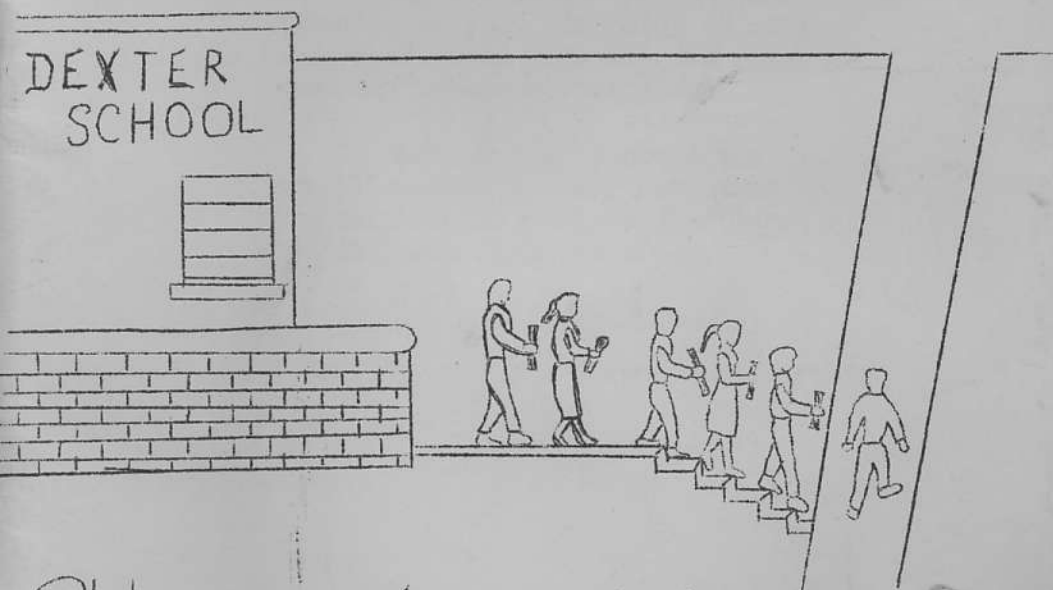
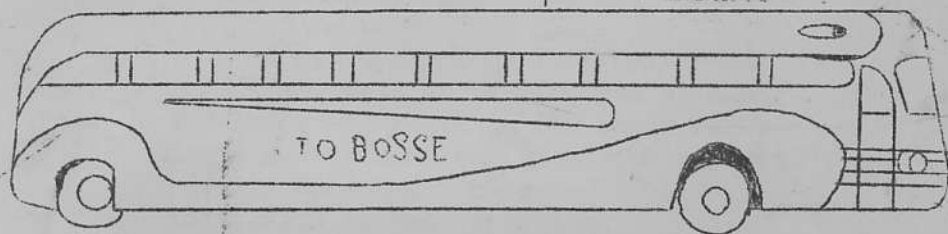


Tad Pritchett

Dexter

Newsprint



8th grade edition

To the Class of '57,

We sincerely hope that Dexter has served you well in helping you attain knowledge and skill in the basic fundamentals of education. May your conduct reveal character traits and ideals indicative of good training.

The years ahead should be more challenging and should present new interests to you. Be ready to meet those challenges with all the intelligence and vigor of your youth.

To hear of your success and accomplishments is very rewarding to your teachers as well as your parents. May good news reach us often.

Sincerely yours,

The Dexter School Staff
Walter R. Riggs,
Principal

CLASS WILL

of

the 1957 Eighth Grade of Dexter School

Notice is hereby given that we, the Eighth Grade of Dexter School, Evansville, Indiana, being of sound mind and body, do bequeath the following to those of our schoolmates whom we shall leave behind:

- Judy Adams -- My Math. book to Patty Blenker.
- Jerry Asbrock -- The school's old beaten up bass drum beater to Bob Richardson.
- Carol Barger -- My ability for playing wrong notes in orchestra to Sandy Nelson and Jetty Inglis.
- Sandy Barnett -- My ability to get boys in trouble and my flea collection to Marsha Trockman.
- Dianna Bauer -- Shrunk bermuda shorts to Sandy Kagel.
- John Berning -- My brains to Mike Karey.
- Wanda Blackburn -- My ex-peroxide bottle to Janet Elmore.
- Mike Boardman -- My ability to get U's from Miss Hampton to Steve Smith.
- Barbara Brown -- My position in the Librarian's Assistants Club to Kathy Hutchinson.
- Bill Brown -- My flat feet and curly hair to John Wilson.
- Wayne Brown -- My good looks to anyone in the 7th grade who needs them.
- Myrna Bullock -- My ingrown toe nails to Judy Drake.
- Glenda Burch -- My English book to Teena Robinson.
- Russell Burton -- All my U's to Glenn Stainton.
- Bob Bush -- My few, but good brains to James Conrad.
- Alan Carmack -- My un-sportsmanship to Andy Alexander.
- Nicky Combs -- My good looks and muscles to Dick Ivey.
- Brenda Jo Conrad -- My camera to Glenda Oran.
- Sondra Craddock -- My two spit curls and the first chair clarinet in band to Sandy DeToro.
- Elsa Crosley -- My horse, Pat, to Janice Yost.
- Charles Crowe -- All the marks I have received for chewing gum to Bill Weare.
- Bill Daugherty -- My adorable bangs to Mrs. Anderson.
- Beverly Davis -- My fuzzy, curly red hair to Joyce Baum.

Linda Deer -- The answers to all Eighth Grade tests to Betty Magnus.
Julia Deffendahl -- My ability to get into trouble to Barbara Cole.
Bobby Derrington -- All my fat to anyone who wants it.
Sharon Doom -- My first position string bass to Sharon Eastham.
Charlotte Dutton -- My ability to talk in class to Sharon Utley.
Steve Edmonson -- The tip off my left shoestring to Jerry Polley.
Bonnie Eggers -- My old tube of lipstick to Freida Pullum.
David English -- My troubles with Mrs. Anderson to Steve Smith.
Sue Ennis -- All the happiness I had in the 8th grade to Rudy Ennis.
Walter Folsom -- My brain to Jim Conrad.
Carol Fraker -- My red pony-tail and freckles to Jetty Inglis, who has neither.
Steve Fraser -- My moth-eaten Reading book to Tom Fulton.
Sharon Gregory -- My peroxide bottle and candy and soft drinks to Sandy Kagel.
Bernice Hale -- My stick figure to Tenna Robinson.
Marc Hallert -- My experience in photography to my sister, Barbara.
Linda Heiner -- My falling arches and pronated ankles to Marsha Trockman.
Dave Helm -- My ability to never get my Reading homework to Jetty Inglis.
Warren Henry -- My ability to heave papers to Steve Tipton.
Jerry Henshaw -- My red hair to Steve Tipton.
Faye Heugel -- My pony-tail barrette and small comb to Teena Robinson.
Henry Hollis -- My patrol locker and rank to Larry McClarney.
Carol Hoover -- My Home Ec. papers to Nancy Wallace.
Caryl Hunt -- The chewing gum I'm not supposed to chew to Barbara Edmonson and Sandra DeToro.
Carol Huston -- My two-tone eye, my romantic pink lipstick, and Elvis' pictures to Judy Levin.
Karen Ivey -- My locker, #299, to Kathy Hutchinson.
Vicki Jaquess -- My black bermuda shorts to anyone who wants them.
Mike Judd -- My ability to sing bass to Tom Wilhelmus and Gary Stokes.

Jerry Julian -- My pencil to Glenn Stainton.
 Shirley Keeling -- My old string bass that slips and
 slides to Sharon Eastham.
 Kenneth Langford -- The remains of my Language book to
 Miss Hampton.
 Sharon Leach -- All my Sal Mineo, John Saxton, Elvis
 Presley, Tony Perkins, and Tommy Sands
 pictures to Kathy Hutchinson.
 Ronnie Ludwig -- My ability to run fast to Bob Kerney.
 Joe Luigs -- My famous buck teeth to Craig Haas.
 Jim Marver -- Edmundo Cumbs, III to Jim Conrad.
 Pam Medlicott -- My brown freckles to Kiki Graebel, who
 has never had any to brag about.
 Jimmy Meyer -- A pegged swimming suit to Mrs. Anderson.
 Ruth Michael -- My ability to play a clarinet to Tom
 Wilhelmus.
 Donna Mohon -- My knack for getting into trouble in Math.
 and English to Brenda Chew.
 Rondie Moore -- My ink pen to Andy Alexander.
 Donald Munday -- My library debts to Steve Tipton.
 Jerry Murry -- My power to get into trouble to Steve Smith.
 Larry Newman -- My basketball suit number to Tom Fulton.
 Linda Nussmeyer -- My old clarinet reeds to Sandy DeToro.
 Doris Parks -- My old empty Home Ec. notebook to Nancy
 Wallace.
 Charlotte Pfluger -- My black "white bucks" to Karen Cox.
 Janet Powell -- All my overdue library books to my sister,
 Sheila.
 Tad Pritchett -- My pegged gym shorts and my half-pegged
 levis (without legs) to Mr. Canterbury.
 Darrell Railey -- My smelly shoestrings to James Conrad.
 John Ralston -- My dirty locker to Glenn Augustine.
 Jerry Ritter -- My ability to go to see opossums during
 school time to Steve Smith.
 Torchye Robinson -- All of my troubles with teachers to
 Teena Robinson.
 Marianne Rudolph -- My ability to get into trouble in Mr.
 Newman's class to Cindy Cohen.
 Gary Sanders -- My lips to Steve Smith.
 Carolyn Schmitt -- My mathematical mind to Mr. Newman.
 Fred Schroeder -- My ability to sing "The Moonlight
 Gambler" to Tom Wilhelmus.
 Jerry Seybold -- My hairy, stubby, bowed legs to Jerry
 Polley.

Raymond Siemers -- My ability to sing soprano in the choir
to David Rettig.
Steve Smith -- My English book to Steve Smith.
Charley Storms -- My old Reading papers to Don Blenker.
Larry Thomas -- My Spelling book, my good looks, mustache,
beard, and sideburns to Carmen Ewing.
Barbara Tingley -- My ability to get out of class to Sandy
Nelson.
Herb Toone -- All my muscles and stubbornness to Tom Fulton.
Carol Trout -- My ability to laugh and talk to Bob Richardson.
Steve Tully -- My false, black mustache to Steve Tipton.
Bill VanDeest -- My ability to insult girls to Steve Hopkins.
Elaine VanTuyt -- My ex-Plaza Park steady to Kathy Hutchinson.
John VonBehren -- My ink well to Mike Seaton.
Lynn Warnholz -- My ability to say the wrong thing at the
wrong time to Sheila Powell.
Gary Weber -- My good looks to Rudy Ennis.
Richard Werking -- My dirty ears to Tom Thornton.
Steve Whitsell -- My lost Health book to Steve Sills.
Jim Wiesman -- My ability to sit in Mrs. Anderson's little
room to Chuck Brashears.
Gloria Wilson -- My ability to chew gum in class to Martha
Fleming.
James Wilson -- The sand in my shoes to Bill Allen.
Peggy -- Wilson -- My Elvis Presley's records to Glenn Stainton.
Terrie Winchell -- My ability to lose things and not find
them to Janet Tucker.
Nina Witherspoon -- My ability to talk through my nose to
anyone who wants it.
Ray Wornica -- My Locker without the combination to Jay
Logsdon.
Charles Wright -- All my used bubble gum in Mrs. Anderson's
waste basket to Tom Fulton.
Nancy Young -- My after school record sessions to Jetty
Inglis.

Winnie E. Anderson, Betty Feagley, and James Schmidt have
been appointed executors of the Will and will act as
Administrators of the estate.

June 7, 1957

Witnesses:

James Schmidt
Betty Feagley
Winnie E. Anderson

CLASS HISTORY

Our eighth grade class this year at Dexter consists of 103 students—49 girls and 54 boys. The class sponsors and the homeroom teachers are Mrs. Anderson, Miss Feagley, and Mr. Schmidt.

Most of the students in our graduating class arrived here in 1949 to start their first year at Dexter. Our class had lots of fun because we were starting to school in a brand new building. We made a pledge to do our best and to keep our school's name right in the ranks of the well-liked and beautiful schools.

Our first grade sponsors were Miss Vickery and Mrs. McCreery.

In 1950 we were second graders and our sponsors were Miss Freudenberger and Mrs. Boren.

Dexter was beginning to grow with the many new students it was acquiring.

Mrs. Embry and Mrs. Hart were our sponsors in the third grade in 1951. This was our first big try in giving assemblies for the school, and needless to say, we thought we were very successful.

In 1952 we were fourth graders and our teachers were Mrs. Barrick and Mr. Newman. Mr. Newman also taught us Mathematics in the 7th and 8th grades.

In 1953 we began our journey into the departmentalized program and our teachers were Miss McCutchan and Mrs. Boren. We thought now that we were really "big shots" and that we knew everything. When we were in the sixth grade in 1954, we soon found out differently because there were students bigger and smarter than we.

Last year in the seventh grade, Mr. Humphrey, Mr. Walling, and Mrs. Anderson were our homeroom teachers. While we were in the seventh grade, the P.T.A. started Recreation Night for the 7th and 8th grades. These programs were enjoyed by us all.

This year, our last year at Dexter, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Feagley, and Mr. Schmidt were our sponsors.

To those who were once in our class and are graduating from some other school, we say "Congratulations and good luck."

Our class officers this year were Mike Judd, president; Jim Wiesman, vice-president; Vicki Jaquess, secretary and Steve Fraser, treasurer.

Steve Edmonson reigned as President of the Student Council and Nina Witherspoon was vice-president. Eighth grade members of the council this year were Steve Fraser, Caryl Hunt, Carolyn Schmitt, and Jim Wiesman.

Giannini Witherspoon was elected President of G. A. A. by the girls in the club. They chose Vicki Jaquess as secretary-treasurer.

Caryl Hunt took over the duties as President of the Library Club.

The eighth grade girls started a Y-Teens Club this year. The officers were Carol Huston, president; Barbara Tingley, vice-president; Vicki Jaquess, secretary; and Sandy Barnett, treasurer. We hope the girls in the future will try to keep this organization an active one at Dexter. We chose Miss Feagley as our sponsor.

On Wednesday, June 5, the eighth grade picnic was held at the West Side Sportsman's Club.

The eighth grade party was held in the gymnasium on Thursday, June 6.

We have enjoyed our many days at Dexter. We hope that our days at Bosse will be as much fun, for we are looking forward to high school.

OUR CLASS PROPHECY

THE DEXTER P. S.

Twenty years have passed since the class of '57 graduated. For some, the years have been spent in comparative leisure. For others, the time has been spent in hard work.

"This is station H. E. L. P. in New York bringing you the news as it happens. Today we are standing on pier #44 in New York's harbor. We are at the scene of the launching of the first atomic-powered ocean liner. Here comes the Captain now. Let's see if we can get him to say a few words.

"Excuse me, Captain, but would you say a few words to our listeners?"

"Certainly, certainly not!"

"Thank you, Captain. That was Mr. Mike Judd, Captain of the Dexter P. S.

"The ship has been christened and is slipping gently into the water. Station H. E. L. P. has brought you an on-the-scene account of the first atomic-powered ocean liner. We now return you to 'Music While Working' for your listening enjoyment."

On board the Dexter P.S.:

"Captain! Captain! FiFi is gone!"

"I'm not the Captain. I'm the First Mate, Mr. Steve Edmonson."

"Well, whoever you are, FiFi is gone."

"That's your name, lady, and what is missing?"

"My name is Elaine Van Tuyl and FiFi is my poodle."

"Well, Miss Van Tuyl, we'll do all we can to find the animal. Hey, you! Bill VanDeest, let's use a little more elbow grease. We want this deck spick-and-span by 18 hundred (6 P.M.) before the dance."

Evening has now fallen and the first day out has passed with only one casualty. Mr. Ray Siemers, a physical education teacher, got seasick, but he is now resting in his stateroom.

It was time for dinner and the waiters were as busy as bees. The head waiter, Ronnie Ludwig, and his assistant, Charles Storms, and the Assistant's assistant, Jim Meyer, were busy setting the tables after Steve Whitsell

had put on the tablecloths. Kenneth Langford was fiddling around with the stage lights and the microphone. In the kitchen, David English was making one of his famous fruit-cakes. Rondie Moore, the head cook, was instructing John Berning in the art of tossing a salad. In the dining room, Bill Daugherty, a bachelor on his way to Africa on a safari, entered with the attractive movie actress from America, Carol Barger. Then we saw the notorious gambler, Mr. Joe "Big Man" Luigs, enter with his fourth wife, a girl he had met in Hawaii. Back in the kitchen, we found Nancy and Charles Wright, who had been childhood sweethearts, married and working as a dishwashing team.

Before we realized it, it was time for the floor show and M.C., Steve Smith, was introducing Fred Schroeder. Fred's first number was the old favorite, "Moonlight Gambler." The dining room was fast filling with cigarette smoke. Mr. Jerry Ritter, an international playboy, left with chorus girl, Diana Bauer. The "wolf" (there is one in every crowd) followed Doris Parks, a psychiatrist, and a good one, too, out onto the deck. The orchestra finally began to play "Goodnight, Honey" as the guests began to leave to retire to their rooms. It was after midnight, but a poker game was still going on in a private room. Mr. Luigs had pulled some fast ones, but no one seemed to notice. He was playing with people who could afford to lose. Miss Linda Deer had lost over \$1,000, but since she had inherited over two million from an uncle, she had been around the world twice. She was also the proud owner of a large yacht. Miss Judy Deffendahl was a well-known miser who had millions but wouldn't spend a cent unless it was to gamble, a sport she dearly loved. Bob Bush, a prominent businessman just sat in on the game.

Two days later, early in the morning:

Mr. Ray Siemers was up for his usual sprint around the deck. The First Mate had just been relieved by the Third Mate, Bill Brown. Carol Huston was on board traveling to Paris where she planned to study the piano and to learn French. She was up for an early morning swim before breakfast. Unknown to her, she was being watched by the "wolf." It was only two days before the sea voyage was to end and we would arrive in France.

"After lunch there will be swimming," announced the

Second Mate, Henry Hollis. The pool was fast becoming crowded, and Miss Vicki Jaquess had her turn screaming for the handsome lifeguard, Jerry Seybold, in hope that he would try to save her.

At dinner that evening, the waiter, Jimmy Meyer, dumped a platter of spaghetti on Carolyn Schmitt's evening gown. He had been stuck with a pin by fun-loving Mr. Steve Fraser.

On the last day aboard ship, Mr. VanDeest fell overboard while resting on his map. He was saved by a Mr. David Helm, who was a traveling salesman.

We arrived in France at 2 o'clock on Thursday, May 10, 1977. Newspapermen were waiting for our arrival. From the Paris News were reporters Beverly Davis, Jerry Julian, and Sandy Barnett. The customs agent, John VonBehren, found Mr. Luigs trying to smuggle a bottle of "spirits" into France without paying the necessary tax.

In Paris, Carol Trout disappeared mysteriously from her hotel. She was found by the police trying to cross into Germany. She said she wanted to see her father.

That same day, guided by Miss Wanda Blackburn, we saw the Eiffel Tower, the Arch of Triumph, and many sidewalk cafes. Most of us then returned to our hotels for a brief rest. However, some went to eat at a famous club in Paris, and others went to a French movie with English sub-titles. We left Paris and then traveled to London for our next stop.

In London, Sharon Gregory met an artist and bought three modern art paintings which turned out to be absolutely worthless. That night we went to a ballet and met the whole cast. We were surprised to learn that some of the members were Barbara Brown, Myrna Bullock, Brenda Conrad, Charlotte Dutton, Sue Ennis, and Bonnie Eggers. Our evening tour then took us to a London Jazz Concert and we met three more people from the class of 1957. Our musician friends were Jerry Asbrock, Judy Adams, and Marc Hallert.

After London, we made a two-day stop at Venice. We all rode in a gondola which was owned and operated by Jim Marver. One of the women in the group fell into the water. Then Larry Newman jumped in to rescue her, the shift of weight caused the whole boat to turn over, passengers and all. The local police were called and, through

a misunderstanding, we were all thrown into jail for the night on a charge of disorderly conduct. We were bailed out the next morning. We were certainly none too happy to have to leave Venice so abruptly.

From Venice, we flew to Switzerland. Steve Fraser, Jim Wiesman, and Bill Brown were instructed how to ski by the world's champion skier, Alan Carmack. A group of the women toured a village of watchmakers. They met a famous watchmaker named Nicky Combs, who does weight lifting on the side. Later the ladies ran into a friend they hadn't seen since school was out twenty years ago. Janet Powell and her family had moved to Switzerland, and there she had become quite famous as a yodler. While staying in Switzerland, we met two scientists who would be returning to America with us. They were Mr. Wayne Brown from Germany and Mr. Charles Crowe from Switzerland. The next morning we were all up at 4:30 in order to catch a plane to Rome.

In Rome, we were shown through an automobile factory, after which we were introduced to the president of the company. To our surprise, the head man turned out to be Darrell Railey. His secretary was also an old friend, Ruth Michael.

Later in the day, Carol Fraker was introduced to the world's greatest known fashion designers. Peggy Wilson created for her a lovely hat, and Nina Witherspoon created an evening gown. Terrie Winchell outdid herself when she made a pair of satin-covered shoes to match the gown.

On the way back to the hotel, we went to the Coliseum where we found a motion picture being made. Rome is the movie-making capitol. There we met an actor known for his criminal roles, Mr. Gary Sanders. We were also fortunate enough to meet his glamorous wife, the former Linda Nussmeyer. Playing the part of the villain in this movie was none other than Steve Tully.

On our way back to the plane, Donna Mohon stumbled and hurt herself quite badly. Our radioman, Russell Burton, and his assistant, John Ralston, managed to call the great doctor, James Wilson. An operation had to be performed immediately. The nurses called in to help were Marianne Rudolph, Torchye Robinson, and Gloria Wilson.

They were all very busy getting the operating equipment in order. It seemed Donna had broken her nose. Of course, Dr. Wilson had to be lifted up in order to perform the operation. Surgery was successful and Donna recovered in a hospital room. With a few hours of rest she was able to catch a plane to France. We were happy to have her with us on our return to America.

Lynn Warrholz never got off the ship to take the tour with us. She had been reading books with tests on "How to Spell." Everyone was just about broke, so we really didn't mind too much that we would soon be going home.

Then we were about ready to leave the dock, we noticed that one of our group wasn't on board. After a long wait, during which time the crew searched for our missing member, he finally came running up the gangplank. You probably already know who it was. Yes, late as ever---Warren Henry.

A handsome man joined the passengers on the ocean liner. He came on board with two trunks, five suitcases, and seven servants. As he strolled the deck, all the women stared at him, but he had eyes only for Sharon and it Doom for him. We recognized him as J. R. III, who is heir to the fabulous Brazil coffee plantation which is valued in the millions.

Everyone had calmed down since we were all so worn out. Glenda Burch was reading some books and magazines while sunning herself on the deck, and Sondra Craddock was just plain sleeping. Except for these two people, the deck seemed to be deserted. However, we knew that after a few hours of rest we would be ready for more fun aboard ship.

Later in the day, the recreation room was in full swing. Elsa Crosley, Faye Heugel, Warren Henry, and Donald Munday had a game of ping pong going strong. Elsa and Faye were in the lead. In the shuffle board corner where Karen Ivey, Gary Weber, Herb Toone, and Caryl Hunt were, there seemed to be a big argument over who had won the game. They were so noisy that they were almost asked to leave.

As it grew late again, everyone headed for his cabin---except the "wolf" who was still following Carol Huston.

About 2 o'clock in the morning the steering wheel went out of control. The trouble didn't last too long, for Richard Werking was able to get it fixed quickly.

The next day it was raining cats and dogs when we awoke. The deck was very slippery. The Captain called for some of the crew members, Raymond Mornica, Tad Pritchett, Bill Derrington, and Walter Folsom, to get buckets and begin heaving some of the water overboard. Everything was going along just fine until Tad Pritchett threw a bucket of water right in Charlotte Pfluger's face—by accident, so he says. After the rain stopped, the sun came out and dried the deck. This made it possible for even the cautious members of the group to come out of their cabins.

Arriving in New York again, we were all anxious to greet our friends who had come to meet the ocean liner. Once more we were greeted by newspaper people. Some of the reporters were Sharon Leach, Ruth Michael, Barbara Tingley, Carol Hoover, and Pam Medlicott. Photographers from some of the leading magazines smothered us taking pictures. Nancy Young, Jerry Murry, and Shirley Keeling were among those popping flashbulbs in our faces. The most exciting event was that the first lady President, Linda Heiner, greeted us. Her bodyguar was Jerry Henshaw.

We can truthfully say that we had a wonderful time. Our trip will long be remembered as the first crossing of the Atlantic by an atomic-powered ocean liner. Oh, by the way, you might be interested to know that the "wolf" was none other than "atomic-powered" Mike Boardman. It was all great fun, and perhaps we will all meet again in another twenty years.

OUR CLASS OFFICERS

President---Mike Judd has served as our class president, and, needless to say, he has done a very fine job. However, Mike has also had outside interests. He plays a cornet in the Dexter Band. His hobbies are stamp collecting and making model cars. He loves all sports, but he has a special interest in swimming. At present, Mike has the highest rank he can get as a Junior Life-saver.

Vice-president---Jim Wiesman served as vice-president of our class. He plays cub football, and he has been on our basketball and track teams. In basketball, he plays guard. In football, his position is quarterback. Jim has also served as a member of Student Council. The fact that he participated in Dexter's choir, band, and orchestra would indicate that he has musical ability, also.

Secretary---Vicki Jaquess came to Dexter in the 7th grade. This year she has held a number of offices besides that of class secretary. She is a member of the Girls Scouts and the choir. Vicki has also spent quite a bit of time working in the bookstore. She likes to attend shows. She loves parties. And she often loafs at the corner drugstore. Then she isn't doing one of these things, she is probably playing records.

Treasurer---Steve Fraser has been treasurer of our class this year. He also belongs to the Projectionists Club. He has served as a member of Student Council this year, last year, and in the fourth grade. One of Steve's main interests is sports.

WELCOME TO HIGH SCHOOL

Bosse High School is again happy to welcome another group of students from Dexter. Previous groups have furnished us with some of our outstanding students and leaders. Your teachers tell us that you are no exception and that we can expect the same performance from you.

Bosse will be your school and it will be your privilege as well as your obligation to support all of its activities and uphold its traditions. Scholarship is one of these traditions of which we are justly proud. Maintaining a high scholastic average is not easy, but it is most rewarding.

We hope that you will like us and that your four year stay with us will be pleasant and profitable.

David Dudley
Principal

Judy Adams

AUTOGRAPHS

Steve Whitsett - Linda Nussmeier

Pat Michael

Karen Dwyer

Darrell Raibg

Bill Daugherty

Richard
Winking

Joe Perry

Barbara Crabb

Oris Parks

Linda Heimer

Linda Deer

Russell
Buntin

Carol
Fraker

Barbara Crabb

Charles Wright

Warren Kewy

Barbara Brown

Bill Van Dext

#2

Pam Medlicott

Mimmy Zeyer

Mike Guld

and English
20

Fred Schroeder

Ferris Winchell

Caryl Hunt

Paul Hunter

Dieki

W. Anderson

G. McCutcheon

Jerome
Gibbs

Steve
C. Anderson

Molson Bush

Heinrich

Larry Sanders