

High School Awards

By Jerry Tammer "Gus" Denny

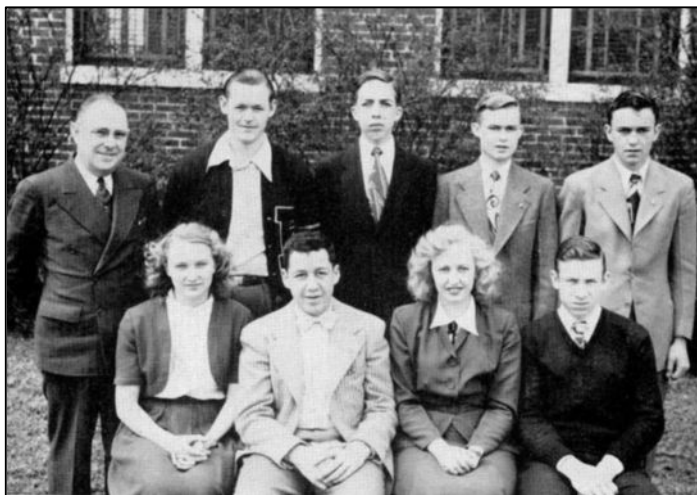
Hey A.J. and Mike. Things here are fine.

You have reminded me several times about the story on high school awards that went beside the picture in the annual. This story it is not what they are, but how they were gained by most of the people who have a lot of type beside their names. Not all of course and in no ways does this reflect there was not a lot of work and some IQ required as we listen to the younger generation speak of their high school problems we think how silly they are and thank goodness none of that ever happened to us when we were at that age and then all of a sudden we are struck with a painful recall and a guilt feeling of having to admit that we have been lying to ourselves all these years. It didn't start in high school. It started in grade school. No. Wrong again. It started at birth. The struggle of survival and recognition come in us packed away with the many other billions of genes and all the other little things that roam around in our bodies that is to be called a human being. Recognition came with the first cry and it brought results and became a way of life that nature intended for mom to "jump" to us when she heard it. It came later with the struggle with our siblings and all was fair in that game of war. May the best person win and get the recognition from mom or other adults.

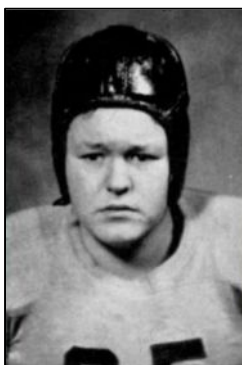
When that dreaded day came for the first grade and we feared the cry would no longer work on the unknown strangers, did we leave it at home? No. We took it with us but disguised as another form known as completeness. Neatness of work, fast answers, and many other things brought us a surrogate mom right in the classroom. Now the trouble starts. We have many siblings that happen to be classmate and to get the recognition from the teacher mom we must exceed them in this game of war. The struggle of life has just met its first competition outside of the family circle and it will surround us the rest of our lives. Do we know the games we are playing? Sure we do. Some become so obsessed with them they turn into forms unknown to man and nothing stands in their path for recognition. Others succumb and ride the flow but most fight a battle between the two. Thus begins the battle for honors and recognition. We had played on a small practice field in grade school with competition, but high school put us in the lighted arena where the game could be played day or night. We knew who our enemies were as we had met them a few years back in grade school but now the stakes were much higher. We were beginning to realize girls were, well they were different and caused a feeling that was strange and mostly unknown to us. It wasn't the mom son feeling, but a strange thing did take place. The surrogate teacher gave us a mixed feeling of the girls and mom. Thus the teacher became the center of attention and for us to be in that circle of attention we had to earn the spot and this being done mostly by being competitive and impressive to gain the attention that was needed. Most teachers didn't shy away from this attention and before you knew it you were back in mom's arms and drawing from the fountain of life that was supplied by the power of position that the teacher held.

Not everyone has children and adoption is not too common in high school; so they become teacher's pets. We know the affection of other people is drawn by pets, so the pets also became special to others than their masters. If they were good enough for another and if they made an under one surely they were a student and a grade below that would be a reflection on your fellow teacher. Thus a wall surrounding them became nearly impossible to penetrate. But there were cracks in it that could be entered by sports, being the class clown, the best (or worst) dressed. Family ties and parent interest in school didn't hurt any. So ever so often an outsider found himself on the inside. Now in you had to maintain and build the status that would warrant the rewards that was afforded the "select"; so the battle started all over again in being highly competitive and piling up accomplishments, or sometimes called "brownie points". The corporate ladder in high school is no easier to climb than it is in any organization. One rung at a time and that means some one has to fall from that position to make an opening. The higher you go the further the rungs are apart and the ones already there are much harder to dislodge and

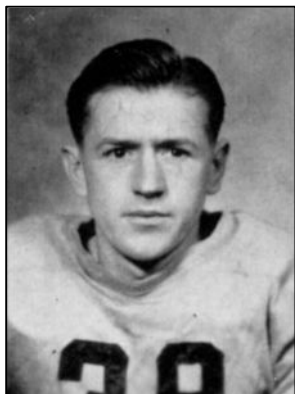
knock off. The recognitions and honors you receive solidify and strength your hold on that rung. Sometimes the glue that holds you on is not made out of the most honest material, but the recognition to come is worth it, or so you think. Now at the end of four years it is time to collect and list your accomplishments and see where you stand and this done by putting out to public eye the name of all the awards, honors, memberships, leadership, and on and on. The picture in the annual and the longest list beside it wins the prize. Much like reading an obituary. See you Gus.



Baxter Seminary School, Baxter, Putnam Co., TN: 1949
 First Row: (left to right): Floretta Haller, Dan Maxwell, Grace Thomas, John Harris.
 Second Row: Dr. Harry Upperman, Jerry Denny, Ronald L. Anderson, James Millis & Eugene Jared.




Jerry Tammer "Gus" Denny:
 Baxter Seminary, 1947:
 Football: Tackle position



Harold Denny:
 Baxter Seminary, 1947
 Football: End position

BOYS BASKETBALL



| <i>Opponent</i> | <i>them</i> | <i>us</i> |
|---------------------------------|-------------|-----------|
| Rickman | 19 | 30 |
| Monterey | 21 | 22 |
| Gordonville | 30 | 19 |
| Livingston | 48 | 40 |
| Cookeville | 45 | 29 |
| Smithville | 34 | 32 |
| Rickman | 24 | 27 |
| Livingston | 61 | 32 |
| Algood | 46 | 31 |
| Gainesboro | 28 | 29 |
| Monterey | 32 | 41 |
| Gordonville | 37 | 19 |
| Lafayette | 27 | 34 |
| Smithville | 50 | 24 |
| Algood | 39 | 27 |
| Cookeville | 31 | 15 |
| Lafayette | 32 | 28 |
| Gainesboro | 49 | 31 |
| 16TH DISTRICT TOURNAMENT | | |
| Gainesboro | 34 | 22 |

Managers
 ELIECER SANTANA
 JERRY DENNY