

Senior Class Favorites

ABC's

Athletic
 Best-dressed
 Cool
 Dancers (best)
 Earnest
 Friendly
 Good-looking
 Hard-working
 Intelligent
 Jamin'
 Kind
 Lovers (best couple)
 Musical
 Natural (down-to-earth)
 Outstanding
 Popular
 Quiet
 Respectable
 Studious
 Talented
 Unique
 Versatile
 Will Succeed
 'xciting
 Yelling-est (school spirit)
 Xaniest

BOY

James Howard
 Robert Wilks ✓
 Philip Bass ✓
 Jerrell Dabney
 Gerald Powell
 Robert Early
 Larry Flowers ✓
 James Vontress
 Gerald Powell
 Sam Freeman
 Lawson Crutcher
 Ronnie Caldwell
 Patrick Hughes
 William Camp
 Anthony Alford
 Philip Bass
 Steve White
 Robert Early
 Ronnie Morrison
 Clarence Willis *GA*
 William Camp
 Grady Baccus
 Ronnie Morrison
 Ed Jones *GA*
 Riley Moore
 Fred Richardson

GIRL

Janice James
 Gwen Coleman ✓
 Michal Stephens ✓
 Cynthia Johnson
 Shelia Hardin
 Shirley Wood
 Pamela Patton ✓
 Karen Gaskins
 Sandra Scott
 Cynthia Johnson
 Henri Etta Wallace
 Gwen Baker
 Andrea Walker
 Eva Ferrell
 Shelia Hardin
 Marcia Taylor
 Shelia Jones
 Mary Pearson
 Pearl Davis
Daria Dillard ✓
 Margaret Oldham
 Roma Little
 Pearl Davis
 Marcia Taylor
 Penny Singleton
 Earlene Young

Class Poem 1968

Roosevelt, farewell, as we take
our last walk,
Good-bye, to one and all.
We dare not erase all the things
we have learned,
We'll hold our heads high and
stand tall.

Together we've traveled a very
rough road,
And regretfully the end is here.
Through honors and failures,
we all have trod,
But we'll continue our lives
without fear.

Consider the past when planning
your future,
Think long, hard, and clear.
Remember the errors and mis-
takes you've made,
And evaluate your goals from
there.

That last lingering glance we
hesitantly take,
Of the halls we so long have
filled.
No more, shall we hustle and
bustle about,
No more, shall we have that
great thrill!

So, weep not classmates for
chances gone away!
See what the future holds!
We are not ending but beginning
a job,
So walk forward, be brave, and
be bold!

- Deborah Sims

Farewell Song 1968

(Tune: "Somewhere")

There's a place for us,
Somewhere a job for us,
All we have to do is use the source
from our high school course.

Good times, bad times too, after
we leave our school.
We will try not to close our eyes,
we will fight, with our might.
To be, something that we can be
proud of,
Somewhere, you might hear about us,
somewhere!

Now we start our road,
Yes, now we have to go,
Twelve years ending, some more to
start,
Teachers--we thank you from our heart!
We'll be,

Someone!

Somewhere!

- DARIA DILLARD

My Me

