



The Purple Clarion

HARRISBURG HIGH SCHOOL

HARRISBURG, ILLINOIS

VOLUME 69

MAY 1991

ISSUE 9



Angie Mayberry, artist of this drawing, also had a poem published.

Angie

Students attend humanities honors banquet

Eleven HHS students were honored for their achievements in the fields of music, literature, art, and speech at SIC's second annual High School Humanities Honors Night.

The banquet, held on May 9, included a meal, awards presentation, and readings and performances of works by honorees from throughout the area.

Meg Overstreet, a second place winner in prose, read her short story "The Winter of My Childhood." Marti Stephens performed a vocal solo, singing "Request" by Robert Franz.

Tina McIlrath performed a prose interpretation that dealt with a grade school teacher's experiences with a particular student.

Elizabeth Stafford, first place winner in poetry, read her poems "The Color of Haiku" and "Into Every Person a Little Life Must Fall." Leann Gilliam performed a clarinet solo. She played "Concertino" by C.M. Von Weber.

Steve Chambers' second place drawing "Crystal" was on display at the banquet. Other artists on display were Jennier Simpson and Kristy Brantley.

Justin Williams was also given a certificate recognizing his talent in speech.

All stories, poems, and drawings cited at the banquet were published in Across These Hills, the annual SIC high school literary magazine, along with works by many other writers and artists from HHS.

Students assist at Special Olympics

In order to fill a need for volunteers, several students offered to assist in the Area 22 Special Olympics Spring Games.

The Games were held on May 3 at Boz Adams Field in Eldorado. The athletes came from seven counties. The Area 22 Olympics provide year-round sports training and athletic competition in five Olympic-type sports for mentally or physically retarded residents of Southern Illinois.

HHS students were involved in all aspects, working at the field events, in the press box, and as huggers at the finish line. Many students were impressed by the fortitude and determination of the athletes.

It was an apprehensive beginning for many volunteers as they didn't know what to expect from the day. However, fears were replaced with excitement as the competition began.

"Special Olympics was extremely enlightening," according to senior Susan Osterkamp, "and I came to realize that these athletes had bigger hearts and more determination than most people I knew."

"I really learned a big lesson at the Special Olympics," commented Erin Wheatley.

Walker's Word:

Last column ever

By Brent Walker

High school sucks. Goodbye.
The end.

Graduation Hell

by Brent Walker

I had a bad dream the other night.

I was at the graduation ceremony. The sun was beginning to set behind the trees at Taylor Field, graduation candidates dolled up in purple sat in rows to greet their fate. Music began to play.

The soon-to-be graduates rose as one and filed toward the podium to get their diplomas. I was near the end of the line.

Soon it was my turn. I reached out, wanting to snatch my freedom straight from the very hands of my oppressors. Mr. Gordon held the diploma out. A strange look came over his face, and he jerked the diploma out of my grasping fingers.

"Oops!" he said.

"We seem to have a little trouble, Brent. Remember that pamphlet you borrowed from the library last week? Well, Mrs. Hafford says you owe a quarter for it. You know, you can't graduate until you have paid all fees and fines and fulfilled any detention obligations."

"Okay," I said. I gave him the quarter.

"Brent," laughed Mr. Gordon. "The library's closed for the summer! You can't pay 'til August!" He doubled over in maniacal laughter.

That's okay, I thought. I can just call Champaign and explain my situation.

I don't move into a dorm room until the end of August, so I can just pay the fine and pick up my diploma a day or two before that. Piece of cake.

I walked off the field and took a seat. Mr. Ozment tapped me on the shoulder. "Brent, remember that Declaration of Independence test you took in government class?"

"Yes I do," I said. "I got a 95 on it, didn't I?"

"Well, that's what we thought," he said. "I must have been distracted. I switched the digits. You really got a 59 on that test. You'll have to take this semester over! Heh heh. See you next year!!!"

"AAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!!!" I said politely as I excused myself.

I woke up screaming.

My sheets were soaked, and I sincerely hope that it was sweat, only sweat, and nothing more than sweat.

My point in relating this hideous dream is to illustrate just what kind of exquisite anxiety seniors face in these waning days of our high school careers.

The closer you get, the farther away

freedom seems.

Seniors in May get into trouble more frequently, and they tend to cut more classes (a la the infamous Senior Skip Day), so they get more detention. All of these factors add up to one big graduation problem.

Case in point: What if you skip the last day and have to serve fourteen detentions for it? Say bye bye, Mr. Diploma. It's scary. You have to watch your step.

It looks really dumb to screw up something this big a few days before it's over. Is it really worth it to tell your most hated teacher(s) where to kiss just because you've got a week left and you're almost gone?

I'm fed up too, but I value my future more than I value the look on Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so's face when I really let 'em have it.

I think I can wait the whole week before I start killing their cats and terrorizing their kids. But then again, by that time I'll be a High School Graduate. I'll be above that petty teen crap.

One last note:

We're loyal to you, Illinois!
We're orange and blue Illinois!
(Something like that)



No dark sarcasm in the classroom: "If teens ran the school"

by Tina McIlrath

What would happen "If teens ran the school?"

Mass confusion. No class. No teachers. No homework. Hardly. In fact, in a recent survey, the *Purple Clarion* found that students have serious feelings about the way school should be run.

USA Weekend featured a survey called "If teens ran the schools." One hundred HHS students from all four grade levels were given the same survey to reveal what they are feeling.

The most controversial question on the survey involved corporal punishment. A slight majority, 56%, favored punishment such as paddling in the classroom.

Another controversy surfaced when students decided what they would do about hiring and firing teachers.

The results to specific questions on the survey are as follows:

91% of students were against the wearing of school uniforms.

74% were against a requirement for trimmed hair.

83% agreed that no

smoking should be allowed.

62% were against open locker searches.

53% felt that students shouldn't have to carry hall passes and late passes.

79% felt that school publications shouldn't have to have approval from the office.

72% would hire a teacher for his or her ability to make a subject interesting.

19% would hire a teacher for his or her knowledge of the subject matter.

42% would fire a teacher for not knowing the material.

17% would fire a teacher for dating a student.

81% of students believe schools should group kids according to ability, with fast learners in one class, slower learners in others.

83% of students felt we should retain a traditional schedule rather than go to school year-round.

If students found that the school has MORE money available for next year's

budget than expected, what would they spend the extra money on?

26% would spend the money on remodeling the building and other construction.

21% would spend more money on athletic programs.

14% would like to see more money spent on teachers and on math/science courses.

If the school had LESS money available, what would students cut?

21% would cut money spent on athletic programs.

20% would rather cut money on school security.

Students also responded to a question concerning the availability of condoms in schools, prompted by the decision by New York City School officials to make condoms available in their systems.

Students at HHS were overwhelmingly in agreement with this decision, voting for the availability of condoms in restroom machines, from the school nurse, and in sex education class.

PUT IT IN PERSPECTIVE

by Clint Popetz

About 5 billion years ago, on the edge of a star at the opposite end of the universe (assuming that the universe is bounded yet infinite, which deserves discussion but will remain here as a given) a photon was born.

He was born in the aftermath of Nuclear Fusion; his parents were simple hydrogen atoms that in the ecstasy of fusion formed helium, and in the process gave birth to our photon and his 3 million brothers. (A very catholic atomic family) He never had time to say goodbye, for a millionth of a second later he began his journey.

In true beat fashion, for all photons are existentialists, he sped through the galaxy. As he hurtled at 30 million meters per second, traveling faster than anything in the universe, he began to wonder where he was going. Although he sped straight and true, bending only for the occasional magnetic field, he still had doubts. "What is my purpose, and how will I know if I do a good job?" he asked himself. Introspection revealed nothing except a massless speck of light, getting older by the second.

And as time went on, (If we can define time for particles traveling at the speed for which the light cone is defined) he began to question his own existence, and reached his mid-life crisis just as our sun began to shine, just as the earth was formed and cooled, just as the rains began to form the oceans, just as humanity's predecessors slid onto

land and evolved. In the waning years of his life, as he sped tirelessly into our galaxy, he thought that perhaps he had no purpose, that this void of space was all that existed in the universe.

In the instant he had that thought, humanity was born and progressed steadily and steadily towards this century, gradually destroying itself through countless wars. Little did our weary traveller know that his destiny was drawing near; his fate had arrived.

Late last night as I finished working at McDonalds, and I sat out on the hood of my car thinking, I looked at the night sky. I had seen this sky so often that, until that time, the stars seemed trivial. But as my eyes left the blinking orange traffic lights of the dead streets and found the night sky, our traveller finished his life.

He died without pain, simply entered the surface of my eye, was reflected to my retina and was absorbed. This life, that had lasted billions of our years and had seen more than we shall ever see, was over.

"I have arrived! What do I do? What should I say to this monstrous orb that I shall soon strike? How shall I tell him all I know? I must find a way...Damn. I'm dead."

His thoughts were never directly heard. In fact he died without knowing if he had affected anything, or changed anyone. But if his soul is at some photon heaven at the other end of our universe, if he is lying beside some photon pool sipping peña colodas of light and making

love to his photon girlfriend, I want to dispel any shadow of doubt in his mind. He certainly changed my life.

That tiny photon travelled farther, saw more, lived longer than any human. The birth of our world was barely noteworthy in his travels. Certainly the graduation of the Class of 1991 from H.H.S was not on his mind as he directed my attention to something so much more vast.

We as humans can never attain the selflessness, dignity, and determination which that photon held for billions of years. We can never be as self-sufficient, or as brilliant and fast for our size. We cannot live as long; we cannot see or experience as much.

As each member of the senior class graduates, and the other classes move agonizingly closer to that landmark, I only ask for a little humility. And on that first weekend of our long-awaited freedom, as hundreds of thousands of teen-agers everywhere scream up to the night sky in joy, think of what is hitting your eye.

Think of the miracle of light, of dark, of music, of silence, of life and of death. Think of how far that light has travelled, only to tingle a single nerve on the back of your eye and perhaps entice you into thoughts of the unknown. That light is our only lifeline to the rest of the universe. The light we see comes from the same sources as the light that strikes the countless other planets of the universe, the possible McDonalds parking lots of other civilizations.

And realize how trivial are lives are.



Senior long jumper Jodi Prather gets full extension on this jump.

Baseball, Track, and Softball teams finish the season well



Senior John Cannon drills this pitch into center during the Dogs' South Seven victory over Marion.

Spring sports are coming to an end, and all teams have performed reasonably well.

The baseball, softball, and both track teams have notable achievements this season.

The baseball team has brought the South Seven crown back to HHS. The Dogs posted a 12-2 conference mark. The team clinched the title with a 5-1 defeat of Marion. The Dogs stands at 24-5 at press time.

The girls' softball team has lost several close games. The team did beat one of the better Class A teams when they downed Vienna 3-0. Vienna has one of the best pitchers in the state.

The girls have a respectable .500 record going into regional play. Two Lady Bulldog tracksters will be competing in the state meet at Charleston. Amy Davidson qualified in the high jump with a five foot leap that was good for second at sectionals. Jodi Wilson will participate in the discus. She placed third in the sectionals with a throw of over 108 feet.

The boys' track team finished third in the conference meet.

Brandon Shelton had an outstanding day as he won the 300 hurdles, placed second in the 110 hurdles, placed third in the high jump, and was on the second place 1600 relay team.

Trippin' through the trash in Her Majesty's Realm

by Sunny Mattingly

I'm sure many of you have driven through four states in one day during vacation, but have any of you driven through four countries in one day? Believe it or not, I have! During Spring/Easter break I went to England with my friend, and together we drove through Germany, Belgium, France, and then took a ferry to England. That meant having our passports checked three times, and exchanging money three times too.

I spent ten days on the southeast coast in Kingsgate, Kent, England. My friend and I stayed with his sister at her house which was only a five-minute walk from the ocean. During our stay we travelled around a little, shopping in all the small towns in Kent, like Margate, Broadstairs, and Rawsgate. In Broadstairs, we saw where Charles Dickens lived and wrote for a short time during his life. We drove to Canterbury twice, and made a one-day excursion into London.

Canterbury was a very beautiful city. There were many old buildings that dated back to the 16th and 17th centuries. I was in the same Canterbury that Chaucer wrote about in the *Canterbury Tales*. That should ring a bell to A.P. English students.

Canterbury is famous for its cathedral. We visited it on our second trip there, and not only is it huge, it's also beautiful. Unfortunately, we weren't allowed to take pictures, but I did buy some postcards. We



Sunny Mattingly took this picture of London Bridge on March 30, 1991, while visiting England.

went shopping in the small antique stores and drank coffee in a few small cafes as well. I found Canterbury to be beautiful in its own unique way, and enjoyed it more than London.

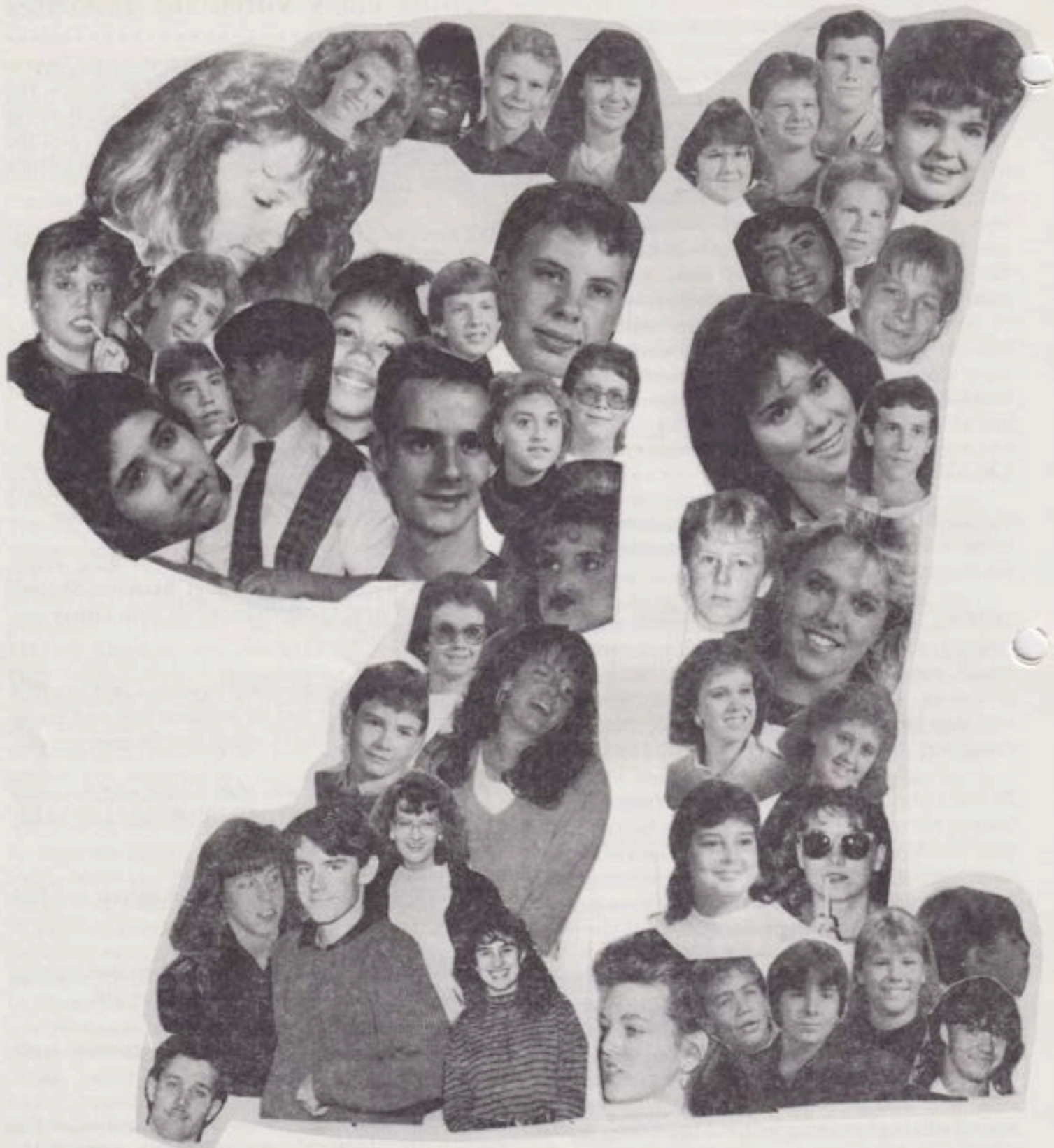
We made a Saturday excursion to London during our last weekend in England. London was both beautiful and ugly at the same time. Parts of London, like Tower of London, London Bridge, and Westminster Abbey were beautiful, but if you walk four or five blocks away it's filthy. I think I would have found London prettier if it hadn't been for all the trash piled up almost everywhere. Sometimes it was knee deep. Of course, it wasn't so bad everywhere. The area around Westminster Abbey and Big Ben was clean and very well-kept.

My favorite place of all was the Tower of London. We spent most of our afternoon there listening to a

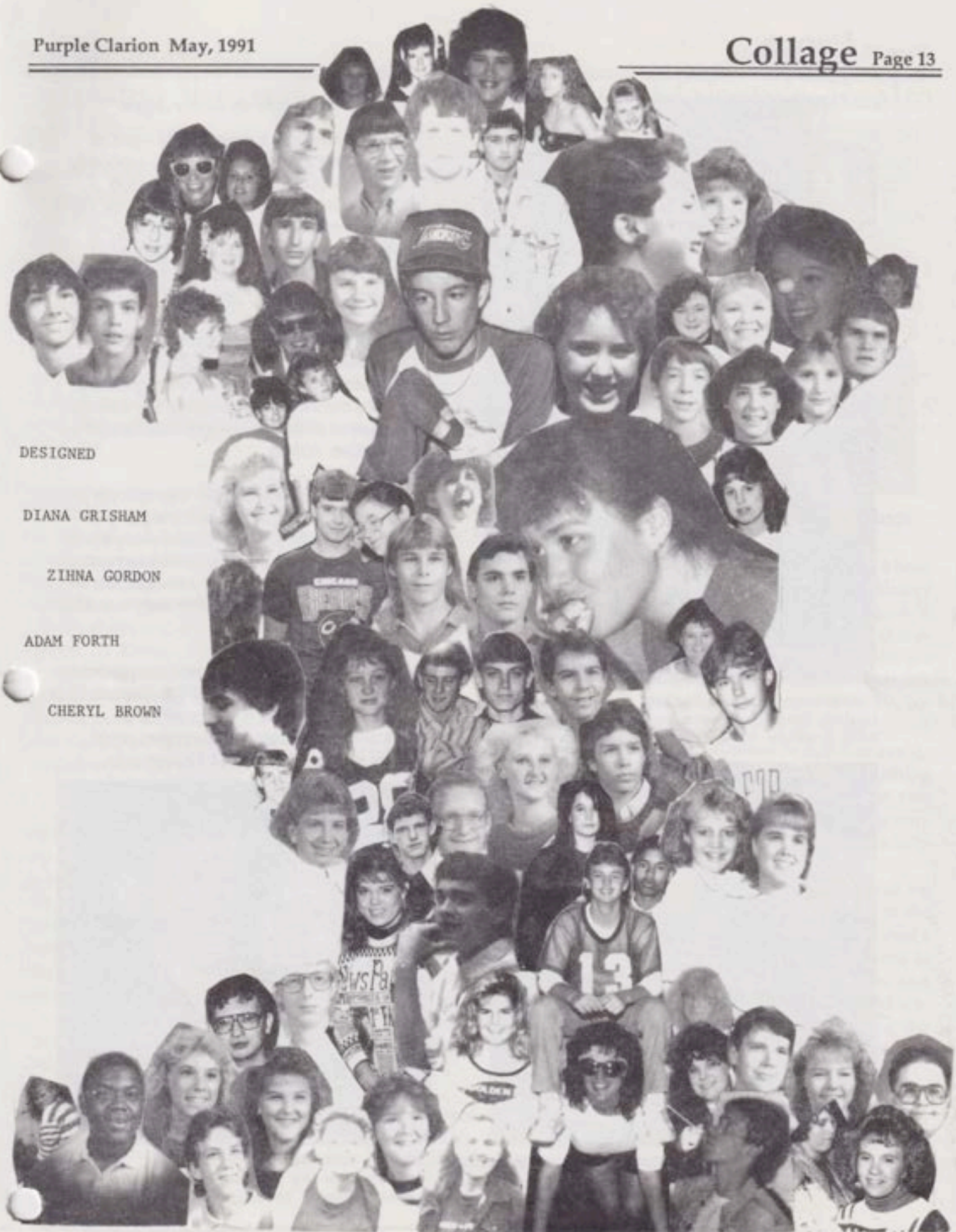
Tower guard who should have been a comedian. He told us the history of the names of every entrance in the building, tales of love and horror that had occurred within the walls, and a little about his job as a guard. Our guard was lucky, because other guards at the Tower weren't allowed to move or smile, let alone speak to people. Finishing our day in London, we met two other Germans. We ate in the only Taco Bell in Europe, in Piccadilly Circus.

The rest of the time in England we went to the beach, layed out in the back yard, or talked with my friend's sister and her husband. I went to the ocean alone a few times and walked through the sand and water. It was very relaxing along the beach at dusk with the tide coming in.

I really enjoyed England, and found the people in the small towns to be very nice and considerate.



The annual Clarion senior issue is made up in part by the traditional senior collage. The senior faces here were gathered from pictures taken over four years. This year's designs were made up of 129 students.



DESIGNED

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CHERYL BROWN



Promserver Melissa Butler collects tickets as junior Brandon Frantz and sophomore Melanie Nook prepare to enter the gym.



Senior Shannon Rider and date Tiffany Horton leave little space between them while dancing.

Promgoers "Hold on to the Night"

To many students it seemed that April 26 would never get here. For others, especially the junior class, it seemed to arrive too quickly. Decorating Davenport Gym for Prom 1991 was not the smoothest operation, as juniors decided on decorations only a few weeks before, and proceeded to transform the gym with the theme "Hold on to the Night."

Starting at 8:00, couples lined up at the gym doors and entered the "city." Decorated in royal blue, white, and black, with sparkling metallic stars dangling from the sky and dark silhouetted buildings, the gym was indeed an impressive setting.

By midnight, the excitement was uptown at Memories. Couples went there to party at Afterprom until 4:00 a.m. Music was played throughout the night with brief interruptions to announce prize winners, such as Chris Healy and Jennifer Ratley who each won \$200 in cash.

Afterprom ended at 4:00. Some couples went home, while others attended the Kiwanis Club Pancake Day. After having their fill of pancakes and sausage, tired couples could pretty well say that Prom 1991 was over.



Seniors Jodi Wilson and Brian Walker enjoy dancing to one of the many slow songs played throughout the evening.



Taking an opportunity to relax, promservers Ashley Gott, Terri Horton, Leslie Hearn, Travis DeNeal, Matt Bramlet, Heather Winters, Melissa Butler, Marnie Miller, and Andi Glass watch promgoers dance into the night.



Promservers Leslie Hearn and Marc Popetz announce couples entering the gym during promenade.



Good senior friends Christi Cottom, Jada Wilson, Erin Wheatley, Julie Slightom, Leslee Barnett, and Lynda Bailey wanted a photo with which to treasure their last prom together.



Julie Slightom



Chris Lucas



Clay Crawford



Marti Stephens



Rhett Simpson



Tina McIlrath

Ten most active seniors chosen by their surveys

The following ten individuals have been chosen as the most active seniors for the Class of 1991. These seniors were chosen on the basis of their extracurricular activities as listed in the senior survey which was handed out in April. The survey covered the last four years of school, including band, sports, clubs, student council, and other school activities. The survey was voluntary and not all of the seniors filled it out.

These are not the top ten scholars of the school; grade point average and class rank was not taken into account. These are the most active seniors, and they have been at the head of the pack over the past four years in school functions, helping to keep things going at HHS.



Christi Cottom



Liz Stafford



Jennifer Allen



Lynda Bailey

OTHER ACTIVE SENIORS CONSIDERED FOR THIS HONOR:

Susan Osterkamp

Melissa Schwartz

LeAnn Gilliam

Jaci Prather

Julie Webb

Melinda Ewert

Shannon Rider

Amy Cavender

Jada Wilson

Brent Walker

Jodi Wilson


Amanda Carter




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Clubs take spring trips to celebrate end of year

With the end of the school year approaching, many clubs have been involved in annual field trips.

Computer Club sponsored a trip to Current River for its members. Ten attended on May 11th and 12th and experienced extreme white water excitement.

Senior Curt McClusky explained that the club tubed in the river on the 11th day and canoed on the 12th. "It rained all day on Sunday, and Wendy [McClusky] almost got her foot broken, but other than that [the trip] was great."



Amit Mehta makes a joyful noise as he and the Computer Club head out for white water wildness on Missouri's Current River May 11th.

The Academic Club also ventured into Missouri to explore Merrimac Caverns and Silver Dollar City. Nearly ten junior and senior club members attended the trip May 17-19.

The trip was cut short because of Baccalaureate that Sunday night, but

everyone still seemed to enjoy themselves. "The trip was a great way to end the last challenging weeks of my senior year," commented senior Susan Osterkamp.

Art Club members also travelled on the weekend of May 18 to St. Louis. Almost 50 members visited the

botanical gardens, the zoo, the St. Louis Art Museum, and Union Station.

Band also travelled to St. Louis on May 17th to see the Cardinals play the Houston Astros. A total of 40 attended the game and received spending money for the evening.

Literary supplement contained error

Robert Frost had a poem published in the *Purple Clarion's* art and literature supplement. The poem was attributed to Todd Boone, but this was not a case of plagiarism. Rather, it was a mistake made by Elizabeth Stafford and Mrs. Clemmons.

Todd used Frost's "In a glass of Cider" as a model for the rhyme and meter of his poem. Todd's poem, as printed here, should have been the one published in the literary supplement.

In a Can of Coke
by Todd Boone

*As the top of my can was opened
up
I slept on the bottom, then I woke
up
Then I started to rise to the top
I was pretty close to the opened
hole
When without a warning I fell
below
I wanted to try and go up once
more
But I could not since I only have
one life
I can go only once through life's
great strife*

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