



Dear Diary,  
 memories are wonderful things. Someday  
 years from now when proms, plays, class meetings  
 and pep assemblies are for others, we will look back  
 to these years and recall the happiest events of our  
 lives.

As we now look back to the fall of 1947,  
 we see ourselves as a group of frightened and bewildered  
 seventh graders. However, we managed to pass on to the  
 eighth grade where Miss Mingle taught us the U.S. Army's  
 system of volunteering.

Soon ninth grade rolled around and we  
 anxiously awaited our first big dance, "Stardust" (Margaret  
 Jones, our able president, led us on to graduation when  
 we became full-fledged high school students).

As sophomores, it seemed impossible  
 that half of our years at S.P.H.S. were over. When looking  
 around for our leader, we spotted Dave Thompson  
 "Circusella's Ball," was the title for our Sophomore Hop.

Grown up and every inch a junior.  
 That's how we felt in 1951. We started the year off with  
 a bang working diligently on "Every Family Has One," our  
 play with Ken Christiansen, our president, we all helped  
 to make our first prom took on a truly Hawaiian atmosphere.

At last seniors! It hardly seem-  
 ed possible. We could use the senior staff without  
 the threat of having to scrub them and were  
 allowed in the upper halls at noontime. Our  
 big theatrical production, "June Mad," with its mar-  
 velous cast, was the best senior play ever. None  
 of us will ever forget our gorgeous prom and ex-  
 citing banquet. Dick Russell did a fine job as  
 president of school with pleasure.  
 Now that graduation is over, all these  
 sciences are relics of the party. As we  
 say, we will always keep in  
 the class of '53"

