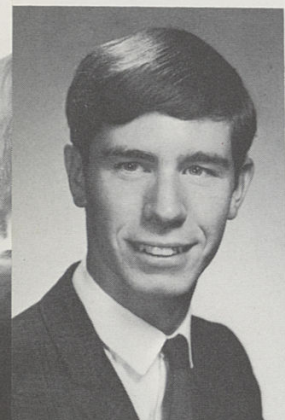
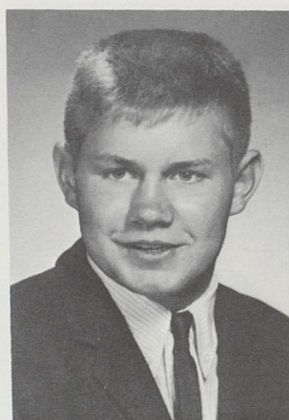




"Chocolate-covered what?"



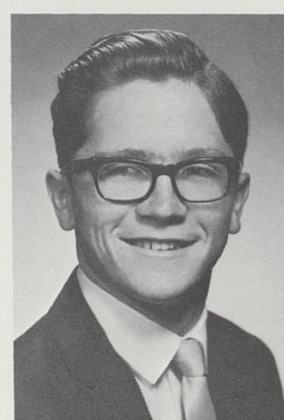
JAMES E.  
WYNNE



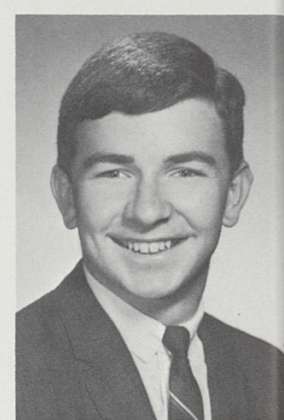
JAMES F.  
YAEGEL



JOHN A.  
YASBECK



CHARLES E.  
ZIMMER



CHARLES J.  
ZIX

Our time had finally come. That moment which had always occupied a portion of our thoughts and dreams had arrived. We had been together for four long years. Or were they so long? All of a sudden they seemed short, too short. We had waited for this event for a long time and now it was here. But we weren't really sure if we wanted it to stay. We weren't really sure if we wanted to give up the school that had been the focal point of our spirit, the rallying point around which we had centered our joys, our fears, our anxieties, and our existence. But most of all we didn't know if we were willing to give up the friendships we had at Moeller. For we all had many, and each one seemed so important.

We had become addicted, in a way, to the class of '68. It was our class. We had watched it germinate, sprout leaves, grow and develop into a giant tree. We didn't want to leave it to die. Yet graduation was here and all ceremonies must come to an end. This one proved no exception.

We all tried to cover our emotions, but it was difficult. It was almost too much saying good-bye to friends we knew we'd never see again. But perhaps most difficult of all was saying good-bye to the class of '68. For we were the class of '68. It seemed as though we were leaving a part of our existence, a part of ourselves, behind. And I guess we really were.

Memories are golden and so is silence. Our class had grown from oblivion and flourished in its glory. But nothing escapes the bonds of time. And soon our senior class was gone. But time can never erase the accomplishments of our class, nor the spirit and heritage of its members, the members of the class of '68.