

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

Our class was born in the year of 1940. It seems like a long time since we were "kids" playing with blocks and toys now that this is the time we graduate. They have been twelve long years but ones which all of us will remember.

The first honor to be bestowed upon any of us was when Lynne Applegate was separated from the regular red, white and blue reading groups into her own little section. She even got to choose her own color which was black. Terry Jones was as shrewd in those days as he is now. He used to fake being asleep after our daily rest period so that he could escape "cleaning up" time.

At the same time at our sister-school, Fairfax, Nancy Hughes and Carl Weiglein were writing love notes back and forth. Nancy had him so wrapped around her finger that she called him "Henry" (short for hen-pecked).

In the fourth grade, Don Clark came to us. He was an outstanding student having the record for the number of times sent to the cloak room.

The sixth grade was full of excitement. Two of our basketball teams, Fairfax and

Mariemont, clashed twice; and Fairfax won both games. The Dale Park operetta production was a roaring success, the most outstanding acting being an Irish jig by our star, Shane Daniels. Many said he had a voice like an angel, but he danced like the devil.

Soon we had gone through six years of readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic and traveled to the great halls of the high school. Everyone was a little hurt when we were treated as the "lowly" seventh graders when only the year before we had been the "big" sixth graders. We soon became accustomed to it, though, and our three groups of Mariemont, Fairfax, and Plainville ex-sixth-graders immediately blended into one big seventh grade.

The seventh and eighth grades went pretty swiftly. Our class was already beginning to be pretty outstanding in sports as our Junior High track team took the Mariemont Invitational and the upper division of the Junior High M.V.I.L. track meet. Fred Hintze, who came to us in the eighth grade, was elected president of our freshman class. The other officers that year were Jerry Pence, Betty Larson, and Terry Jones.

The pegged pants regime came into being about this time, and none of our male classmates was allowed in home room unless his pants couldn't be taken off without first removing his shoes.

After a seemingly short sophomore year during which our officers were Rodney Jonas, Susan Averill, Betsy Dettwiler, and Fred Hintze; we moved into the money-making junior year. We began to do anything to make money. Our class play, OUR MISS BROOKS, was written to be slightly confusing and turned out to be a little more mixed up than it was supposed to be. Our officers during this important year were Jim Durham, Don Clark, Marilyn Huheey, and Betsy Dettwiler. With candy sales bringing in a large profit, we were able to give a very successful prom at the Terrace Park Country Club, and we had a little cash left over to start our senior year.

Terry Jones was elected president of our senior class and immediately began to work toward financing the annual (as you can see, he made it). The other officers were Bill Ansell, Shirley Bieler, and Don Clark.

Just as we have made the annual, we've made the necessary credits to graduate, and, as we leave, we hope we've made the faculty and students that have helped us through these years believe that this class of '53 has been a good one.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

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to anyone who wants him.

I, Rodney Jonas, due to circumstances beyond my control, leave the Mariemont girls.

I, Sarah Hudson, leave my last name to some poor soul who has to walk to school.

I, Paul Houillion, leave my quiet manner to Mr. Trinkle.

I, Elaine Austin, leave my middle name Pearl to any oyster who might come to our school.

I, Joan Mileham, do hereby leave Mariemont to the mercy of my twin brothers, Don and Dick.

I, Barbara Fairbrother, leave my ability to come to school regularly to Margie Rosenberger.

I, Nancy Nesbitt, leave Mr. Trinkle and his "assistant driver" to next year's brave class.

I, Jerry Bennett, leave my ability to get engaged to anyone who wants it.

I, Lynne Applegate, leave my ability to go steady and never fight (?) to Diane Young.

I, Loraine Hunter, leave my red hair to Pat McCracken.

I, Charles Elias, will my desk in 310 for some weary person to rest in next year.

I, Ron Fischer, leave in peace. At last!

S. M. and N. A. N.

J. C. D.