

HISTORY

SENIOR CLASS OF 1967

Some class histories have been illustrated, some have been sung, others have simply been read; but we present ours in both prose and song.

In the fall of 1955, a group of unsure young faces first appeared at the Glenville Grades. Of our present class of 44 Seniors, approximately 22 were among them. The first six years are rather hazy in our memories but we can recall clearly the eagerness with which, in 1961, we entered Glenville High School. It took us only a short time to overcome any uncertainties we had about life there and by the eighth grade, due to our uncanny ability to stop talking immediately, we had earned the reputation of being proclaimed, by Mr. Bell, “the class with the fastest brakes.”

Those teachers who have had the distinct privilege of sponsoring our class and molding our most superior characters have been Mrs. Garnett Kennedy, Dr. Darryl “Dike” Goff, Mr. Harry Bush, Mrs. Muriel Currey and the very special honor of holding the reins on the “home stretch” was given to Mrs. Helen Woodford.

Those fast-talking politicians and brilliant young minds who have represented our class interests in the Student Council have been Sue Ann Stalnaker, Anna Jean Maddox, David Ellison, Wayne Mencer, John Marra, Quentin Stewart, and Student Body President Gerald Davis.

And just to show that our class has beauty as well as brains; Pam Turner reigned as Homecoming Queen and our Princesses have been Julia Murin, Brenda Banish, Joanne Harbour and Patricia Luzader.

Glenville has always been known for its fighting Red Terrors and our boys: Pat Harbour, “Paddlefoot” Zirkle, “Gus” Summers, “Pappy” Anderson, “Hawk-Eye” Hawkins, “Tubby” Marra, “Dick” Tennant, “Tangle-foot Jones”, “Dynamite” Smarr and “Wonder-mouse” Barton have helped make this past football season one of the best ever.

Time will not be consumed discussing our basketball successes this year but as Wayne, Pat, and Andy will agree, “You can’t win ‘em all.”

In order to escape the rigors of College-Bound English, Physics and other everyday strains, and to enjoy the great outdoors, many of the senior boys have, after that last bell on Friday, packed their fishing and hunting gear and headed for camp sites at Sutton, or near Cranberry River. Even fourteen inches of snow and Larry Barton’s gourmet meals”, an example of which is “rubber eggs”, could not keep them from nature’s haunts and a week-end of relaxation.

There are many varied incidents which some would like me to skip over, but which, to this author are nevertheless a significant part of our class history.

An outstanding achievement by our dear president, Anna Jean Maddox, took place on June 28, 1965. It was on this day that she secured the coveted possession of a drivers license. As all teen agers are excited with this great accomplishment, so was Anna Jean on “cloud nine”—until that night in February.

So to her we suggest:

Steer, steer, steer your car
Don't be quite so coy
Keep your eyes on the road ahead
Instead of on that boy.

(To the tune of Row, Row, Row Your Boat)

We have all heard the story told that one of our senior Romeos had quite a trying experience on a certain date:

Freddy went a courtin' on this fine night
Uh huh, uh huh
Thought he'd like to visit Kathy dear
Uh huh, uh huh
When he started homeward bound the cows
Started chasin' him round and round
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

(To the tune of Froggy Went a' Courtin')

As we all know, there is a certain teacher in Glenville High School in whose classes chewing gum is a capital offense. One of our more forgetful seniors once unknowingly defied this rule with surprising results:

Julia Murin's throat was sore
So she chewed her Aspergum
All through History test she chewed it
Till her throat became quite numb.
When the history tests were graded
Her hundred was—the only one
Said Mrs. Murphy in amazement,
“Must have been the Aspergum!”

(To the tune of Clementine)

I'm sure this young man will leave “footprints in the sands of time” and he's already suggested on appropriate time—namely—“When Johnny Comes Marching Home.” But, since John Welch is such a terrible heart trasher, we'd like to sing:

Johnny, Johnny, here is my answer true,
Angel would be crazy—ever to marry you.
'Twould not be a stylish marriage
You can't afford a carriage
And I'll be durned if I'll be churned
On a HONDA that's crowded by two. (To the tune of Bicycle Built For Two)

Now many remember Joanne Harbour's experience at Cedar Creek State Park. We've heard of people turning purple with anger and we've heard of others turning green with envy—but we can't say that either of these things caused Joanne's embarrassment. Rather, we think the caretaker must have tripped when he was putting the chlorine in the water:

Down at the Old State Park
Where we have our larks
There she found chlorine
And her skin turned green
She had turned real green
She was sixteen
What a terrible scene
Down at the Old State Park (To the tune of Down by the Old Mill Stream)

Another page in the history of the class of '67 was written by David Ellison and Larry Barton when they made their trips to "Virginny." Believing that the grass is always greener on the other side, they sneered the many lovely lasses near home and strolled across the state border to find their heart thrills. So we may sing:

Carry them back to Old Virginny
That's where Old Larry and our David long to be
Is that where their minds wander yet in the Springtime?
That's where they went, pretty ladies for to see.
(To the tune of Carry Me Back To Old Virginny)

Perhaps some of you will remember the occasional spelling bees in Mrs. Woodford's Junior English Class. This incident happened during one such spelling contest shortly after the now-famous separation of a certain couple.

Oh give me a Word, said Roddy to Kay
A word I can spell with success.
We Juniors were quietly waiting that day
Kay shouted the word "LONELINESS."
(To the tune of Home On the Range)

It seems that this class has had no end of embarrassing incidents. This case of mistaken identities involved our dignified Student Council President Gerald Davis and his right-hand man Quentin "Ted" Stewart—and not so very long ago:

Up front in the lunch line
Stood Gerald and Ted
In slipped Mr. Bell
Also to get fed
He jabbed Gerald's ribs
So he would move on
Gerald thought it was Teddy

