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"I Have Five Daughters"

Junior-Senior Banquet







"Rocket '58 — Destination, Life"

JULIET KOSSMAN, Presiding

May 22, 1958

1:30 P. M.

Alma Mater - - - - -	STUDENT BODY
Welcome - - - - -	JULIET KOSSMAN
Ready for Launching - - - - -	ROY MOON
Song, "Moonglow" - - - - -	SENIOR BOYS
Rocket '58 - - - - -	CAROL WEBSTER
The Pictograph Shows - - - - -	NED MITCHELL
Song, "Moments to Remember" - - - - -	SENIOR CLASS
These You'll Remember - - - - -	DINKY DALTON
Top Secret, No. 071895740 - - - - -	SANDRA WISE
Mother Thinks So - - - - -	WARREN THORNELL
Song, "Dream" - - - - -	SENIOR GIRLS
A Dream - - - - -	GWEN SMITH
C. H. S. Forever - - - - -	BEVERLY WOLFE
Most Likely to - - - - -	MARTHA PERRY
Song, "Stars Are the Windows of Heaven" - - - - -	SENIOR GIRLS
Destination, Life - - - - -	BILL GIVENS
We Can't Take It With Us - - - - -	DICK NEWMAN
Song, "After Graduation" - - - - -	SENIOR CLASS
Farewell - - - - -	JUNIOR CLASS

Speech by Martin Bishop, B. S., M. A., Ph. D.
(As taken directly from Cape Canaveral Classified Files)

Hello. My name is Martin Bishop, I'm one of a select group of radio isotope specialists, chosen for work at Red Stone Arsenal. My research is usually classified, so you are probably unfamiliar with my work on the proper irradiation of radioisotopes. I mention this in order for you to recognize me as a credible witness to a natural phenomenon never before believed possible. But wait! I'm getting ahead of my story.

Perhaps one of the most astounding advancements in the history of science occurred May 22, 1973. At that time I was working in the research lab at Cape Canaveral, I had been placed in charge of the nuclear power reactor responsible for the manufacture of useful radio isotopes. A severe electrical storm was in process, and as I considered cutting off the devices, lightning suddenly blazed into the nuclear reactor. The intense amount of voltage knocked me across the room, and I lay dazed, unconscious for several hours.

By the time I finally began to regain my senses, the sun had almost set and Betelgeuse was visible in the darkening dusk. I was astounded to find a green glow being emitted by the reactor, and this vile, greenish light was being projected upon a nearby inactive radar screen. One can imagine my chagrin at observing darkened shadows intermingling on the screen with the greenish glow. As my eyes focused, figures could be seen scurrying about and I could hear voices.

By the way, I have never had hallucinations of any sort, and a top-notch psychiatrist, the noted Dr. Richard Newman, has pronounced me mentally and emotionally stable.

It was, indeed, a rare bit of luck. I recognized those shadowy figures; they were former team-members from the C. H. S. testing laboratory. Since I had often wondered about their final reactions to that last blast-off, I eagerly lowered myself into a chair--notebook in hand--to record what could prove to be the most monumental episode in all scientific history.

Gradually the scene cleared and I recognized immediately the interior of a United States District Court in session. Barbee Faulkner, noted criminal lawyer, was the defense attorney for the Seven-Star Air Force General Grissom, who had recently established a new record by going around the world in eighty seconds. She was trying to prove that Tommy didn't kill his wife, Jo Ann Hudson, with a bow and arrow. The August judge, Her Honor Helen Robertson, seemed convinced of Tommy's guilt. Bettie Green, Jane Cole and Joyce Montgomery were among the serious-faced jurors.

Electro-magnetic waves clouded the screen, but just for a couple of minutes; then they dispersed and scenes flashed by so rapidly that anything but the briefest of notes was an impossibility. SETTING NEW YORK; A United Nations conference room and Carol Webster taking dictation from the distinguished Ambassador from Syria, Lila Nosset. The stage of NBC's studio, where Joe Beevers was emceeing the nation's most popular program. Guest star for the evening was a dazzling blonde in a stark white uniform--Frances Gilbert--Nurse of the Year. For once in my life, I found even the commercials exciting; Bailey Pan-Cake Mix and Glow and Glitter Shampoo--most convincingly ballyhooed by Mary Nell Bailey and red-haired Irene Fly. Joe's program featured the twisting twins and the Ferri Sisters, the former an acrobatic stunt by June and Joyce Dalton, first perfected under the tutelage of Coach Wade, and the latter, a famous harmonizing duo, not really sisters, but cousins. Came the announcement, "Crooner Hollingsworth, ladies and gentlemen, who will give you 'I'm Just a Itty-Bitty Boy with a Great Big Heart'." And that was all. . . THE WALDORF TOWERS, with a literary tea in progress, for Pat Barr, author of the best seller, I MARRIED A MAN FROM MARS. Billy Givens, New York Times editor, was all over the place, apparently interspersing highbrow conversation with low-brow jokes and rating a good laugh ever so often. I smiled approval at model Betsy Walker, even prettier than she used to be, in a knock-out creation of Rocket Red--an Ellen Moore Original, I heard somebody say. I was tense--looking, listening, making notes--not wanting to miss any of the excitement. In the crowd, all paying due deference to Pat, I managed to spot socialite Dale McCaleb, just back from Main Chance, and Joe Posey--Academy Award Winner in the role of Pal Joey, in which he made Frank Sinatra look like a rank amateur. . . "A GREENWICH VILLAGE GARRET and a struggling poet, Willie Frank Crawford, beating out deathless ditties on a battered typewriter. . ." A BEER PLANT in the Bronx--not too attractive a spot--but Johnny Hazzard, the official taster, seemed to be having a wonderful time. . . "THE CLOISTERS, tourists unloading from a Grey Line bus and the driver, Paul Webster, saying: "Just a minute before you get lost in all that medieval art. Look across the way at that stone mansion. Well, maybe you can't see the house but you can see the sign over that fancy gate, can't you): "Happiness Hollow--Hostesses, Nancy Grisham and Bobby Ann Robertson. . ." That's New York's most famous home for spinsters and business ain't as rushing as you might think. You know why? Phi Beta Kappa Key you got to have--whatever that is. Well, this way, folks, if you just got to have culture. . . "CONEY ISLAND, with its special brand of entertainment and its milling throngs. Larry Clemons was there playing a flute for Martha Lynn's sinuous snake dance--there was no mistaking them; Corinne Bishop, in complete command of a floating crap game; Doug Ragsdale, selling hamburgers faster than the cooks could make them; barker Kay Boyd, doing her dead level best to entice customers into Place Pigalle, where Miriam Jacks knocked out tunes for Can-Can high steppers--Dot King, Gloria Sims, Jo Ann Herrington, and LaVerne Whitaker; Jerry Wigington, the man on the flying trapeze, yelling: "Save your Confederate money, boys, for the South shall rise again. . ." RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL--the marquee told me that the featured picture, "Dracula's Wife," starred the famous movie queen, Sandra Wherry, and the Casanova of the century, Lewis Cotton. In a split second, or so it seemed, the murder thriller, written and directed by

Marie Conley Caylor, was over, and Pathe News from Around the World flashed before my eyes. Here again were more classmates of mine: Joe Oliver, the hilly Graham of his day, dunking a dozen Arabian Sheiks; Civil engineer, Beets Johnson, receiving a citation for tunneling the Rockies to shorten the trip for Hollywood commuters; Scottie Beard, shipped home from Africa at the request of the Foreign Board of the Presbyterian Church for slowing up the fine missionary work by teaching the natives to smoke and then selling them cigarettes; a drowsy-looking John Turner being lifted from King Tut's tomb after a nap of two years and four months; Peggy Gillis, famous feminine matador, entering the Mexico City arena amid a shower of silver and flowers and shouts of wild acclaim; Joan Satchfield, lighthouse keeper, improving her speed and comprehension by reading to the sea urchins; archaeologist Ned Mitchell alighting from a plane at Iloilo after five years in the jungles of Ceylon, miles even from the Bridge on the River K'wai; Caroline Laudig, star player for the highly successful professional basketball team, the Black and Gold, and at her heels--two managers, Dinky Dalton and Sue Davidow.

I felt an odd sensation. Everything was going round and round, even the screen, or so it seemed. I closed my eyes for a second or two, then opened them just in time to catch a fleeting glance at a Department of Justice office. Noel Funchess, J. Edgar Hoover's successor, sprawled at a big desk, directed activities, and at the moment was speaking out of one side of his mouth to his private secretary, Gwen Smith, and out of the other to a flat-footed super-sleuth, Mac Morgan. Seems the big case involved a femme, Beverly Wolfe, who had taken on three husbands without benefit of divorce and thus acquired, along with a reputation, a fortune in jewels and fur and hard cash.

That brief scene came to an abrupt end--exactly when, how, I don't know. For a brief time, I experienced all the sensations of being suspended in space. A spectrum of bright lights created a kind of Babylonian splendor of color and sounds--a trio rocking forth a current love lament, slot machines--coughing and groaning--ivory balls--dropping with a hollow click. Through it all came a lilting voice: "Welcome to the Desert Inn, famous night spot of famous Las Vegas," and I was looking straight into the face of a cigarette girl, Marie Busby. Joyce Steadman, appearing as demure as ever, lured great herds of people to the dice tables. It was hard to believe but there she was--Mary Ann Boulter, dealing a wicked hand from the bottom of the deck to the international playboy, Roger Wyatt. Two-tone Flowers on the clarinet was really giving out with a swing orchestra playing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all Here," dedicated--the announcer said--to a ringside table of celebrities: Barbara Jordan and Randy Plessant, the greatest ballroom dancers since Marge and Gower Champion; tinplate millionaire, Odell Ragsdale and his wife, Martha Sizemore; Las Vegas's busiest marrying parson, James Culley Threest; and Richard Neal, owner of Brooks Brothers of New York and London, whose success, twas said, was largely due to a super-staff headed by Theda Sharpe and Audrey Junkin.

As suddenly as they came, the bright lights disappeared and again there were black shadows against a greenish glow. I don't know how it happened--there are so many missing clues in this strange recital--but I was back home. The courtyard with the Confederate statue, the magnolia trees and Janice McKnight, sole owner and publisher of the Bolivar Commercial--standing on the corner waving to Joe Denton, driver of a Boyle's Dairy Truck. Yes, it was, Cleveland; it had to be. And then scenes shifted rapidly from one spot to another: The Country Club hosted by Hazel Rozier; the Cleveland High School with Superintendent Johnny Strain barking out the orders; a tremendous curb market where housewives Jeannette Fortenberry and Ann Mellott were haggling over the price of fresh eggs; a pawn-shop, occupying the former Buick quarters--the proprietor, apparently Juliet Kossman's husband, of that I'm sure--that is, if I heard correctly. But I was more concerned with watching Juliet who clugged up and came to an abrupt stop in Mrs. Glassco's old Chevie, long since a museum piece.

Great Jupiter! Were the light's rays lessening in intensity? Forms sped across the screen faster and faster. Warren Thornell, South Pole army chief, was trying to convince Pentagon General Goines that Roy Moon had not been "off the beam" simply because he married an Eskimo girl for her seven-dog team of huskies. The situation was about to develop into a heated argument when---

Suddenly, just as mysteriously as the green glow had originated, it receded into the unknown from which it had come and I was again alone in my lab. The vast possibilities of this experiment staggers the mind and the imagination. Was it, after all, a fantastic nightmare; had I witnessed some manifestation of the supernatural? You make the decision!

NOTICE

Bishop wrote this speech as a television address which he had hoped would clarify his position in requesting additional funds for nuclear power reactor research. Bishop never gave the speech, for he mysteriously disappeared the night before he was to make the address. What do you really think of the "phenomenon?"

Sandra Wise
Head Researcher
Cape Canaveral

You Can't Take It With You

Planet Earth
Satellite Mississippi
Comet Bolivar
Meteor Cleveland

Know All Men by These:

That we, the crew of Rocket '58, do desire to make suitable and proper provisions for others before blasting off for our destination, Life, and being ship-shape--though a little dizzy--and being air-worthy, we do hereby make, declare, and publish this our last will and testament.

ITEM 1

To the breezy, loud, sophisticated Freshmen, we leave exactly nothing because the self-evaluation of these Frosh is such that nothing we possess would be regarded as worthy of their notice... To the Sophomores, we leave a list of teachers, classified as follows: teachers anybody can get along with, teachers some people can get along with, teachers nobody can get along with. Such a list would have saved us much wear and tear... To the Junior Class, we leave our top-secret blueprints and a small model of Rocket '58. And Juniors, as we move from our launching site, these front seats, you'll move in. So, we will you our most valuable possessions: our endurance, our nerve, our feeling of importance and this Key of Knowledge. Will the president of the incoming Senior class please come forward? Larry Marberry, into your keeping we give This Golden Key, the symbol of our happiness and our success in discovering new worlds... We bequeath in equal shares to the Freshmen, the Sophs, and the Juniors, the many happy and satisfying hours we have spent here.

ITEM 2

In checking our possessions for the last time, we find certain things we wish to leave to our beloved faculty. First, to Mr. Parks, Mr. Coffman, and Mr. Crain--thanks for everything you have done for us and then a special remembrance for each: for Mr. Parks, a list of the 24,999 high schools in the United States that never heard of Rally Day; for Mr. Coffman, a tape-recording to be used in answering all questions: "Ask the School Board, not us. We don't make the rules, we enforce them;" for Mr. Crain, the only unforged excuse we ever handed him: "Dear Mr. Crain - Please excuse us for not realizing until now the things we should have done and didn't."... To Mr. Bell and Mr. Ouzts, two applications for a one-way trip on the first Rocket to the moon, so they can get away from it all... To Mrs. Williams, that once popular record, "I'll Never Smile Again"... To each of the six coaches, a rabbit's foot for luck, and to Mrs. Garrett, we leave a recipe for chocolate fudge that won't poison Juniors.

ITEM 3

Certain crew member have collected their personal belongings, duly evaluated and labeled them, and with considerable malice and aforethought, bequeathed them as follows: Scottie Beard and Randy Pleasant, who never smoke a filthy weed, bestow their title of Total Abstainers on Mary Agnes Abston and Tillman Hathcock... Roger Wyatt's car, empty of gas, he leaves to Bob Bowen... Tommy Grissom wills his brain to anyone with a head big enough to hold it; if no one qualifies, then it is to be divided equally between Travis Hodges and Wendell Blackwell... From the kindness of his hard heart, Bill Givens passes on the editorship of the Cleveland Hi-Light to Lynelle Mayatte... To Virginia Carpenter, Helen Robertson bequeaths her unbroken silence; Queen Dale McCaleb, her royal robes, her crown, and her scepter, to Cotinne Wiggins; Ned Mitchell, his Fan Club, to Mike Sanders; Jo Ann Hudson, a pamphlet explaining how to go steady with a Robin Hood and not mind being his once-in-a-while target, to Pattie Fitzgerald. Joe Posey's triple classification of Sophomore, Junior, and Senior automatically goes to Edwin Horton.

ITEM 4

This package tied with our class colors and carrying with it love and deep appreciation, is for our president, Juliet Kossman. Her ability to overcome obstacles without letting others know obstacles existed, to keep everybody working and everything running smoothly--in other words, her executive ability, was epoch-making. Thanks for everything, Juliet.

ITEM 5

With grateful hearts, we bequeath to our Alma Mater, the title of best school in the entire galaxy. You can't take it with you? We can--thousands of happy memories as we blast off in Rocket '58.

Finally, we do hereby name and appoint as executors of this, our last will and testament, our class sponsors.

In witness whereof, we, the crew of Rocket '58, have set our hand and seal this 22nd day of May, 1958.



HONOR STUDENTS

Tommy Grissom, Nancy Grisham, Sandra Wherry, Bobbie Ann Robertson, Sue Davidow.

Awards and Honors

SENIOR AWARD

Caroline Laudig

SCHOLARSHIPS

Parent Teacher Association

Bobbie Ann Robertson

Sandra Wise

Delta Council-Delta State

Sandra Wherry

Lowry Tims Company

Jerry Lewis Wigington

Delta State College Music

Foster Hollingsworth

Miriam Jacks

T. I. D. E. Club

Dale McCaleb

Bank of Cleveland

Bill Givens

Mississippi College Music

Patricia Barr

HONORS

Bausch & Lomb Science Award

Kossman Award

Tommy Grissom

Mathematics Award

Richard Newman

D. A. R. American History Award

Nancy Grisham

D. A. R. Home Economics Award

Lila Nossier

D. A. R. Good Citizenship Award

Bobbie Ann Robertson

Langford High School Award

Margaret Ann Davis

Langford Junior High Award

Edgar Robertson

American Legion Good Citizenship Awards

Jimmy Helms, Junior High Boy

Jerry Johnson, Junior High Girl

'C' HONOR CLUB

Patricia Barr

Ruby Dalton

Sue Davidow

Barbara Faulkner

Nancy Grisham

Joann Hudson

Juliet Kossman

Caroline Laudig

Dale McCaleb

Lila Lee Nossier

Martha Lynn Perry

Bobbie Ann Robertson

Sandra Wherry

Randy Pleasant



PAT BARR
Presented by Mrs. Gerard



MIRIAM JACKS
Presented by Mrs. C. W. Crain

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NANCY GRISHAM
Presented by Mrs. P. N. Gerard

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SANDRA WHERRY
Presented by Mrs. Crain

MARTHA LYNN PERRY
Presented by Mrs. R. Grisham







President - - - - - CORINNE WIGGINS

Vice-President - - - - - KAY BEEVERS

Secretary - - - - - LATTIA MOORE