

Wouldn't an underclassman like to buy this extra book?' Somehow we pulled through though, and the book got published.

Senior Play was next, and anyone who saw "Curtain Going Up" saw some of the problems of the production enacted in public. Surprisingly enough our play was a financial success, as well as dramatic success. Who would have guessed it when only fourteen tickets had been sold previous to the week before the presentation?

For a while after the Senior Play things were slack. Only the big snowstorm and the Easter vacations broke the dullness. Then April 28 arrived, and with it the Senior Banquet where everyone chuckled over the class will and filled themselves with food and chatter.

Our years were drawing to a close in a hurry. With exams just around the corner, only the Senior Prom remained before we marched down that auditorium aisle to receive our diplomas. All too soon we were dancing the last dance of the big night at Twin Brooks and shortly after making last minute preparations for Baccalaureate and Commencement. It's a sure thing that if ever we felt like a united class or felt close to one another, it was on the night of June 19 when we bade good-bye to dear ole S.P.H.S. and many friends to go out into the world on our own. Our last year had really been the best of all. It hadn't been all play and no work though. The girls had worked hard in History II on their knitting, the boys had done a good job of ruining several ammeters in physics, and most all of us had put an earnest (?) effort into English term topics and gym calisthenics. All told we had had a well-rounded year, and even though some teachers might not agree, we felt fully capable of tackling anything this old world might hold for us.

So, S.P.H.S. is now left for the Class of '57. Don't be too hard on it, for when you leave you'll realize what your years here have meant.

