

ODE TO NCHS CLASS OF 1961

Where have they gone, those fleeting years?
Not just fifty! Even more!
Back to the time when our mothers
First gently coaxed us out the door.

School was waiting, you see,
And teachers too.
And a whole new world
Of things to see and do.

Cloak rooms, story times,
Cots for naps.
The alphabet, numbers,
And toothless gaps.

Show and Tell, recess and Art,
Milk break and music class. (Mildred Lewis)
The school nurse with her purple light-
No ringworm or lice could get past.

Adventures in books,
Friendships sworn.
The bars on the playground
Where dresses got torn.

Valentine boxes,
selling packets of seeds,
Brownies flew up to Girl Scouts
And we grew like weeds.

I walked to school in the morning,
Walked home mid-day for food.
Walked back to school after lunch.
Hey! My exercise plan was GOOD!

Triple ice cream cones at Velvet Freeze,
Wax lips at Anson's store.
Safety patrols on the corners,
Sweet memories, for sure.

And didn't we love
Those teachers so
Who brought forth from us
Things we didn't know we'd know?

Reading, science, history.
Arithmetic, spelling, geography.

And so it went From K thru 8
 Each year taller and gaining weight.
 Honoring our best friend with a friendship ring.
 Oblivious to what the next day would bring.

But our world was structured
 Behind those school doors.
 We were being prepared
 For future horrors
IN HIGH SCHOOL!

Here it is, graduation day. A pretty new dress
 And my very first high heels.
 I receive a handshake and my diploma.
 So this is how it feels.

I AM SO GROWN UP, AND I CAN'T WAIT FOR HIGH SCHOOL!

THREE MONTHS LATER - AND REALITY

Holy cow! This building's huge!
 I'm gonna get lost, I know it.
 I have to find someone who's got this class too
 And walk with them down to it.

OK! Here's the homeroom teacher
 For names from G through K.
 Can you believe there'll be six freshmen Judys
 In the halls every day?

Where did all these students come from?
 I don't see many I know.
 There are freshmen here from other grade schools,
 And grades 10, 11 and 12 are in the flow.

So it's time to make some new friendships.
 Take a chance, Judy – have a go.
 But humiliation and rejection are hovering –
 God, please let them respond nicely to my “hello”.

Each subject of study
 Is in a different room.
 First-day jitters nearly make me ill
 When each teacher spells out GLOOM!

One-piece gymsuits?
 Who dreamed up that fashion? YUK!
 Let me tell you, getting those buttons undone in time
 Is a matter of sheer luck!

Riding on buses
 To games away from home
 99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall –
 Every bus driver’s favorite song. Yeah, right!

Voices hoarse from yelling
 Encouragement to the team.
 Those mighty, fighting Ironmen
 Were out to fulfill a dream.

“You talked to her!” “She spoke to me.”
 Fights for no good reason.
 Bodies changing, emotions too,
 Not a stable season.

Ponytails and beehives,
 Duck tails and the “hoods”.
 Capezios, chinos and saddle shoes.
 Now those were the goods!

Sock hops, Homecoming,
 Which beauty will be queen
 And ride a convertible in the parade
 Where she can be seen?

Pan Lingua, Glee Club,
 Honor Society and FFA.
 Pep rallies, thespians
 Each had their day.

Cheerleaders, study halls,
 And cafeteria food.
 That mac and cheese on Fridays
 Was yum, yum, GOOD!

Hull’s Drive In and Casellas,
 Cruisin’ Steak N Shake.
 Trying to be neutral
 In two friends’ quarrel’s wake.

Respecting teachers
 Though you didn’t like them much.
 Kept you on the “good side”
 And not constantly in “dutch”.

Miss Schmid, Mr. Masters,
 And Roy Dively too.
 Typing class with Hollis Haley,
 Complete with hair of blue.

Duncan Miller, Mrs. Fischer,
 John Swenson, what a hunk!
 George Evans, Mrs. Hammerlund.
 They didn't teach no junk.

Bull Newman, Colene Hoose,
 And shorthand's Nancy Pare.
 Take a moment now and
 Add your favorite right there.

Senior prom and picnic,
 Baccalaureate and Graduation Day.
 Black robes and square hats with orange tassels,
 And once more, we're on our way,

Stepping out into the future
 To find who we are meant to be
 On the journey of our lifetime
 To discover our destiny.

Off to college, jobs, missions,
 Or the military?
 Falling in love and
 Deciding to marry.

Making a home
 For a family –
 A spouse, three kids
 And a menagerie.

Juggling a household
 And working too.
 I've become Super Mom –
 Oh my gosh, who knew!?

World events come and go.
 With ups and downs at home too.
 Some juggling, some struggling,
 Some graying, always praying,
 That we could make it through.

The Civil Rights movement and
 Martin Luther King.
 The assassination of JFK.
 How can we cope with such a dastardly thing?

The Viet Nam war,
 And then Desert Storm too,
 Brought to us by TV and radio
 For an up-close and personal view.

Woodstock , Elvis and the Beatles,
Some think ended too soon.
Star Wars and space stations
And men landing on the moon.

From the invention of The Pill
To National Health Care
From release of Iran hostages
To the 911 scare.

Keeping tabs on the hole in the ozone.
Trying to make everything “green”.
We have CDs, DVDs, and cable
And Xfinity on our screen.

The internet and Facebook
Made the world so very small
With the banking crisis and General Motors and
Bernie Madoff on top of it all.

Days filled with duties
At work and at home,
While the wider world touches
Our lives as it comes

Right into our houses via
TV news ,
Computers, ipods and
The cell phones we use.

So it's the kinder, gentler times
We much prefer to recall,
Like that time our mothers coaxed us out the door
When we were oh so small.

Our history is unique to us,
And the times were much different then.
Most mothers remained in the home
And were waiting at our day's end.

Families did not move around
The way they do these days.
So, many of us shared our schooldays
Since....well, it seems always.

So here we gather, classmates.
We'll reminisce and share,
And remember those who've left us
And are now beyond our care.

**We'll hug and laugh at memories
That made us laugh anon.
NCHS class of 1961 -
God bless us – every one!**

**Normal High we're proud of you.
Loyal to your colors true.
Let us cheer on till the victory's won for orange and black. Rah, Rah, Rah!
Strive on toward that goal you've set.
You'll come out on top, we bet,
If for all your might you Fight! Fight! Fight!
We're back of you Normal High!**