

# Class History

"We're poor little lambs who have lost our way, Baa! Baa! Baa! Little black sheep who have gone astray, Baa! Baa! Baa!"

Some of us thought that it would be a good idea to adopt this as our class song since it so well fits the situation. Oh—it's not really so bad! we started off as well as any class, but we just got LOST along the way!

We set out as frisky little Freshmen, without a care in the world, but soon we realized that Algebra wasn't as easy as eighth grade arithmetic; so we settled down! Jack Cowan became our class president and urged us all to pay our class dues. Well, some of us paid and some didn't. That was the beginning! We managed to have a dance, though, with spring decorations and a band. In those days the years were long, and our Freshmen year just **dragged** by. Then we were Sophomores!

At our first class meeting, we elected Bob Ehmann as our president and decided that we, certainly, could be a novel class. WE would have a trip to Washington as well as a Culmen, so we raised the Sophomore dues to \$1.00. The Hop was swell—a beautiful combination of Valentines and cupids! But the Hop, it seems, always eats up money, and we ended the year with a deflated treasury but, still, the dream!

In our Junior year we elected Bill Mixon to lead us through the year that proved to be our toughest. We were informed that money-making activities were to be limited; thus, we had only our skating party and our play. Just our luck, skating parties were no longer popular; we made just enough money to cover expenses. The play—"Slice It Thin!"—was the first event that we were really proud of. It was all ours! Our director was sick for quite a while, and most of the credit must be given to Edna Trautmann, Assistant Director, and the cast. Then, the time for the Prom rolled 'round. It was to be on May second. Until a few hours before the dance, we slaved with the decorations that turned out to be the best ever!

As new Seniors, we looked, we acted as superior as any—but the "wolf was knockin' on the door." We made history when we elected all girl officers; Dot Webster was president, JeanAnne Harvey, vice-president, Dot Santo Salvo, secretary, and Grace Rigante had the disheartening job of treasurer. We started a mad race for the money we needed to pay for our Culmen! We sold Christmas cards and magazines, but something was wrong. Like I said, we were LOST—our hearts just weren't in it! The candy committee seemed to be the good shepherds who kept the wolf away! They made most of our money. Then, our big hope! The Senior Play—"You Can't Take It With You." (A good one—'cause we wouldn't have any to take with US!) The cast worked hard and under their capable director, Miss Higgins, they once again made the Class of '48 a happy one. After spring vacation, we sponsored the Senior movie.

June—and we were at the end of it all! We all suddenly found the one, straight road to Commencement and we all stuck together. As usual, we pulled through! So the Prom was a happy time when we, at last, were free of responsibility. We danced until we were tired. Then we went to a number of parties which we, certainly, can NEVER forget.

I guess you're wondering why a history like this had to be written. The answer is simple! This is just a proof that nothing is **ever** hopeless. The way looked dark in the middle of our Senior year—it seemed hopeless, but we see, now, that it all turned out for the best. Our high school years were the happiest we'll ever know. What? Oh, yes—the dream? No, we didn't go to Washington, but our history still isn't fulfilled—we **still** will be a novel class!