

BRIGHTON AREA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Greg Park submitted this story. Greg is a Lifetime member of the historical society and has written previously for Trail Tales. We would like to thank Greg for sharing his memories.

BHS Bulldog Friends

With three older brothers (Colt, Dick, John) having gone through BHS successfully I knew that my BHS Senior year (1965 — 1966) would be a special time in my life. So, starting on my first day as a BHS Senior I made a personal decision. I decided that for each school day after supper, at my Main & Third Street home, I would go upstairs to my study desk in my bedroom and do my school homework. But before I started my day's school homework I would just jot down, on a piece of school notebook paper, my senior year day's main events and memories. Events at school that I was involved with either academically or socially. My sole purpose was to just keep a brief school log, so to speak, to reread and enjoy someday, like today. As I said, my three older brothers had each experienced a special senior year at "the school on the hill." It was important to me to remember my senior year. During August 1965 through June 1966, I wrote each night as accurately as I could my day's school reflections.

Today I dug through a closet and dug out my dusty BHS notes for Monday, March 7th, 1966. Not now nor back on March 7th, 1966, was there anything particularly important about the first Monday in March 1966. It was just another Monday in my BHS Senior year. What is important (interesting is a better word) to me is that today I find it interesting to be able to relive, for five minutes, fifty-eight years ago one school Monday of my BHS experiences.

Yes, today is more important and meaningful than some dusty old high school notes. I will get on with today's work, adventures, aches and pains and bills to pay in a little while – but enjoy with me, for the next five minutes, my typical senior year Monday at BHS on the first Monday in March 1966.

Monday March 7th 1966 — Up at 6:30 AM -- wore a white shirt and tie to school -- rode to school with Rich Musch, in his light blue Corvair, and Bruce Evenson.

Pre School: Talked to Cathy Pearsall (Leutz) & Susie Cord at their locker 147. Weekend review. The usual who is dating whom and who broke up with whom.

First hour: Jesse Mossgrove, Cathy Pearsall (Leutz), Donna Kay Juipe (Chasteen), Jackie Wisser, and me in the upper hallway talking about 4th hour Geography (Mr. Demar) class. First floor drinking fountain flooded. Found janitor. Talked to (Mr. Bob) Scranton (Junior High Principal) in his office about a Faculty - Student basketball game.

Second Hour: Bookkeeping class with (Mr. Al) Stewart Ikens. (Mrs. Vera, school counselor) called me out of class and in to the first-floor hallway to say that some SC (Student Council) members have been arriving late to 5th hour class after SC lunchtime meetings. I was Student Council President and will discuss at the next SC meeting.

Third Hour: Government class with (Mrs. Alice) Wilson. Studying State Governments. Good class. Fourth Hour: Geography Class with (Mr. Steve) Demar.

Lunch: 12:10 PM 15-minute Student Council meeting in (Mr.) Schutz's (Chemistry-Physics) class (SC averaged about 3 meeting per week during lunch.) Quick lunch in the Pit (cafeteria) with the gang.

Fifth Hour: SC (Student Council) members went to all classrooms to read SC minutes. Physics in (Mr. Gene) Schutz's class. There was only one girl in the class, Jeanne Davis (Dunk), who we teased every day. (Jeanne would become the Class of 1966 Salutatorian.) Physics experiments with Harry Maltby in the back of the class lab area.

Sixth (Last) Hour: English Class with (Mrs. Evelyn) Grey.

After school: Walked to the 'Hubbard' (Country Cupboard ice cream shop on Main Street) for a coke with Donna Kay Juipe (Chasteen.)

After supper: Homework (English class) term paper on poet Robert Frost & Physics.

I picked Monday, March 7th, 1966, to read, review, remember and write about because it was then, as it is today, a Monday in early March 1966/2024. The selected date could have been any other school day of my senior year at BHS. My senior year notes were by no means all encompassing but I believe they were basically accurate. Today, I write for my enjoyment, and, I hope, for yours.

Always a Bulldog!