

The Class Poem

Announcing the class of 1950—
Fifty-eight Seniors who are really nifty.
Agostinelli's first, he's our Joe,
And the best athlete as you know.
Chuck Alexander is a noble soul,
But his line reaches from pole to pole.
Leanoire Barlett, better known as Lee,
Will go very far; just wait and see.
Next in line is Robert Brooks,
Who is always absorbed in his books.
James Callihan is very short,
His personality will shine from port to port.
There's Marvin Clark, who without a doubt,
Is the smartest brain 'round about.
Ronald Crowe is a very nice guy,
He appears timid . . . but is he shy?
There is a little girl who lives by the school,
Donna Davis, by name, she surely is a jewel.
Julia Davis, who comes on the bus,
Is very well known to all of us.
Martin Ericson, never fear,
Will be a success as an engineer.
Shirley Evans is our choice,
When it comes to selecting a beautiful voice.
Next comes Jeannine, whose last name is Fox,
Unlike her sister, she never talks .
Then comes Gathers, Bill the "Pro",
He also belong to the "Bougs", you know.
Virginia Gross is a friendly lass,
We're very glad that she's in our class.
Loquacious Gruebele, whose name is Libby Ann
Is an ardent football and basketball fan.
There's Bill Hannold, who as a tackle does rate;
When it comes to girls, he gives them the gate.
Clayton Harriger, known as "Tex",
Makes a point of ignoring the opposite sex.
To Jim Heasley who is usually driving a truck,
We wish success and lots of luck.
For Bill Helmtoller, editor of this book,
We offer thanks for the work it took.
George Henderson, who is really "swoony",
Could almost pass for Mickey Rooney.
Max Ketner, an Evans fan,
Hopes one day to become a medicine man.
Carefree Howard, whose last name is Kinch,
Thinks getting through school is just a cinch.
Jim Kindel, the class play star,
Works real hard and will go very far.
Edith Kiser, a star athlete,
Is also cute and very sweet..
Donna Kriebel, our small classmate,
Says being a secretary is her fate.
Sheldon Logan, as you know,
Has a voice, second to Perry Como.
Phyllis Mapes, a redhead lass,
Is the A-1 student of our shorthand class.
Marlene McCamant doesn't hesitate,
When she says, "I'm anxious to graduate."
First period Marilyn McEntire doesn't tarry,
She hurries to help in the school library.
Ray McKissick we musn't slight,
'Cause he makes all our classes bright.
Ralph McNutt, a chubby lad,
Is nicknamed "Boob", same as his dad.

Lois Moore, our country will save,
When she finishes school and becomes a WAVE.
Marsue Mortland, a member of the Kitten Team,
Is always friendly and right on the beam.
Freddie Myers, short and sweet,
We agree he's small, but OH! those feet.
Lowell, known as Jeff, the Newell,
Can be found most evenings shooting pool.
Virginia Patton is really a brain,
But she finds her studying is not in vain.
Joan Randolph, we call her "Jo",
Is our favorite "cheer girl" as you know.
Next comes Ann Reed, a studious scholar,
For that remark we expect a dollar.
George Russell, who joined us last year,
Has brought us joy and lots of cheer.
Betty Slater, a shy little gal,
Has to everyone been friend and a pal.
Coming up is one Smith by the name of Fred,
But most people call him "Bucky" instead.
Another Smith with a friendly smile,
To Patty a grin is always in style.
Those two Smiths, the way did pave,
So we could introduce another, — "Wave".
Enough for the Smiths, because next in place,
Is a pert little miss, Alda Space.
Delores Stauffer, witty and jolly,
Answers to friends by the name of "Dolly".
"Stinky", whose name is Lois Sterrett,
Can keep her nickname, no one wants to share it.
Marvis Sterrett is a pretty blonde,
Of whom we have grown very fond.
Jimmy Stewart, an ambitious chap,
Says he hopes to wear his commencement cap.
Quiet, friendly, and pleasant fits well,
For Miss Stringfellow, whose first name is Estelle.
Dean Summerville, known as "Diz",
Unlike his name is really a whizz.
Katie Varner is a wonderful friend,
We hope our friendship will never end.
Next in line is Norma Jean,
She's full of pep, and a sweet little teen.
Vera Wagner is a cute little chit,
This we all know, we don't deny it.
There are no words which will fit the cause,
So let s just say Rozie Wein is "Our Rox".
Carolyn Wensel, if she had a choice,
Would ignore all subjects and major in voice.
Joyce Wilson, who loves to skate,
Tries very hard not to be late.
Last in the poem, but not in the class,
Is Verna Winwood, a smart little lass.
With these closing words, we prepare to depart,
With scores of fond memories tucked in our heart,
We say "Thanks" to our teachers,
Who down through the years,
Have shared our joys and suffered our tears.
The Juniors will now step into our place,
To meet the problems we had to face.
We pass through the doors with one last sob,
Farewell, dear teachers, you've done a fine job.

Norma Jean Thompson

Lois Moore