History of the Woodward School
99 Years
1901 - 2000

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99 Years - 1901 - 2000

By

Heber C. Jones

Prepared for

The Committee for the Restoration of the Woodward School

2000

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About the Author

Heber Jones was born in St. George, Utah in the Old Cottam Home on Tabernacle Street. He attended early school in Veyo, Utah, then rode the bus to Woodward and Dixie High Schools.

He graduated from high school at the age of 16, and Dixie Jr. College at 18 years of age. He then transferred to the University of Utah, where he earned his B.S. and Masters Degrees. He was the first person to earn a college degree from Veyo, Utah.

Heber taught school at Woodward Jr. High, Dixie High School, and at Dixie College when Bob Slack was at the Utah State Legislature. Mr. Jones retired from teaching in 1987. He worked for the Five County Travel Bureau at the Port of Entry. Since retiring from there, he has been very busy writing, lecturing, and keeping up with his family. He is married to LaRee McAllister and they are the parents of five sons. They reside in St. George, Utah.

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INTRODUCTION

This history of the Woodward School is a part of the activity generated by the Committee for the Preservation and Restoration of the Woodward Building. This history tries to acquaint the reader with some historical background of the educational pursuits which led to the building and the establishment of the Woodward School. It also attempts to trace the workings of the school through its four major phases form 1901 through the year 2000 when it was retired as a normal functioning elementary school.

The quest for an adequate education has been one of the many aims of people living in Utah's Dixie from the pioneer period to the present. This short narrative is but one of many attempts to help the reader of today understand the challenges of yesterday and the zeal with which they were pursued.

Chapter 1

Woodward School -- 99 Years -- 1901 - 2000

One of the first actions taken by the band of pioneers who settled in St. George was to appoint a board of trustees with a mandate to establish and administer a school system. The trustees were Angus M. Cannon, James G. Bleak and John Oakey. They had a large tent set up in camp for a school. This school didn't last long because the camp was abandoned as people moved to their designated city lots.

The city was divided into four wards, each with its own school district. For the first few years many different arrangements were made for schools. Some buildings were made from willows, others used tents or boxes to house their scholars. Private homes and public structures were used. However, work was begun on permanent buildings and between 1863 and 1868 four ward school buildings were completed. They were built of adobe on a rock foundation. Each school had its own board of trustees. Three of these buildings doubled for church and civic activities until the Tabernacle and Courthouse were completed.

There were numerous public and private schools in operation in Dixie between 1862 and 1901 when the Woodward School was completed. Schools were usually held for two or three months each year. The teachers usually provided wood, candles, lamps, clocks, brooms, janitorial services and in most cases had to collect their pay from the parents.

Thomas P. Cottam said that he graduated from the back of a wagon box. He must have graduated with honors because Josephine Jarvis, his future sister-in-law stated, "In 1878, Miss Mary E. Cook came to St. George and taught in the basement of the Tabernacle for 10 months. She was a good teacher for the times, but we little girls thought that she favored the boys, especially one day when she kept her whole arithmetic class in during the entire noon hour, with the exception of Thomas Cottam, whom she dismissed with the remark, "Mr. Cottam, I think your head aches....."

Thomas P. Cottam, along with Edward H. Snow and George F. Whitehead became leading advocates of education and were largely responsible for Dixie College and free public education throughout the first quarter of the 20th Century.

In 1890 a free public school system supported by taxation was put into effect. The old tuition system was still used for some advanced training. An attempt to start a high school was made in the Third Ward as early as 1871 and a group of citizens started a movement for a St. George Stake Academy. Its purpose was to train teachers and provide advanced training in specialized areas.

The basement of the Tabernacle was used by a German, Eugene Schoppman, supported by tuition to teach advanced studies. In the 1880's Professor Albert Whitelock, Martha Snow and Josephine Jarvis taught in the basement of the Tabernacle. In 1888 the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints sent Nephi M. Savage to teach in the St. George Stake Academy which was held in the basement of the Tabernacle for 5 years. Due to pressure put on the Church by the federal government's threat to confiscate Church property, the Academy was discontinued and Nephi M. Savage went to work for the local district for the next 3 years.

The Tabernacle basement proved to be a poor place to hold school. The lack of light, heat, and poor ventilation made it undesirable for a place to learn. Willie Jarvis was attending school there on April 5, 1881. He was killed by lightning while playing on the Tabernacle steps during recess time.

The upper floor of the Court House and the St. George Hall were used for educational purposes.

The Presbyterian Church opened a mission school in St. George in 1880. Some form of this school continued until about 1944. The last 31 years was under the direction of Miss Louisa Conklin.

By the 1890's it was obvious that there were too many students for the available facilities. There were about 500 students using buildings designed to serve about 200. The four ward school districts were consolidated into one and a school board for the entire city was organized.

The state appropriated about $.50 per student for a 12 week term. Schools were graded for the first time. Prior to this time, all grades were in the same room with one teacher in each ward. Some rooms had as many as 85 students who had to get by with one small blackboard, no maps, charts, etc.

In 1894-95 Josephine Jarvis taught 5th and 6th grades along with some leftovers from other grades in the Court House. She had 129 students in one room with no playground and no assistant.

Mrs. Josephine Jarvis Miles in her History of Education in St. George states that E. H. Snow, clerk and Horatio Pickett, John E. Pace and Zaidee Walker, trustees, were responsible for promoting the idea of building one central school for St. George. Mabel Jarvis in her poem, Yesterday - School History in Saint George gives the credit to E. H. Snow, John E. Pace and Horatio Pickett. Albert E. Miller in Immortal Pioneers and the D. U. P. publication Under Dixie Sun indicates that the school board consisting of George Woodward, F. L. Daggett and Joseph Orton with Edward H. Snow as secretary, pushed for a more adequate arrangement for housing the students.

Edward H. Snow was directed to get plans for a suitable building. He commissioned Joseph Monson of Cache County to prepare the plans. The building was to consist of 12 rooms, six on each floor with a 16 ft. hall through the center on each floor. It was to be built of brick.

Several meetings were held to get support for the new building. There was considerable discussion as to whether there should be one building or additions to the existing structures. Some argued that there were not adequate materials for making brick and others wanted to use adobe. Karl Larson in I Was Called To Dixie put it this way, "Miss Zaidee Walker was one of those who talked in favor of the large central school. She had received her training in pedagogy at the University of Utah, and this training, with her natural firmness, keen intelligence, and understanding sympathy, made her one of Dixie's finest instructors. She got a bit impatient with some of the brethren who held out for building an additional room to the small outmoded schoolhouses, and tartly remarked that their thinking on the school problem was similar to a polygamist's reasoning as he prepared to take a new wife -- just add another room to the old house! Some of those at whom this barb was leveled were polygamists themselves, and they were considerably upset, to put the matter mildly. But the advocates of the central school won the argument." In the end it was decided to build a large building out of rock. The rock would not be dressed as was done on the Tabernacle. They would use the same stone cut with what they called a course pitched ashlar.

In April of 1897 the people approved a two percent tax for one year to be used for the new building. Part of the tax was to be paid in goods and/or labor. The building was to be constructed on the northwest corner of the public square. On May 3, 1897 the St. George City Council authorized the Mayor, Edward M. Brown, to issue a deed for the property to the School District. The deed was to be held until the building was complete. The deed was issued to the School District by Mayor Thomas P. Cottam on November 28, 1902. The building was expected to cost about $15,000. The actual cost was closer to $30,000. The first year of construction cost about $7,000. The ground was prepared under the direction of William J. Davies. He was assisted by Joseph and George Worthen. They pounded small, volcanic rock into the foundation as had been done in building the Temple. Financed by another two percent assessment, the volcanic rock that had been prepared for building a St. George Stake Academy was used as a foundation for the red sandstone walls. The red sandstone was quarried from

sandstone was quarried from the Tabernacle and Temple quarry where the Red Hills Golf Course now is. The quarrying was done by John F. McNeil, F.A. Blair, John Bleak, Alex Fullerton, Horatio Pickett and Joseph Riding. George Brooks, William G. Miles and James G. Bleak Jr., along with others, were hired to cut the stones. Another two percent was levied for 1899 but the trustees decided that the building progress was too slow. They contracted out the quarrying of the rock and a contract for the cutting of the stone was let to Mahonri M. Snow Jr. and Charles Whipple. Another contract was awarded Snow and Whipple in 1900.

The arched entrances on the east and west, along with the inscriptions on the building, were done by George Brooks. Between 1897 and 1901 the citizens of the school district had voted a school tax of nine and one-half percent for the construction of the Woodward building. In order to complete the project in 1901 the board bonded for $6,000. They let a contract to Grace Brothers of Nephi for $8,000. This contract was probably necessary because of the number of local craftsmen away on missions. Joseph Worthen, Isaac Hunt, William J. Davies and others were hired to do the mason work. George T. Cottam and Samuel T. Bleak hauled much of the rock for the building and Charles S. Cottam was hired as inspector.

For about one hundred years this red sandstone two story building standing on the City Square has hosted a school. In its' 100th year it will conclude its use as a public school and will revert to its place in the memories of thousands of people who have fond feelings of their having gone there.

In 1899 the building was named the "Woodward School", using the name of George Woodward who was a member of the school board and who helped in the financing of the building. The name Woodward has many ramifications because Jabez Woodward was an early school teacher in St. George. It is believed that Jabez was the first to teach school in the community. A decade after the Woodward School opened, Hugh Woodward was imported to become the first principal of the St. George Academy (Dixie College) in 1911. The Woodward name even continues today on the local education scene with Mike Woodward who teaches at Dixie College. George Woodward contributed $50 toward preparing the rock used in the foundation and $3,600 for the heating plant for the building. He also contributed $4,000 to modernize the plumbing in the Temple and hook it to the city water system. Mr. Woodward was a brick mason by trade. He had made some money on property sales prior to his leaving Salt Lake City. He is said to have given $7,793.95 for a hearse and harness, an organ for the Tabernacle, bathrooms in the St. George Temple, help for the 4th Ward school building, missionary fund, the Brigham Young monument, a piano for the Woodward building and an organ for the Primary Association.

George M. Woodward was born in Monmouth County, New Jersey on September 9, 1817. He was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints by Erastus Snow in September of 1840. He moved to Nauvoo that same year and helped in the construction of the Nauvoo Temple. He married Thomazine Downing while in Nauvoo. They had no children. He migrated to Salt lake City in 1847. He was with Heber C. Kimball's group when they had the famous meeting with Jim Bridger who tried to discourage the Mormons from settling the Salt Lake area. Before reaching the Salt Lake Valley, Brigham Young sent Woodward with a group to locate their families and bring them from Winter Quarters. They found their families who had already started for the West and accompanied them into Salt Lake City. George Woodward was among the first group to be called to settle St. George in 1861. The Woodward building was completed in 1901 and is described as Nellie Gubler remembered it: "The building had twelve classrooms and a sixteen-foot hallway running through the center of each floor. The west end of the second floor hall provided an office room for the principal. Also, between the two floors and about in the middle of the building was an orchestra stand.

On the east side, just inside the building was a flight of about twelve steps that led to this stand and on either side, continuing on up to the second floor, were more steps. At the west end of the building, just inside the west doors, was a set of stairs that went clear up to the second floor with one broad step at about half-way up. On either side of the east and west stairways were halls leading to the downstairs classrooms....There was no water system for indoor rest rooms as the toilets and wash basins were outside to the south of the building. It was 1910 before 'modern conveniences' of indoor toilets and wash basins were provided. There was no sewer system, only a cesspool, which by 1914 - 1916 was full to overflowing and the stench was very unpleasant, as well as unsanitary. I attended this school and remember very vividly the offensive odor and how it plagued the custodian, Brother Sam Bleak. As to electricity, there were drop lights in the center of each room and the rest rooms were dimly lighted by probably 25 watt globes. The boys' room was on the north side of the downstairs hall at middle north, and the girls' room on the south side, opposite. A small dark alley led to each rest room. By the time I had advanced to the upper realms, conditions had improve." In later years the middle room on the north side of the bottom floor was split in two sections and both the boys' and girls' rest rooms were put there.

William H. Thompson and his nephew, Samuel T. Bleak did the plumbing for the Woodward building. They also installed the heating plant. Samuel T. Bleak became the first custodian and held that position for 26 years from 1902 to 1927.

Jabez Woodard - Not Woodward

The Woodwards (George and Thomazine) had a daughter - Mary. She died young. The amount of money listed as contributed may be inflated. His (Woodward's) lists are smaller amounts. I located his account book after this book was printed, it also indicates his activities in St. George started in the 1870's, the information in this book was taken from several local accounts. He was called to Dixie with the first group.

Chapter 1
Appendix

The following poetic narrative by Mable Jarvis, describes the earliest establishment of organized education in St. George and how Woodward came to be.

School History in Saint George

End of a wearying Pioneer trail,
Settled at last in a hill walled vale,
Where the lizard lolled and the cacti grew,
On vermillion sands under skies of blue.
And the rays of that early December sun,
In the year of our Lord Eighteen Sixty-one
Marked a toilsome journey through.

Following ever the well formed rule,
Quoth Erastus, the leader, "We must hold school."
And soon neath the arch of a spacious tent,
Heads over slates and books were bent.
The teachers were those whom life had prepared,
And books from all sources were joyously shared,
Given, and borrowed, and lent.

From the "Dobieyard Camp," when the lots were drawn,
They moved into town as the Spring came on.
And a wagon box, or a willow shed,
Or a mud walled shack, with its trundle bed
Made schoolhouse and home. And the teacher's pay
Was food for her family from day to day,
Which the patrons contributed.

At length into four wards the town was divided,
And each with its own special building provided,
Which served as amusement hall, ward house and school.
And teaching continued by rote and by rule.
The teachers "went north" and learned the best way,
To govern the school children at work and at play.
Though they still used the dunce cap and stool.

But enrollments increased in each ward year by year,
Till the need of more classrooms began to appear.
The Court House was pressed into service one fall,
Also, what was known as the old Social Hall.
But with these additions they still wanted space.
And the problem stared every trustee in the face,
For there seemed no resources at all.

Still anticipating the ultimate need,
One wise city father had given much heed,
To the problem, and knew that a good building site,
Must come first, so proposed in the council one night,
A School District Grant of the Public Square Corner,
Which unused, would revert to the city as donor.
And he won after a full six months' fight.

Now talking things over is reason and right,
And oftimes, great problems are solved in one night.
The citizens knew that the prospects were small,
For financing any school building at all.
But they did possess vision, and faith, and would stand
Together for whatever built up the land,
So they answered the Mass Meeting Call.

The Trustees presented the figures and facts,
And the patrons agreed on a School Building Tax.
Unto the laws limit; and tax script for pay,
Was issued each workman by month, week or day.
E.H. Snow, John E. Pace, and Horatio Pickett
Were the trustees whose energy, urging and sweat,
Got the mammoth task well under way.

The year eighteen ninety eight saw the ground cleared;
And foundations laid, plus more work volunteered.
Rock was hauled from the quarrie and skillfully drest,
On the ground by mechanics who ranked with the best.
The people were cheered as they gazed on the line
Of the first story finished, eighteen ninety-nine;
And knew they could count on the rest.

And up to this time not a bond had been voted,
And Tax Script was still the good pay-paper floated.
Then that year E.H. Snow on a mission was sent,
To the State of New York where he joyously went,
Well assured the school building would not be forsaken,
Since Trustee Joseph Orton his position had taken,
And everyone knew what that meant.

In the year nineteen hundred the citizens met,
And voted a Six Thousand school bonded debt,
To raise the cash needed for hardware and glass,
For which they could never hope Tax Script to pass.
Brother Orton, though childless, was bound soul and mind
To his task, a more faithful man never we'll find.
And there are but few in his class.

He was friends with George Woodward another great soul,
And one also childless, but owning a roll,
Of bills, and of gold a most generous supply,
For that time, with no heirs to get theirs when he'd die.
Trustee Orton's suggestion he gladly received,
And his gift of three thousand the problem relieved,
And the building for all could get by.

But still there was need of a steam heating plant,
Every means was exhausted and folks said, "We can't."
But again, good George Woodward with generous heart,
Bought the plant and them paid for installing each part.
How could his great kindness be richer acclaimed,
Than this, that the school in his honor be named.
The Woodward, 'twas that from the start.

From his mission released the the spring of Nineteen-one,
E.H. Snow was elated to find so much done.
And again made Trustee his duty was clear,
To man the school wisely that very first year.
For, from the four wards such a group would assemble,
As might cause most any school teacher to tremble,
And the principal must have no fear.

He had met in the East one A.B. Christensen,
Who was going to school and had imprest him then,
As sufficiently wise and sufficiently stern
To hold things in order, however they'd turn.
And him they employed. So we met that first day,
Some anxious, some fearful, some daring and gay,
But we all found we had much to learn.

The teachers unitedly labored and schemed,
To bring into being all that had been dreamed.
They taught us to march four by four up the stairs,
From east and west doorways, And if unawares,
Some maker of mischief would feel the firm hand,
Of the principal's grip, and hear the command,
He knew it meant business, not scares.

The habits of tardiness and truancy,
Had grown until they had to be met drastically.
The business of sluffing and bluffing were checked.
And children were taught to give teachers respect.
They drilled us and trained us, and made special rules,
Till in time we were classed with the state graded schools.
Though the teachers, perhaps, were near wrecked.

We weathered one earthquake, without tragedy,
Though just by mere luck, as we now plainly see.
Then they frequently sounded the fire alarm,
And we'd clear the rooms quickly without fear or harm.
And most of the parents were learning much too,
But the spirit of cooperation soon grew,
Averting many a storm.

Of all those who taught that first year, one alone
Remains with the Woodward, the others have gone.
Some to the cities, some in their last rest,
But we are not forgetting they gave us their best.
And to patrons and donors, and teachers, in song
And story, our voices their praises prolong,
To the end, be their memories blest.

For they gave us our chance to be master, not tool,
When they laid the foundations of our Woodward School.

A List of People Who Taught School in St. George Prior to 1901

Ashby, M.
Bentley, Mary Mansfield
Bleak, James G.
Burgon, George A.
Calkins, Mariette
Cannon, Eva
Crosby, Sarah Clark
Clinton, Zina
Cook, Mary E.
Cottam, Annie
Cottam, Rachel
Cox, Louisa
Cox, Martha
Cox, Retta
Crosby, Elida
DeFriez, Mary
Everett, Orpha
Fawcett, Ruth
Gardner, Laura
Giovanni, San
Harmon, M. M.
Horn, Richard
Ivins, Edith
Jarvis, Ella
Jarvis, Josephine
Jarvis, Rosina
Judd, Mary
Kemp, Kate
Kesler, Mr.
LeBaron, David
Liston, Sister
Lund, Eliza
Lund, Jennie
Lytle, Cornelia
Macfarlane, John
Mansfield, Mary
Mathis, Barbara
McArthr, Isabelle
McCullough, Judge
McQuarrie, Annie
Miles, Samuel & George
Nelson, Lena
Nixon, Mary
Orton, Joseph
Peck, Mr.
Platt, Julia
Pratt, Orson Jr.
Purse, Mrs.
Pymn, Seth A.
Redd, Mary
Romney, Annie
Romney, Mr.
Savage, Nephi
Schultz, Mr.
Snell, Margaret
Snow, Elizabeth
Snow, Josephine
Snow, Martha
Spencer, Emily
Specner, George
Sullivan, Julia
Thompson, Mary
Walker, Zaidee
Whitelock, J. A.
Winsor, Andrew
Woodbury, Eleanor
Woodbury, John T. Sr.
Workman, Charles A.
Worthen, Alice
Worthen, Louise

Rules for Teachers, 1872

1. Teachers each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys.
2. Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's session.
3. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to the individual taste of the pupils.
4. Men teachers may take one evening each week for courting purposes, or two evenings a week if they go to church regularly.
5. After ten hours in school, the teachers may spend the remaining time reading the Bible or other good books.
6. Women teachers who marry or engage in unseemly conduct will be dismissed.
7. Every teacher should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years so that he will not become a burden on society.
8. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop will give good reason to suspect his worth, intention, integrity and honesty.
9. The teacher who performs his labor faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase of twenty-five cents per week in is pay, providing the Board of Education approves.

In Ye Good Old Days

In 1862, while school was being held in a tent near St. George, the Tonaquint flood washed away some of the homes. The tent was needed as a place of refuge, so school had to be dismissed.

When the Silver Reef shut down, the school was moved to Leeds. This so crowded Leeds that a store and several homes had to be used for school purposes for a short time.

Old timers tell that the recesses were so long at the old fourth ward schoolhouse that the children went to the Sugar Loaf to play and came back when the gong sounded.

One teacher was making a batch of molasses candy. As it was slow in getting done, she was late for school. The pupils went in a group to her home to finish the candy.

One student of the wagon box school said he couldn't read much of the Bible, but he could spell it off by heart.

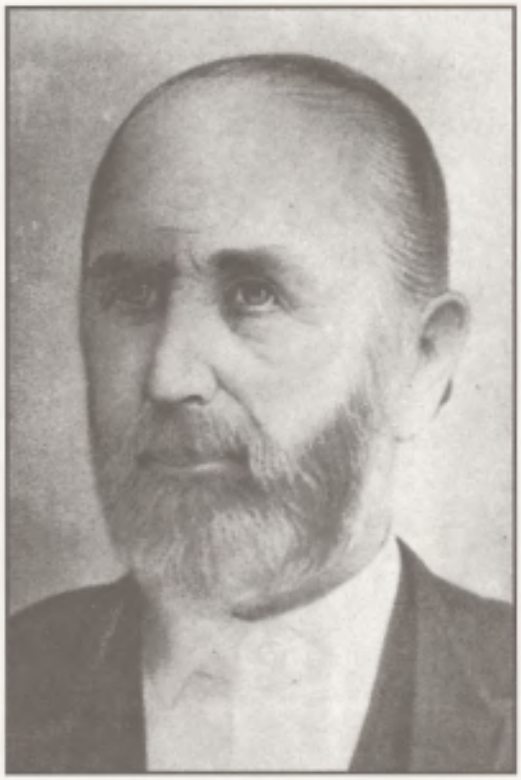
Thomas Cottam claims to have been a graduate of the wagon box school, having come in at one end and gone out the other.

Mrs. Josephine Miles learned the states and their capitals by chanting them. She began by doing "Washington, Olympia" twice and then crossing the continent to "Maine, Augusta."

The tattle tale, in the olden days, could get revenge by telling the teacher that so-and-so was "drawing pictures."

Reading "around" was prominent in pioneer times, and some of the "Bright" ones would escape difficult words by exchanging places.

Sister Snell's pupils learned how to spell 'weeds' by being sent to pull them. Her work was thus made easier.



GEORGE WOODWARD

"I wish to use the little wealth I have accumulated to promote the proper training of our young people."

FIRST GRADUATING CLASS

FRONT: Hattie Pike, Maude Macfarlane Judd
BACK: Josephine Sandberg, James Cottam, Tillie Foster, Leo Snow, A. B. Christensen, principal; Bertie Crosby Bunker, Mr. Larson, Music instructor, Josephine Snow Sandberg, Angus M. Woodbury
NOT PICTURED: Charles Higgins and Eleanor Jackson

George First Ward School House
Completed in 1908

Mrs. Hammaker, Teacher
1920's

4th Grade, 1929

8th Grade, 1929
Teachers:
V. J. Frei
Vernon Worthen

Red & White Woodward Grade School
Walter Moss
Andy McArthur
Andy Lytle
Coach Vernon Worthen
Don Bleak
Harold Wells
Jim Andrus
Clawson Burgess, *Kneeling*

Woodward 4th Grade -- 1920-21

Front Row: Mary Fullerton, 2, Cecil Gates, Andy Pace, Ilif Andrus, Donald McGregor, Willard Bleak, Lloyd McArthur, 9.

Second Row: Beatrice Carter, Nellie Cox, Berneice Carter, Virginia Snow, Juanita McQuaid, 6, Ina McArthur, LuRue Cox, Kathleen Lund, Mary Reber, Hortense Snow, 12, Fullerton, 13.

Third Row: Virginia Jarvis, Lilian Macfarlane, Irene Seegmiller, Phillis Judd, Evelyn Harris, Beth Fawcett, Clesta Worthen, Amy Linder, Lucile Stratton, Katheryn Ward.

Fourth Row: Maggie Brooks, Lea Cottam, Effie Bracken, 4, Una Pickett, Emma Thompson, Deloris DeLamater.

Fifth Row: 1, 2, 3, 4, Howard Cannon, 6, George Snow, Elwood Romney.

(Numbers indicate that the person has not been identified)

This is Robert Wilkin riding a buffalo on the Woodward Square. This was in 1923 and Robert "Bob" was 23 years old. After he rode the buffalo, which he said really banged him around, they killed the buffalo and had a Bar--B-Que.

Chapter 2

Woodward School --1901 - 1936

The Woodward School opened in 1901 with grades 1 through 8. Soon the 9th and 10th grades were added. A. B. Christiansen was appointed the first principal. He started out with about 600 students. He made a considerable difference from what the students were used to having. Students were marched into the building in the morning and at noon, with penalties for being late or out of line. The first year they marched to the beat of a drum. Samuel Thompson was the drummer. After the first year a small band played as they marched into the building.

After the upper grades were added to the Woodward school a student government was organized. They had a student body assembly one night each week and a student court to handle charges brought against students. They also had an editor and put out a school newspaper.

In 1905 Eldon Pickett was charged with cruelty to dumb animals and tried in the student court held at night. He acted as his own lawyer and was acquitted after declaring that he was not twisting the cat's tail, he was caressing the animal. The following poem was printed in the school paper. It was written by Charles Walter Cottam:

The Defense In Court

In the court before the judge
Stood Eldon strong and brave.
He said, "This case, myself, I'll fight
A lawyer's fee to save."

Why he was up I'll tell you
A cat's tail twisted he
And there were many witnesses
This cruel act did see.

He stood amazed and wondered
His eyes were on a girl
He brushed off from his forehead
A little straggling curl.

But then his face was brightened
As he looked down where she sat,
for a little thought had struck him
Just an inch below his hat.

All eyes then turned upon him
As he stood there so erect,
For the little thought that struck him
Had a wonderful effect.

He said, "I made a bad mistake,
The tom cat I caressed
I thought that I was hugging
The girl I love the best."

It would have been a pity
If he in sweetest bliss
Had tried to press his lips to hers
And given the cat a kiss.

(See page 55 - C. W. Cottam)

In 1911 the St. George Stake Academy was completed and the 9th and 10th grades were moved to that building and school. The system was organized on an 1 - 8 grade elementary program and a 9 - 12 high school. In addition, two years of college or teacher training courses could be taken.

In the Woodward building teachers were equipped with modern blackboards and supplies. The students were graded and passed on or retained on a grade level basis. Each grade level had a room or sometimes two rooms depending on the number of students. On occasion, when a class was small, some of the younger students were started early to fill up the room.

The school usually had roving or auxiliary teachers for music and art. In later years the 7th and 8th grades alternated with two teachers, each taking the students for one half of the day or splitting subject areas.

Prior to 1901 there had been individuals who trained young people in music and band. William H. Thompson trained young people and maintained a juvenile band even after the public schools took over that assignment. Karl E. Fordham taught music for a number of years and Joseph W. McAllister and Earl J. Bleak became legends in their own time in the area of teaching and promoting music at the Woodward School and in the community.

In 1915 the school system was reorganized and the Washington County School District was created. The new District assumed management of all public schools in the County. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints owned the Dixie Academy and the District made arrangements to have the upper grades attend school there.

A wooden fence was placed around the Woodward building and a few trees were planted. Little was done to beautify the grounds or provide playground equipment until 1922. At that time the Board of Education matched what the School could raise for improvement of the play area and needed equipment. Principal E. M. Jensen supervised the installation of the stride, slide and swing set. Leland Hafen became principal in 1924. He scheduled teachers to supervise the playgrounds and tried to raise money for equipment. In 1926 Jed Fawcett, as Principal, had the classes put on public performances and charged a small fee which was put toward organized activity equipment. Vernon Worthen took over in 1927. He built upon what had been started and began a program of adding so many balls, bats, etc. for each sport each year. Class competition was started and tournaments were held. He persuaded the city to block the south and west roads during school recess periods. The city also donated $50 toward equipment. The School Board provided some money to be put with that donated by the city and with what the classes had raised purchased some swings and horizontal bars. In 1928-29 the school spent $63.23 on baseballs, bats, basketballs, etc. In 1929 the playground activities were organized with the goal of one hundred percent student participation. Competition in baseball,

basketball, kickball, punch ball, horse shoes, marbles and races became the rule and tournaments were held and awards given.

In the mid 1930's an annual Play Day was organized at the Woodward School for all of the 6th, 7th, and 8th grades in the area. For many students it was their first trip to "town." They were toured around the city to the news office, the public buildings and to the picture show. They played games, tried to dance and generally got to know one another. Between eight and nine hundred students attended the first year.

Parents' Visiting Week was organized to encourage parents to come to school and observe the teachers and students at work. Parents were afforded an opportunity to visit with the teachers and discuss their child's progress or lack of it. About four hundred parents visited during the week and a closing social was held which consisted of a program, dancing and refreshments.

The Woodward School joined the county in participating in the state spelling bee. No one from Woodward survived to go on to state competition the first year.

All of the major holidays were celebrated by presenting programs and/or parades. Some programs were presented in the rooms, others were done on a grade or school basis and were held in the Tabernacle, Wadsworth Theater, Electric Theater, and the college assembly hall. The students were usually herded to one of the theaters for a "picture show" during the year.

The faculty, too, celebrated quite frequently. They had a party committee each year which took the job rather seriously. In 1935-36 the party schedule went as follows:

October 3 - Outdoor supper held in Mr. V. J. Frei's field. Menu: rabbit and beef.

October 5 - Venison supper on the red hill; went back to school and played Rook.

November 8 - Venison supper at Harold S. Snow's new house; played Rook.

November (Regular Party) - Held in college science building; played Rook.

December 9 - Depression Party, held in the Woodward building; everyone dressed in old style clothes; played Rook.

December - Christmas Party, held at the home of H. T. Atkin. Everyone brought a present and put it under the tree; played Rook for prizes.

January 1 - Wives' Party, held in Woodward building.

January 11 - Party held at B. Glen Smith's new home; played Rook.

February 22 - Party held at Arrowhead Hotel; played Rook for chocolates.

March 20 - Party held at the home of Vernon Worthen; played Rook.

April 25 - Party on the red hill; singing and stunts.

May 8 - Party held at the Arrowhead Hotel; played Rook for prizes.

In addition to these parties, the P.T.A. entertained the teachers at a December social. A program was given in the Tabernacle followed by a party in the science building -- they played Rook.

All was not parties on the part of the faculty. They put on the following programs in the Wadsworth Theater in 1933:

November 10 - Armistice program - 5th Grade

November - Thanksgiving program - Choruses from the schools in the County

December - The Christmas operetta "Quest of Santa Claus" - 3rd Grade

December 21 - Christmas Cantata - 2nd Grade

January - Program of songs and drills - 2nd Grade

February - Boys of junior high gave operetta "Freshies" - Mr. and Mrs. Fordham, music students

March - "Spring Glow" colorful cantata - 4th Grade

March - Junior high girls Easter Program, "Easter Joy Bells"

April - "Gathering of the Nations" - 1st Grade
May - A Tribute to Parents

Movies that were shown that year:
November - "Oliver Twist"
December - "Black Beauty" and "A Bedtime Story"
March - "The Last Roundup"
April - "Before Midnight"
In addition to the above, the CCC Camp presented "a number of worthwhile educational films to school children."

The Woodward School was also used as a means to promote public health and facilitate the vaccination of the community against the common scourges that could be avoided and to check for obvious problems that needed medical attention.

As the economic depression settled on the community in the 1930's the Woodward school managed to function much as usual until1932. In that year the students celebrated Arbor Day by having each grade plant a tree. The School Board cut the teacher's wages by twelve and one half percent. The first month they were paid in cash, but the following month they were paid in tax vouchers. Eventually the vouchers were redeemed and school continued for the full eight months. Teachers were admonished to buy at home and do everything possible to save the public's money.

As the Depression deepened, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints decided to withdraw its support of Dixie College and the civil governments were struggling to keep the public system going. In March of 1933 Representative Arthur F. Miles was able to persuade the Utah State legislature to take over the College. However, the Legislature did not appropriate funds for its use until 1935. The Washington County School District continued to support the 9th and 10th grades at the College and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints granted $10,000 to put with what the local leaders could raise through the efforts of the Dixie Education Association.

The New Deal came to St. George in force. A CCC camp was established and the Woodward school put on programs there and the CCC boys reciprocated. The W.P.A. provided money for contracts to be let for a new elementary school to be built. It was completed in 1935-36 at a cost of about $90,000. The contractors were Anderson and Greenhagen. This was the last year the Woodward School would function as the primary elementary school in St. George with grades 1 - 8.

The following were administrators at Woodward School between 1902 - 1936:

A. B. Christensen
A. M. Merril
Andrew L. Neff
Henry Soule
Arthur Welling
Maud R. Snow
Elmer Miller
W. O. Bentley, Jr.
Edgar M. Jensen
Leland Hafen
Jed Fawcett
Vernon Worthen

The first Woodward faculty consisted of: A. B. Christensen - Principal, Annie M. Isom, Artie S. Jensen, May Keate, Jennie Macfarlane, Charles H. Miles, Lena Nelson, Maud Snow, Joseph Walker and J. T. Woodbury. In addition to the first faculty the following teachers taught at the Woodward School between 1901 and 1936:

Ahlstrom, Mariam
Andrus, Rose
Armstrong, Ruth
Ashby, Rose
Atkin, Annie
Atkin, Bessie
Austin, Maud
Ballard, Annie
Benson, Bernice
Bentley, Hazel
Bigler, Maud
Bleak, Samuel Jr.
Bradford, Margaret D.
Brooks, Cornelia
Brooks, George
Brown, Marjorie
Bunker, Helen
Cannon, Kenneth
Cannon, Theresa
Carter, Metta
Cole, George
Cottam, Emma
Cottam, James F.
Cox, LaRue
Crosby, Bertie
Crosby, Eva
Crosby, Mary
Dorius, Elda
Doughty, Miss
Everett, Rulon B.
Fawcett, Fred
Foremaster, Florence
Fordham, Karl E.
Foster, Effie
Foster, Joe
Foster, Thella
Frei, Vivian
Gardner, Annie
Gardner, Beth
Gardner, Clarence
Gardner, Emma
Gardner, George
Gardner, Helen
Gardner, Laura
Gardner, Meryl
Graff, Clara
Graham, Rose A.
Gregerson, Rosa
Hafen, Ella
Hafen, Guy
Harmon, Emily
Harmon, Roscoe
Harrison, Joyce
Hopkins, Louise
Hopkins, Venice
Jacobsen, Eula
Larsen, A. L.
Larson, Karl
Larson, Linda
Leaney, Libby
Macfarlane, Emma
Macfarlane, Menzies
Macfarlane, Nettie
McAllister, Emma
McAllister, Joseph Wm.
McAllister, Lenzie W.
McAllister, M. L.
McAllister, Warrington
McArthur, Bessie
McArthur, Mattie
McQuarrie, Lottie
Melville, Eva
Miles, Fannie C. & George
Miles, Katharine
Moody, Helen
Moody, Milton
Morris, Mary
Neilson, Israel
Ottie, Henry
Pace, Mae
Platt, Julie
Pickett, Ellis
Reber, Fred
Rencher, Maud
Robert, Georgia
Seegmiller, Mishie
Simmons, Lillian
Snow, Anna
Snow, Dorothy
Snow, Edna
Snow, Harold
Snow, Josephine
Snow, Karl N.
Snow, Lyle
Snow, Nora
Snow, Wanda
Sorenson, Ruth
Spillsbury, Chaunchy
Star, Mary
Stowell, Iris
Stucki, Ferdinand
Sullivan, Hettie
Taylor, Letha
Timothy, Amber
Thurston, Kathryn
Wadsworth, Edna
Watson, LaVerd
Webb, Annie
Webb, Eva
Webb, LaVerna
Webb, Mary
Whitlock, Albert
Williams, Cumen
Winsor, Mamie
Windor, Tillie
Woodbury, Camilla
Woodbury, Nellie
Woodbury, W. E.
Worthen, Clesta
Worthen, Vernon

Gardner, Etta
Cragun, Edna
Miles, George E.

THE WASHINGTON COUNTY LIBRARY

The Washington County Library has been an adjunct to the Woodward School since the library was completed in 1916. The City of St. George first supported a library in the church Academy in 1910 with Ida Miles as librarian. George F. Whitehead was Mayor and he appointed the library board.

In 1912, Mayor Thomas Judd applied for money from the Andrew Carnegie Library Foundation. Eight thousand dollars was granted to the City in 1915 for the purpose of building a library. John T. Woodbury was mayor during its construction. The building was completed under Mayor James McArthur. The total cost for the building was about $12,000. Ione Bleak became the librarian.

In 1919 the city turned the library over to the county. The city retained ownership of the building with an agreement with the county for maintenance.

Mrs. Roxey S. Romney was appointed librarian and what a wonderful choice the County made. She remained librarian through many generations of Woodward classes and in addition to helping the public, kept the arms of many a student full of wonderful books to enlighten their minds, help with their lessons and keep them too busy to get into mischief.

The basement of the library was used for elementary classes over the years as the space was needed. The building was torn down to make parking space after the new library was completed.

Chapter 2
Appendix

Woodward Faculty Parties - 1931-32

The parties this year started off with a bang when Linda Larson, Emily Harmon and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Cannon entertained at a chicken supper in the Light Cave in September. A special feature was the dramatization of the Three Bears with Phil Foremaster and Lynn Slack starring as Goldilocks and the Table.

The November party was held at the home of Rose Graham with Tillie Winsor, Evadean Crosby and Lena Nelson assisting. Miss Matilda Peterson and Mr. Bjarnson of the State Department were special invited guests. Prizes were won by Florence Foremaster and Mishie Seegmiller.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Pendleton and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Worthen entertained at a New Year's party at the home of the latter. Several new ideas as to prize giving were carried out -- causing much interest and enthusiasm. Honors were won by Tillie Winsor, James Peterson, Mamie Dalton, and Ruth Sorenson. Consolation prizes were won by Leo A. Snow, Madge Cannon and Hazel Moody.

The patriotic party in February was given by Mr. and Mrs. Karl E. Fordham, Joyce Harrison, and Bessie Atkin at Bessie's. Another great success and a wonderful chicken supper. We are beginning to feel gravely concerned about the affairs of Emily and Phil, and the destiny of a certain table lamp -- they won it together as first prize.

Good old St. Patrick himself reigned supreme when Mr. and Mrs. Harold Snow and Mr. and Mrs. G. Glen Smith entertained in March at the Hotel Snow. True to old Irish custom and generosity we all won prizes -- at least some of us did every ten minutes. Dinner was served at eight o'clock and supper at midnight. We certainly feel paid for attending -- 'nough said.

The final event of the season was held at the Foremaster home under the able supervision of Miss Foremaster, Mrs. Grace Miles and Mr. and Mrs. Vivian J. Frei. Easter motifs were featured in decoration, prizes and refreshments. Mrs. Mae A. Pace showed superior ability and escaped with first prize.

We wish to declare these social functions highly successful, and vote in favor of their continuation next year.

The Party Committee

WOODWARD SCHOOL: Bell Tower and Interior

First School Band 1936 - 37

TO OUR MISS WINSOR:

You have decided to leave the profession to which you gave forty-four years of your life. All of us -- your teachers and your students -- want you to know that we are going to miss you tremendously!

We are going to miss your charming, perpetual smile;

We are going to miss your abounding energy and your infectious enthusiasm for your work;

We are going to miss the kind, inspiring words you gave so profusely;

We are going to miss your great capacity to love every child and every adult with whom you came in contact;

And as you journey on through life toward your last terrestial graduation, we want you to make that journey in the comforting knowledge that you have made a noble and profound contribution to your county, your state and to all humanity. You have given most in the only coin that endures through all eternity -- service.

Please accept our warm and sincere thanks, and may this little annual remind you that we -- your teachers and your students -- will always be grateful.

Forty-Six

Top Row: Artimisha Windsor, V. J. Frei, Florence Foremaster
Second Row: Harold Snow, --------, Miriam Ahlstrom, Lena Nelson, Evadene Crosby, Linda Larson, Kenneth Cannon
Front Row: Vernon ~~Snow~~ Worthen, Misha Seegmiller, Rose Ashby (Andrus), Lucille Worthen, Emily Harmon Foremaster, Karl Fordham

Chapter 3

Woodward Junior High School

In 1936, the Washington County School Board reorganized the school system into a 1-6, 4-4 arrangement. Grades 1-6 moved from the Woodward building to the new St. George Elementary School across the street, west. This was just one year after Dixie college became a state-owned institution.

The Woodward building would then house the new Dixie Junior High School with grades 7-10. Newell R. Frei was appointed principal. This move marked a drastic change in the way the Woodward School would operate for the next one-third of the century.

Classes were organized on a six period day and the students rotated from one class to another. The new building across the street had a gymnasium which served both boys and girls. Some of the college buildings were used for domestic arts, industrial arts and agriculture. The L.D.S. Seminary was held in its own building located on the college campus.

A student government was organized with a constitution which provided for a student council with a president, secretary, commissioner of athletics - both boys and girls, commissioner of publications and commissioner of amusements. Each class had a representative on the council. A newspaper staff was organized with an editor, assistant editor, sales manager and historian. The newspaper was called *The Dixie Junior Flashes* and was changed to *Woodward Hi-Lights* in 1938-39. In 1942-43 it was printed as the *Woodward Eagle* and *The Eagle Eye*; it then reverted to *Woodward Hi-Lights*. There was a yearbook staff with an editor, assistant editor and a business manager. The annual was called *The Dixie Streamer*. It was changed to the *Woodwardian* in 1938-39 and in 1944 it became the *Woodwardia*.

A student police force was added in 1937-38.

Ball teams were organized and competed with surrounding schools, both boys and girls. A pep club was organized to boost the spirits of the teams and provide participation for more students.

Earl J. Bleak organized the band and a dance orchestra. An operetta was presented to the public and J. W. McAllister kept them all singing. Program assemblies were held and a school play was prepared and presented, not only to the local students, but was taken to other schools as well. Clara Woodhouse taught piano and wrote a school song.

Mr. Frei organized a clean-up day in which the campus was cleaned, shrubs were planted and cement walks were poured. This was to continue for years to come until walks, grass, shrubs and trees adorned the campus with utility and beauty. Mr. Frei also started a policy of purchasing an oil or watercolor paintings to adorn the school each year. By the time he retired this collection was worth about $10,000.

A tennis court was put in and improved from time to time. The court that was shared with the college was renovated. At the end of the school year an outing was held and the practice continued for years thereafter.

In 1938 the school name was changed to Woodward Junior High School. A new constitution was written and the school song was revised and adapted to the Woodward name. Another Federal Emergency Administration of Public Works building was completed at a cost to the public of about $45,000. The building was located just south of the Woodward building and was designed to house the

home economics department, the industrial arts department and the athletic department. It was contracted and constructed by Milo Kemp. The addition of this building in 1938 enabled the school to be nearly self-contained. The gymnasium was also used as an auditorium, dance and assembly hall. The L.D.S. Seminary and the agriculture department remained on the college campus.

Another New Deal project was the track and field built between 100 and 200 South and 300 West. Dixie College, Dixie High School and Woodward Junior High School used this track and field to some extent until new facilities were built for the high school and college in the mid 1960's and 1970's.

In 1955 the new East and West Elementary Schools were put into service and the annex building was made a part of the Woodward complex. The music department and the girls athletic departments shared this building with West Elementary for several years.

The original Woodward building was remodeled in 1957. The ceilings were lowered and a new heating system was installed. New office facilities and a faculty room were put on the southwest end of the lower floor.

Dixie College moved to its new campus in 1963. The 10th grade was moved from Woodward and joined Dixie High School at the old Dixie College complex for the school year 1963-64.

In 1966-67 the new Dixie High School building was completed and the Woodward faculty was split up and part of the teaching staff was transferred to Dixie High School. The college buildings were used for Woodward classrooms and the college gymnasium was used by both boys and girls in some capacity until it was demolished to make room for the new public library.

Newell R. Frei retired in 1969. Perhaps in another place or another time Mr. Frei would have advanced to a higher calling in the field of education. However, his service at Woodward was certainly in the best interest of the community. He was one of the few administrators who knew the meaning of the term "separation of church and state," and he could clearly see the difference. He ran the programs on a clear course and helped those whose vision was not so clear to stay on their side of the invisible line. He took great pride in seeing students do well in all positive endeavors. He saw to it that students and faculty were recognized for excellence in their programs. When students were selected to speak at public assemblies, Mr. Frei personally went over their talks with them until they were organized and delivered with excellence. He urged teachers to groom their students for performances in public affairs and did his best to make available resources for teachers and students to use in their educational pursuits.

As a result of Mr. Frei's policies and his choosing of able teachers, Woodward programs were competitive with high schools throughout the area. He kept in contact with the students and the faculty. He arranged faculty parties and encouraged teachers to associate with one another and join teachers' organizations and the P.T.A. He taught world history up until the late 1950's and kept his presence known throughout the school.

Mr. Frei kept a card file on student offenders and let them cool their heels outside his office to give them a chance to think about what it was they had done in order to be sitting there. He was firm and fair in dealing with students and never sent a student offender back to class on the same day he had been sent out. He handled in-house problems himself and most of them did not get beyond his office.

Mr. Frei expressed his philosophy to the 1968 Accreditation Committee: "I believe that teacher quality and student-teacher rapport is more important than organizational forms. I believe that the most important duty of the principal is to provide his teachers, who should be adequately paid, with the best possible facilities set in an artistically beautiful environment, encourage them in their work in every way, and give them protection when they need it from any source whatsoever. I believe that the principal should assist in the selection of the best possible teacher candidates, give each one every

possible opportunity to succeed, and if, after a fair probation period, success does not come, help direct those individuals into other constructive forms of employment. I believe the most important task of any administrator is to surround himself with teachers and other staff members who really care about young people. I believe in a well disciplined but friendly school. I also believe that teachers and administrators should always be willing to work a little harder, do a little more, go that extra mile, put forth that extra effort to help our youngsters grow and mature into fine men and women."

As technology produced new and/or better equipment for use in schools, Mr. Frei tried to get it into the school and encouraged teachers to use it. There was a continuous flow of audio-visual devices introduced, phonographs, slides, slide and film projectors and eventually television.

Office equipment was up-dated from indelible copies to hand-cranked mimeograph to the electric mimeograph and the liquid duplicator and eventually the Thermofax and the modern copy machine.

In 1947-48 an inter-com system was installed along with an automatic electric bell system. From that time on the pledge of allegiance was done over the microphone after the bugle played and the flag was raised.

A projection booth was built in the gymnasium and equipped with two carbon-arc movie projectors. From that time on movies were shown there. Eventually electric projectors replaced the carbon-arc. Prior to the projection booth, students were taken to one of the local theaters for occasional movies.

In 1950-51 grass was planted in the play area south of the gymnasium. This was a marked improvement and held down the dust.

In 1967-68 the Woodward School was evaluated and accredited. A student handbook was published that contained information to help students and their parents understand the school and services it offered.

After Mr. Frei retired, Jack Burr was selected to be principal. In the school year 1969-70 he was transition principal and moved to the district office the following year. He continued most of the existing policies but drastic changes were in process and Woodward would never be the same again. Social upheavals in society were forcing changes in policies and outlook. New teachers were replacing the old and the public seemed as ambivalent toward the new environment as did the school board and the faculty.

Reed Blake died suddenly in December of 1969 and Jack Bishop was selected to continue his program until spring. Mary Naegle retired also.

Melvin D. James became principal in 1970. He came in with 10 new teachers and a much different philosophy of how to run a school than had been practiced previously. He instituted a school carnival for Halloween as a method of keeping the students off the streets and to raise money for student activities. In an attempt to stem the cumulative tide of rebellious behavior that had been building for several years, Mr. James issued many new rules concerning student dress, behavior, language and activities, but soon discovered that they had to be enforced. He seemed unwilling to go beyond constant and repeated warnings as to future punishment as the skirts grew shorter, the hair longer, the music louder, the language coarser and more crude, and the tardy marks went off the chart. In desperation he issued an edict to the faculty to "Skin your own skunks." In a more positive light, however, Mr. James equipped the school with up-to-date office equipment and supported a new media center with up-dated equipment. It was Woodward's first effective media center.

Dale Barlow was hired as student counselor in the 1971-72 school year. In 1974-75 David Broadhead was hired as vice-principal. This was the first year Woodward had a full time principal, vice-principal and student counselor.

The tennis court that had been completely re-done in 1966-67 had deteriorated so much by the mid-1970's that it had to be removed.

From 1936 to about 1969 the enrollment at Woodward had stayed close to between 500 and 600 students. It reached just over 600 before the 10th grade was transferred to the high school. By 1973 there were over 700 students attending Woodward, which consisted of five buildings on three different blocks. It was obvious that something would have to be done to house the students. After much talk and public debate, it was decided to bond for a new building on a new campus.

The Woodward Junior High School was replaced by the new Dixie Junior High School in 1976. The new building was not ready in 1976, however, so the Woodward complex continued to house the junior high school until after the Christmas holiday. In January the faculty members brought their trucks and transferred the desks, supplies and equipment to the new school. The students cleaned their lockers and carried their books to the new location. The new building was occupied in January of 1977 and Woodward Junior High was no more.

In the early 1960's the University of Utah was trying to get its public television station going and Rex Campbell, who was promoting it, came to St. George and held a public meeting in the Tabernacle to promote the use of public television in the classroom. His message was that teachers were resisting the use of television because they were afraid that their job would be in danger if his educational courses were beamed into the schools. There was an immediate response on the part of those in the community who have regarded teachers as a drag on the economy to get the television into the schools as quickly as possible.

The school board was persuaded to invest a large sum of money in TV monitors for each school. Woodward received several of these new instruments and it was seven years thereafter that an antenna was installed so that they could be used. Some rooms were never connected and it was a number of years after they could be used before KDXU was received. The monitors were used to watch the World Series and a few other broadcasts. The reception wasn't great because the teachers either used a coat hanger or a split wire strip for an antenna.

By the time Woodward became a junior high school the issue of whether a female could teach after marriage had largely been solved but the litany of rules associated with the role of teacher had not disappeared. Could a lady teach if pregnant? Could she date? Could she be seen in "public places after hours," etc.? There is at least one instance in which a female lost her job because she was pregnant. Many discussions were held on the "proper" attire for both male and female and rules came and went as administrators changed and public opinion struggled with what was proper for both teacher and student.

Before the civil unrest of the 1960's and '70's these issues were largely based on moral and ethical grounds propagated by the dominant religious community. However, as the social climate began to change due to judicial decisions and an influx of new people into the area, the rules began to reflect more of a legalistic justification and were aimed to preventing lawsuits rather than promoting moral values. There were many subtle religious issues played out in these contests over rules applied to both teachers and students. Up until the 1960's the seminary teachers were pictured in the yearbook and seminary classes were listed along with the secular. This arrangement was more or less an accepted way of life. The seminary teachers up to and including the Corbetts pretty much stayed in their realm and the community accepted the seminary as a part of the public system. In the 1960's this harmony began to break down. Extreme conservative or reactionary groups such as the John Birch Society, the Township movement, the anti-tax groups and others began a concerted effort to influence politics, religion, schools and society in general. These attitudes were reflected in the churches,

seminaries and to some extent in the schools. In reaction to these influences the seminary was separated from the public school system and contests between these extremes on the right and the extremes on the left, along with those who would like a more moderate approach, began to unravel the entire system.

Controversies over clothing or lack of it, hair color, length and style; the teaching of evolution as science or fiction and its counterpart in the bible; sex educations or lack of it; what constitutes art; respect for public education and educators or lack of it; how to evaluate students, schools, faculties, etc.; methodology and technical advances or lack of them began to dominate the time allotted to teaching and learning.

Teachers were mandated to run around the room checking skirt lengths and to report those to the office who were more than seven inches above the knee. No tank tops were allowed, and at one phase, no Levis. Boys' hair was to be above the collar. No liquor or cigarettes could be pictured on clothing. One principal set up a camera in his office and took pictures of the girls as they crossed the street to have evidence of their short skirts. One teacher was told to shave his mustache and another was stopped from using the telephone during school hours. One administrator indiscriminately called on faculty members to pray in faculty meeting until he was informed that the practice had been discontinued.

For years the faculty was told by way of a message from the district office that they were not to be seen up town during school hours. At the same time the faculty was harangued to do business at home and purchase needed supplies from local merchants.

The influence of these extreme groups did not stop at indirect attacks on teachers and schools. Teaching materials were criticized and labeled as promoting Communism, Nazism, or the Devil. Groups came to school to monitor films, books and other materials. One lady came to class for an entire week. One man came storming into the classroom ranting about the evils of using that "liberal" newspaper, the Deseret News. Students brought materials published and promoted by the John Birch Society with the idea of replacing those used by the teacher. Books in the library that were condemned by the crusaders disappeared and could not be kept on the shelf. Pictures of John Kennedy and Jimmy Carter were mutilated as quickly as they were mounted.

On November 22, 1963, when President Kennedy was assassinated, the news reached the students and faculty over the intercom and was met with comments like "It was about time," and similar variations of the same theme. However, an assembly held in Kennedy's honor and to mourn his passing was well received.

Teachers who openly resisted this madness were subject to harassment at school, at home and in the community, generally with impunity. Social promotions became the rule. Grade inflation increased as teachers tried to buy goodwill and avoid the consequences of holding to standards that administrators and elements of the public would not support.

Students began to manipulate the system as stated consequences of unacceptable behavior moved from the classroom to the counselor to the vice-principal to the principal, to the school board or to the juvenile court. Eventually teachers retreated to the protection of the walls of their classrooms and "standards" became anything propagated by a defense lawyer or a bureaucrat attempting to clarify a new rule or to protect himself or his position from a possible lawsuit. People, generally, would not believe nor would they accept language and behavior present in Woodward the last few years of its existence as a junior high school. The tail, in reality, wagged the dog. The great social issues of the day played out and the old order lost. As Woodward Junior High phased out as a public school, so did the practical application of ideals under which it was founded.

Activities at Woodward were generally centered around athletics, music, speech and drama. Basketball, volleyball, baseball and track were standard from the beginning until the end. Other activities were added from time to time. Skiing and golf were added in later years.

The girls had a dance class as part of physical education and social dancing was taught for both boys and girls. There were school sponsored dances several times each year. The pep club and cheerleaders were a standard part of the athletic program. The Woodward band, orchestra and choirs always participated in celebrating holidays and special events. They also competed with other schools, as did the athletes. A music festival was held much of the time.

There were always several assemblies each year. Some years there were too many and not so well prepared. Each class put on an assembly and assemblies were usually held for holidays and special occasions. The drama department did an excellent job of preparing and performing. They often took their programs to other schools and sometimes a drama festival was held at Woodward. The quality of these assemblies deteriorated in the later years, however.

Assembly programs were also brought in from the outside. Some were commercial, Lyceum programs were brought in and for many years the Utah Fish and Game Department presented a program. Armistice Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas always had special programs.

Starting in 1942 the students at Woodward became actively involved in the war effort. Scrap drives were held for metals, rubber, cloth and paper. Students were encouraged to plant, hoe and weed a "Victory Garden" and to avoid waste. They were asked to join and contribute to the Red Cross. Drives were held to raise money by having the students buy War Bonds and Stamps. Students were reminded that certain items such as sugar, grease and gasoline were rationed and needed to be conserved for use in the armed forces.

In the 1940's and periodically thereafter, students were screened for possible effects of atomic testing. A number of victims were identified.

Teachers' institute and deer season were major holidays and students didn't attend school. The seniors always had a "sluff day." For many years they went to the Veyo pool. In the early years the Agriculture Department sponsored an Ag Day. In the late 1950's driver training became a standard part of student activities at Woodward. After 1959 the vocational department sent students to typing competitions with other schools.

For a number of years the school had a freshman initiation in which the girls came to school dressed as boys and the boys came dressed as girls. The event was phased out in later years. The Woodward school always held elections for student body officers and the candidates campaigned for about a week before elections.

Several "picture shows" were presented each year. Up until the mid 1940's the students were taken to the commercial theaters. After the projectors were installed in the gymnasium, the movies were shown there. In the '60's and '70's many teachers showed movies in their classrooms.

After 1970 a carnival was held on Halloween, usually accompanied by a cake auction. There were also special elections held for various purposes such as harvest queen or most popular girl, etc. Sometimes these elections were bought by those giving the most money.

Most years an open house was held for the parents and/or public to come to school and view the students' activities and projects. The shop, home economics and art departments usually had projects made by their students on display.

In the 1960's the science department held an annual science fair and some years the language people attended a language fair; sometimes they performed for the open house.

The English journalism department put out a weekly newspaper and the annual staff put out the

Woodwardia. In the 1960's the English-journalism and art departments added a section to the *Woodwardia* which printed work done by their students. This section was sometimes labeled "Poetry and Prose."

Woodward students participated in the making of two films. What's Wrong With Jonathan was produced for the Utah State Board of Education and KDXU made a film on Utah's Dixie. In later years students participated in P.T.A. membership drives with contests to sign up the most members for the class.

In the 1960's the faculty began to play the Woodward basketball team each year. The Buzzards against The Eagles drew a good crowd, especially when the Eagles won. In the 1970's a wrestling team was started at Woodward and many students participated in the St. George City football leagues.

It should be mentioned that students were also honored for academic achievement with honor rolls and other activities.

From the beginning of the junior high school in 1935 until it left Woodward in 1977 the local merchants consistently supported the school with donations, prizes and ads in the *Woodwardia.*

The Woodward School celebrated the United States Bicentennial in 1975-76 by putting on a heritage fair. Students and teachers were involved in many projects and contests aimed at depicting our country's history. A special program was presented to the public with posters, murals, quilts, displays and decorations. There were also activities in creative writing, readings, poetry and song. The program was well attended.

Most of the important issues facing educational curriculum throughout the country and the ages were played out in one form or another in the activities of the Woodward School. The 30 years of its existence as a junior high school covered the social and economic changes brought on by the Great Depression, World War II, the Korean War, the civil upheavals of the 1960's as they were aggravated by the Vietnam conflict and the desperate attempts of the various cultures and subcultures to make sense of it all.

In an attempt to bring meaning to these happenings, the education systems of the country were fractured and broken into partially working organizations, limping and surging with the drag of outmoded ideas, methods and equipment as the push of the new reality forced such changes as retraining, rethinking, reorganizing and above all, re-evaluating the purpose and goals of what was trying to be accomplished.

As the 1930's were coming to an end the Woodward School pretty much reflected the parochial characteristics of the immediate area. However, the presence of the outside world and the Federal government were being viewed more favorably in the form of public assistance, and the CCC camps along with other federal programs from which the locals benefitted.

In the area of religion the Woodward went from almost total parochial domination to a reasonable secular presence. The change was not easy nor was it complete and in some areas there were attempts to reverse the trend. The L.D.S. Seminary program and the concept of released time for religious instruction created an organization that made the change possible and generally acceptable. There were abuses on the part of some but the system has worked reasonably well and operates much today as it did 30 years ago.

Politics is what government and schooling are all about. Thomas Jefferson's vision of a free public school system was based on the idea of schooling people in the arts of citizenship so that they were capable of participating in their own government. Education was not to be a function of government with a mandate to indoctrinate people in what to think, but was to teach them how to think and use a common body of knowledge to govern and improve their common lot. The first faculty at

the new junior high school tackled this enormous problem and others who came after them continued to struggle in that direction. Some programs improved and some deteriorated.

In 1938-39 an English-social studies core program was introduced for grades 7-9. After three years it was discontinued. It was generally agreed that better results were attained in an individual classroom setting. In 1942-43 a club program was started in several areas: photography, oil painting, big muscle, tennis, science, dramatics and gardening.

Standardized tests were given in 1952 which indicated that Woodward students were not up to the national average. The club program was abandoned and a seven period day was introduced with mandatory math classes in each grade. A requirement of two-and-one-half years of science was added. Other changes have occurred from time to time in relation to ability grouping, quest programs, etc.

In 1968 the school was evaluated and accredited. Changes were made and a handbook for Woodward Junior High School was created which included the school's philosophy, programs and offerings.

The social and educational changes that occurred at Woodward were reflected in the department as people, circumstances and philosophies came and went. As each department expended its activities beyond the classroom, clubs were again organized and these clubs continued until the Woodward Junior High School ceased to exist.

In the beginning the English, speech and drama departments were pretty much reflected in Beth Schmutz and Lena Nelson. Beth Schmutz started at Woodward Junior High School with the original faculty of 1936-37. She was in charge of drama until she retired in 1941. She returned after World War II started and taught until the 1950's. She not only trained students in the arts of speech and drama, but she also created an atmosphere of entertainment using the age-old struggle between good and evil along with an ethical struggle of man to overcome his weaknesses. She also tried to develop habits of living that are conducive to community cooperation. Her plays were of high quality and were enjoyed and instructive not only to the school but also to the community. Lena Nelson probably taught school in Washington County longer than any other person. Her service spanned about 60 years. She taught before Woodward existed and was in the first Woodward faculty in 1901-02. She taught every year until 1941 and continued to substitute for years after that. Mary Naegle was on the original Woodward faculty of 1936-37. She retired in 1970. She had left and returned to Woodward. She was noted for her physical antics used to demonstrate the use of words. V. J. Frei was on the original faculty also. He had taught at the Woodward Elementary. He taught math and English but he will probably be remembered more for his English literature program. He tackled an introduction to Shakespeare by having his students memorize from Julius Caesar, "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears. I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him." He taught at Woodward for 41 years before retiring in 1958. W. O. Nisson taught English, citizenship and math for several years before retiring in 1946. Adelia Hall taught English for one year, 1941-42. Beth Syphus came to Woodward to teach English, speech and drama from 1943-66. She continued Mrs. Schmutz's good work and introduced many students to the classics of poetry and literature. James Ott came to Woodward in 1945 and taught English and journalism until 1967. He was an advisor for the newspaper, *Woodward Hi-Lights*, and ran the mimeograph machine. He also taught science a few years. Gail Cooper Smith taught English for a year in 1966-67. Rulon Orton taught English and social studies from 1946 until he transferred to the high school in 1963. He also taught driver training and was the school photographer. Marie Lytle Myer taught English 1957-58. Anneliese Ence came back to teach English and German in 1961. LaVera McArthur Pelt returned to teach English the same year. These two women did much to get the literature and art section in the *Woodwardia*, sometimes labeled "Poetry and Prose." Mrs. Pelt was the

physical education teacher on the original faculty; she retired in 1973. Mrs. Ence had taught physical education for several years prior to her taking on the English and German assignment. She retired in 1977. Amy Savage taught one year of English in 1964-65. Robin Hagberg taught one year of English and Spanish 1965-66. Calliene McPhie Curzon taught English and Spanish in 1966-67. Laura Lytle Bowler came back to teach English in 1967. She had taught P.E. earlier. She continued in the English department for several years and was advisor to the newspaper. She switched to the type department and continued in that position until the move to the new school in 1977. Virginia Webster taught English for about five years at Woodward starting in 1967. Victor Decker taught English and Spanish for about five years, beginning the same year. Julie Ottman taught art and English in 1969-70. Richard Condie came to Woodward in 1970 to teach English. He left and returned again in 1974. He transferred to the new school in 1977. Douglas Drake taught English in 1971; after teaching several years he transferred to Dixie High School. Gene Wilson taught English and reading for a year or two starting in 1972. Sharroll Buhanan taught English in 1972-73. LeGrande Hafen taught English from 1973 until 1977. Lou Weaver taught English, speech and drama in 1973-74. Karen Gudmendson taught English from 1974-77. Pamela Strebel taught English and reading in 1974-75. Marilyn Wenzel came in 1974 to teach English and transferred to the new school in 1977. Ed Reber taught English one year, 1975-76. Elaine Pilkington and Christina Ripley taught English in the fall of 1976 until the new Dixie Junior High building was ready in January 1977.

Earl J. Bleak organized the first band and orchestra during the 1936-37 school year. He taught on the Dixie College campus and took Woodward band students off and on until the end of World War II. He and his wife, Stella, deserve the credit and thanks of the entire Southern Utah community. They taught and entertained in this area for a lifetime and did it very well. There were few who could make a trumpet perform as Earl did. His bands played for dances and special events for several generations. His trumpet inspired several generations, not only to play but also learn to listen and enjoy. If ever there was someone deserving of the sound of the Tabernacle bell, it was Earl Bleak. Charles Olsen taught band and music from 1937-40. Stanley Schmutz came in 1940. He went into the military for a couple of years and returned in the 1945-46 school year. Stan taught band at Woodward until 1977. His bands were always competitive with the high school bands in the area. He usually received the top awards in competitive programs, even after the 10th grade was transferred to Dixie High School. He continued to place at the top as long as he was allowed to compete. He was notorious for his accuracy with chalk, erasers and tennis balls. He found among his tennis balls and erasers the patience and skills necessary to train junior high students in the arts and talent that made them competitive with their seniors. Stan also entertained the public with a dance band and he continued to please the public by performing in musical programs long after he retired. The community is greatly indebted to this good man. J. W. McAllister was on the original faculty in 1936-37. He taught vocal music at Woodward for about 10 years and at one time or another he taught in most of the other public schools. He also entertained the public in both church and secular performances. Many students learned to sing and perform as a result of this gifted man's efforts.

Irene Everett taught orchestra at Woodward in 1942-43. She later became the school secretary and advisor to the newspaper and *Woodwardia*. She also taught German and served at Woodward for about 18 years in various capacities. Leland Lamoreaux taught band in 1942-43. May Pace taught vocal music for several years, starting in 1942-43. Rulon Romney taught music in the 1944-45 school year. Norma Souder taught music and English in 1945-46. She stayed for several years afterward. Peter Nelson taught music for several years, starting in 1970-71. Chris Gornichec came to Woodward in 1972-73. She was replaced by Claudia Ward in 1974-75. Mike Cottam and Cheryl Hansen taught

music in 1975-76.

Lloyd Shields was the original coach and instructor the the Physical Education Department in 1936-37. He was replaced the following year by Reed Blake. The student police force was introduced in 1937-38. Reed was the advisor and continued this program until his sudden death in December 1969. Coach Blake trained many basketball, baseball and track stars for the high school over the years. His ball teams and track people were always competitive with the surrounding schools and many went on to establish records in their fields. He and the girls' P.E. teacher ran a social dance program at Woodward for many years. In connection with his athletic program he also taught a first aid course which included some physiology and health information. He was notorious for his wooden paddles which had holes drilled through them. He ran the "offender" through the "spats" which consisted of a row of students with paddles. As the offender ran between their legs on hands and knees, he was hit on the butt with a paddle. Jack Bishop finished the 1969-70 school year. Karl Blake took over boys athletics and the P.E. department in 1970-71. He continued in that capacity until Woodward Junior High ceased to exist. Leinor Topham was a student teacher with Mr. Blake in 1975-76.

LaVera McArthur was the first instructor in the women's physical education at Woodward Junior High. She left in the 1940's but she came back as LeVera Pelt in 1961 to teach English. She retired in 1973. Anneliese Ence came to Woodward in 1941 to teach physical education. She came again in 1945 and also in the 1950's and in 1960 to teach English, P.E., art and German. She was also an advisor for the yearbook. She organized a German Club and made the program competitive for those who competed in the language fair. Her yearbooks were on a scale with the high schools'. She retired in 1977. Fawn Pickett took over the girls' P.E. department in 1946 and was replaced by Gay Armstrong in 1948. She remained at Woodward as Gay Armstrong Pendleton until 1955. Rae M. Bagwell or Rae Marker taught P.E. from 1955 until 1957. Margaret Millett came in 1957 and was replaced by Dawn Sullivan in 1959, who stayed until 1962. Rosemarie McGowan took over in 1962 and was replaced by Bonnie Daniels in 1963. Joan Willis came in 1965 and left in 1967. Ruth Ann England took over in 1967 for one year. Nita Murdock taught from 1968-1970. Carol Bishop taught dance in 1970. Ilene Jensen came in 1970 and continued the program until the junior high school was moved to the new school. Chris McArthur was a student teacher in 1975-76. Parlena Norseth started the year 1976-77 at Woodward and finished in the new school.

Ralph Huntsman was with the original faculty in 1936-37. He stayed through 1947. His paintings were noted for the accuracy of red colors depicting local scenes. He transferred to Dixie College. Alice Turnbeaugh taught art and citizenship in 1946-47. Viola Cornwall came to Woodward in 1947. She taught art and social studies. She was also noted for her paintings of local subjects. She was particularly good with desert scenes. She retired in 1963. Ralph Pace taught at Woodward in 1959-60. Anneliese Ence came back to Woodward in 1960. She taught English, art and German until she retired in 1977. Anita Wilson took over the art department in 1963. She was replaced by Relle Whitelaw in 1968. Julie Ottman came in 1969. She also taught English. Jerald Tolman replaced Miss Ottman in 1972 and Ron Sherman replaced him in 1973. Mr. Sherman remained with the art program until the Woodward Junior High ceased to exist.

H. Val Hafen taught math and citizenship in the 1936-37 school year. He taught algebra and geometry until he retired in 1957. He is remembered for this rhymes and self-created scriptures. Arthur Paxman and V. J. Frei were members of the original faculty. They also taught math over the years that they were at Woodward. Mr. Paxman retired in 1956 and Mr. Frei in 1958. Harold Snow was also a member of the original faculty and taught math and history in the 1936-37 school year. W. O. Nisson came in 1940 and taught math until he retired in 1946. Mr. Nisson also taught English

and was noted for his penmanship. Many students had him write their names in their yearbook. Grant Hafen started teaching math and science at Woodward in 1947, retiring 25 years later in 1973. Don Gates came to Woodward to teach math in 1958 and transferred to the high school in 1963. Robert Waldon taught math from 1959-61. Ralph Christian came in 1960, teaching math and Spanish until he transferred to the high school in 1965. Ross Taylor taught math, history and science from 1962-1963. Ronald Everett taught math 1964-65. Clyde Landreth taught math and social studies 1965-66. Richard Crawford taught math 1966-67. Clyde Hunt came to Woodward in 1967 and transferred to the new school in 1977. Ronald Johnson came in 1967 and taught for a few years. He was replaced by Aris Christensen in 1971. Craig Madson taught math in 1973-74. Robert Comeford and Dennis Patten came in 1974 and transferred to the new school in 1977.

Arthur Paxman was with the original 1936-37 faculty. He taught biology and math. Biology pretty much passed for science until the mid 1940's. Mr. Paxman taught his biology class until he retired in 1956. He kept a cabinet in his room with small amounts of chemicals. His big attention getter was to drop some solid potassium in water. He also had some pickled creatures and did some photographic work. He had a large tree sliced so that the rings could be counted. It was probably a redwood or a sequoia. His room was connected to the furnace room. Later in his career some of the students were able to slip out the windows across the furnace room to the outside. They usually returned from a feigned rest room trip. He organized a tennis club and strung many tennis rackets for students. In the late 1940's he had some students clean his chemical cabinet. They disposed of some out-dated chemicals into the paper garbage bin which was located between the Woodward building and the tennis courts. The chemicals started the bin on fire. The fire department came with their equipment and put it out. Grant Hafen taught a science class in the1940's and Mary Lu Hansen was hired to teach biology and science in 1956. Niles Bayles came in 1957 and Don Gates was hired to teach math and science in 1958. Don transferred to the high school in 1963. James Wright and Richard Hafen taught science in 1959-60. Harold Taylor taught science and agriculture in 1961-62. Lowell Dallin taught science in 1961-62, and Melvin Kleinman taught it in 1963-64. Thomas Isom came in 1963 to teach science and shop. He continued with the shop department until Woodward Junior High ceased to exist. Larry Chappell taught science in 1964-65. Jack "Doc" Heppler came to Woodward in 1965 and Fred Page and Dean Hansen came in 1966. These teachers changed the entire concept of science teaching at Woodward. They built a science lab and divided up the responsibilities of the various areas of science. Each student was required to take science in the 7th, 8th and 9th grades. The 7th and 8th grades also had a health section. A science fair was organized to encourage students to delve deeper into the natural mysteries and present their findings to judges and to the public. Woodward School usually took first place at these fairs. These men stayed at Woodward until they were transferred to the new junior high school.

In the 1930's agriculture in the Dixie area was a big part of the economy and most people were involved in it in one form or another. As a result the schools supported an agriculture department. P. D. Spilsbury was department head in the first Woodward facility. The boys wore their FFA jackets and attended class on the college campus. Wayne Hinton took over in 1941 and was replaced by Ray Garner in 1943. Ray retired in 1958, replaced by Glen Hardy. Lyn Prestwich came in 1959 and Harold Taylor taught agriculture and science starting in 1961. The agriculture department was phased out in the early '60's.

When the junior high school was started in 1936, Harold Snow taught history and Vernon Worthen and H. Val Hafen taught citizenship or civics as it was sometimes called. Newell Frei taught world history up until the late 1950's. Walter Miles came to Woodward in 1937. He taught social

studies, driver education and was guidance counselor until he retired in 1971. He was noted for his dry humor and the use of his long fingers for a thump or a squeeze. Bessie Snow became librarian and taught history in 1942. She continued this combination until she retired in 1969. She had gone to school with Newell Frei and kept the faculty meetings lively with her curt and sometimes cutting comments about issues being discussed with a "Well Newell!" There hasn't been a class of students between 1942 and 1969 that didn't have at least one "scholar" who thought that his or her imitation of Bessie was the most authentic. In 1946 Rulon D. Orton came to teach English, history and social studies and Rhoda Flinders to teach art and citizenship. Mr. Orton stayed at Woodward until he transferred to the high school in 1963. He was the school photographer and an advisor for school publications. He also taught driver training and became a guidance counselor.

In 1946-47 Alice Turnbeaugh taught art and citizenship. Clark Hafen was hired in 1950 to teach citizenship. He stayed about 13 years teaching English and journalism before he was transferred to the high school in 1963. George Feller came in 1958 to teach social studies. He taught Utah and world history until he was transferred to the high school in 1963. He also taught driver training. Joseph E. Olsen Jr. was hired in 1958 to teach social studies. He was transferred to a reading program and stayed in that area until the Woodward Junior high was phased out. In the 1950's the social studies program was reorganized and the civics class was integrated into the Utah and United States history program. In the 7th grade the students were given a half year of Utah history and community citizenship and a half year of U.S. history and citizenship. In the 9th grade they had world geography and sometimes vocational guidance and/or driver education. In 1961-62 Ward Forsyth taught history and German at Woodward. Heber Jones came to Woodward in 1961. He taught United States history, Utah history, world history and geography form 1961 until the Woodward Junior High ceased to exist. He also ran the mimeograph machine for publications, acted as school photographer, operated the carbon-arc projectors for movies and taught an outdoor education program in the summers from 1969 until the late 1970's. This summer program consisted of bus tours and hikes around the area to familiarize the students with their heritage. For three summers students hiked form Pine Valley over the mountain to oak Grove. in 1976 he was chairman of the Bicentennial Committee that promoted activities throughout the year celebrating the Bicentennial in Washington County schools. Verlyn Arslanian came to teach history in 1962-63, Darryl Hafen came in 1963 to teach Utah history and geography. He continued at Woodward until the junior high school was transferred in 1977. Darryl also refereed many athletic events. Clyde Landreth taught social studies and math in 1965-66. Dale Barlow came to Woodward in 1967 to teach social studies. He came back in 1971 to be guidance counselor and stayed at Woodward until the junior high school transferred to the new building. In 1970, J. Craig Eustice was added to the Social Studies Department. He continued to teach geography until the Woodward Junior High went out of existence. He also ran the mimeograph machine for publications.

Charles Merkley taught shop in the 1936-37 school year. The shop classes were held in the Dixie College buildings. Mr. Merkley was replaced by Earl Cottam in 1938. The shop building was completed in 1938 and the classes were moved to the new rooms. Philip Krebs came in 1940 and J. A. Patterson taught in 1941-42. Arthur Eastman and Anthony Pendleton taught in 1942-43 and Vernon Worthen taught shop in 1943-44. In 1944 Owen Pendleton took over the shop and he continued his program until he retired in 1966. His students made many fine pieces of furniture that were displayed to the public. He also expanded the program into plastics and metals. In 1964 Thomas Isom was brought in to teach science and shop. He took over the shop in 1966 and continued his program until he transferred to the new school in 1977. Lee Abraham was hired to help in the shop in 1973. He remained until the school transferred to the new building in 1977.

Anna P. Robinson and Emma Nielson taught home economics in 1926-37. These classes were held on the Dixie College campus. The new home economics building was completed in 1938 and Jean Cannon took over the program. Margaret Jones replaced her in 1940. In 1941 Rhoda Cannon taught and then she was replaced by Audrey Quigley in 1943. Lora Black taught during the school year 1944-45. Lillian Christensen was hired to replace Miss Black in 1945. Betty Henderson replaced Miss Christensen in 1946 and Muriel Phillips and LuRee Porter took over the department in 1947. Mrs. Porter stayed until she retired in 1969. During her stay the girls and boys traded programs for part of the year - girls to shop, boys to home economics. Mrs. Porter also had her students display their work for parents to view, along with the other departments. Elaine Jennings took over the home economics department in 1969 and stayed until the Woodward Junior High School was phased out. Ann Starr taught home economics in 1972-73. Marjorie Weitzman taught in the fall of 1976 and moved with the faculty to the new Dixie Junior High in January 1977.

Starting in 1936-37, Vernon Worthen was principal of the St. George Elementary School but he also taught at the Woodward School. He taught citizenship and industrial arts and was a combination guidance counselor and truant officer. Mr. Frei and the staff handled most in-house guidance problems and Mr. Worthen did the others. He worked at Woodward in some capacity until the mid 1950's. Walter Inman took over the guidance program in 1956 and Ray Warner came in 1958. Rulon Orton then took over the guidance program and held that position until he transferred to the high school in 1963. Walter Miles, who had been working with Orton, gook over the office in 1963 and held that position until he retired in 1971. Dale Barlow came back to Woodward in 1971 to become the guidance counselor. He stayed until the school transferred in 1977.

As a part of the vocational education program being pushed after Sputnik, Margaret Munford Empey was hired to start a type program at Woodward. She got the program off to a good start in 1959 and stayed until she was replaced by Janet Webb in 1971. Laura Bowler than took over the typing program in 1974 and continued until the Woodward ceased to exist as a junior high school.

When the junior high school was started in 1936 the school used the facilities at the Washington County Library. The first mention of a librarian at Woodward Junior High is with Bessie Snow in 1941. She continued to manage the library until she retired in 1969. Jack Powers was hired to be librarian in 1969 and was replaced by Jane Beckwith in 1970. In 1971 Dorothy Ruesch became librarian. She changed the entire concept of the library to a media center. In 1972 Dena Sylvester was hired as a media aid. The library-media center, which had been in the northwest corner of the Woodward building, was moved to the bottom floor of the south end of the annex building. These women made the library a functioning media center with modern equipment and the skills necessary to run it. This move was truly an improvement in learning and teaching possibilities for both teachers and students. Teaching aids and books became available to teachers and students on a regular basis. The school district joined with others in the southwest part of the State to establish an area media center located in Cedar City. This improved the availability and distribution of films and other media devices. It also served as a repair center. Prior to this time teachers had to order direct from universities, government agencies or private sources.

After Sputnik shocked the world, Congress began to make money available for improvements in the American education system. The National Defense Education Act was passed and money was poured into the science and math departments. Eventually it came to foreign languages and other areas. Woodward started foreign language programs in the early 1960's. Ralph Christian was hired to teach math and Spanish in 1961. Ward Forsyth taught history and German in 1962. Anneliese Ence took over the German program and continued to improve it until she retired in 1977. In 1965 Robin

Hagberg took over the Spanish program. He was replaced by Calliene McPhie Curzon in 1966 and Victor Decker took over from her in 1967. Boyd Earl was hired to teach the Spanish program in 1971. He continued until the school was transferred.

Joseph E. Olsen Jr. was hired in 1958 to teach social studies and reading. He continued a reading program until the Woodward Junior High was phased out. Lolene Gifford and Mary Ellen Boulter were hired as teacher's aids in 1969. In 1970 Phoebe Esplin came to Woodward as a special reading teacher. Rodney Burgess was hired to work with the special education students in 1970. That same year Ruth Moore came in as a teacher's aid. Gene Wilson was given a reading class in 1972. Sharon Shamo taught special education in 1973-74 and Ann Kozlowski taught the program in 1974-75. Neta Rainey and Pamela Strebel taught reading in 1974-75.

Although the seminary was not an official part of the Woodward School, the teachers were listed in the yearbook and the courses were listed with the school program until the late 1950's. J. Ralph Wilkins was the seminary teacher listed in the 1936-37 school year. He was followed by Pearson and Gladys Corbett.

Alex Taylor was custodian in 1936-37, followed by Anthony Pendleton, Henry Atkin, C.F. (Bud) Seegmiller, Willard (Bill) Bleak, William Black, Eugene C. Steed, Ellis Wilson, Bart Imlay, Mark Jacobsen and Brian Johnson. Henry Atkin served for many years and kept the place looking good. He had a good rapport with the students. Bill Bleak had worked at the school earlier. He did a good job and got along with the teachers and students as well.

The following served as secretary at Woodward Junior High School: Maxine Hafen, Robert Fordham, Carol Sullivan, Eula Mae Judd, Emma Brooksby, Beulah B. Tobler, Clara Salisbury, Mildred Himes, Irene Everett, Dixon Moore, June Harrison, Beverly Covington and Charmaine Frei. Mrs. Everett served at the Woodward in various capacities for 18 years.

Prior to the addition of the home economics department in the building housing the athletic department, students who didn't go home for lunch or bring their own, could buy soup for three cents a bowl at the college on the upper floor of the science building. After the new building was put into service, a kitchen was constructed in the furnace room of the Woodward building and meals were cooked there and served in the home economics classroom. Upon completion of the West Elementary in the mid-1950's, the meals were cooked there and transported to the gymnasium located in the annex building across the street. Grace Stucki cooked and ran the program for many years and Bess Holt took over from her.

THE JUDD'S STORE

Thomas Judd came to America from England in 1864 at age 20. He joined with Edwin Wooley and Robert C. Lund in 1875 to organize the mercantile establishment known as Wooley, Lund and Judd. This organization became very important in promoting and developing mining, agriculture and livestock production through out Utah, Arizona and Nevada.

Mr. Judd acquired block 45 between second and third South and second and third East in St. George and built a large home in the center of the block. He surrounded the home with large mulberry trees, almonds, figs, grapevines and many other enjoyable plants and shrubs. He sold this block to George E. Miles and purchased the Bentley property on 76 West Tabernacle Street. In 1911 he built on to the south side of the Bentley house and opened a general mercantile establishment, since known as Thomas Judd's Store Co. Mr. Judd supplied the livestock men in the area and sold general merchandise in town. After Thomas died in 1922 the store was acquired and managed by his son, Joe.

Joe built a home on the southwest corner of the block and continued to operate the general mercantile business until the mid 1930's.

In 1936, when the Woodward School became a junior high school, students began to patronize Judd's Store before and after school and during the lunch period. The store continued to sell Levis, shoes and some general merchandise but slowly switched to more and more pop, gum, candy, ice cream, etc. Joe's son, Tom, came to help his father and took over the business after his father's death in 1954.

Parents struggled to get their children to eat school lunch and the school struggled to get the students to school on time, but Judd's usually won the battle for their allegiance. There was a lane east and north of the store which was sheltered by a small grove of trees. This grove proved to be a bane of school authorities when it came to getting and keeping some students in school. It was reported that cigarette smoke was seen rising from the grove and other vices seemed to defy the control of school officials. The counters at Judd's were full of goodies and often loaded with students. Many a tale has been told about a trip to Judd's or perhaps to the grove behind.

When the junior high school moved to its new location in 1977, business became pretty slow at Judd's. There were a few stragglers from ~~East~~ West Elementary and a few local customers, but the business was hurting. Business started to come back as the 5th and 6th grades began to occupy the Woodward building. However, Tom Judd decided to sell the business to Mark and Barbara Greene in 1982. He stayed on as manager and many more students came back to Judd's as the enrollment at the Woodward 6th Grade Center reached over 1000. In order to accommodate the crowds, alternate days were established, girls one day and boys the next. At the end of 1997 the Greene family decided to turn the store into a restaurant and to discourage students from coming to the store during the noon hour. Tom Judd retired and from January 1998 to the end of May 2000 students were asked not to go to Judd's Store. Both the store and the school have succumbed to the forces of time and change and their earlier presence only lives on in the dwindling memories of the pleasant past.

So The Story Goes

One hundred years have passed since the Woodward School began.
Everyone has a story but tell one if you can.

Students tell of teachers and the things they used to do.
And teachers tell of students and most of the stories seem so true.

There are stories of nicknames that only time and memories can erase.
There are tales of romance and the spouse who lost the chase.

Some stories mention buildings, grounds and trees;
Others concentrate on blossoms, flowers and honey bees.

When it comes to athletics, there is no end to the tales people will tell;
Others concentrate on poetry, school plays or just plain raising hell.

Immortal beings have risen from the tales people know.
Stanley Schmutz could easily pass the barrier with accuracy of his throw.

Some say that the Squawk box just sitting on the wall
Couldn't hear the sudden command issued for it to fall.

There were other tales that were true,
Like the little boy entering the girls' shower and shouting, "Close your eyes, girls,
I am coming through."

For some stories a person would have had to been there;
Like the time a furious Barney nearly hit Stan with a flying chair.

Of course, there are tales of creaking floors and rattling windows, too;
Especially of windows that people saw students going through.

Tales about hiding under the stage floor and sluffing class for a day
Seemed to some more fitting than the P.E. games that they would play.

Being rude in assemblies made a story of which some were proud,
But left the audience wondering why such silly things were allowed.

Mr. Frei's office had many a tale students could share,
But after thinking it over, most students thought him fair.

There were many tales of just bad luck,
As when some poor students had the misfortune to upchuck.

Other stories were more serious or would tend to linger,
As when some careless soul would lose a part of his finger.

There are many tales of tussles and fusses,
And notorious fights on campus and on buses.

Teachers tell of pranks which sometimes went awry
And aroused the ire of Mr. N. R. Frei.

Teachers tell of a walk out and students do too;
The new school is not open, what is one to do?

There are tales of fire extinguishers that would not stay in their place,
Shooting foam and making noise with no fire in sight, not even a trace.

Stories of graffiti in the bathroom, the windows and on the wall,
Inciting the indignation of students, teachers and all.

The school lunch had its stories and burdens to bear

And each student who ate there had a tale to share.
There were the hazards and accidents that were difficult to stop;
Especially when dealing with the bungler in Mr. Pendleton's shop.

The science people, though very thorough,
Could create a tale with a click or a twirl.

Explosions and loud noises were not unique,
Nor were the smells that sometimes lasted for a week.

And if pithing a frog didn't make one feel smarter,
Cranking the generator would surely make the line shorter.

For Mrs. Syphus and her assignments of poetry and rhymes,
Some say you hadn't practiced unless you had drilled one hundred times.

The atomic bomb which made the world unstable
Caused Woodward students to jump under the table.

Stories about the windows that rattled, loud,
Were usually followed by the appearance of an atomic cloud.

Then there were the physical checks
In which the doctors examined the students' throats and necks.

The X-Ray van would then appear
And each student was "Shot" as he looked into the mirror.

To check for TB in the the later years,
A prick on the arm brought stories and tears.

Student elections were always good for a laugh
And brought forth stories that abound with the opponent's great gaff.

The fire drills were common place
But dutifully practiced, just in case.

The Woodward School was put to use
In hopes that ignorance would be reduced.

And some of the old timers still swear
That they attended Sunday School there.

The faculty, too, was not immune,
Tales leaked out, all too soon.

Burnt cookies laced with paste
Were readily consumed with apparent haste.

Demonstrations, though well intended,
Sometimes made their point while up-ended.

Menus, too, can cause some sighs;
Especially when counting breasts or thighs.

Roasted pig sound like fun;
Unless it's eaten before it's done.

New teachers need to learn the rules and there are many.
But "don't appeal to the students' sympathy, they don't have any."

If a student's project is for show,
Don't light it with a match, if it is a volcano.

If personal development is our goal,
Keep your tie on or you will lose control.

Some students seem to be naughty;
Especially when they put pebbles in the potty.

And if it is faith you are trying to find,
It seems better to let the blind lead the blind.

If a balloon contest you are going to tout,
Remember that band students are always out.

And changing the time twice each year
Is a job for one person; you should make that clear.

If caught smoking on the campus with tobacco imported,
To the authorities your actions will surely be reported.

Students wanting yearbooks must ultimately pay;
Even if the money comes in the last day.

Vacations provide time for students to play
And if they come to school, they will be turned away.

If you have a story about which to boast,
Please tell us all and clear it with the ghost!

Chapter 3
Appendix

Often heard over the intercom from Mr. Frei:

Abou Ben Adhem and The Angel

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lilly in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold --
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" -- The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said: "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light.
And show'd the names Whom love of God had bless'd
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

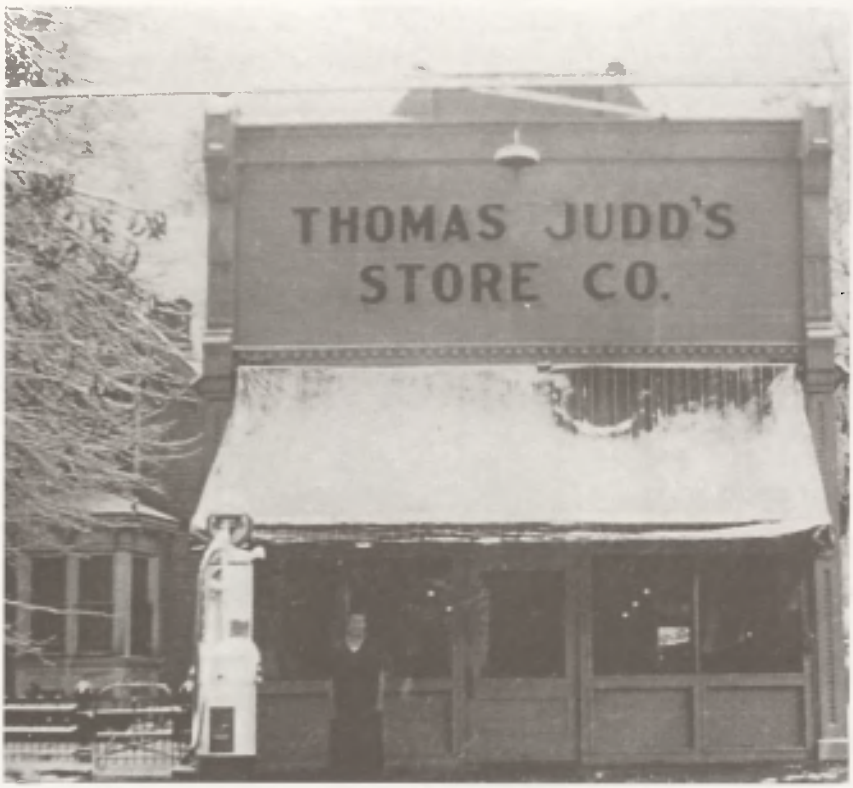
James Henry Leigh Hunt

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's on the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Robert Burns

Back Right: Edna Rae Gardner Frye, Gertrude Worthen Ence, -------- (Lester Gubler), Vivian Snow (Chester Snow), Mary Miller, Donna Lou Morris

Front Right: Marcee Higbee Gardner, Helen Miles Jacobs, Linna Bleak, ---- (Milt Holt's Sister-in-law) Roma Nisson Morris



Judd's Store

BASEBALL TEAM - 1962

Standing, left to right: John Graff, Tommy Callahan, Danny Porter, McKay Christian, Barry Hunt, Doug Gubler, Larry Dixon, Wendell Cox, Stanford Bracken.

Front Row: Coach Reed Blake, Gary Jackson, Kenny Kindle, Michael R. Hafen, Lee Ence, Earl Snow

Our 2nd Mother
Mrs. Everett
1962

OUR BALLERINAS

Kneeling: Larry Esplin, Paul McMullin

Standing: Edward Bowler, Dennis Frei, Brent Atkin, Jim Ence, Brent Snow

1966

Chapter 4

Woodward Sixth Grade Center

Vernon Worthen opened the new West Elementary School on September 6, 1955. This left the annex to be shared with the Woodward Junior High School. The Woodward band, music and girls' physical education departments moved into the annex and remained there until 1977 when the junior high school moved to its new building. As the population fluctuated and shifted, the West Elementary would shift its 5th and 6th grades in and out of the annex as needed.

Victor Frei, who had been teaching in the annex, was made principal of West Elementary in 1960 and became Elementary Supervisor in the district in 1969. Douglas Lindsey became principal of West Elementary and in 1971 moved all of his teachers out of the annex, and into the old Dixie College building. The annex was then occupied by the Woodward Junior High School. The annex housed the music, type, social studies, English and a girls' physical education departments, along with the media center. It remained this way until the junior high moved to the new campus. The Woodward building was completely empty in January of 1977 as was the annex. Karl Buhanan, the district counselor, and Abe Young, the district hearing and speech specialist, moved their offices into the Woodward building.

In January of 1977 Mr. Lindsey began to put teachers back into the Woodward building. They were part of the West elementary program. Jim Crookston and Don Fawson had been transferred from West Elementary to the old Dixie College gymnasium,. They were greatly over loaded, each having about 50 fourth grade students. The district hired Malynne Blake to take part of the students and in January of 1977 the three teachers moved into the Woodward building. The third grade was added in 1978. Some 5th and 6th grade students were moved into the annex. Ken Jolley became principal of West Elementary in 1981 and continued using the Woodward complex for grades 3 through 6.

Leon Jones was appointed principal of West Elementary in 1983. He was faced with an expanding student population which reached over eleven hundred students. The number of students going to Judd's became a major problem and Mr. Jones tried to close the campus and keep the students in school, but was forced to bow to public pressure and deal with the situation the best he could. The students from West Elementary who were housed at the Woodward complex were marched to the West Elementary building for school lunch and many went to Judd's on the way back. The district decided to use the annex gymnasium for a lunch room and to bring the food from Dixie Middle School. Commercial vendors also brought in pizza. The West Elementary school received a special grant to specialize in celebrating the arts. A faculty band was organized and specialists were brought in to promote and teach mime, dance, music, drama, pottery, art, etc. The Woodward gymnasium was used for this purpose. The science fair and other group activities were held there as well.

Carol Christian taught a kindergarten class in the Woodward building in the 1980's and Keith Gubler taught handicapped adults in the Woodward shop, gym and home economics area. He also taught special Education students in the Woodward building in the early 1980's.

Students were fascinated by the old rotary telephone and the intercom system in the Woodward building. they were also fascinated with the bats in the building. They kept busy hatching turkeys in an incubator and baking pottery in a kiln.

In 1985 the various buildings of the Woodward complex were remodeled and made into the Woodward Sixth Grade Center. This school was separate from West Elementary but continued to

house 5th grade students until 1988 and Elna Rae Page taught a kindergarten class there in the 1985-86 school year. Mr. Don Powell was appointed principal and Dixie Andrus became vice-principal.

The school continued to grow and was put on a year-round schedule and students assigned a core teacher for language arts and social studies. They rotated for music, band, chorus, art, science and math. A computer lab was established to enrich the program in language arts and math. A band was organized and taught by Jim Brickey. Over half of the teachers were put on an extended year contract and the students rotated on a four track, year-round schedule.

The school district promoted what was called a Productivity Model which provided an arrangement in which the governing power of the school was shared with teachers. There was considerable conflict over arrangements until the administrators and teachers worked out policies and procedures that were suitable to both.

An intramural program was organized during the lunch period to give the students alternative activities at school and to relieve pressure on Judd's store. Also, alternate days were assigned for boys and girls to leave school and go to Judd's. in 1998 students were prohibited from going to Judd's at noon. This was done at the owner's request.

The Sixth Grade Center was equipped with computers and hosted many activities such as spelling bees, Reflection contests, The Woodward Elementary Academic Bowl, art shows, *Wood Words* - the school newspaper, Book Talk, etc. Special activities were also held for special occasions such as ringing the Woodward bell to celebrate the bicentennial of the U. S. Constitution.

Barbara Garrett became principal of the Woodward Sixth Grade Center in 1997. The students' schedules were changed so that they met with two teachers each day along with chorus or band. By the late 1990's it was apparent that the Woodward complex would no longer handle the growth in the 6th grade student population and in 1998 some of the students were shifted to the new Coral Cliffs school. In May of 2000 the members of the class of 2006 packed their bags, signed their last Woodward yearbook and marched off into the future.

The old rock school standing stately on the corner of Tabernacle and First West is beginning to suffer the indignities of an abandoned building. Its would-be protectors wrestle with the problems of how to salvage it. Its future now rests in the hands of the many who once called it their school. And, like an ensign on the hill, it stands with dignity awaiting its fate.

Chapter 4
Appendix

Personnel for Woodward 6th Grade Center, 1985-2000

Anderson, Kathleen
Andrus, Dixie
Ashman, Yvonne
Beckstead, Patricia
Birmingham, Ed
Blair, Carma
Bowler, Nancy
Boyce, Renee
Bracken, Micci
Braunberger, Floyd
Brickey, James
Buhanan, Karl
Bullock, Rexine
Bulow, Teresa
Burton, Kathy
Buttars, Jennifer
Caldwell, Leslie
Cannon, Marilyn
Carr, Michael
Chipman, Edna
Chipman, Lin
Chipman, Mark
Christopherson, Diana
Cluff, Mathew
Cozzens, Curtis
Crockett, Maline
Day, Gail
Decker, Penny
DeFriez, Gregg
Dial, marilyn
Dinning, Danelle
Dunbar, Sandra
Durfee, Calleen
Emett, Mary
Espinoza, Rayna
Fox, Ruelene
Frandsen, Mary
Frqanson, mary
Frehner, Greg
Gardner, pat
Garrett, Barbara
Gibbons, Wendy
Grimshaw, Deborah
Hammer, Sharleen
Hansen, Randy
Hardy, Lawauna
Harker, Terri
Harwood, Lani
Haslam, Dannielle
Hazel, Karen
Heath, Jackie
Heaton, Beryl
Hill, Tammy
Houtz, Nicole
Hulet, Kathy
Humphreys, Gary
Hunt, Julie
Hunter, Koni
Jardine, Peggy
Johnson, Lynne
Lance, Charlotte
Lansing, Minton
Larson, Sandra
Lefau, Summer
Leishman, Carol
Lister, Dixie
Lunt, Nancy
MacLeod, Colin
Maggard, Tammy
Maynes, DeAnna
McCloud, Kristy
Merrill, Susan
Mesa, Glen
Miller, Diane
Moone, Hal
Mosteller, Roberta
Musgrave, Macey
Neilson, Fred
Nelson, Mirreo
Nelson, Rick
Obershaw, Janet
Olsen, Tereece
Olson, Sally
Parker, Heather
Patterson, Susan
Pearce, D'On
Pearson, Neal
Pollock, Louise
Powell, Don
Prestwich, Kim
Ramsay, Nancy
Rawlings, Jeanette
Robinson, Lori
Rodgers, Elnora
Rodgers, Judy
Rowley, Fred
Ruybal, Tami
Sandberg, Joan
Sanders, Sandy
Shafer, Marcee
Shaw, Lisa
Sizemore, Barbara
Smith, Jan
Smith, Marie
Snow, Kristen
Southwick, Teresa
Stanley, Mike
Stirling, Carlyle
Stokes, Sharra
Te'o, Nicole
Thomas, Colleen
Thomas, Karann
Thornock, Michelle
Tobler, leo
Twiggs, mary Ann
Wagner, Lisa
Walker, Annette
Walker, Susan
Wallace, Mary
Watson, Annette
West, Chuck
Whitehead, Dixie
Williams, Jeanne
Williams, Phyllis
Williams, Sharon
Wilson, Karl
Wright, Klare
Wyatt, Beth
Young, Abe

People Who Taught in the Woodward building 1977-85 not listed elsewhere:

Barney, Bruce
Blake, Malynne
Bodell, Tony
Christian, Carol;
Crookston, Jim
Dunkley, Kevin
Erchanbrack, Cindy
Fawson, Don
Gubler, Keith
Hannig, Verdon
Hunt, Alice
Lang, Carma
Lee, Scott
Lubniewski, June
Lytle, Clint
McBride, Marvin
McGregor, LaRae
Mitchell, Steve
Moss, David
Page, Elna Rae
Roper, Jan
Vander Meade, Anita
Woolsey, Wendy
Voyce, Russell

Support Personnel not listed elsewhere:

DeLaRosa, Manual
Griffin, Gil
Lavadie, Bob
Leavitt, Loie
Martin, Valiate
Reidhead, Illa
Roberts, Diana
Sanders, Iona
Webb, Shirley

Superintendents of Washington County Schools:

W. O. Bentley .....1916 - 1929
Milton E. Moodey .....1929 - 1958
T. Lavoy Esplin .....1958 - 1979
Jack Burr .....1979 - 1984
Steven Peterson .....1984 - 1997
Kolene F. Granger .....1997 -

Sweet Kids - 1986

"REFLECTIONS" WINNERS - 1986

First Row: Sonya Hunt, Kellie Gardner, Gayla Hafen, Heather Jennings, Shandra Hinkle, --- Rhodes

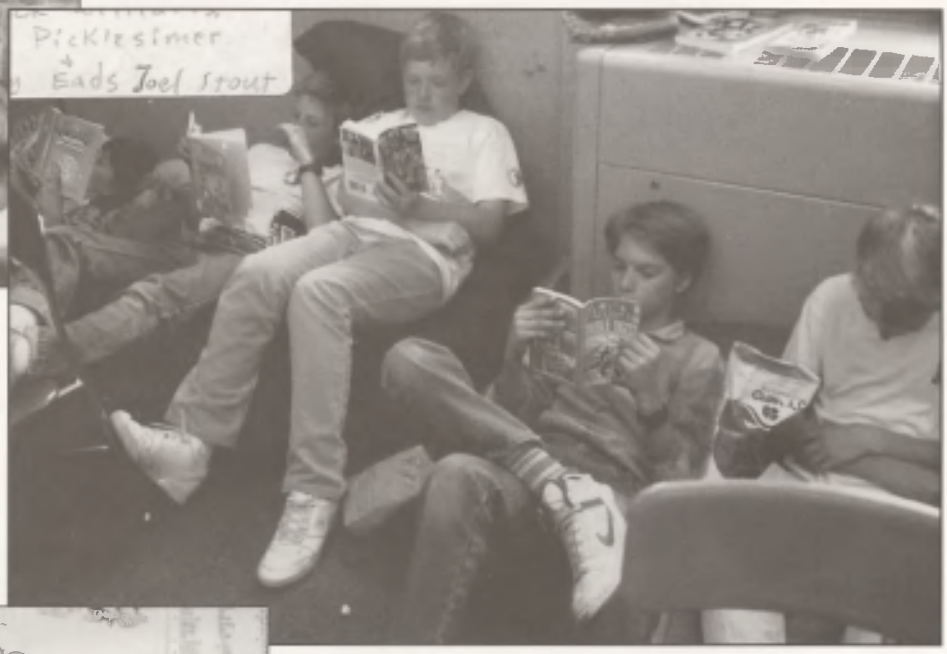
Second Row: Jennie Halverson, Ben Searle, Joel Perkins, Steve Mitchell, Steve Blake, Jared Campbell, Brandon Larson, Kayla Cox

Third Row: Hollie Miller, Lisa Perry, Debra Gonzales, Patrice Adams

RAISING THE FLAG - 1986

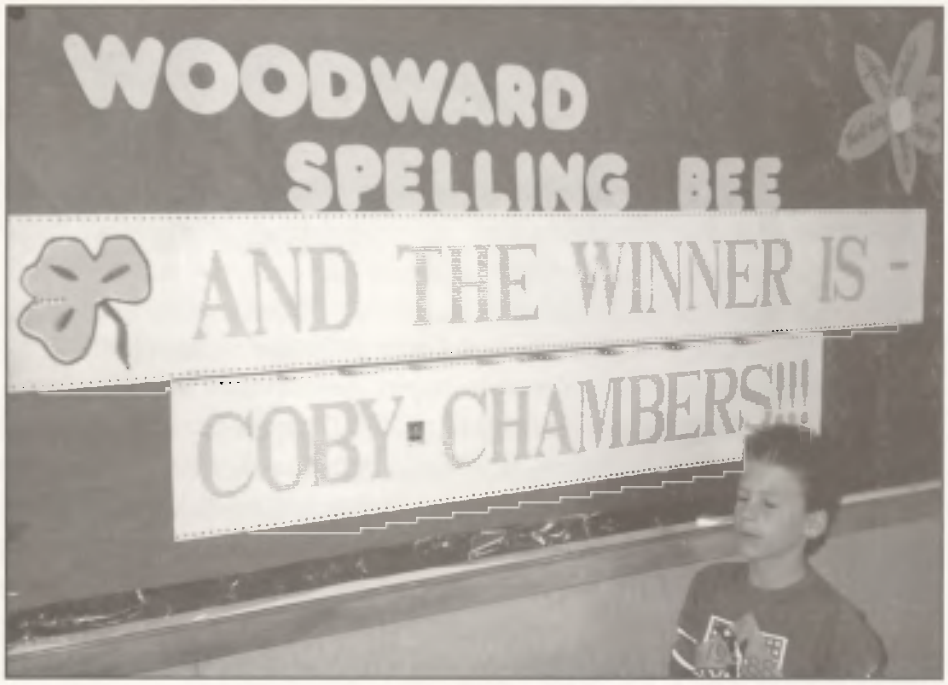
PRIMARY COLORS - 1986

MR. POWELL'S BIRTHDAY
1987



READING - 1987-88
Brock Williams, Sam Picklesimer
Korey Eads, Joel Stout

"CHARLIE BROWN"- 1987-88
Cory Eicher
Jacob Jensen
Hiedi Jo Hatch



SPELLING BEE
1987-88

WOLVERINES OF THE MONTH
APRIL, 1988

KAMMEE KIRCHHAUSEN
1988

Memories of Woodward

Anneliese Ence

As I dusted off the school bell that was presented to me upon my retirement from teaching, my mind was filled with numerous happy memories of those teaching years.

I taught off an on between 1943 and 1977 under thc able leadership of three principals: N. R. Frei, Jack Burr, Melvin James, and David Broadhead, who was vice-principal

I began my teaching at Woodward in the gym south of the main building. There Reed Blake and I taught boys' and girls' physical education and health. The boys' dressing room was downstairs and the girls' upstairs. We shared the gym and playground.

One day a week we taught social dancing which was loved by some and a "thorn in the side" of most of the boys. The boys lined up on one side of the gym and the girls were on the opposite side. As they came forward, they met their partner; needless to say there were some attempts to get the right place in line to be with the partner they wanted. There were many methods to achieve this, but under the watchful eye of Coach Blake this became very difficult. They did learn to dance and many still remember that experience.

When the new Elementary School building was finished, we moved into it, and now the girls had their own gym and playing field. One of the great memories of these years was when Coach and I were given an award for the best physical education program in the state of Utah.

During these years, I also taught English, Art, and German. One year Mr. Frei decided to register the students in English according to their ability. I taught the students who had had trouble. That was a happy experience for me as I watched them learn. They took part because they were not always competing with students who were advanced in English, but competed with those of their own ability.

Having a minor in Art when Mrs. Cornwall retired, I became the Art teacher half a day and the German teacher the other half. As our German program grew into full-time, I became "Frau" to the entire school (meaning Mrs.). Besides classes we had many activities. We put on German assemblies, sang German songs, formed a German club and participated in language fairs at both BYU and CSU where our skills were tested. It was such a rewarding experience to work with these students so dedicated, enthusiastic, and eager to learn.

One of my fondest memories came as a surprise when I was called to Salt Lake City to receive the award for "Outstanding Foreign Language Teacher of the Year 1973," given by the Utah Foreign Language Association.

Outside of the classroom, one of my most challenging experiences was that of being advisor to the yearbook staff. It took real dedication for these students to work after school, many days till late, to publish the "Woodwardia" which in 1977 became the "Dixie Eagle" and we were no longer at "Woodward" but moved that year into our new building and became Dixie Middle School.

Carmen Iverson Snow

If the Hallowed Halls of Woodward Could Talk!

In the 1960's when I attended Woodward, each Monday morning as we entered the Hallowed Halls of Woodward, you would hear laughing students, giggles form the girls and feel the excitement from everyone discussing what they had done that weekend and of course looking forward to seeing their friends. The girls were making sure the Beehive hairdo's were just right (with Aqua Net hairspray, of course), but no one would beat Linda Thomas', it was always the best. The girls' skirts had to be rolled above the knee. That was an unspoken rule.

Let's not forget the boys; every hair on their head was held in place with Brill Cream and the smell of Aqua Velva After Shave (even if they didn't shave) followed them everywhere. Their Levi-Strauss jeans were pressed with just the right crease. Some boys even went as far as having their moms sew a crease down the front, and let's not forget their white socks. Everyone was unconcerned about what was happening in the outside world because their whole universe was there in the Hallowed Halls of Woodward. A time of innocence.

Newell R. Frei was our principal, Mrs. Everett the secretary. Mrs. Cornwall taught art and Mrs. Ence was the PE teacher and dance instructor, to name a few. None of us will ever forget Ms. Bessie Snow, our librarian. She had the habit of always adjusting her bra. Now you have to remember we didn't even say bra back then, so that was quite a show for us. The most terrible that the girls would utter to each other was that your flag was showing.

Girls were not allowed to wear pants, but if they could have, it would have stopped all the controversy around the short mini skirts. Every day if the girls' skirts looked too short, Mr. Heber Jones would have you kneel and measure with his trusty ruler. If you didn't pass, home you would go! Most of the time they were just rolled up at the waistline and the girls just had to unroll them to become the proper length. One of the reasons for the ban on short skirts, besides modesty, was because it was before the invention of panty hose. Girls wore garter belts and their mom's nylons (which wasn't a pretty sight). Their moms wouldn't know that they had borrowed them until they went to put them on for church for Sunday and there were runners from the ankle to the knee. When it came to the girls' hair, the higher and the most Aqua Net hairspray was the rule of the day. When it came to shopping every penny they could save they would spend it either at Evelyn's or Parker's dress shops.

The boys were so cool with their Levi-Strauss jeans and white t-shirts. Those with drivers licenses would get into their rad, low riding cars, with baby moon hubcaps and their radio turned clear up, playing tunes such as "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes" or "Breaking Up is Hard to Do" and drag in front of the school. They would start at Main Street and turn right on Tabernacle past Judd's Store and flip a U-turn in front of where the road was closed off the the Woodward School. This went on all during the lunch hour, hoping to catch the eye of one of the giggling girls sitting on the lawn or standing in front of Judd's waiting for the last bell to ring. If we were lucky, the guys would stop and talk to us and we would giggle and laugh just like the young girls today. The dragging in front of the school brought up one of the biggest controversies ever to happen at Woodward. Principal Newell R. Frei and the local police department, Joe Phoutz and George Andrus, banned the guys from flipping a U-e in front of the school and they had to go clear down to where the district offices are now to flip around. This didn't fit well with the boys or the girls at Woodward. Even though they protested, they would still get a ticket if caught flipping a U-e there. This routine went on after school as well. If they saw the girl they wanted to take home and she got on the school bus, they would follow the bus till she got off and give her a ride home, if she was willing.

Instead of eating school lunch, which consisted then of meat loaf or mashed potatoes with hamburger gravy, most of the students would go to Jimmy's Café and have a cherry coke and french fries, a half bottle of ketchup, and play their favorite tune on the juke box. If Jimmy's was too full, they would head up to the Liberty Café and order the same lunch of cherry coke and french fries.

It was a time when we were just hearing about Vietnam, naíve to what a horrible war we were getting into and all the young men that would be killed or maimed. We would listen to KOMA-1520, Oklahoma City (which we could only dial in after the Dixie sun went down). On weekends we'd go to the movies at the Dixie Theater or drive-in, or go to a sock hop at the boys gym, and hope that you would get asked to dance. Mrs. Ence, the PE and dance instructor, thought Nick Hammer had the shiniest shoes she had ever seen, not knowing then what patent leather was. We would drag Main and see who we could see or just hang out at the D.Q. over a sundae or get a famous root beer float at the Polar Bear. It was a time of innocence for all of us.

That innocence was taken away from us the day the gun shots rang out in Dallas, Texas. I'll never forget. I was sitting in Mrs. Cornwall's art class when Mr. Frei came over the intercom and told us that President John F. Kennedy had been shot. He was our hero, our Camelot era. School was closed and we were sent home. There was no laughter in the halls that day as we moved almost like mummies to our lockers and out the door. We didn't know if he was dead or alive. Everyone went home and huddled by the TV, watching every news report. To our dismay when the word came through that he had died, we all mourned.

Yes, if these Hallowed Halls of Woodward could talk, you would hear the laughter and giggles of the students and the smell of Aqua Net and Aqua Velva in the air. It was a time of innocence, a time that will never be forgotten by those who attended Woodward Junior High in the 60's.

Darryl Hafen

Memories as a Student:

When we came over to Woodward to begin 7th grade it was back in the fall of 1950. I pretty well knew what to expect as my dad, Grant Hafen, was a teacher there and my sister Gloria had just finished 10th grade at Woodward.

However, nothing really prepared me for that first day of school with so many new kids and a new class and teacher every hour. Our classroom in Santa Clara had about 20 students in the 5th and 6th grades combined, and suddenly I was thrown in with 120 other seventh graders, some who looked like mature adults to me. I had heard all the horror stories about Newell R. Frei, Reed Blake, and Stan Schmutz, but after meeting up with them in real life, they seemed out of character with the "monster image" I'd heard about from the older "Clarie boys."

After about a week of school we had class elections and I was elected 7th grade class president. I felt that I had the world by the tail. I was well-liked. My dad was one of the my teachers, I was getting along well in all my classes, and the prettiest girl in the 7th grade was in love with me. I wished I could have stayed in the 7th grade forever.

I made friends with all the St. George kids and became great pals with Wally Mathis. I stayed over at his place frequently on weekends. During Christmas holidays, Wally and I were shooting sparrows around the school grounds when Newell Frei came over to check us out. He asked Wally if

he had a 22 rifle at home. It seems that there were pigeons over in the gym and they were making a mess all over the hardwood floor in the gym. Wally ran home for his 22 and Newell brought a box of 22 short bullets. Newell said to be sure not to miss the pigeons or the bullets might exit through the roof. We shot all the pigeons off the steel girders that support the roof. We never missed a shot. To this day, I wonder if we are the only ones to fire live bullets in the old Woodward gym.

I especially remember P.E. on Wednesday (dance day). Reed Blake and Gay Armstrong had us grand march down the center of the floor and meet up with the girl we were to dance with that day. I tried to count down the row of girls and line up opposite one of the "Clarie" girls, as I had heard "horror stories" about those St. George dames. Most of those proved out to be true!

Another memory I have of those days happened during the fall of 1951 (8th grade). I was a baseball "nut" in those days and had followed by New York Giants all summer long. Willie Mays, Joe DiMaggio, Ted Williams, Stan Musial, and Jackie Robinson were like gods to me.

On the final day of the 1951 season, the Giants and the Dodgers ended in a tie for the National League Pennant and only one would face the New York Yankees in the World Series. There was a three game play-off between the Giants and Dodgers and they split the first two games, so the 3rd game was for the pennant. Since I had P.E. right after lunch, I was able to listen to almost all the games over in the gym. However, the 3rd game was in the 9th inning when the bell rang and I had to report to Mr. Orton's English class. Mr. Orton didn't like sports and especially didn't like baseball interfering with his lessons on the parts of speech. I begged and pleaded with Mr. Orton to flip the switch as the ball game was on the intercom and could be controlled into each classroom with the flip of a switch. I told him that it was the last of the 9th inning and the Dodgers were changing pitchers. Mr. Orton made some snide remark about baseball and went on with his explanations about transitive and intransitive verbs. About 10 minutes into the class we heard a roar from the adjacent rooms. It seems the whole school (except for us) was listening to the ball game. I had to wait through the rest of that class period to learn of the outcome of that ball game.

Bobby Thompson had homered with 2 out and the Giants won the pennant 5-4 over the Dodgers. It was called the "Shot Heard Round the World" in baseball, the most dramatic play of all time. I had missed the famous play-by-play description by Giant announcer Russ Hodges. I have since heard the recording of it hundreds of times, but to this very day I am still annoyed at the late Mr. Rulon Orton for not allowing me to hear it live as it happened.

I have many other wonderful memories as a student at Woodward, but one of my favorite memories revolves around those famous Woodward dances we used to have. There was live music from Stan Schmutz and his orchestra. We all knew the basic steps due to our P.E. training from Mr. Blake and Miss Armstrong. I lived for those dances and seldom sat out a dance. When we got "cut out" on the dance floor we just ran over to the first cut gal (there were plenty) and cut back in. I probably danced more dances in those four years at Woodward than I have danced the rest of my life put together. The dances usually let out about 10:30 p.m. and school buses took us back home to Santa Clara and Washington, so that we could be home by 11:00 p.m.

I feel that today's kids really have no idea what those 50's dances were like. Movies like "Grease" and TV shows like "Happy Days" show some of the styles and fads, but it is impossible to capture the atmosphere of the 50's at Woodward.

Memories as a Teacher:

I came to Woodward as a Social Studies teacher in the fall of 1963. I taught there approximately 10 - 12 years until we moved to Dixie Middle School. During those years, we had a big change in

the staff as many of the older teachers were retiring and being replaced by younger teachers, many from the Wasatch Front area.

When I started teaching in 1963, Newell R. Frei was principal. Many of the old stalwart Woodward teachers were finishing up their teaching careers. These included Walter Miles, James A. Ott, Grant Hafen, Owen Pendleton, Reed Blake, LuRee Porter, Beth Syphus, Bessie Snow, Stan Schmutz, and LaVera Pelt. These teachers, along with others who had retired earlier such as H. Val Hafen and Arthur Paxman, were all born and raised in Utah's Dixie and were a part of the folklore and culture here.

Within just a few years, all these fine teachers were replaced by new and younger people. Some of these included Jack Burr and Melvin James as principals, Jack Heppler, Fred Page, Dean Hansen, Craig Eustice, Dale Barlow, Janet Webb, Ilene Jensen, Elaine Jennings, and Karl Blake. The change in the school was drastic. With a younger staff, we developed more competition between students and faculty, and the Buzzard-Eagle rivalry began. Our science department began the tradition of hosting science fairs with many winners taking State and going on to national competitions. However, much of the old tradition was lost as faithful "Old Warriors" like N. R. Frei and Reed Blake left the halls of Woodward.

I have so many memories as a teacher, but one I'll always remember was on November 22, 1963 about 11:20 a.m. when Principal N. R. Frei broke in on the intercom with the tragic announcement that President John F. Kennedy has just been shot in Dallas, Texas.

Another memory of that same intercom happened when Mr. Schmutz brought a student in to the office that have been giving him problems in band for several years and Stan had finally reached his limit. Mr. Frei hadn't turned off the mike and suddenly we heard in all the classrooms that familiar crackling sound it makes whenever an announcement was coming. This particular day it was not Mr. Frei's voice but Stan Schumtz who announced to the entire studentbody, "I've put up with this little bastard for four years and I've had enough; you can do whatever you want with him but I'm through." Then we heard the door to N. R.'s office slam. I think every teacher in that school sent a kid to the office to tell Mr. Frei to turn off the mike, but it was too late!

Edna Mae Sampson

Band was my favorite class, besides dodging the erasers. Stan Schmutz gave me a lifetime love for music. One day I had a new reed for my clarinet. It wouldn't soften up, so I went out to the water fountain in the hall, wet the reed and placed it on the mouthpiece and proceeded to blow the horn. That was forbidden! And just at that time N. R. Frei, our principal, stepped in the hall. He always brought fear into my heart. "You will write a theme for breaking the rule," he said. My theme was titled "If you don't blow your own horn, no one else will blow it for you." When I handed it to Mr. Frei, he tried hard not to grin.

Ferd Neilson

Thee will always be some memories a person has as the years come and are gone. Woodward School time was one of those experiences for a few years of schooling.

Who can forget the Reed Blake dance class each week. We would line up for a classic look at each other across the gym floor. As he put the music on, we were not too eager to march around to gain a partner. Some of us danced while others hopped or skipped around the floor. It was a wonderful experience. Mrs. Syphus worried over her students as she asked many to learn poetry. "If" by Rudger Kipling was learned by some as well as "Gunga Din," another of those favorite pieces of literature. I think every student loved this lady. Take Stan Schmutz; boy, could he take perfect aim with his tennis ball or eraser. Yet he was so great in the band program and was always giving us young pups encouragement to practice more and be better. On one occasion he gave four of us the opportunity to participate in a F.F.A. Utah band group that would gather in Salt Lake for rehearsal. Eighty-three towns in Utah had young men in this band of about 350. We went to Kansas City, Missouri and participated in a huge celebration there. He was great to select us -- a wonderful man. V. J. Frei had a way of either scaring one to death or giving praise. I loved to sit on the front row by Craig Snow. He was always prepared and knew the answers. So I was reading Craig's notes. Mr. V. J. Frei gave me some tough looks as I made mistakes, but always gave me help on the side as he began fractions. He was a fine and wonderful man. Mr. Walter Miles smiled once in a while. He had big hands and could grab one by the neck quite well. He was a great teacher. Art Paxman was pretty dry, but he got the job done.

Anyway, Woodward life and experiences were great times. The best of all those years I think was the friends one made and are lasting through the years.

Fred Neilson

The Woodward School was a very pleasant and new move for me at age 13-14 years. The school looked big and exciting as I stepped off the school bus coming from the small Washington Elementary School grades 1-6. I remember the lot of us graduating from 6th grade and how excited we all were to know we were going to the Woodward School. New people, teachers, classmates, and I would be changing classrooms and have a different teacher to interest me in different subjects. How exciting this would or should be. Regular scheduled P.E. time, I was not a big person at the time -- rather small framed, but I could run. I loved Coach Reed Blake because he took a personal interest in me on the athletic field and encouraged me all the time. As a result of his good help, I did go on to have fun in football and baseball for Dixie High and Dixie College. The day of P.E. when boys and girls came together for our dance class, hell, how I loved dancing, changing girls, and I got to dance with the girls' P.E. instructor many times. She would ask me. I picked up on dance routines quickly.

How do you just pick out one or two teachers and talk about them? I believe that all the teachers at the time were interested in teaching. I loved listening to all of them even if learning the basic concepts came rather hard. H. Val Hafen and V. J. Frei, math teachers, were considerate and helpful to all of us. Newell R. Frei, our principal, sometimes was a pain in the neck. He just had one hard time trying to be humble along with his assignment as principal and teacher of history. He embarrassed me one day in class and I refused to answer any more questions coming from him. Actually, I learned to

dislike the man. I was sometimes telling myself that Mr. Frei is just doing what he feels and learn to appreciate him. Mrs. Lena Snow tried being very considerate, to help me to analyze poetry and see the beauty in words.

I was very glad to see the school lunch program come to school. My mother, Vilate Neilson, was the head cook at the time and saw that her son got a little job getting the food from the kitchen (down in the furnace room) to the homemaking lunch room in the Woodward Gym Building. Helping get the food out for the students gave me free lunch. Lunch at the time for several years was 10¢ per day. Even at 50¢ per week, the money was hard to come by.

School at Woodward was a very happy time. I came into new friends and had super times with the opposite sex in dancing and early dating. I never had a dull time. Our shower room was a little crowded most of the time but we survived it.

Many good friends came as a result of going to school. The friends, most of them, at this date, August 8, 2001, still are alive and we have a great time. I am now 70 years old on July 4, 2001, looking forward to our class having our 70th year birthday party in October of this year. What a blast it will be. Lots of laughter, hugging, and maybe some kissing. WOW! Thank you for allowing me to say something about my school years at Woodward. There is much more. I truly loved the school, teachers, students, and Judd's Store.

Grant Hafen

Some of my early recollections of Woodward were long before I began teaching there. After getting out of the 8th grade in Santa Clara, I began going to Dixie High. At that time, Dixie High and Dixie Jr. College were combined together and held classes in the old Dixie building which still stands today. My brother Clair and two cousins, Owen and Clawson Frei, lived together in a spare room built on top of a cellar room on the ground. It had been used as a granary. We often rode horses from Santa Clara over to St. George on Sunday evenings. We would take the bridles off and let the horses go back home on their own. We would carry loaves of bread, cookies, oatmeal and most anything the folks had that we could eat with us on the horses. Our grandmother and our Aunt Gladys were old and unable to take care of us so we did the best we could to get by until Friday afternoon and then walk back to Santa Clara.

It seems like yesterday that my cousins and my brother Clair and I would awaken to the sound of the Woodward bell. We would grab a biscuit and a piece of cheese and comb our hair and leave the old granary on a run for school. That Woodward bell was or alarm clock during those school days in the early 1920's. On our way to school each day we passed by the old Woodward building. Often my first class began at the same time as Woodward. In those days the students who took band played marching music for the students lined up in front of the steps and the students marched into the building. If any of the students were out of step they were pulled out of line and marched in after the others were inside. We used to go over to see the cute girls as they marched in. Vernon Worthen was the principal and everything was always in order.

After I had taught school three years in Nevada, five years in Veyo and three more at Hurricane High, I began teaching at the "Red Rock Jail," as some of the boys referred to the Woodward building. I began teaching in the upper story for the first year or two. Then I moved across the street to the Annex Building. Later they needed my room for other reasons and I was sent to the old college

building for some of my classes and back to the annex, for some. I taught Social Studies classes, Science, Math, English, Civics, and anything else they had.

When you have a different group of students each period, you get to know a lot of students through the years. A lot of these fine young people have really turned out well. They are some of our highest ranked church leaders. Others are university teachers. Some are our finest doctors and dentists, lawyers, etc. You can find them in all walks of life. We are so lucky to have such fine men and women caring for our needs today. I enjoy meeting different ones almost every day. They often recognize me and stop to say hi and ask about my welfare.

I have almost reached the end of the road but some of the school days and students are some of the most joyful thoughts running through my mind.

Loren Webb

First of all, all six members of my family have attended Woodward. I attended when it was Woodward Junior High from 1967-70. Sharee Webb, my wife, attended Woodward Junior High in 1971-73. All of our children attended the school when it was known as the Woodward Sixth Grade Center. Lori Webb attended in 1992-93, Gayle Webb attended in 1995-96, Christine Webb attended in 1998-99, and Brittany Webb attended in 1999-00, the last year the Woodward building served as a public school.

In 7th grade, I remember having LaVera Pelt for English, Darryl Hafen for social studies, Stan Schmutz for band and Reed Blake for physical education.

Mrs. Pelt's class was held in the annex building, as was Stan Schmutz's class. My social studies class was upstairs in the Woodward Building, and of course, my physical education class was in the boys gymnasium.

Some of my very best teachers in the public education system taught me while at Woodward. Darryl Hafen ingrained in me a real love of history which has remained with me for all these years. I remember Reed Blake was a person with a crusty exterior. He expected everyone to tow the line, but he was always fair and he always treated me with respect. He had worked with my older brother Merrill, who was a great athlete, and he also knew my mother and father well.

I began taking band in the fifth grade while attending East Elementary. While I was in fifth or sixth grade (I attended sixth grade at West Elementary) we were in Stan Schmutz' early morning band class one day. I'll never forget, a band student was playing the clarinet on the front row and he made a smart remark to Stan. Now it was well known that Stan Schmutz had a temper. He was legendary for throwing tennis balls at students who misbehaved, or kicking the chair out from underneath a student who was leaning back in his chair. Well, I can't remember what the student said, but I do remember what happened after that. Stan picked up the student and literally kicked him hard in the butt, all the way out of the band room. He kicked his behind so hard, that even at noon that day he was still rubbing his behind. Of course, he never retumed to class after that. Another time another band student was leaning back on his chair in band class and Stan came up and kicked his chair out from underneath him. Still, I really enjoyed Mr. Schmutz' class and I learned a lot from him.

I remember the time when Mike Anderson, who was a 9th grader at the time, got into a fight with an 11th or 12th grader from Dixie High. They fought during the noon hour on the east side of the

Woodward Building. There was quite a crowd there, and Mike beat the crud out of the high school student.

I remember during the noon hour a lot of junior high school students would walk across the street to Judd's Store where they usually bought a Pepsi, a Twinkie or chocolate cupcake and potato chips for lunch. Many of the eighth and ninth graders would sit on the counters and eat their lunches. Others went around the block to the Quality Bakery to get donuts for lunch. I usually rode my one-speed bicycle home for lunch.

In P.E., every so often, we would meet the girls in the gym and learn how to dance. The whole dance class was run military style. The boys would line up on the south side of the gym. The girls would line up on the north side of the gym, or vice-versa, and then we would walk to the east side of the gym where we met the girl we would be dancing with during the class period. The trick was to figure out which girl you wanted to dance with and then try and switch places with another boy so you were sure to get that girl for the dance class.

I also learned a lot of history from Heber Jones, who I had in eighth grade. He was a great teacher, but he was also controversial. He taught Utah history and he told us things, some things that we didn't want to hear but which were true. I learned a lot from him and I will always respect him for daring to teach us the incredibly interesting people who made history in Utah. I also learned a lot in science from Joseph Fred Page and from Jack Heppler. Both of them were excellent teachers. In eighth grade, I also had Mary Naegle for English. She definitely taught me about prepositional phrases in the most unusual way. She would tell the class, "I am in the garbage can" and she would stand in the garbage can. "I am outside the classroom," said Miss Naegle, as she walked outside the classroom. We thought she was pretty hilarious at the time, and she was, but I always remembered prepositional phrases because of her unusual teaching style.

I will always remember Grant Hafen for being such a caring math teacher in the 7th grade. Not only did he do a great job of teaching math, he told the best stories about punching cattle out on the Beaver Dam Slope or telling stories about Santa Clara. Newell R. Frei was my principal for 7th and 8th grades, then Jack Burr came in during my 9th grade season. Reed Blake died while I was in 9th grade and Jack Bishop came in and replaced him during my 9th grade as the P.E. teacher and basketball coach. I liked Mr. Frei a lot. He was stern, but fair, and he was always pretty nice to me.

Neal Stephens

I loved sports and always wanted to play softball, but I had a few problems. I couldn't hit or catch a ball. I had a hang-up somewhere. The harder I tried the worse I became. One day Coach Reed put me in center field. I figured he thought I couldn't do any damage way out in the field. Wendell Tobler came up to bat, hit a high fly ball -- right to me. I only needed to move one step, hold out my hand and the ball fell into my glove. Everyone was surprised, even me. Wendell was really mad at me. "I knew I had a home run because you always drop the ball," he said.

I had two favorite teachers: Beth Schmutz, who encourage us to read good books, and N. R. Frei who was always fair and a very caring person to me.

Nellie Gubler

I attended Beginners Class at Woodward in 1914-15. Beginners Class in now what we call Kindergarten. We went to school from 9:00 a.m. until 4:00 p.m. with 45 children in our classroom. We had one hour for lunch, but because everyone walked and there was no transportation, they extended the lunch hour to 1:15. I was jealous of one boy in my class. He lived across the street and could go home for bread and butter at recess.

At the start of school, lunch time and each recess, we marched into the building with the orchestra playing. We lined up in class groups and marched in. No one was allowed into the building early. The grades went in the west door and the younger kids in the east. Miss Lena Nelson would lean over the railing and tell those of us who were out of step to get in step.

On my way to school I passed by the property where the Dixie Sun Bowl now is. At that time it was a dump and I could not resist the temptation of all the good stuff. I was always late for school, but thank goodness they had a TARDY line. I was usually in the tardy line and we marched in last.

Olive Brooks Esplin

What Was Woodward Like?

The school had one bus from Santa Clara and Ivins and one bus from Leeds and Washington. Gunlock students sometimes came down to the Indian Reservation and came in the Indian bus, but mostly Gunlock, Veyo, and Central kids had an apartment in St. George for the week and went home weekends.

We always had a pledge of allegiance. Some of the seniors or 9th grade boys raised the flag and led us in the pledge.

I can still remember the smell of the oiled floors.

"Aunt Lena" or Miss Nelson was always standing at the head of the stairs urging everyone into their classroom on time! Tardiness was against her religion. She accepted no excuses for this sin. If your cow kicked the milk over -- no excuse -- you knew it was an ornery cow so you should have started earlier, just in case. Miss Nelson always looked so neat and clean. She had attractive clothes with matching necklace and earrings. I remember the big beautiful ruby ring on her finger.

Bessie Snow was the librarian after Miss Nelson. She really endeared herself to most of the students when she proclaimed her theory that "A" was for "A double S", indicating that life offered more challenges than obtaining straight "A's,"

V. J. Frei was the advisor to the student police force. They were a group not to be ignored. Its members quietly patrolled the halls and classrooms giving tickets to all the lawbreakers in our midst. When lawn was planted around the building, all students stayed off the grass or they were issued a ticket.

We all accepted the authority of the police. No one sued for harassment or screamed unfair -- we just obeyed. We new that N. R. Frei, the principal, would uphold the police authority so even the parents hesitated to rush to the school and threaten or challenge the law on campus. That was good because V. J. Frei took it as a personal insult that we would question these protectors of society, the peacekeepers.

Beth Schmutz was the drama teacher. She had polio and walked with a cane. The students really loved her. She could get you to do anything for her. I remember her beautiful red hair. It always looked like she had just stepped out of the beauty shop.

Beth was followed by Adelia Hall. Miss Hall had a really professional attitude. She held tryouts just like the pros. One show she did was "Huckleberry Finn." The cast was made to think their production was better than it had ever been done. Bevalere Cox and Enid McArthur Heaton really had to work on a southern accent, thank goodness for black face to help cover the southern Utah accent.

Another show she did was "Something About Penny." That was the highlight of Gai Graff Hunt's Woodward days. She said it gave her confidence for the rest of her life. Waiting to know who got the part seemed an eternity -- but when her name was posted on Miss Hall's door, she felt she was finally creditable. The practices were held after school and the show was a success. Every parent said so. The show toured the schools in the southern part of the state which expanded that aura of success.

One day we came to school and were sent home almost immediately because someone had put coyote bait or rotten egg gas in the halls. The smell was so bad it had to air out before we could resume school. I've wondered who would dare do such a thing!

Anneliese Buggart Ence was another favorite teacher. I remember our fun assemblies where we had a chance to perform. Miss Buggart arranged a lot of the programs. Josephine Jones Reber was asked to dance with Chet Snow while Spence Reber sang. Miss Buggart let Jo wear one of her beautiful chiffon dresses with a matching slip. I think it was navy blue and Jo thought she looked so grown up. Jo danced with Spence while he sang to her. The costume was once again provided by Miss Buggart. Even now 60 years later, Jo remembers the confidence that gave her and still remembers how beautiful and confident she felt from that experience.

Mary Naegle influenced the learning of so many students -- her demonstration of "on, under and around" the desk. I think she was the advisor of the newspaper. Yes, we had a student newspaper that was published once a week. Erma Woodbury Stott, Joyce Bithell Eckenbrecht, and Sharlene Snow Lyman had a column in the paper call "The Crummy Corner" -- three undedicated wise crackers called Nut, Fire and Whip. Sometimes on a nice warm day, the three of them were privileged to work on the column outside on the lawn. We all waited for the paper to come out because sometimes our name was mentioned.

Stan Schmutz was the music teacher and choir was one of my favorite times of the day. He had a love of music that infected us all.

H. Val Hafen's math class was not a favorite time. We relied on Sharlene Snow to get us through geometry.

Arthur Paxman taught the science classes. As a home room teacher, we can remember the hand-written notes from each teacher that Mr. Paxman sent to our parents in the mail. One student says she still gets a "warm fuzz" feeling reading some of those words of encouragement the teacher had written.

Mr. Paxman's classroom always had something interesting going on. We liked him partly for his teaching but mostly because his daughter, Audrey, was such a fine performer. She had a beautiful voice -- a contralto -- usually accompanied by Clark Chadburn who was a master pianist. I think he was her brother-in-law. Mr. Paxman was a fine tennis player and it seems he was always in the process of re-stringing someone's tennis racket.

Walter Miles could always be counted on having an interesting history class. He had a dry wit that focused on the subject. Years later, you would remember one of his comments and it brought back pages of information.

I noticed that Judd's Store is still here. It isn't the same. One penny bought a treat and a nickel

almost anything you would want. One of our schoolmates must have been very wealthy because occasionally she had fifty cents. Sometimes we slipped up around the corner to the Quality Bakery and bought a "Dark Secret."

The highlight for some of us was the social hour once a week. This was a school dance. The students after they graduated from Woodward would come back for the social hour. It sort of intimidated the younger students. You wondered how you stacked up with these older students -- how you looked from the back as you danced.

The Monday after Pearl Harbor was especially memorable. In Newell Frei's class he talked about Pearl Harbor and what was happening there. Most of us had never heard of Pearl Harbor or the other islands there. I remember Mr. Frei saying, "Some of the boys here may even serve in this war."

Students were given a chance to earn their tuition by helping to clean the building before school started in the fall. I, with another student, was assigned the men's restroom before and it was really a shock.

All the girls wore dresses to school. There wasn't a rule about dresses -- we just never wore pants to school.

Woodward was a special time. I thought of myself as a grown-up. When I became involved with remembering, there was no place to stop: assemblies, favorite activities, teachers and students. Thanks for letting me share this time with you.

Pamela Newcomb Graf

I attended Woodward in 1963, 1964, and 1965. After attending the small three classroom school in Santa Clara, Woodward seemed huge. I remember the first day and stepping off the school bus and how excited and scared I was. Of course I could hardly wait to see the cute boys and anticipated making great friends. In 7th grade I remember almost running from class to class as to not be late. I soon found out that it wasn't cool to run to class so I started walking.

I have memories of Mr. Frei getting on the intercom each morning to lead us in the Pledge of Allegiance and then give us any other pertinent information we needed before the day had begun. Different than today, we celebrated the deer hunt at Woodward. Each fall, we would hear his rendition of "My Heart is in the Highland." He was a great principal. I was always a little frightened of him because of the position he held. We, as students had a great deal of respect for him. I am sure part of his success was because of our sweet Mrs. Everett who helped him to stay organized by sharing her very valuable secretarial skills.

I felt I had the greatest teachers in the world there. I never hear a poem that I don't think about Mrs. Syphus teaching all of us the importance of memorizing and doing it well and with confidence. To this day, I can still recite most of "The Raven." She always was such a lady. Jack "Doc" Heppler started his first year teaching our 9th grade year. He was a great teacher and so much fun. Our class "broke him in." When he taught my daughter in high school, he said he always thought when he taught the children of the kids in his first teaching year it was time to quit. Well, Jack is still teaching and still doing a great job. Grant Hafen was such a great teacher and especially kind. His stories of the "Clarie" cowboys were always special to me as my dad was one of the cowboys he talked about. Darryl Hafen must have inherited story telling from his dad. I remember hearing some great ones, especially those having to do with baseball. I do remember I was in his class when it was announced

that President Kennedy had been shot. What an awful day. We were all so upset and could hardly believe it. Frau Ence was always a favorite of mine. She made German fun. I still can recite some of the dialogue. The language fairs were always fun.

Tuna gravy on toast was my first stab at cooking in Mrs. Porter's home economics class. Sewing was fun on her class too. I still have the first dress I ever made but you won't catch me wearing it. Many other teachers come to mind: Mr. Isom, Mr. Ott, Mr. Schmutz and all the others. And who can forget Miss Snow? She took especially good care of the library and made sure we followed all the rules. She always had a kleenex or hankie tucked inside her dress, just in case she needed it. Our 7th period in 9th grade is one I still feel terrible about. We had Mr. Landreth, for social studies I think. We did all we could do to make his life miserable while teaching. If he walked up to me today, I would tell him I'm sorry. We still had a lot to learn about life.

Dance day was always exciting as we would all line up alphabetically on each side of the Boys' Gym and march single file until we ended up with our partner for the dance class. I almost always danced with Dale Nelson as he name began is "N" also. Speaking of dancing, we always had such fun dances. I sometimes hear a song and it takes me back to the dances and who I was dancing with in the gym. The assemblies were always fun.

Lunch was always fun. We didn't eat school lunch. We would run up to Jimmy's and get a booth and enjoy the great food Jimmy prepared. Grilled hot dogs, french fries and a cherry buzz was the usual. I've yet to taste one better. I still have visions of Tom Judd behind the counter at Judd's Store trying to help all of us at once as we had a short lunch. The boys always sat on the counter, drinking Pepsi's with peanuts in them. One of the cutest there was Elwood Graf. Lucky me that I ended up marrying him.

Being from Santa Clara came with a hitch. We rode the school bus to and from school. I remember running to put my books in the line to save a place to get on the bus. We were able to visit with our friends while waiting for the bus to arrive. Irvin Ence drove our bus. I don't know how he did it all those years. Sometimes we would get a bit rowdy. I do remember when some would get a little loud, we would hear him yell well above all the laughing and talking. We would quiet right down. I don't remember ever having an accident or any problem with the bus. I appreciate now what a safe driver he was; back then I probably didn't even notice.

I would hope that I have retained most or at least some of the things I learned at Woodward. I feel that the memories and the friends I made in school are some of the most valuable that I have. Those early friendships I experienced and the association and respect I had for my teachers are the glue that helped put me together and I thank them all. How lucky we were to attend Woodward. I am glad that I was able to attend school in a time when we felt safe and happy. This great school has caused us all to remember a part of our lives that was happy and carefree and those memories will always be in our hearts.

Bruce Anderson

I will never forget sitting in Darryl Hafen's class room, in the northwest corner of the Woodward building, when they announced that President J. F. Kennedy was shot. I thought the world was going to end. We were all really scared.

One of my better memories was being one of the 12 Whiz Kids. Leon Watson and Reed Bleak

would practice with us after school and we would do a routine with basketballs to the music of "Sweet Georgia Brown." We would perform at the half-time at Dixie High School and Dixie College basketball games. We wore bright blue shorts, yellow t-shirts with a big blue star on the front of the shirt. Ted Spilsbury, Kyle Watson Kenny Snow, and Doug Hunt were some of the "STARS". We really thought we were cool.

One day a week boys and girls would assemble in the gym to learn how to waltz and fox trot. Girls would line up on one side of the room and boys on the other. We would peel off and meet in the middle. You never knew who would be your partner. We would start to count the girls and if we didn't like the one we were going to dance with, we would try to trade spots. Lots of moving going on. But thanks to Reed Blake we did learn to dance. GO WOODWARD.

Vanessa Rich

Cleo Sullivan Wardle went to Woodward in 1941-45. When Stan Schmutz went to WWII, Mrs. Irene Everett became the band teacher. Some of her friends at school were Beverly Moody, Flora Brooks, Jewell Mitchell, Erma Hafen, Velda Laney, Roene Turner, Clark Cox, Clair Snow, Darwin Pymm, Greg Snow, Norlene DeSwan, Darlow Esplin and Doug Hafen.

She like Woodward and thought it was fun because they had dances every Friday night and everyone had to dance. They said a prayer every morning and raised the flag. The girls wore skirts and boys could only wear pants. She remembers one day a baby lamb followed her to school and she had to take it home. She auditioned for a play and made it two or three times. She took tap dance from Fawn Pickett.

Seth Dwyer

Marilyn Davis attended Woodward from 1942-45. She really like Woodward, because she was a good student. She said the band teacher used to make you put your gum on your nose and run around the building, that is if you got caught. She also said the girls won 1st place at State Posture Parade. And she still remembers when the band had new uniforms.

Delores Sullivan Seegmiller was at Woodward from 1930-38. Her special friend was Ruth Hafen. Her favorite game was Strides. There were no parking lots and no lawn. She remembers the song, "Woodward, Woodward, Students are we, Seeking Knowledge up in a tree."

Samantha Weeks

Barbara Stratton remembers one time she was in the Christmas play. She played Rudolph. Someone said that she did a terrific job. Well, after that, everyone started to call her Rudolph. She was at Woodward from 1955-56.

Daniel Gurr

Warren Stucki was at Woodward from 1950-52. He remembers if you wanted to fight the teachers would say "to the back of the school and fight." Most teachers would keep a paddle at their desks so if someone was too loud or late they would get a spanking. Uncle Warren would get spanked a lot. They didn't have computers in every classroom. I don't think you could even buy a computer for your home.

Landrea Winward

Paul Brooks, 1952-56. He said every boy had to take shop. One day a boy broke a window. The teacher shook him and said, "You're going to die very old because only good people die young."

Maggie Cornwell

Jean Cox is my grandma. She went to Woodward School in 1936. She lived in Ivins and rode the school bus to school. Her best friend was Barbara Carter. She thought Woodward was so cool. She and her friends loved to go to Judd's for lunch and even if they didn't have money they still love to go to Judd's and hang out.

Amber Mabrit

Aileen Bundy attended Woodward n 1945. She lived 4 blocks south of the school and walked home for hot lunch every day. She remembers when Mr. Stan Schmutz threw chalk at kids that weren't paying attention. One day when she and her friends were walking home from school a boy named Don Pendleton kept circling them on his bike. She heard him coming on his bike bchind her. She stuck her arm out and clothes-lined him. He fell off his bike.

Jesse Ence

My grandma, **Janice Ence**, went to Woodward in 1949. She loved Woodward and said that they were the best years of her life and she would go back to them if she could. She liked Woodward because there were lots of good teachers and friends. She learned a lot and she liked the sports.

Dean Jones

I must have given a huge headache to the teachers at Woodward, especially Mr. Don Dee Gates. When his back was turned or he left the classroom, a few of us would slip out through a side window. We would meet at the pool hall and spend the rest of the day playing pool and talking about how smart we were in skipping school.

N. R. Frei was the principal and I'm sure he knew what we were doing. I guess he never came to the pool hall because he thought we were too far gone to retain.

The pool hall gang were Terry Frei, Phil Esplin and a few more I better not name. As of today we are all good citizens who pay taxes and stay out of jail. Our teachers would be amazed.

Roberta (Bertha) Neilson de Mik

On one of my recent visits to St. George to visit my brothers and sisters, I attended an art show held on the street in front of the old Dixie College and the Woodward Elementary School. While I was standing with my sisters, Ella and Clara, looking at the old Woodward building, my mind was flooded with memories of my early school years. At that moment, a gentleman walked up to the door, took out a handful of keys, and proceeded to unlock the door. I suggested to my sisters that we ask his permission to go inside and look around.

After we explained to him that we had all attended elementary school in this fascinating, old building, he invited us to come in and look around. I wondered if it would look the same after seventy years. It did. The halls with their hardwood floors, the classrooms, the mezzanine where we held morning music class, and even the girl's restroom -- they all looked exactly as I remembered them.

Now the memories tumbled through my mind and heart. I distinctly remember that in first grade our teacher gave each of us a picture of a child brushing its teeth. She told us to color it, and the best picture would win a prize. I began to color my picture but was truly puzzled about what color to use for the legs, arms, and face. Finally, I went up to the teacher's desk and asked for her help. We discussed what color my skin was. I decided to use a light pink. I won the prize -- a toothbrush and a tube of toothpaste in a holder just like the one in the picture I had colored. Oh, I was so happy. I had never owned a toothbrush. After that, I was very pleased to be able to answer at our morning health inspection that I had bushed my teeth.

The historic structure holds so many cherished memories for me. I feel privileged to have once again walked its halls.

Andrew Mc..thur

I was known as Bish McArthur my whole life. My father was bishop of the West Ward for 23 years, and so I was Bish. By the way, we held Church at the Woodward school building all 23 years my father was Bishop.

We loved to play basketball. Just south and a little east of the Woodward we had a basketball standard. No cement, just dirt, but we spent hours playing ball on that court. Every recess or noon time the men faculty would challenge anyone to a game.

We had a great team of elementary stars. Walter Moss, Andy McArthur, Andy Lytle, Don Bleak, Harold Wells, Jim Andrus and Clawson Burgess. Vernon Worthen was our coach. Clawson's father would furnish his car and take us around the area to play. We considered him a "rich man." This same group of men went on to high school and then Jr. college, where they won the Rocky Mountain Jr. College Championship.

On that grassy square south of Woodward was a baseball diamond. I remember A. B. Andrus out in the field catching balls bare handed. We didn't have baseball mitts at that time.

One time Vernon Worthen, a Sunday School teacher, grabbed me by my suspenders lifted me up and carried me out of the classroom. I had been noisy and he booted me out. And my father was the Bishop!

One week end my father took a group of his Aaronic Priesthood boys to Salt Lake. Noma Andrus was the Queen of '47 Days. We took our bed-rolls and camped on the lawn at the Hotel Utah.

Karl Fordam was the music teacher. He taught us a song about Lucky Lindy. I've never forgotten that song.

Rosalyn Miller, the mayor's daughter, came to church one Sunday with black bloomers on. They were above her knees, which was forbidden. They were to be below the knees. She was sent home to correct the matter.

A song we sang with the basketball team went:

Glen, Bing, Henry, Grant and Paul
Captain, coach, and sub at a call.
Rack 'em up shack 'em up anyway at all
Dixie's got thc team that can handle the ball.

Marilyn Cox Squires

My elementary and high school years were all in the Woodward School building. Miss Lena Nelson was my first grade teacher. She was known to be very strict. In fact it took me 8 months before I wasn't frightened of her. We climbed the stairs morning, noon, and recess because we were in an upstairs room. Pretty heavy for a first grader.

In 9th and 10th grades we took algebra and geometry. I did not excel in math. I had good grades but didn't learn what it was all about. Good friends, John Miller and Alpine Prince, pulled me through. H. Val Hafen was the teacher and he was very understanding.

I took a required art class from Ralph Huntsman when I was in the 7th grade. At Halloween I made a generic picture of trees, witches, and a yellow moon. I felt pretty good about it, then Mr. Huntsman walked by my desk, stopped, looked, patted my head and said, "Don't worry about it, Marilyn, everyone can't paint."

The summer before 7th grade until 8th grade my mother and I went to summer school at BYU. I took drama and dancing, so at school, under the direction of Beth Schmutz, I gave readings, introduced programs, and entertained in the community. Mrs. Schmutz was a beautiful lady in every respect. Everyone admired her. Her best friend married Walt Disney, so we thought she was famous.

The greatest fun I had was being on the staff of the newspaper and yearbook. My last year at Woodward I was the editor of the yearbook. The article I wrote for the paper was called "Ye Campus Gossip by Ye Campus Snoopee." Now everyone knows who the snoop is.

It was a magical time of my life. My dearest friends are the ones I made at Woodward.

LuRee Porter

I taught school at Woodward for 35 years. It became my second home. I'm sure I could write a 5 volume story about all the happenings. Home Ec was my specialty, but when needed, I also helped with the English classes. It was interesting to teach English in the Home Ec department, but we made it work.

Owen Pendleton was the shop teacher. His room was next door to mine and we decided to switch our classes. I'd teach the boys Home Ec and he would give the girls instructions on repairs, etc. This only lasted a week each quarter, but it worked out well. I taught the boys to darn stockings over a used light bulb. LaMar McQuaid had long hair and it hung in his eyes. I found a bobby pin and pulled his hair back of his face. When he came to school the next day he had his head shaved! One day we were making cookies. The cookie sheet was taken out of the oven and the cookies were bubbling all over. The boy had used baking powder for flour. We always tried to have a unit on manners for girls and boys. The boys said they liked the girls to fuss over them but not be aggressive. On a test I had written, "What is pasteurized milk?" One answer was it came from the pasture. Another was that it was milk that had not been cracked. One day I got in the middle of a fight trying to protect Mickey Clark. Mickey was a tease, but this time six large boys had him down. They scattered when I started fighting. School lunch was served in the Home Ec room. The workers would put oil cloth on the tables and we insisted they eat everything on their plates. Sometimes we would find clean plates but the food was shoved under the oil cloth.

We had a great faculty -- like one family. We had parties and played Rook and always had strawberry breakfast the last day of school. The male teachers always dressed with ties and coats and the ladies in dresses. N. R. Frei was the principal while I was there. His brother V. J. was a teacher. At faculty, they always addressed each other as "Mr. Frei, I think we should do this," or "Mr. Frei, that's a good idea." We always smiled when they started bantering!

I loved teaching and I loved the kids. Well, most of them. They were respectful and excited about coming to school. I have good memories.

Juanita Brooks

Uncle Will Tells His Story

A very important event for all of us in Dixie was the completion of the Woodward School in 1901. Here, now, there was room to house all the students of the town and to open some classes of post-eighth-grade work. Now boys who had been out of school for several years decided to go back, take a general prep course and see if they could not earn an eighth grade diploma. I was only one of several young men over twenty who went back. Among these were Thomas Cottam, Henry Pickett, Bill Higgins, Rass Higgins, Heber Cottam and Joe Blake.

One incident I remember clearly. Uncle George Cottam met me on the street one day, stopped me and said, "Will, I am glad to hear that you are going back to school. I think that is a wise thing to do, for we all need to improve ourselves in every way we can. You must remember that you are considerable older than most of the students here, and your conduct will have a great influence on them."

We were standing in front of the Old Lyceum Building. I think he knew that the crowd of boys I was running with thought it was smart to buy a little wine and to smoke an occasional cigarette, though none of us was yet a habitual smoker. We even had our picture taken as a group, each with a wide-brimmed hat set on the back of his head and a cigar in his mouth. So I had a little idea of what Uncle George meant.

"You have always been popular among the boys," he went on, "and all the younger fellows will be watching you and taking you for a pattern. Now is the time when you can be an influence for good among these young men, and I hope that you will make it an opportunity to help every one of them to become better. You may not think you make a difference; you may not want to be a pattern, but you will be, whether you want to or not. You will be happier all your life if you know that you have been an influence for good among these teenage boys."

I have often thought of this conversation with Uncle George as one of the fine things that came to me in my lifetime, for it certainly did make a difference in my attitude toward school, and my conduct there. I took my schoolwork seriously, accepted my assignments and tried to get them. I also tried to be prompt, and to observe all the rules. The new principal, A. B. Christensen, had the reputation of being a stern disciplinarian, just such as the school needed with all these older fellows rounded in from the cattle range and the farm.

I have mentioned that we went in crowds when I was younger, but later we paired off, though we did not date regularly or very formally. Among the girls who were often my partners were Ella Baxter and Tillie Foster. After I came back to school, I began dating Bessie MacFarlane. I have always thought that my getting a place in the operetta "Pinafore" was not due to my singing ability, but to Bessie's sister Emma, who as at that time keeping company with the director, Henry Ottie. Both Bessie and Emma were in the chorus, and it would be convenient for me to be, also. For whatever reason I was there I was part of the trio composed of Ed Nelson and Ellis J. Pickett. We sang a number of lines together, and then I had one solo.

We certainly did enjoy preparing for the operetta and presenting it. It was just humorous enough and the music catchy enough to make it full of fun. I don't remember how many times we presented it after the matinee, two or three, maybe. For the most I got along fine, but once when I sang my little four line bit that ended with the last two words "the Queen's Navy" in low bass tones, I got so far off the key that Brother Ottie just stopped the orchestra entirely, while I went bravely on to the last note and held it, to the laughter and applause of the audience. At the end Brother Ottie said to me in his broken English, "That was yust fine, yust fine! You done esklactly right to go right on and carry it to the end. I vas so proud of you."

I wasn't so proud of myself, but then I wasn't too embarrassed, either, for I hadn't entirely ruined the thing. In fact that whole experience was so full of fun that whenever I meet Ed Nelson -- which is rare--we at once put our arms around each other's shoulders and sing this refrain, no matter where we are. Soon after my second marriage, I stopped at a service station at Fillmore to get some gas. While the attendant was putting it in I saw Ed across the street at the same instant that he saw me. We both started to sing as we hurried to meet each other in the middle of the road and sing our chorus together. My wife wondered if I had suddenly lost my mind.

Dee Lang

In the 1930's, students were required to walk - not run - while in the school building. It included taking only one step at a time when going up and down the stairs. Once when I was late at school and I saw no one in sight, I hurried upstairs, two at a time. I didn't want to be late. I thought I was doing the best I could. Later when we heard the report of the hall monitor of rules broken, my name and the rule I broke was included. Boy was I surprised. Someone had been watching me. The punishment was a two cent fine, which to me seemed severe.

I lived eight blocks from school. I found that the 1 hour 15 minute lunch break wasn't long enough to go home, eat and be back on time. I got a bicycle to ride and my mother sent a lunch with me every day. At noon we would eat our lunch in the schoolroom, or if the weather was good we would go outside and sit on the ground. No lawn.

When there was frost on the ground, there would always be a spot wet but free of frost. It was about 20 feet from the southeast corner of the building. We were told that under that spot was the cesspool.

Irene Everett

I was the secretary at Woodward for eighteen years. The students bought lunch tickets on Monday morning and it was a job to get it all done by the time school started. I didn't have any help other than students, once in a while, and we didn't have the machines we have now.

I typed the school newspaper every week and was expected to attend faculty meeting Monday and record the minutes. The Pledge of Allegiance was recited every morning after the flag was raised; a student stood at the intercom and it was recited throughout all the rooms.

Stan Schmutz had one of the best bands ever. If they were called to help with a parade (even during vacation time) his band participated. I played and taught violin after school, and in 1980-81, St. George assembled a small group of people to start a symphony orchestra . . . lofty ambition for a small group. We would practice in the Woodward Building in Dr. Heppler's science room. It has since become a very good symphony.

I have retired but still maintain about nine violin students. I have taught hundreds of Washington County citizens to play the violin. Woodward was a good time for me.... it kept me young.

Stanley Schmutz

(Written by N. R. Frei at the time of Mr. Schmutz' retirement)

Mr. Shmutz began his teaching career at Woodward in 1940. After two years of teaching, he joined the United States Air Force. His plane was shot down over enemy territory and he was captured and spent one year in a German prison camp before returning to Woodward to resume his teaching career in 1945.

He has given 37 years of devoted, dedicated service to his school, his community and his country.

Mr. Schmutz was a super teacher. He loved to teach and he genuinely cared about his students. He gave unhesitantly of his time and energy to any student who indicated a desire for help.

He is an outstanding craftsman and the Woodward Band always received the highest possible rating at every music festival ever held in Southern Utah.

Equally important, the Woodward -- now the Dixie Junior High -- Band was always ready to perform for any and all community activities. Mr. Schmutz' decision to retire brings to a close a long and distinguished professional career. Our best wishes go with him as he leaves his school for which he has done so much. May the pleasant memories of his outstanding achievements give him much satisfaction as he continues life's journey.

Lyman Hafen

Taken from his book "On The Edge of Memory"

After seven years at East Elementary it was an abrupt and traumatic transition to Woodward Junior High. From the day I began kindergarten in Miss Jolley's magical room in the northwest corner of East Elementary, to the day I walked out of Mr. Sullivan's stodgy sixth grade classroom in the southeast corner, the school had been a mostly happy haven for me.

It was a place I could easily walk to from my house on 600 South, a place where the teachers were kind and patient, a place where the clock moved as slowly as a cloud when class was in session, and spun like a dust devil during recess and lunch. There were days when that clock seemed to grind to a dead halt during that black hole period between afternoon recess and the final bell at 3:45.

Some of those days seemed as if they would never end, but when it finally came time to leave East Elementary, I had begun to wish they never would. The move to Woodward Junior High in the early fall of 1967, came at deep emotional expense. The journey to school began much the same as it always had, with a three-block walk to East Elementary. But this was now just the first leg.

On that first morning a huge yellow bus was waiting at the curb by the flag pole. I took my place near the end of a long, snaking line and somehow every one of us pushed and shoved and slithered our way in until the bus had become a writing hive of uncontained youth. From there it was a long, lumbering ride across town.

The bus finally jerked to a stop at the curb near the venerable steps leading up to the doors of the Woodward Building. I jumped off the bus and onto the Woodward grass and looked up into the pure September sky and gazed with sincere awe at the bell tower of the building where my own father had gone to school when he was a boy like me.

I was consumed with a strange mixture of honor and terror. I was proud to be there, but I was not ready. I was scared and I was already homesick for the comfort and familiarity of East Elementary. More than anything it must have been the fear of the unknown. Where do I go from here. How do I find my classes. Who will be my teachers. Will any of them be like Mr. Hughes who read us *Where The Red Fern Grows* in fifth grade. Or Mrs. Phoenix who often excused us early for recess in fourth grade and who let us listen to the World Series on the radio.

By the end of the day all of these questions had been answered and most of my fears had drifted into the ample space of those rooms with their high ceilings. Science with Fred Page on the first floor of the Woodward Building. History with Heber Jones upstairs. Math with Grant Hafen over in the old

Dixie Academy Building. And English -- that would be with Victor Decker in the big brick building across the street, the one they called The Annex.

When I reviewed my schedule and classrooms with my father that night, he related to me the classes and teachers he remembered from each of those rooms in each of those buildings. When I told him about my classroom in The Annex, he smiled and his eyes glazed over with memories. That was the room, he said, where he had gone to kindergarten. From that moment on, I could not enter the southeast room on the ground floor of The Annex without wondering what it must have been like within those four walls in 1937 when my own father was getting his earliest education in that very room. For me the room took on a kind of sacred aura and I was haunted by it, in a way overcome by a longing I could not quite define, by a deep and poignant ache that must have had something to do with nostalgia and homesickness and the fact that I was 12 going on 13.

It was in this same room a year later that I sat down on the first day of Anneliese Ence's German class next to the girl I would marry in ten years. And a quarter century after that we would send our own first son to the sixth grade center at Woodward where he also would get part of his education in the same rooms and the same building where his father, mother and grandfather had gone to school. The Annex was never an imposingly beautiful building. It was not designed to be looked at so much as to be used. And for the better part of this century it has been used to the maximum everyday of every school year.

Four generations of Dixie youth have scuttled to and fro through its corridors, tromped up and down its stairways, and slumped across the desks in its classrooms. On the first floor's north end each year a legion of the uninitiated strutted musically challenged into Stan Schmutz's band class on the first day of school and staggered out as budding musicians at the end of the term. During the course of that year they came under the influence of a unique approach to discipline that could only be meted out by a decorated World War II veteran, a brand of discipline that required anyone with a penchant for talking during class to be ready and able to dodge tennis balls hurled at them like yellow bullets.

For me, the most memorable of all the images remaining from The Annex is that of Miss Mary Naegle as she hopped like a sprite form the floor onto her chair, and ultimately onto the top of her desk -- all in the name of education, all for the express purpose of etching on our minds forever the significance of the proposition "above."

She was a delightful lady, Miss Naegle. She was my eighth grade English teacher and we met each morning before lunch in the southwest corner classroom of The Annex. Slight of build and wiry of gesture, she was two full generations removed form her students who were caught in a "Peace, Love and Bobby Sherman" time warp. Legend has it that one day as she was demonstrating the preposition "out," she actually climbed "out" the window of the room. One of her students, unable to resist such an opportunity, shut the window and locked it.

I believe it was Miss Naegle's life mission to see that each of us possessed full command of the parts of speech before we emerged from puberty. Particularly obsessed with prepositions, she would not rest until we could all recite in alphabetical order every known preposition in the English language. For her there was something of profound redeeming social value in this. These decades later I still sometimes awake with a start in the middle of the night and in a cold sweat begin, "At, about, above, aboard, across...." and lie awake into the wee hours wondering if I have left one out. Miss Naegle was the last hold-out of an ancient order whose belief system was rooted in the core principle that a person who could not diagram a sentence was something less than a human being, and that all that was good and praiseworthy in this world had at its foundation perfect grammar.

As hard as I tried during those ponderous hours before lunch, I never learned to legitimately

diagram a sentence. For me the distinction between an indcpcndent clause and a dangling participle was a notion so vague it may as well have been locked away in an ancient trunk in the hold of a sunken ship deep in the bottom of a dark sea. I made a lucky guess now and then, enough to pass the class, but none of it carried any meaning for me. At the time I did not know that little more than a decade later I would be making my living writing sentences. I have always felt like the composer who never mastered music theory. I still wish that something would have clicked back there in that Annex classroom when I was in eighth grade. I've carried a sense of guilt and inadequacy ever since.

Though I never once successfully diagramed a sentence, there was one thing I did learn in Miss Naegle's class, one simple phrase that clicked and took hold and stayed with me. It is a small gem I have always treasured, but never really knew why until recently. What I learned in Miss Naegle's class in the southwest room of The Annex during one of those endless stomach-grumbling hours before lunch, was the definition of a noun.

When Miss Naegle asked me one day, "What is the definition of a noun?" I proudly answered: "A noun is a person, place or thing."

"That is correct," she replied with a wide, proud smile.

Where the subject of English was concerned, I had peaked. There would never be a brighter moment for me in an English class.

In the years since that banner day I have considered from timc to time the definition of a noun, as simple as it is, and have come to believe there is something profound in the order of those words: "Person, Place or Thing."

In our lives and in our communities there is nothing more important than people and the relationships we develop with those persons we love and care about. Next in importance are places. Whether it be a beautiful scenic landscape, or the spot where our earliest memory lies, a place can carry sacred importance in our lives, but never the same degree of importance as the people we know and care about.

Last in order of importance, but often first in our priorities, are things. There is a plan in place now to tear down The Annex on the old Woodward campus. The building itself consists of nothing more than brick and mortar and plaster -- things. If we consider it nothing more than that, the loss will be minimal. But for many, The annex is more than a thing, it is a place. The cumulative effect of all the memories that building elicits has made it a place in the highest sense of the word. According to the definition of a noun I learn all those years ago in Miss Naegle's class, that makes the loss much greater.

The Woodward Bell

Dr. Mark and Barbara Greene moved to St. George from Salt Lake City. They loved the old homes in the area and bought and restored the Greene House on 300 West Tabernacle, the Greene Gate Village and A. Karl Larson home on 200 East, where they now live.

Dr. Greene discovered the bell at Woodward School did not have a clapper. No one seemed to know what had become of it, so he felt the bell needed to be repaired. He researched the bell, size, shape, weight, height and determined what clapper would be the best.

One Christmas, the Dixie Historical Society of Washington County was having a holiday party at the Greene Gate. After dinner Barbara Greene asked the guests to assemble outside on the lawn facing Woodward School. Dr. Greene had LaVoy Leavitt stationed in the upstairs northwest room, where he climbed a ladder to ring the bell. Irene Hoyt said it was a wonderful climax to a wonderful evening.

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Journal History of Woodward School. 1929-1936. Located in the dixie College Library - Special Collections.

Miles, Josephine Jarvis. History of Education in St. George. Washington County Library - Special Collections.

Woodward Junior High School Evaluation Manual 1968. In my possession.