Crowning of Al Siebert by Paul McGilvra
George Hoyt act
Gift to Ron Kingsley --Mike Meyers--Happy Birthday Song

1st skit (Sr.) only practiced group on following parody:
Come on and cheer for the luck of the seniors
They're the class that has won this glee.
With lots of cornflakes for food,
And cough syrup that's brewed
In our dear infirmary.
And as the ox cart rolls slower, still slower
All of the seniors got nearly stuck.
So seniors set down your beers, put on your ears-
We think that you should have tried a truck.
For they have shown us their kindness as they helped poor '61,
Innocent freshmen that we were, yes, everyone!
Their advice we should have shunned. (repeat to "truck")

everyone move at random--strut--alarm rings--stop to sing.

2nd skit (Jr.) Tom Chase directing chorus line-"deflated Jr. ego"

I wanta be a Junior girl
MMM and a little bit more--
I wanta sing in glee this year
MMM and a little bit more--
I wanta be a front row girl
Then I'll ask no more
For I'll have all that's coming to me
MMM and a little bit--
MMM and a little bit--
MMM and a little bit more!

3rd (soph.) girls sing to tune of soph. song; girls will get up, arms crossed across their chests, glum expressions, singing the icky song thusly--directed by Gail Larsen:
"As an introduction" Terry Boyd
Fight, fight, fight, fight, fight,
"However" Midge Scott
Fight, Fight, fight, fight, fight,
"Therefore" Sally Joseph
Fight, fight, fight, fight, fight,
"So" Mary Blanchard
fight, fight, fight, fight, fight,
"And in conclusion" Diane Dickson
fight, fight, fight, fight, fight,
"So there" All together.

4th (Frosh) Everybody marches up and sings*****
Our locomotive cut out on us,
We raised a bit too much of a fuss.
We are the pooped-out riders of '61--
Oh, won't that swimming be fun?
The engineer went off on a toot:
The seniors smashed him right in the snoot.
So we here the bubble, the glub-glub-glub-
and the wretched swishy-swash.
The track led down the tube,
And we freshmen were subdued
So with dust and smelly fumes
Sixty-one choo-chooed.
Dig up the dirt of old W. U.
We'LL set the track a triffle more true.
And we will stomp out the adversary--
Next year we'll take the ferry
Drown that crazy caboose! Swim!

Bet time !!!!!!

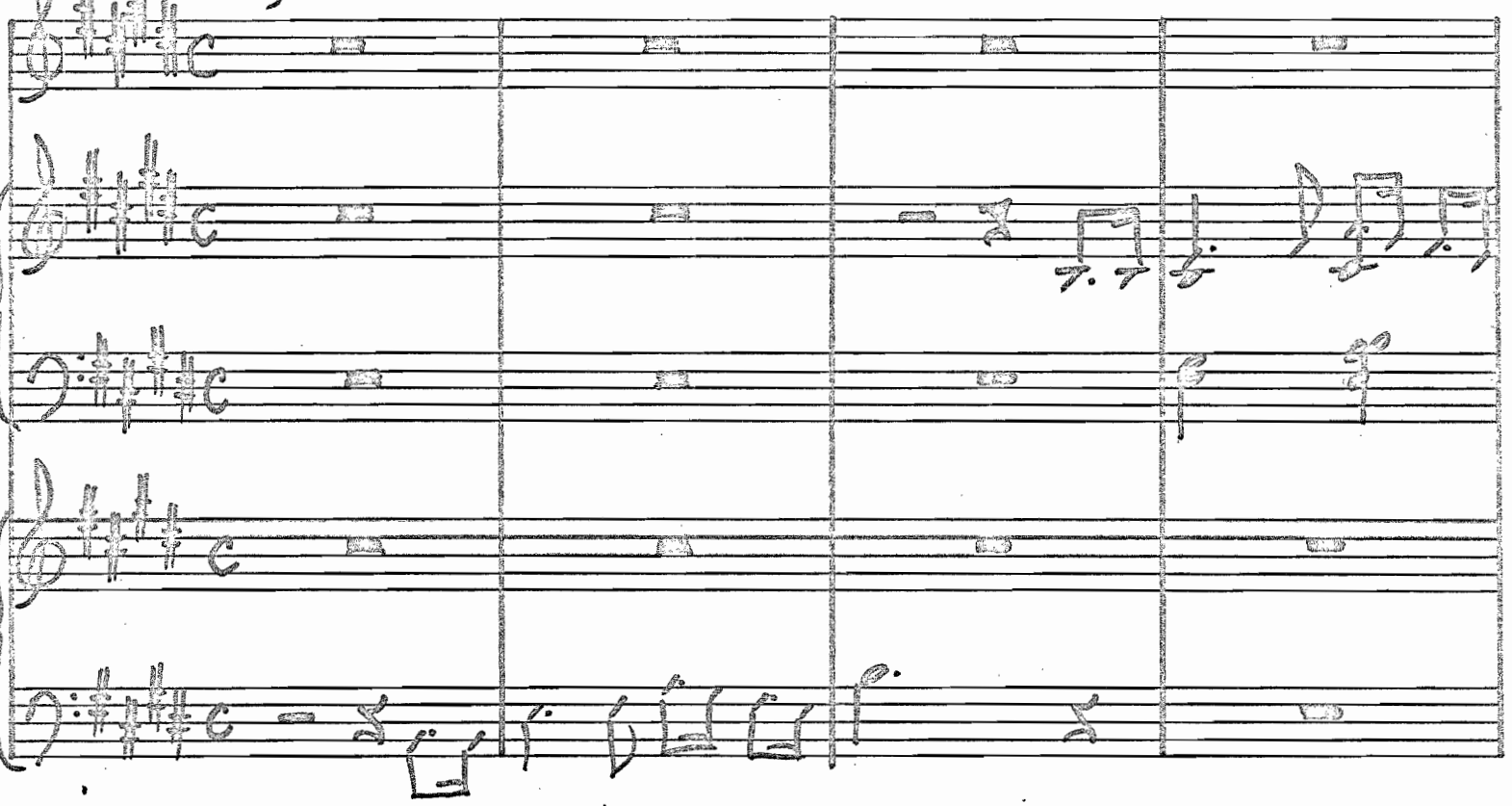
All Frosh sing last parody and then to the stream!

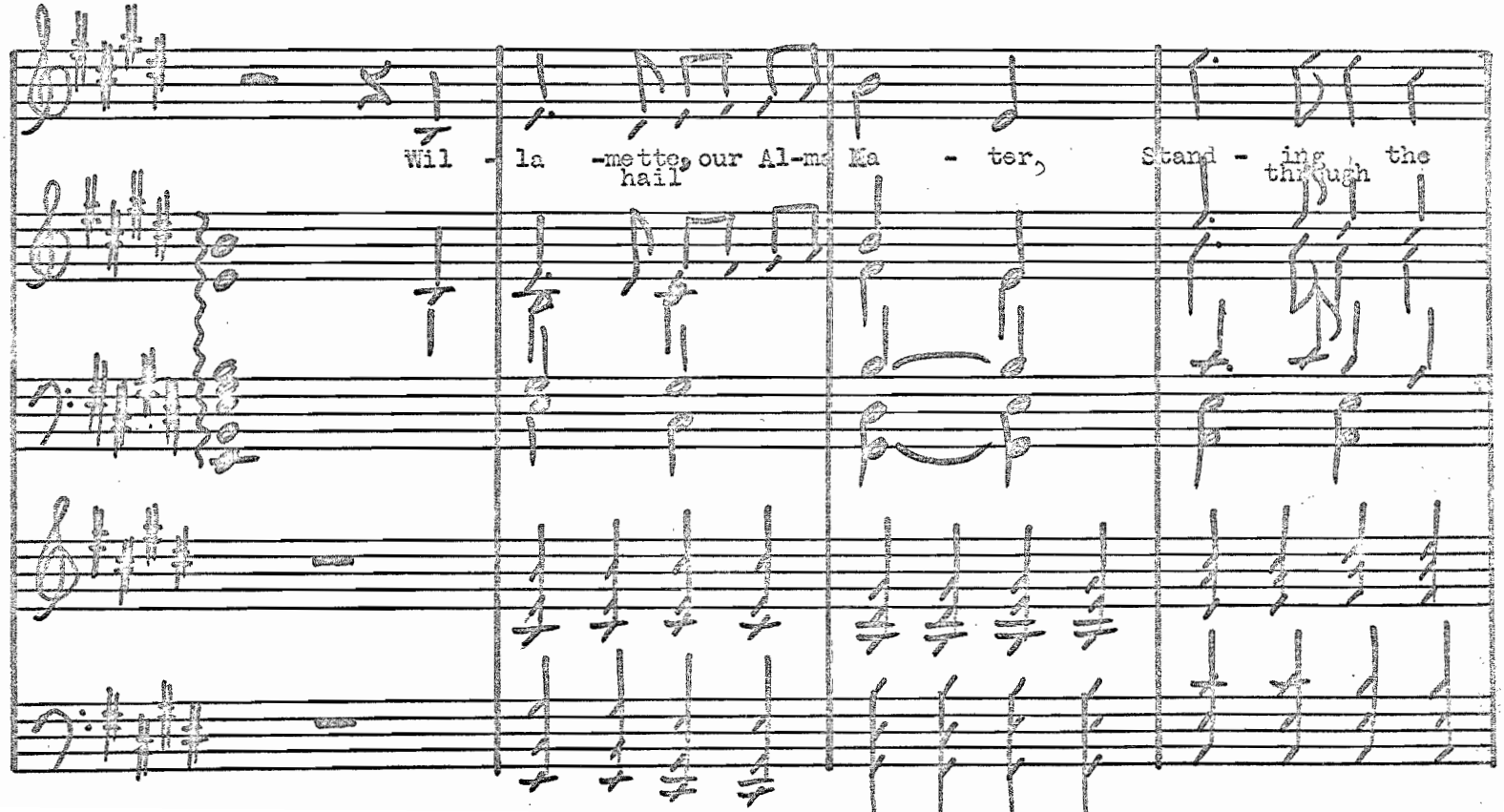
To tune of Row, Row, Row your boat.
1.Blub, blub, blub we go
Down the Old Mill stream;
Ha Ha fooled you now;
I'm no submarine.

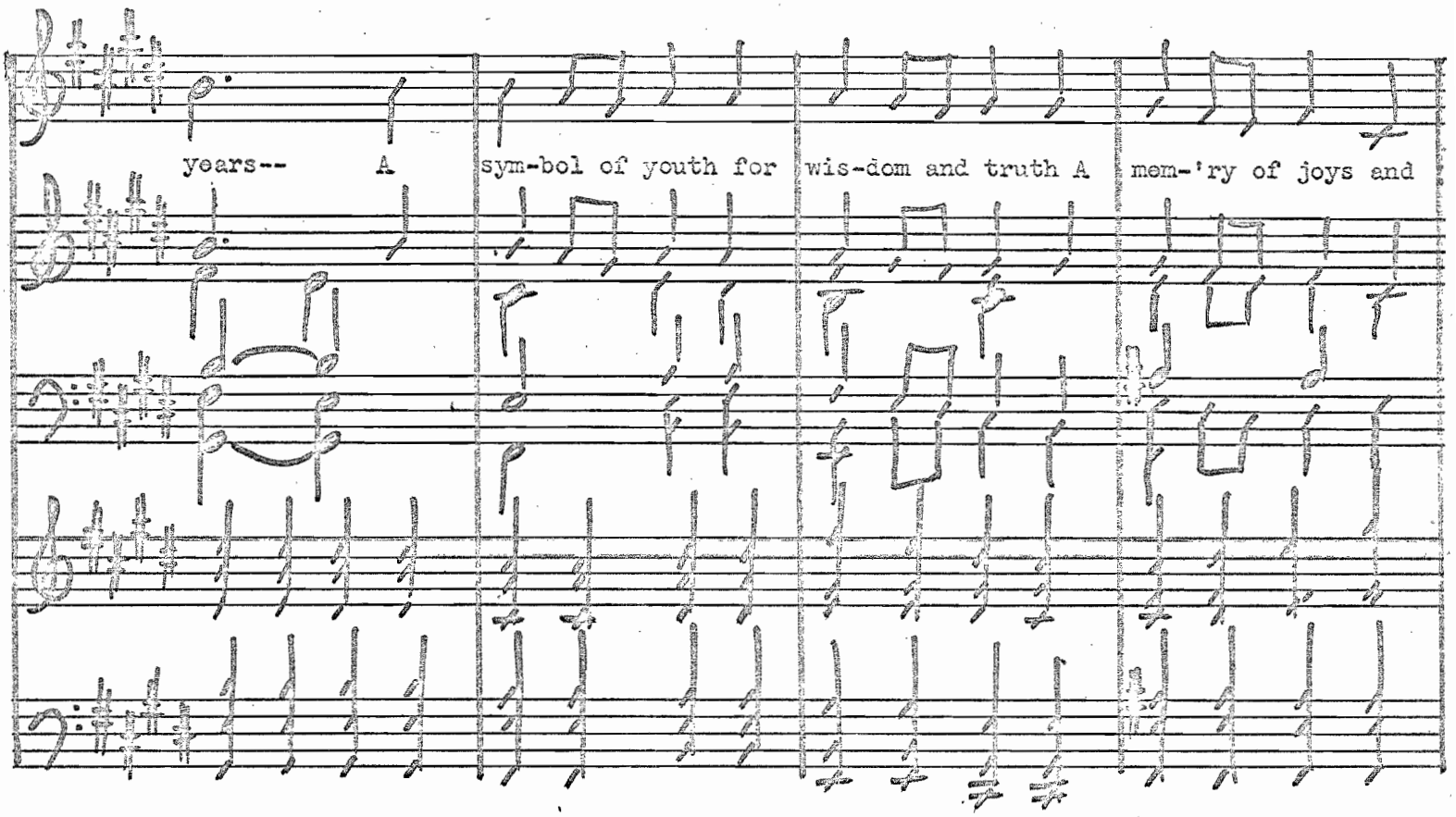
2.Blub, Blub, blub we go
And we're wet - my gosh!
If you haven't guessed by now,
We're the MIGHTY FROSH!

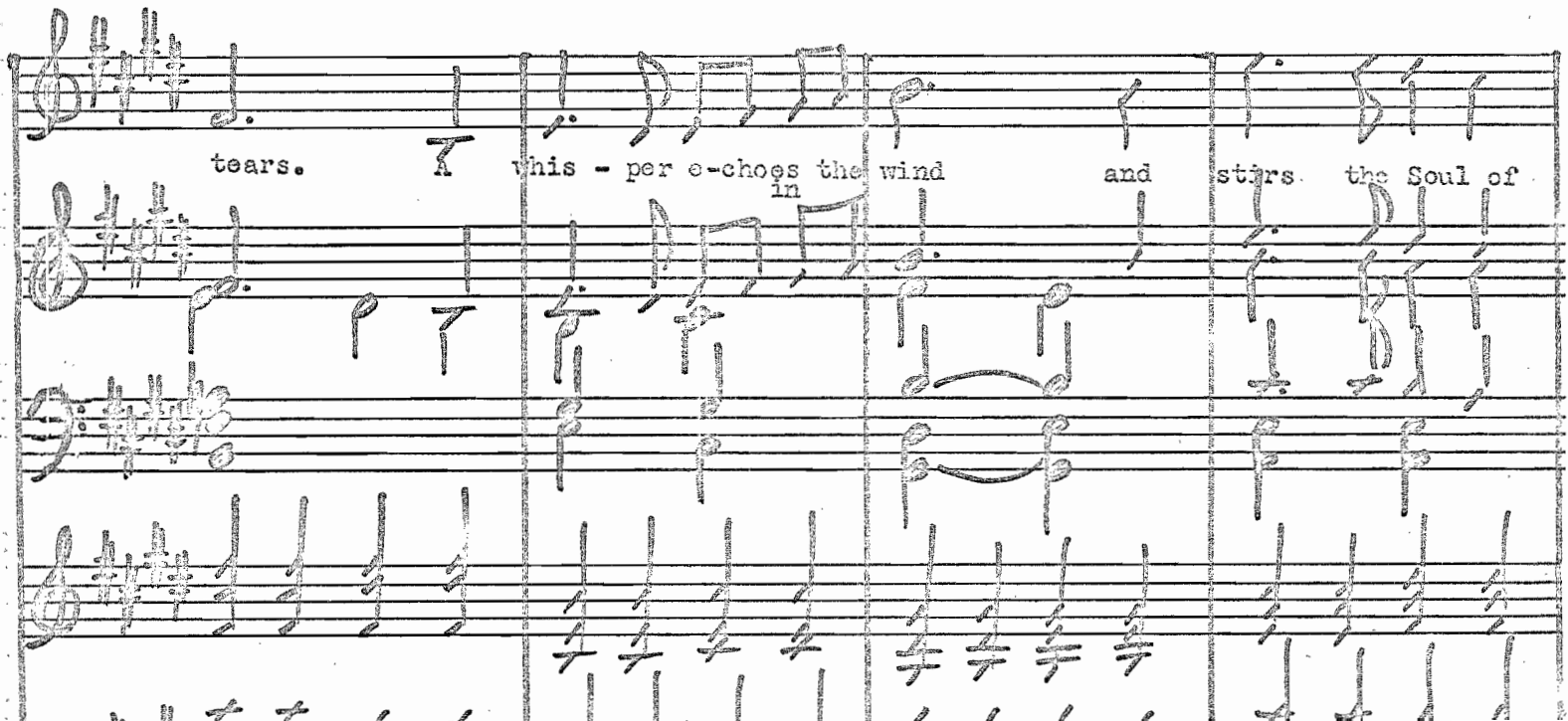
Willamette, Hail Our Alma Mater

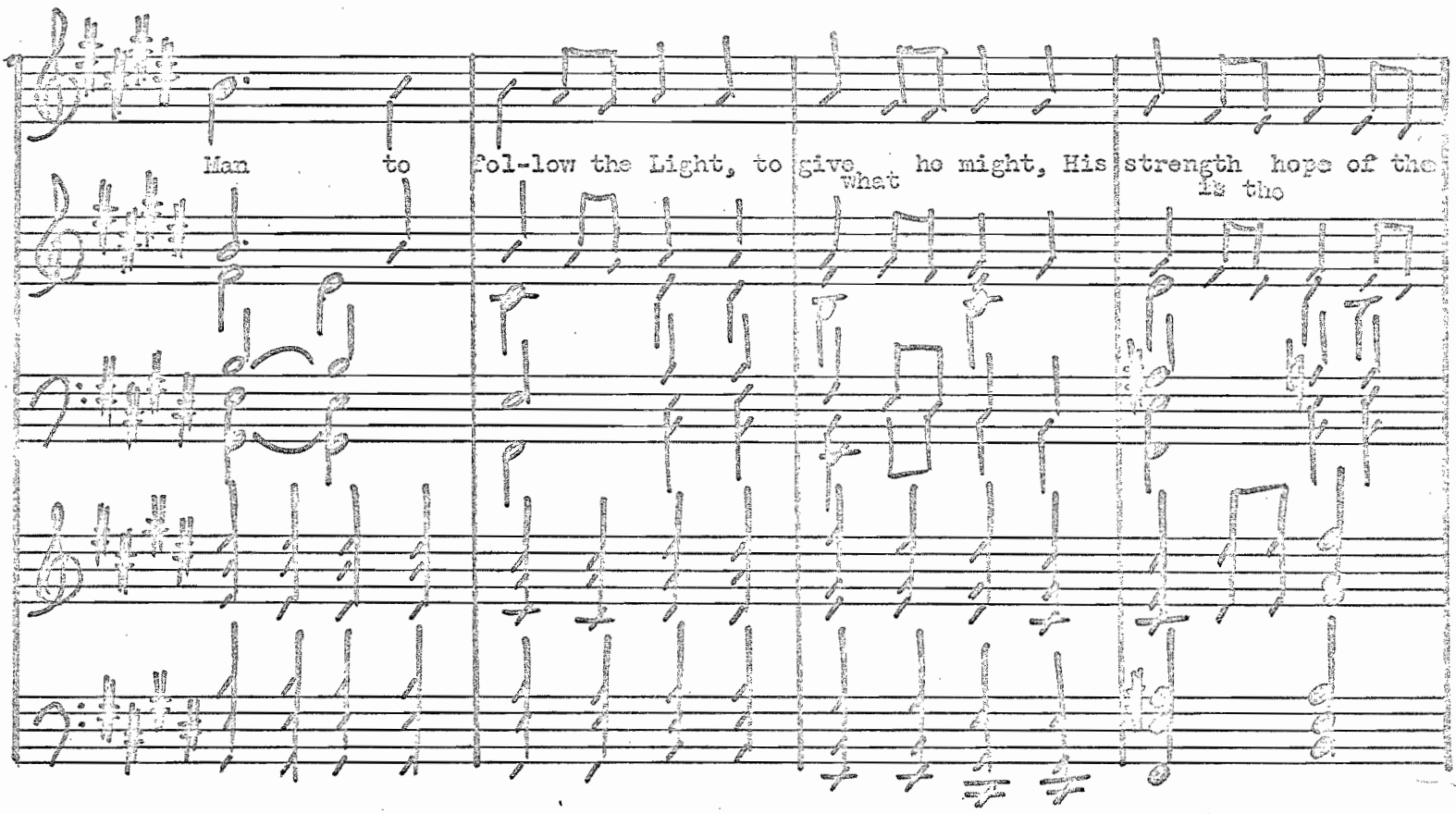
Majestic

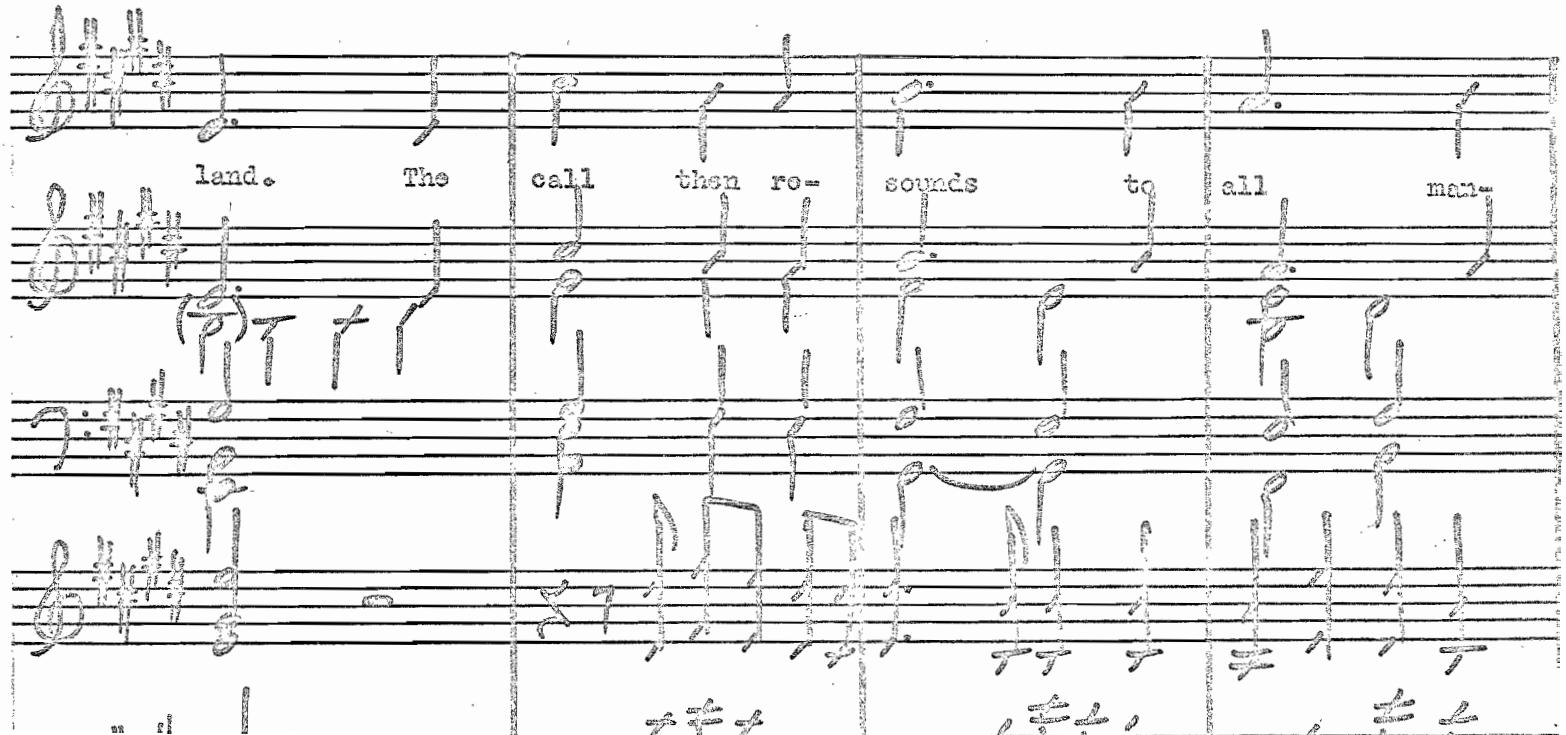


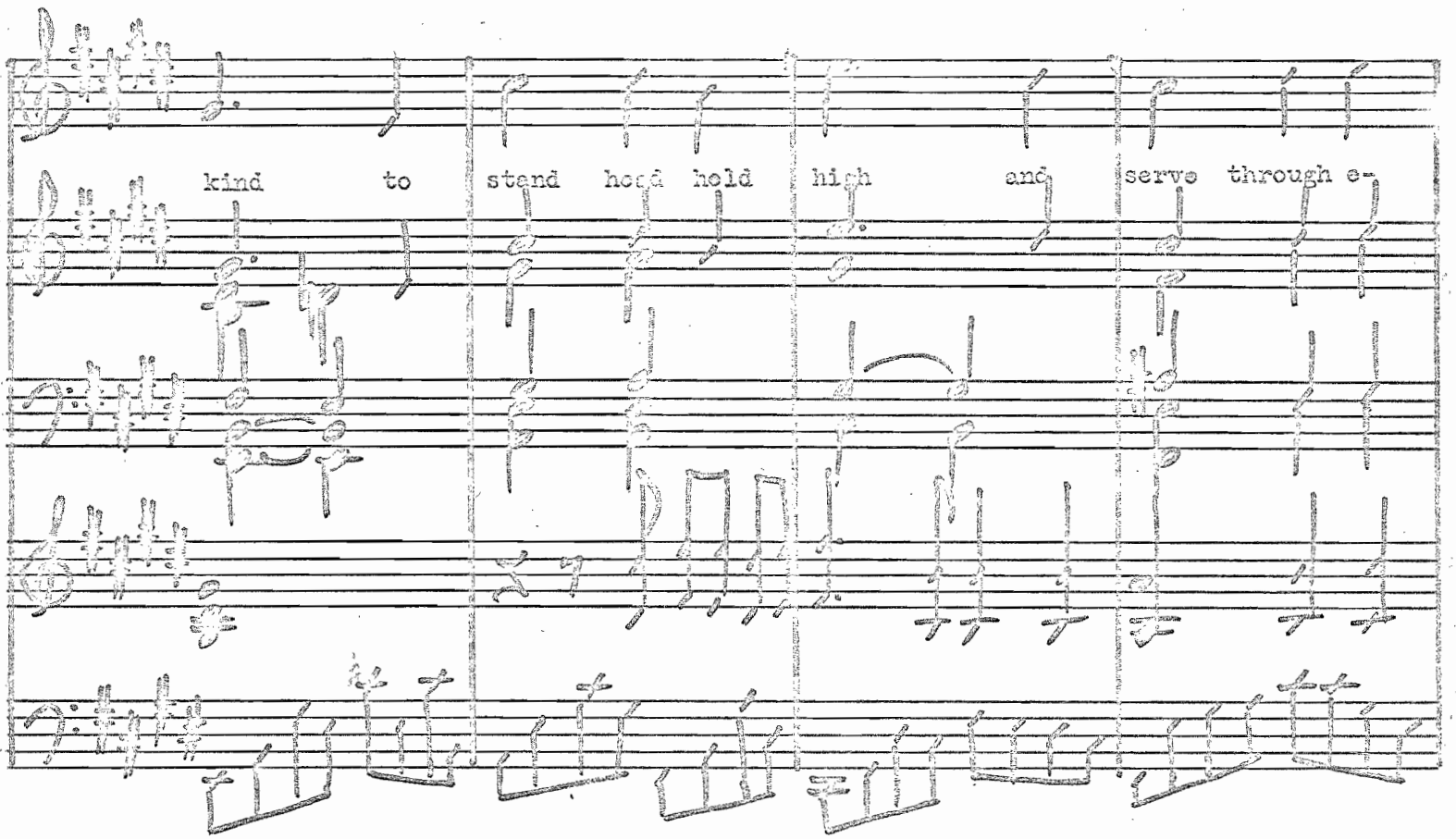


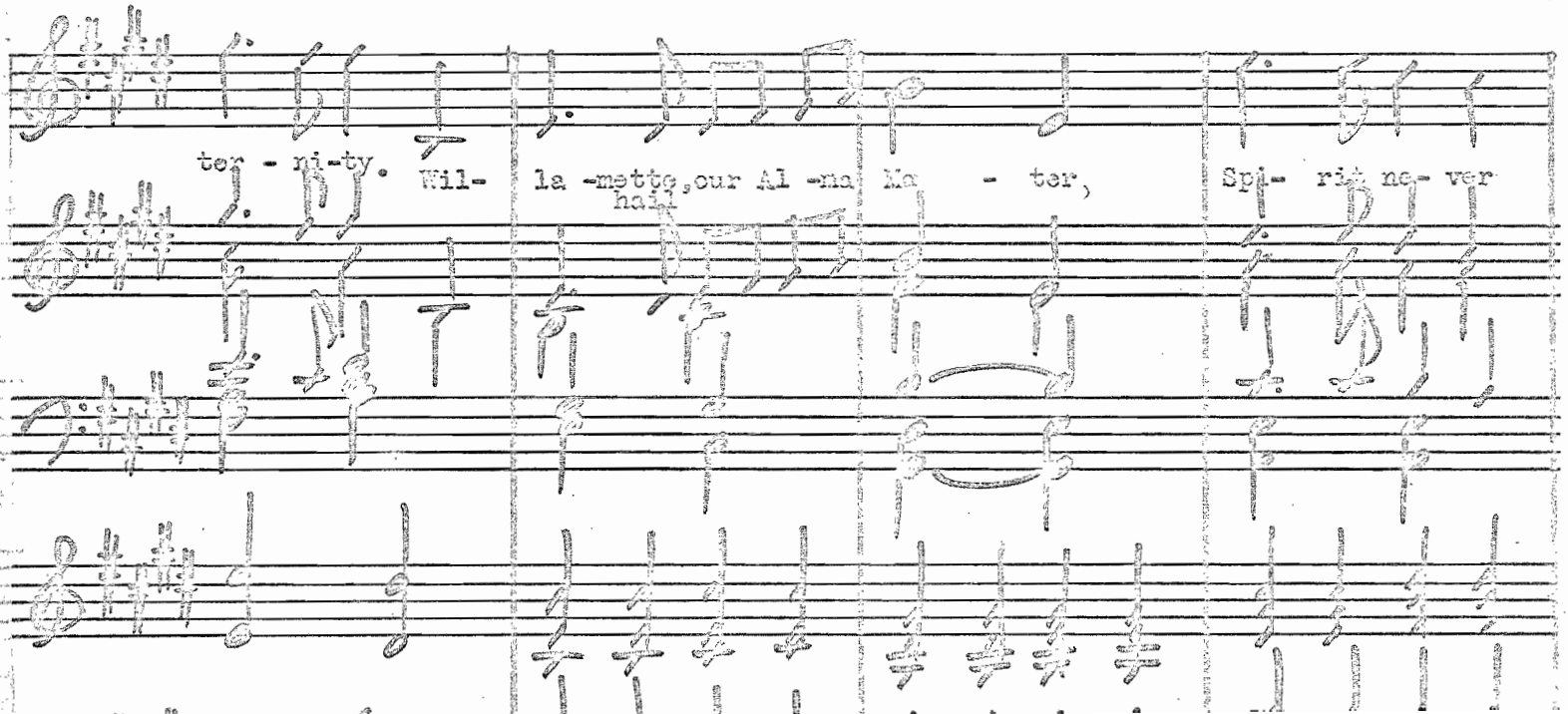

years-- A sym-bol of youth for wis-dom and truth A mem-'ry of joys and

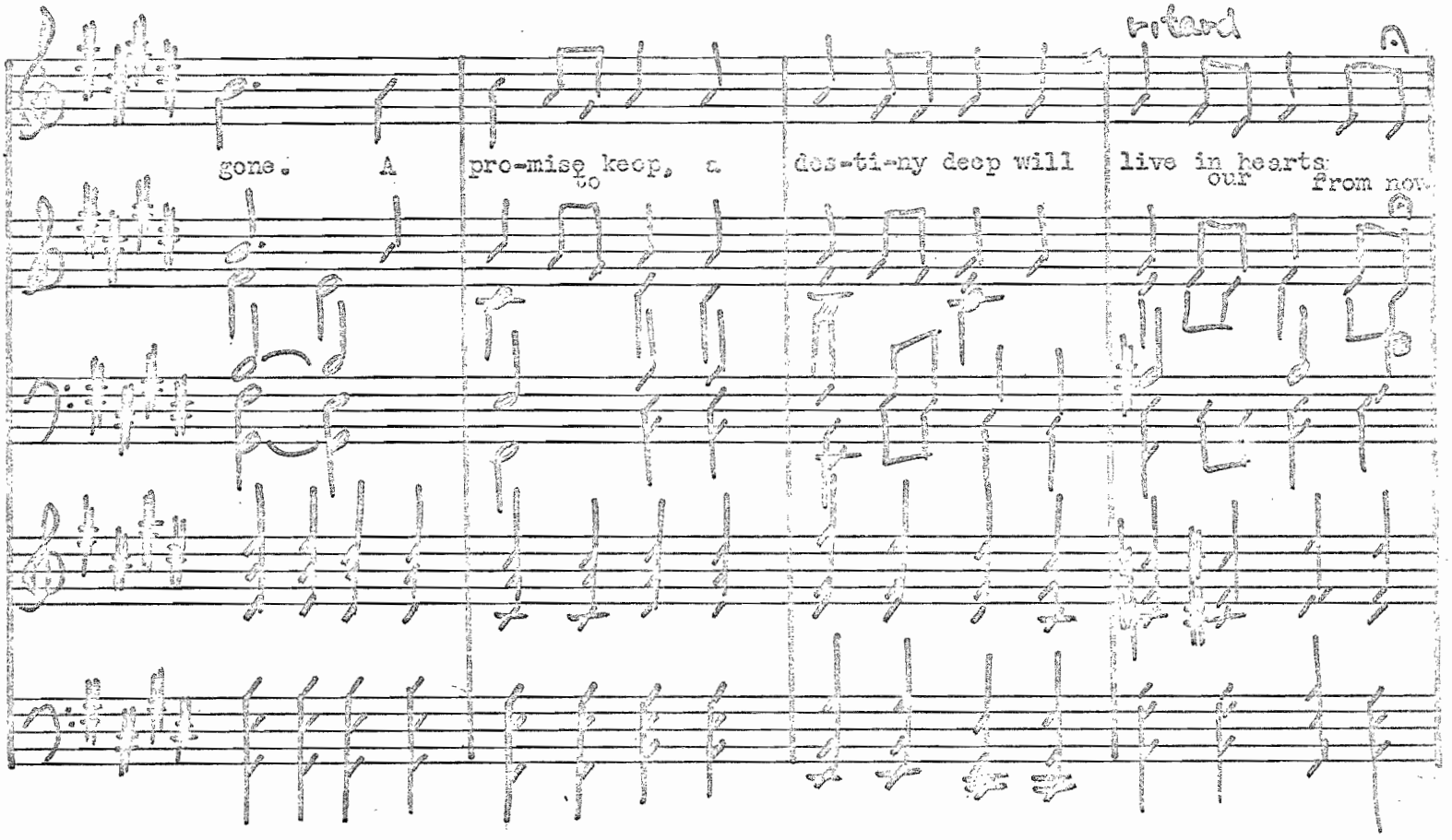

tears. A whis - per e-choes the wind in and stirs the Soul of


Man to fol-low the Light, to give what he might, His strength is the hope of the


land. The call then re- sounds to all man-


kind to stand hold hold high and serve through e-


ter - ni-ty. Wil- la -met-te, our Al -ma Ma - ter, Spi- rit ne- ver
hail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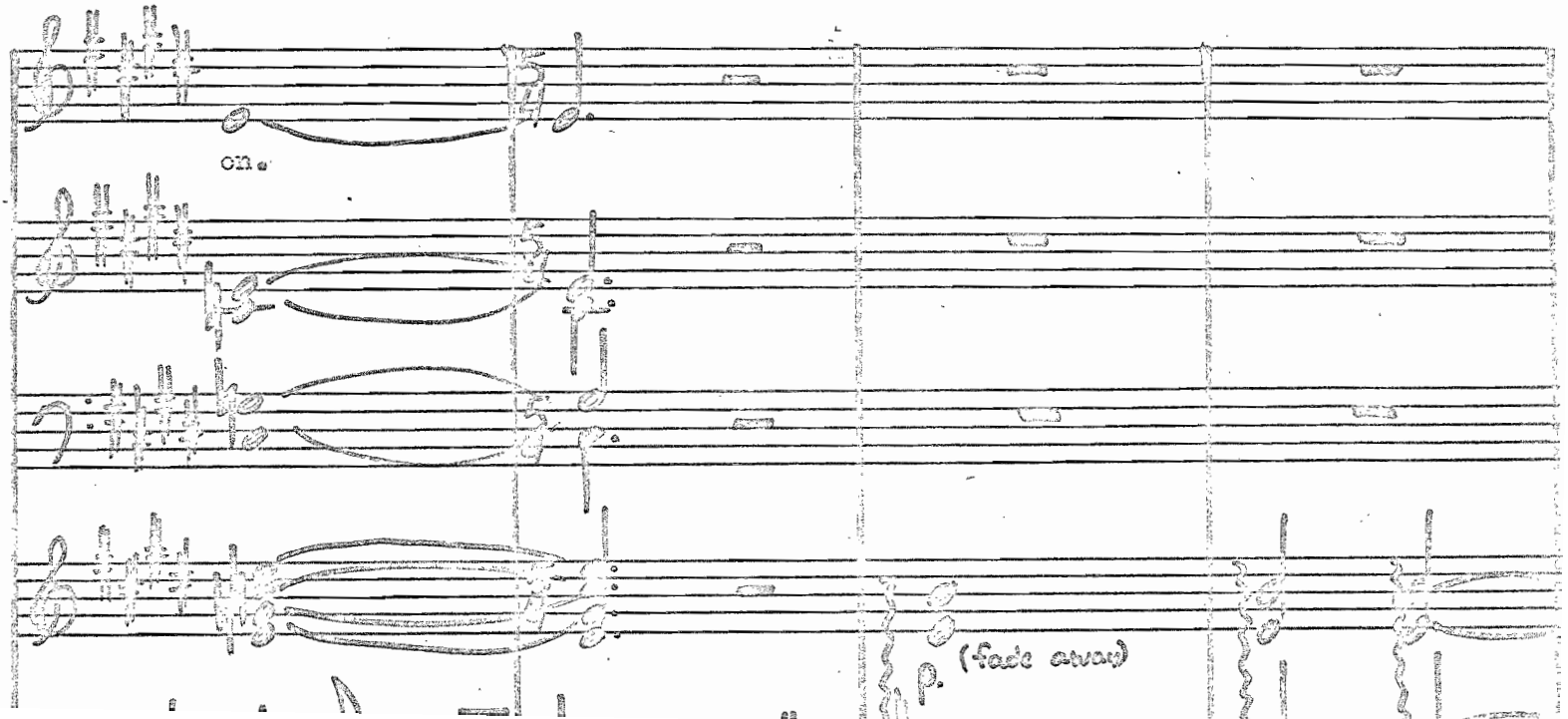
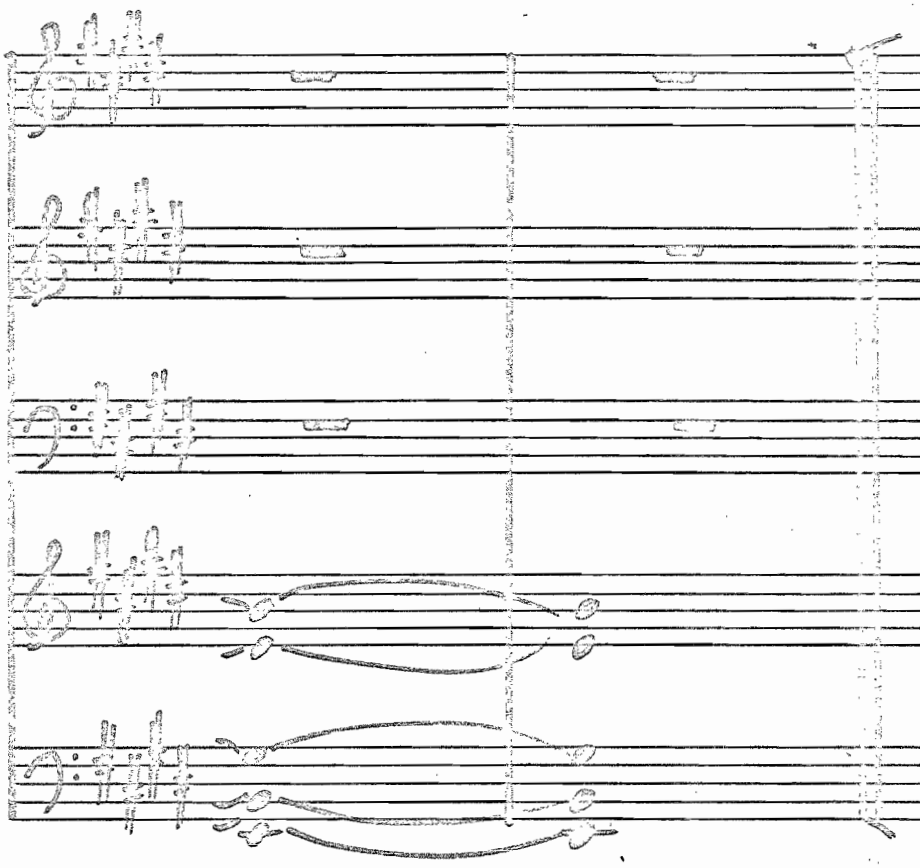
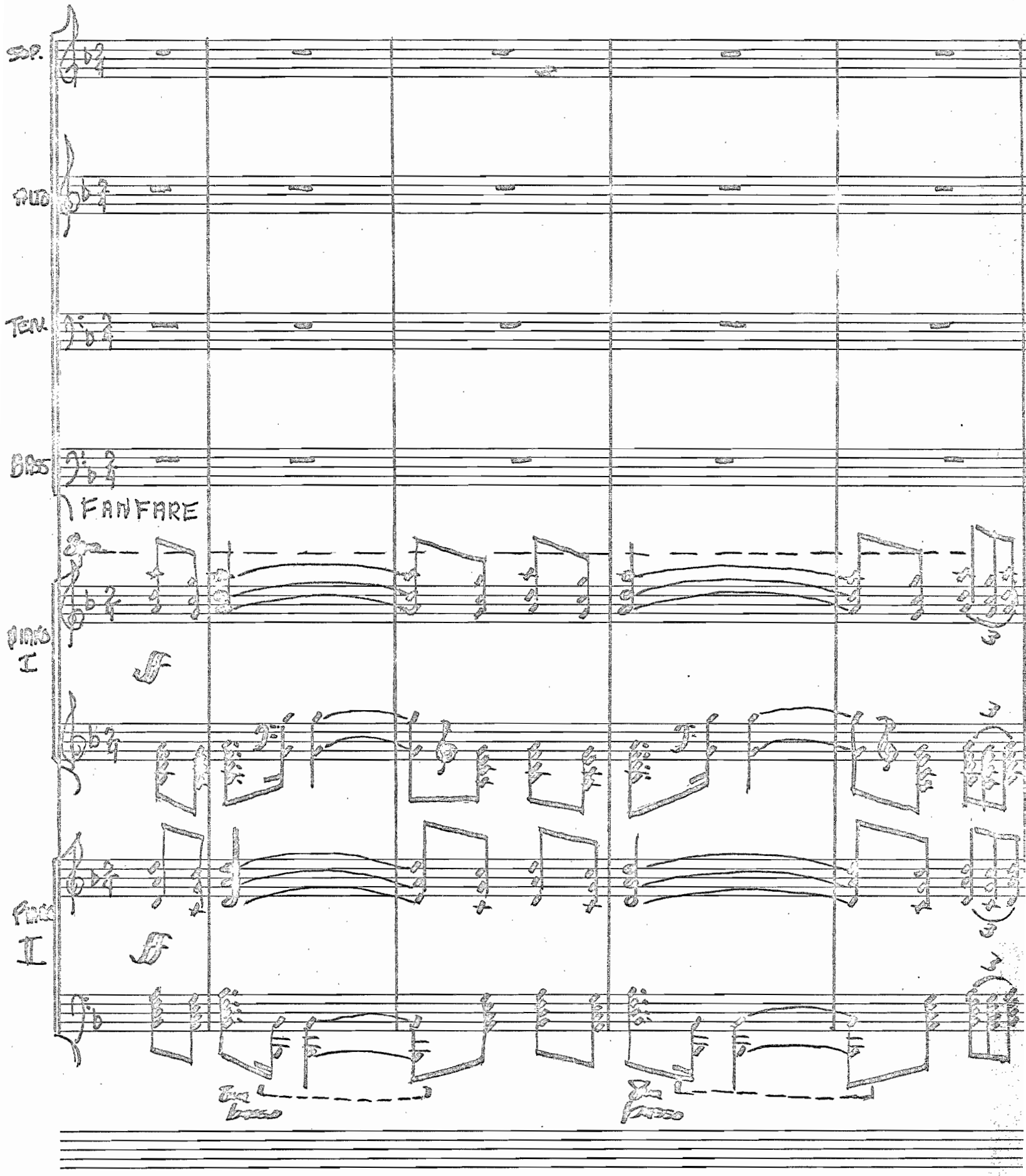
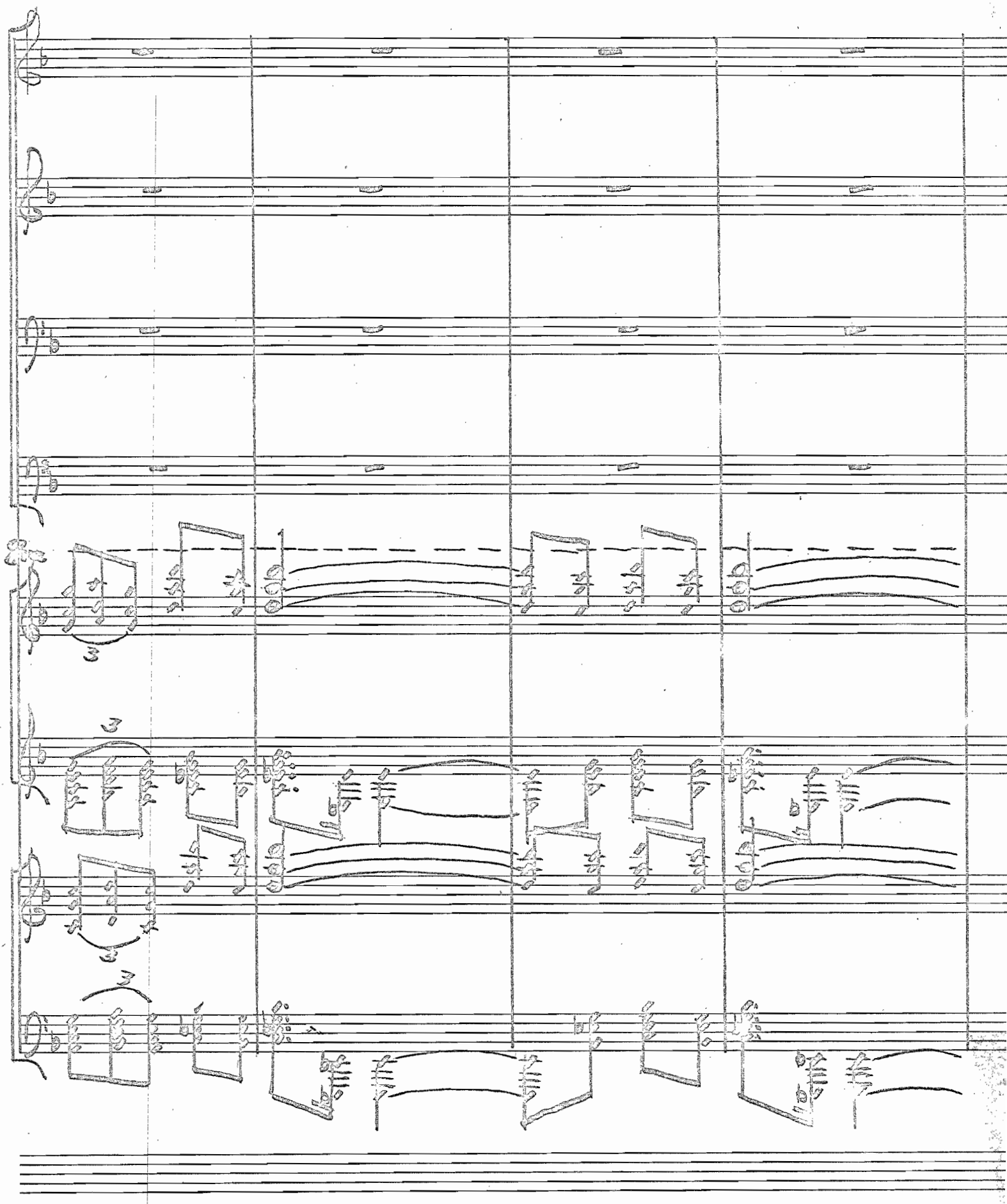
gone. A pro-mise to keep, a des-ti-ny deep will live in hearts our from now.

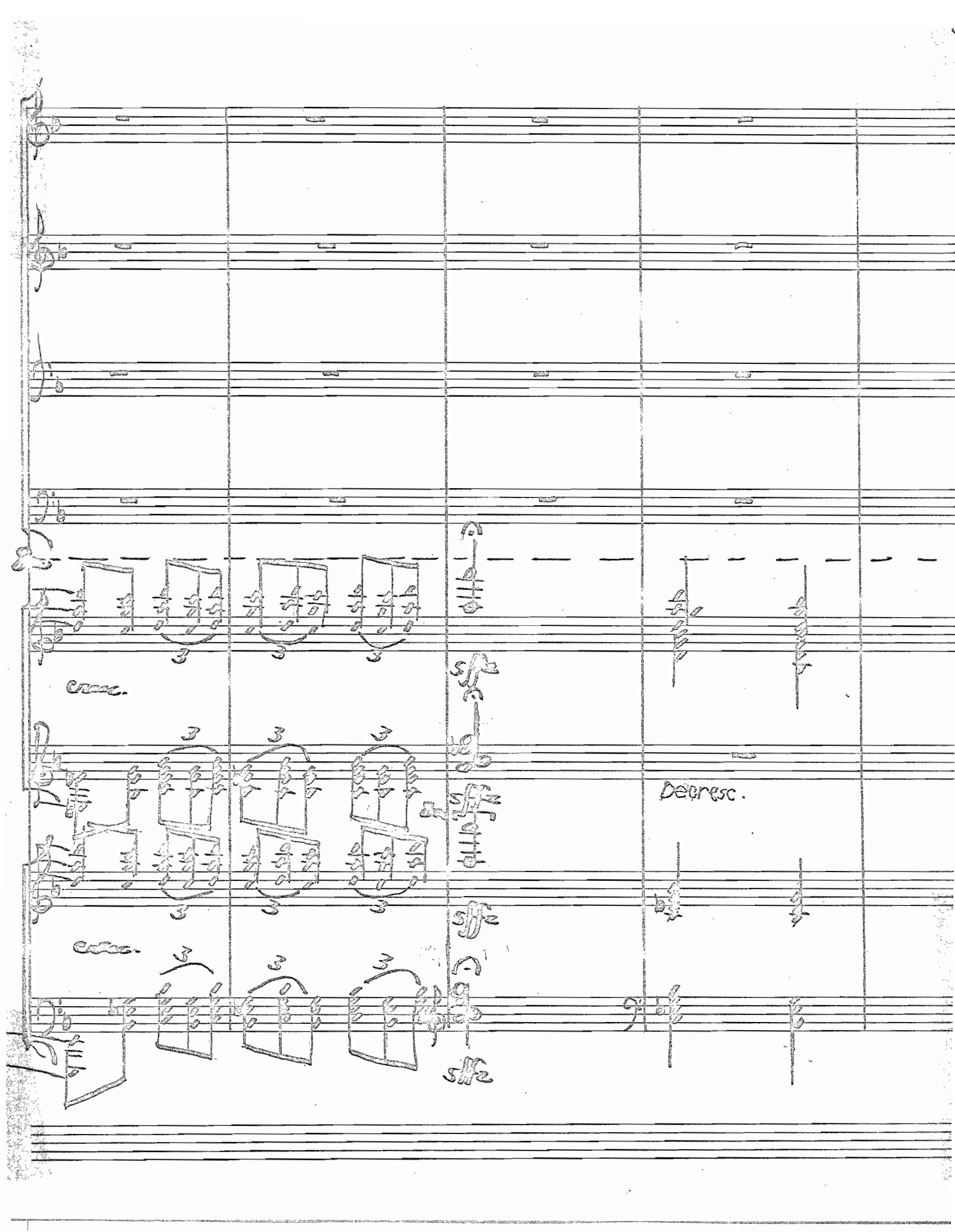

on.
p (fade away)



I AM WILLAMETTE



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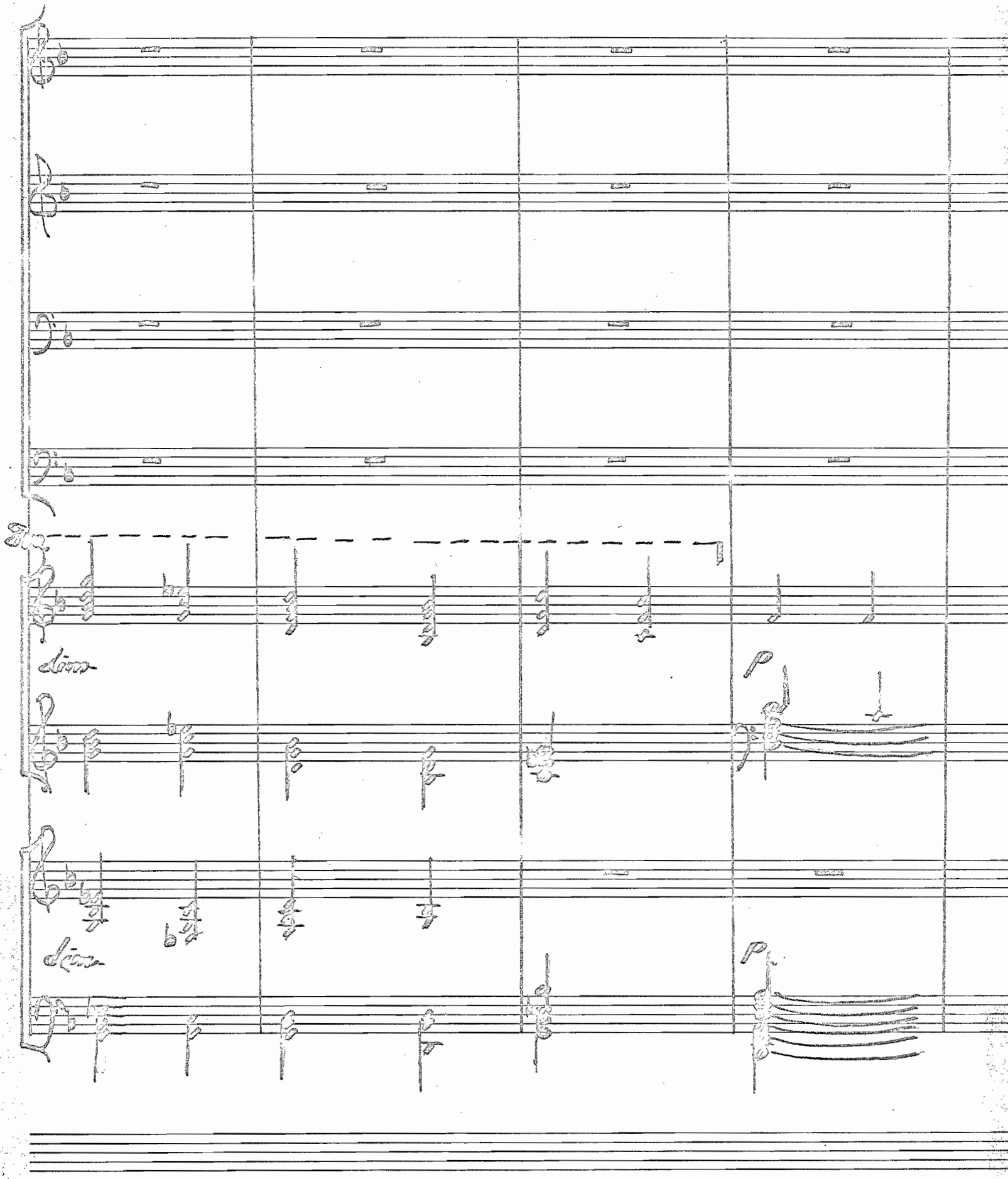
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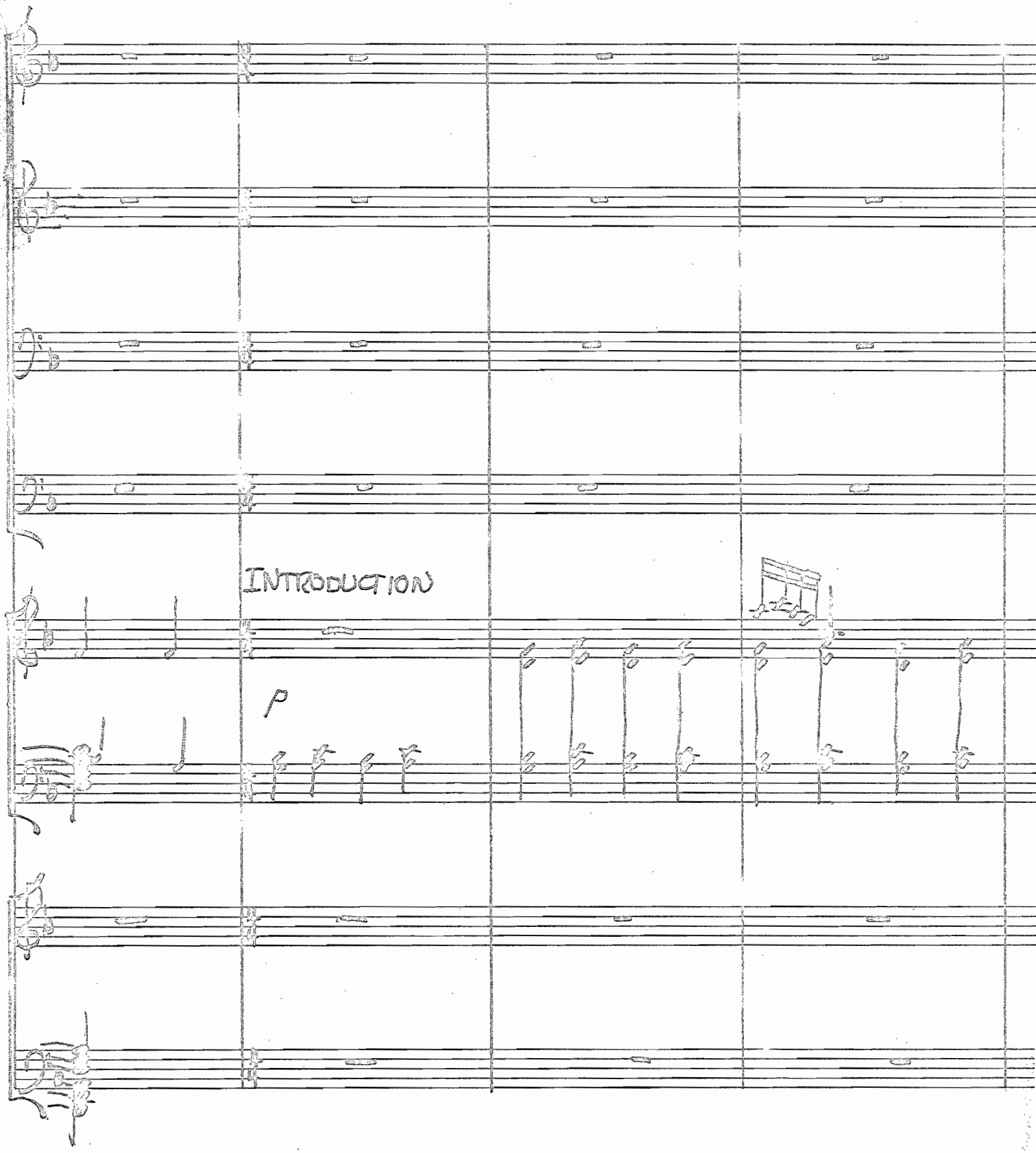
INTRODUCTION
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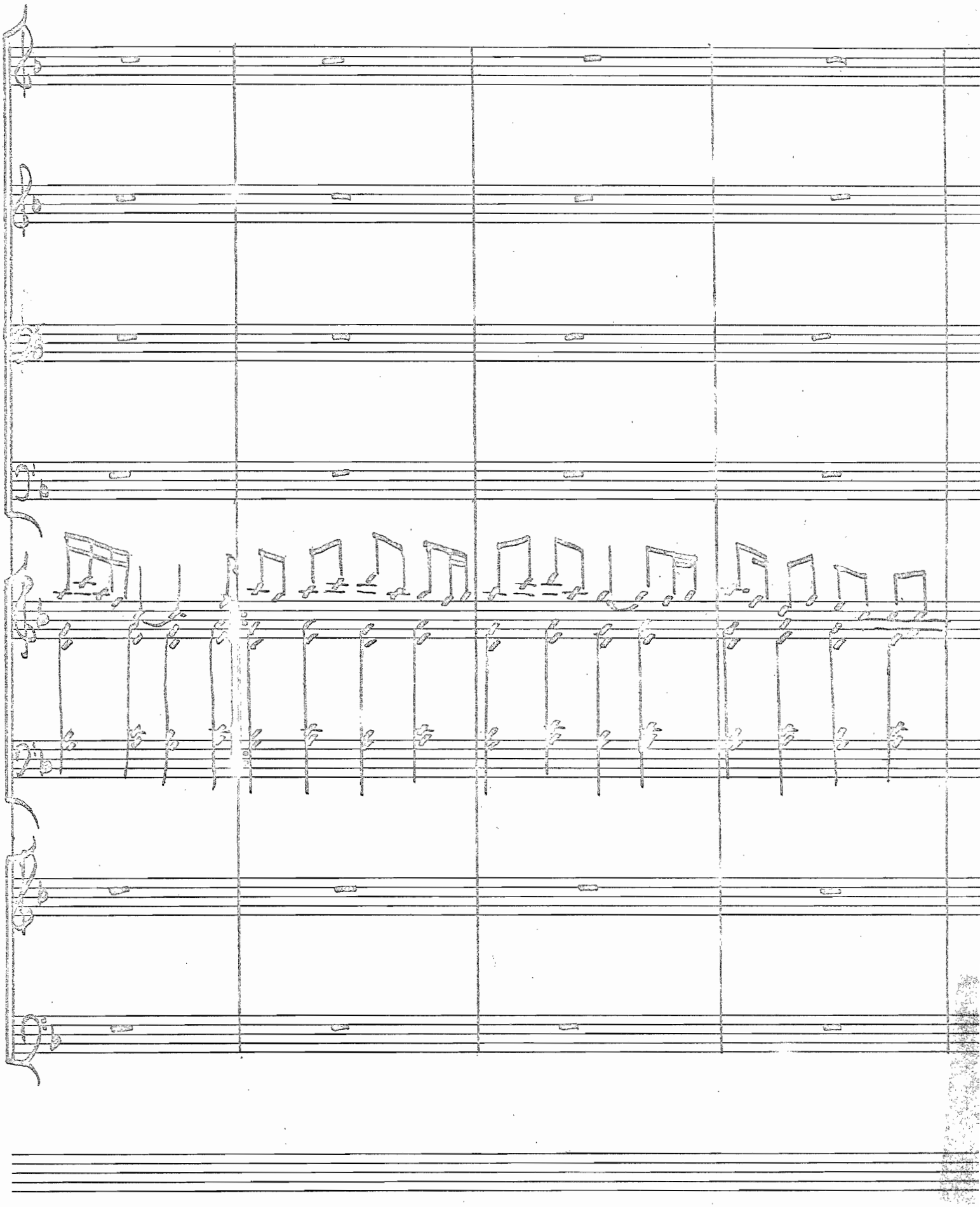

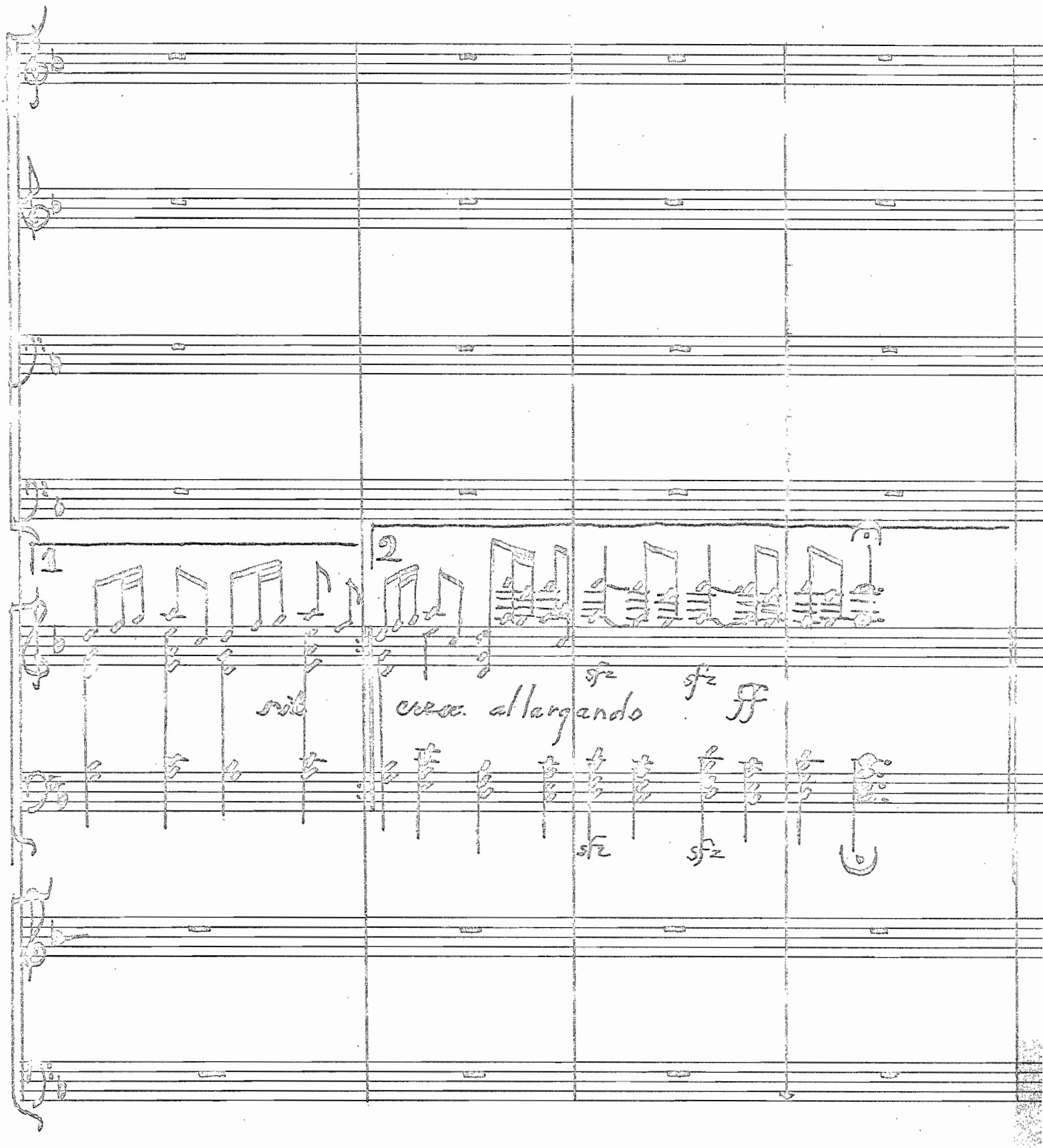
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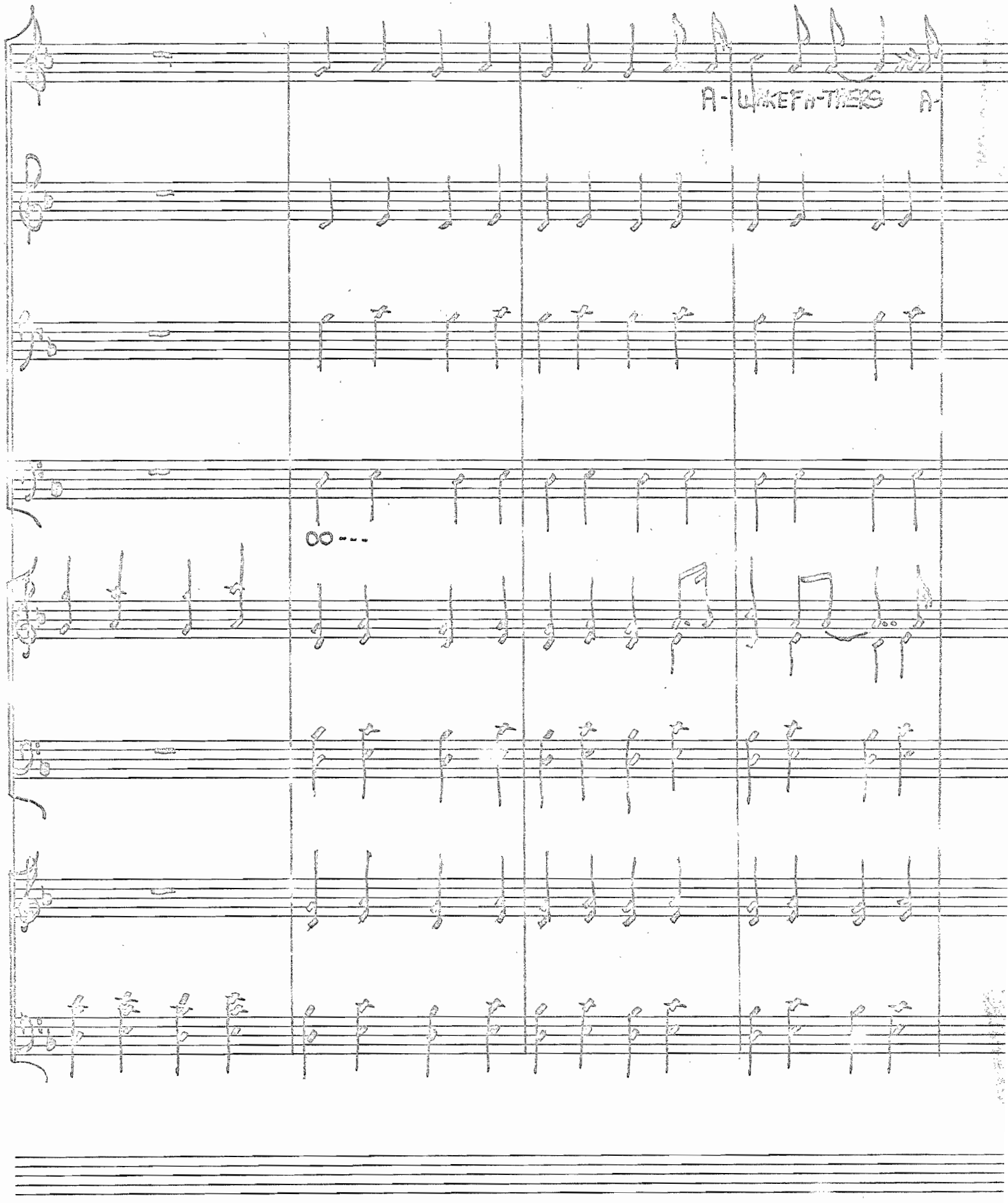
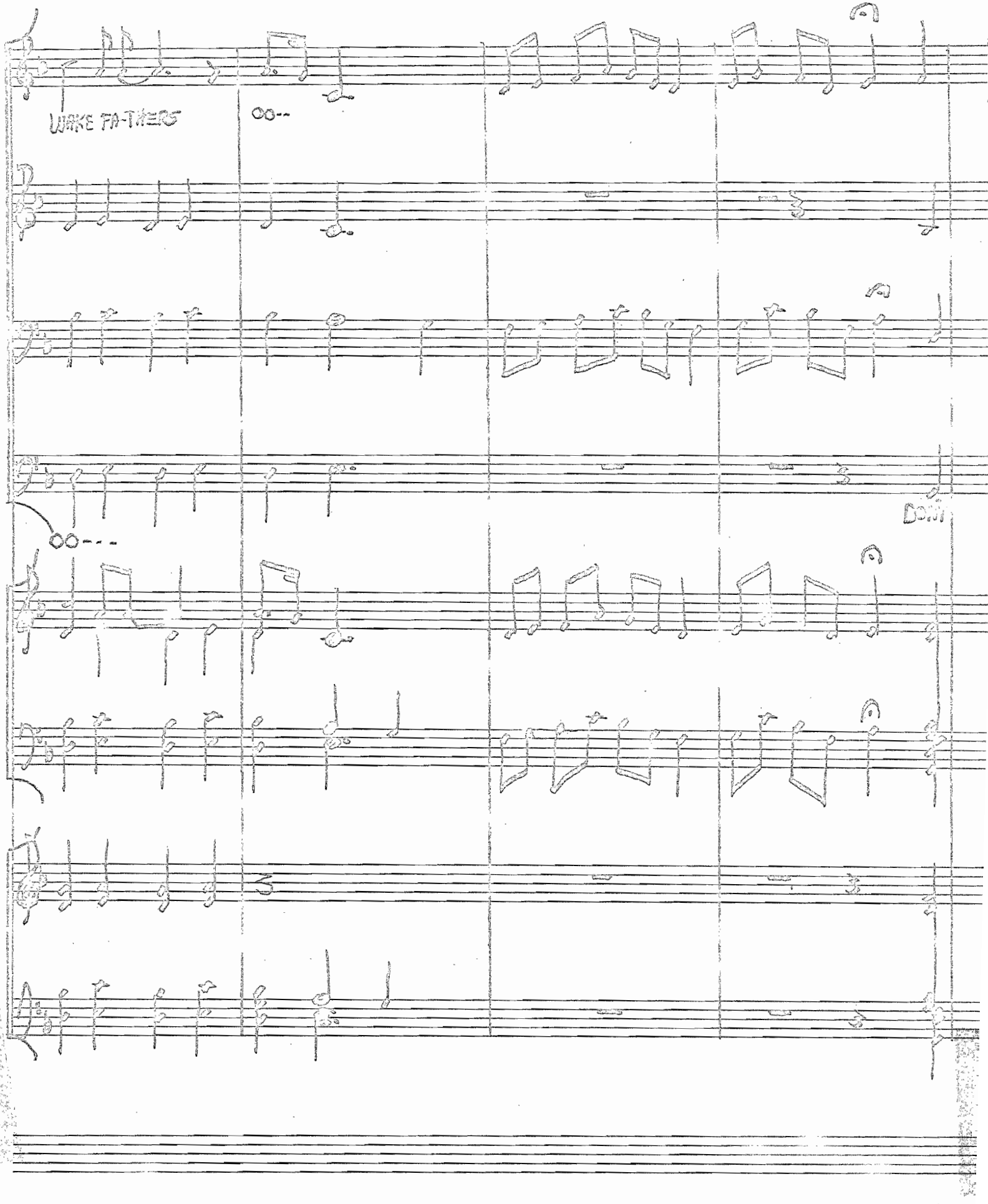
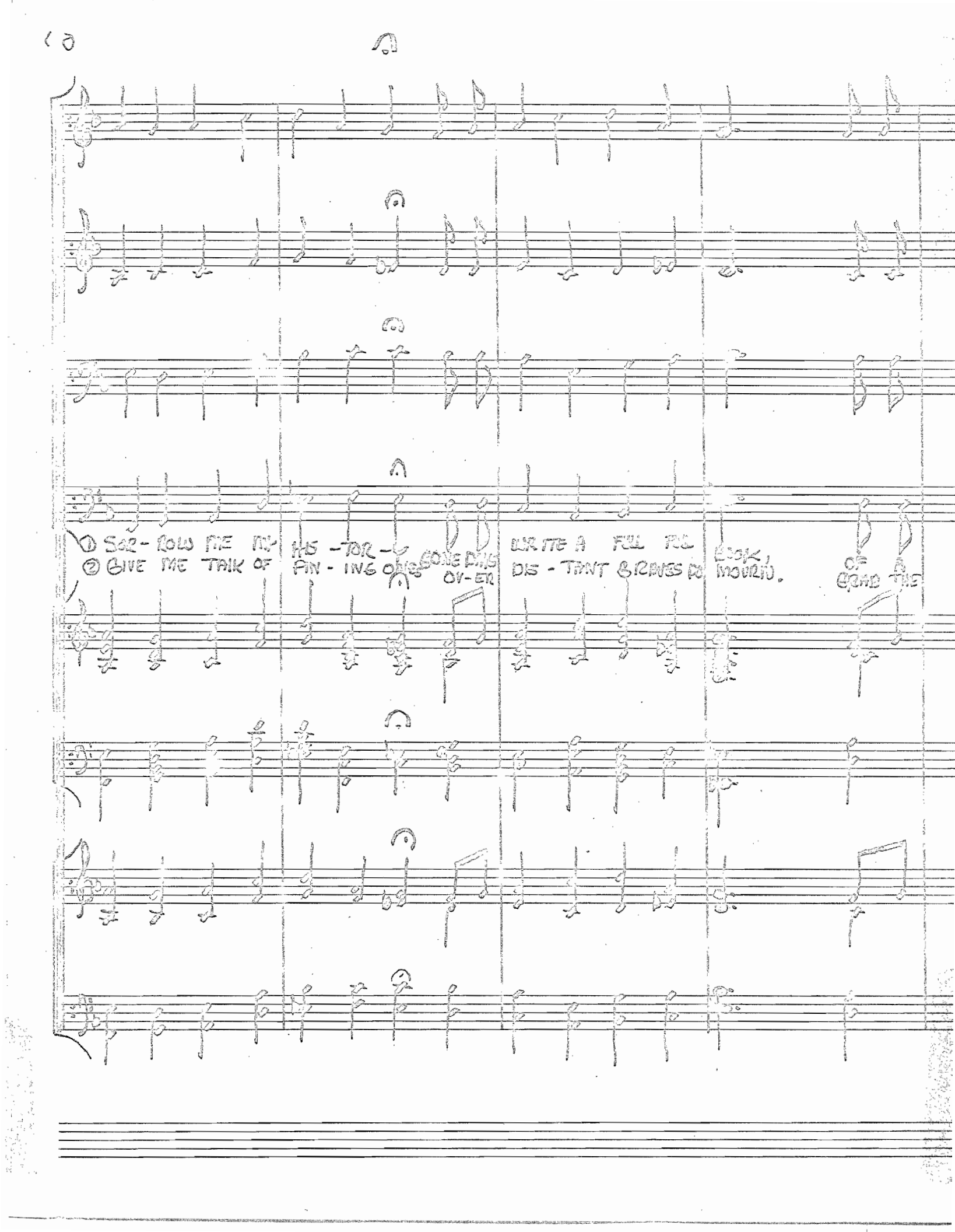
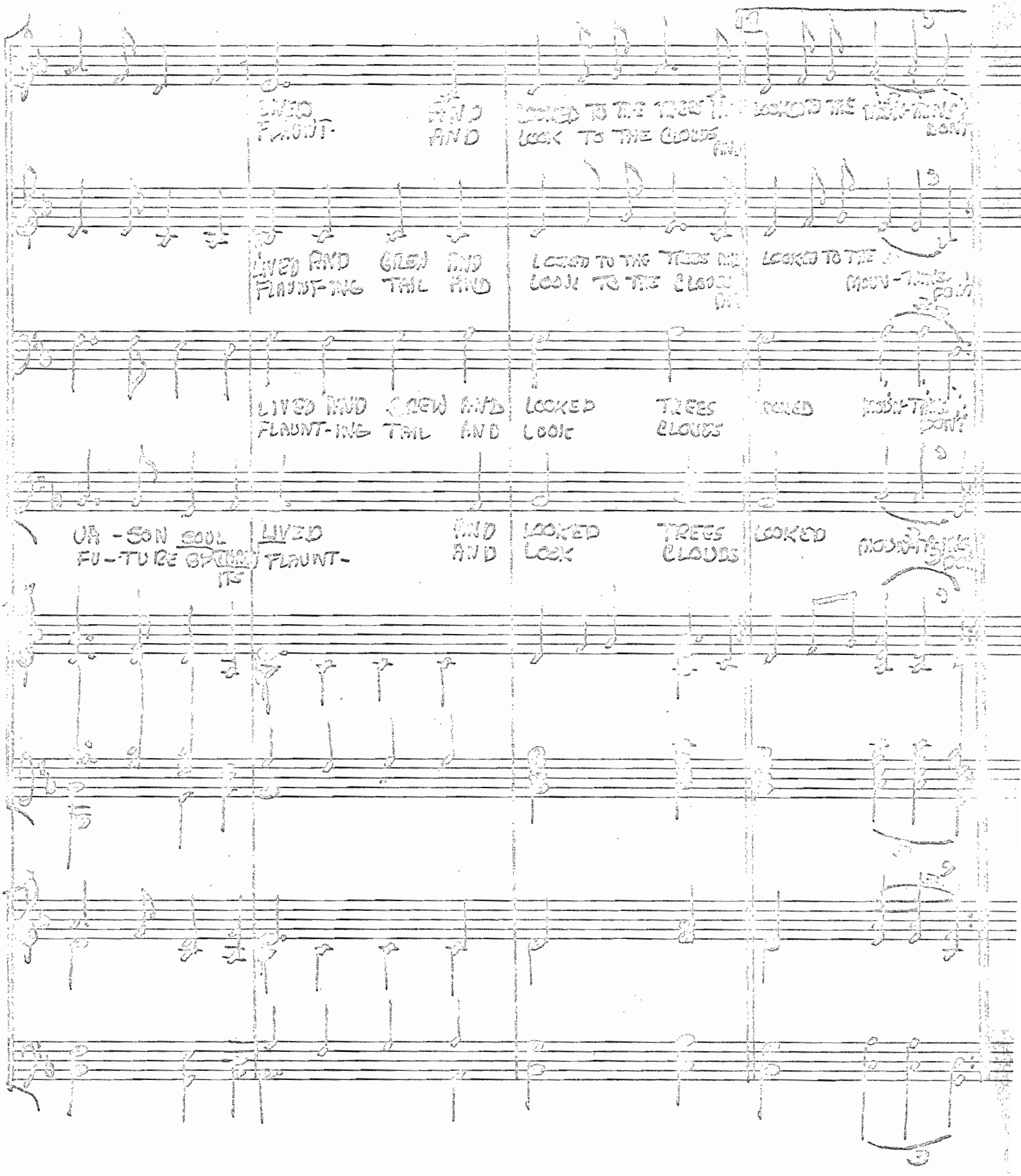

A- WAKEFA-THERS A-
OO---


WAKE FA-THERS
OO--
OO---
Doh!


① SOR - ROW ME MY HIS - TOR - GONE DING WRITE A FULL FUL BOOK,
② GIVE ME TALK OF PIN - ING ONES OV - ER DIS - TANT GRAVES DO MOURN. OF A GRAB THE


LIVED AND FLAUNT-
AND
LOOKED TO THE TREES AND
LOOK TO THE CLOUDS
LOOKED TO THE MOUNTAINS
LIVED AND FLAUNT-ING
GREW AND TALL AND
LOOKED TO THE TREES AND
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LIVED AND FLAUNT-ING
GREW AND TALL AND
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UN-SON SOUL
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AND
LOOKED
LOOK
TREES
CLOUDS
LOOKED
MOUNTAINS

SLOWER, BROADER

RITARD

LOOK TO THE SUN

OH

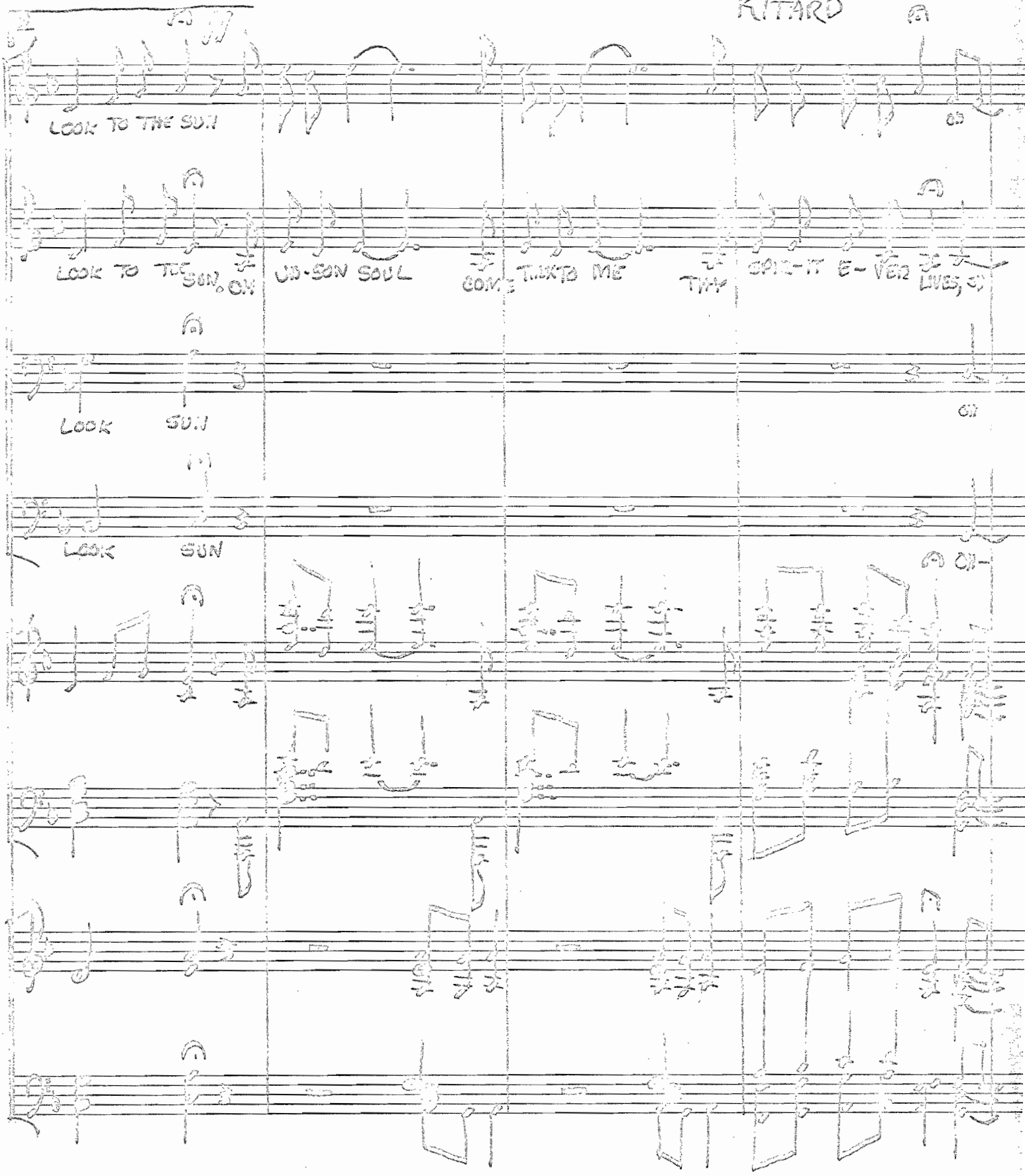
LOOK TO THE SUN, OH UN-SON SOUL COME THAT TO ME THY SPIR-IT E-VER LIVES, OH

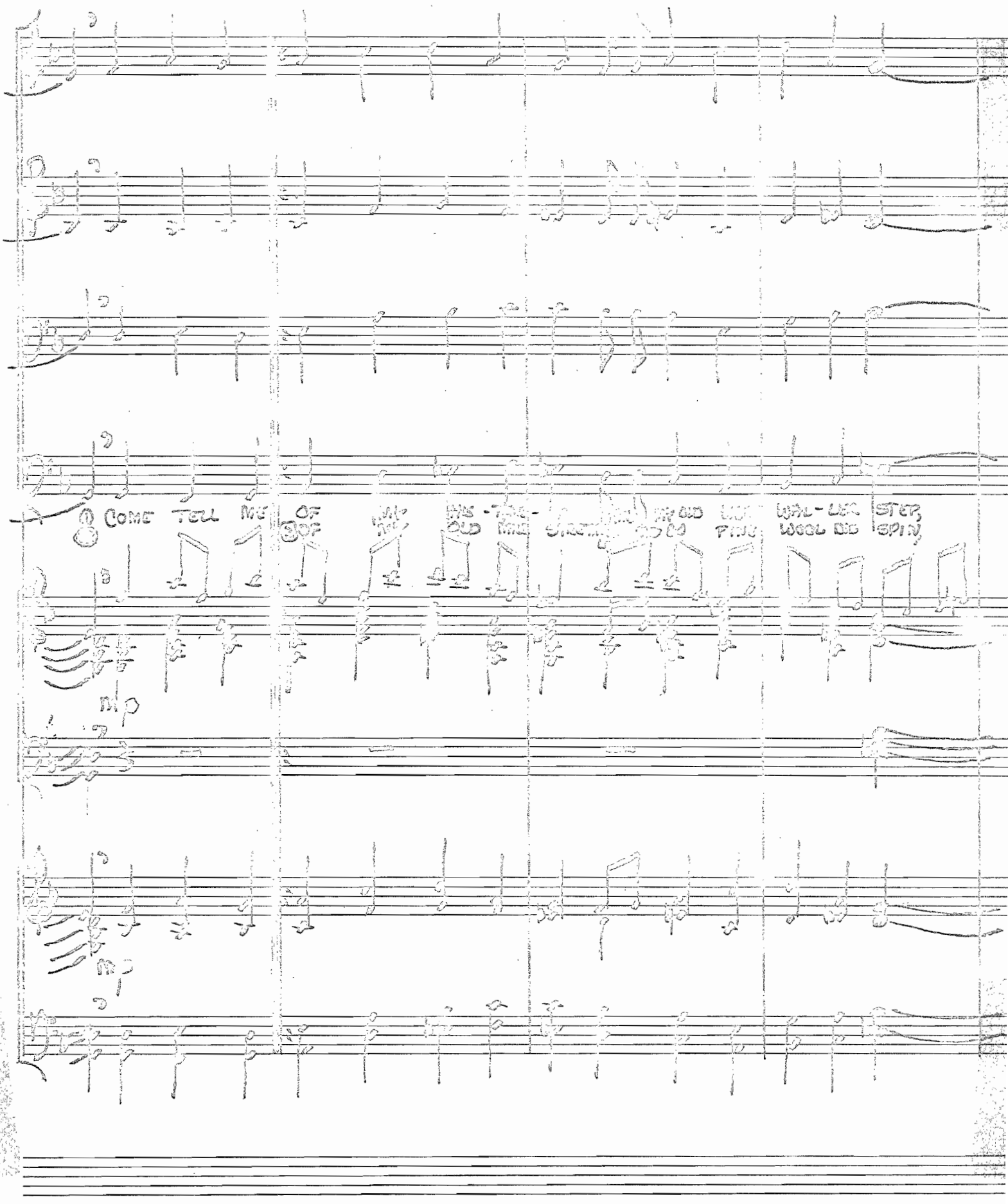
LOOK SUN

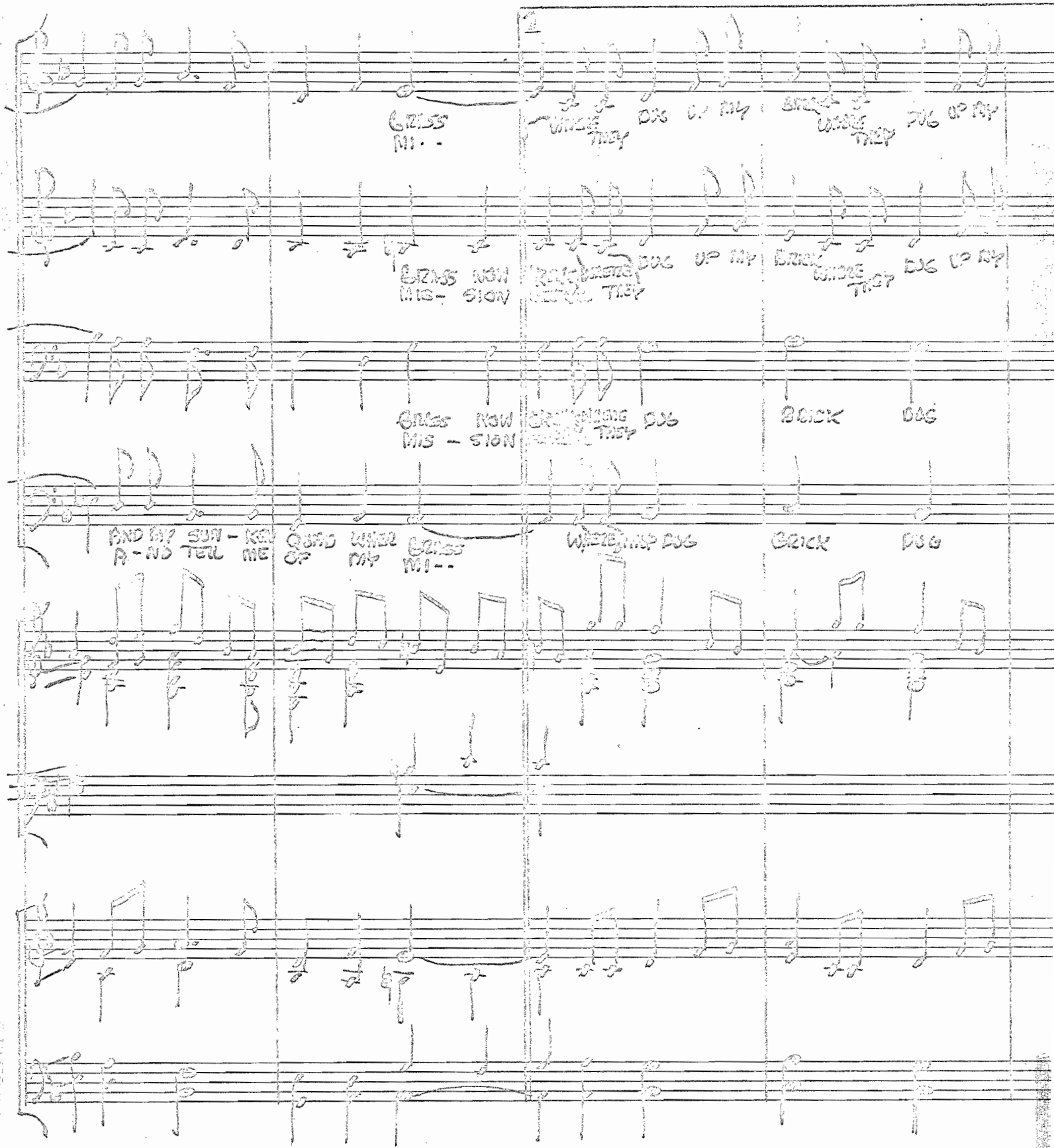
OH

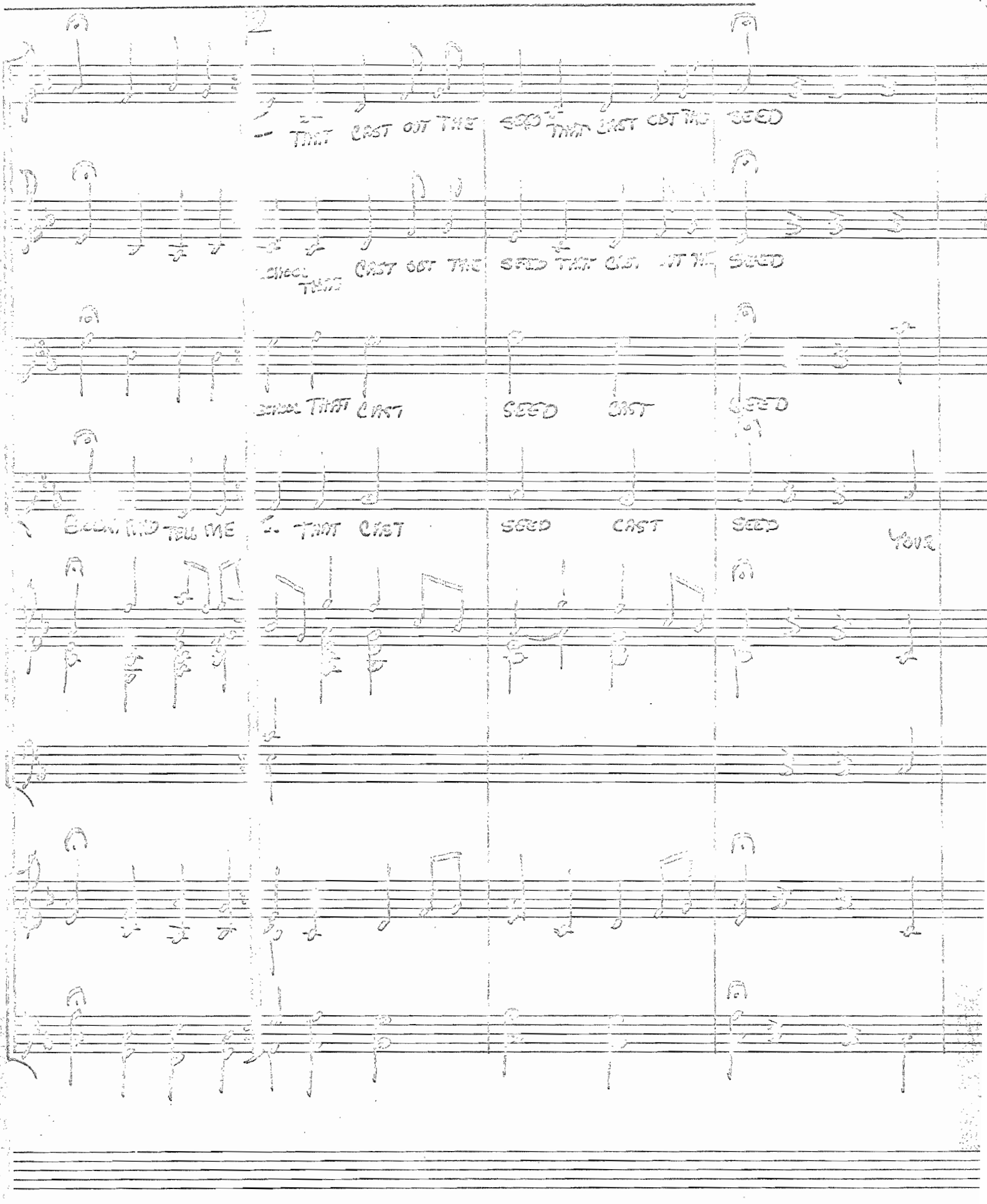
LOOK SUN

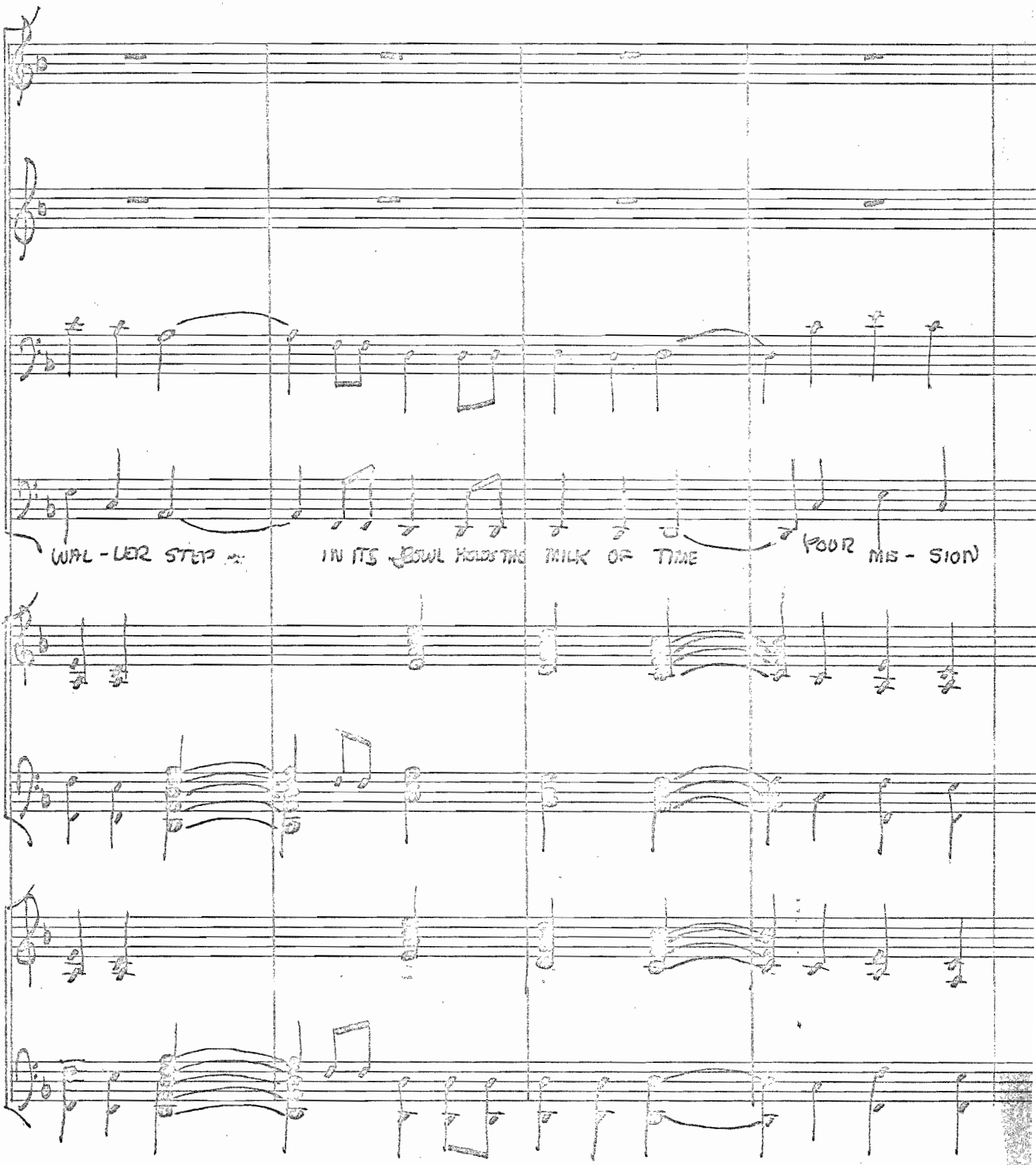
OH-



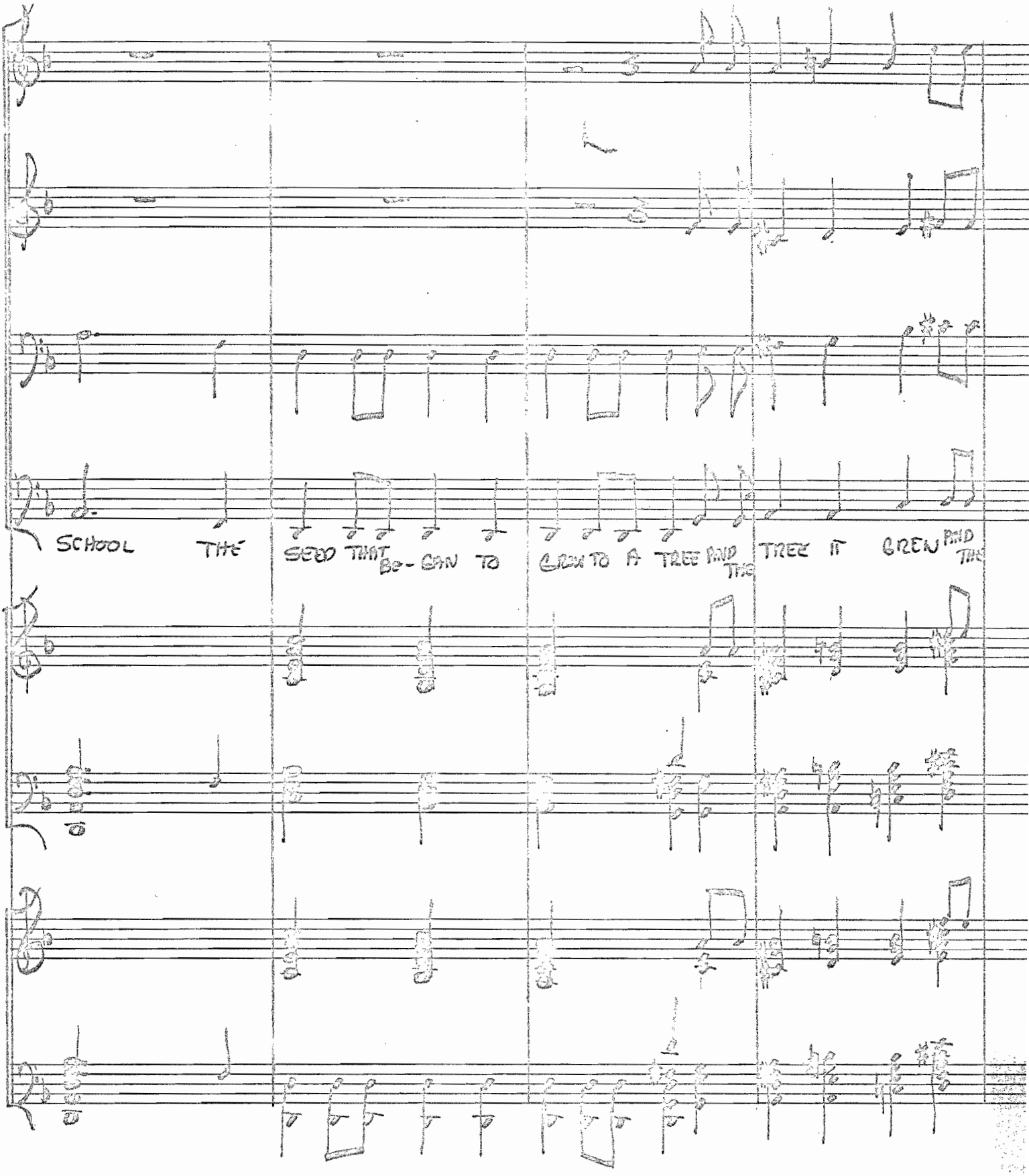

COME TELL ME OF
STEP, SPIN,

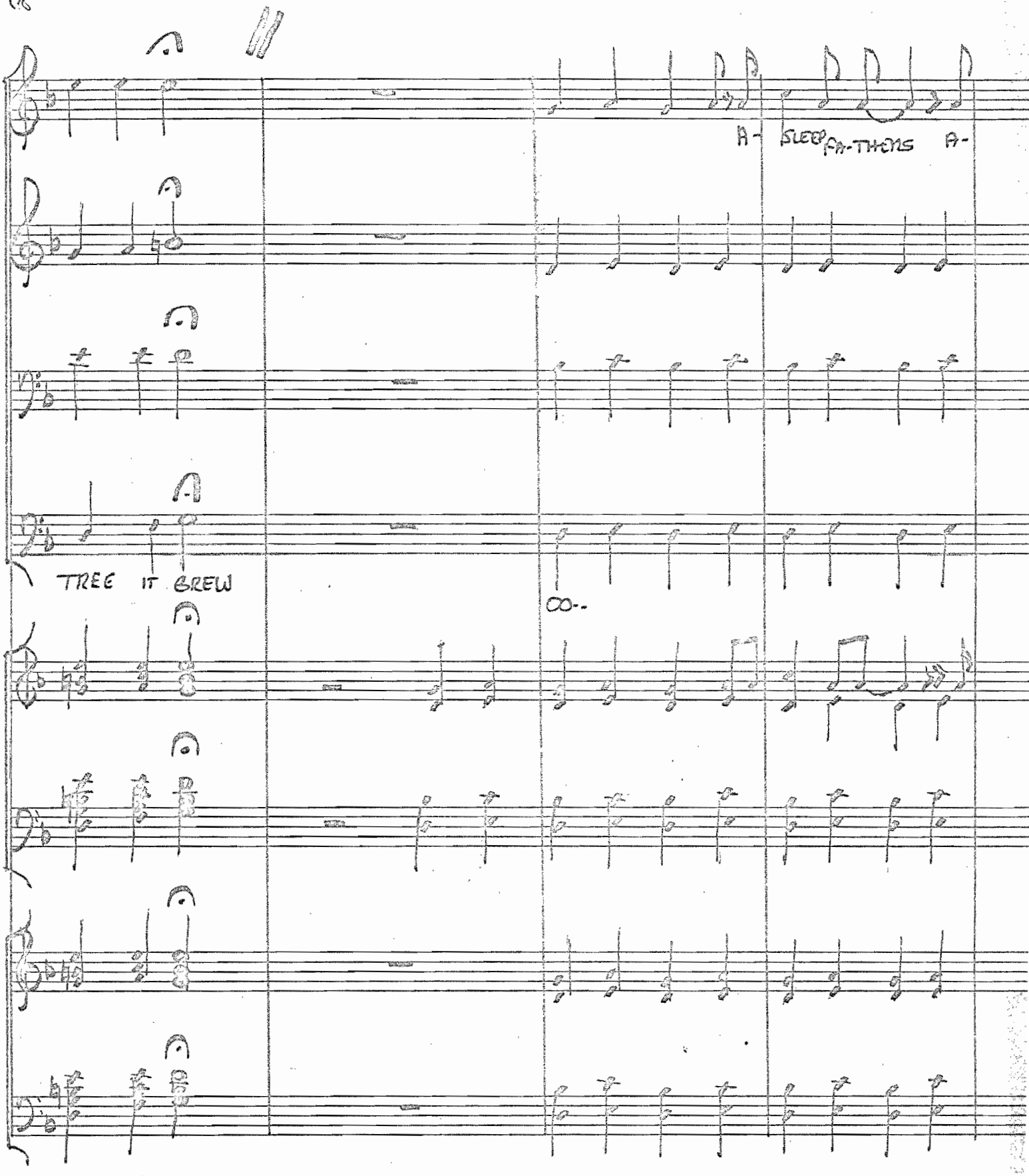

GRASS
MI - -
WHERE THEY DUG UP MY
BRICK WHERE THEY DUG UP MY
GRASS NOW
MIS - SION
WHERE THEY DUG UP MY
BRICK WHERE THEY DUG UP MY
GRASS NOW
MIS - SION
WHERE THEY DUG
BRICK DUG
AND MY SUN - KEN QUAD WHER GRASS
A - ND TELL ME OF MY MI - -
WHERE THEY DUG
BRICK DUG

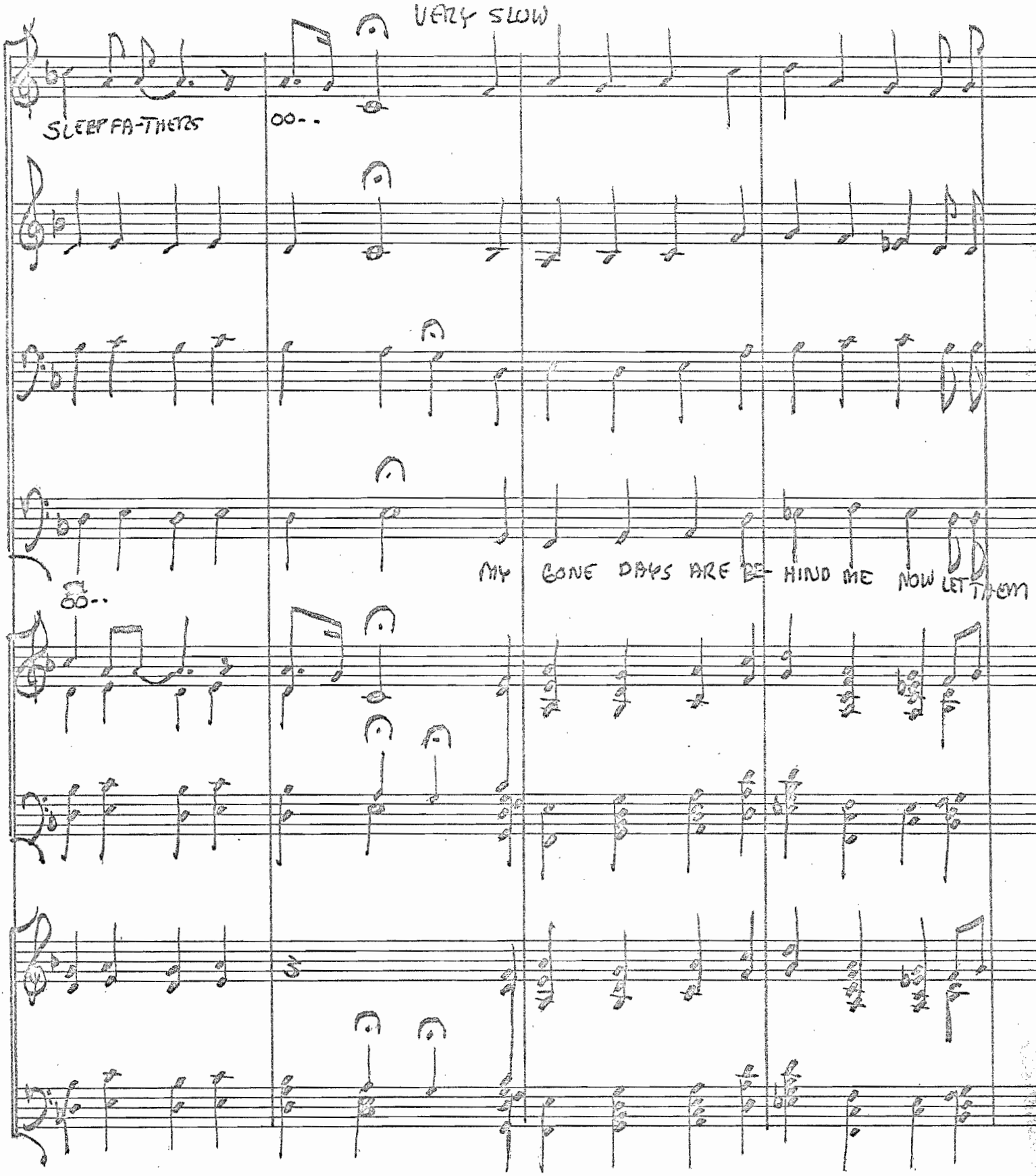

2
THAT CAST OUT THE SEED THAT CAST OUT THE SEED
CAST OUT THE SEED THAT CAST OUT THE SEED
SEED THAT CAST SEED CAST SEED
BEAUTIFUL TELL ME 2. THAT CAST SEED CAST SEED
YOUR

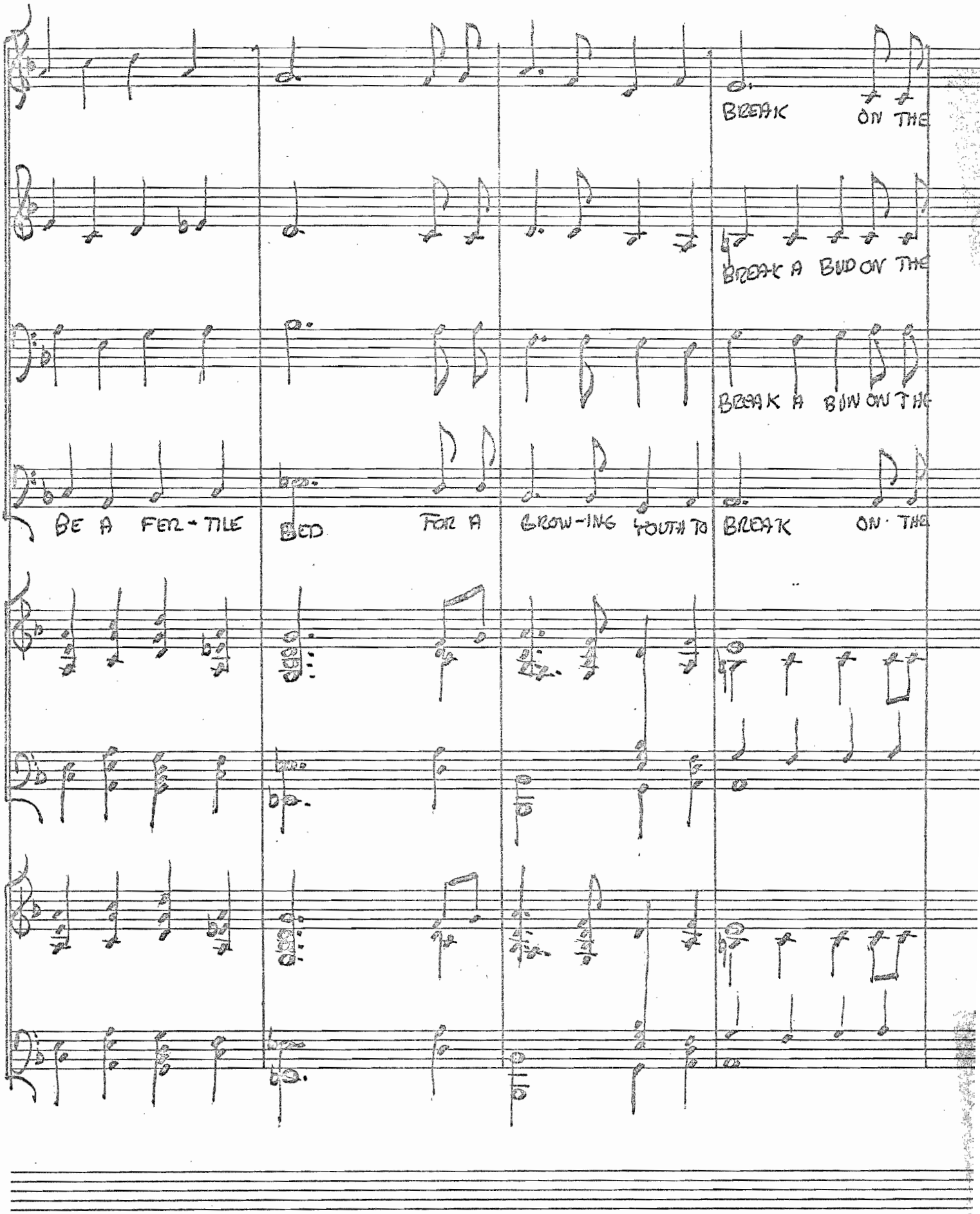

WAL - KER STEP
IN ITS BOWL HOLDS THE MILK OF TIME
POUR MIS - SION

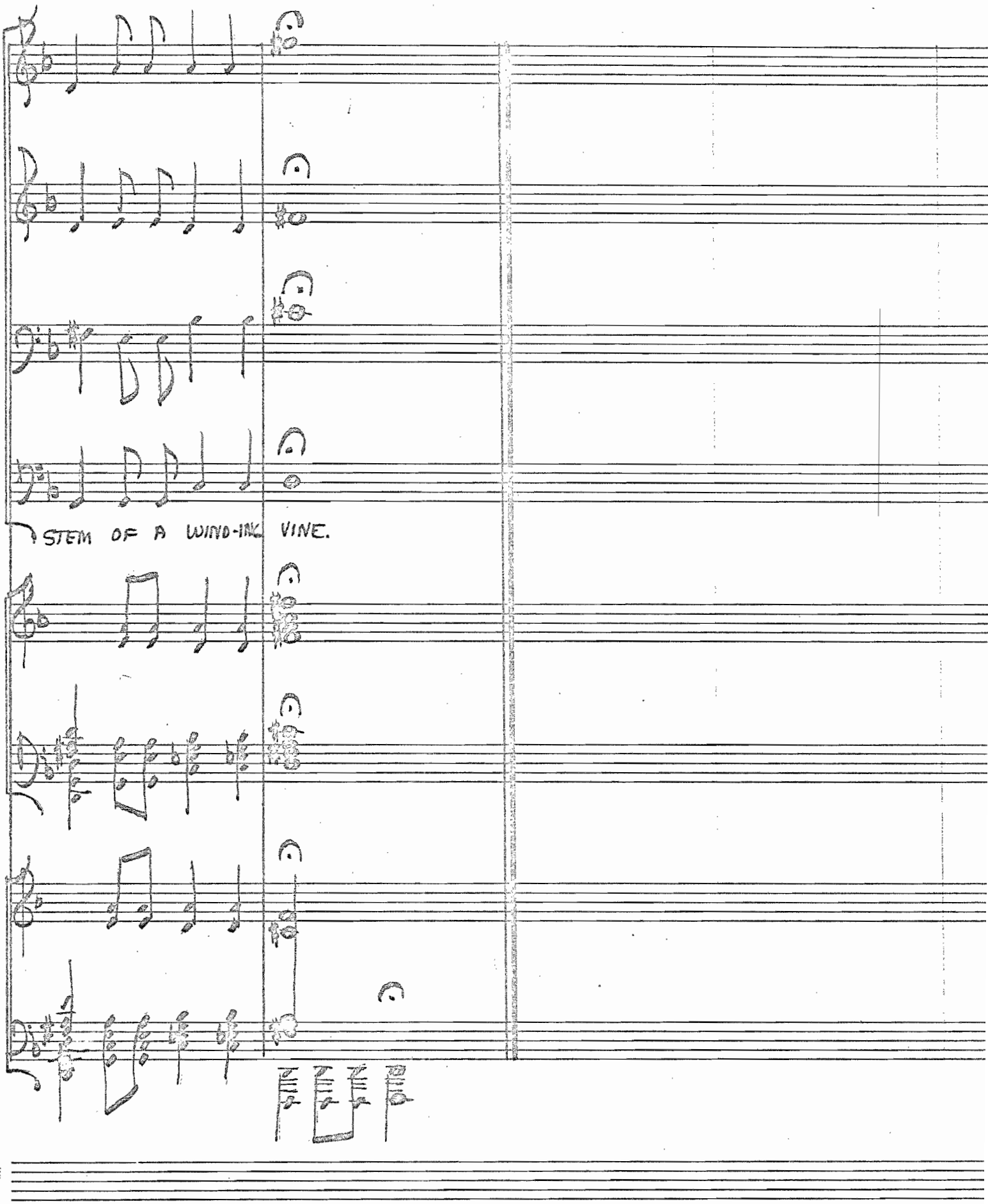
TUTTI


SCHOOL THE SEED THAT BE- GAN TO GROW TO A TREE AND THE TREE IT GREW AND THE


A- SLEEP-A-THONS A-
TREE IT GREW

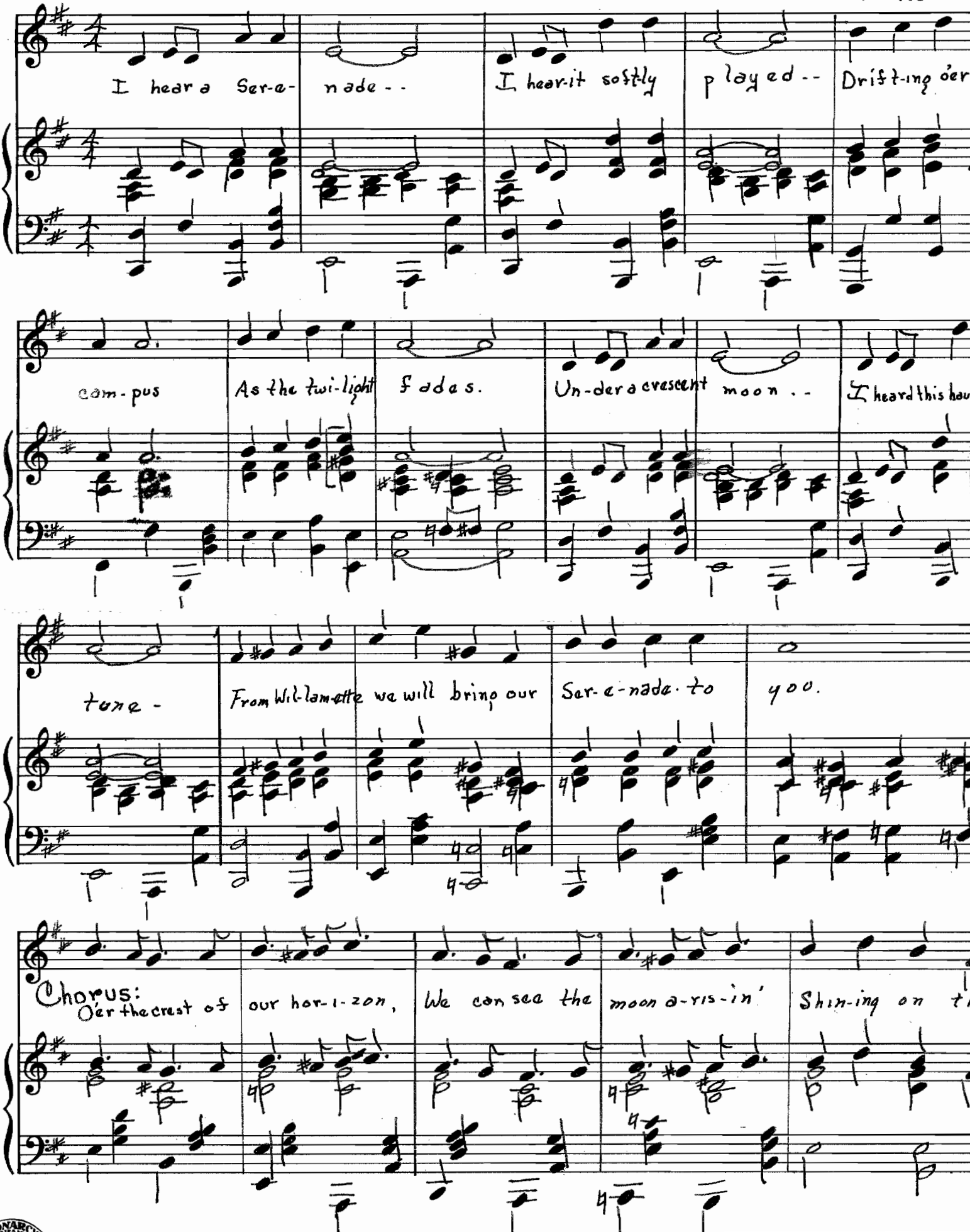

VERY SLOW
SLEEP FA-THERS
OO--
MY GONE DAYS ARE BE- HIND ME NOW LET THEM
OO--

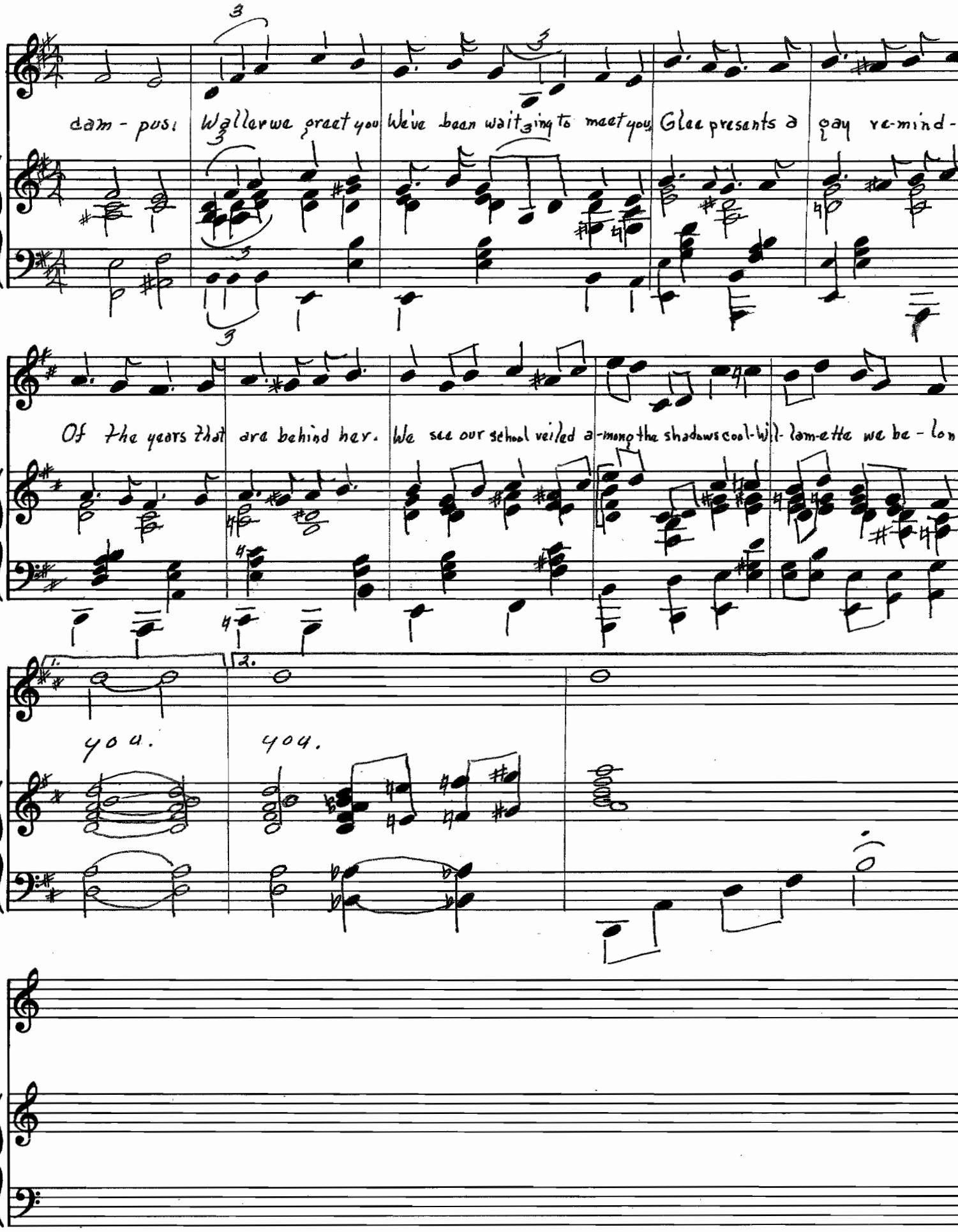

BREAK ON THE
BREAK A BUD ON THE
BREAK A BUD ON THE
BE A FER-TILE BED FOR A GROW-ING YOUTH TO BREAK ON THE


STEM OF A WIND-ING VINE.

CAMPUS SERENADE

Words and M
Rosalee S




cam - pus. Wallerwe greet you We've been wait3ing to meet you Glee presents a gay re-mind-
Of the years that are behind her. We see our school veiled a-mong the shadows cool-Wil- lam-ette we be - lon
1.
2.
you.
you.