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big blue eyes. We had a few scraps with Mrs. Barton, our advisor, but we finally got through the year.

Gerry Wilson, the wolf, and Frances Sorenson, the meek female, joined us in our escapades in our tenth year. As Sophomores we had a lot of fun initiating Freshmen. Otherwise, not a whole lot happened, even though Mr. Kribs, our advisor, and his wife gave us a lot of entertainment by throwing parties and picnics and by producing twins.

Logan Lanham, the boy with the ready wit--three fourths ready, one fourth wit, Marguerite James, our energetic superwoman, very handy to have along on a weiner roast, Margaret Wicks, the girl with the twisted ankle and Josephine Gottsch, a certain soldier's favorite blonde, added their smiling faces to ours last year. This year the school was almost minus a Senior class because we tried too hard to take a Junior sneak in '44 and almost got kicked out. Miss Belnap pulled us through. We sponsored our first play, "Please Mr. Featherway" and the proceeds went toward putting on a lovely Junior-Senior Banquet. For the first time in years our basket ball team went to the state tournament. All in all we had a very eventful year.

Snub-nosed Dorothy Harrell, and Joe Hopper, our one studious member joined us in this, our last year. But we suffered a loss, too, for three of our members who probably would have finished with us, Gerry W., Jay M., and Bob B., now represent us in all three branches of the service, and two of our teachers, Mr. Stokesberry and Mr. Pearson passed away. Our Senior play, Mr. Deane from Lima, was a smashing success, hitting an all time high of close to $130 dollars, and setting a nice example which the Juniors followed. We've had parties and picnics galore this year not to mention our Sneak which we took late in the fall accompanied by our advisor, Mrs. Purkhiser. Many of the girls have blossomed out with diamonds this, just to show how far we really have advanced from the time we took our first feeble steps through the big doors of the old school hours. We hope we can progress as much in the next twelve years.

CLASS SONG

Gather round us, fellow students
Gather round us, while we preach some,
Feel a sermon, coming on us.

The topic is your grades and how to use your haids.
If you want some good advice
Then settle back and just sit tight
While we start reviewing the attitudes of studying right.

You've got to CO-OP-ER-ATE with teachers,
Get along with fellow creatures,
Study hard the English literatures
Don't waste your time in-be-tween.

Have fun but on a maximum,
Keep pranks down to a minimum
Liable to walk upon the scene.

To illustrate our last remark
The ole' swimming hole, a nice shady park.
Where do you go just when class-work seems so dark.

"Kids," we say, "you better ac-cent-tchu-ate Geometry
Acc-omm-o-date the fac-ul-ty,
Latch-on-to trig-on-ometry
Don't let your subjects get you down.
No, don't let your subjects get you down.

We graduate, at least we strive,
Seniors of New Plymouth, Class of forty-five
What have we done, just to make us all survive?

"Folks," we say, "we have gone and captivated history,
Motivated the prophecy,
Bequeathed our only legacy
Now we are starting on our own.
Yes! Now we are starting on our own.

"Did you ever hear about the Scotchman going away and leaving his change on the counter?"
"No, I never have."
"Neither have I."