

CLASS HISTORY

The Beginning of the End

When you read this, our high school days will be at an end. We will have crammed for the last final, memorized our alma mater, and fitted our caps and gowns. But as we think it over, it doesn't seem long ago that we started to kindergarten and up the steps of education. Oh, yes, we still have memories, and you are going to read about some of them.

It all began way back in 1941. We started to kindergarten. That passed quickly as did first grade.

Will you ever forget our home-made vegetable soup in the second grade, or Ned Dewire as Santa Claus the same year?

Time again flew swiftly, and we were sixth-graders, the rulers of grade school. Most of us were patrol guards under Major Rob Shackelford. Bob Stefanowski came to us during those last years and was known as "the boy in the back with the low voice."

We then clamored up to seventh grade, absorbed Fairfax and Plainville into our little mob, and proceeded to learn everyone else's locker combination.

Our junior high years were pretty peaceful what with slam books, yo-yo's, and odds and ends turning up. Speaking of odds and ends, we also received many of our present comrades such as; Harry Walters, John Mallen, Wirt Whittaker, Arlene Radke, and Sandra Jones. This quintet proved quite an asset in our high school careers.

In our freshman year we promptly elected Harry Walters, Bob Shackelford, Phyllis Riedeman, and Ken Bachmann as class officers. We were initiated into clubs and began to tackle our credits for graduation. Diana Young breezed in and was added to the list of "frosh." Under the supervision of Harry we won first prize for our decorative "Cake Walk" during the carnival.

With the "brain-child" of our sophomore officers; Jim Whelpley, Bob Stefanowski, Rob Shackelford, and Harry Walters, we sponsored the sophomore "Soc-Hop" as our money-making project for that year. In passing, I might add, Eddie Singer and date wore out their socks.

Once again we were upper-classmen as juniors, but still not quite at the top. Barb Bechtel, Lois Rowley, Gloria Mackey, and Barbara Billington had come to us by the first of this year. We started off with a bang — the "September Kickoff." Then came all kinds of money-making schemes as tax stamps, paper drives, candy, paper, etc. Our leaders this year were: Wirt Whittaker, Rob Shackelford, Diana Young, and Karen Dollenmayer. In November we gave the Junior Class Play, "Our Town", which turned out to be a tremendous success.

While all this was going on, Dick Pyle descended upon us just in time for the second semester. Several of our boys, were also on the Class "B" Championship team.

We presented the seniors with their prom, and a good time was had by all. There was only one sad note. Rob Shackelford "tromped" over to merry old England for a look around, but returned in time to graduate with his class.

Last fall on entering 310 we were transformed; we had reached the top. We were "the seniors"! This year the project was the "Chieftain." Once again we started the vicious cycle. This time it was magazines. Sue Redway won all prizes and really deserved them. The engineers of this exuberant class were chosen to be Jim Whelpley, Lois Rowley, Diana Young, and Bob "Moneybags" Stefanowski. Our senior play, "Annie Get Your Gun" was another hit and loads of fun!

Now we come to the end of one chapter in the book of life. As we march down the isle to the strains of "Pomp and Circumstance", remember, seniors, we are the class of '54. This is it. We'll all go our own ways. Good luck, and never forget your high school days.