

called Blimp now, he is so dignified), we walk up Fifth Avenue and look at the stylish dress shops. We window shop at one he mentioned and while we gaze admiringly in the window we notice someone arranging a dainty piece of lingerie. Well, if it isn't our senior class secretary, Phyllis Miller. She recognizes us and beckons for us to come into the store where we learn how Phyllis went to art and designing school, then took up window decorating. She tells us we will find Freda Bent in Washington, D. C., that

she graduated from Haskell Commercial course and is now a private secretary to one of the senators from Alaska. Phyllis couldn't recall his name. We remember how Alaska wanted to become the 49th state in 1949.

We remember that Coon asked us to be his guest at a boxing match in Madison Square Garden, where a big match is being held for lightweight world championship. The crowd applauds and cheers the winner who is the Singing Cowboy Boxer, Danny

"Boxcar" Foster and his trainer Joe Louis. Danny always was a daredevil—remember when he washed the outside of the classroom windows on the second floor?

Let us end this rendezvous by taking a look into the Stork Club. As we enter we hear music. Ah! that voice has a familiar sound and it can belong to no one else than our senior class president, Vernon Lane, who we learn not only vocalizes but is also famous as a drummer, same as he was in Mr. Matt's orchestra in 1949.

CLASS HISTORY

Many moons ago, in the year of 1945 to be exact, seventy green, jittery little Freshies set as their goal graduation, and with that in mind started on their journey with a grim determination to reach that high peak. In spite of the obstacles we know we must face to reach our goal, we were determined to make our first year a success. We began in a business-like way by electing our class officers. As we knew Freshman initiation was just around the corner, we began to prepare for the worst. Finally the day of the great event dawned and we huddled together waiting to learn our fate. The boys were arrayed in slacks and blouses, unmatched shoes on their feet, lips of gorgeous red, their only jewelry being an onion necklace. The giggling girls displayed pigtailed and blackened faces. They were robed in work shirts, shorts, one foot was covered with a rubber while the other wore a dress shoe. The worst was over and the Greenies

went on planning and dreaming. Once we used our acting talent and under the direction of Mrs. Weigel presented a play which, of all things, referred to our immaturity. Our educational trips took us to the State Penitentiary, Deaf School and School for the Blind. In major sports Vernon Lane and Victor Jackson represented the class. Vernon in baseball and track while Victor upheld the honors in basketball and football.

Autumn of 1946 rolled around and this group assembled for the second time. When we reached Chemawa, whom should we find waiting to join us but our classmate John Crane. The thirty members possessed more knowledge of high school affairs so as a group we rolled smoothly along. Once again we elected our class officers to lead our little band to a successful year. To add to the holiday spirit the Sophomores gave a little Christmas play as part of the Yule-tide program. One of our classmates, Jeannie

Halfmoon, was chosen as Chemawa's Birthday Queen while Phyllis Miller and Ernestine Lane were princesses. Our educational trips this year gave us a glimpse of the Paper Mill in Oregon City. In the field of sports we were well represented: William Belgarde, Vernon Lane and Victor Jackson in basketball, William and Vernon in baseball, Victor in track and Jimmie Parker and Victor in football.

September of 1947 found twenty-six of us knocking on the high school door asking for admittance once again. Winona Hall and McNary had by this time become our homes. We were a well organized group by now and willing to carry our responsibilities as upper classmen. As usual we elected our class officers which always served to give greater co-ordination to our class. Our biological trips to Washington Park and to Silver Creek Falls were enjoyed by all. Our annual assembly was in the form of a