

# Cheerleaders work toward perfection

By Marge Charmoli

"V-I-C-T-O-R-Y"

"Victory, a victory, for Ramsey High!"

"Oooh! That stunk. Do it over, women," demanded Miss Willetta Brown, cheerleading advisor, while watching the cheerleaders during a practice session.

As the cheerleaders ran through the cheer again, Miss Brown continued to yell encouragement from the sidelines. "Good, good. Much better this time!"

So goes a typical cheering practice; drilling through cheer after cheer until a mark of near perfection is reached under the watchful eyes of Miss Brown. A disciplined group of girls

compose the squad. They are subject to both the High School League Rules and a few added suggestions which Miss Brown sees fit to throw in.

Under the League Rule, a cheerleader is an athlete. That is; no alcohol, no tobacco, parental permission, eligibility rules, and the requirement of a physical.

As to enforcing these rules, Miss Brown said she wouldn't go so far as to walk into a girl's home and yank a cigarette out of her mouth. This, she feels, should be left up to the individual's parents.

But she does see to it that the rules are enforced when the girls are in school, and other times they are under her supervision.

"Any time I see one of my women doing something which I don't feel is right, I give them 'h-e-double', commented Miss Brown. "Any time one of them does something wrong it affects the 11 other girls on the squad."

Miss Brown suggests that such things as planned training hours, adequate rest, and proper diet be incorporated into each cheerleader's life.

She also sets curfews. "What time should you be in, women?" she yelled to the girls practicing on the floor.

"Ten on week nights and 12:30 on weekends," they answered in unison.

Cheerleaders must also learn the rules of the various sports.

These are usually learned during one of the "chalk talk" sessions Miss Brown holds instead of a regular workout. "We call it mental practice," commented Sherren Rothbauer, senior.

When asked if she regulates the girls skirt lengths, Miss Brown decided to call the senior cheerleaders over to answer for themselves.

After being posed with the question, the girls looked at each other, glanced at Miss Brown, and replied, "Why no, we decide for ourselves."

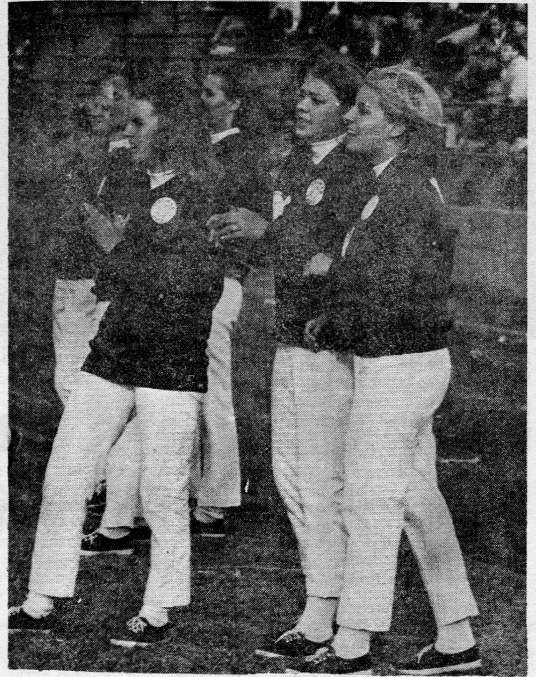
Following a sudden outburst of laughter, Marty Peterson looked accusingly at Becky Werring and grinned, "Why look at some of the skirts she wears!" "Me, how about you?!" retorted Becky in defense.

The girls on the A squad are seniors Mardi King, Kathy McKay, Sherren Rothbauer, Sue Pederson, Marty Peterson, Cindy Tjenlund, and Becky Werring.

Juniors on the squad are Bev Boeckermann, Cathy Wedel, Rozanne Amsden, Kris Kilgore, and Ronnie Heier.



Cheerleaders do their thing.



Hope and worry vie in the faces of cheerleaders

PHOTO SKIP CARROLL

## Future holds possible computer counselors

By Karen Little

"You mustn't be afraid," Rita Futura was saying as I stumbled onto the escalator. "Some students believe all the counselors are cold, sputtering individuals, but my counselor isn't like that at all. She's really quite human."

I rubbed a bruised shin and clutched my notebook as one of the vacuums for clearing the halls of waste tugged at it. I was currently being escorted to the guidance office of highschool 689601 by Rita, one of the students.

I stumbled off the escalator and rubbed my other bruised shin.

Rita stepped over to the conveyor belt, set the destination for the guidance office and waited patiently for me to limp over to her.

"Watch your step," she warned.

The room we entered was lined with computers, flashing and blinking their lights. Every so often the computer would stop clanking and spew out a punched tape which was fed into a hole on the floor. No one, except for Rita and me, was about.

"Where is everyone?" I looked about, expecting to see at least a technician sitting in a corner.

"What do you mean?" Rita strode over to a computer, adjusting a funnel and placed her lips up to it. Into the funnel she said, "I want to make an appointment."

The computer clanked.

"Counselor?" it rasped.

"ICCA #960167-4."

"What time?"

"As soon as possible."

"More specifically."

"Now."

More clanking issued from the machine.

"Purpose of visit?" it snapped businesslike.

"Interview."

A few gears whirred, stopped, and whirred again. Finally: "Insufficient data. Specify purpose of visit."

Rita sighed, "Informational meeting."

"Name."

"Rita Futura."

"Be seated. ICCA #960167-4 will see you in five minutes. Be punctual."

Rita led me over to a chair.

"What is ICCA #960167-4?"

"My counselor."

"Your counselor is a computer?" I almost dropped my pen.

"Certainly."

"Say, we've got to go. Computers hate it when students are late and I think we are. Oh, I hope she doesn't ooze oil onto me!"

Rita led the way to the room of ICCA #960167-4. The door opened and I caught a glimpse of an empty room with a single chair (there was no indication of a computer) before the door closed behind Rita, leaving me behind. I pounded on the door to no avail. I returned to the seat and waited patiently.

Rita returned smiling. I was almost ready to leave without her. All of those machines and not a single person made the atmosphere eerie.

"What happened?"

"ICCA #96017-4 and I had a very pleasant discussion. I couldn't see her, of course, you never can, but it was pleasant just the same. We're getting to be good friends."

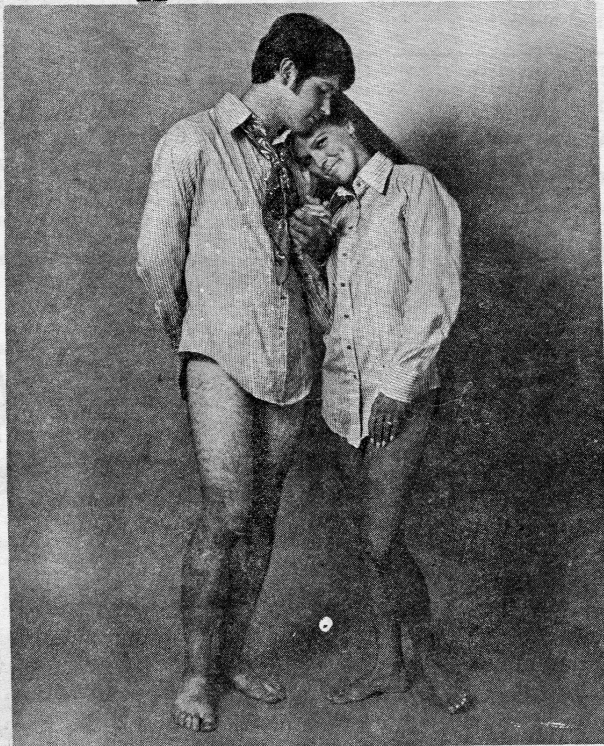
"I wish I had talked with her."

"Maybe you could come back."

"Perhaps I'll try."

I left by way of the escalator, although this time I didn't fall. The disintegrating door safely removed me from H. S. #689601 and deposited me back in my own school.

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