

CLASS HISTORY

When the class of '55 entered through the doors of S.P.H.S. in 1949, it was with confidence rather than fear. We were quite sure that we could easily take things over. Our confidence was shaken somewhat when Miss Leitner promptly referred to us as a "galloping herd of cattle."

In eighth grade Miss Mingle introduced us to the rigors of the "volunteer system." To earn for our school a television set, we begged and salvaged Acme saleslips.

In ninth grade under the leadership of Doug Nettingham, we became initiated into the mysteries of "high school," choosing our own subjects and having our first dance, "Stardust." Our Freshman graduation program won for the school the Freedom Foundation Award. We left behind memories of Junior High and entered into our Sophomore year feeling quite grown up and worldly.

Sophomore—meaning wise fools . . . and weren't we! We made the earthworm and the frog our personal friends and we knew them inside and out. Each girl became a Cinderella when she donned her first formal for "Winter Wonderland."

Junior year brought some completely new experiences. Under the direction of Mr. Limoli, we brought to light our dramatic talents (?) in the Junior Play, "Goodbye My Fancy." The theme of our Junior Prom was "April Showers" and the boys, when they stepped out in their tuxedos, became men, even if it was only for one night.

Seniors at last! Finally we had made it and we were the top men, the ones the underclassmen looked at with awe. We went out of our way to use the senior stairs. The privilege of being in the upper halls before the bell and going to the senior seats in the auditorium with the eyes of the school upon us made us feel as if we'd really arrived. Senior year was such a whirl with candy selling, Senior Play (The Curious Savage), Executive Board meetings, the Banquet, the Senior Ball and finally Graduation.

And now our carefree school days are over; but they will always hold for us those extra special memories forever to be treasured. Now we're ready to go on to greater things. There's a whole world waiting for us and it's all ours to do with what we may. Now we, the class of '55, are leaving and following the others who have gone before us. Don't forget us because we'll never forget you.