

Hello I'm Ian Hogben and I am nominating Dr. Hirschorn for the extra mile award.

Dr. H, it's technically Dr. Hirschorn, but some people call him Dr. Hirsh-corn by accident or Her-chorn, or whatever twisted nickname you make of those nine letters, that's why most of us just call him Dr. H. Trust me I understand; my last name is Hogben. If I ever get a PhD in teaching like he did, I think I'll want to be called Dr. H too. I had Dr. H for chorus sixth grade through eighth grade, which insured me that at least one hour a day, even when I was having some pretty bad days, I would be singing in the chorus room having the time of my life. It was great. I personally love singing, but that's not what made chorus great, it was what Dr. H did for us.

For example, during sixth grade, every friday, to encourage singing, he would let us sing songs solo for the class. At first, there weren't many soloists, but as time went on, the solos became more and more popular to the point where people would arrange duets and songs. I usually played my guitar on solo friday. He also took our classroom bell out because it was loud and every time I heard that infernal ringing it took days off of my life. At first, Dr. H put duct tape around the bell, then padding, and finally, because that bell would not stop ringing, he had the bell removed by a professional bell remover... not quit sure what you call those guys.

In seventh grade, to get us to act better, he would split us into teams: baritone, tenor two, and tenor one. We would get points for good behavior. Whoever had the most points by the end of the week would get to shoot a basketball into a hoop set up in the chorus room. Each person would get to tries. If the person made at least one shot in, they would get a piece of chocolate. Eventually, we were well behaved enough that everyone would get to take shots.

In eighth grade, we had been moved into a new wing of the school because of construction. The problem was, we were right across the hall from band and the wing we were in used to be the gym. And the gym had a metal ceiling so the band's music would echo around in the ceiling above us and be blaring from across the hallway as well. However, this did not stop Dr. H. He found a room in the trailers and we spent the whole period taking desks out of the room, putting the desks into the main building, and taking chairs out to the trailer. When we had finally moved in, we were able to sing without being disturbed.

Dr. H also really understood us. One day, it was the morning before a winter performance and Dr. H was giving us a pep talk. He was doing okay at getting us hiked up, but then Evan K., who is this super cool kid, says "Dr. H, is it going to be lit?"

I don't know if something was in Dr. H's coffee, but he said, and I quote "like a christmas tree". The chorus room went off like fireworks on new year's eve. And, if I do say so myself, that concert was lit, like a christmas tree.

Yet another great thing Dr. H. has helped students with is all three plays: *Hairspray*, *Fiddler on the Roof*, and *Guys and Dolls*. He put in lot's of extra time to train us for all three of these plays. My only regret is that I was only in two of the plays. Even so, I had a great time with him directing us. He had a way of making us all feel important just for being in the ensemble. He didn't just pay attention to the stars of the show and for that, I am grateful.

However, the greatest thing Dr. H did for me was train me for all-state choir. All-state choir is where the best choir singers grades 6-8 come together to perform together. There are two auditions and they're pretty hard to get through. I could sing okay in sixth grade, but I couldn't read music. If you've ever seen sheet music, you'll notice a bunch of weird lines and dashes, those are the notes. It's actually pretty intimidating. Before Dr. H., all I saw were weird dashes and lines. Three years later in eighth grade, I was able to read this music off-hand even if I hadn't heard it before. In all-state auditions, they give you sheet music with a bunch of random notes. You have to sing those notes near to perfect to get in. As you may imagine this takes a lot of practice. And a lot of practice, takes a lot of time. Dr. H. took extra time out of his day to train us. He would come to school early to train us. Not only was he training the baritone and tenors, he was also training the sopranos and altos, which meant he would sacrifice most morning of the week so that we would have a chance of getting into all-state. For this hard work, I believe Dr. H. has really gone the extra mile.