

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. Maribel 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 Stalnsker, Anna Jean Maddix, 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" Girkle, "Gas" Summers, "Papcy" Anderson, "Hawk-eye" Hawkins, "Tubby" Marra, "Dick" Tennant, "Tanglefoot" Jones, "Dynamite" Smarr and "Wonder-mouse" Burton 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 "rober 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 Maddix, took place on June 20, 1965. It was on this day that she secured the coveted possession of a drivers license. As all teenagers are excited

...this great accomplishment, so was Anna seen 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 Romeo's 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 found
uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

(to the tune of Freddy Went a' Courtin')

As we all know, there is a certain teacher in Glenville High School 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 has already suggested one appropriate time--namely--"When Johnny Comes Marching Home." But, since John Rich is such a terrible heart breaker, we'd like to sing:

Johnny, Johnny, here is my answer true,
A gal would be crazy--ever to marry you.
I would not be a stylish marriage
You can't afford a carriage
And I'll be durned if I'll be charned
On a HONDA that's crowded by two.

(to the tune of Bicycle Built For Two)

How 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 those

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
There we have our larks
There she found chlorine
And her skin turned green
'Twas so plain to be seen
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)

Another page in the history of the class of '57 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 may we sing:

Carry them back to Old Virginny
That's where ~~the~~ 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.
The Juniors were quietly waiting that day
Kay shouted the word "LOVELINESS."

(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 now 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
And "laid him one on."

(to the tune of On Top Of Old Slockey)

'Twas too nice day for school
So Kayne skepped a class
Thought Mr. Rhoades wouldn't miss him
If he left quite fast
To the golf course he did wander
Sure he'd not been seen
There stood Mr. Rhoades
On the Seventh Green.

(to the tune of Comin' thru' the rye)

Now we come to a little more recent part of our history. A few months ago one of our senior girls left forever the ranks of the single. Very soon, two more will join her. So to them we sing:

Here comes the bride
Sandy's her name
Pat follows soon and
the next will be Jane.
Best wishes go with them
Happy they will be
I cer-tain-ly hope the next one will be--me!"

(to the tune of Here Comes the Bride)

As our history shows, we have had our proud moments, our amusing moments and ~~pleasant~~ moments which we would sooner forget than remember, but we have astonishingly--survived the "difficult struggle." On May 29th we will be graduated. There will no doubt, be many regrets for some; only a few for others, but all the members of the Senior Class of 1937 leave this last note of encouragement to all the members of the Senior Class of 1938:

There never was a class like our class
In all history
Just how we made it to the finish
Is a mystery
And so to all you plodding Juniors
Don't give up the fight
That Senior English did not kill us,
And your goals in sight!!