

Irrigon news

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A final work session of the budget committee for the city of Irrigon saw the budget approved for fiscal 1977-78 and sent to hearing in the total of \$100,351.

The General Fund represents \$26,124 of the total amount, with the remaining 74 per cent included in all other funds and transfers.

Although the budget is \$38,500 higher than last year's budget of \$61,815, the tax rate per thousand has decreased by 35 cents.

The higher budget figure reflects additional demands on city finances for the part-time position of city administrator, the addition of a full time police officer and increased work load in the recorder's position.

The entire requirements for bonded indebtedness, both revenue and general obligation bonds, are expected to be met from water revenues as pledged to voters. In addition, approximately \$6,000 will be available from the water de-

partment for transfer to offset needs in other departments.

Increased valuation within the city limits has contributed further to the lower per thousand rate. This year's levy of \$10,692 will require a rate of \$5.45 per thousand against last year's levy of \$11,314 (of which \$4,000 was for bond payment) which resulted in a levy of \$5.80 per thousand.

A Public Hearing on the budget was set for Tuesday, June 14, at 7:30 p.m. in the annex of the County offices.

Hugh Grim, former Irrigon resident, was a visitor here last week, calling on Mr. and Mrs. E.A. Stephens and also visited his mother-in-law, Mrs. Minnie Hoadley. He went to school here with one of Stephens' sons.

Graduation: A confluence of experience, an end, a beginning. Although each student now stands at a common apex, the paths pursued have been as diverse as the individual elements that somehow meld into that entity known as the Class.

Insights must come from within, as that is the only clear perspective. At the Editor's request, the class presidents and student journalists of the Morrow County High Schools collected their thoughts on what it means to be an individual within the Class of '77.

Reflections of Ione

By Lori Childers
Editor, Cardinal Spirit

Sitting in the library watching the pages of an old dictionary flutter backwards in the spring breeze, I wonder what words of wisdom this old friend might impart to me.

For the past 12 years, our class has spent a large part of their day here, sitting and complaining, talking and gossiping, and even learning.

Learning: funny little word, isn't it? It is so small, but means so much. We first met the working definition of it when we entered first grade, and the fascinating world of math, reading, and ABC's connected with it.

On through grade school we charged. Through tears, cuts and bruises, we focused (or tried to) upon that single solitary person known to us as "Teacher." This person tried to teach us what had taken her years to learn, but we had just one short year in which to absorb her experiences before being shoved upon another teacher.

And so it went, that is until we became 7th graders. That year everything changed drastically. We could no longer run to "teacher" and expect sympathy for our simplest problems. We didn't even have desks to clean out now. We now had lockers, which were usually being stacked by the 8th graders, who had been in the racket for at least a year and thought they knew the ropes.

Now, instead of being told, we had to try and remember what to bring, where to go and how to address the teacher of each class. Being part of something greater than the "Punky Grade School Brats" was heady stuff. Many times during the remainder of the year we were brought rather roughly down to earth.

Then in the last days of the 8th grade, we were terrified by a speech from one of our teachers. We were told we weren't going to be big people at all; we were on the bottom again and would have to really fight to make it to the top and then stay there.

We approached the coming year with fear and trepidation. Well, we walked down the hall with knees shaking, found our lockers, and started classes. The seniors tried to intimidate us the first half of our year, but as we slowly gained confidence in ourselves as a class, we ignored the seniors. To show everyone what a together class we had, our bonfire turned out one of the best ever.

Our sophomore year was about the quietest. The class didn't have anything outstanding happen. Mainly we just tried to get through the year, make the best grades possible, to pass, and become part of the upper crust in high school society.

Well, gaining a few, and losing a few, we became juniors. That year, our studies nose-dived a little in order to put on a fantastic Junior-Senior Banquet and Prom. Which, of course, it was!! We picked our colors and announcements and prayed that we would make it to seniors next year.

Well, we made it: we became seniors; we got to intimidate the freshman class and tried to terrorize the teachers. Our class was top dog. Now, as I sit here trying to finish one of our very last assignments before we are released from high school, I wonder if—as the old dictionary has been in the lives of high school kids—will we be able to stay in the mainstream of life? I can only hope that each and every senior can reach his or her highest goals, stay with them and survive for the many years ahead of each of us.

Through the years

By Debora Palmer
President, Class of '77

At the early age of six, we were thrown into a new world in which we would attend Ione Grade School. Our parents told us how lucky we were to be starting school, with an opportunity to learn many new things. Really, we were scared to death. All those big high school kids on the bus in the morning! The big decisions of whom to sit with, where to sit, how to make friends, when to speak, when not to speak, and the biggest of all—who to give the biggest cookie to when it was our turn to bring cookies.

We started grade one with a roaring class of seventeen people. We were introduced to our first teacher, and our very own paper and pencils. We went through reading, writing, and arithmetic with enthusiastic vigor, then escaped to milk and cookies, followed by recess.

In second grade, we lost most of our class; the roaring seventeen declined to a humming ten. We girls have dominated our class ever since, never having more than three boys at a time. Our mothers thought we were to become young ladies, but little did they know that without a majority of boys, we would be the rulers. We ventured into the rest of grade school with each year being more new and different than the last. We entered feeling very scared and skeptical about what might happen—a new boy, maybe.

On to Junior High where we became the "Big Wigs" of the grade school. We were told, "You are at the top of the totem pole now, but when you're a freshman, you will be at the bottom."

Well, all of us made it to the freshman class and we were soon initiated by the upperclassmen and sold as slaves. We were then faced with the fact that only one girl could go to a dance with one boy; that left out half of us. Maybe more boys would be nice! Our daring freshman class also decided to show our first movie, "For Family Entertainment," to make a profit for future plans. We set up the Cafeteria Cinema and proceeded with the show. Due to neglect of previewing the film, families started leaving our theatre, and we were closed down after the first reel. We were then accused of showing an X-rated family movie. We didn't make a profit from the movie; in fact, we lost about \$50.00, but we did make a couple dollars from our concessions stand.

During the rest of our high school years, we learned not to be afraid of entering into something new; one must plunge in and seek out all he or she can. We're back at the top of the totem pole, but soon we will be at the bottom of a new totem pole, seeking to develop something new.

Soon after graduation, we will be thrown into another new world, but this time we feel more secure, still scared, but we have the courage to seek success. Our decisions will be bigger than the ones we had to decide in first grade. We will have to decide our future plans and learn to manage and cope with our wins and losses in the years to come. We will seek new friends and new places, but we will never forget the old friends or places.

I guess our parents were right: We have been lucky to attend Ione Schools and we have learned many new things.

Riverside: Worth the effort

By Linda Skoubo
Senior Staff Writer

Graduation is a time to rejoice. You've finally reached the goal you've been working at for 12 years. After it's all over, you have your whole life ahead of you to do with what you want. You might choose to go on to college and further your education or you could take a chance in the world of work. But whatever you decide, you'll learn what it means to "spread your wings and fly," or at least try to fly. You might not get off the ground the first time or two, but don't give up. You'll eventually make it, and will live with inner peace from that time on.

Graduation can, on the other hand, be a very sad and painful moment. Through the years, we've met lots of people and made lots of friends. It's kind of hard parting with your friends, knowing that you may never see some of them again.

What will it be like starting all over from the beginning again? Will the class of '77 be able to cope with the many

responsibilities that are placed upon their shoulders, or will they collapse from all the pressures?

In my opinion, the Riverside seniors, or underclassmen for that matter, haven't been prepared for the shock of their independent lives. They haven't even been introduced to the social responsibilities of today, let alone the responsibilities of tomorrow.

For the students coming out of such a small school as this, there are bound to be people who aren't able to maintain the hard college life and will have to drop out, but mostly all of the ones that do go to college will be able to handle it. There is no disgrace in having to drop out of college. The disgrace comes only when you don't even try. College is an experience you'll never forget and it is well worth the effort.

All the students love the school, though, because the teachers try to help each one on an individual basis, and are generally very friendly. The only exception to this, of course, is when the teachers don't like the students, and vice versa, and when one or the other is in a crabby mood.

A glance back

By Debbie Holland
President, Class of '77

As Freshmen, a statement was directed to us by the upperclassmen as "A Class That Forgot Who They Were," which was basically true, but not totally. We started out our high school career with a touch of our own. We started by getting third on our homecoming float.

As the year went on, the class lost their enthusiasm. We never really achieved anything we set out to do, but we put on a show as the "Big Stuff" in school. In class competition, it seemed we always came in last, none of us could remember we were freshmen; most of us thought we were sophomores, juniors, and seniors. We couldn't wait for the year to end. But we always thought "Big" which seemed to help, we thought, anyway!

Sophomores: Working, Learning! A Together Class. Being an individual is important, but being an individual in a group is equally as important. As Sophomores, we came in several shapes and sizes as groups participating in dance team, athletics, drama, rodeo, clubs, and the music department, yet our talents showed as individuals.

Starting early with car washes, bake sales and selling balcony seat tickets, we added up cents for the future Sadie Hawkins and Prom dances.

Our hard work during homecoming week paid off when we were awarded the Citizenship Award for the year. Our class was thinking bigger every time.

Juniors: Impatient, Hardworking, Turning!! Time To Profit.

Impatient to reach the top, we worked hard to rightfully take the throne as "Seniors."

We had several obstacles in our way with earning more money for Prom. We took on an even harder job by selling at the concession stand for all games including girls' games, which was a feat never been done.

We were all rewarded by a "Thank You" from the preceding Seniors for an Outstanding Prom.

One mistake that we will never forget was that we did not charge anyone to get into the dance, which left us with little or no money to spend for our graduation.

Seniors: Taking It Easy.

As Seniors, you would expect no work whatsoever. But to most people's surprise, a large turnout was found when it came time to make our homecoming float and to the surprise of all, we won first place. And that wasn't the end of it!

We were graduating without enough money to spend on gifts, flowers, and other necessities.

But all that was needed was an inspiration and an idea to get things started. We'll be graduating on a velvet cushion.

Now you have the story of this year's Senior class. A class of high hopes, but We Did It!

Sad and happy times

By Vicki Edmundson
Editor, Hebich

Graduation is a time to look back and reflect on all the good times of high school.

Not only is high school a time for studying, it's also a time for field trips, basketball games, dances and much, much more.

For me, high school has meant participating in almost everything available—from drama to helping organize a Walk-A-Thon.

Without extracurricular activities, high school would have been very boring for me. I enjoy doing things almost to the point of having too much to do, and too little time to do it.

My main interests have been athletics and journalism. Between going to Ione and Heppner, I was able to participate in five sports—basketball, volleyball, golf, tennis and track. I enjoyed them all and found each as rewarding as the next. Journalism has meant a lot to me; I worked on the high school annual my sophomore year at Ione and last year I worked on both the annual and as assistant editor of the paper. This year, I confined my journalistic activities to editing the school paper.

There are great rewards in involving oneself in journalism. You become more aware of the community; what's going on and how you can participate in it.

I have used high school as a stepping stone to college. To prepare to enter Pharmacy at OSU next year, I have taken a lot of science and math classes. This background should aid me in doing well at college.

Graduation is both a sad and happy time. It's hard to leave all the friends you've grown accustomed to seeing every day. But leaving affords the opportunity to meet even more people and make new friends.

Graduation also means the end of supported independence. During high school, whatever you do, your parents are always in the wings, "guiding" you into doing the correct things. But at college, your actions are determined by you. If you want to stay up until 3 a.m., you can; you have only yourself to answer to at 7:30 when you're falling asleep during English.

Hopefully, what I've learned these last four years will help me to make the correct decisions and have many enjoyable experiences at college.

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