

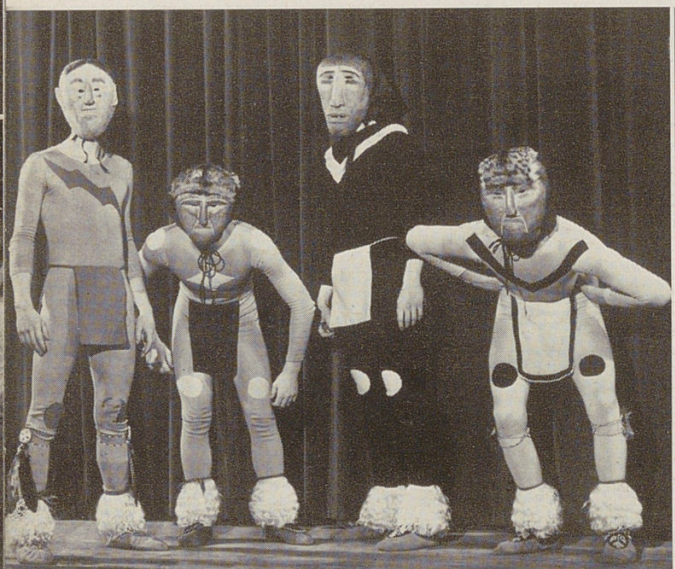


Even Mother wouldn't recognize them.

Minstrels! The sound echoes through the valley over the bridge and the old school literally rings with its laughter and happiness. In class teachers hopelessly try to pound knowledge into heads of drowsy minstrelers, but at night Withrow sparkles under the glitter of "show bizness." The traditional end men with their traditional jokes, cutting up, and "ad libbing" that follow each number see, to add the finishing (and very important touch) of holding it together. The few tense moments in the wings are just enough for everyone to catch a breath and shoo the impending butterflies. Skits and the Indians, each in their own way, have everyone howling while synchronatin' ponies with their smiles, flashing feet and fascinating eyelashes contribute "zip" to production numbers. Of the most talented are Johnny Boney, who half-kills himself each year with his terrific tap numbers and Mert Newbold, who by giving every ounce of her super vitality leaves everyone in smiles.

OF MANY VALUABLE ASSETS

Once upon a time a bad wolf . . . did they live happily ever after?



Waiting in the wings for their cue.



The bizarre attire of our endmen is symbolic of the Minstrels

