

Johnnie Ruth Stafford
1947

Cleveland,
Mississippi

Presenting

Memoirs comes again to you,
Enriched, we hope, with charm anew;
Mirroring our high school days.
Our memories will be ever fond,
Intent are we to preserve such bond;
Rare and dear to us, this book portrays
Some treasures of our Senior high
School days.

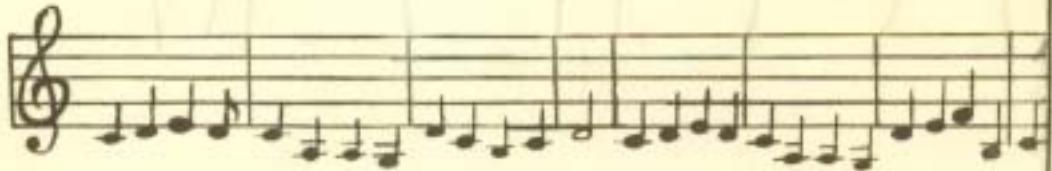


A YEAR BOOK

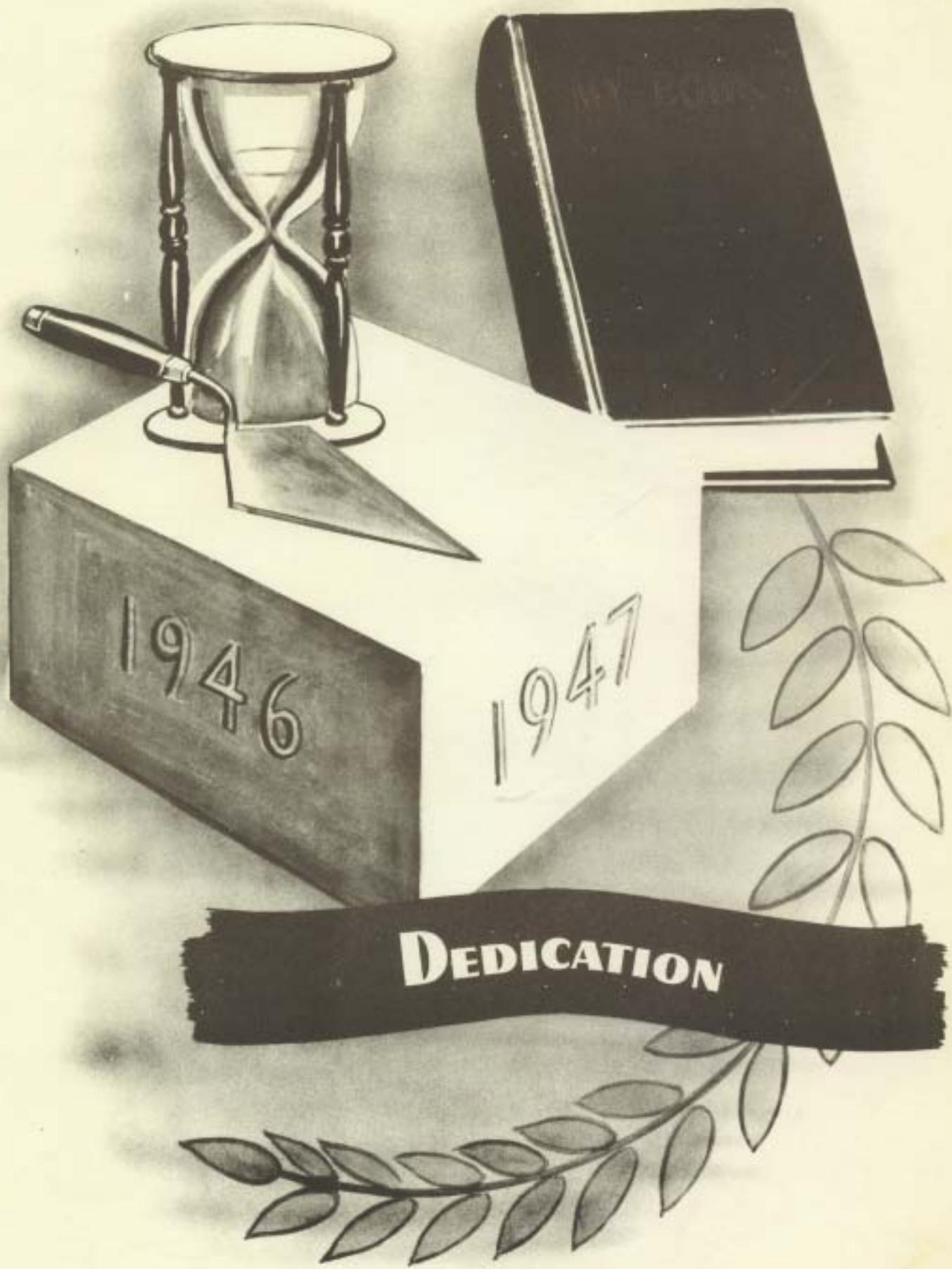
PUBLISHED BY

THE SENIOR CLASS
CLEVELAND HIGH SCHOOL.

*** PORTRAYING
IN WORD AND PICT-
URE, LIFE - AS WE
HAVE BEEN ABLE TO
RECORD IT - AT OUR
ALMA MATER



On the city's northern border reared against the sky,
Proudly stands our Alma Mater as the years go by -
Forward ever be our watchword, Conquer and Prevail,
Hail to thee our Alma Mater, Cleveland High all hail.



DEDICATION

Dedication



We are very proud of Cleveland High, and we are deeply grateful to the guiding spirits whose personalities have made of it the fine school that it is.

Among them is W. J. Parks, our superintendent. He has given generously of both time and thought in administrative directing, but he has never been too busy to learn the names of individual students, and to make them feel an integral part of this school. In his dealings with us, he is understanding and sympathetic. His is a friendly, human touch.

As an expression of deep appreciation, we dedicate our year book to Mr. Parks.

YEARBOOK STAFF



LITERARY STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Lucille Oaks
ART EDITOR Ann Odum
ASSISTANTS:
Don Porter
Mary Laurie Turner
Lillian Dalton
Dorothy Poole
Amelia Horton
Betty Jean Wiggins
Corinne Williford
Mary Jean Simpson
Jeanine Moore

BUSINESS STAFF

BUSINESS MANAGER Bill Thompson
ASSISTANTS:
Pauline Fletcher
Sissy Norman
Peggy Weber
Marvin Barr
Mills Rogers
Alyce West
George Warner
Frances Mullens
Virginia Wilson
Helen Hollowell
Jack Hamilton



ADMINISTRATION

HIGH
SCHOOL
FACULTY



1st Row: Miss Lucy Douglass, Miss Mary Abernethy, Miss Hester Litton, Miss Cora Bobo, Miss Mary Love

2nd Row: Mrs. J. T. Beal, Mrs. F. W. Bishop, Miss Catherine Ward, Mr. W. J. Parks, Mr. W. E. Wilson

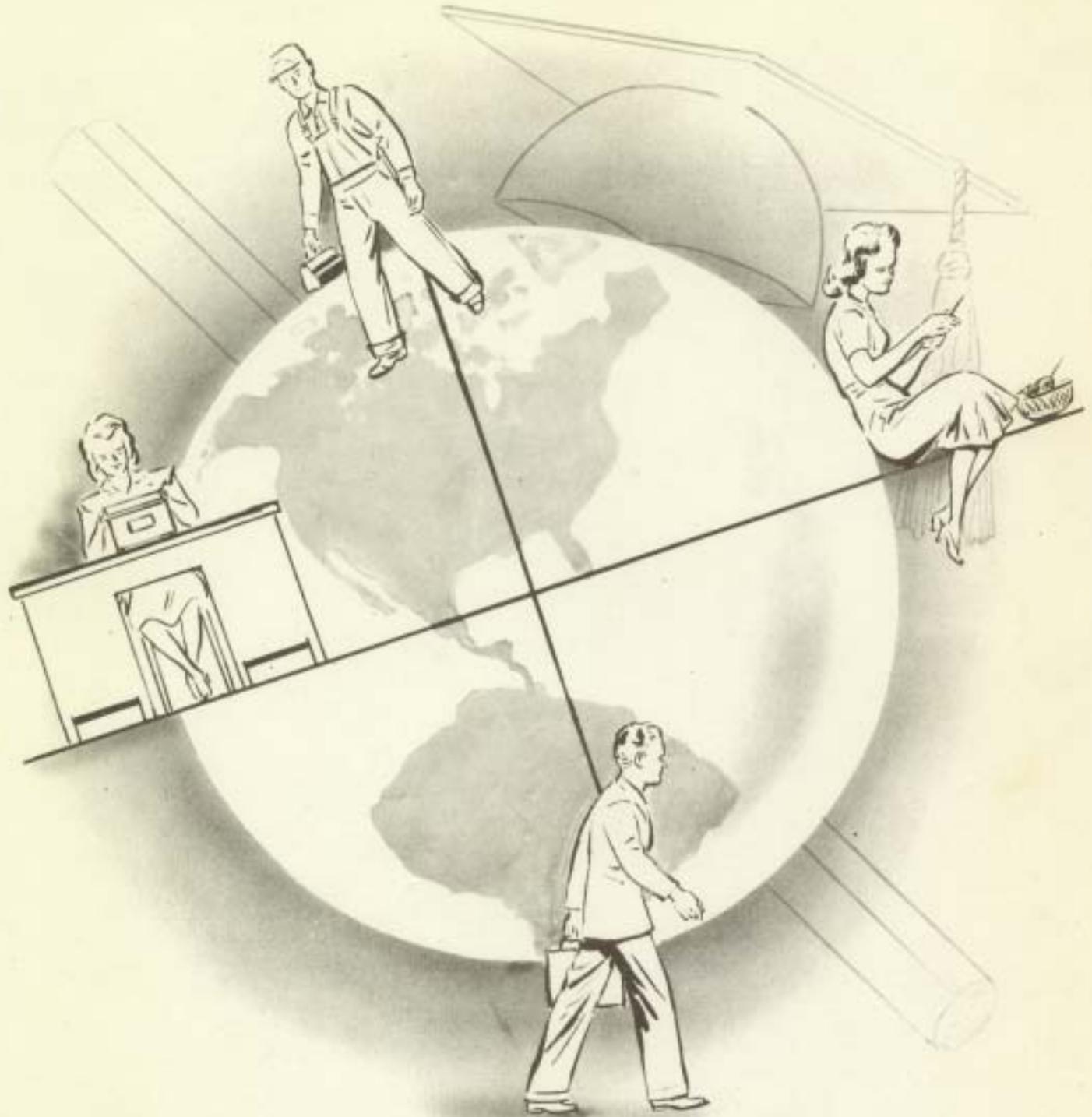
3rd Row: Mr. F. G. Mallick, Miss Margaret Wade, Mr. R. E. Bryson, Mr. R. E. Cassibry, Mr. S. T. Wigley, Mr. William Shaw

Not in picture: Mrs. Augusta Peacock, Mrs. Benny Beach, Mrs. Malcolm Oakman, Mrs. C. K. Glassco



Here's to our teachers,
Who through the years
Have guided us always
Amid laughter and tears.
We pledge them our love.





SENIORS

CLASS OFFICERS

President: Mills Rogers

Vice President: James Hutchison

Secretary: Virginia Wilson



CLASS MOTTO Take the world as you find it, but leave it better.

CLASS FLOWER -Pink rose

CLASS COLORS -Pastels

SPONSORS

Mrs. Kimball Glasco



Miss Margaret Wade



SENIOR CLASS

*Best of luck
to all - Myra*



MARVIN BARR
 "His eyes talk for him."
 Band; 4 H Club; Hi Y; Memoirs Staff;
 Transfer from Pace.



MYRNA BLERRY
 "Man delights not me, no non woman
 neither."
 G.R.; Hobby Club; Pep Squad; Transfer
 from Georgetown.



BOBBY BUFFIN
 "And why I'm so plump the reason I tell
 Who leads a good life is sure to live
 well."
 Chorus; Band; Hi Y; F.F.A.



JOYCE CORK
 "In thy heart the dew of youth."
 G.R.; Pep Squad; 4 H Club; Chorus;
 Hobby Club.



*Jack to you!
"Dene"*

GENE CROUCH
 "My heart is as true as steel."
 G.R.; Pep Squad; Basketball; Chorus;
 Piano.



*Best wishes to
a very sweet girl
Lillian*

LILLIAN DALTON
 "Better late than never."
 Basketball; G.R.; Home Ec Club; Class
 Play; Class Representative; Football
 Queen; Pep Squad; Memoirs Staff.



*Jack & Barb wishes
many of the sweetest
girls all the best*

PHILLIP FARIS
 "Knowledge by suffering entereth."
 Hi Y; Basketball; Football; Track.



Pauline Fletcher

PAULINE FLETCHER
 "Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."
 G.R. (Program Chairman-Treas.); 4 H
 Club (Vice Pres.); Pep Squad; Hobby
 Club.

SENIOR CLASS



T. E. GEESLIN

"It is better to know nothing than to know what ain't so."
Hi Y; Violin; Chorus; Band

What's this we call?"
MARLIN GEORGE

"A Roman thought hath struck him."
Band; Chorus; Hi Y.



MARGARET GRIFFING

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on it."
Pep Squad; G.R.; Girls and Mixed Chorus;
Quartet; Hobby Club.

JACK HAMILTON

"A woman would run through life and watch for such a kind heart."
Football; Boys and Mixed Chorus; Band;
Basketball Manager; Hi Y (Reporter);
Boy Scouts.



LUCILLE HARPER

"Thy hair is like a twilight round thy head."
Home Ec Club; Hobby Club; Transfer
from Pace.

*Best Wishes to a
sweet girl Helen
GK*



ANITA HOUGHTON

"A girl who is the dish for the gods."
G.R.; Pep Squad; Chorus; Track; Basketball;
Class Play; Memiors Staff; Football Maid;
Library Monitor.



JIMMY HUNTER

"Let's have one other gaudy night."
Baseball; Football; Basketball; Hi Y;
Library Monitor; Office Monitor; State
Guard (2nd Lieut.).

Harold Patterson

SENIOR CLASS

Lots of luck
Janner Hutchinson



HAROLD HUTCHISON
"He hath fallen asleep in the afternoon sunshines."
F.F.A.; Band; Chorus; Class Play; Hi Y.



JAMES HUTCHISON
"Hav' more than thou shewest
Speak less than thy knowest."
Hi Y; Band; Chorus; Baseball; Vice Pres.
Class.



HALBERT JENKINS
"A workman who needeth not be unnamed."
F.F.A.; Class Treasurer.



JULIAN LAGRONE
"Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet."
Track; Football; F.F.A.



WILLYM LAND
"Laugh yourself into stitches."
Pep Squad; G.R.; 4 H Club; Hobby Club.



CALVIN LUCAS
"Think twice before you work."
Football; Basketball; Track; Hi Y;
F.F.A.; Chorus; Band.



LOUIS McCLELLAN
"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."
State Guard; Basketball; Track; F.F.A;
Football; Baseball.

SENIOR CLASS

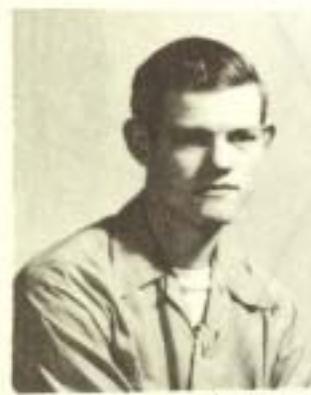
*to a sweet
little girl
McCast'*



BETTY JEAN MCCOOL
"Of manners gentle, of affection mild."
Chorus; Pep Squad; G.R.; Hobby Club.



LUCINE McCLINN
"Though she be but little, she is fierce."
G.R.; Pep Squad; 4 H Club; Chorus;
Hobby Club.



HAROLD MITCHELL
"High erected thoughts seated in the
heart of courtesy."
Football; Basketball; Baseball; F.F.A.;
Transfer from Pace.



JEANINE MOORE
"She has a sweet attractive kind of
grace."
Pep Squad; Cheerleader; G.R. (Sec.);
Class Play; Memoirs Staff; quartet;
Octet; Piano.



FRANCIS MULLINGS
"A good heart worth gold."
G.R.; Pep Squad; 4 H Club.



LUCILLE OAKS
"Loyal hearted, strong of mind."
G.R. (Pres.); Girls and Mixed Chorus;
Sec. Jr. Class; Basketball; Piano (Sr.
Recital, Field Meet); Pep Squad; Class
Play; Library Monitor; Memoirs Editor.



*Gave me good
times since all
these years.
Ann*

ANN ODOM
"Her heart and hand are both open and
both free."
Pep Squad; Cheerleader; G.R. (Sec. and
Treas.); Class Sec. and Treas.; Basket-
ball; Class Play; Football Queen; Staff.



LILLIAN PATE
"She shall have a noble memory."
Pep Squad; Chorus; Home Ec Club; Band;
G.R.; Hobby Club.

*It was my
dear mate
of yours. Love,
Jeanine*

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SENIOR CLASS



DON MORTER

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."
Chorus; State Guard (Lieut.); Memoirs
Staff; Hi Y; Transfer from Cairo, Ill.



MILLS ROGERS

"When duty calls, he will obey."
Football; Track; Basketball; Baseball;
Hi Y (Pres. and Vice Pres.); Staff;
Chorus; Band (Captain); Class Pres.;
Boys State (Lieut. Gov.); Boy Scout.



TOM HINCK

"He speaketh not and yet there lies a
conversation in his eyes."
Football; Band; Chorus; Hi Y; Boy
Scouts; F.F.A.; Baseball.



MARY JEAN SIMPSON

"Happy and from all care I'm free."
Band; Pep Squad; G.R.; Home Ec Club;
Basketball; Play Director; Chorus;
Piano; Speech; Memoirs Staff



LELAND BECKER

"And let all the world know that I am
a lover."
Hi Y (Pres.); Chorus; Class Play; Boy
Scouts; Track; Football; Basketball;
Baseball; Band; State Guard; Monitor.

Johnnie Ruth Stafford
"Oh! I am stabbed with laughter."
Pep Squad; G.R.; Chorus; Hobby Club.



FRANCIS SUMRALL

"Not much talk-a great sweet silence."
Pep Squad; Home Ec Club; G.R.; Hobby
Club.



BILL THOMPSON

"I am not in the roll of common men."
Band (Student Conductor); Football;
Track; Hi Y (Sec.); Vice Pres. Class;
Athletic Manager; Class Play; Memoirs
Business Mgr.; Chorus; Boys State.

SENIOR CLASS



MARY LAURIE TURNER
 "Mingle a little folly with your wisdom."
 G.R.; Chorus; Piano (Senior Recital-Field Meet); Pep Squad; Memoirs Staff.



GEORGE WARNER
 "He was always there with an answer."
 Hi Y; F.F.A.; Chorus; Quartet; Track; Baseball; Band; Class Play; Football; Boy Scouts.

"To a cute little devil -
 Write to me fast K.D.H. Uville
 Love, Peggy"



PEGGY WEBER
 "Peggy Then she will talk."
 G.R.; Band; Memoirs Staff; Transfer from Pace.

To a sweet
 little girl. You
 enjoyed being
 in typing
 + you're
 just
 right!
 Betty Wiggin



BETTY JEAN WIGGINS
 "Give me some music."
 G.R. (Program Chairman); Girls and Mixed Chorus; Quartet; Pep Squad; Class Play; Staff; Girls Octet; Piano (Sr. Recital); Dramatic Club.



DALE WILSON
 "The force of his own merit makes his way."
 Hi Y; F.F.A.; State Guard.



VIRGINIA WILSON
 "Full of what we call sweetness and light."
 G.R. (Pres. and Sec.); Pep Squad; Sec. and Treas. of Class; Dramatic Club; Staff; Class Play; Office Monitor.



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- PIN-UPS Myrna Berry; Tom Rushing
ATHLETES Mary Jean Simpson; Phillip Faries
INTELLECTUAL Lucille Oaks; Bill Thompson
FRIENDLIEST Virginia Wilson; Mills Rogers
WITTIEST Johnnie Ruth Stafford; Tom Rushing
MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED Lucille Oaks; George Warner
MOST CHARMING GIRLS Ann Odom and Jeanine Moore
MOST COURTEOUS BOY Harold Mitchell
MOST VERSATILE Lucille Oaks; Jack Hamilton
BEST DRESSED Helen Hollowell; Leland Speakes
CAMPUS FLIRTS Mary Laurie Turner; Leland Speakes

Dear Amigos,

I couldn't resist the opportunity to have you include a particular one of my experiences in your wonderful book. It happened this way —

One day I went hunting among the swamps and dark OAKS of LEVI-LAND for the strangest of fowls, the GEESLINS. Leaving my new HUDSON at the Sand BARR, I walked to a place near an old HOLLOWELL where I always hunted. Just as I came out of the woods, I saw a young girl about to fall into the grass covered pit. I tried to WARNER by RUSHING forward shouting "TURNER round" at the top of my lungs, but it was of no use. When I arrived, I found her CROUCH-ed on the bottom (LA)GRONE-ing. Shoving a RAIL HEAD into the (MC)COOL depths of the hole, I tried to F(L)ETCHER with the rail but it was too short. I threw her a rope which she tied around her waist.

I had pulled her only halfway out when she screamed, "You SIMPS - ON my word, you're HORTON me."

She was nearly starved and I picked a few BERRY-s for her. When she had rested a minute I asked her, "HAR-OLD are you?"

"HAR-OLD do you think I am?" was her only reply. Then to add to my misery, Game Wardens MULLEN AND WIGGINS came up and informed me that I ODOM a fine for trespassing on the WILSON land. The fine was MOORE than I had with me and she PATE it for me. In doing so she said, "You mean ole (MC)MINN, I'll see that my lawyer SPEAKES to you about this." They thought she was BUF(K)IN until she told them she owned the GRIFFING Polish MILLS. One of the men exclaimed, "WEBER you know," and he pulled the CORK from the FARIES bottle of HARPER-THOMPSON Blended whiskey that you ever saw and PORTER drink for himself.

"Lady, you're nothing but a JENK-IN the world." Taking this for an exit cue, they left. She looked at her HAMILTON watch and exclaimed, "It's getting late. Will you please run me back to town. I'd like to get to the races by six to see that young filly, Lady DALTON, in her debut race."

"So would I. May I take you? I'll have to stop by the house and shave with my new MARLIN and then we're off."

We hurried to the car and found my chauffeur snoring at the wheel. I woke him up with "Home, JAMES!!" and we were on our way.

This trip did not end with the horse races but continued through a happy love-affair, married life and other exciting adventures. If you would like for us to SUMRALL of our experiences up, LUCAS up at our home and we'll spin you a yarn.

Half-wittedly yours,
Senor Quaranta Siete
(SENIOR FORTY-SEVEN)

ARE STUDENTS PEOPLE



There are a number of "types" roaming the halls and inhabiting the classrooms of C. H. S. for which the English language fails to provide adequate description. For lack of a better word, these have become known as characters. Some few, Harold Hutchison for instance, have been here so long they are listed among the assets (?) in the annual financial report to the Board of Trustees.

On entering Coach Wade's homeroom-motto, "Confusion Reigns Supreme" you are immediately struck by the quiet, studious atmosphere, that is, unless you are struck first by something deadlier, such as a flying Literature and Life Book IV or a piece of jagged glass. When the bell rings, if you happen to be an inmate of that particular cell block, you are privileged to witness what is laughingly referred to as the beginning of another school day.

Then comes roll call. The "Calling Of The Names" brings replies ranging from T. E. Geeslin's high-pitched "Haaaaaa" down through the scale and ending with Dutch Rushing's bass "Ughs", which may mean anything.

When Halbert "Pedalin' Down From Merigold" Jenkins' name is reached, no answer. Then Dutch remarks, to the obvious glee of Calvin Lucas and Jack Hamilton that "He died". After searching the rafters and light fixtures for Mary Jean Simpson, it is discovered that she hasn't arrived. Bill "Well It's This Way, Mack" Thompson stops his conversation with Virginia Wilson long to announce to those who do not have access to the light and air that she is loping across the campus.



No, we don't have stoplights in the halls; the vivid splashes of color that meet the eye are John Pace's, Calvin Lucas' and Don Porter's beautiful red shirts. "Long John" started the loud shirt craze, but it was quickly picked up by other members of the sporting element. The pinnacle of glory at C. H. S. is to be termed a "Dead Sport". To achieve this distinction, one must progress through the "Big Deal" stage, then be elevated to the rank of a "Dude". Only upon purchase of a wide-brimmed zoot hat and two loud wool shirts can you be admitted to the sanctified ranks of the "Dead Sports". A few members of this elite group are Bill Byrd, John Fondren, Leland "Speakeasy" Speakes, Jimmy Hudson, and Marlin George.

On the other side of the hall we have our solid geometry class, where the gentle murmur from the pinochle game is disturbed spasmodically by Harlan Lagrone's snoring. He wakes occasionally to

say "But Mister Wilson---- and prove, along with Bill Thompson, that Messrs. Clark and Smith, who wrote the book, were very much in error on several points. Mr. Wilson? He just nods his head and smiles.

For most of us, the third period in the morning is the one we enjoy most. At that time, we have English Literature. Groups of students reclining on the ends of their spines, idly chat and chew gum. We are easily persuaded, under the benevolent guidance of Dear Teacher-armed with the heavy end of a pool cue- to delve into the assortment of neurotics, dope addicts, and eccentrics who seem to have composed the bulk of English poetry. In these hallowed confines, where Betty Wiggins' classic remark about Kelley and Sheats will provide hilarious inspiration for generations to come, we find mementoes left by bygone classmates.

On the desk of George Warner, he of the tall tales and "Swishmaker" stories, may be found the name "Ike". This is all that one Tom Worthington, No. 69696969½, whose parole record shows that he was released unconditionally last year, has to show for many diligent hours of study spent in this self-same room. On another desk may be found the initials M. S., inscribed with loving care by Morris -- Money Mad -- Simpson, who refuses to admit that it was he who threw the match under Bobby Bufkin while "Cookie" was still pouring the gasoline on the draperies of the school. All this for a nominal fee, of course.

At the lunch hour, knowing that all good things must come to an end, we regretfully tear ourselves away, ending for now our Ever-To-Be-Remembered Travels in Guatemala.----Hey, wait a minute, this ain't no Traveltalk!



Not
Poetry,
just prose run mad.



GRADUATION

George Warner

For twelve long years I have worked
Hoping, praying, planning
For this one day.
Many hours, many days
I have dreamed of it.
I have been unhappy and
Happy
In turn.
Would it never come?
What was my destiny?
Was I to be a misfit,
A failure?
That became the burden of my song,
And the refrain beat into my brain,
With each day seeming
To make graduation farther away.

Then — suddenly
It's here!
Strange, but with it comes
No feeling of happiness or joy
At having achieved that which I wanted
I feel ~~the~~ thrill of accomplishment
Or reward.
Instead — nothing
But a feeling of sadness
At leaving — dear friends
And familiar places
To enter a new life.
With only poignant memories
Of the old.
What became of that gladness and joy
I so keenly anticipated?
Why instead do I feel
So sad,
So utterly confused and lost
Now that the day is near,
My Graduation Day?

Tears.....Sadness.....Fears

Laughter.....Joy.....Happiness

Worry.....Fret.....Care—

They are all there,
As we file slowly
Down the long aisle—,

To a smile...a word of greeting...
a handshake...a diploma,

And pass on.
That is all.

We have come so far, for so little

And yet
Who knows?

MEMORIES — Mary Laurie Turner

Oft I'll unpack my trunk of memories,
Those schoolday joys that meant so much to me.
It's brimming o'er with friendships dear
Of girls and boys who'll always seem near.
Packed carefully away with rosemary I'll find
The spirit of teachers — kindly, clever - good and wise,
Who guided me faithfully through all the years,
Through sunshine or rain, in laughter or tears.
In a special little nook all tied in gold,
I'll tuck my treasures of value untold -
Ball games, dances, parades and Rally Day
Christmases aglitter and this glorious May.
I can take them out and count them every one,
And recapture the charm of our schoolday fun
In a magic world of happiness unsung,
Where to live was to be forever young.

TO OUR TEACHERS

Oh, the road of knowledge is long and hard,
And a subject not usually praised by a bard.
In clear, dulcet tones they sing of laughter
 that cheers,
But seldom of youth with its doubts and its
 fears.

Now I'm not a poet, but I'll venture in rhyme,
A toast to our teachers; we think you're fine.
Here's to you who have shown us wisdom and beauty,
Who have taught us obedience and reverence and
 duty.

Mary Laurie Turner

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WE THANK THEE

The sun will rise on the morn,
And touch with its rosy fingertips
The dark spots of the land so we may see.
For this, dear God, we thank Thee.

The noonday sun will shine upon the earth,
Its rays consume hatred and fear.
Beneath the shade of a friendly tree,
We'll rest and muse and commune with Thee.

Into the West the sun will fade,
Trailing clouds of saffron and pink.
The world at rest, our hearts at peace and free,
We'll bow our hearts in thankfulness to Thee.

Harold Mitchell

A TOAST

Here's to our teachers -- a toast!
"The greatest, the best", we'll always boast.
Our sincerest thanks for that wee bit of knowledge
That will carry us from here right on to college.

Here's to our teachers -- love!
You had to push us, you had to shove,
But you were patient and for that, thanks,
We learned to think in spite of our pranks.

Here's to our teachers -- deepest gratitude!
Please forgive us for being rude.
For now, as we look back, we so clearly see
That to you belongs the credit for any success we may be.

Jeanine Moore

FAREWELL

We say farewell to the school we love
We reach for the stars above;
We start our journey on the road to fame,
The unknown to learn, the unconquered to tame.

We leave in sadness but with a will that is strong,
And we sincerely hope that 'ere long,
We can proudly boast to the letter
"We took the world as we found it, but
we left better."

Lillian Dalton

ONE OF THESE DAYS
Mills Rogers

"Forty years ago", that's the way I'll start,
When I tell my grandson the thrilling part
Played by a little boy during his first days in school,
And of how he was punished when he broke a rule.

I'll tell him of the marble games he played,
Barely mentioning that after school he often stayed—
For throwing spitballs and pulling curls,
And otherwise pestering the little girls.

Act Two — the exploits of the football team!
And into his eyes there will come a gleam
Then I'll brag of its glory, its highest score,
And he's sure to say, "Please tell me more."

I'll follow up with the saga of basketball,
Filled with thrills and excitement — the best game of all—
In this sport the lad hurt his knee, I'll say,
And was a hero for a week and a day.

I'll boast just a bit of two grades in one year
And of other highlights in that boy's career;
I'll make no mention of the year he didn't pass
Because he had a crush on a certain little lass.

I'll be sure to remember the Junior Prom,
The proud young man, the beautiful girl on his arm,
That part of the story I'd like to repeat
Unless that smart little guy should suddenly entreat --

"Go on, Grandad, it's time for another act;
There are tears in your eyes and I know for a fact
That there's more you can tell, 'cause he was you,
And that pretty girl was Grandma. Your story is true!!"

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FOLKLORE

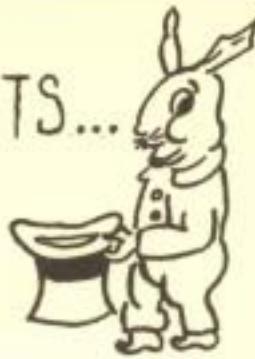
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When our teachers were just those "teen-age" girls,
They wore middies and stockings and had spit-curls;
Not for them bangle bracelets and flaming red lips,
Bobby socks, loafers, and startling finger tips.
They studied hard, paid no attention to lads,
And concentrated on books instead of fads.
They obeyed their teachers, never broke the rules—
How wonderful must have been our teachers' schools!

That's what they say!
But the twinkle in their eyes,
Their patience with us guys,
Tells us this fact:
They were like us in thought and act.
That's what we say!

MOCK TURTLES, WHITE RABBITS...

and US!



The Mock Turtle began his history with these words - he was talking to Alice in Wonderland, of course: "When I was little and lived at the bottom of the sea, I went to school every day. I only took the regular course - reeling and writhing to begin with and then the different branches of Arithmetic - Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision. Later there came Mystery" and the Mock Turtle here began counting off the subjects on his flappers - "Mystery - ancient and modern, with Seaography: then Drawling, Stretching and Faintling in Coils. I never went to the Classical master - he was an old crab, he was, that taught Laughing and Grief."

A strange story, indeed, but no more exciting than the experiences this group has had in a wonderland of our very own, our school.

Funny, isn't it, how time flies? As I recall that crystal clear September morning when some of us in this graduating class mounted the steps of the Pearman Primary School for the first time while others explored the halls of the Hill Demonstration School, it's hard to believe that twelve years, twelve important years of our lives, have passed. It was a new world to us, a world of fascinating little chairs and tables, and all of us at this school were surpassingly happy except Pauline Fletcher. Her sister had to make a cash payment of a penny a day to get her to come to school. Came another year and we arranged our chairs in a semi-circle in the center of the room and listened spellbound to Miss Robb spin fairy tales. Each day we lined up at the door and nodded our heads in the affirmative to her persistent question, "Now who all took a bath last night?" The days and years followed each other in rapid succession; the world was filled with beauty and kindness; our hearts were young and gay. Nine times nine ridiculous things had happened to us long before we had learned to read, master the multiplication tables and complete grammar school. For the first and last time, Tom Rushing evinced a slight interest in education by falling in love with Bettie Jane Tatum.... Maxine McMinn had vowed, when she first heard of homework, that she'd take her books and go right back to Merigold...Jeanine Moore, whose "heart trouble" didn't develop until several years later, had her appendix removed...We made gorgeous geography books for Mrs. Hale and gave the glad hand of welcome to her nephew, Marlin George, who had come down from "up north" to live with "Aunt Birdie"...We acquired a taste for travelling by visiting the zoo and the Pink Palace in Memphis and places of interest in the Capital city of Jackson... Bill Thompson, having attained his eleventh year, announced "now I am a man" and began slicking his hair back in manly fashion...Lillian Pate scored the greatest number of whippings and Bettie Jean McCool promised Mr. Merritt, the hero of all the little girls, one of her pig-tails when she cut them.

For our venture into the strange realm of Junior-High, we were joined by the Dem School gang who began nibbling at mushrooms and knowledge books in 1934 exactly when we did. Leland Speakes, George Warner, and Mills Rogers had already been there a year when the others arrived. They had been retained because they couldn't or wouldn't push the little red wagon together. Leland and George's favorite pastime was biffing each other with gigantic stones; Leland brought live snakes to school and so frightened was Gene Crouch that she said goodby for keeps and enrolled at Pearman Primary. Whenever the Demonstration School had a holiday, Mary Jean Simpson would tag

along with Johnnie Ruth Stafford and spend the day with us. With six ballet and pageant seasons and a number of Christmas stores behind them, Mr. Kethley announced "Sap is rising", and the boys and girls marched up to receive their diplomas at the formal graduation exercises. From that time on, the same little golden-key unlocked the door leading into the magic garden, for the group known today as the Class of '47.

The bells scared the newcomers half out of their wits; they had never before heard one except the old brass hand-ball. And like the Mad Hatter who asked riddles that had no answer, they queried, "Why is it that every desk is fastened on to another fellow's?" We sat in the balcony, back in those far-off days, and looked admiringly down at the wonderful seniors, and we stayed eternally in a quandary concerning that Rally Day Group to which we belonged until Mr. Parks pronounced the ultimatum: "If you're not in Group I, it doesn't matter anyway!" Amelia Horton and Helen Hollowell moved in from Linn - a great day for us because Helen furnished the class with soybeans and suckers - and Lucille Oaks and James Hutchison also joined our ranks. Casualties that year included Leland Speakes, whom Mary Jean Simpson beat black and blue, and Maxine Mc Minn, who fainted dead away when Mrs. Bishop suggested that she read her composition to the class.

The following year Miss Douglas introduced Virginia Wilson, a late arrival from Kosciusko, as "a very intelligent little girl", never dreaming that she was introducing a future Good Citizenship Girl and a winner of the DAR History Award. Mary Jean proved that she was a salesman as well as a slugger and won the coveted radio in the magazine campaign. We had our first taste of band, athletics and lipstick.

When the Caterpillar asked Alice in Wonderland who she was, she replied rather shyly: "I - I hardly know, Sir, just at present. At least I know who I was when I started out on this adventure but I think I must have changed several times since then." And so had we by the time we reached high school. From the matamorphasis of becoming Freshmen, which involved everything from facing a firing line to walking the plank, we emerged somewhat jittery and frayed at the edges only to be confronted with another reign of terror, Miss Ward's steel ruler. The combined stubbornness of youth and the dumbness of Freshmen resulted in an even dozen of us choosing Latin and struggling with the language for two long years. Even with the simple "bee and flower" explanation, neither Mills Rogers nor Ann Odom could ever understand the ways of the ancient Romans.

The following year was generally known as the Litton Era. A tall, lean lad from Lambert, Jack Hamilton, added his name to the roll and has, til this hour, scars to show for his first day as a Sophomore. When the bell rang, he and the other new students - Calvin Lucas, Jimmy Hudson, Mary Laurie Turner and Evelyn Land - got their briefings on the days' routine and somehow managed to survive. The year was packed with excitement: There was our one and only stage production, Goodnight Ladies, in which Lucille played the part of the studious "Lulu" and thus acquired a nickname that has stuck, and over which Miss Ward went slowly mad because she could never teach Tom Rushing - in his role of a dignified professor - to say "by all means" instead of "ball means" ... a number of the girls graduated from Mr. Parks' "Pee Wees" to the third string of the basketball team...George and Leland lived only for the afternoon activity periods. During the Christmas season, they had to go out for tennis; with clock-like regularity they reported (for band - they said - though at the time they didn't own an instrument between them. While Miss Litton sailed over the Pacific with Balboa, we were adventuring, too: Phillip Faries rolled green plums down the aisle and those who hungered had only to intercept them to be filled. When Lillian Dalton threw Evelyn's shoe from the back of the room and

it landed in the waste-basket, Miss Litton left William Bradford standing right where he was - on Plymouth Rock - and took us in hand!

As Juniors, we created a considerable flurry in Wonderland. That was the year of the Great Fire that left standing only the skeleton of our beloved high school, and of the Lesser Fire that licked at Ann Odom's pajama leg~~s~~ and laid her low for weeks. The flames that destroyed the building got the grade books, too, and that was a lucky break for those of us who had been praying for a second chance at four subjects, at least. It was fun to tear through the corridors of Pearman Primary, lugging chairs and desks from school to gym to ag building and back to school again. Ah, there were faculty members who wondered during those hectic days if suicide wouldn't be the better way out. Commuting between classrooms here and at the college became a major sport with a different driver practically every day. Only Don refused to take the wheel, saying each time: "Not Mrs. Porter's little son, Donnie; she likes me all in one piece." Don, by the way, had blown in earlier in the school year from Cairo, Illinois, and other points north, south, east and west. The arrival of Myrna (Pin-up Girl) Berry also made headlines. If it is love that makes the world go round, then that partly accounts for the dizzy whirl that kept us in perpetual motion. Four of our classmates - Doris Sims, Hazel Kerr, Ann Riley and Eularene Mac Arthur - put their best foot forward on the bridal path and landed at the altar. Somehow we managed to salvage enough money from allowances to pay for class rings, we spent a couple of hundred bucks on a "rainbow banquet", we were forced to make a flower chain which the Seniors gave right back to us, and suddenly it was summer and our last real vacation. Dale Wilson, Phillip Faries and T. E. Geeslin had a very full summer as did Bobby Bufkin. The trio put in eight weeks at school, and Bobby put out for California and broke his leg when he hopped a freight train for a return trip.

And now "the time has come", as the Walrus said,

To talk of many things;
Of shoes - and ships - and sealing wax -
Of cabbages and kings -
Of why the sea is boiling hot -
And whether pigs have wings;
Of Seniors with their bag of tricks -
Their trials and their flings."

At the beginning of this, our last year in high school, some of us were lured into Miss Wade's room where the occupational hazard was writer's cramp brought on by copying one hundred times, "I must not talk in my homeroom;" others were driven into Mrs. Glasco's inquisition chamber where flocks of zeros were placed opposite our names for no good reason at all. Four students from Pace - Harold Mitchell, Peggy Weber, Marvin Barr and Lucille Harper - joined us and have added many a thrilling exploit to our far - from - dull history. Peggy is a comely majorette, Marvin a drummer, Harold a football and basketball star - to say nothing of being every girl's idol and Christine Thornton's true love. What fun we've all had together - football games, English tests, basketball tournaments, English tests, trips to Tupelo, Clarksdale, Jackson, and Memphis, English tests, a grand Hallowe'en carnival, English tests, Rally Day -- and English tests....When we gathered with our sister class, the Juniors, at Club '47, we began to realize for the first time that our story in this ~~enchanted~~ spot was rapidly drawing to a close. Bill Thompson, like the Cheshire Cat, believed that "you'll get somewhere, if you walk long enough" and so he trekked daily to the office to check on honor students. Bill got somewhere! Came our sponsor's announcement, "The Yearbook is in the mail," and we began to count our school days with due reverence and regret and to chalk up our marks of distinction in bold red letters. In