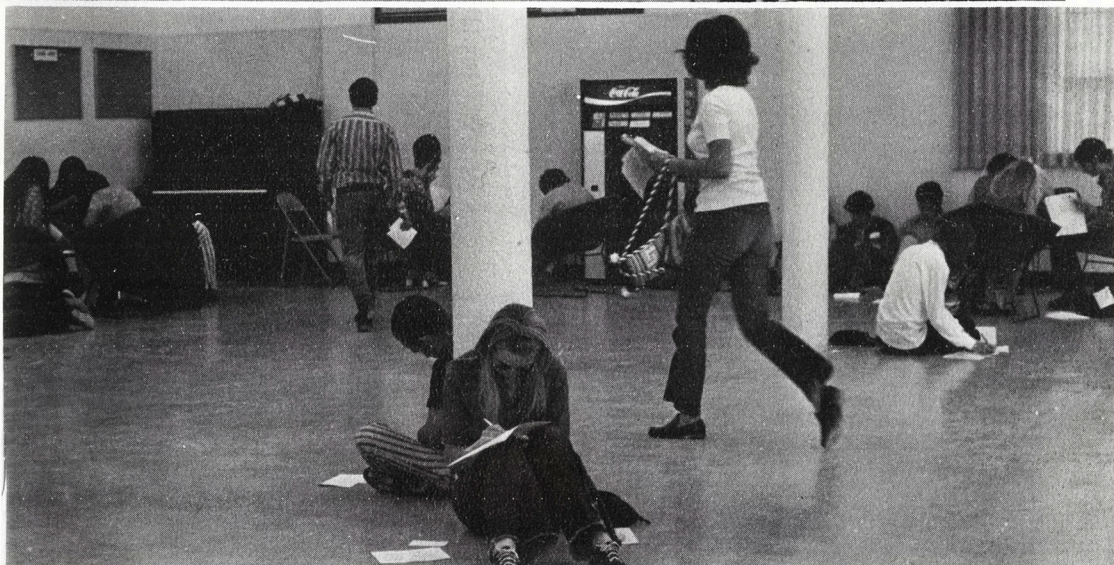




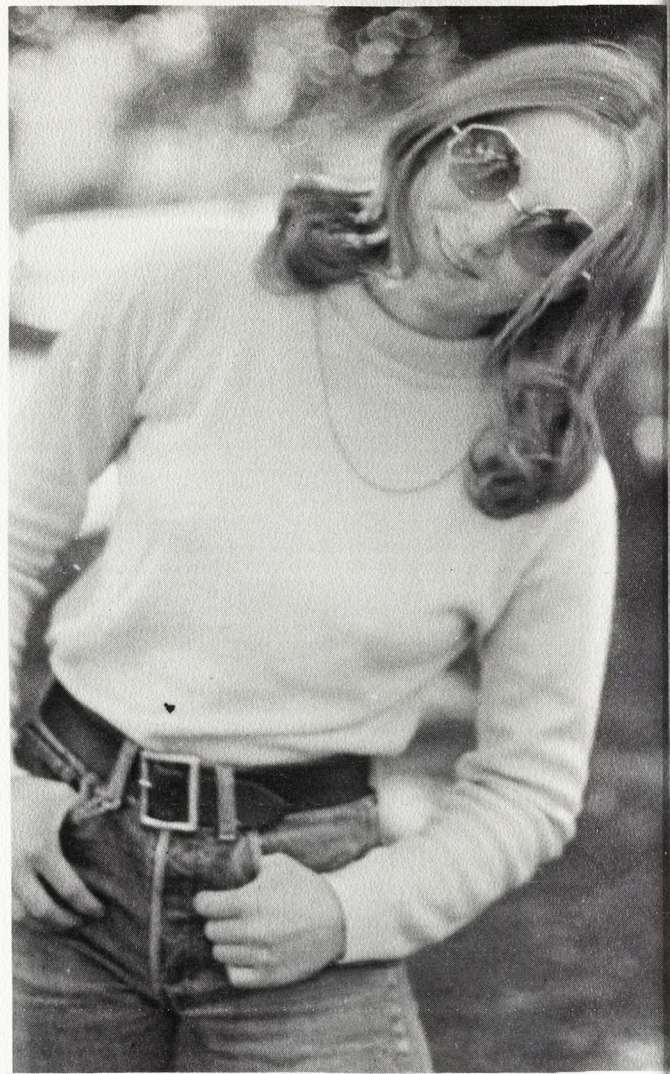


Ron Davidson, Terry Dalpaiz, Frank Scavo





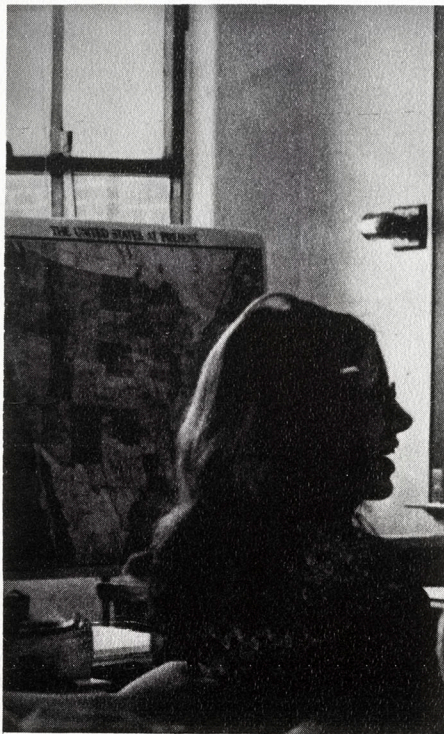
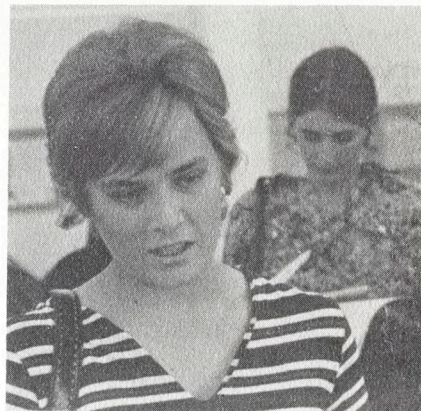
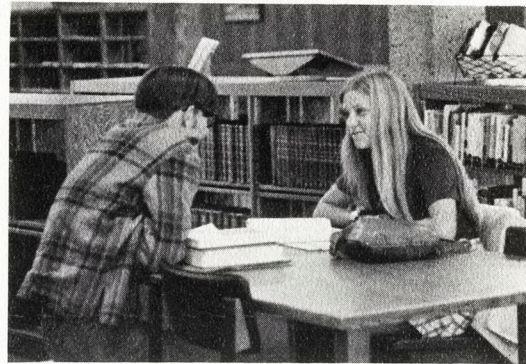




Time as he grows old teaches  
many lessons...Aeschylus







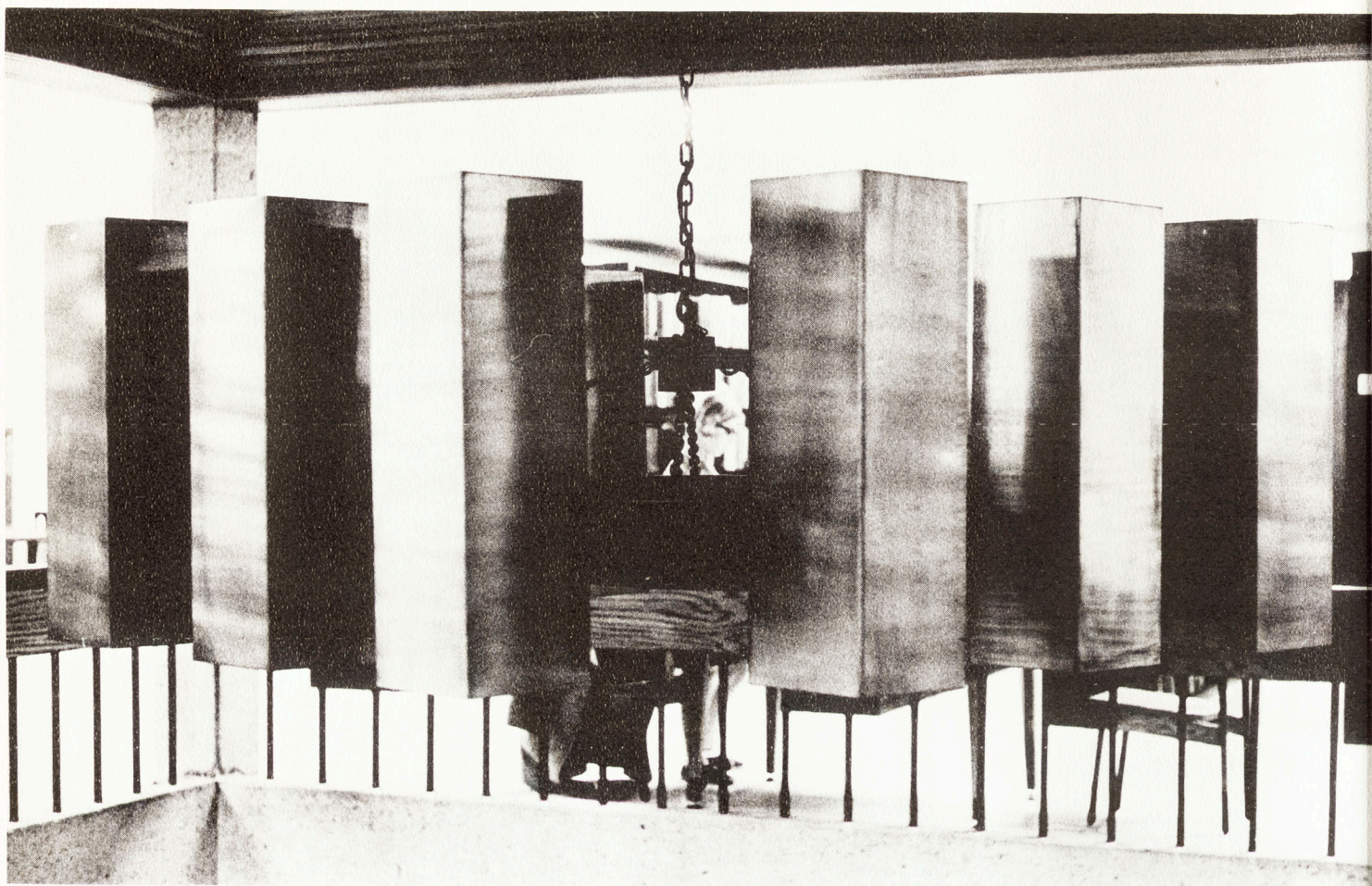




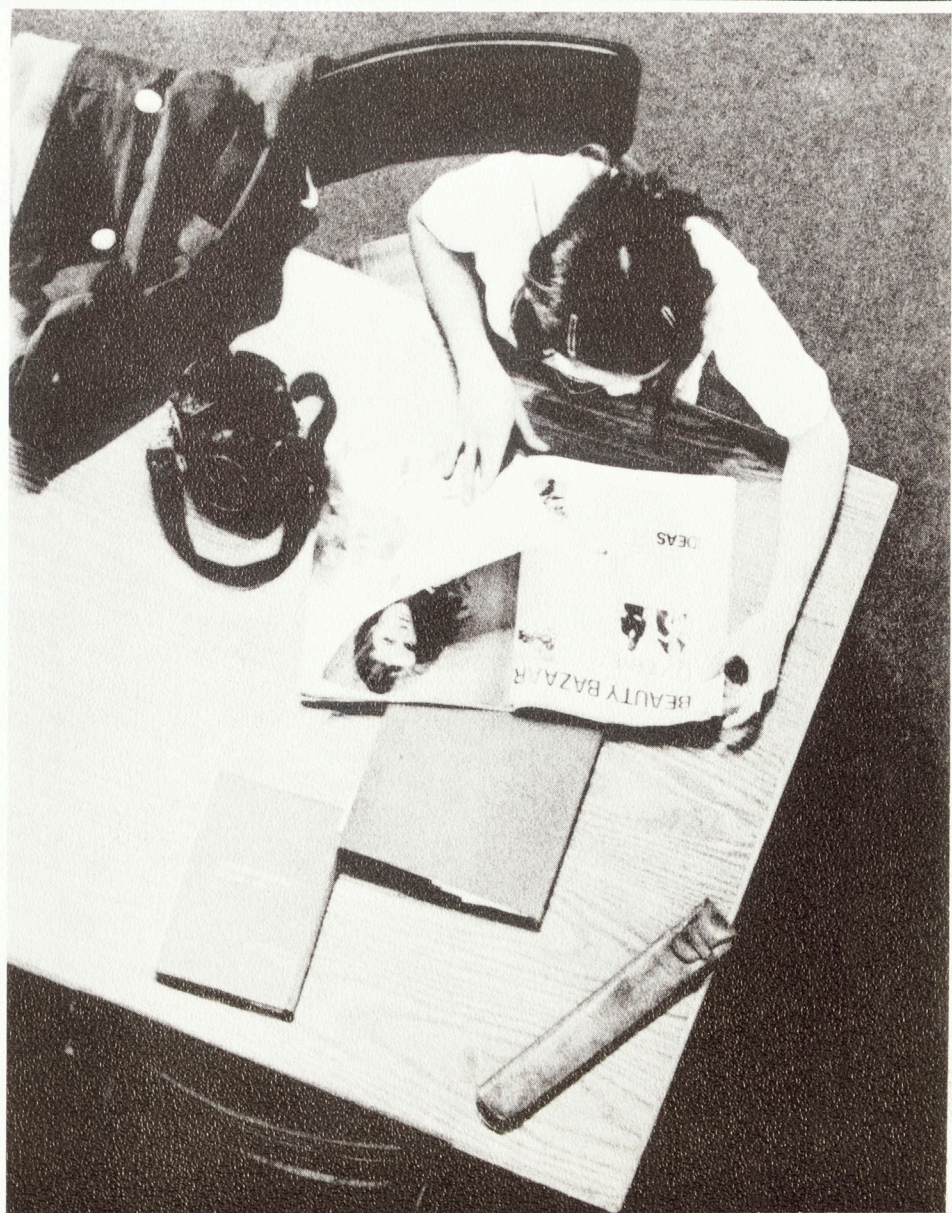








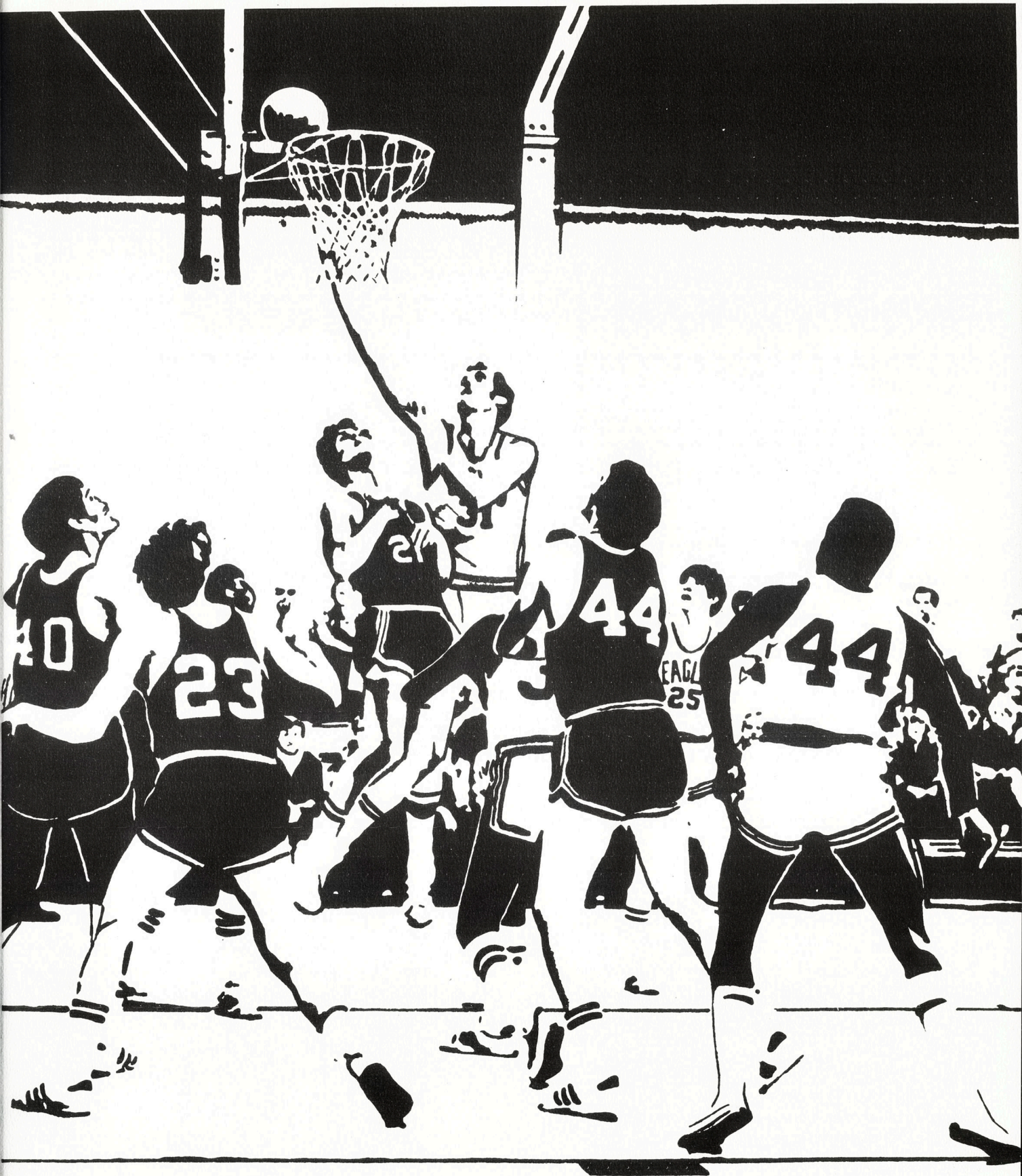




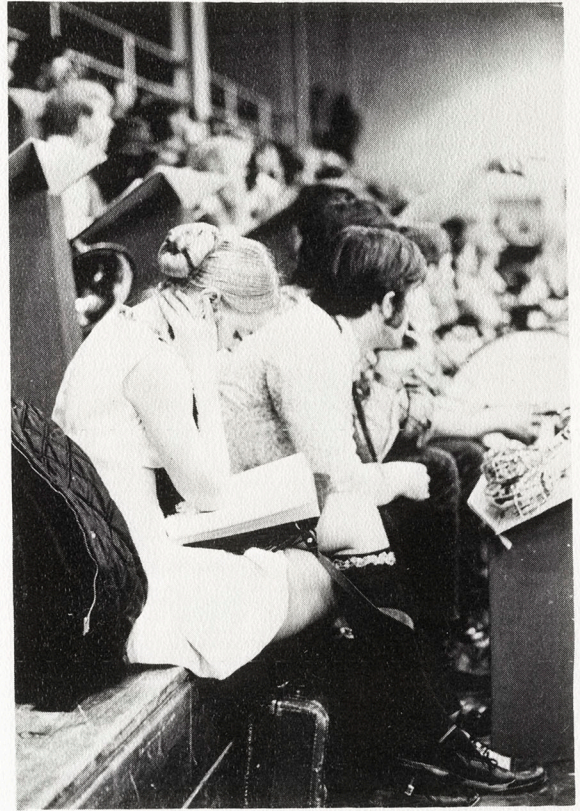






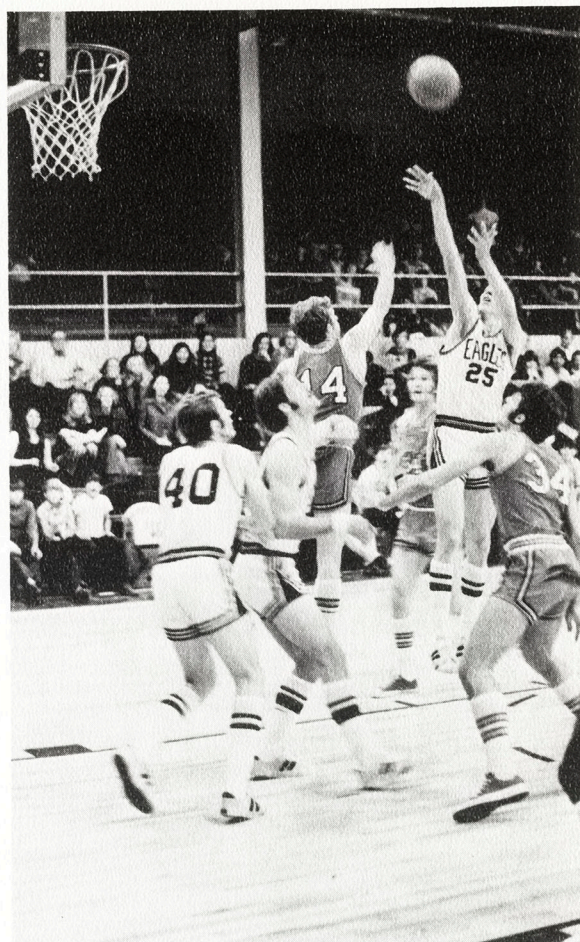
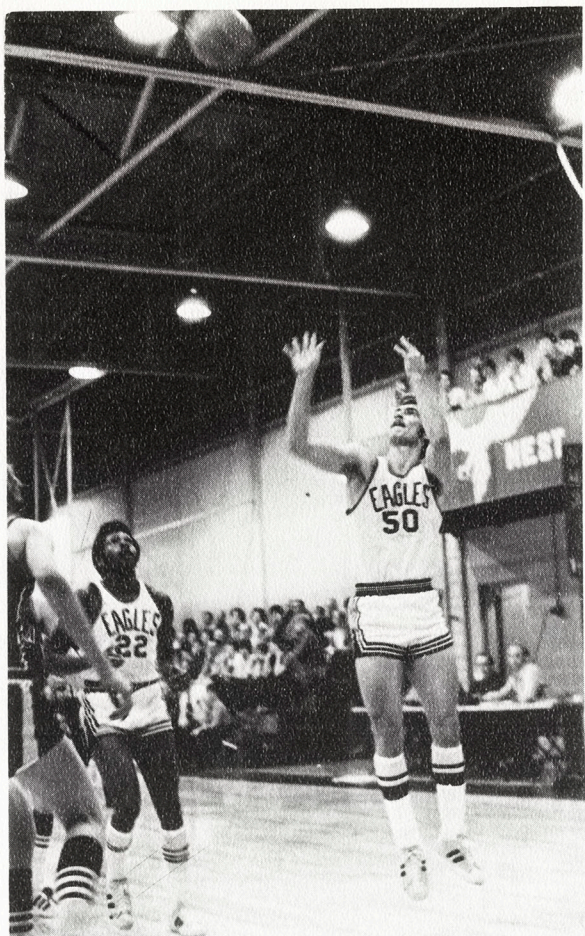






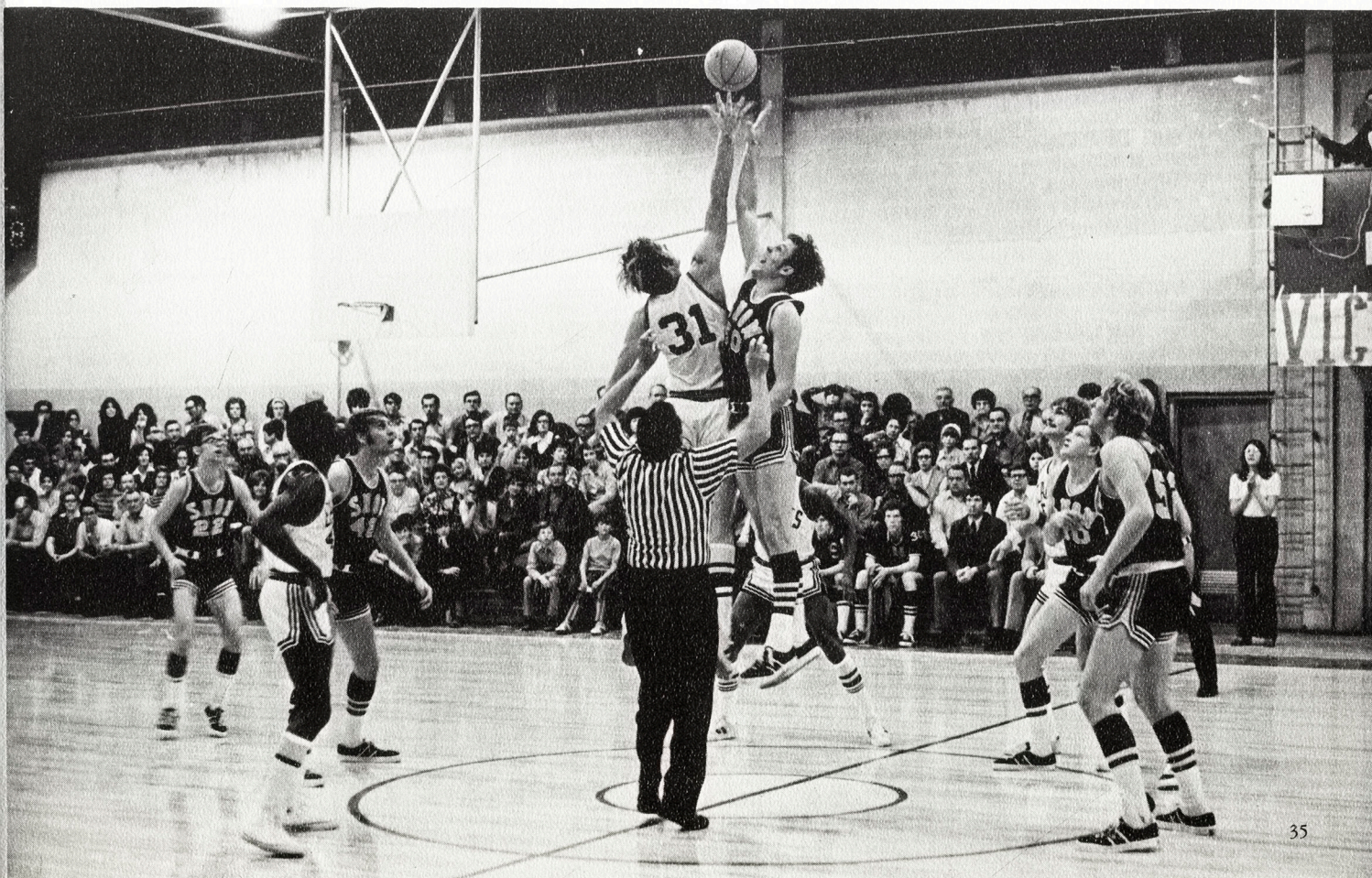


Rufus  
Brad  
Monks  
End  
Ellington



Kohn  
Smith

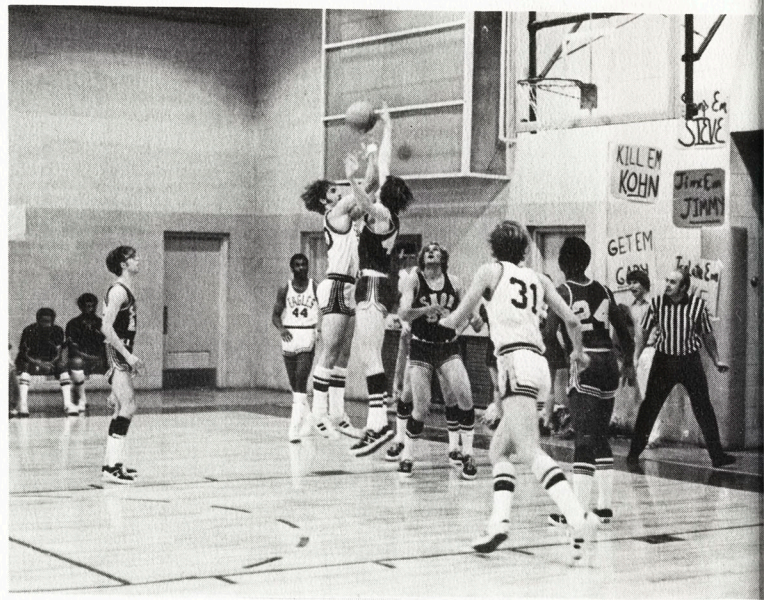
Dave Peterson, Brad Monks, and



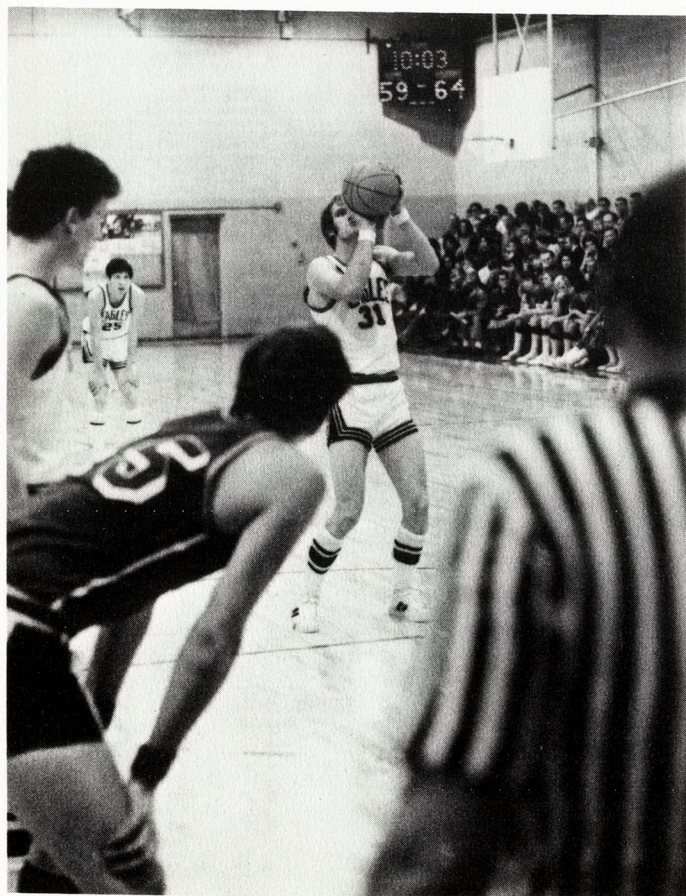




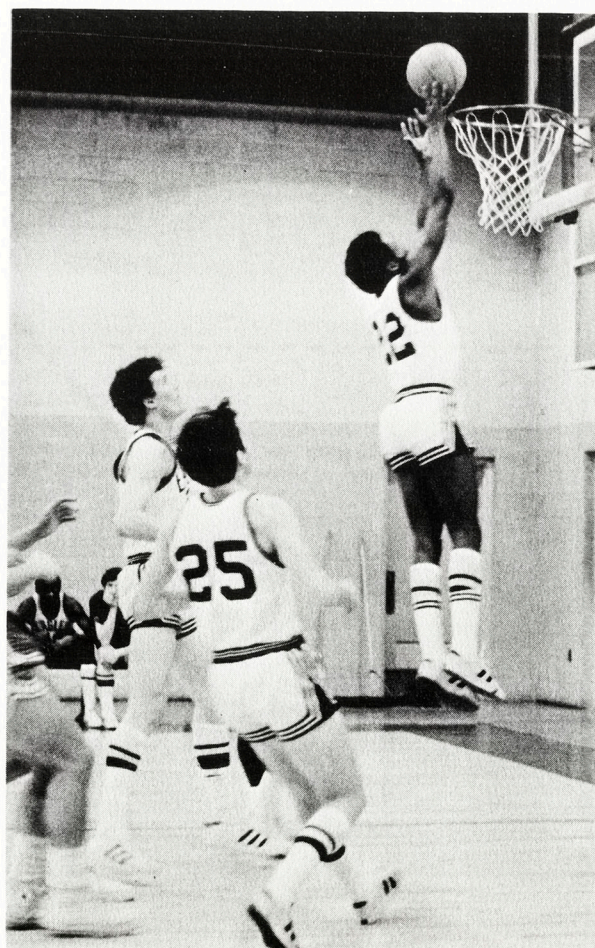
and Sid Hansen



Jim Horton, Brad Monks, and Sid Hansen



Steve Sorter, Kohn Smith, and Sid Hansen

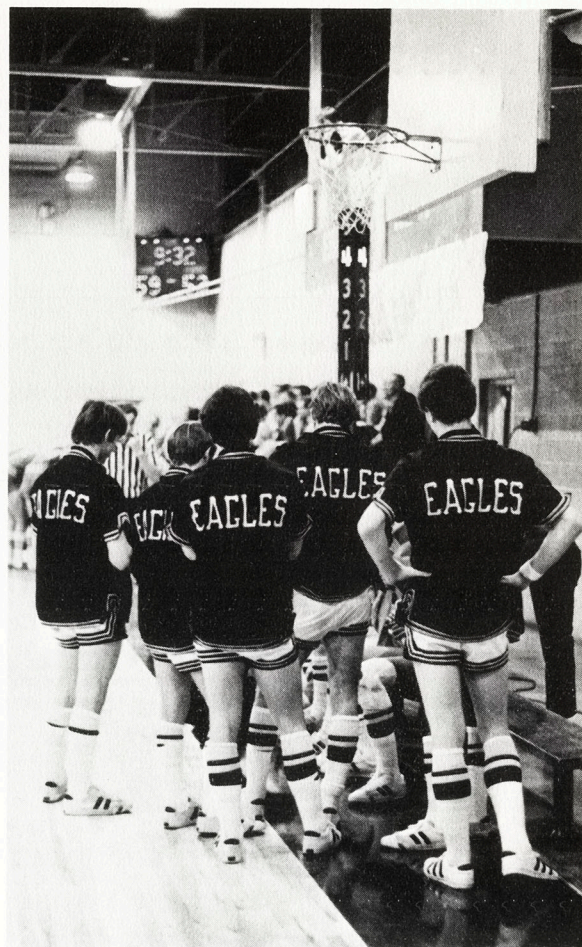


Steve Sorter, Kohn Smith, and

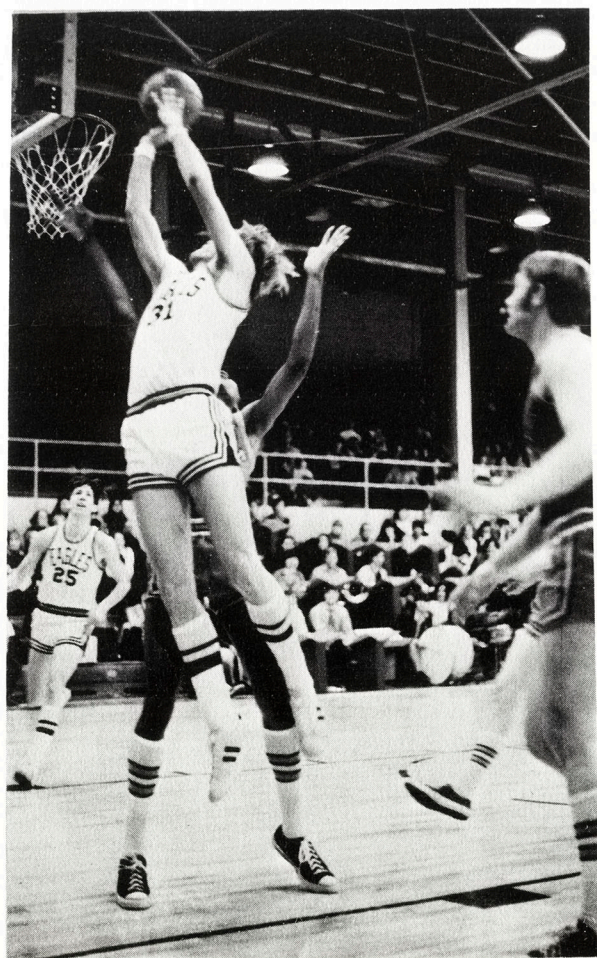




Jim Horton and Brad Monks



Nestling Eagles

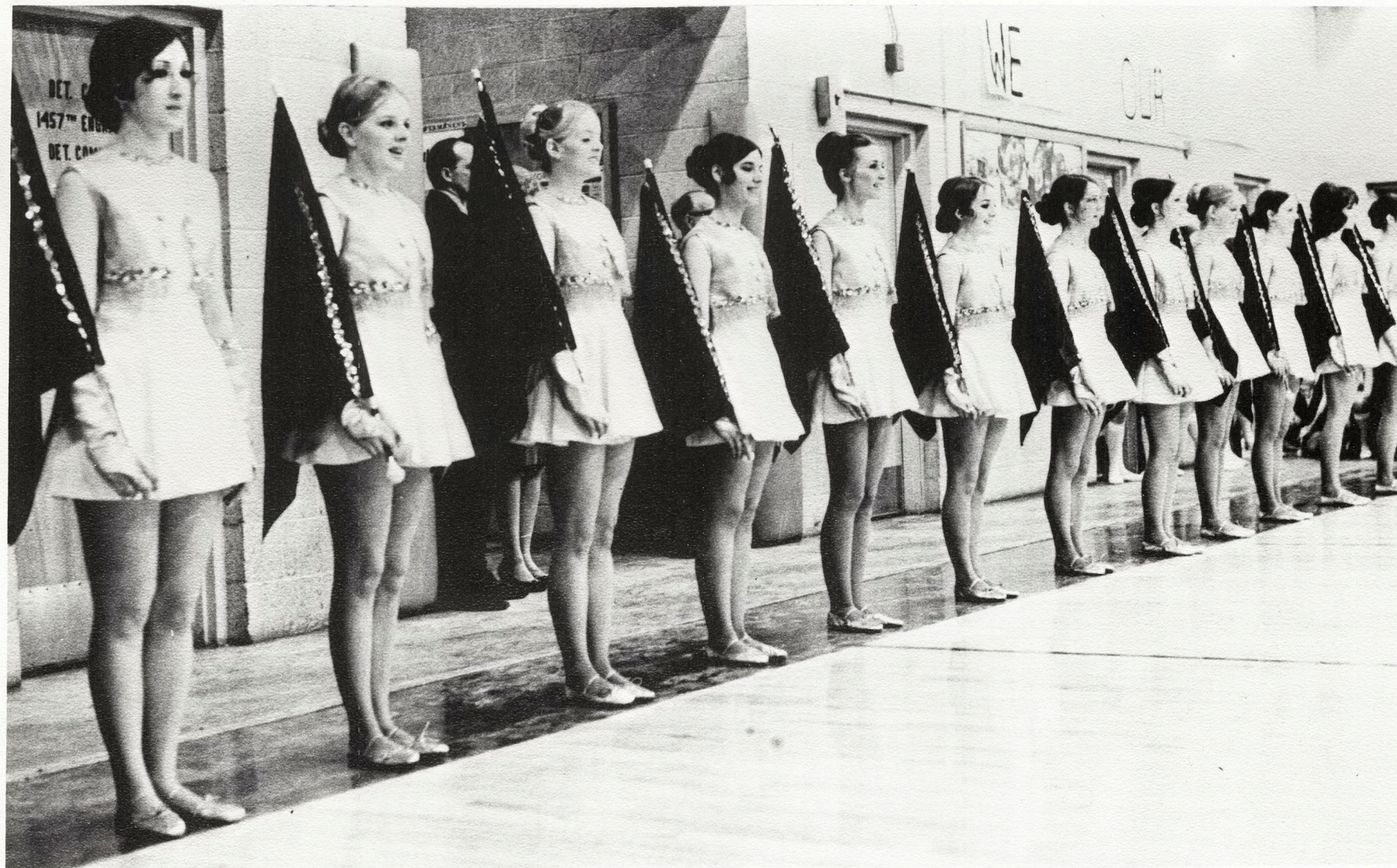


Kohn Smith and Sid Hansen

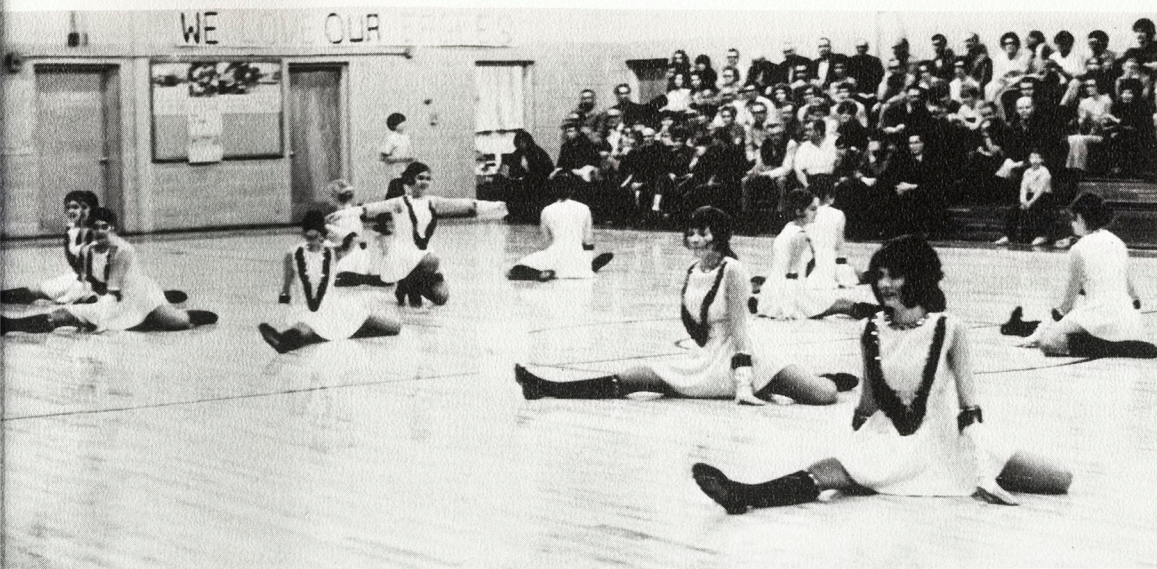


Without whom it wouldn't be done





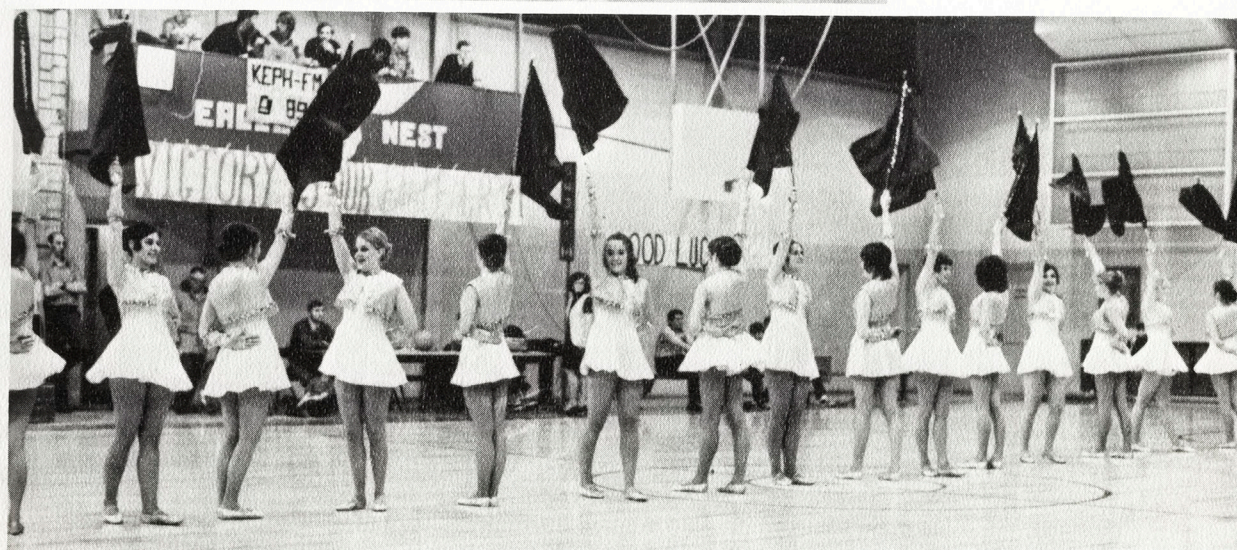




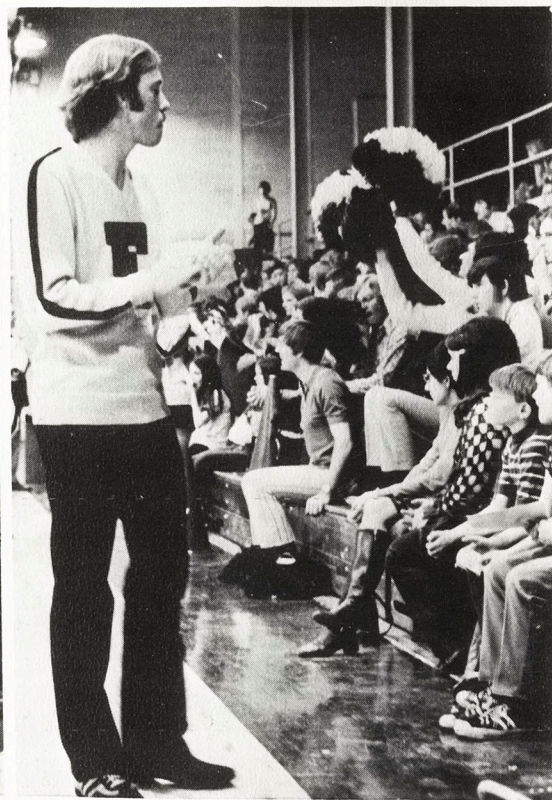
THE BLUE DEBS



Sonja Argyle  
 Susan Atwood  
 Mary Ellen Brockbank  
 Diane Bunnell  
 Janice Davis  
 Laurie Davis  
 Clyda Frandsen  
 Shiela Hanna  
 Ann Hansen  
 Nelda Harvey  
 Michelle Monks  
 Diane Peterson  
 Margo Peterson  
 Georgene Poulos  
 Debbie Powell  
 Evelyn Rees  
 Shelley Smith  
 Jama Zubal











Ted Howard



Jessie Barker



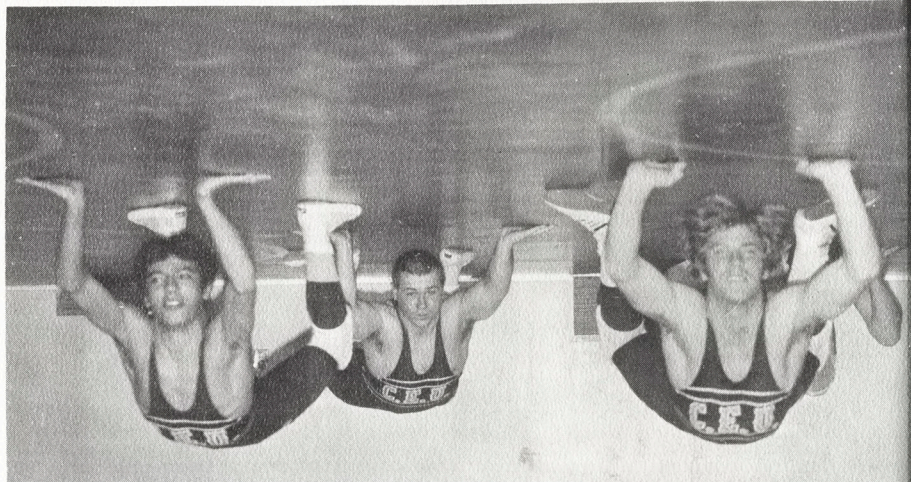
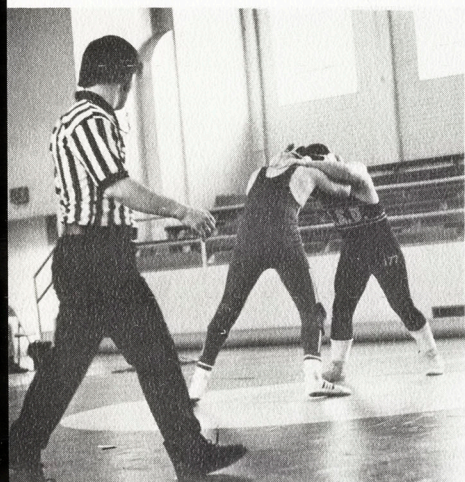
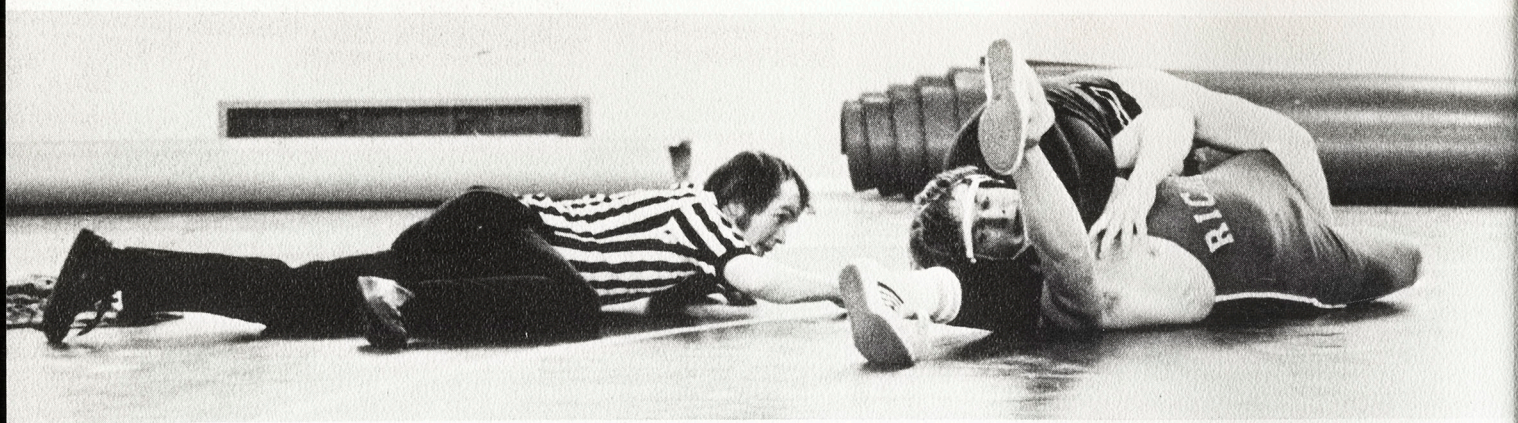
Rob McCleve



Rena Baggs



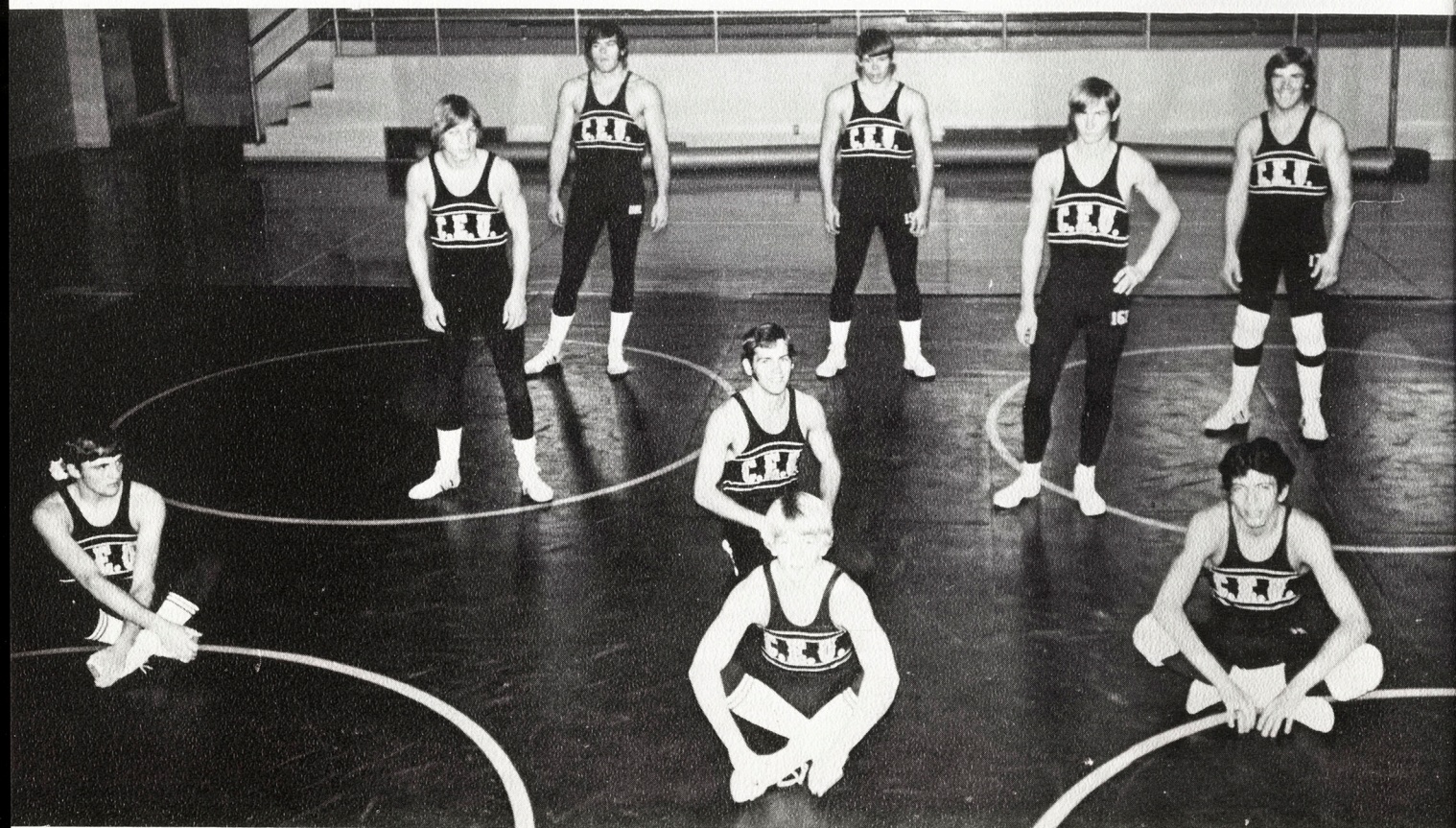




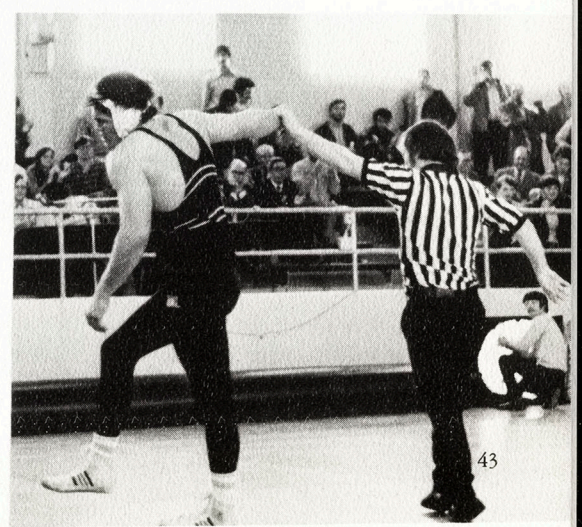
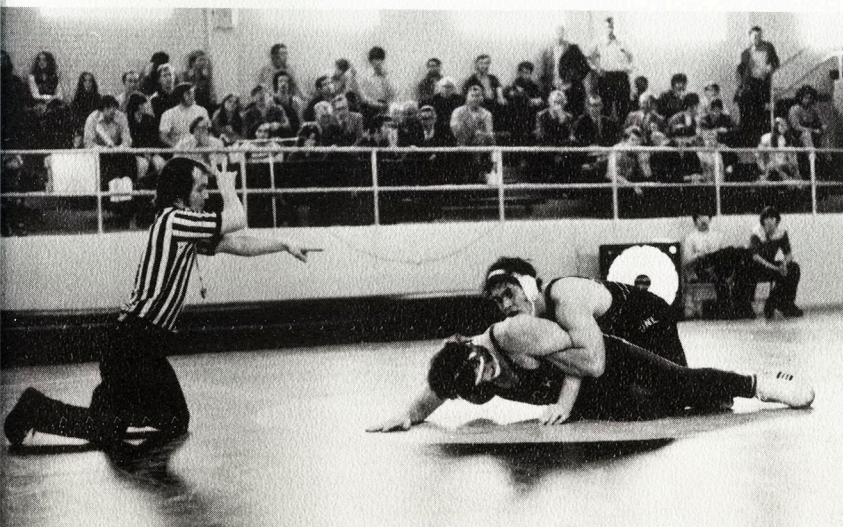
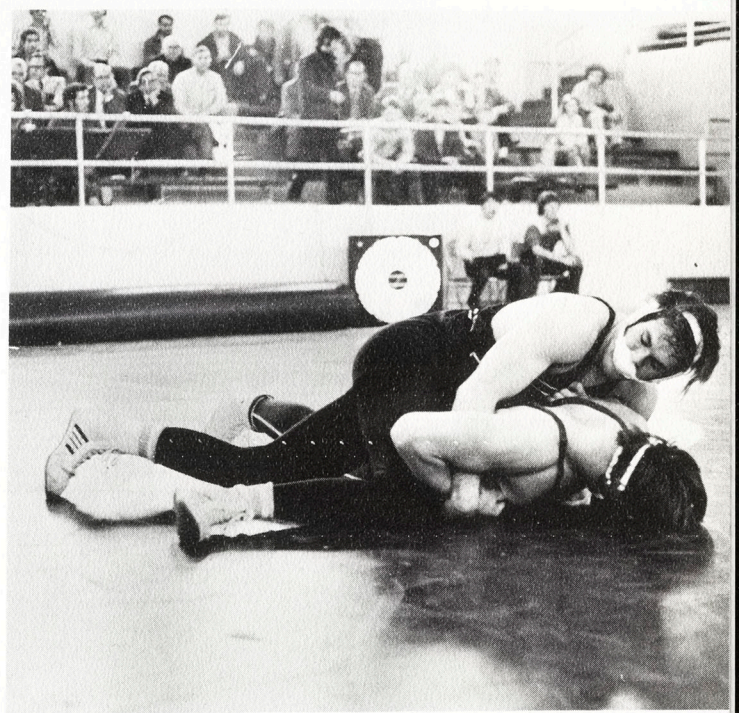
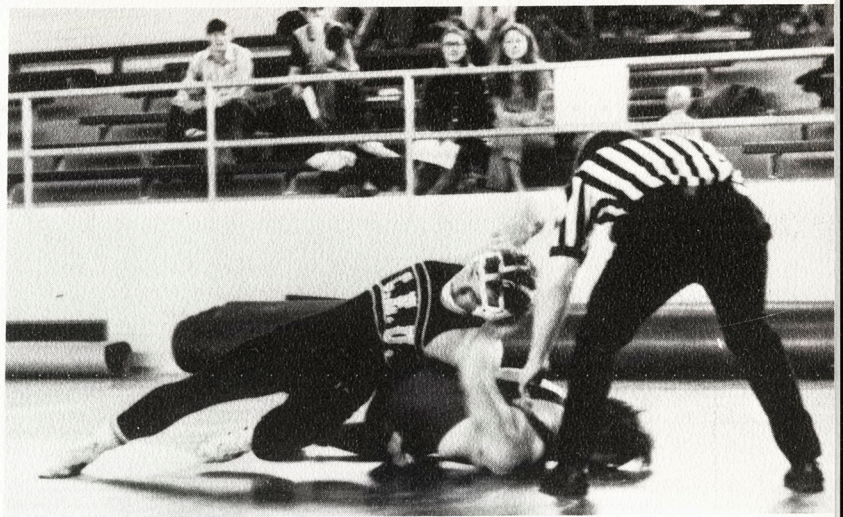
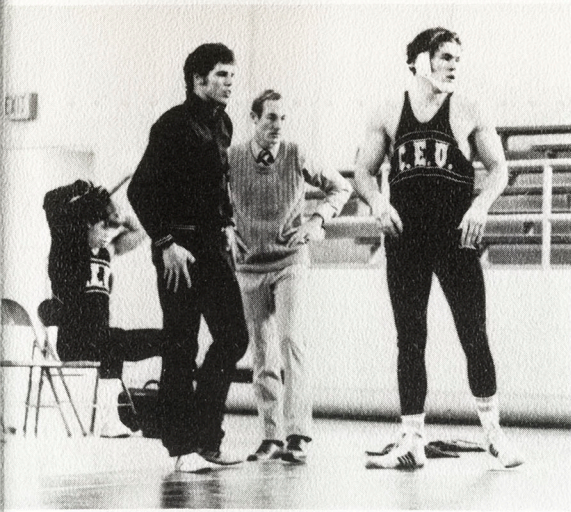
Pete Clark  
Joe Schouten  
Shirl Tomlinson

Paul Cole  
Dan Rush  
Rob McCleve

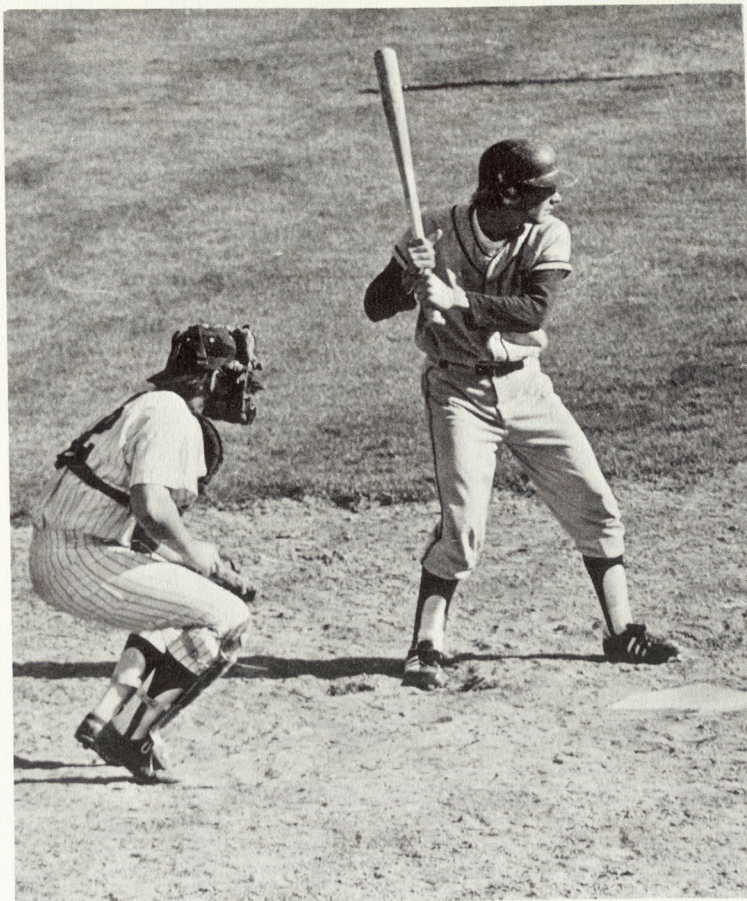
Dan Oeser  
Russell Johnson  
Phil Montano











# BASEBALL TEAM

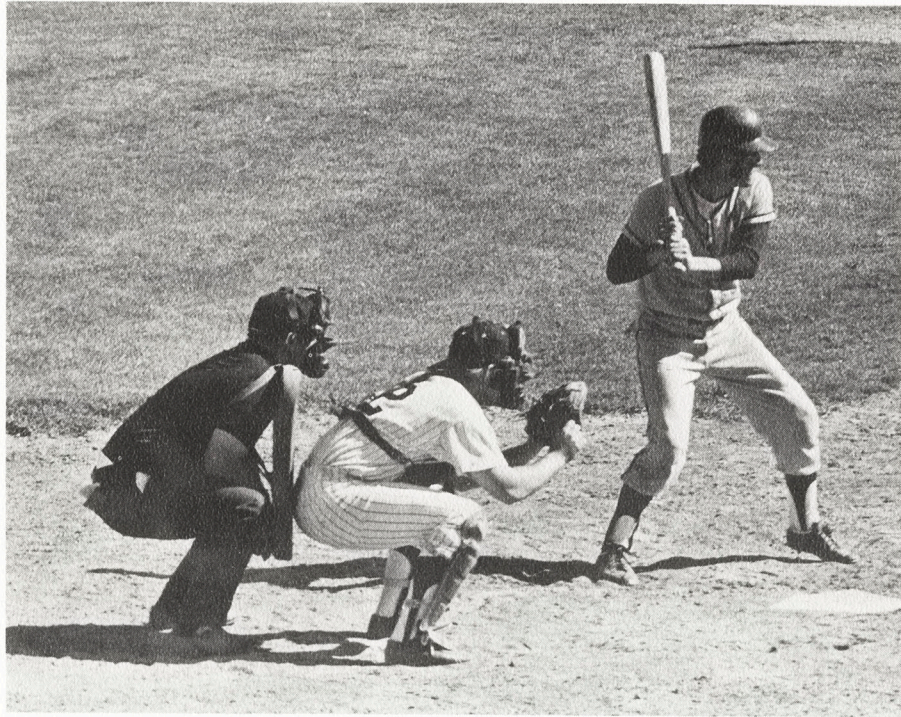
Mitch Curtis  
 Rufus Ellington  
 Brent Gardner  
 Eddie Grundy  
 Garry Hribar  
 Wendell Johnson  
 Chris Nelson  
 David Peterson  
 Daniel Piacitelli  
 Stephen Powell  
 Dwight Rasmussen  
 Alan Sperry  
 Jim Tamlos  
 Robert Tisdale  
 Preston Wakefield  
 Steven Yack











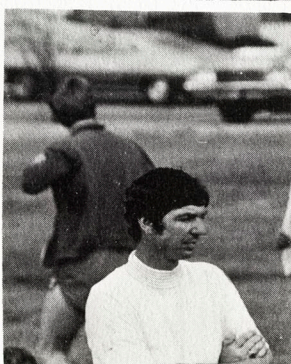
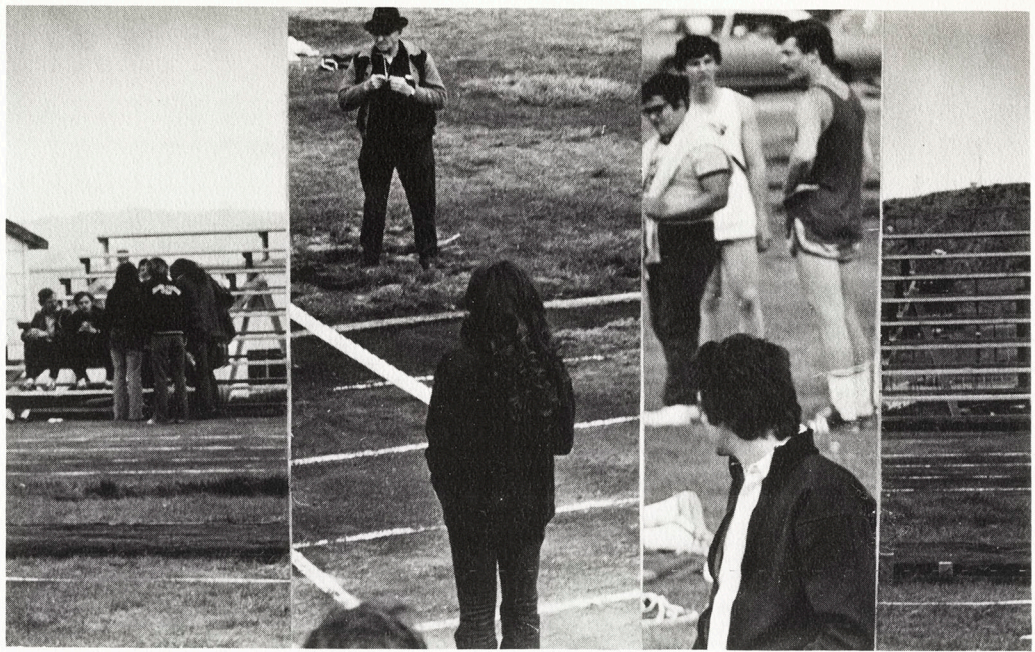




# TRACK

Pete Clark  
 Stephen Whitehead  
 Jeff Cowan  
 Steve Sortor  
 Keith Fenstermaker  
 Terry Rigby  
 Brent Webb  
 Tom Adams  
 Robert Thurman  
 Santiago Sandoval  
 Bryan Ibach  
 Dan Rush  
 Cleveland Ellis  
 Steve Humes  
 Ben Braswell  
 Ike Jackson

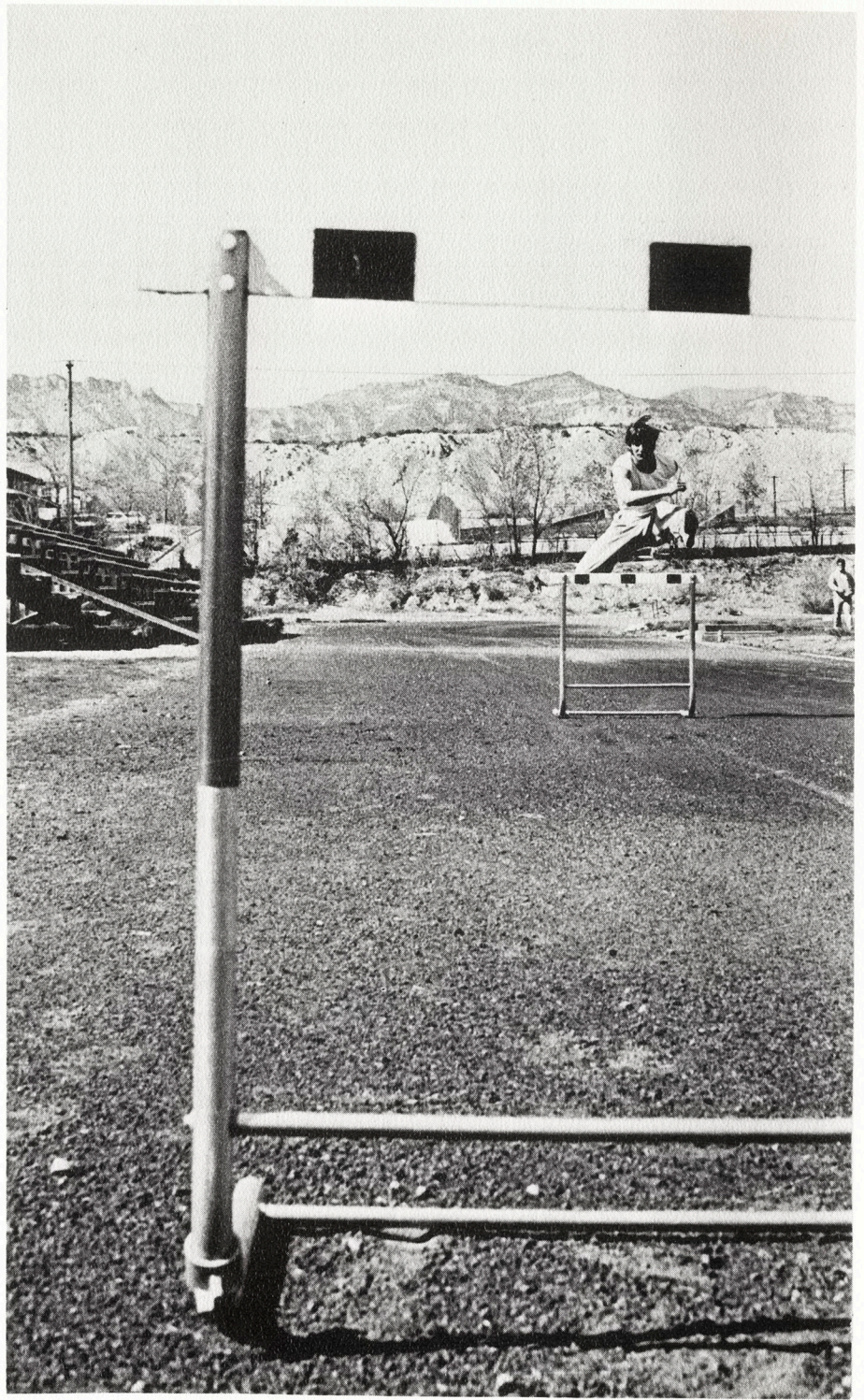








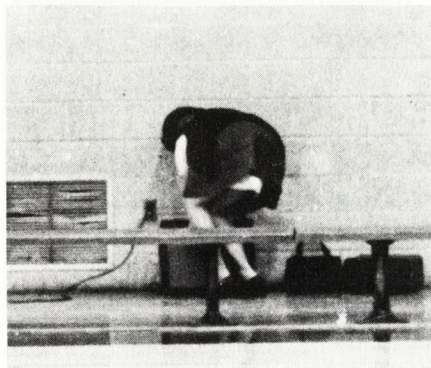








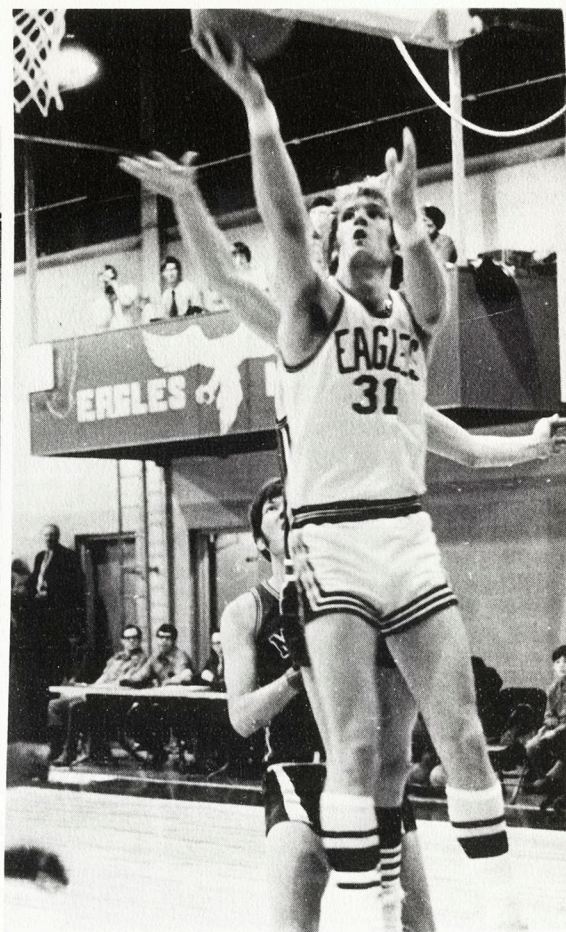




It's a Joy-ful evening.



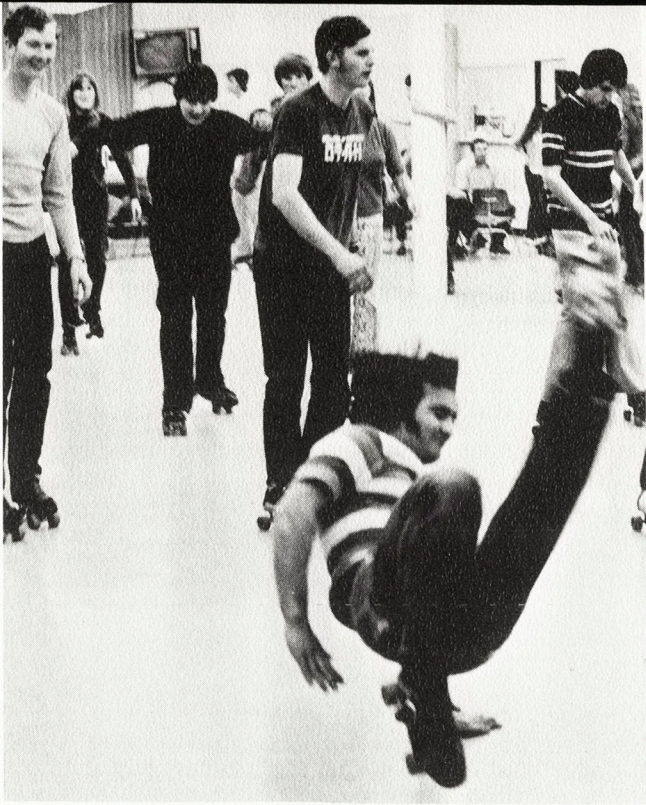




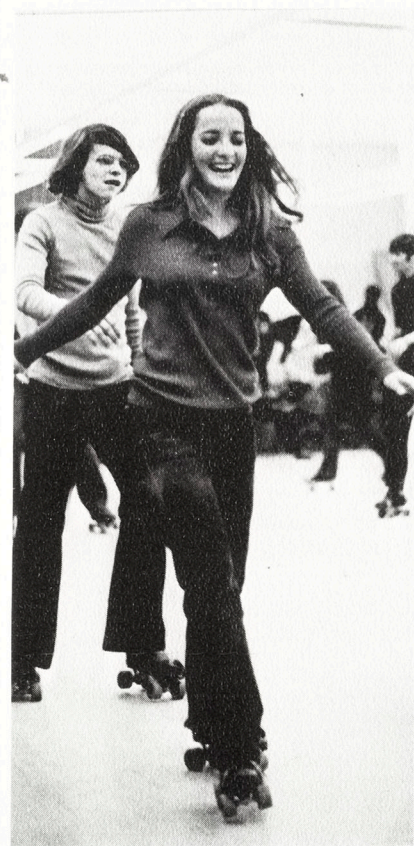
Dr. Trujillo, Gene Oberg









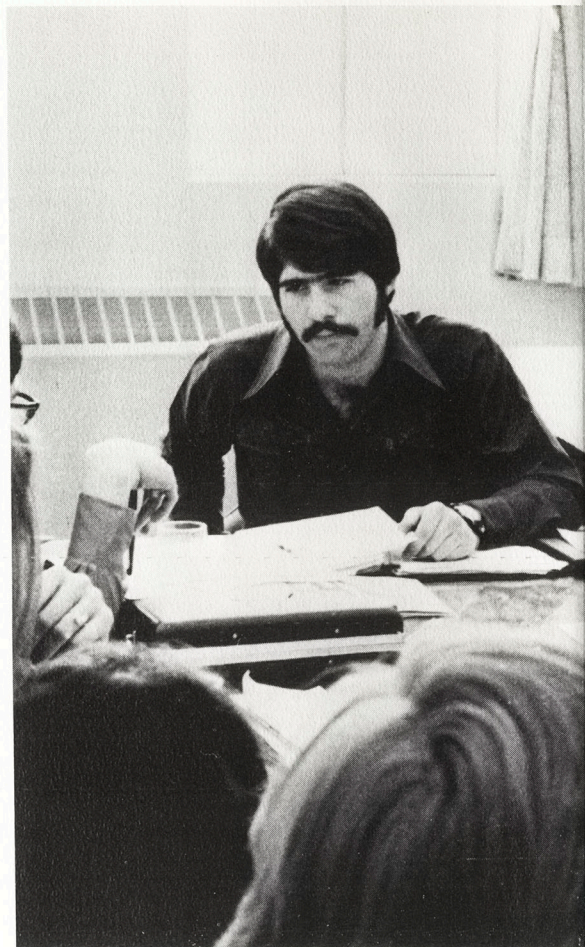






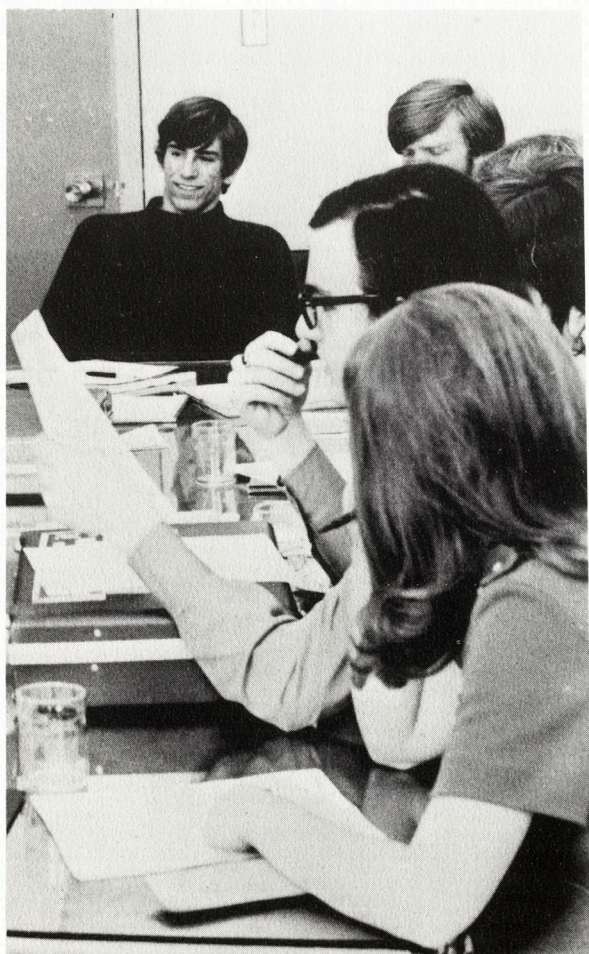
Terry Hanna, Mike Mackey, Cory Welker, Teresa Crumbo, Marsha Evans, J.J. Shatley, Dennis Dooley, Nancy Dunn

# STUDENT



Frank Scavo, Senate President

# SENATE



Mike Mackey, Dennis Dooley



Terry Hanna, Mike Baily, Bruce Bazo



Ken Miller, Studentbody President

Debbie Paur, Student Services Vice-President

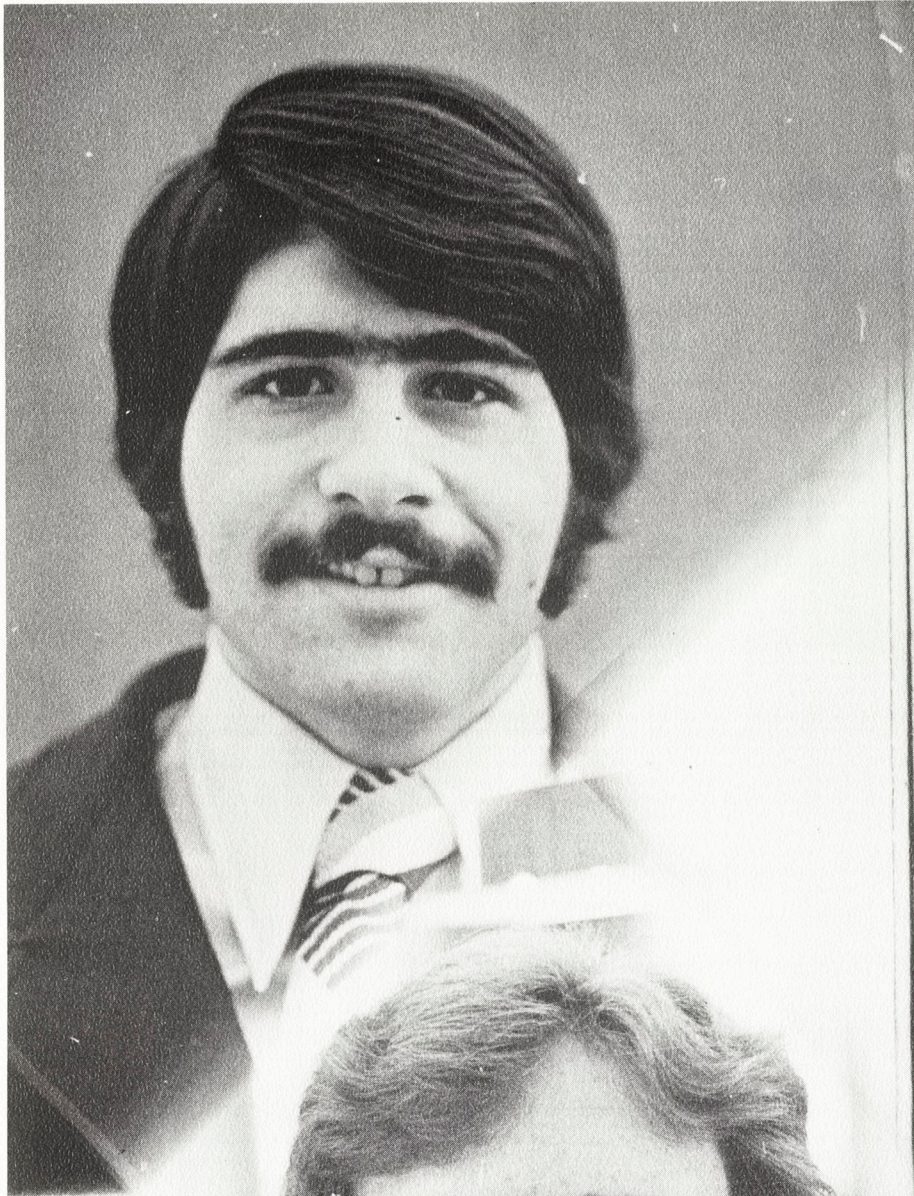
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Roland Uresk, Academics Vice-President Lana Hillman, Publicity Vice-President



Frank Scavo, Senate President



Ray Simmons, AMS President



Debbie Miller, AWS President



Nancy Dunn, Studentbody Secretary

Kelly Christensen, Social Vice-President



Ron Davidson, Cultural Vice-President











# SNOW SCULPTURE

L.D.S.S.A.

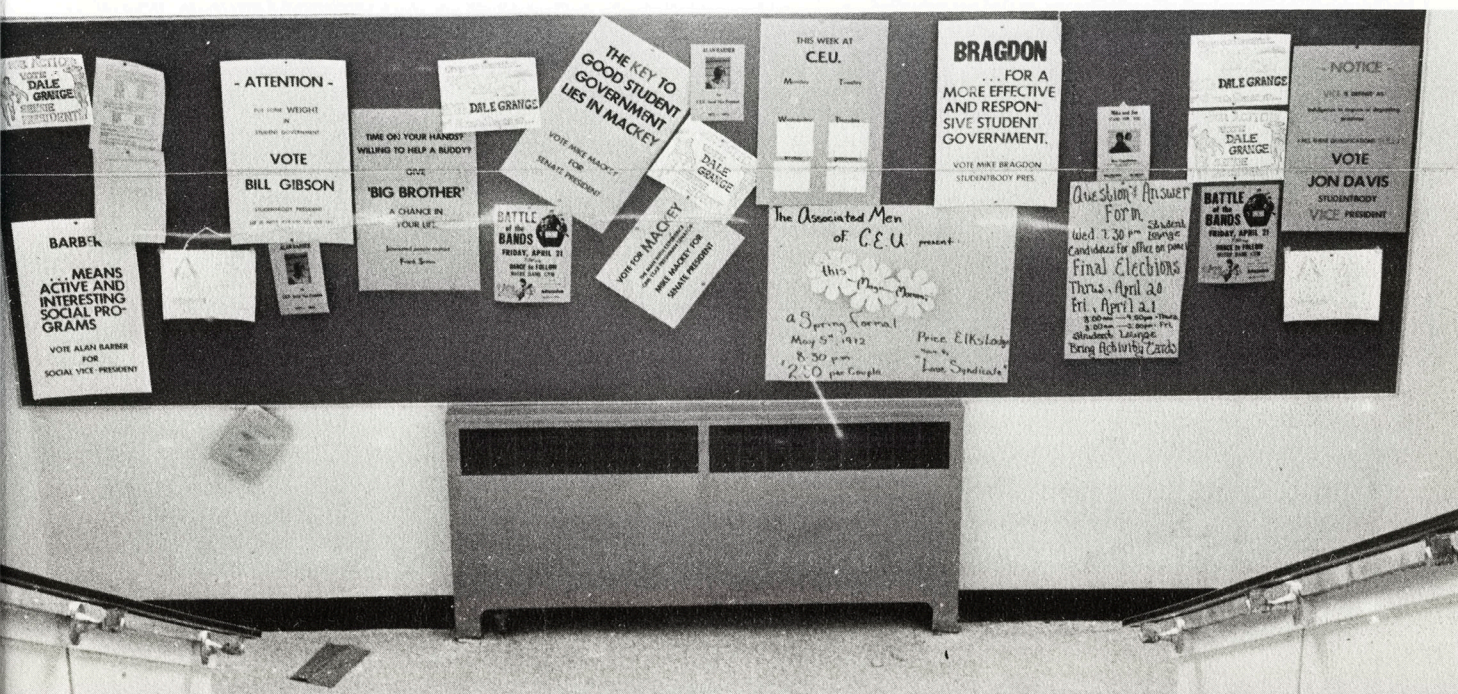
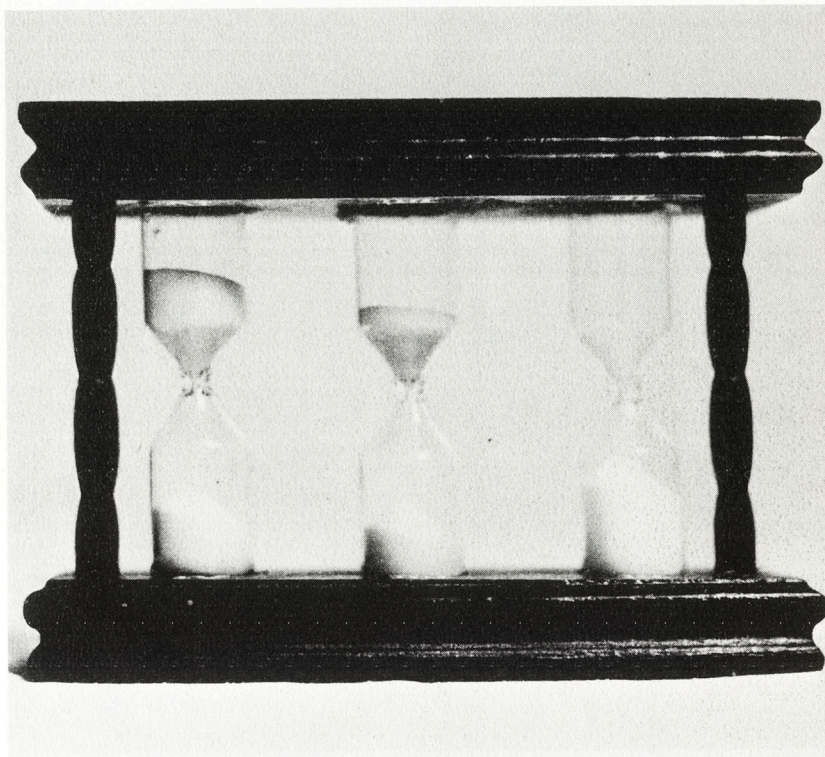
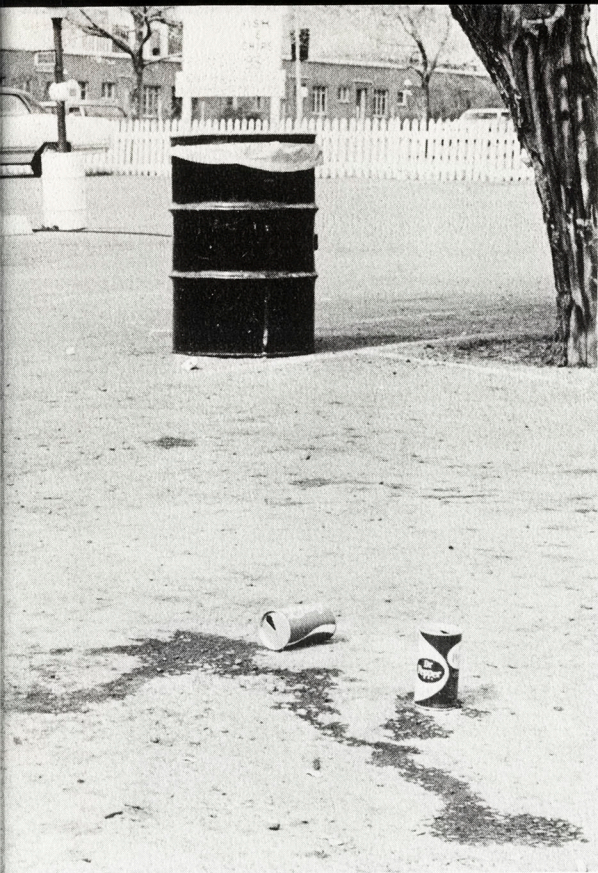


FRESHMEN



SOPHOMORES







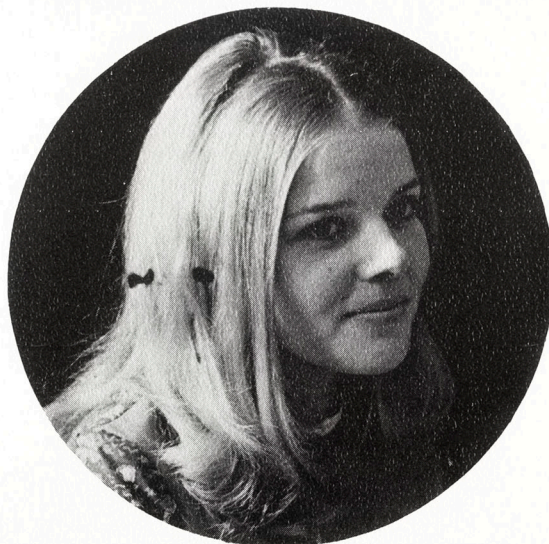
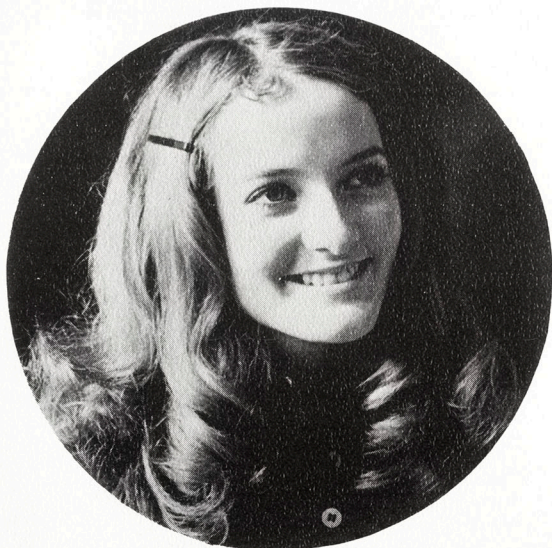


Debbie Dunn



Marian McDonald  
Kathy Welker

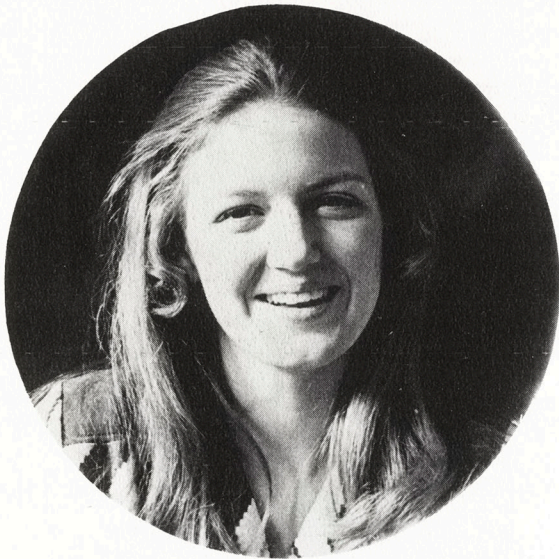




Etta Begay  
Janice Davis

Nelda Harvey  
Shelley Smith





Ellen Hulse  
Glaucia Carrano

Margo Peterson  
Shiela Hanna





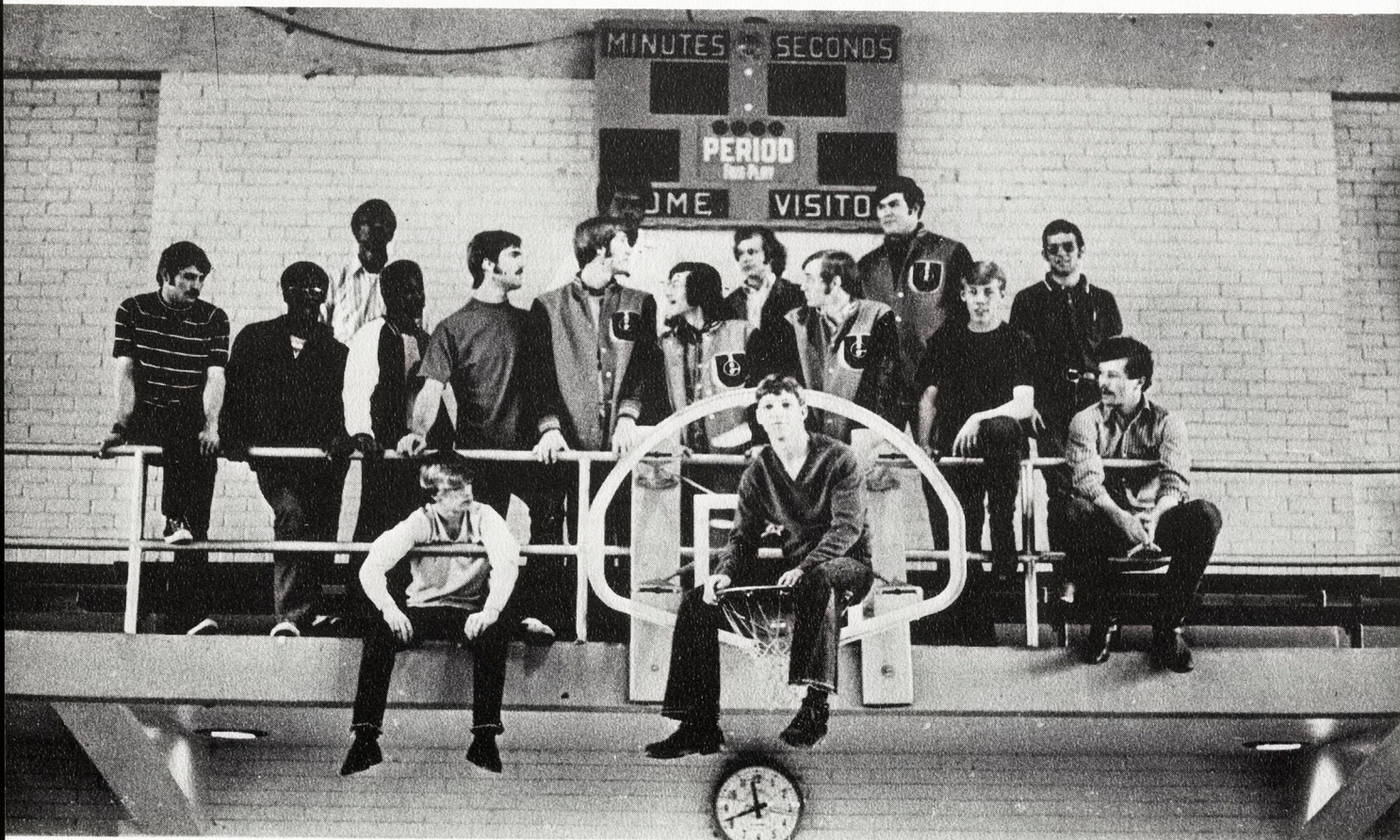
Sonja Argyle	Queen
Diane Bunnell	First Attendant
Nancy Dunn	Second Attendant





Alan Sperry  
 Cleven Ellis  
 Ben Braswell  
 Jimmy Horton  
 Rob McCleve  
 Brad Monks  
 Sid Hansen  
 Ike Jackson  
 Michael Martinez  
 Tom Adams  
 Joe Schouten  
 Keith Fenstermaker  
 Pete Clark  
 Brent Webb  
 Dan Rush  
 Steve Sortor

LETTERMEN CLUB







ABC CLUB

Karen Gurr  
Pat Ludwig  
Margo Peterson  
Debbie Powell  
Georgene Poulos  
Lana Hillman  
Barbara Odendahl  
Jama Zubal  
Chris Padilla  
Nelda Harvey  
Jessie Barker  
Michelle Monks  
Janice Davis  
Clyda Frandsen  
Evelyn Rees  
Shelley Smith  
Gerrie Elkin





#### DEBATE

Gary Zaccaria  
Fon Jensen  
Brent Thayne  
Larry McCleery  
Dale Grange  
Bruce Bazo  
Mike Mackey  
Mike Bragdon  
Mr. Warren  
Alan Barber



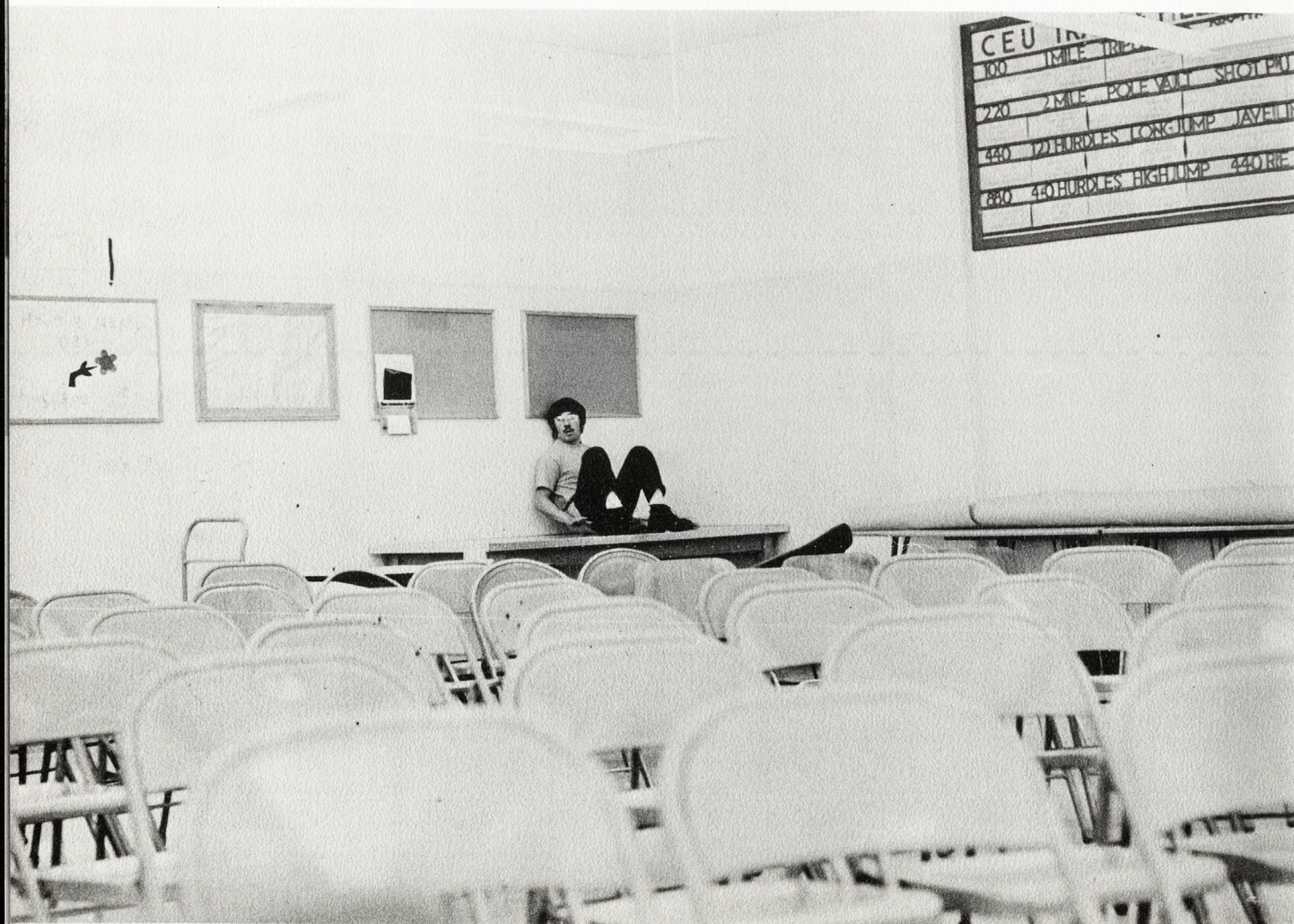
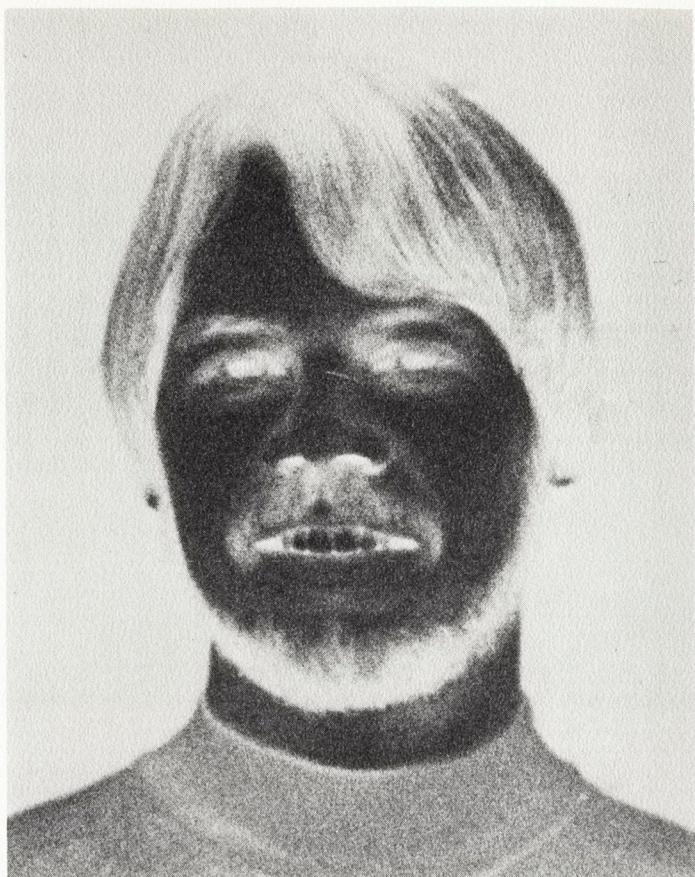


Home Ec. Club

Lambda Delta Sigma



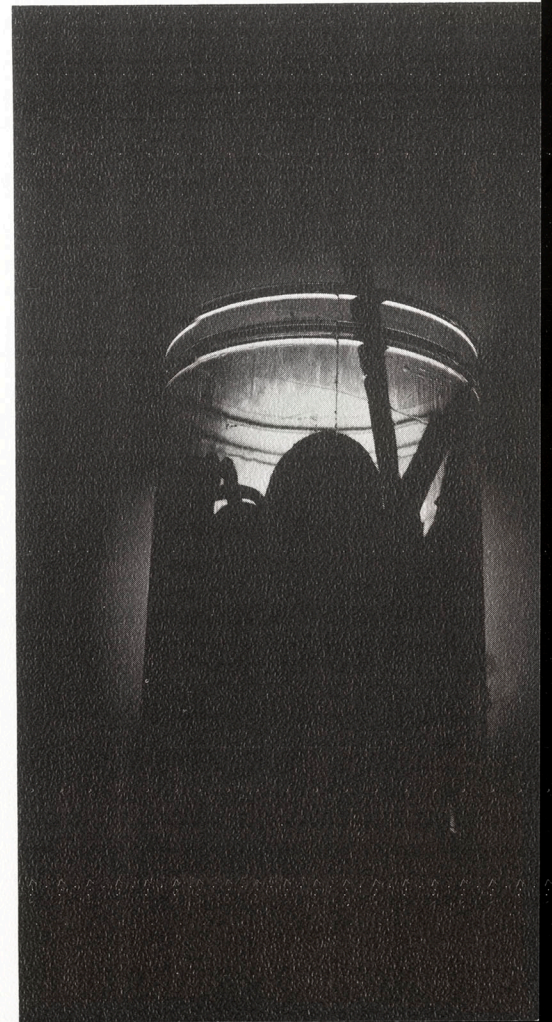
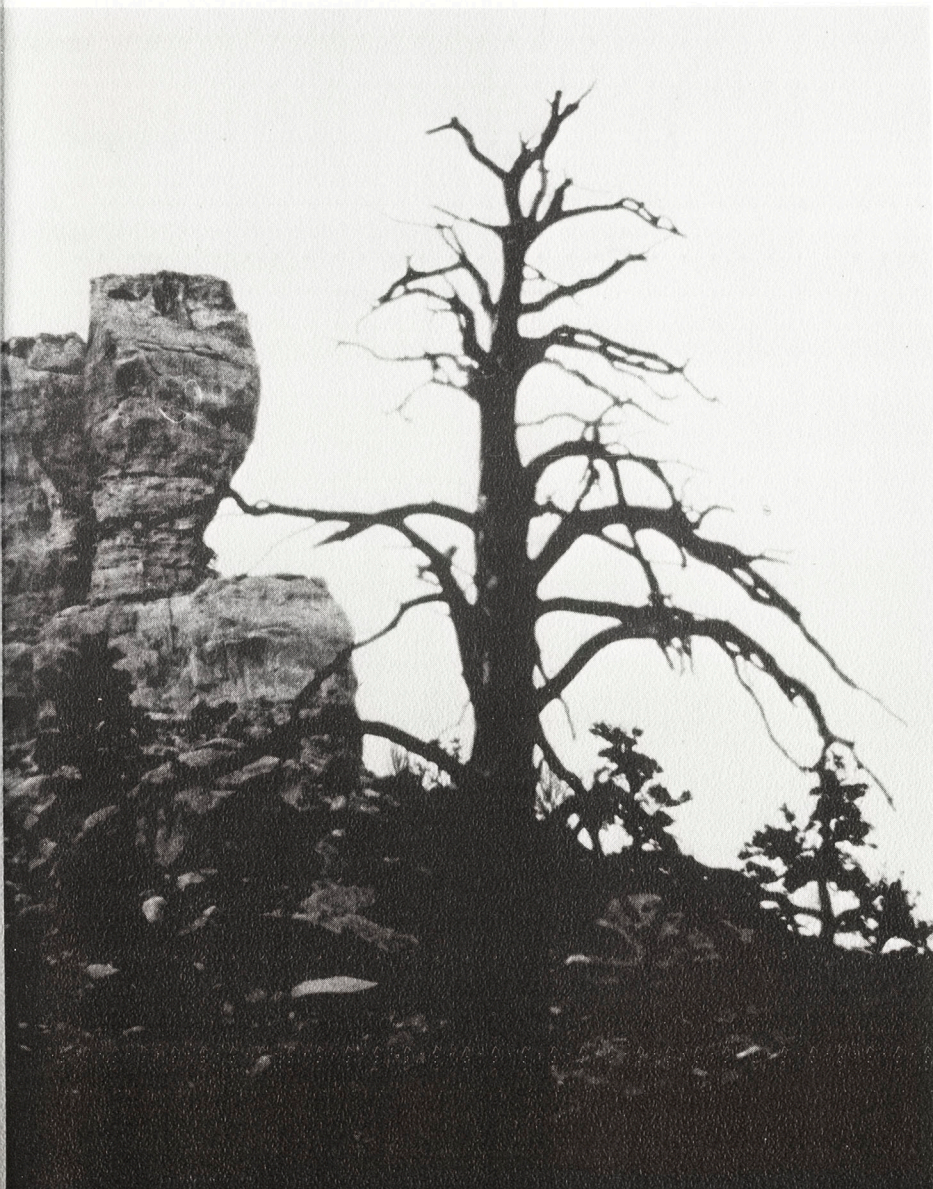








DEAD OR ALIVE?





### The Cycle

Living, yet dead  
Our hearts beat  
We are united with  
goals, dreams, darkness.  
Life, the everlasting,  
ceases.

Tears brought forth in  
vain and uselessness exist,  
without meaning

Be free! Earthly tribulations  
are gone.  
Forget the hurt, the dead and  
be free  
A better life awaits us. . .

Memories of life, happiness  
and desperation are weighed  
The so-called justice of  
God prevails  
The multitudes of our  
lives stand, critized  
We shiver  
Everlasting cold becomes  
our ruler  
Becoming dust once more  
We still believe in God  
Oh God! How gullible we are!  
What fools we are  
Existing as puppets  
Without goals, freedom  
Eternal hell.

Ted Howard

### Encounter

What do you say to a brute intent on rape?  
Do you flash a cover-girl smile,  
light a cigarette,  
and with a toss of the head, say,  
"Thanks, but I'm not in the mood"?  
Perhaps feign modesty and blush,  
a single tear dribbling down one cheek  
as a fetching effect.  
Or perhaps  
quote the going rate?  
Or if the intent advances to assault  
with dancing fingers and hot heavy breath  
what then?  
Quote the Bible, blow your nose,  
kick, scratch, land a well-aimed knee,  
Suggest a fun game of monopoly?  
Oh, to be an Amazon  
with brawn, as well as twice the brain.  
and with a ripple of muscle  
and a burst of speed  
Propel him out the door  
with a polite  
"goodnight."

Mary Schultz





She once flew with me.  
Thru clouds there, and clouds yet to be.  
Without visions of reality  
    We loved.  
We ran thru fields of flowers.  
The minutes lasted hours.  
Never saying mine, always saying ours  
and  
    We onced loved.

We used to run  
    hand in hand.  
Leaving only tracks  
    upon the sand.  
Then one day  
    the waves came.  
They washed  
    our tracks away.

Gilbert Rodriguez

Live, Die  
Love, Hate.  
Shall we Die  
Before we Love?  
Shall we live  
Before we Hate?

Let's Live a little  
Before we Die a lot.

Tom Adams





Ramblin'

Who am I  
Why are you  
Why exist  
It that's all you do

Some are searching  
Some are not  
Some are getting  
What others have sought

Why must we  
Always do  
Just what others  
Want us to

Majority rules  
Is how it's done  
And makes all people  
Live as one

Brian Ibach

First Snow Again

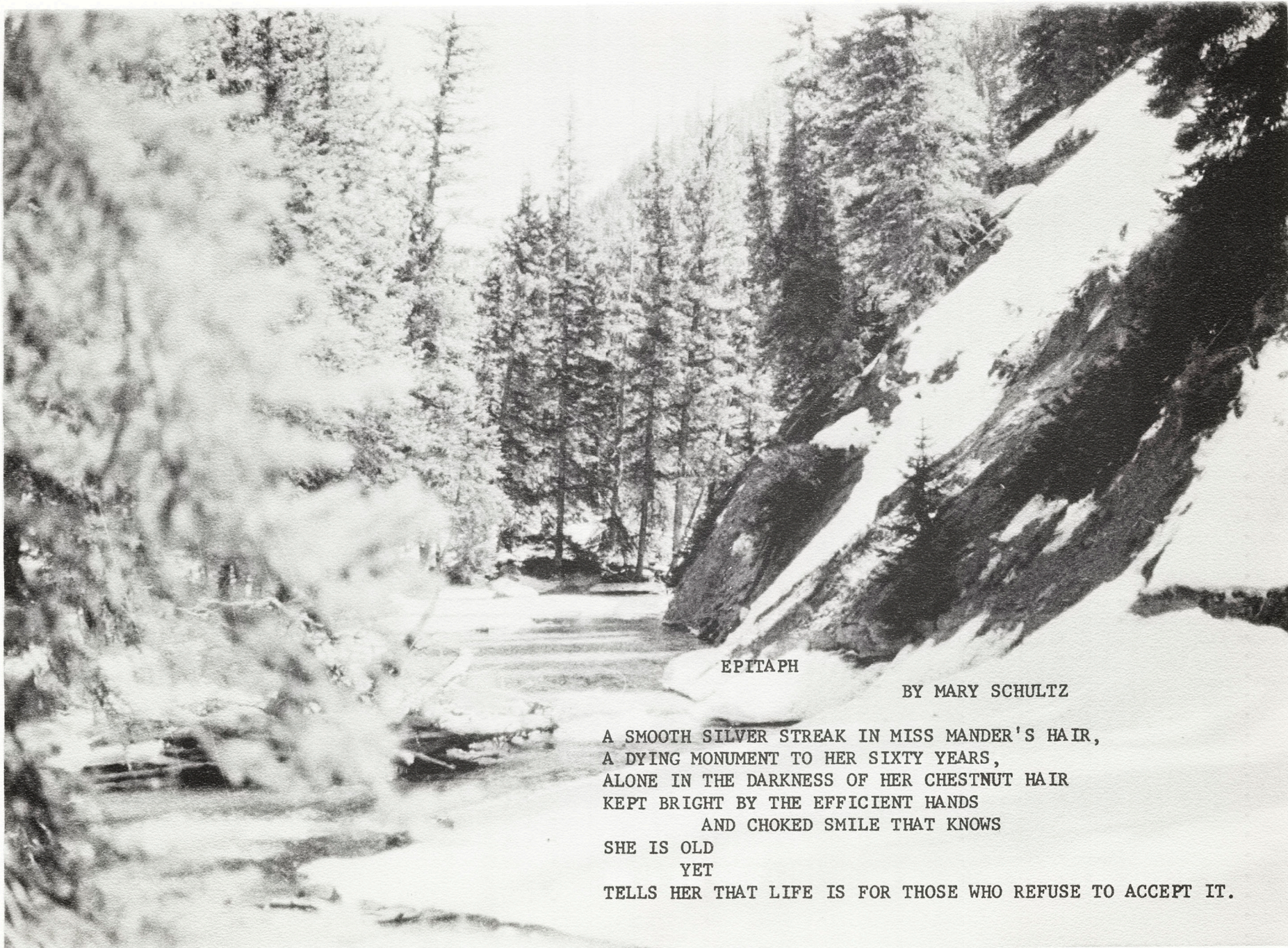
Soft white kisses carress the earth  
Gentle silent fury  
Summer's death and Winter's birth  
Time's in such a hurry

Frigid deluge comfortable warm  
Frantic, rushing true to form  
Icy feathers, nature's shroud  
Floating mellow, very loud

Hypnotized by ticking clock  
Still seclusion far from bored  
Winter's playmates laughing mock  
What's your hurry, Lord?

Brian Ibach





EPITAPH

BY MARY SCHULTZ

A SMOOTH SILVER STREAK IN MISS MANDER'S HAIR,  
A DYING MONUMENT TO HER SIXTY YEARS,  
ALONE IN THE DARKNESS OF HER CHESTNUT HAIR  
KEPT BRIGHT BY THE EFFICIENT HANDS  
AND CHOKED SMILE THAT KNOWS  
SHE IS OLD  
YET  
TELLS HER THAT LIFE IS FOR THOSE WHO REFUSE TO ACCEPT IT.



## What's a Nice Person Like You Doing in a Place Like This

What's a nice person like you doing in a place like this? I mean really, what do you think you're doing here? It was probably your Mom and Dad who always expected you to go to college, and because you wanted to get away from home, the College seemed just far enough away.

Or was it that all the other seniors in your high school were planning college careers and you didn't want to be separated from your friends or lose status?

Or maybe you decided you'd look better in a black graduate's gown than a khaki field jacket.

Perhpas you could see a better chance of finding a potentially successful husband here at the College and chose not to be a sales girl downtown after all.

Well, now you're where all the action is, sweetheart, what is the action? It isn't dialing the phone yourself to ask Mom and Dad for a little extra spending money and it isn't going for a Coke at the Bicarbonate Bistro to watch those guys in their long hair and tank tops who you haven't the courage to talk to after all.

And for the sweet young thing who is looking hard for someone else to love her, action isn't working at the downtown drive-in. There must be a better way of staying where the action is and getting more out of it.

In the rush to get the high-paying job, the altar, your name on the High Honors List, or the studentbody presidency, you'll miss most of the real action. The action is learning to really live and get the most out of life.

A part of that comes from the textbook and lecture, but the most important end is in you and other persons. It's the huddling together for warmth and understanding, action and reaction, interaction and human dialogue, the wanting taking and the having/giving.

Learning to live where the action is requires loosening up enough as a professor to ask a few of your students to your home for a Coke or coffee and an evening's conversation, or to accept their invitation to a party or for a drink after that last interminable night class. For a student it's skipping an uninteresting class to sit with other students and discuss how you feel about premarital sex, lack of a need for student government, a professor's views on comparative religion, or about why you just can't seem to open up to people without fear of blowing your cool.

Getting the most out of life is talking to your 60-year-old neighbor about how it was when he was your age, or taking time out of your busy schedule to sit in on a Juvenile Court hearing and talking to the losers afterward.

Probably one of the best ways of getting the most out of your life is to find in other persons the qualities and characteristics you enjoy, and want from them the things they can give you. Bend them, push them, pull them, and manipulate them, but without the intent of hurting them, and develop a trust in them and the freedom in yourself to encourage them to do the same with you.

It is in this place, where the action is, that you can practice with other persons how best to live and enjoy life. You will meet success and failure in this experience of change and come to really know other persons and finally begin to define and better understand yourself.

But you can't give any of this action until you free up enough to take it, taking any of it means to replace it with part of yourself. Where is the action, sweetheart? Take a look around. Take a look inside. How much living are you willing to take today?

(This was stolen from the April 20, 1967 issue of Mentis and revised by our staff.)



What is so rare

as a summer day?

The warmth of the sun

shinning on me.

The trees swaying

back and forth

with the gentle breeze.

The coldness of a stream

of running water,

The daisys growing wild

in fields where I

laid and watch

the clouds go by

taking time with them.

The happy songs of the birds over head,

the peace and quiet

saying so much to me.

The times I have spent

thinking as I walked

along shaded roads.

What is so rare

as a summer day?

The days you have walked

that road with me.

Tom Adams





A life has finally been given birth  
the life within the Railroad Earth.  
you trudge unknowingly to what awaits  
your wants your loves your hates  
stop and think about what transpires  
your body gets lower as your mind gets higher

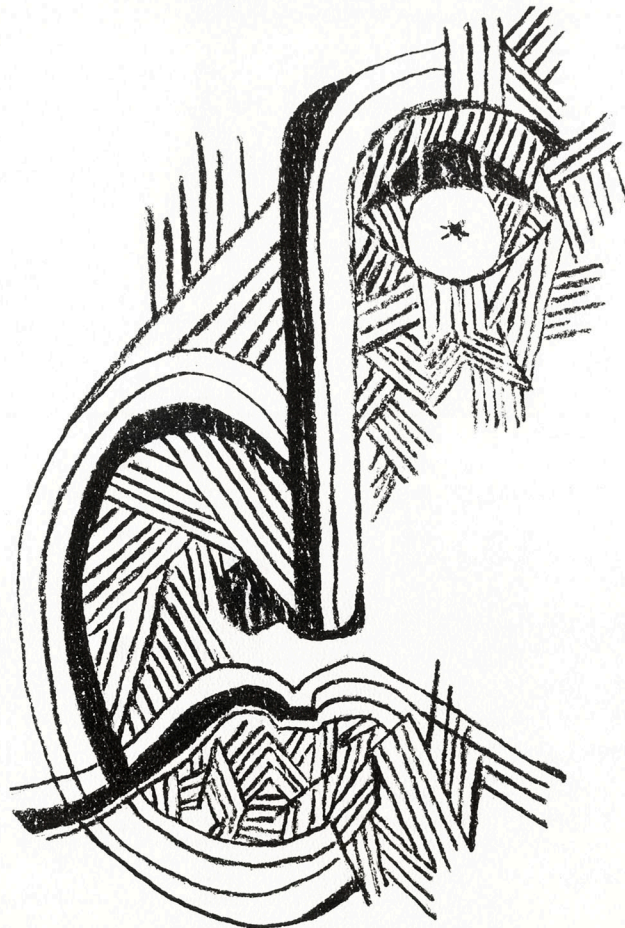
you love you cry you live you die  
but when it all comes down what was it worth?  
your life within the Railroad Earth!

Running away **with** your mind I try to understand  
in my mind I love you in my heart I do too  
but it seems making it with you, I stand  
only divided into two.

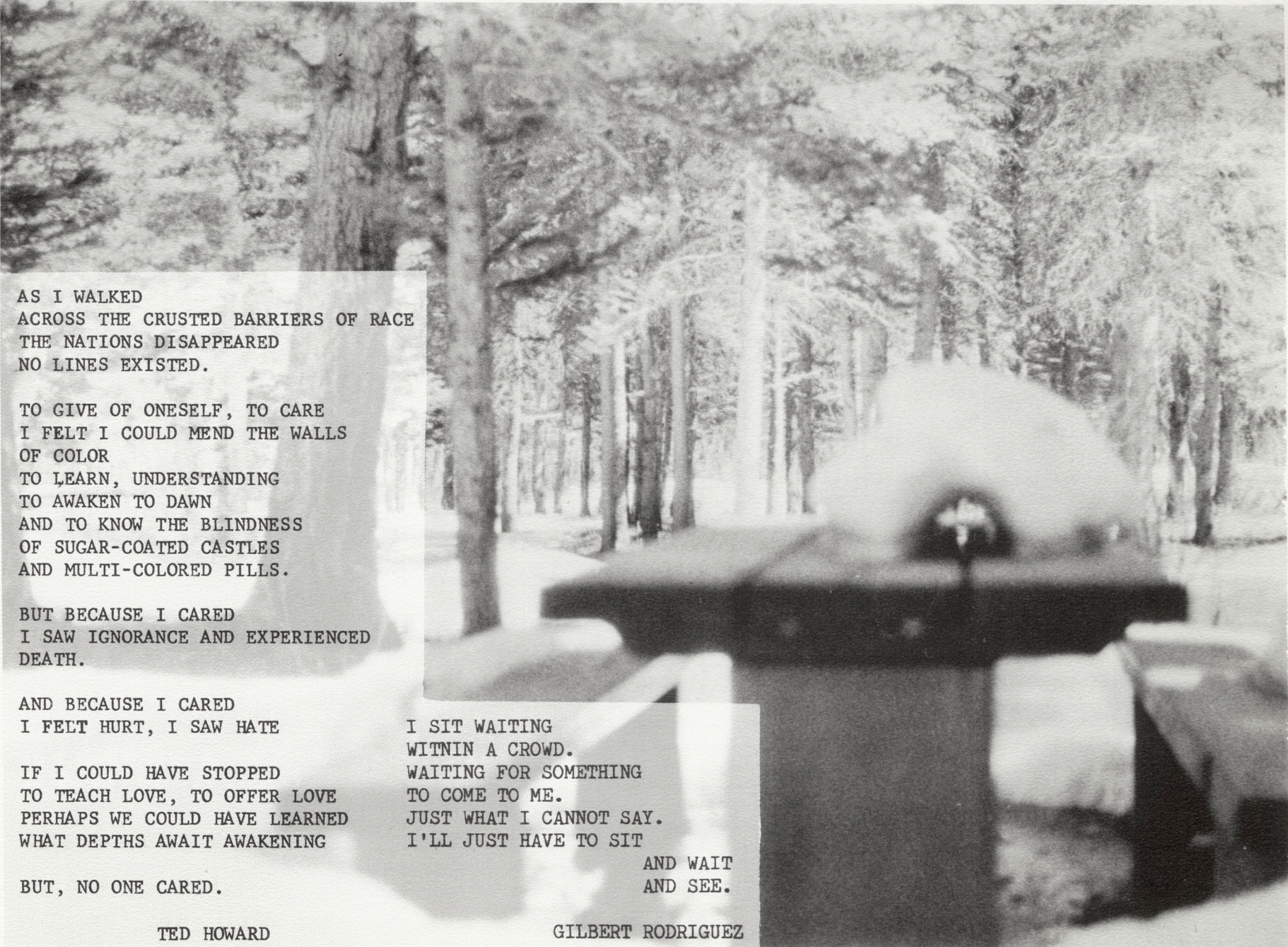
You love you cry you live you die  
but **when** it all comes down what was it worth?  
your life within the Railroad Earth!

A life has finally been given birth  
the life within the Railroad Earth!

Gilbert Rodriguez







AS I WALKED  
ACROSS THE CRUSTED BARRIERS OF RACE  
THE NATIONS DISAPPEARED  
NO LINES EXISTED.

TO GIVE OF ONESELF, TO CARE  
I FELT I COULD MEND THE WALLS  
OF COLOR  
TO LEARN, UNDERSTANDING  
TO AWAKEN TO DAWN  
AND TO KNOW THE BLINDNESS  
OF SUGAR-COATED CASTLES  
AND MULTI-COLORED PILLS.

BUT BECAUSE I CARED  
I SAW IGNORANCE AND EXPERIENCED  
DEATH.

AND BECAUSE I CARED  
I FELT HURT, I SAW HATE

IF I COULD HAVE STOPPED  
TO TEACH LOVE, TO OFFER LOVE  
PERHAPS WE COULD HAVE LEARNED  
WHAT DEPTHS AWAIT AWAKENING

BUT, NO ONE CARED.

TED HOWARD

I SIT WAITING  
WITNIN A CROWD.  
WAITING FOR SOMETHING  
TO COME TO ME.  
JUST WHAT I CANNOT SAY.  
I'LL JUST HAVE TO SIT

AND WAIT  
AND SEE.

GILBERT RODRIGUEZ



VERSE OF THE HIDDEN TRUTH

Past has no part in the Present  
Spirits cast Shadows over marble floors  
Truth is Twice its price  
A word is a right  
Fun cannot be a Fact  
Amazement Amuses the joke  
Age meddles with the Ample  
Tolerance should not be Tricked  
Pride is to be Preserved  
Fate does not make the Future  
Thy Will is the Weathering of all



(Number of words decreasing towards center respectively)

George Pearne



IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD  
BASEBALL CLUB

BY MARY SCHULTZ

ONE DAY THE NEIGHBORHOOD BASEBALL CLUB  
DECIDED TO PUT THEIR BATS AWAY  
FOR THEY WERE GROWING OLD FAST  
WITH SO MANY GAMES YET TO PLAY.

BUT THE TARZAN SWING COULDN'T HOLD THEM ALL  
AND THE ROPE BEGAN TO FRAY  
TILL UNDER THE STRAIN IT FINALLY BROKE  
AND HAD TO BE THROWN AWAY

MOTHER PUT MY DOLLS IN A WOODEN BOX  
AND WHEN I ASKED HER WHY SHE SAID  
"TOYS ARE FOR THE DREAMERS  
AND NOT FOR THE TRULY DEAD."

"MY CHILD, YOU'VE GROWN, AND THAT'S YOUR CURSE.  
YOUR INNOCENCE HAS BEGUN TO FRAY.  
MY CHILD, IF YOU MUST, MAKE PEOPLE YOUR TOYS."  
SHE STOPPED AND TURNED AWAY.

I SAT AND WATCHED HER WRAP THE BOX  
IN BROWN PAPER AND STRING,  
AND NOT KNOWING WHETHER TO LAUGH OR CRY,  
INSTEAD I BEGAN TO SING

AND DANCE

AND JUMP  
I EVEN TRIED TO FLY  
FOR MY FAVORITE TOY WAS WITH ME STILL  
MY FAVORITE PLAYTHING--I.



## HERMAN

by Mary Schultz

It wasn't that Herman was a bad kid, you know, he was just different. Any kid who'd let people call him Herman has got to be some kind of wierdo. Then he was fat besides. A fat guy named Herman's asking for trouble.

We'd been in fourth grade about two months in Miss Featherbee's class when Herman came. What happened was we'd just got used to ourselves and got our gang together when in comes this fat outsider. No wonder nobody liked him, 'cept Miss Featherbee. She was fat too, even fatter than Herman. Guess that's why they liked each other.

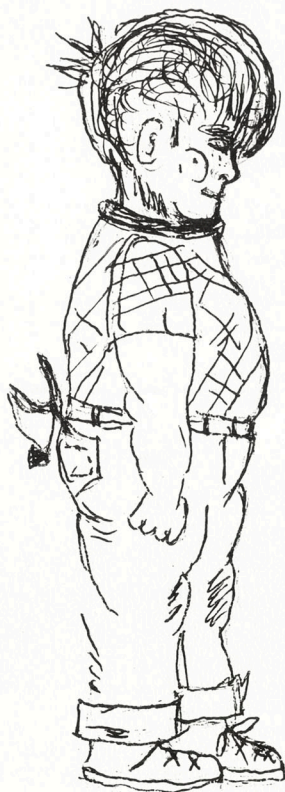
Everything was okay at the first. We all just left him alone and he'd stay in and talk to ole' Featherbee during recess. While it was warm we played softball and chase-the-girls and nobody bothered Herman. But then it got cold and we couldn't play ball in the snow, and the girls told the principal we chased 'em and knocked 'em down and we caught hell for it, so naturally we had to do something. So we'd throw snowballs at Herman. Once after school we hid by the river and when Herman went by on his way home we threw him in the river. Well, he got pretty cold, and his pants sorta froze onto his legs so he walked funny and his hair parted in the middle and dripped in his eye, and we had a good laugh over it.

He was sick for a week, and his mother called Miss Featherbee and she called the principal, and we caught it good. We all got spanked with the hamburger grinder. That's what we called the principal's board that had holes in it that

turned your backside into hamburger.

It was right there we lost respect for Herman; he was a stool pigeon. Because of the trouble we got into we had to be sneaky, so we put worms in his coat pocket one day, and the next we spilled the glue pot in his desk all over his books so it looked like an accident. Just having a little fun to kinda make school not so boring.

Well, Herman didn't think it made school less boring. He got very nervous. He started biting his fingernails and sometimes when his nails ran out he'd suck his thumb. There was ole' sucking his thumb. What a laugh. Once when ole' Featherbee left to answer a long distance call, the whole class started singing, "Herman sucks his thumb, Herman sucks his thu-umb" 'till he got real upset and started to cry. Well, if a guy's fat and named Herman, and sucks his thumb, he's asking for it. Miss Featherbee came back and saw Herman crying, and





she got all choked up and told him to go to the library. Then she tried not to cry and gave us a talking to about how we should be nice to people with bad hearts. I was busy throwing spitballs at Susan, so I didn't catch all of it.

We figured since Herman was such a baby, if we quit then he'd be a sissy all his life. What he needed was to learn to be a man, so we took turns; every day it was somebody's turn to pull a joke on Herman.

Most of the guys did all the old stuff: Tacks on his seat--boy did he ever jump-- dog crap in his hat, all the old stuff. Herman just kept getting more nervous. He never laughed, and if you looked at him his ole' flabby face would wrinkle up and his double chin would shake. He couldn't even color inside the lines 'cause his hand shook.

One day we were out behind the school playing war when we spied Herman. His feet anyway. There's this big hunk of cement and if you put your toes in the cracks you can climb up it and nobody down below can see you. Well, there was Herman's big feet hanging over the edge; he musta been lying on his back reading a book. Mac looked at me, and I looked at him, then he pulled this book of matches that he keeps for emergencies out of his pocket. He got this sly look on his face and next thing I knew Herman's feet were on fire! We hid around the corner and peeked; Herman was up there dancing like he had ants in his pants! We thought he'd be smart enough to take his shoes off, but ole' Herman just kept on dancing and yelling a lot.

Pretty soon all the teachers were standing around yelling at him to take his shoes off, when Mr. Fenley the principal came out. It took something pretty exciting to get him out of his office.

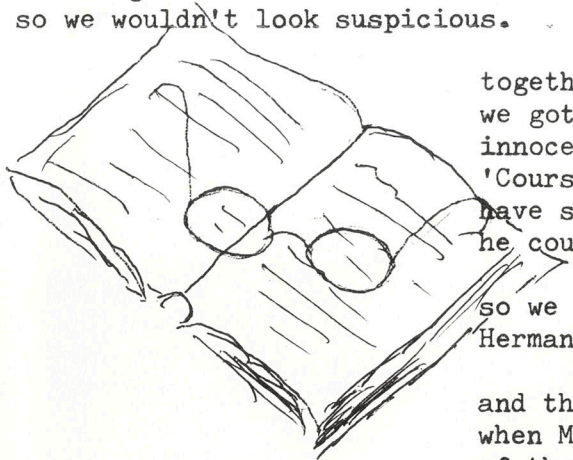
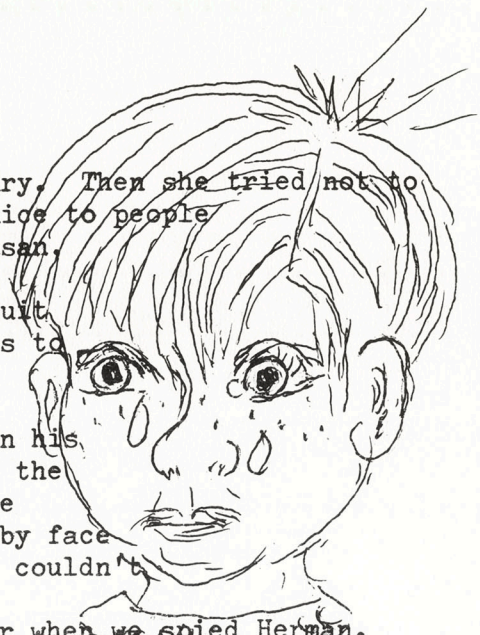
"Jump, Herman! I'll catch you!" he yelled.

So Herman jumped. He landed on ole' Fenley and knocked him flatter'n a pancake and broke his glasses! There was Fenley in his good suit and busted glasses with fat Herman with his pants on fire rolling on top of him. Me and Mac laughed so hard we fell on the ground. Then we beat it back around front so we wouldn't look suspicious.

I guess ole' Featherbee put two and two together and figured it had to have been us, so we got sent up to Fenley. We just played real innocent like and got off with a good talking to. 'Course, they couldn't prove it was us. My mom'd have something to say about it if he spanked me when he couldn't prove I did it.

We decided we better play it smart for a while, so we started playing chase-the-girls again. Besides, Herman stayed home 'cause he got fried feet.

After a week chasing girls got kinda boring, and things had quieted down about Herman's shoes, when Mac came up with a good one. Mac's the shorty of the group, but he's got a lot upstairs. Anyway, he found this rotten old dead bird and put it inside ole' Herman's desk. That morning Herman shuffled in





and sat down, and when he opened the desk and saw that rotten bird he peed his pants! Then he just sorta made these choking noises like he couldn't breathe, and his eyes got so big we thought they'd fall out. His mother had to come get him cause he got sick and threw up. Miss Featherbee got so mad she turned purple and started to cry. She said something about "poor Herman--being so sick--you shouldn't do things like that." She was crying so hard nobody really caught what she said. We decided to cool it for a while, anyway. Besides, we couldn't think of any new tricks.

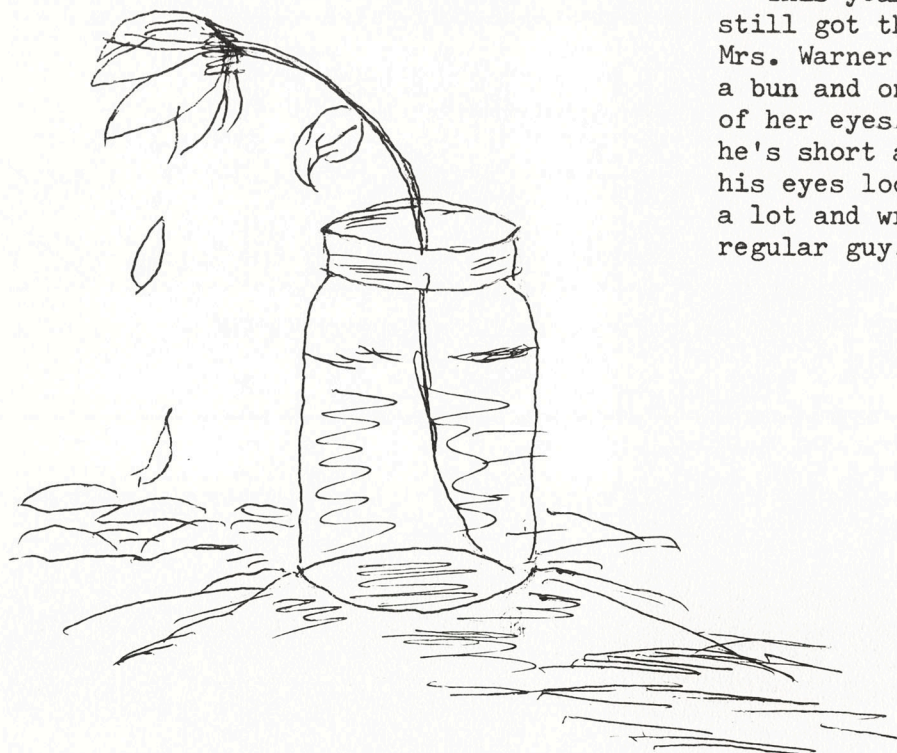
The next day Herman didn't come to school and Miss Featherbee came in late with her eyes puffy and purple. She told us we needed to bring a dime the next day for flowers for Herman.

Then she told us what a nice boy he was and we should take a lesson from Herman because he'd probable be cannonized some day. One kid raised his hand and asked if that meant he'd joined the circus and was gonna be shot from a cannon, and we all laughed 'cause everybody knew Herman wouldn't fit inside a cannon. Miss Featherbee just started to cry.

My Mom said Herman had been sick for a long time and probably wouldn't make it this time. I guess she meant he was gonna die.



This year we're in fifth grade. We still got the ole' gang together in Mrs. Warner's class. She's old and has a bun and one long eyebrow across the top of her eyes. There's one kid in our class he's short and wears glasses so thick his eyes look crossed. He reads books a lot and writes poems. He's not a regular guy.



illustrations by Pat Farnsworth



## Dream

Toby Jacquez

"Jake! Jake, get up! You'll be late for work!"

As the sleep faded from his mind, Jake thought that at 27 he was as a prisoner serving a life sentence.

"Jake! Get up so you can eat! Hurry!"

He didn't mind leaving sleep behind to earn a living. It appeared to Jake, though, he was leaving one dream-world and entering another. The world he was getting ready for seemed to be like a late movie re-run.

Get up, go to work, have lunch-break, work, come home, watch T.V., sleep, Get up, go to work, have lunch-break, work, come home, watch T.V., sleep. Get up, go to work, have lunch-break, work, come home, watch T.V., sleep. That was the hated routine he lived through 48 weeks of the year. The other four were split up between a so-called vacation, sick leave and the Christmas holiday.

Jake was tied down and he knew it. He had two children, a wife and house payments to support. He had a green, weedy lawn that had to be cared for, and a basement that needed cleaning. He had an 8 - 12, 1 - 5 job, to go through the movements of labor and get paid. He wanted a change and as he drove to work, he decided to create one.

The next day, a Spring day, six in the morning early, he was already up. He ate a butter and toast breakfast and was off. He didn't know where he was off to, but the important thing to Jake today was that he was on his way. Two hours later, the smog, people and life of the city were behind him. He suddenly realized that he had driven to the hometown of his youth, and he was pulling into the empty home of his childhood and early teens. As he stepped out of his car, Richardson, an old, long past neighbor called out:

"Jake, I'll be! What the hell is the city boy, Jake Jameston, doing here?"

"Hello, Mr. Richardson. Just here to look around, I guess."

"Well boy, it's good to see ya. Been quiet around since your daddy passed on. . . What is it, two, three years now?"

At the thought of his father, happy memories flooded the mind of the traveler. As a young boy he had run through the streets of this sleepy town, played on the wilderness on the outside of town, laughed, cried, chased girls, shot rabbits and just enjoyed himself. There had been no pattern then. He lived life. His father had helped him.

"Yes sir, It'll be three years in May."

"Aw hell, he was a good man. Your Mama was good,too."



"Aw hell, he was a good man. Your Mama was good, too."

Mama, when had he last seen her? It seemed thousands of years gone past. She had fed him, babied his hurts, kept him in spending money, and she had cleaned up after him the first time he got drunk, then sick. She cried when he married.

"Yes sir, she was good, too."

He looked around at his former, sleepy town. It was rested at the foot of mountains, where the cool breezes would blow in the heat of summer, and the blanket of winter was not something disliked, but enjoyed. He noted that carefree children still roamed the small, paved in gravel streets. The small neat houses were all freshly painted and the clean air, green trees and mountains sharpened his senses and made him feel grateful for being alive. There arose a yearning within him to come back to a slowed, easy-paced life.

That was it!

Jake suddenly decided that he would leave the rut he was in and return home. Even if he created a new one, it would be better than the one he was in. At his thoughts of a new freedom, he became drunken, he hadn't felt this buzz of joy in his brain since he had driven a car the first time. He felt now as he had then. How? How?, he asked himself, had he allowed himself to become trapped in the routine that had become his life? He loved his family (he thought he did anyway) and he believed that this would be the best thing he could ever do for them.

"Mr. Richardson, is there any work around here?"

"Well, might be . . . let's see. Old man Anderson needs somebody to help him run his store. I reckon he'd take you on."

"Thanks, thanks alot!"

Later, driving home Jake felt a well-being that warmed him. He felt sure the kids would love a new home where they could breath and grow free from crowds and the hassel of city life. He was sure that Debbie, his wife, would accept the idea. All was set; he had a job and he could move his family into his old home.

Jake could picture himself growing old in a welcomed way. There would be a swing on his white porch to swing on at night in the summer after work; his son could learn to live and hunt in the outdoors and be at peace with nature, while there was still a little nature left; his daughter would be the best-looking girl at her Junior Prom; and his wife would gain the wisdom of a country, small town woman; quiet, reserved and loving. He was at the height of a man's pleasure; he felt as if a king upon a throne.

Jake got home, excited, full of his good news. Happy as any one man could be.

"Debbie, kids! I'm home!"

"Well, well. If it isn't our wandering bread-winner!"

"Where have you been Jake?" greeted his wife.

"Deb, sit down and listen. We're going back home, we're leaving the city!"

"What?"



"We're moving. I've got a house, Mom and Dad's, and a little job to live on! It's gonna be gre. . ."

She cut him off. "You've don what and we're going to live where?"

Jake hurriedly went through what had gone on during the day.

"Jake, are you crazy?" said his wife, "We just can't pick up and leave everything we've got."

"But we've, we've got to leave! Can't you see I'm going nuts in this God damned hole we're all in!" "Can't you see how great this'll be for the kids and you?"

"Jake, Go to bed, you're drunk."

"But Deb, Deb I'm not. I'm serious!"

Debbie had already left the room. Jake stood alone with his words and his dream. He stood alone knowing soon he would be in his rut, his routine, his life and the thought sickened him.

He slowly turned, entered his bedroom and went to bed.

The next day, the prisoner got up, went to work, had his lunch-break, worked, went home, watched T.V., then slept.

The life-sentence had begun, again. But at 27, Jake was already dead.





Fused as one

we fight for individuality

only to be fragments

of lost hopes and dreams

Ted Howard

Metalic machines clitter clatter

all making my life naught but a

matter of fact.

and amid the noise,

of madmen's toys,

I've lost my identity.

No one knows but me,

what sails upon the sea,

of my mind.

And what sails within my soul,

is naught but an

entity.

Gilbert Rodriguez



you wonder at my smile.  
single file.

you saw it as you passed

you turned, i know,  
and whispered.

unnatural you say?

not really.

although you've never seen me smile,  
inside.  
i smiled, dear friends, at You.

i have.

you say i never laughed? i did.  
inside.  
i laughed, dear friends, at You.

each saying, and agreeing, "how odd"  
the other is.  
and laughing, or if you cannot laugh  
at each other.

you smile,

and so you pass your life in merriment.  
you laugh, you joke, you smile,  
such humorous thoughts at You.

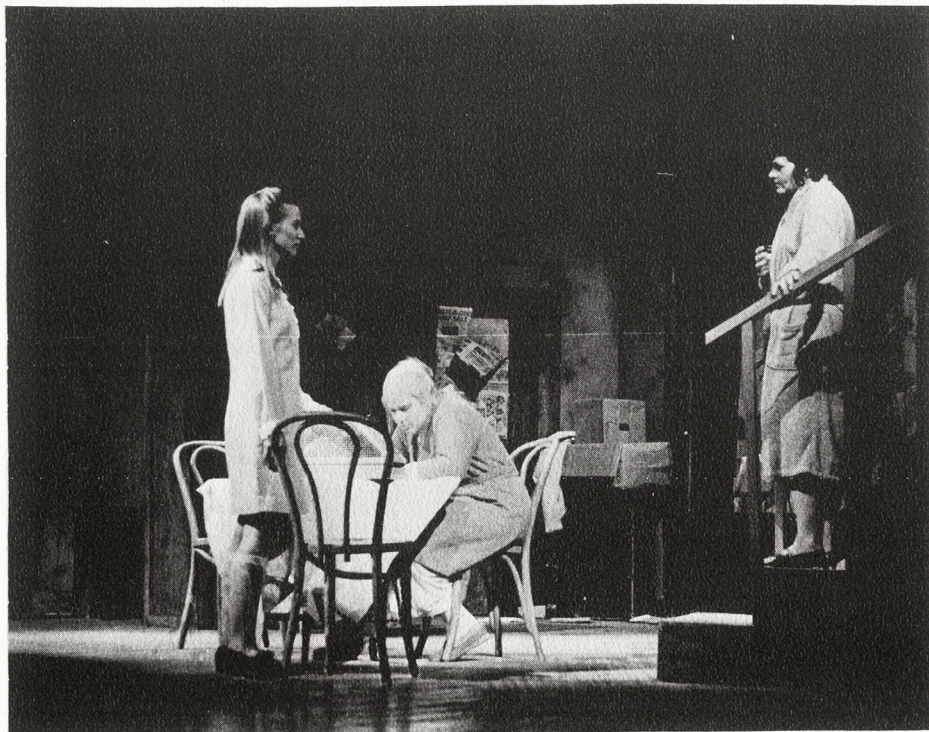
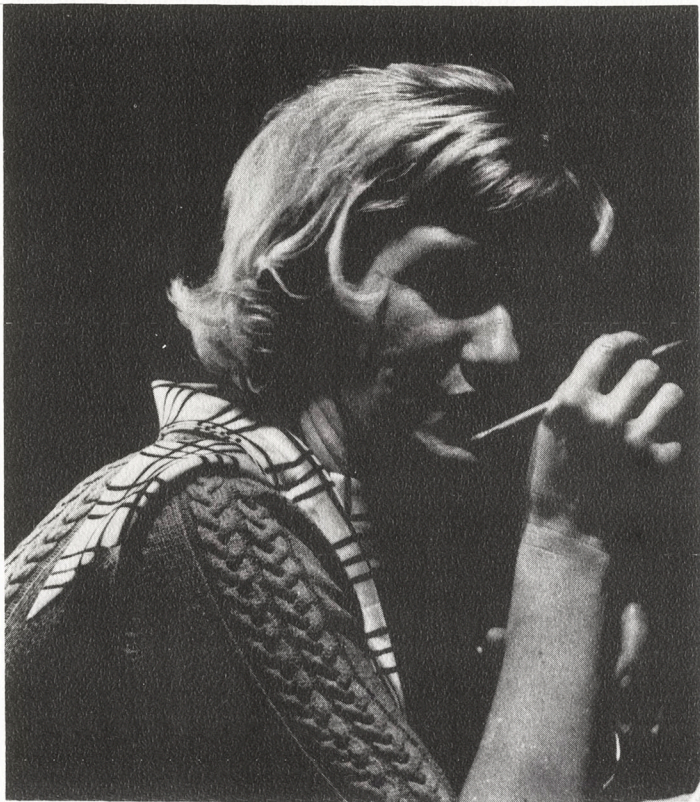
this smile, you see, is ageless.  
its gradual arc  
my testimony to your cause.  
and still, in death,

i smile, dear friends,

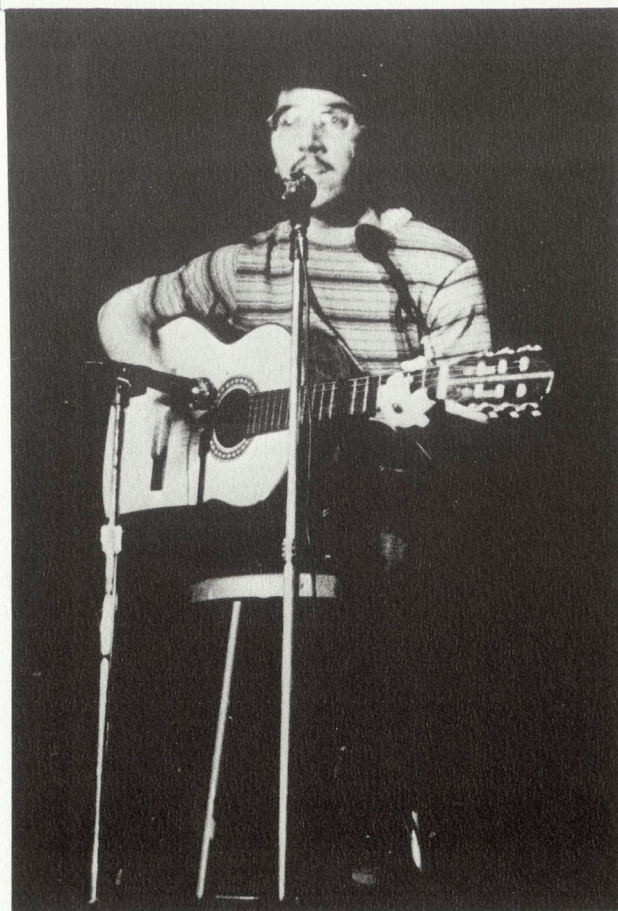
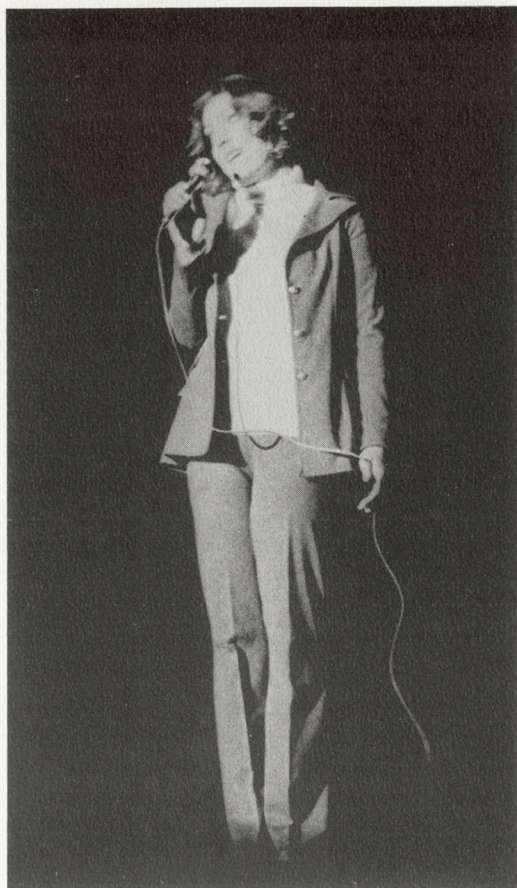
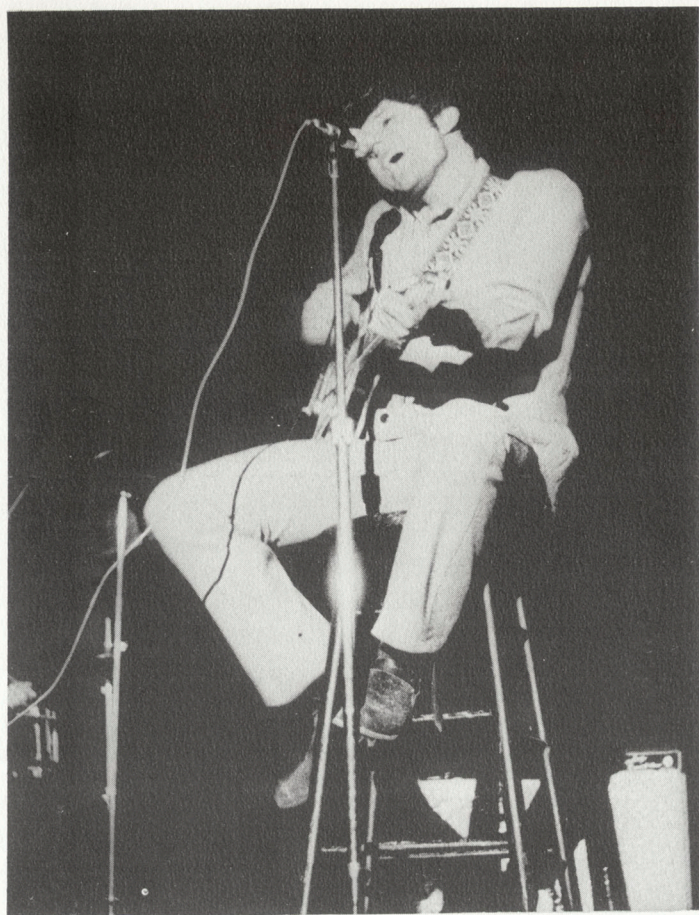
at You.

kenneth a. miller













A FIST FULL OF YEN

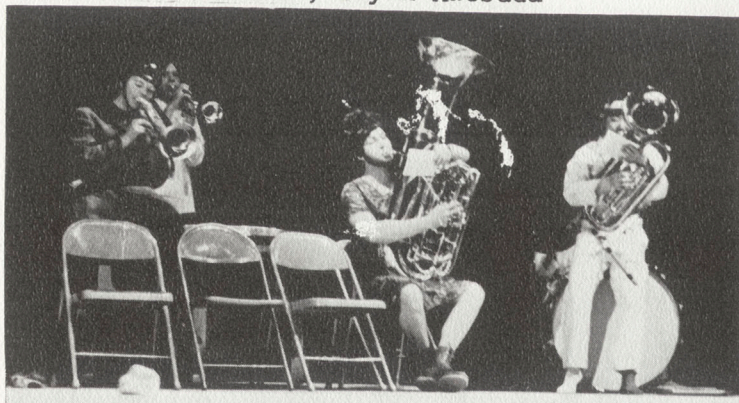


Bryan Matsuda, Brent Leonard

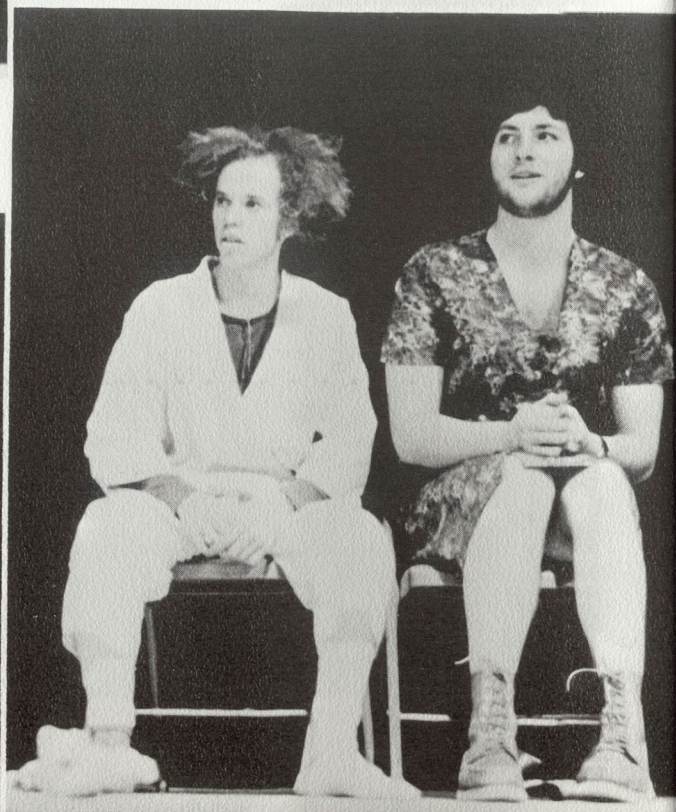
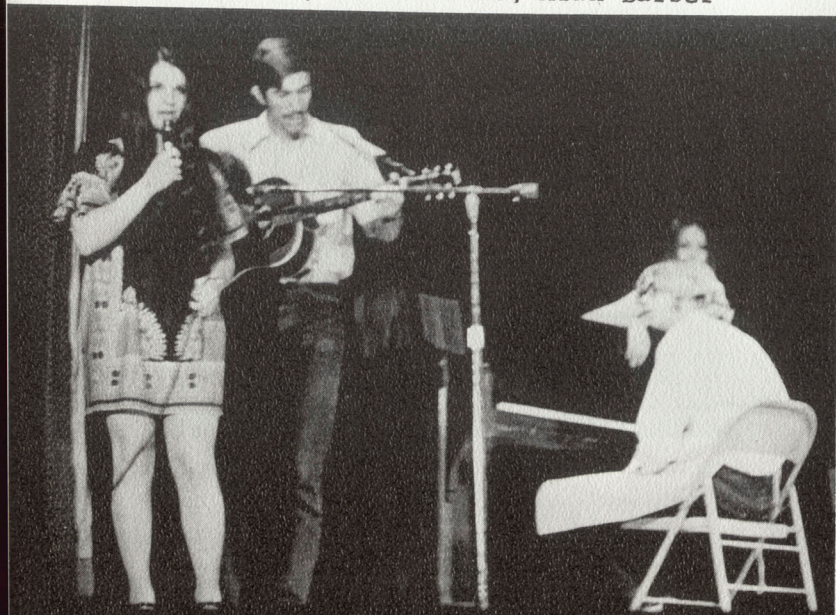


Jessie Montez

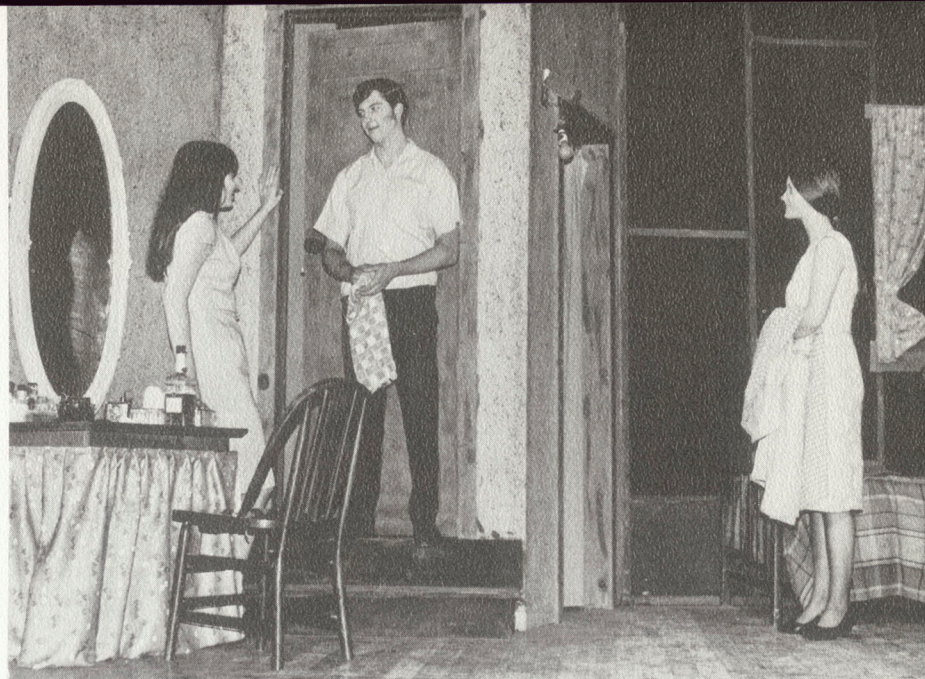
Gordon Odendahl, Alan Barber  
Jim Jensen, Bryan Matsuda



Sheila Jensen, Sam Falsone, Alan Barber

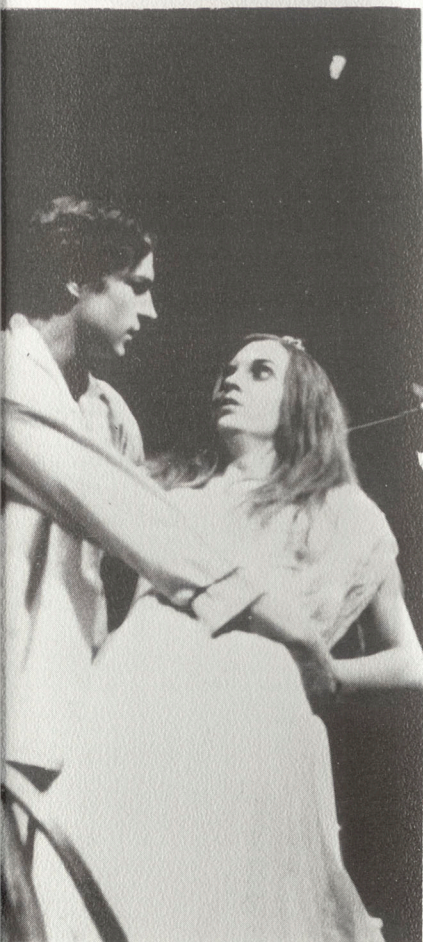




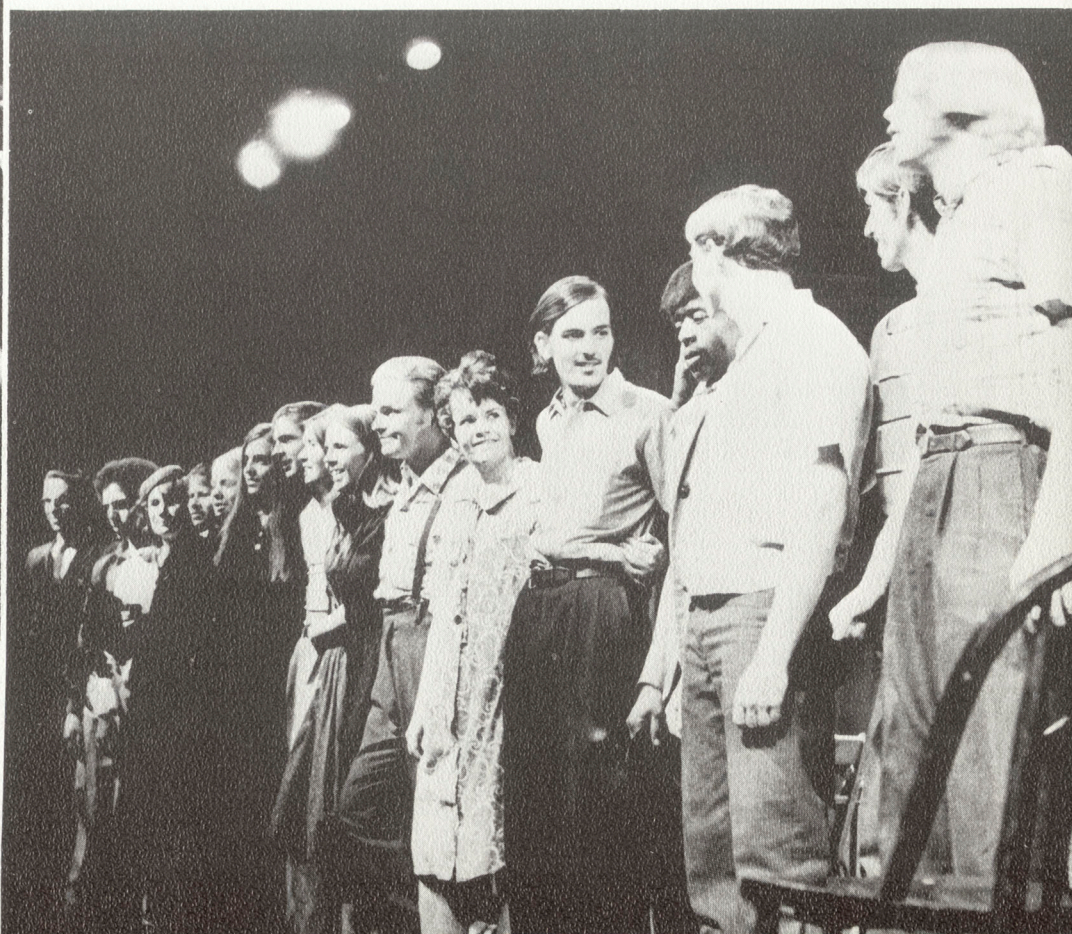


Mary Schultz Brent Gardner Debby Forsyth

Steve Yack Mary Schultz



# STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE





Michelle Monks, Sam Falsone, Max Guymon



## MOUSE TRAP



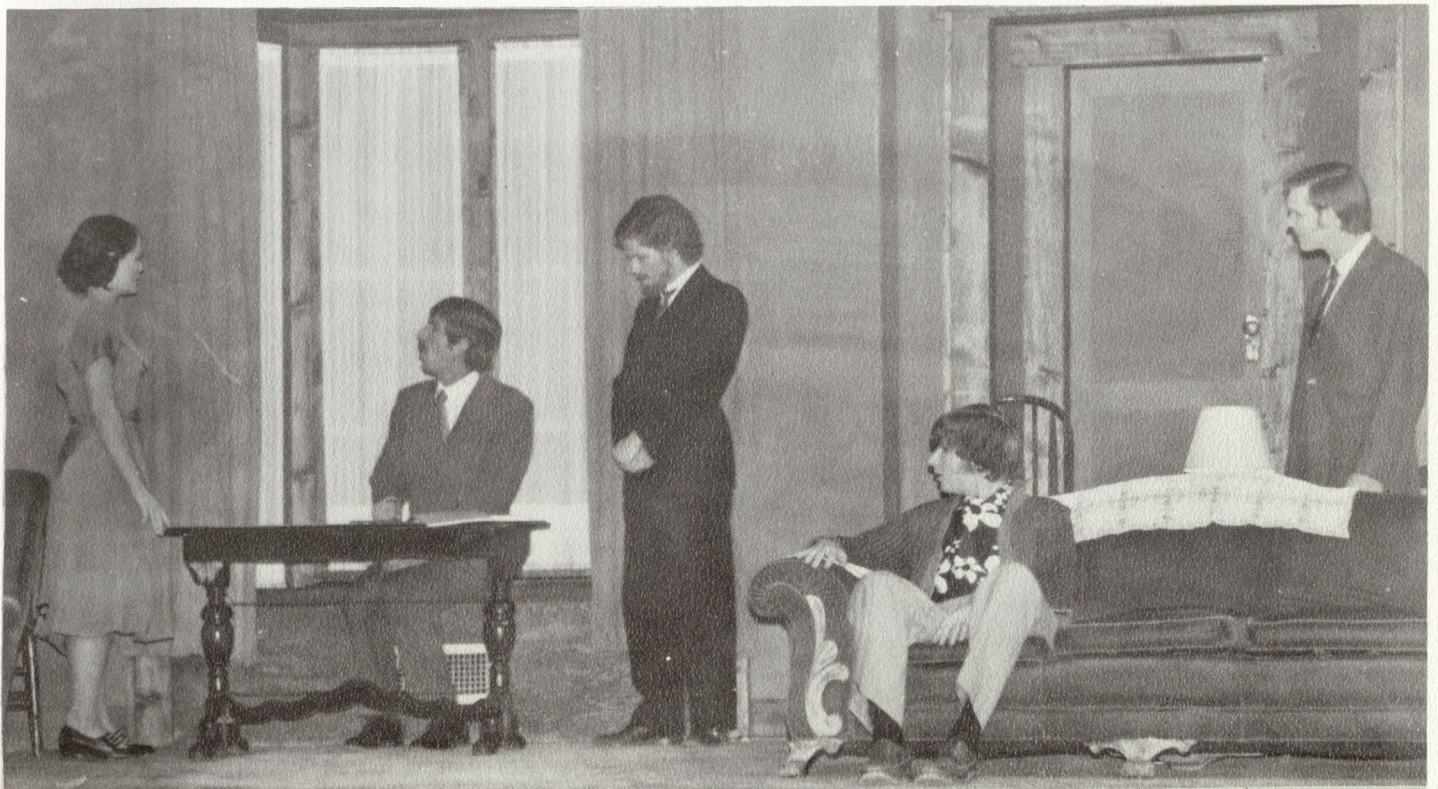
Lucia Pappas, Ward Jackins



Ward Jackins, Pat Farnsworth, Max Guymon



Michelle Monks, Sam Falsone, Mike Bragdon, Ward Jackins, Max Guymon







Dennis Dooley, Steve Yack, and Mary Schultz



Steve Yack and Toby Jacquez

Steve Yack, Mary Schultz, Lee Johnson and Toby Jacquez





# THE RAINMAKER

by N. Richard Nash

H. C. - Dennis Dooley  
Noah - Steve Yack  
Jimmy - Toby Jacquez  
Lizzie - Mary Schultz  
Sheriff - Wendell Johnson  
File - Jay Leavitt  
Starbuck - Lee Johnson

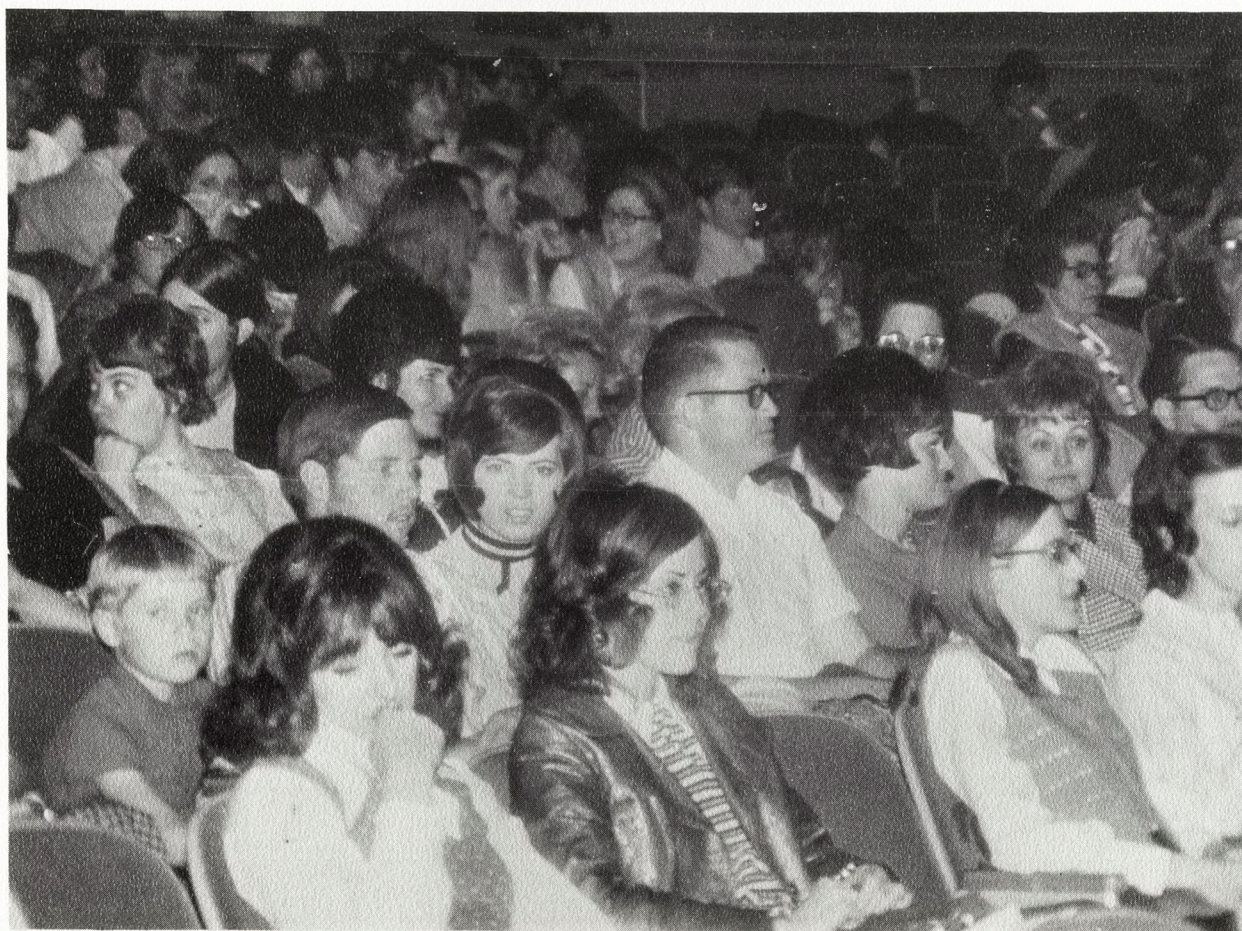


Wendell Johnson and Jay Leavitt

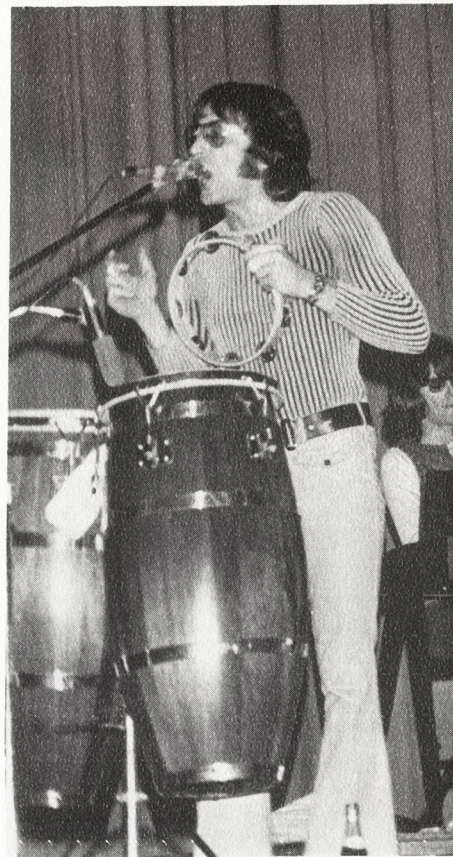


Steve Yack, Toby Jacquez, Lee Johnson, Mary Schultz, and Dennis Dooley





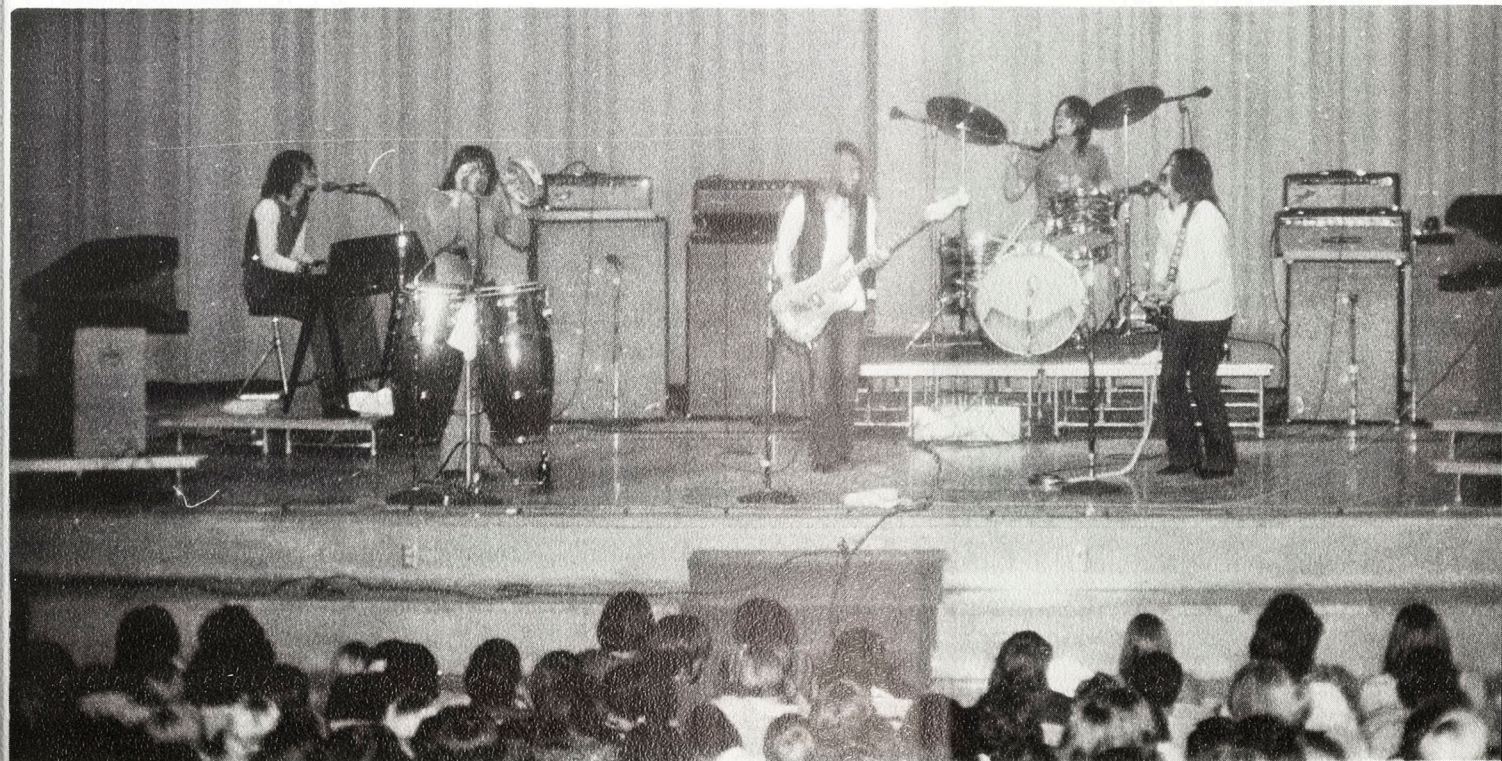




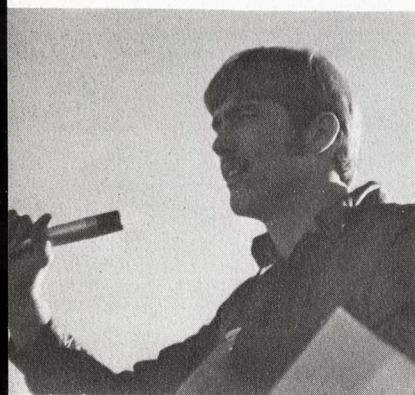
FIVE

MAN

ELECTRICAL BAND







Coach Mike Perry



Coach Pete Clark

Broadcaster Brad Monks







POWDER PUFF  
FOOTBALL

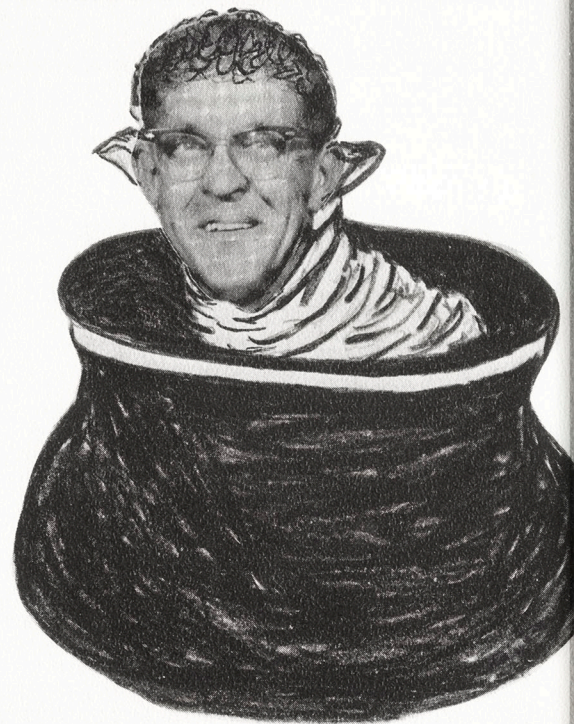




## ELLIS OVESON'S FAMOUS MUTTON STEW

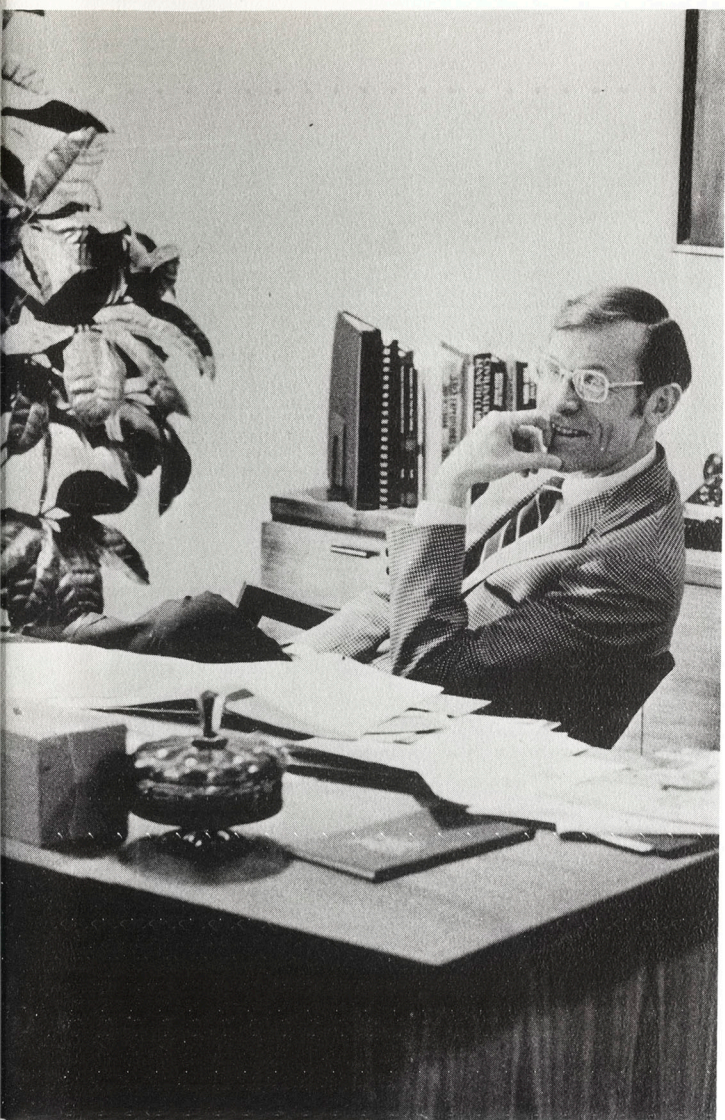
2 garlic buttons  
2 tart onions  
6 potatoes  
6 large carrots  
½ head lettuce  
1 head cauliflower  
3 dozen dumplings  
1 leg of mutton

Cook mutton well done then add other ingredients and cook till well done. Add salt and pepper to please taste.



Would you like mutton in your stew sir??

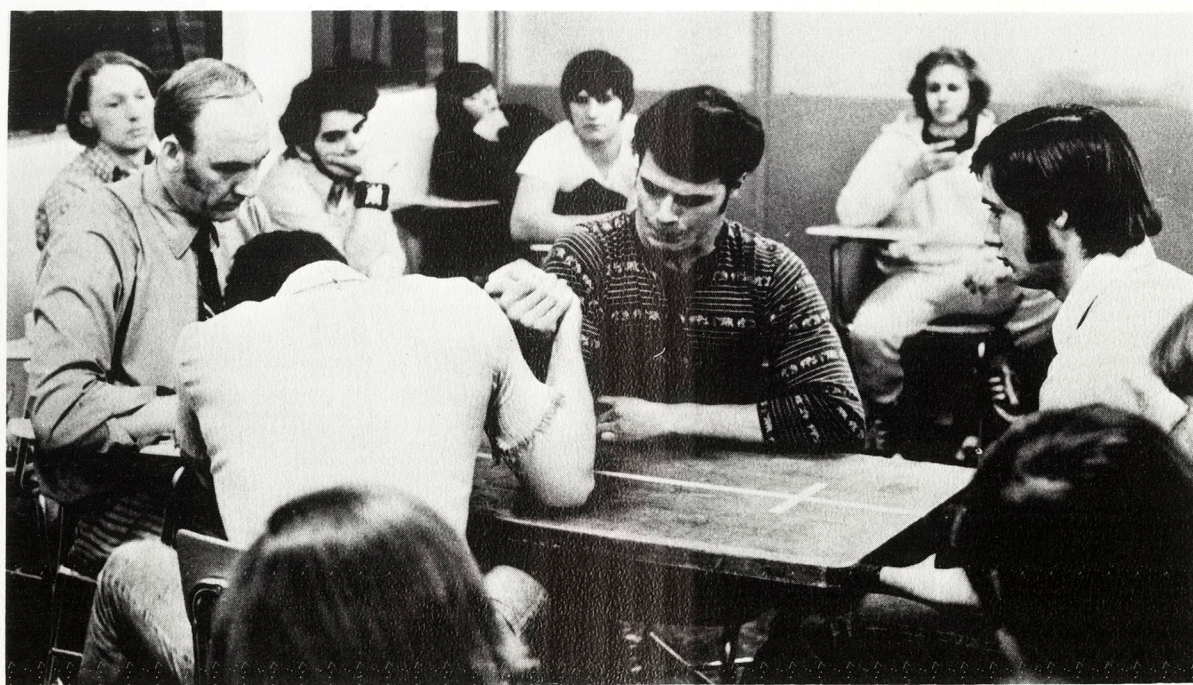




Mutton stew??

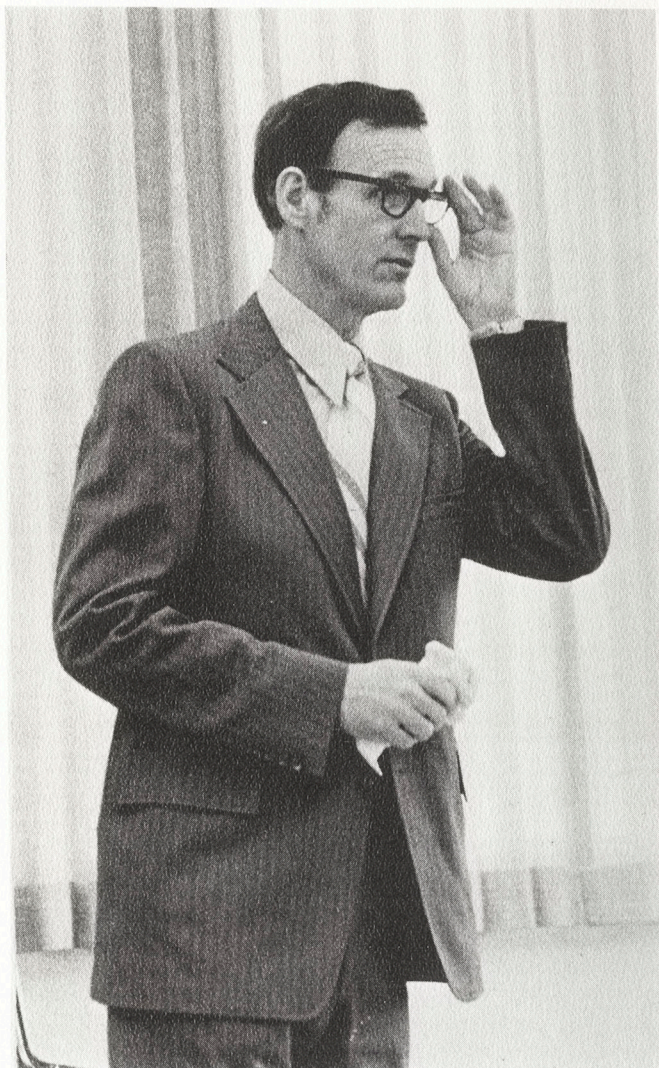


No, I don't want any mutton stew!



STEW OR DIE!





President McDonald

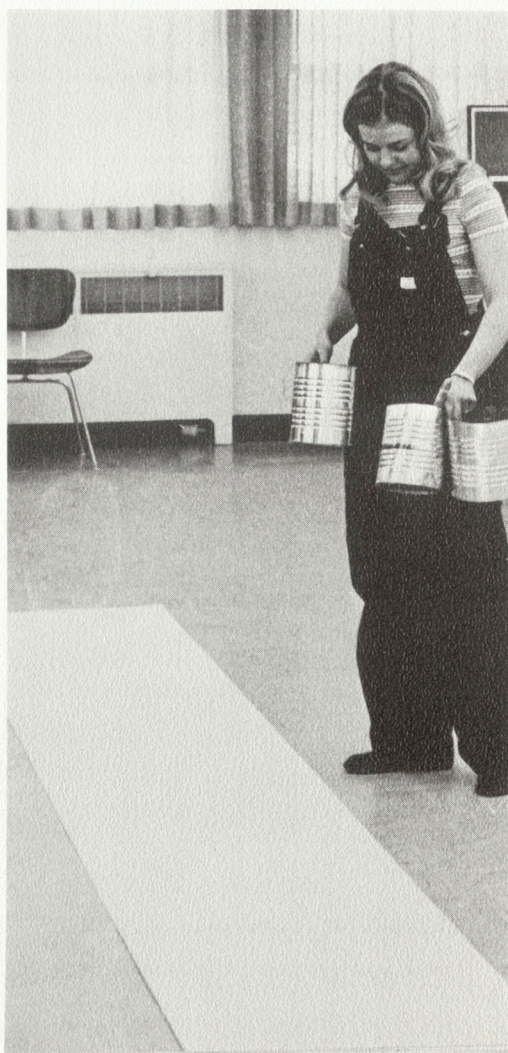
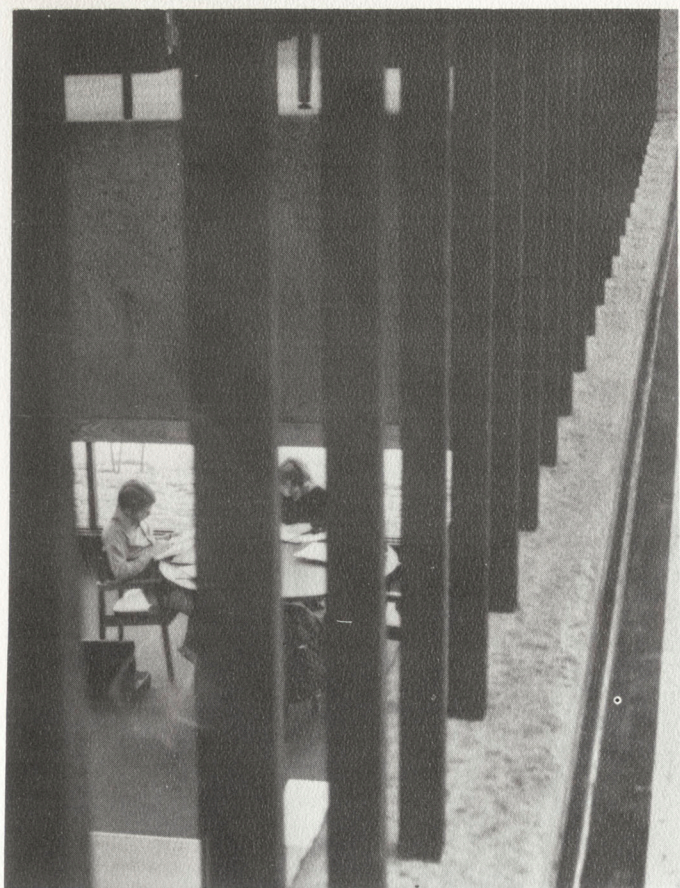


Mrs. MacKnight

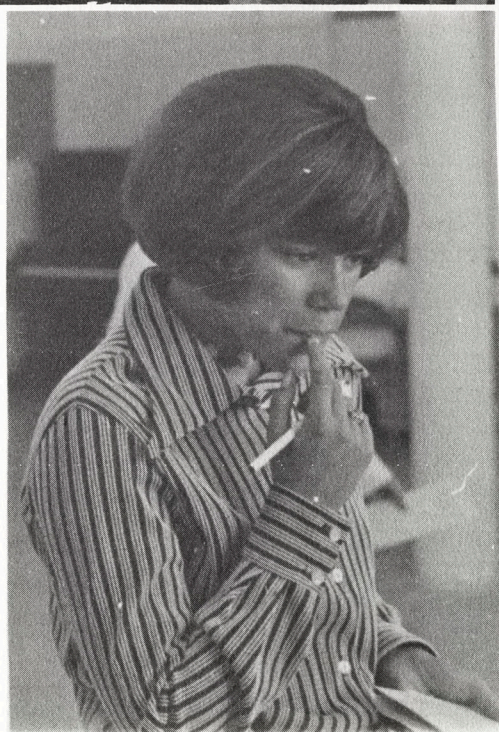
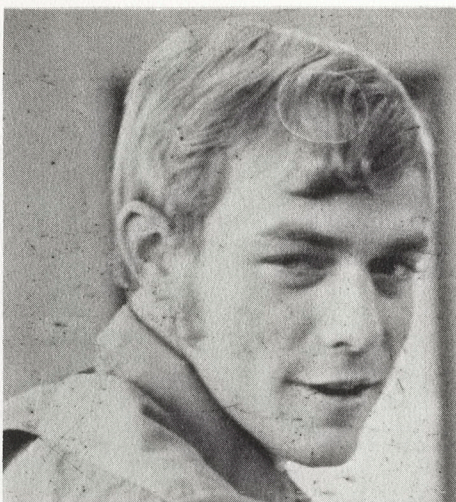
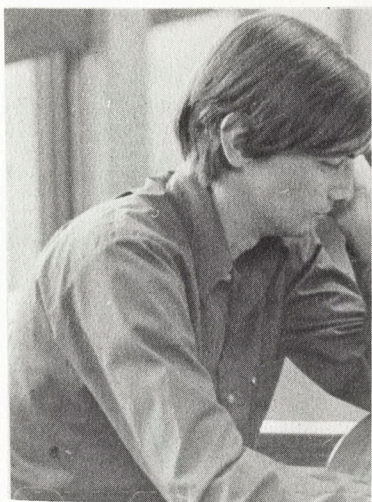


And of course Bach in the Baroque Era and Beethoven in the Classical . . . and that's our literature lesson for the day. Of course I hate to use a personal example - but that's all I know.









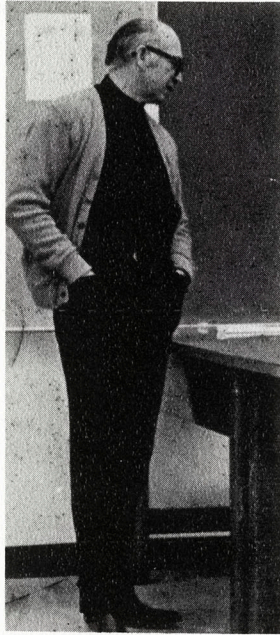
Gain not base gains; base gains are the same as losses..Hesiod



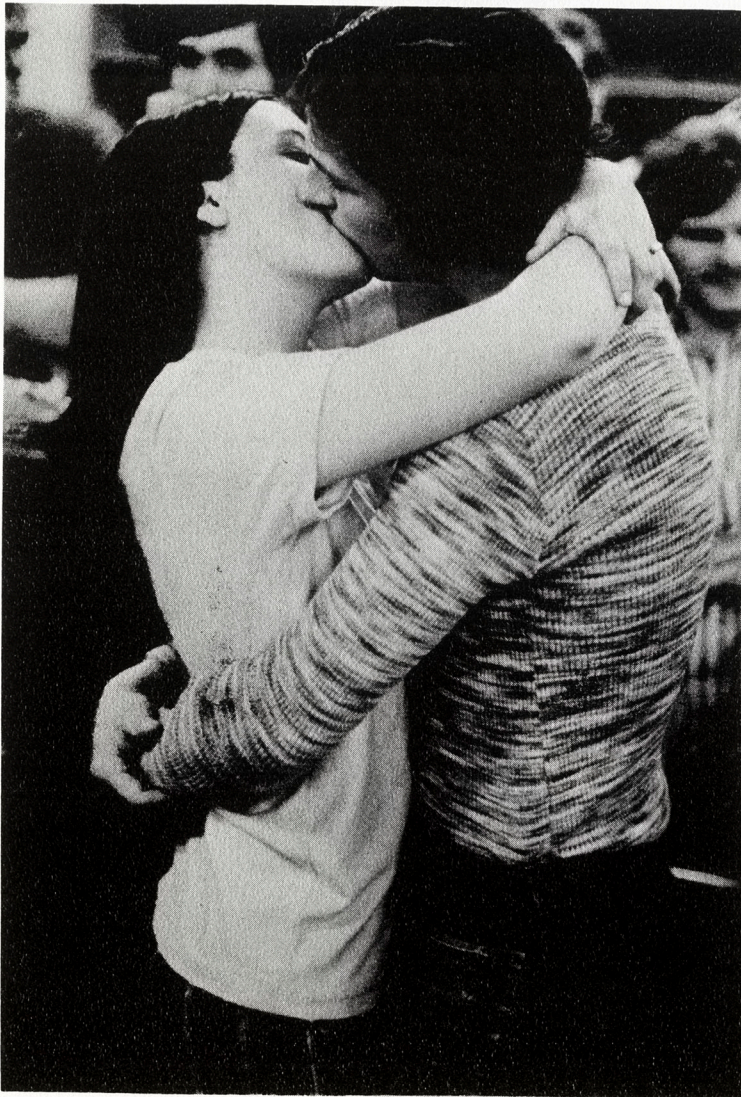
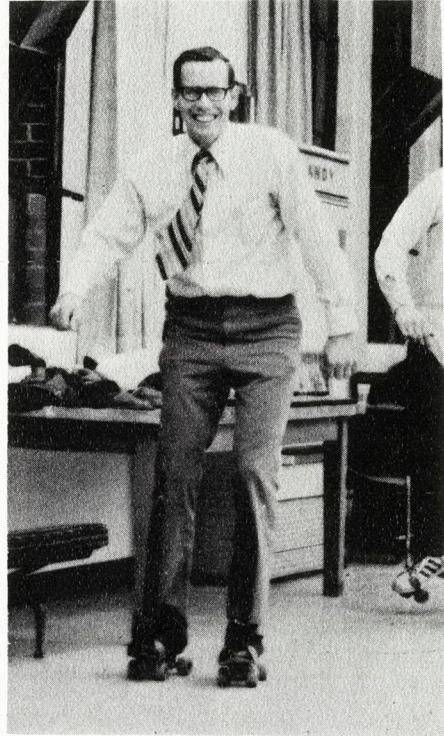




Dr. Selman

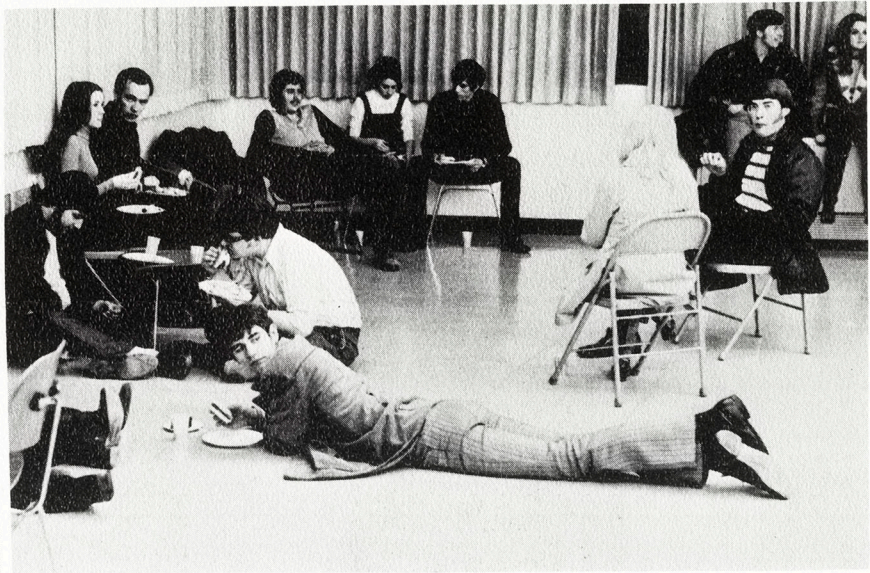
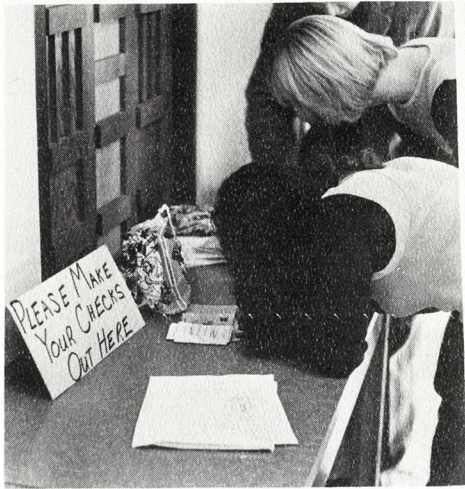


Mr. Torgerson



Mrs. Pizza











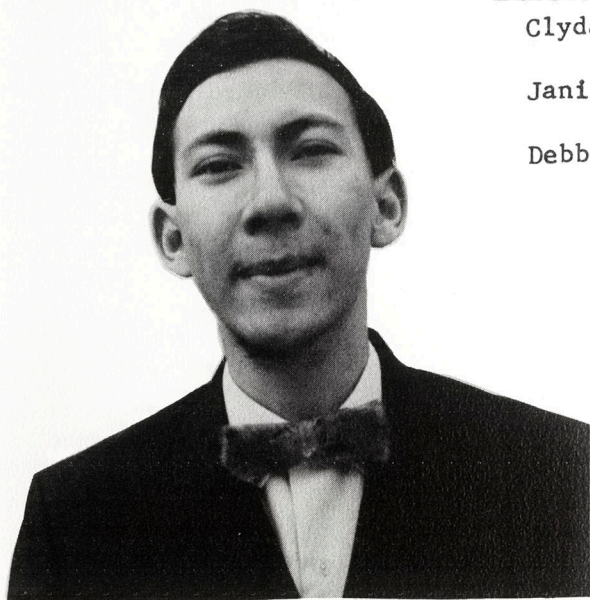


MOST POPULAR COEDS

Clyda Frandsen

Janice Davis

Debbie Dunn



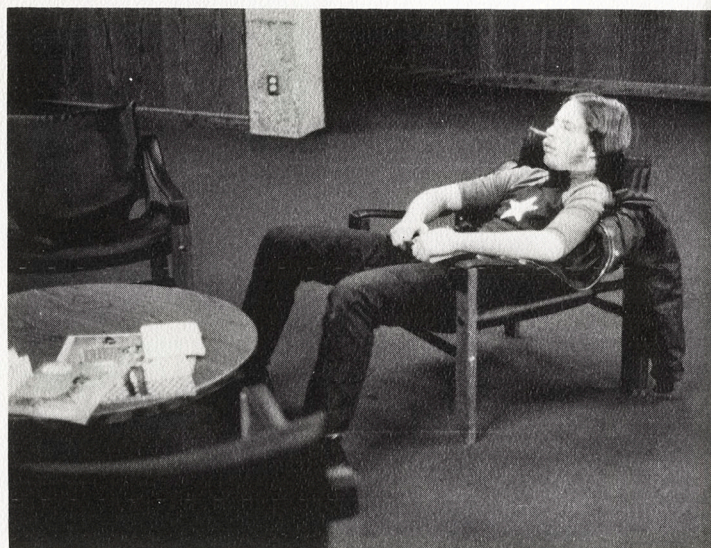
Are you satisfied now George?

GEORGE REGINALD PEARNE  
(MOST POPULAR PO-ET)



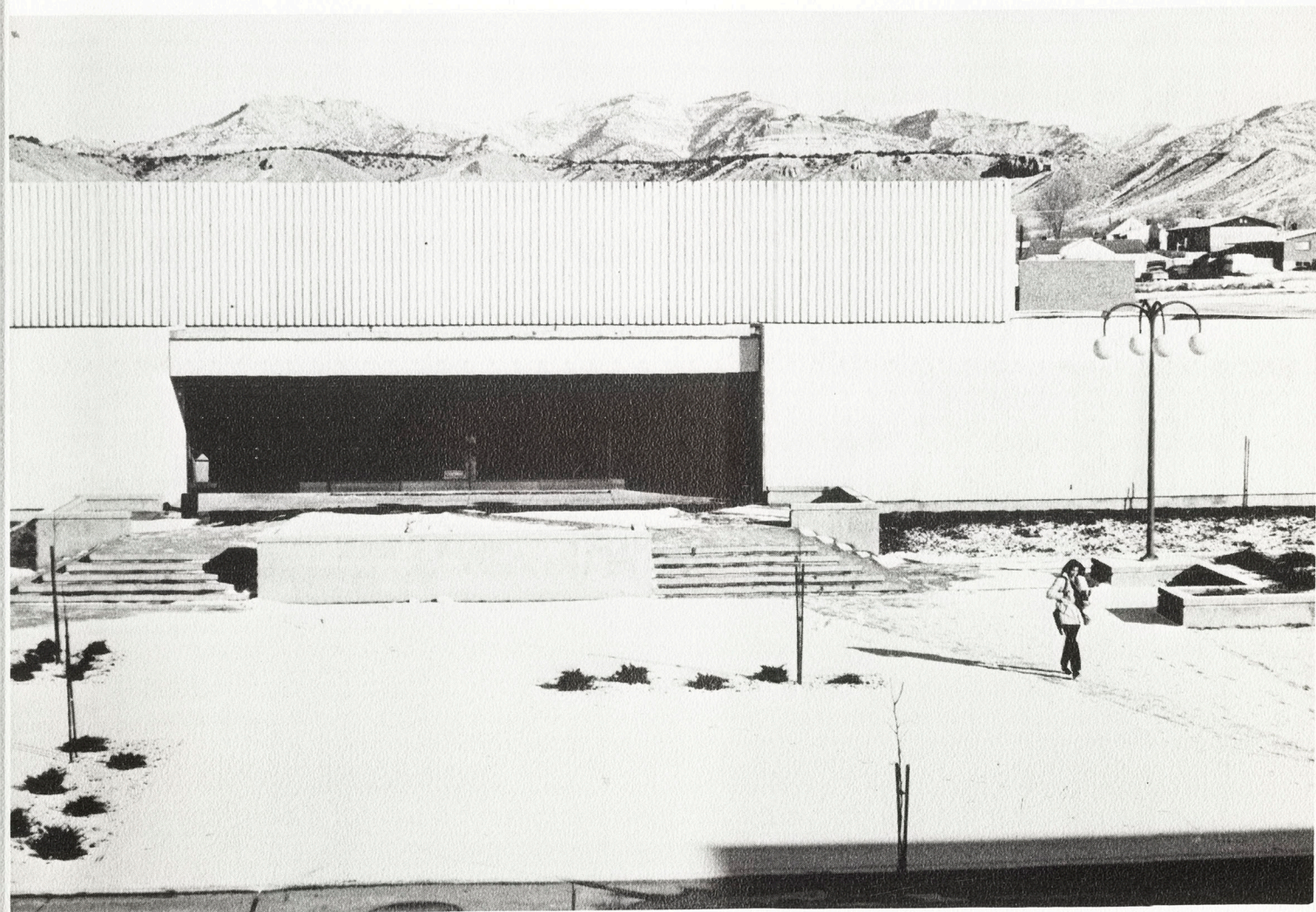
THINKING, SHARING, FORGIVING, UNDERSTANDING.

GIVING, LEARNING, CHANGING. . .





STRIVING TO KNOW LOVE IN ALL ITS FORMS, AND TO KNOW THE TRUST OF A FRIEND, A  
TRUE FRIEND; TO BELIEVE IN MYSELF AND TO LOVE MYSELF FOR WHAT I AM, AND FOR WHAT  
I MAY BE TO OTHERS. . .



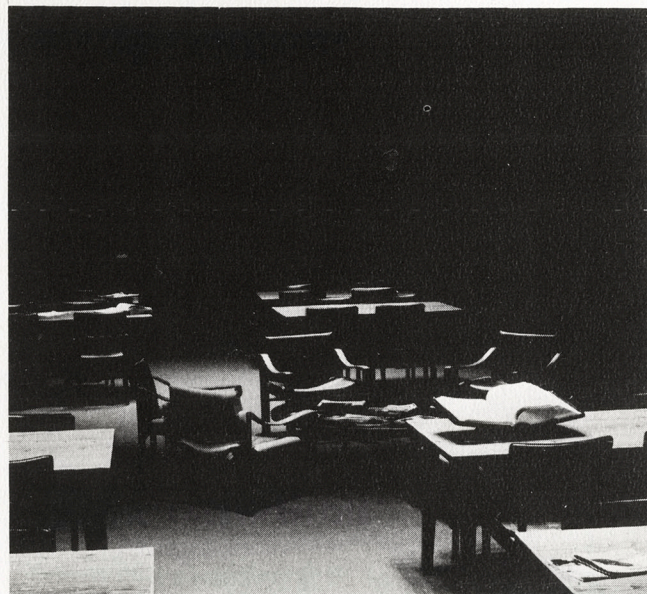


THE HARDNESS, THE COLDNESS, THE MASKS ARE GONE. . .

I HAVE FOUND MY OWN KIND OF JOY.

LIVING IN HARMONY WITH NATURE,

TO BE ALIVE. . .







"I WENT TO THE WOODS BECAUSE I WISHED TO LIVE DELIBERATELY, TO FRONT ONLY  
THE ESSENTIAL FACTS OF LIFE, AND SEE IF I COULD NOT LEARN WHAT IT HAD TO TEACH,  
AND NOT WHEN I CAME TO DIE, DISCOVER I HAD NOT LIVED."

HENRY THOREAU





HAPINESS COMES FROM STRIVING--

DRIVING--

LOVING--

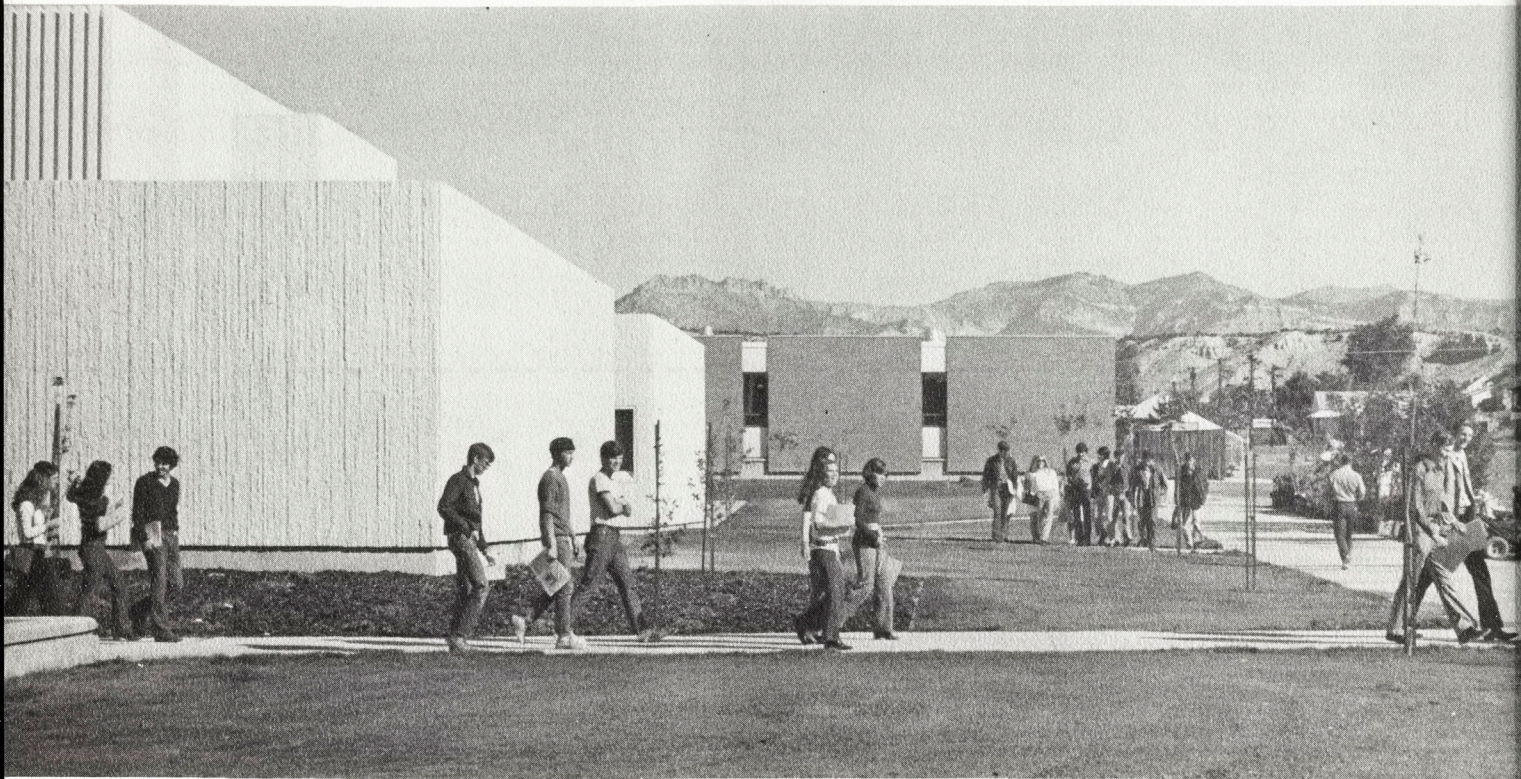
ACHIEVING--

CONQUERING--

ALWAYS SOMETHING POSITIVE

AND FORCEFUL.

D.S. JORDAN



"I EXIST AS I AM, THAT IS ENOUGH."

WALT WHITTMAN



REVERBRATIONS. . .

MIRRORED IN THE VIBRATION OF A RAINDROP.

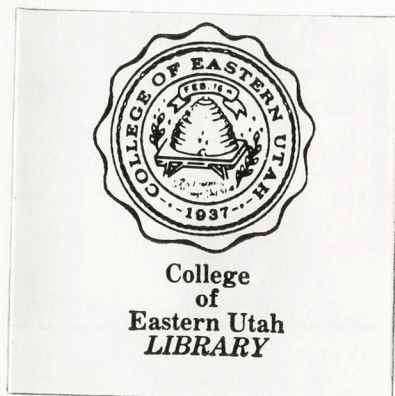
A RIVER, A MOUNTAIN TO BE CROSSED.

THE SUNSHINE IN THE CLOUDS SOMETIMES LOST.

I STILL REMEMBER THE DREAM THERE.







AS PEDALS OF A FLOWER, UNIFIED,  
WE FOUND OURSELVES CAUGHT UP IN  
AN ENORMOUS PLAN -- A PLAN OF TRIAL  
AND ERROR -- AN EXPERIMENT.

WE ARE TOGETHER, REACHING FOR A PERFECT  
COMPOSITION, ENCOMPASSED BY PRESSURED  
ACHIEVEMENT, HAVING NO OPTIONS TO  
SUCCESS.

EVERYONE IS PART OF A PUZZLE,  
FITTING BY THE ROUND OR SQUARE  
EDGES OF EXPERIENCE.

THE 1971-72 PRETEXT STAFF DEDICATES  
THESE PAGES TO THE STUDENTS OF  
C.E.U. TO THOSE WHO CARED, WHO  
TOOK TIME TO TRY TO IMPROVE THEIR  
ENVIRONMENT, WE SAY, THANK YOU.

THIS WAS OUR BEGINNING, IT HAS NO  
END. ORGANIZED IMAGINATION STOPS ONLY  
WHEN ITS EFFORTS ARE FRUITLESS. IF  
IT HAS REVIVED ANY HUMAN EMOTION,  
IT HAS BEEN A SUCCESS.



P R E T E X T   S T A F F   1971-72

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Ken Miller - Photographer

Susan Atwood



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Nick Curtis

Linda Davis

Nelda Harvey

Barbara Odendahl

Danny Piacitelli

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Linda Kell

Kathey Knight

Colleen Nelson

Jerry Pacheco

Gilbert Rodriquez

  
GRR



**prevaricative**





