



Miss Carter

Though only with us for one year,
We, for her, will give a cheer,
She strives to make us a little smarter,
And we are grateful to Miss Carter.

Ray Bannister

Ray is in dramatics,
Puts the girls in frantics;
He does well in grammatics,
But we think he's just an all around guy.

Audrey Webb

Audrey has a subtle humor,
Career, undecided, is the rumor,
Quiet and serene,
This girl is on the beam.

Murray Morton

I spy with my little eye
The editor of the N.C.I.
He's in dramatics too,
With lots of laughs for me and you.

Joan Benson

Toward "Phys-Ed," Joan is prone,
She loves hours on the phone,
If she's in the gym or at a meeting
The opposition gets a beating.

Myron Belak

Undecided about a profession,
Liked by all the girls in our confession,
For he's got an athletic appeal,
And he will go far, we feel.

Peggy Bjornson

Peggy comes from Iceland,
The land of the midnight sun,
When you look at Peggy,
You think of midnight fun.

Les Keon

Eenni, meeni, minie, mo
Catch a Keon by the toe.
This one turns out to be Less
He will go far, that's our guess.

Donna Pfiefer

Well liked by all is this girl
In matters of love she's quite a pearl.
A comely figure with a face to match
For some lucky boy she's a fine catch.

Lloyd Keon

Here comes the other part,
To give the young girl's hearts a start.
Though he's worth his weight in sterling
His main interest is in curling.

Frances Cheney

Like a mouny is our Fran,
For she always gets her man.
Fran is going in for anurse,
But most of her patients will end in the hears.

Jean Bessier

Is that Jean that I see squinting?
He can't see the teacher's printing.
Jean's from Holland far away,
He steals the girls' hearts away.

Doreen Fripp

Laughing through the halls is Dorcen,
We think she is a real queen;
Skipping classes she thinks is fun,
But from Mr. Harvey has to run.

Pat Brown

Pat just got here from Biggar,
We think she's got a cute figure;
When she looks you in the face
Your heart speeds up a pace.

Metro Chrapko

Metro is a happy boy,
Girls are his worry and his joy,
Metro will a farmer be
And grow the grain for you and me.

