

Senior, the magic word that makes you ten feet tall. Last year just a junior, next year a lowly freshman, but this year a senior. To say, "I'm a senior", means more than, "I've finished eleven years of school." It means, "I've finally stepped into that top spot I've been watching for six years." It means, "I've got to grow up, and accept responsibilities."

This was our senior year, a year to remember. The "best" year has just rushed by, but it has left its lasting mark on each of us. Though our school days may grow hazy as they are stuffed into the attic of the past, we won't forget the wonderful year when we were seniors and Mariemont High School was ours.

Never before and never again will we cram so much work and fun and excitement and sadness into one short year. We ran the Warpath, headed Student Council, broke school records, helped with the Variety Show, put on a play, led the band, headed the clubs, were big wheels, walked in last to assemblies, got the choice seats, dominated the athletic field, and won, won, won. Our year was made up of thousands of unforgettable moments: the first day in the auditorium; the biggest Pow Wow ever; selling magazines; goofing up a physics experiment; the championship football game; the pizza party; income tax with Mr. Gossard; the first game in the new gym; "Papa Is All"; the Wigwam; college boards; singing The Fight Song; the Variety Show; pep assemblies; 8:13; Macbeth; the big dances; signing Chieftains; cleaning out the old locker; the Prom; trying on caps and gowns; that sinking feeling when we realized that we would never walk down that hall as students again. A full year with an ending and a beginning at Commencement . . .

"Hail blue and gold, to thee we will be true,
Where'er we go, whatever we do,
When years have passed and turned to memories,
Dear to our hearts thou shall forever be."

"Together we stand" . . . ready to face the future because of the strong foundations we have built here at Mariemont High School. Yes, we've spent six wonderful years together, but the "best" year was our senior year, a year to remember.

—Candy McCollum