

HISTORICALLY SPEAKING . . .

Our class started making history as soon as we became honest-to-goodness, real-live, true-blue high school students. Yes, in the freshman year we were all in a "twitter" when John Kuempel and Phil Nunn placed first and second in the state general science scholarship exams. They even had their pictures in the newspapers other than the Blue Devil, and we were all quite happy over the whole affair. This great honor helped soothe the disappointment of being the first (but not the last) eighth grade to graduate from junior high without a graduation. Instead of a formal graduation we got a party. Probably no one will forget that party since the schools juke box broke and hasn't worked right since. Our class officers in 1948 were Mary Larson, Bill McCord, Barbara Watson, and Joan Freyler.

Our sophomore year was like most sophomore years, uneventful with the exception of another disappointment. We didn't get to initiate the freshmen. We could hardly live up under this blow. We thought we could ease our sorrow by doing something spectacular. And what could be more spectacular than an elaborate dance? So we diligently started to work, and in October gave "The Cindrella Ball". We thought that surely this dance would set a precedent. We even elected a king and queen. Since this proved to be just one too many set of royal majesties for M. H. S., our precedent wasn't set. Student Council came into being this year, and three of our students proudly took their seats among representatives of the other classes. One of them was Ella Hansen, who remained in the council for the next three years and became president when the council celebrated its third birthday. Merry Ann Baker, Mary Larson, Bill McCord and Jon Graeter were the officers in our sophomore year. They started the feverish search for tax stamps, which has been going on ever since in our own class. Therefore with a few more dollars in our pocket and Jon Graeter promoted from treasurer to president, we lifted up our heads and bravely faced the oncoming junior year.

This was the year to end all years. The money from the bake sales, rummage sales, paper sales, candy sales, and the sale of anything else that was saleable piled up. Soon it was all that Treasurer Maury Lindquist could do to haul it to Mr. Miller with the help of Secretary Sherrill DeWeese and Vice President Frances Pope. Class rings finally came. They came in four sizes: small, medium, large, and "look, Ma, I can wear it on my ankle."

The class play, *Don't Take My Penny*, was a tremendous success, and it was claimed by many (juniors) to be the best class play ever presented.

Not to be outdone by the preceding junior class, we also engaged the Terrace Park Country Club for our prom.

A year would not be complete for our class without one change made. Alas, just as we got ready to pounce on 310 for our final year at M. H. S., eighty-nine freshmen dashed in before us and filled it to capacity, leaving us out by the drinking fountain. Then the news arrived that we were to make our home in Rooms 301 and 303. So on September 6, Nineteen-hundred and fifty, the A's through L's took leave of Dr. Handman, who had been their wonderful advisor for three years; and the M's through Z's bade a fond farewell to Mrs. Barnes and Miss Adams, advisors of '48 and '49, and presented themselves to Mr. Downer and Mr. Martin.

Our main object as seniors, other than graduating, was the publishing of an annual. In September it looked to the Centurian Editors, Barbara West, Merry Ann Baker, and Marilyn Reid, as if this year's annual would be written in longhand on three ring notebook paper; and by December they were sure of this fact. But the senior class came to the rescue, and like King Midas everything they touched turned to gold. Everyone felt that this was due to the fact that Jon Graeter had been demoted from junior class president to senior class treasurer. He was also the treasurer of the War Path and the Centurion. We were all afraid that if he ever took a notion to abscond, the whole school would go bankrupt; but under the firm and competent hand of President John Kuempel, along with Vice President Don Fletcher and Secretary Fred Payne, all went well. Our first big undertaking was the sale of magazines which proved very successful. Jim Shoop took top salesmanship honors with Judy Cotes a close runner-up. The call of the wild came, and many of our boys became very interested in hunting, especially when they found out it was open season for Birdos. We really made history in the second semester when Jim Shoop had to leave for the air force, Barb West got married, and one of the most gigantic carnival-minstrel shows ever produced was presented.

But now it's time for the girls to put that scrap book, marked "Senior Year," away in the cupboard for posterity. Two lone tax stamps lie on the floor of 303, but no one picks them up. The clock ticks off another year, and so after three principals, twenty-two teachers, and numerous English workbooks we emerge, diplomas clutched in our chubby fists, honest-to-goodness, real-live, true-blue, high school graduates.

MERRY ANN BAKER