

Mary Hedington, short and dark;
A debonair lass is she.
She's often said she'd like to embark
In a certain lad's company.

Down the road we see a car
Sitting in the deep.
It's Dorsey in the ditch again,
Poor coupe almost a heap.

Who is the lass in our school
Who never makes a fuss?
Who is always quiet and gentle voiced;
Mrs. Blickenstaff? No, just Nondas.

Forst Dunnuck, our farmer boy,
Has hopes of someday teaching.
His pupils will be his pride and joy,
If they know what he's preaching.

Carolyn Johnson is a bright lass
With giggles and a grin.
If she tries, we think she'll pass;
A diploma she wants to win.

Who's the star on our basketball team?
Can Emmons be our man?
Junior comes dribbling down the floor
And shoots and misses again.

She changed her name to Hivoly
'Cause Marble sounded flat.
But so that we won't get mixed up
Let's simply call her Pat.

Richard Gibson's Southern accent
Is changing, so they say.
When the Yankee version is complete
He'll talk like us, someday.

In writing letters over seas
Anne Marzke stands alone.
She's got a man in every port,
But can't find one at home.

Who is the smartest in our class,
Who sits on the front seat?
Loren Gorss, like shatter-proof glass,
As strong and durable as sleet.

Let's picket Joyce Elono McIntyre
"Unfair to the Senior Class."
You can't tell where she's looking,
But on tests you're sure she'll pass.

Donald Grubbs, so quiet and shy,
You'd think he might be sore.
Sometimes we wonder, but this is why;
Nobody laughs at his jokes anymore!

The president of our class, we know,
Is Betty Orcutt, spreading fame.
She tries to leave her tomboy ways,
But we're sure she's just the same.

Our crooner and swooner we now introduce,
David Johns, who is known by sight.
His inspiration he does now induce
From the moon over stock yards at night.

City bound is Edna Quier;
Leaving Montana far behind.
Today is her last chance to tell
You folks what's on her mind.

A Plymouth green and shiny;
Bill Lowman's car you see.
No dents has he made in it yet,
He's not at all like me.

One of the players in the band,
Virginia Rush by name;
But since she joined the paper staff,
The band is not the same.

Back from Bourbon there came a man,
With the heft of a tower
And the height of a lamb,
We welcome back Jim Mollonhour.

Now comes Howard's girl Eliner,
For her a ring of the best.
Her birthday is our Commencement,
She herself will tell the rest.

Billy Reed, with his bright red truck,
Hauls ashes and trash to the city dump.
Now what would hap on if he get stuck?
His wheels would spin and the gas he'd pump.

Crocheting is an art indeed,
At least that's what they say.
Delores Shirley, called "Snowball",
Is blond, engaged, and gay.

The artist of our class, Floyd T.
Good natured as a rule;
Kicked out of Lash's class five times,
But still he goes to school.