

# Our Past

The graduation of forty-seven seniors represents more than a mere ceremony; it is the end of a long road, and the result of twelve years of work, play, and development. As we look back down this road we have traveled, we see the progress of a few tottering tots develop into the stately march to the strains of "Pomp and Circumstance".

The first time any member of our class gained distinction was probably in kindergarten when the principal noticed that Joe Morgan was tied in his chair during rest period. The teacher, when asked why, replied that this seemed to be the only way that anyone could get any rest.

The first few years passed rather quickly and soon we were at the top of the ladder—the sixth grade. Being a sixth grader is perhaps the most important thing at that stage of life.

The first important thing we did was to elect Jim Ferns major of the safety patrol, and Betty and Anita Thomas captains.

We had been adding a few members to the class each year, but Joan Howard topped them all. The boy's didn't stop whistling until two or three of them were sent to the cloak room. This must have annoyed the girls of the class, for when Ron Fertick arrived, about two weeks later, the girls whispered and sighed all morning.

The next fall found our motley crew pacing the halls of the high school in awe. It was then that we met and made friends with our neighbor schools—Fairfax and Plainville. Together as one class, it took us a few weeks to learn how to work locker combinations and avoid being tardy.

The big thing to the boys that year was junior high basketball. Only five made the team and their prestige increased immediately.

As I remember, "post-office" and "spin the milk-bottle" were popular games of the day.

Most of us went from the seventh to eighth grade in one year. We were getting more important all the time. Since we were the oldest in the junior high, the boys had the athletics monopolized. Elmer Simons' team upset Ron-

ald Klemme's team to win the intramural medals and the junior high team won eight and lost one game.

In June we held our graduation exercises complete with punch and cookies.

When autumn came we were at last in high school. The older boys began to take an interest in some of the freshmen girls. This turn of events pleased them no end. As a matter of fact, two girls: Joan Howard and Betty Thomas had the honor to attend the Prom and that is the most important thing in the world. (Those who have never been a freshman girl might not understand this.)

Since we had two more boys than girls in the class, we held a democratic election and elected all boy officers. They were: Elmer Simons, Bill Hopewell, Jim Ferns and Ronald Klemme.

Our first act as sophomores was to initiate the freshmen. This was an initiation to end all initiations and it certainly did.

At this time the horde from Withrow began to descend upon us. DeCamp came in our sophomore year, Hezlep in the following year and Jeanne Richt in our last year. Withrow's loss is our something or other.

We also planned a student strike but it fell through because we didn't have anything to strike about.

We held the first Prom at the Terrace Park Country Club and it turned out well in spite of the mad scramble for last minute dates.

Our first venture into the drama was the presentation of "We Shook The Family Tree". Many felt that the scenery and the voices of the actors and actresses shook more than the tree did.

Finally we emerged triumphant, even as the "good guys" do in cowboy movies. Most of our doing during this past year have been recorded elsewhere in this volume. Another reason we won't go into detail about our senior year is that the things we did this year won't seem funny till next.

With this we go, leaving our tales behind us.

—Don Shackelford