

CLASS HISTORY

In September of 1933, seven little darlings with shiny faces tripped happily off to school. Little did they know what was in store for them. They were greeted by Miss Higgins but her joy didn't last long. Johnnie Milligan, the freckle-face got hit over the head with a ruler the first day. Among the other shiny faces were: Harvey Kreps, the little tot all the girls were chasing--and still are,

Arlene Bean, the smippy member of the class,

Marylin Colismith, our gullible girl who is still getting jokes played on her.

Lloyd Chadwick, the little chick that grew up to be henpecked,

Catherine Davis, the girl with the black stockings, and Betty Jean Springsteen, the tall quiet girl with the sweet face.

We all managed to make it to the second grade.

In this grade we had a year's relief from Arlene which we did not then fully appreciate. Aside from that, vaccinations, and general devilment the year proved uneventful. Miss Richey saw us through this trying year.

In the third grade the Capps' our talented family, wandered in and they've been wandering in and out ever since. Miss Smith was our teacher--or victim. Take your pick.

A little brown-eyed Kansas girl, Peggy Friend joined us in the fourth grade. All of the boys were in love with Miss McCarthy, our pretty black-haired teacher. It was in this grade that Gladys Capps tackled Oscar Butler. It seems the girls were the best football players in school.

For some strange reason we all got better grades under Miss Kitchly in the fifth grade than we ever had before although many of us bore smudged noses and black stockings, formerly brown, home to our parents, the marks of punishment for showing gum and fooling around in class. The black, by the way, came off of the greasy floor. In this grade our favorite sport was a game of cop and robber

which consisted of the boys chasing the girls or vice versa. Whoever though up that name was slightly misinformed!

Miss Parsons guided us successfully through this grade but brought a lot of extra grief on herself by doling out our favorite punishment in case of mischief. Most of us probably won't admit it but we got into a lot of extra devilment just so we could sit with a member of the opposite sex, much to our apparent grief. Toward the end of the year our teacher got romantic and married Mr. Purvis, our superintendent. Four new members joined the class, Bob Burnett, long and lanky, Tim Lee Dean, the radical Republican, Bernice Zahn, usually cheery but on occasion found to have a black temper, and Duane Ness, the mathematical genius.

With Mr. Schubert's help and as little of our own brain work as possible we managed to sneak into the eighth grade taking Bob Wherry the boy with the girl's complexion and Nova Forgy, nicknamed Red for her unusual blushing ability, with us. Strangely enough Mr. Schubert has now left the teaching profession, for good I hear. He probably couldn't stand the shock of having another class as good as ours.

Eddie Benjamin, the basketball fiend who became a hook-shot artist, Alpha Derrick, short and sweet---anyhow short, and Jay Morrell, the quiet farmer boy joined us in the eighth grade. We probably got into more mischief in this grade than in all the rest of our school life put together and we ran poor Mr. Riggs ragged. Among our meaner tricks were fights, tobacco on the radiators, (in the wintertime, too) tacks in seats and wire shooting. We weren't particular when we fought, either, or whether we did it individually, with other classes or with our teacher. We all enjoyed ourselves.

Three more angels (?) joined our happy little group in the year of our Lord, 1941. These innocents were Bonnie Haylor, who had a terrific quarreling capacity, Corky Flock, the quiet country girl, and Eleanor Joyce, the cutie with the big blue eyes. We had a few scraps

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