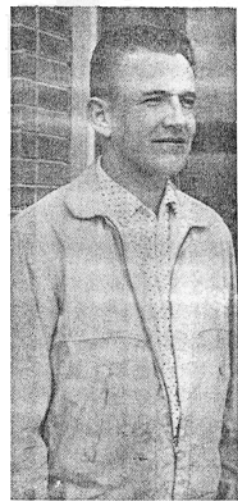


Faculty Votes 'Most Likely to Succeed' Seniors Have Regrets



GERRY DEHNER



RHODA HOLLAND



JOE WEBB

Recently, a number of seniors were asked what they would regret most after graduation. Here are some of their comments and regrets (?):

Steve Miller: "I'll miss those delightful discussions by Mr. Luebchow on everything except physics!"

Sue Humphrey: "I'll regret not marking certain people absent in band — when they are present."

Ron Castor: "I'll miss the daily speeches at track practice."

Janet Ritchhart: "I'll miss seeing all the kids and miss one of my favorite 'male' teachers."

Fred Martin: "I'll miss going to see Mr. Hodgson in the office!"

Carolyn Leonard: "I'll regret leaving all my friends."

Bill Houghton: "I'll miss Mr. Fly's smiling face!"

Ann Hauffe: "I'll miss having to get up at 6:30 every morning!"

Mike Hayes: "I'll regret leaving Mr. Kautz and not having Mr. Hough say, 'Let's throw this open to the class.'"

George Fokorski: "I'll miss my daily nap in Miss Joos' fourth hour class!"

Jeff Frantz: "I will regret that I took so much time from pleasure for studying. Get out and see a movie, they are better than ever!"

Dehner, Holland, Webb Selected as Outstanding Seniors to Represent Graduating Class of 1960

Bearing in mind all the characteristics required to be successful, the faculty voted for three classmates they considered most likely to succeed in life. The three receiving the most votes were Gerry Dehner, Rhoda Holland, and Joe Webb.

Gerry Dehner comments, "I am very honored and happy to have been given such an honor, and I'll try to live up to this honor."

Gerry plans to attend Vanderbilt College in Tennessee and study law.

The University of Illinois is the next stop for Rhoda who plans to go into Elementary Education. When asked how she felt about this honor, Miss Holland stated, "I consider this a great honor and I only hope that I don't let the class of '60 down."

Joe Webb, another of the select three, states, "I only hope that I can accomplish this goal that the faculty has set before me by naming me one of 'Seniors Most Likely to Succeed.' Joe plans to attend summer school at Illinois State Normal and then enter Lincoln Bible Institute in the fall.

Said the absent-minded professor to himself: "Well, I see I have my hat on. Now I wonder if I am going out or coming in."

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They've Been Asked

"What would you do with a Sirdar?"

Carol McGeath: have it teach me to play golf.

Grace Guzzardo: listen to it.

Tom Werth: give it to one of my brothers.

Mary Ruth Fuller: let the "lucky" little thing ride for me in our jeep!

Pam Moriarty: send it to the navy.

Tom Knollenberg: turn it loose in Miss Storch's English class.

Jan Elkins: give it to Bob for graduation.

Libby Stolz: put it in my car. Susan Kinsey: eat it. I guess.

Dorita Gehlbach: stick it in a book.

Dick George: chew it up good. Daria Warner: beats me!

Oddett Turner: put it around my waist and wear it.

Patricia Orr: stab myself with it, because I am so miserable.

Rhoda Holland: wrap it up and give it to Cynthia.

Mr. Ronald Jeffris: hang it! Joe Fouch: give it to "Fats" to help him reduce.

Cynthia Stolz: ship it back to Rhoda.

Kay Miller: pinch it to see if it is real.

Margaret Buchanan: give it to Miss Storch for a going away present.

Oh, by the way a "Sirdar" is a "native chief".

My Stevedore

Once upon a midnight frantie, While I bent with fevered antie, Over many a quaint and hooky volume,

That some teacher had assigned, As I sat there fiercely cramming Suddenly there came a slamming Through my head there came a whamming

And the word— O, Stevedore.

Slowly I was going crazy, My poor eyes were getting hazy, As I wondered where in heaven I had found this "stevedore"

How from a square minus b square, From behind my battered t-square, Up had popped this— Stevedore.

To not a thing was it related, And it ever grew more hated, For my future it was slated In this cursed "stevedore" But I know that all is well now, Sitting in my padded cell now, This strange story I can tell now, Of that haunting taunting word, that— Stevedore.