

# To the Archies That Follow We Leave Our Heritage

## CLASS HISTORY



In the fall of '46, Freshman we became;  
Four long quarters stretched ahead before we'd win the  
game.

And so we had a huddle then and picked the plan to win  
T formation, T for team—together we'd begin.  
Loumé was our captain first, who urged us on to fight.  
We fought each inch for all class dues to pay for our  
big night.

At last the markers showed FIRST DOWN, well-deserved  
and won.

Shy invitations, juke box theme; our Freshman dance had  
come.

After the quarter, Sophomores at last!  
Before we'd realized it a half year had passed.  
Schiller called signals; our team wouldn't stop  
Till we racked up the touchdowns for our Sophomore hop.  
It was our lucky formal dance; the clovers all around  
Seemed to symbolize the luck our special class had found.  
Already our high school years half gone! We face our  
team and laugh:

Cheer for the nifty class of '50! We're ahead at the half!

A substitution after the half—Fischer entered the fray.  
As juniors, we sold coke at the games and kicked a point  
that way.

Out of the huddle, a masterful play, Stardust, which piled  
up the score.

Prom formation was planned for next and spectators cheered  
for more.

The execution was brilliant; the planning was good  
We decorated madly—worked hard as we could  
The result—a success. Victory o'er the foe  
So far we were winning and one quarter to go.  
The whistle blew for the final play. Loumé again led our  
team.

With candy, cokes, beanies and Christmas cards, we kicked  
off full steam.

The huddle produced this time "What a Life" and what a  
lively play.

Then we were on the last home stretch before graduation day.

The Senior Prom made the final points. Victory was finally  
ours,

Proving that college and business world were both within  
our powers.

And so we hope, through all our lives, this winning streak  
won't stop

That the nifty class of '50 will always come out on top.