

HAPPY

Best Years

UNIVERSITY



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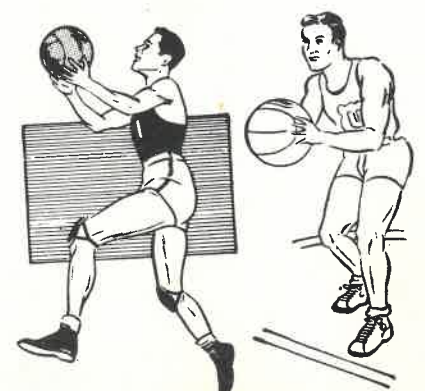
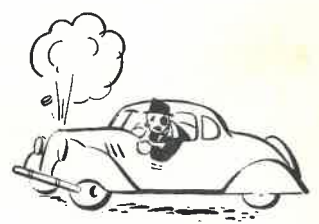
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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
JOAN BALLE
NARROWSBURG, NEW YORK
1951



DEDICATION

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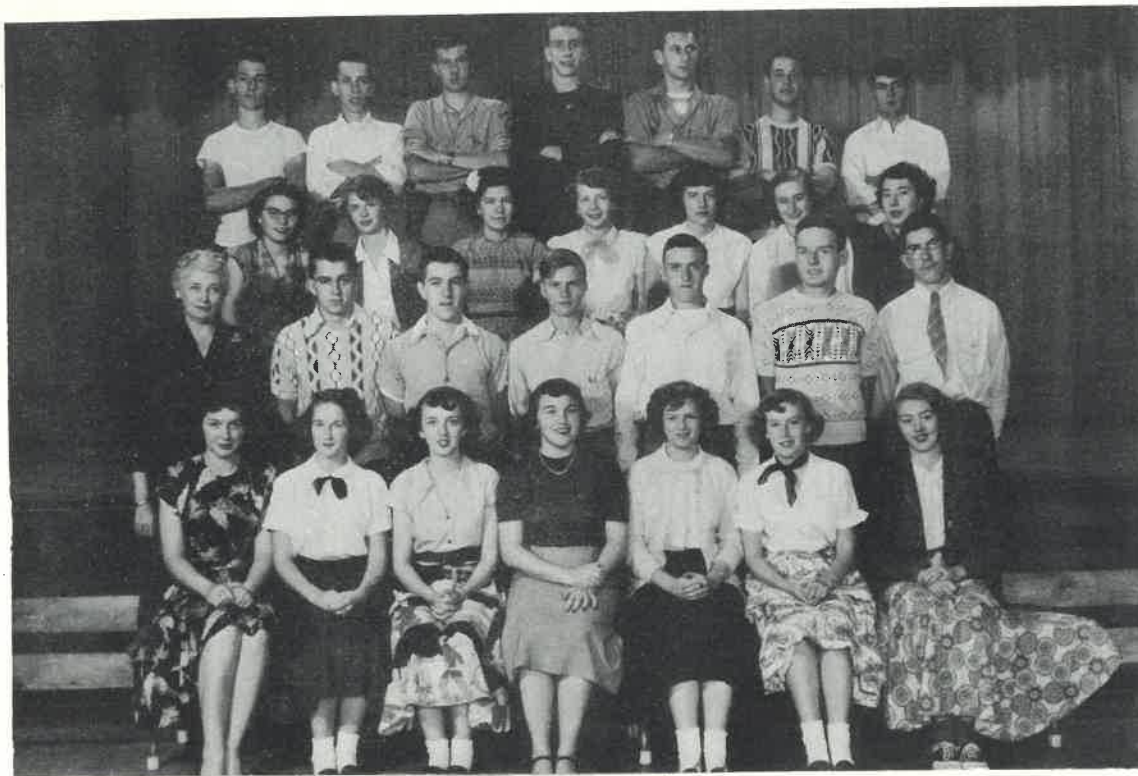
Dedication

Our debt is two-fold: To Mr. Pleviak we owe guidance through our stormy sophomore and junior years, the formative high school years. To his perseverance we accredit our early successes.

To Mrs. Oldfield we owe the final attainment of our stability as a class. Our senior year saw us leave the realm of adolescence and take on the aspect of adults.

We feel that our success is due in great part to our advisors, Mr. Pleviak and Mrs. Oldfield. We say an appreciative, "Thank you".

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FAREWELL

To you, the class of 1951 I owe my N. C. R. S. initiation. You have educated me in many ways and above all have taught me to know you as individuals. For your patience and kindness I shall always be grateful. You have been a class that will represent the American way of life with emphasis on individual liberties yet, you have been able to prove your efforts, assume responsibilities and in both stress and success take events in your stride. As long as you maintain your personal integrity, and masticate ideas before you "swallow" you will be able to adapt yourself to life's vicissitudes.

"This above all:

To thine own self be true,

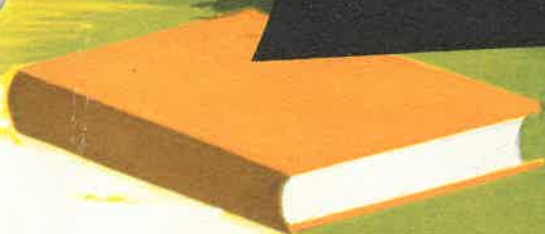
and it must follow, as the night the day

thou cans't not then be false to any man."

Helen Oldfield



ADMINISTRATION





Faculty

Many of our faculty have watched us grow up. Among the "stand-bys" we saw a new face this year—Mrs. Oldfield who came to us from Hawley and seems to be bearing up under the double shock of being made senior advisor and keeping us in step with the times in social class. Mrs. Weber, who is called Miss Brumm more often than not, helped the patient language strugglers. Coach Roberts put us through the 1-2-3-4 and tried to convince us that it was good for the figure. If it was a good book we wanted, Miss Ropke was the gal to see. Mr. Rutz diligently tried to help us get the parts of a leaf into our sometimes sluggish brains. Mr. Hulihan always managed to add a bit of humor to his classes while Mr. Sullivan acted as vocational advisor, course director and disciplinarian. Miss Hutter had the almost impossible job of training our faltering and often off-key voices. Mrs. Baim starts the beginners off right; then Mrs. Hector takes over and Mrs. Schalck gives the third graders the foundations of higher arithmetic. Miss Martin, Mrs. Hankins and Miss Dermody give them the finishing touches before they enter junior high school. Miss Devine (now Mrs. Walsh) found it rather difficult to make us understand that x plus y does not equal $2xy$. Mrs. Schultz has charge of the poster club and seventh grade, and Mr. DeSantis keeps the shop boys from losing fingers in the saws and drills.



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Mrs. Meyer, the school secretary, has proven herself a good substitute nurse when she bandaged our cuts and bruises in the absence of our own R.N., Mrs. Stetka. Mrs. Watson makes our menus, and along with her, Mrs. Dexter and Mrs. Buddenhagen serve our lunches. Tommy Batchelor, our janitor, has spent the best years of his life trying to keep one step ahead of us as we trail papers and dust behind us. And so our faculty; "Semper Paratus."



1951



SENIORS



Jeanne Babel---

Alive, witty and always in a turmoil.
Fun: Horsing around
Fame: Broken glasses
Future: That's obvious

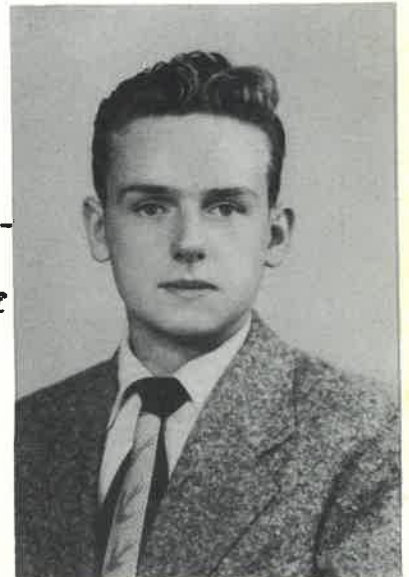


Joan Balle---

Modest but sharp as a whip; That's our Joan who keeps
our books balanced.
Fun: Fooling around
Fame: Yearbook Editor
Future: Work!

John Brand---

Made school history by being elected twice as Pres. of
Student Council.
Fun: Girls
Fame: President of Student Council
Future: Agriculture



Bob Brining---

Harmless, and hopeful; A determined guy with a likeable way.

Fun: Eating
Fame: Wood Houses
Future: Farming



Elwood Carlson---

Our tall blond charmer. Always in the middle of things; Where's theres trouble, there's Doowle.

Fun: Mrs. Oldfield
Fame: Horse laugh
Future: Professional bum

Ken Crandall---

The boy with the big deep voice;wherever there's noise there's Bobo; An irristible guy who is loads of fun.

Fun: The guys
Fame: arguments
Future: Contractor



Don Fisher---

One of those quiet, reliable people who make up that back-bone of the class.

Fun: Women

Fame: Doodle-bug

Future: Chicken farmer



Ellen Frey---

Personality plus---everything harmonizes when "Small Frey's" around.

Fun: Knitting

Fame: Piano

Future: Nursing

John Hector---

-Champion wise-cracker of the Senior Class. You can't have any privacy or pride when Johnnie is around.

Fun: Barnes' truck

Fame: waiting for trains

Future: ???????????????



Betty Ann Crosby---

Our easy-going good, natured-gal. Want something done? Just ask Betty Ann.
Fun: Cooking
Fame: Engaged or not?
Future: Housewife



Joan Crosby---

Beachlake's pride and joy. Tall, blond and giggles.
Fun: Fords
Fame: interest in photography
Future: Being happy

Eddie Daub---

Our athletic star-you can't win an argument when Ed's around.
Fun: Sports
Fame: pitching
Future: Athletic Coach



Joan Holfeld--

-Enjoys her tomboyish reputation, devilish and usually in trouble.
Fun: Clothes
Fame: Dramatic attitude
Future: Nursing



Diane Howald--

-The pixie of the Senior class--Peppy and full of Satan--Infectiously gay--That's Ike.
Fun: After play-practice
Fame: Wink
Future: Prop. of -----



Ida LaBarr--

-Quiet and studious--determined and a whiz at languages.
Fun: Talking
Fame: Gym class
Future: Languages



Maureen Maas--

-A pretty commercial girl who enjoys many a laugh. Shines in Athletics.
Fun: Traveling to Jersey
Fame: Sports
Future: Secretarial



Calton Miller--

-Our whiz at baseball. Wise cracks and girls; provides us with many a laugh during social class
Fun: Wise-cracking
Fame: Baseball
Future: We have yet to know



Joan Neugebauer--

-The small, blonde and serious kid from Beachlake. Her favorite past time is Home Ec.
Fun: Operations
Fame: Outside interest
Future: Beautician



JoAnne Ryder—



-Our sophisticated dark-haired captivity lass; Green eyes that shoot fire and a disposition to match.
Fun: Books and sophisticated clothes
Fame: Long toenails and dangling earrings
Future: Secretarial



Joan Sherger--

-A quizzical expression and rounded eyes. That's our curious Joan.
Fun: Knitting
Fame: Laughs
Future: Secretarial

Ed Stofka--



-Our own Einstien, specializes in straight A's secret formulas, and winning honors--A capable asset to our class and should go far in life.
Fun: Compounding Secret formulas
Fame: Honors
Future: Chemist

Ken Treverton—

-Athletics, yodeling and a variety of women top his hit parade—our man that plays first base.

Fun: Yodel!

Fame: indifference

Future: Baseball



Bill Stiene—

-The pride of the N. H. S. band—"Wild Bill's" talent makes him a popular senior who will go far and accomplish much.

Fun: Fixing his Willy's

Fame: Red Brush

Future: Trucking

Norman Weber—

-His boyish grin and winning personality make him a favorite among his classmates

Fun: Clowning

Fame: His "Chevy"

Future: Cars



Class History

September 1, 1947 saw the class of '51, young chicks just breaking through the shell of awe of high school. But nothing fazed us. We elected Ed Daub, president; Ray Wormuth, "veep"; Joan Balle, secretary; and Maureen Maas, treasurer. But the treasurer was hardly overworked because our treasury was a little on the empty side. But under Mr. Fricke's guidance, we put on a May Pole dance, and the complexion of our treasurer changed considerably; that ruddy glow of filling coffers was for the \$75 that the dance netted. We were on our way to greater things. We ended our initial year by having a class picnic on the "flats". The historic site has since been obliterated by Barnes' house.

September '48 found us a little more eager. Mr. Pleviak was our new advisor with Norm Weber and Ken Crandall serving as president and vice president respectively. Ellen Frey was secretary and Joan Balle was treasurer. We remember our furious class meetings with all the arguments, but we did manage our affairs. That year our two activities were dances: one at Christmas, the other in April. But the dance profits were not what they used to be, and our treasury wasn't exactly overflowing with currency. Our last dance closed our activities for the year: no picnic.

'49 found us jolly juniors--Mr. Pleviak was still our pilot, Ken Crandall moved up to president, Ken Treverton was the V.P., Diane Howald was secretary and Irma Gustafson handled our funds. The traditional rivalry between the juniors and the seniors was the incentive that we needed to put our class on a business basis. Our Halloween dance was reasonably successful; then with the other classes we shared the profit (and the work) of the N.H.S. supper in February. In the spring we took our first fling at the dramatic arts."Seventeen Is Terrific"--and it was. Jeanne Babel was terrific as the rugged maid looking for a mail-order husband. Ed Daub proved his paternal abilities as he soaked his aching feet in a dish pan. Ken Treverton and Joan Holfeld had the ingenue leads--all in all, it spelled success both dramatically and financially.

In June we gave our junior prom--the heaven theme was used; the decorations were angelic and the music--well, maybe not quite heavenly, but good.

Our junior year had been a success. Our treasury was filling, and that was our main interest.

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As seniors we discovered two things: we had a new advisor, Mrs. Oldfield, and we needed money. We wasted no time. Our drive was on: Ray Wormuth was the class "whip" with Irma Gustafson as "veep", Joan Balle was treasurer and Ellen Frey was our secretary.

On October 11 we had Herman Jensen prepare our delicious turkey supper. Everything was just right—including the profit. People packed the Community House, and the chore of washing dishes, setting and waiting on tables was well worth while.

Then, dramatically minded as we had become, "We Shook The Family Tree" and what fell out? A show stopping performance by Joan Holfeld, a superior cast, and good receipts. We had our raffle drawing on Thursday night. Miss Ropke was the winner of the radio, Mrs. Zehner won the mixer, and the rifle was won by a "foreigner", no one local, that is.

It was the year for diamond rings. Betty Anne Crosby was sporting a diamond on her third finger left hand when school opened in September. Then Irma Gustafson became engaged only to leave us in November to become Mrs. Al Hiller. Joan Neugebauer received her ring in the fall, and Diane Howald was next in December. Maureen Maas became engaged at Christmas time to one of the '50 boys, Joe Argila. They should have called us "sparkle-plenty".

Now our only thoughts were Washington. Then it came—a pre-dawn departure, a long ride, and when we arrived, D.C. knew it. We had the usual super time, and the days went by only too quickly and eventfully (see our detailed list of escapades). Then we came home to the serious problem of regents and graduation. Four years seemed a long time in 1947, and it seems long to regard in retrospect, but it was fun. We liked it whether we admit it or not.



Last Will and Testament

We, the class of 1951 of the Narrowsburg Central High School, Narrowsburg, N. Y., being of sound mind and understanding declare the following as our last will and testament:

Don Fisher-Do will and bequeath my quietness to Kenny Hazard.

Robert Brining-Do will and bequeath my bashfulness when difficult situations arise to Don Neering.

Eddie Daub-Do will and bequeath my baseball and basketball abilities to Walter Hankins.

John Brand-Do will and bequeath my curly hair to Mrs. Oldfield.

Bill Stiene-Do will and bequeath my Willys to Henery Peterman-save his shoe leather on those walks to town.

Ken Treverton-Do will and bequeath my good humor to noone, as I plan to take it with me, and my height to anyone who wantsit.

Elwood Carlson-Do will and bequeath my curly hair to all the girls who are buying out the Toni business.

Ken Crandall-Do will and bequeath my masculine voice to John Olver.

E. Stofka-Do will and bequeath my mathematical talents to Alan Sullivan.

John Hector-Do will and bequeath my mail route to Em Knecht so she will get her letters straight from the train.

Maureen Maas-Do will and bequeath my ability to hold a boyfriend to Marian Kennedy

Joan Balle-Do will and bequeath my naive ways to Rena Mae Keesler.

Joan Holfeld-Do will and bequeath my ability to sleep late on school mornings to all the bus people who have to get up early.

Jeanne Babel-Do will and bequeath my scientific abilities to Miss Ropke.

Betty Ann Crosby-Do will and bequeath my musical voice to Lois Dunn.

Joan Crosby-Do will and bequeath my ability to drive a car to Flo. Holfeld.

Norman Weber-Do will and bequeath my lightning speed on the basketball court to Donald Lake.

Calton Miller-Do will and bequeath my ability to get out of the teachers way to Bobbie Laariman.

Joan Sherger-Do will and bequeath my drawing ability to my sister Carol so as to keep it in the family.

Joan Neugebauer-Do will and bequeath my ability to keep a boyfriend under hand to Loretta Schiebling.

Ida LaBarr-Do will and bequeath my shyness to Joan Spettigue.

Diane Howald-Do will and bequeath my flighty ways and answers to all questions to Claudine Rapp.

JoAnne Ryder-Do will and bequeath my long fingernails to Martin Abel.

Ellen Frey-Do will and bequeath my stool in the Glee Clubs to Betty Ann Meckle.

Roberta Wilson-Do will and bequeath my quiet dignity to Janet Moore.

Ray Wormoth-Do will and bequeath my quietness to Evelyn Sheard.

The Class of '51 does will and bequeath;

Our constant bickering to the future senior class

Acting abilities to the Junior Class

To Miss Ropke, a book on 101 ways to make seniors learn their play parts.

To bus drivers, buses that are not always breaking down.

Signed in the presence of,
Albert Einstien
Mickey Mouse

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Prophecy

The time is 1961, the place the famous "Oasis" and the occasion is the reunion of the class of '51. We are noting our advancements and we see; Norman Weber fixing cars at his garage and doing a bit of hell driving on the side.

Calton Miller outfielding for the Giants and going to the top as a pitcher. Versatile, isn't he?

Billie Stiene minding his half of the Weber-Stiene garage business. He is now contemplating building up a trucking business on the side.

Diane Howald making her way to the top of the social register, but still the same effervescent Diane.

Ellen Frey superintending the whole Binghamton State Hospital. She took over in 1959 when she graduated with top honors.

Roberta Wilson on her ranch in Colorado tending her horses, husband, and a lot of little Nichols.

Joan Neugabaur washing and setting Rain-In-The-Face's black silk hair at the Arizona Indian reservation.

Den Treverton keeping the Marine aviators flying. He's chief mechanic at Parris Island.

Joan Sherger buying out the manufacturers for her little dress shop on mainstreet of Honesdale.

Ray Wormouth working his way up to being president of the U. S. He started when he was voted president of the Class of 1951.

Ida LaBarr taking care of her father's business and speaking Spanish to the customers.

JoAnne Ryder happily married and deciding to run for president of her "Society Plus Club" next time.

Joan Balle plugging away at the telephone job she holds in the Empire State Building while waiting for the marines to land.

E. J. Stofka's name in headlines. His hydro-atomic super bomb has just made a successful explosim on a secret island in the Pacific.

John Hector receiving the Congressional Medal on Honor for his exceptional performance of duties in his ten years of Army life.

Maureen Maas just deciding they are "Cheaper by the Dozen". Children that is.

Joan Holfeld didn't show up as she is on a "Slow Boat To China" with the Navy Nurses.

Jean Babel's name also is hitting the headlines with explosions. She just blew up the college laboratory where she teaches trying to prove that her home made mixture wouldn't explode.

Betty Ann Crosby singing with her brother-in-law's band while waiting for her husband to come back from a mission with the National Guard.

Joan Crosby as a successful wife, secretary, and photographer's model.

Don Fisher as a happy chicken farmer(not saying what kind of chickens!)

John Brand as a determined multi-millionaire farmer who is trying for president next year.

Elwood Carlson as a chicken farmer for snickers and a professional ping pong player on the side.

Bob Brining managing almost all the hotel business in Lake Huntington. He bought everyone out in 1955 when he inherited a huge sum of money from a rich uncle.

Eddie Daub coaching a N.H.S. and making the coming season of basket ball look as if a champion cup is in order for the team.

Ken Crandall running his steam shovel on the new road between South America and Alaska.

WASHINGTON TRIP

Can you ever, in all your life, imagine our being peppy? Seniors getting up at 3:30 in the morning and dressing by the golden beams of the moon? No? Well, we did, which goes to prove that anything can happen. The fateful day was March 26 and we were all pop-eyed with excitement. The reason? The annual Washington trip, of course.

At 5:15 we boarded our bus and shoved off for Hawley where Mrs. Oldfield fell aboard at 6 A.M. At 7:30, the sun came up, the bus broke down and there we were, all 25 of us, stranded in Scranton. While waiting for repairs, we gained an overflow of 12 students from the Hancock bus. Doowle and Treverton acquired a new motto: "The more girls, the merrier" and believe me, they really had a jolly time for themselves.

Once again we boarded our groaning bus and shoved off for Harrisburg where we planned to tour the state capitol. En route, the more ambitious part of our crew played cards while the rest of us sprawled around eating jelly beans. Mr. Hulihan was quite put out when Ken Crandall devoured all the red ones at one gulp. He didn't like the others, so he went jellybeanless, poor soul!

At the capitol, we all drooled over the 18K gold plate that sheathed every wall. We were all fascinated especially when our guide showed us pussy cats, butterflies, santa clauses and other things of interest to students with low IQ's.

From the capitol we pushed on to Gettysburg where we launched upon the traditional meatloaf, peas and icecream. After gaining sufficient nourishment, off we went to the battlefield. Our guide, a very anti-yankee Southerner, rattled off the maneuvers, figures and accounts of battles and monuments at a furious rate. He wanted to get rid of us, no doubt. After snapping a few pictures and hearing all about poor Jenny Wade who, after being riddled with rebel cannon balls fell into a tub of bread dough, we settled back for the last plunge to Washington, the mecca of our dreams for these past four years.

At 6:30 we arrived at our destination, the Hotel Annapolis where we had quite a few difficulties wedging ourselves through the 45 thousand other fellow-travelers that filled the lobby. We finally got to our rooms which reminded us, appropriately enough, of a monastery cell. We had orders to be downstairs at 7 sharp for dinner at the Lotus Club. Those who could find room for both themselves and their luggage considered themselves fortunate.

At the Lotus Club, Bill, Jeanne, Diane and Norman had their pictures taken at the table. Diane was furious when she discovered that there was a smear across her face, but as Mr. Hulihan said, "That's no smear; that's Weber". How about it, Norm? After dinner some of us went to the movies while the more ambitious toured Washington, (on foot) They brought back a few souvenirs to the tune of blisters, bunions and corns. We all checked in a little after 12.

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The next morning, we were up bright and early (through no fault of our own) and after applying our corn plasters, assembled in the dining room where we breakfasted foally on some nice gooey, dehydrated scrambled eggs. Those with squeemish stomachs settled for black coffee.

At 8:00 we hopped aboard our tired bus and off we went to the Capitol building. After our tour through the building we had our group picture taken. One, two, three--CHEESE. The results proved drastic. We all looked consumptive.

Due to the fact that we, the class of '51, are such big wheels, Mrs. Katherine St. George, representative for the 29 district, invited us to a luncheon at the Capitol. She was not there herself due to the Easter vacation, but we had a good time, regardless. We figured that we were rather important, which of course, we are. Ida and Elwood's sleight of hand really paid off. They copped a carnation for each one of us from the table decorations. When we returned to the bus, we found two heads missing. Those heads belonged to Joan Balle and Joan Holfeld who had, somehow or other, lost themselves in the Capitol building. We couldn't wait, so we proceeded to the FBI without them. Ida, up to this point, hadn't liked anything: the bus, the long trip, Gettysburg, the hotel, her bed, the color of the room, the bus driver, the air, the food and practically everything else was "stinky" according to her. At the FBI, however, a change occurred. She took a sudden shine to the guide. She walked right behind him and kept saying, "Tell me more". Wonder what he was telling her! At last we left the building with Ida lingering behind to bid her knight a regretful farewell. From the FBI we traveled to the Franciscan monastery. It was here that Mrs. Oldfield "got religion" as she put it.

We returned once again to the Annapolis for dinner. Later we found out that the regulations of said establishment were no radio after 12, no noise, and worst of all, all girls were to remain on the seventh floor and all boys on the second, and woe unto any of the wrong sex found tresspassing on either floor. "Ha", we said as we tossed the regulations into the waste basket, "who do they think they're kidding?" Unfortunately, however, someone had tipped off the house detectives as to the arrival of the Narrowsburg group, and the hotel had arranged for a whole army of them to greet us. They loved us so much that they couldn't bring themselves to tear away from us. They followed us up and down in the elevators, hounded us through the halls and watched us eat the peas that accompanied every meal. Incidentally, we were quite fond of them, too. (the peas, not the detectives.)

A tour of the Congressional Library had been planned for that evening; back we trooped into our cozy bus again. Before we started out, two little colored boys sneaked into the bus and sang and danced for us. "How sweet!" we said. Then they passed the hat.

We returned from the library about 9:00. A party had been planned in Room 204, but the house detectives were sniffing at our heels like a pack of bloodhounds, so we finally gave up in despair and went to our rooms. Then Joanne had a bright idea. "What about the fire escape?" "A stroke of genius, Joanne" we whispered. "Elementary, dear friends. Come!!

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Shall we proceed?" Proceed we did, and a good time was had by all. John Brand was the life of the party with his wisecracks and hilarious actions. When the bed fell down on him, we decided the party was getting too rough, so we said our good-nights.

Later on that same morning, we crawled out of the feather beds and prepared ourselves for another day of tedious sight-seeing. The day before we had stalked through miles of corridors, viewed the size, color, cost, shape and durability of every square inch of marble in Washington, and trudged up and down thousands of weary steps. If a building didn't have at least 12 flights of stairs for us to fall up, we didn't bother to investigate the premises. And so we assured ourselves that as there was very little marble in Washington that we hadn't seen, the day would be a comparatively easy one. Ha! For breakfast we were in for a surprise: no peas. Goody, goody. We had some more dehydrated eggs instead. How nice!

That morning we traveled to Alexandria, an old town just crawling with history, and then on to Mt. Vernon where we were let loose, so to speak. Wonder of wonders, we didn't have a guide. Some sweet person, probably Calton, tried very hard to push John Hector into the Potomac. Now who would want to do such a thing, especially to John of all people?

After dinner at the Annapolis, we all piled into our bus again, this time to visit the Bureau of Printing and Engraving where we discovered that no souvenirs were given out on Wednesdays. Terribly hurt, we left the building and proceeded to the Washington Monument where we were given strict orders to use the elevator both ways. Doubting the validity of the guide's advice concerning the number of steps, Maureen, Ellen, Roberta, Jeanne, Ken Crandall, John Hector, Ike, Norman and Calton trudged down. Ellen and Ken counted only 897 steps, but maybe there's something wrong with them--or is it the guide? Who can tell?

After our brief sojourn at the monument, we discovered, much to our relief, that the rest of the afternoon was free. Some of us went to see the parade in honor of President Auriol who had just arrived in Washington from France, while others not wishing to be mangled, went back to the hotel to catch up on some sleep.

That evening a party was planned but no one showed up but the house detectives. They were so peeved to find that we had given them the slip that they sat in the lobby all night just waiting to see if we'd be back by 1 A.M.--curfew time. Of course we were.

Eight o'clock, Thursday morning found a lobby full of luggage and tired, bedraggled looking Narrowsburgites. After another mad tussle with messy scrambled eggs, we picked up our luggage, blew kisses to the house detective and were on our way once more in our faithful old bus.



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We seniors, being the soul of ambition, slept our way through the outskirts of Washington and through Baltimore and Philadelphia. Ed Stofka, our quiz kid, tallied up the hours of sleep we had had during our stay in Washington. It came out to be nine hours, fifteen minutes and two seconds. We wondered whether we had set a record or something. We woke up, however, in time to eat more peas at the Penn-Sheraton Hotel. We dropped Ellen off in Philly to visit her family and then, once more, we were on our way. None of us could sleep any longer as we were all suffering from inPEAgestion so we sang instead. By the time we reached Stroudsborg, Mrs. Oldfield had wads of cotton stuffed into her ears to shut out the sound of Crandall's booming voice.

At the American Hotel in Stroudsborg, we had the best meal since we left home: turkey, waffles and peas! It was here that Dave Weiss bid us goodby and goodluck while Jeanne thanked him for the lovely pea tour we had been on.

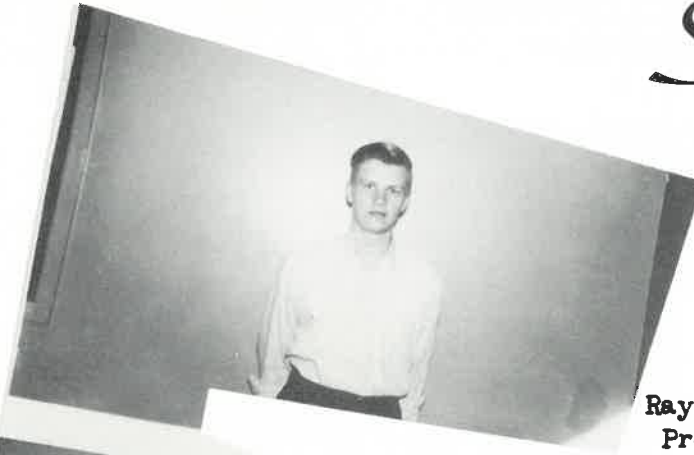
After a few more hours, we reached the marbleless town of Narrowsburg, gathered our luggage and bid our fellow travelers farewell. We all agreed that we wouldn't have missed Washington for the world, but why, oh why, all those marble steps?



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Senior Class Officers



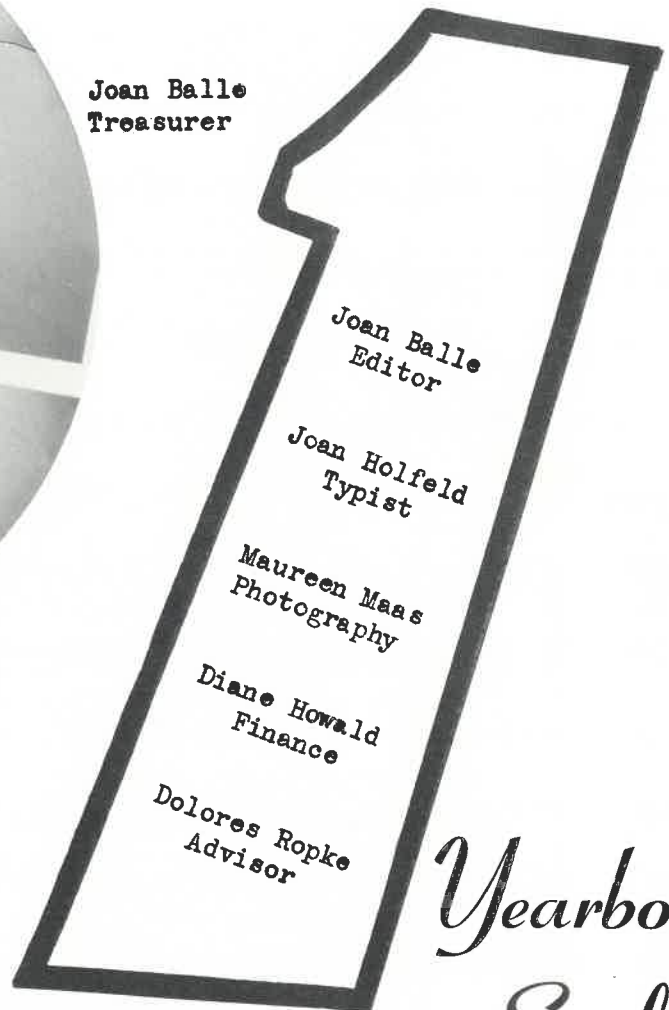
Ray Wormuth
President



Joan Balle
Treasurer



Ellen Frey
Secretary



Joan Balle
Editor

Joan Holfeld
Typist

Maureen Maas
Photography

Diane Howald
Finance

Dolores Ropke
Advisor

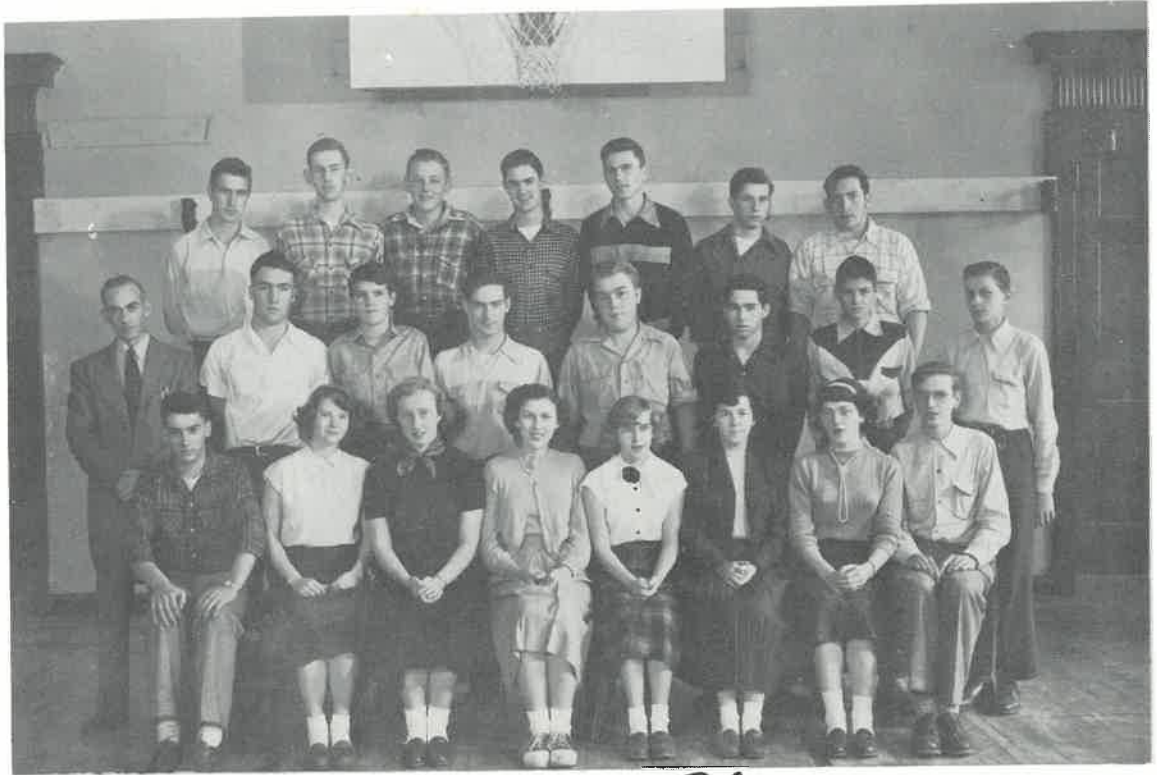
Yearbook Staff

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JUNIORS

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Junior Class

Mr. Hulihan bought a new house. Now we are waiting for him to buy a bus to take his wife and offspring out.

Under the supervision of Mr. Hulihan the junior Class started the year off with a bang by electing Marty Abel president, Alan Sullivan vice-president, Janet Moore secretary; William LaBarr treasurer.

Our first activity was a good old fashioned square-dance. To be different the decorations of corn stalks, old wagon wheels, pumpkins or anything cheap were used. The music was good, the crowd was lively and black and blue marks were profuse! The Barn Dance rated as one of the top entertainments of the year. In the spring we presented a successful Junior Prom.

Now for idle chatter; Henry and Claudine have stopped flirting; Rosella Troop deceived all the old maids in class when she received her diamond from her sailor. Alan is still going to Honesdale several nights a week and Janet and Flo are still going.....



SOPHOMORES





Sophomore Class

The class of '53 under the direction of Miss Devine, was organized in the fall, officers were elected at the first meeting. Robert Huebner heads the class as president, Douglas Hallock's vice president, Brian Murphy is secretary and Loretta Schiebling is treasurer. Donald Vaupel is the Sophomore representative to the student council.

We had another election and decided to adopt the class fined system. The fines range from one cent to five cents for minor offenses. The highest fine is ten cents-for swearing. The proceeds go to our class treasury and this will be used for the Washington trip. Herman Neugebauer heads the fines committee. Three other members assist him; Emily Knecht, Ruby Kraus and Rudy Buettner.

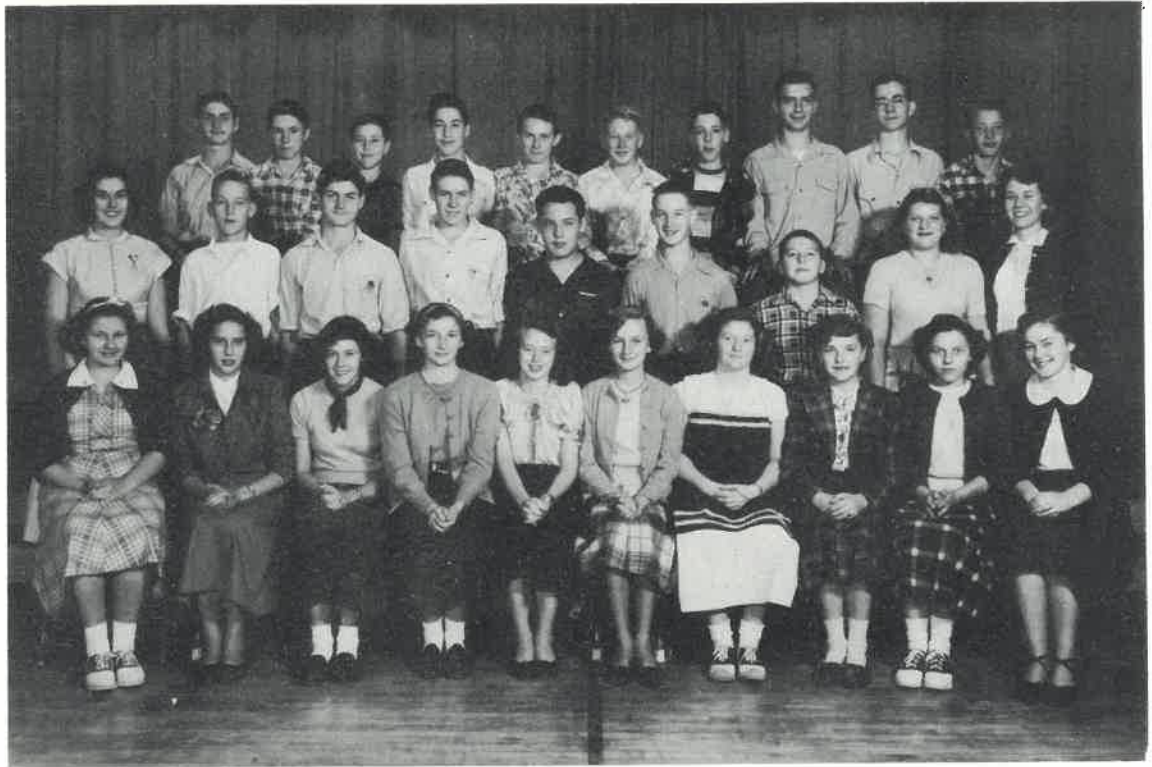
On December 20, our class had our first dance, the annual Snow Ball Dance. Madeline's orchestra supplied the music for round and square dancing.

(Over Christmas our advisor became Mrs. Robert Walsh, but she returned in January to guide us through our Sophomore year.)

For a second event, the class had originally planned a hard luck dance on April 13, but these plans were changed in January when the class decided that a supper would be a more profitable activity. As we go to press, plans are being made for an unidentified kind of supper on April 11.



FRESHMEN



Freshmen

"May I interview you?" says Rose Marie Prochnow. "Bang! Bang! I'm the shooting prone," says Floyd Roberts. "Hip, hip hooray!" shouts Frances Cullen.

Judging by the above exclamations one can tell that this year's Frosh, under the advisorship of Mrs. Weber, did not sit back and do nothing. Rosie represented us in the Blue and Gold, Francis on the cheer-leading squad and Floyd along with Ella Miller, Carol Sherger, Paul Furk and Evelyn Sheard made Rifle Club.

This group of Frosh also got off to a good start by having Student council approve their May 4th dance date. The traditional May Dance, proved to be very successful both in adding to our treasury and in introducing us to the ways of the activity world.

Mrs. Oldfield helped us believe the every day monotony of the text book by taking us to Albany where we saw the Legislature, Educational building and Museums.

Class officers are: President-Judith Meyer, Vice president-Rose Marie Prochnow, Secretary-Betty Ann Meckle, Treasurer-Frances Cullen, Student Council representative-Floyd Roberts.



JUNIOR HIGH



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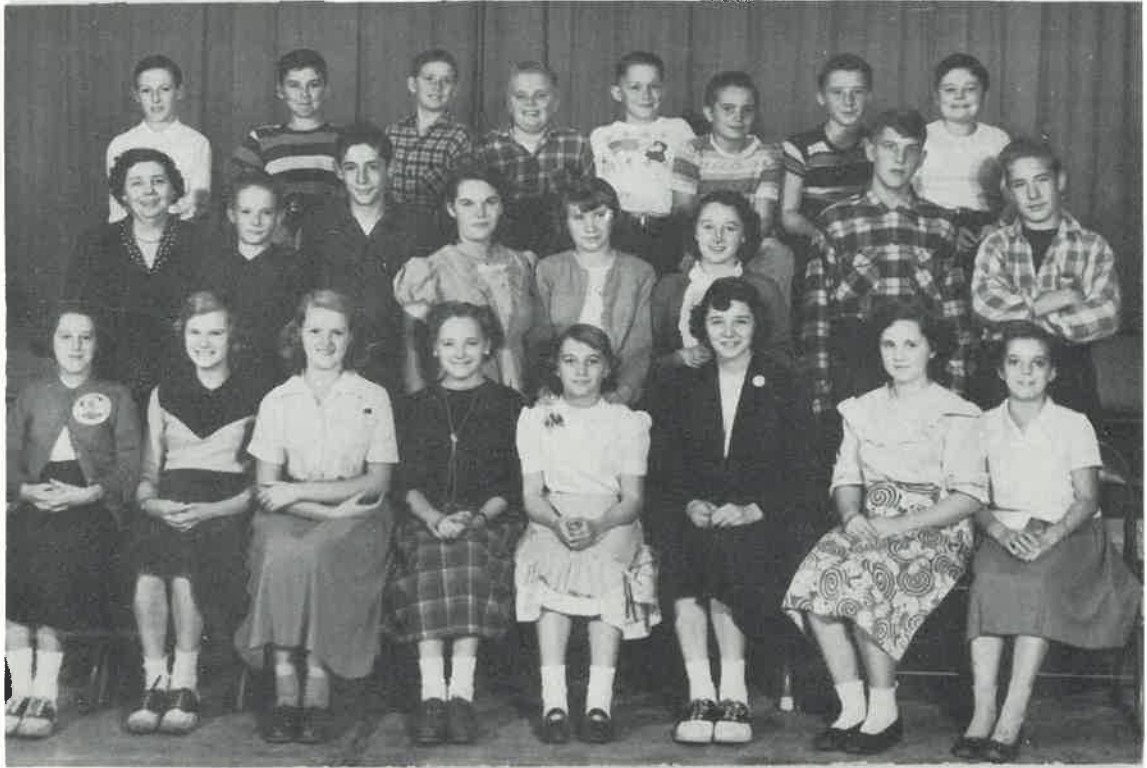
EIGHTH GRADE

Our class officers are Alice Daub, president; Dolores DePasquale, vice president; Charles Schiebling, secretary; Loretta Gasko, treasurer; and Carol Tiedenman, class reporter.

The class has taken two trips during the year. In October we took a trip to Nay Aug Park Zoo in Scranton, Pa. This was one of our projects in science. At the park we saw many different kinds of animals. Then we went to the museum and into the planetarium. This is something like the Hayden Planetarium except that it is much smaller. We all had a wonderful time.

One of our projects in social studies was planning a trip to Albany where we would see the state capital. Many of us had never seen it before. We had to make arrangements for the trip; these included writing letters to our legislative representative to find out when the Legislature would be in session. This took a great deal of planning, but we all enjoyed the trip.

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SEVENTH GRADE

The seventh grade had Mrs. Schultz for a home room teacher and advisor. One of the most interesting things the seventh grade and Mrs. Schultz did was to form a Junior Chapter. A Junior Chapter is a branch of the New York State Historical Association which had its headquarters at Cooperstown, New York. When we joined the association we each received a certificate and emblem which proved our membership. Along with these we also received a Yorker magazine every two months. The name of our chapter is "The Tom Quick Chapter" and it was the first one formed in Sullivan County.

The first trip we took this year was to Cooperstown, New York where we saw the largest and best farmer's Museum in the state. We saw all the other museums in Cooperstown which were also especially good. In April we plan to take a trip to New York City and visit Radio City Music Hall and some other places of interest.

Our class officers are; Helene Lunning, president; Ann Wormuth, vice president. The secretary is Janette Johnson and Carl Daub is treasurer. The newspaper reporter for the Blue and Gold who represents our class is Edward Barnes.



ELEMENTARY



107 301



FIRST GRADE



SECOND GRADE



THIRD GRADE

FOURTH GRADE



FIFTH GRADE

SIXTH GRADE





HONORS

Honor Society



The Honor Society was not large this year; it had but three members. They are Joan Balle, John Brand and Edward Stofka. It has been decided that five members of the Junior class are eligible for membership and their initiation took place in April. The five juniors are; Martin Abel, William LaBarr, Janet Moore, John Olver and Henry Peterman. They will be given the same rights and privileges as the present members, and will form the nucleus for the next year's group. Eligibility to the Honor Society, is based on leadership, scholarship, cooperation and sportsmanship. An academic standing of 85% or better is necessary for admission.

Absent—John Olver and Edward Stofka.

Athletic association this year has been sublimated to the student council, and S.C. has done fine work with the athletic activities.

A.A. has awarded school letters to upperclassmen who have earned them in some particular sport. Ribbons were awarded to each fellow on the J. V. championship team.

There has been a great increase in the financial balance of last July, and as of March first we had much of the money that will be used for spring baseball equipment.

The officers of A.A. for 1950-1951 are; Ed Daub, president, Malcolm Sheard, Vice President, Henry Peterman, Treasurer, Ellen Frey, Secretary, and Maureen Maas, Cheerleader Representative.



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Student Council

This Student Council will long be remembered as a group that worked hard and did its job well. Throughout the year the Council was always making things easier and happier for the students.

Who'll ever forget the dances, especially the St. Valentine's one with a band and square dance contest? The Freshmen, who were champs, won't, I'm sure. For the first time candy was provided at basketball games by the council and proved a source of income to finance the point system which was continued by the council to encourage extra curricular activities. President John Brand went to Youngsville High to acquaint their new council with the working of ours. Two trips were made by the council to the DUSO league meetings at Poughkeepsie and Kingston which offered many new ideas for our council. Like last year, the council had a program to plant flowers to improve the grounds.

Three members of the council, leave with the graduating seniors; Two term president John Brand; "Veep" and treasurer, Ed Daub; Secretary Ray Wormuth.

The concensus of opinion is that this is the most successful year so far for the council and can well serve as a criterion for future councils.



ACTIVITIES



1072301



BLUE AND GOLD

The Blue and Gold advised by Mrs. Weber and edited this year by Betty Anne Crosby comes to us bi-monthly.

Joan Sherger is responsible for our art work and is assisted by Alberta Finnegan. We started with Rosella Troop as head of our staff of typists, But Rosella left us, and was succeeded by Janet Moore.

Jeanne Babel, our feature editor assists Betty Anne in writing editorials also. Jeanne has proven that she can write some very interesting articles. Martin Able is usually on hand for the News edition of our paper. Our sports editor is that ever-popular Alan Sullivan.

Lois Dunn is in charge of the circulation department.

Our newspaper is backed up by our reporters who are: Ann Feagles, Joan Crosby, Elbn Frey, Roberta Wilson, Diane Howald, Joanne Ryder and Rose Marie Prochnow.

Janet Moore our production chief is assisted by Claudine Rapp, Henry Petermann and John Olver.

Mimeographing has given way to the ditto and the paper has been much more ledgible this year. The appearance has been more regular-it has come to the point where we can actually anticipate publication date.

All in all, the Blue and Gold has found ready and responsive audience in the N.H.S. readers.

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Band

This year the band has made several engagements at home and away. Their first appearance was on the Education Week Program. Later in the spring a selected number of its members went to Jeffersonville to the Mass Band and made a reputable showing. The band participated in the Spring Concert here at home and played at graduation.

At present the band is the largest it has ever been. Many of its members are from Junior High School and will provide a great deal of music and talent for future years.

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GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

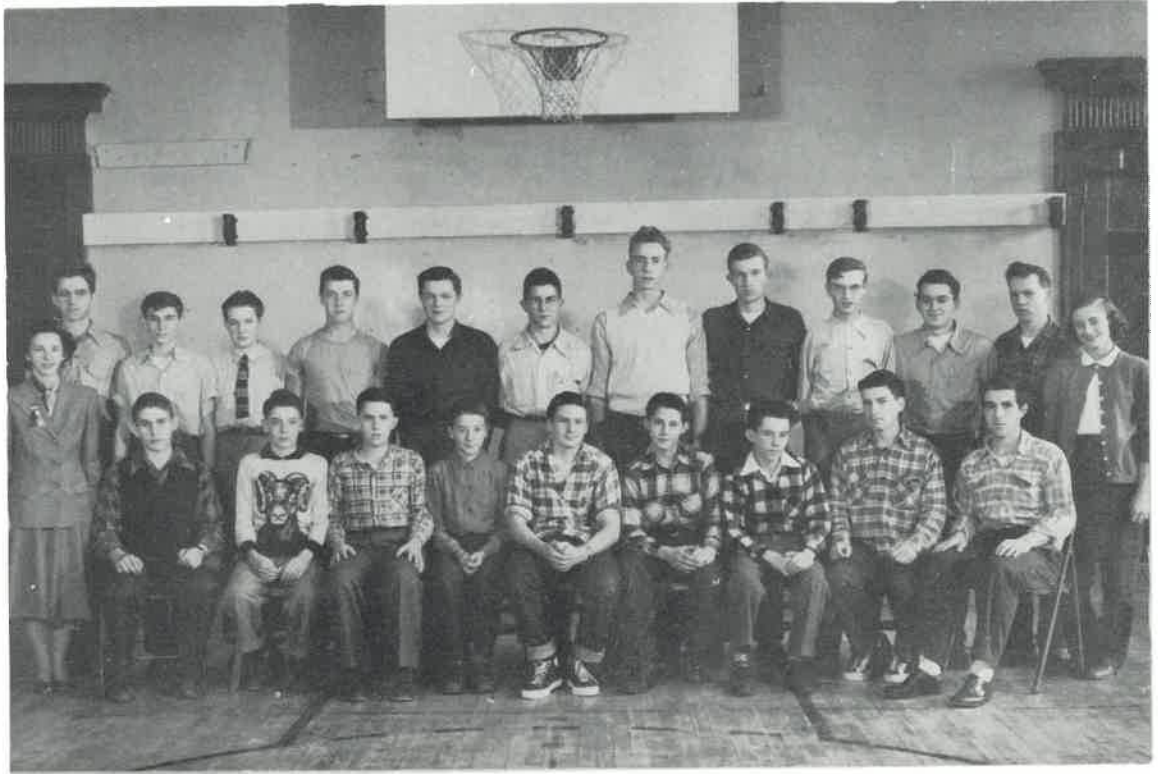
The Girls' Glee Club, directed by Miss Hutter and accompanied by Ellen Frey, a senior, has completed another year's activities. We held our practice every Tuesday and Thursday in Room 3. On occasion we met with the Boys' Glee Club.

Our program was not as vigorous as others, but we are proud of our accomplishments. During National Education Week we sang a group of selections in which we were accompanied by the Boys' Glee Club.

At Christmas time the grades enacted the pantomime for the "Nutcracker Suite", sung by the Girls' Glee Club. It meant hard work in preparation, but it was well received.

Selections at graduation successfully ended our 1950-51 season.

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BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The boys' glee club consisted of many young members this year as well as the older members from previous years.

For National Education Week the club participated in the music program which took place on November 9, 1950.

The "masculine voiced" glee club had a large selection of well known songs. Among the best songs were "Moonlight On The Ganges", "This Is Worth Fighting For", "Strumming", and last but not least, one of the top songs of the year, "Tzrna, Tzena, Tzena".

The music organizations will be unable to have their annual Spring Concert because of the new construction.

1072301



POSTER CLUB

The poster club, under the advisorship of Mrs. Schultz, has a much greater membership this year than it has had in previous years.

The poster club has been kept quite busy this year making posters for suppers, dances and plays, and they have done a splendid job.

The poster club gives many students the opportunity to use their artistic ability when expressing their ideas for a poster. A person who is good in lettering rather than in the drawing of figures has an ample opportunity to give his support to the activity which he is helping to advertize.

The poster club has been doing a splendid job, and the classes and the student organizations are the first to say, "Thank you!"

1072301



V I S U A L A I D S

We are the people who brought you the films which aided you in your educational paths and provided for your amusements at one time or another during the school year.

Rudy Buettner and Ed Daub handled a good share of films, incidentally the boys didn't mind those 6th period Home Ec. films. ~~Ken~~ Hazard and "Mickey" Glaab also tried their best amid jeers and verbal slashings from their classmates.

Mr. Rutz, our faculty advisor and head man in our club, is the fellow who deserves a great deal of credit. Club members are supposed to assume the duties that go along with the prestige, but oft as not Mr. Rutz was performing these tasks.

I think we should take off our hats to an expanding group who has served us so aptly during the last school year.

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RIFLE CLUB

Bang! Bang! The Rifle Club is off again this year. Our officers chosen in September are: Bill Stiene, president; John Brand, vice-president; Betsy Behling, treasurer; Joan Crosby, secretary; and Ed Stofka, executive officer.

The membership was limited to twenty-five and is advised by Mr. Sullivan.

This year John Brand has reached the highest score ever attained in the history of the Rifle Club. He is on Bar 7 of Sharpshooter, which is shooting 40 of 50 in a kneeling position.

William Stiene is our next best shot. Bill is on his 6th bar of sharpshooter. Robert Huebner and Edward Stofka are next on Bar 5.

There are eight girls who also belong to the National Rifle Association. The two highest are Roberta Wilson and Joan Sherger who are both on Bar 4 of Sharpshooter.

We shoot twice a week on Thursday and Friday at the Community Hall.



ATHLETICS



1072301



This year the cheerleaders started the season by choosing 3 new cheerleaders. Those chosen from the many tryouts were; JoAnne Ryder, a senior, Francis Cullen, a freshman, and Phyllis Lillie, a sophomore. Betsy Behling, who was with us last year, kept her position as a J. V. cheerleader, and helped the others a great deal in learning new cheers. Betsy and the other J. V. cheerleaders should be complimented in their excellent cheering this year. There were six varsity cheerleaders this year. Joan Holfeld, a senior, always stands out among the cheerleaders as one of the peppy ones. Diane Howard, a senior, however small she may be, is noted for her tremendous amount of enthusiasm.

Joan Balle, another senior has proven the old adage about cooperation equals success. Maureen Maas a senior, is also one of the 4 oldest in terms of service on the squad. She's our engaged cheerleader. Flo Holfeld is known as the cute one who has a knack of saying, "Ouch" everytime she does a split. Just the same she can really do a good one. Janet Moore, another junior is known for her blushes. One little mistake and you can see Janet for miles. Mistakes are few and far between because Janet is one of the reliable cheerleaders.

All in all the cheerleaders this year did a very good job. If we brag about anything it will have to be our own ability to make up new cheers. We made up more than 20 new cheers this year. Congratulations cheerleaders for the wonderful job which was hard work but still a lot of fun.



*Cheer
Leaders*

1072301



JUNIOR VARSITY

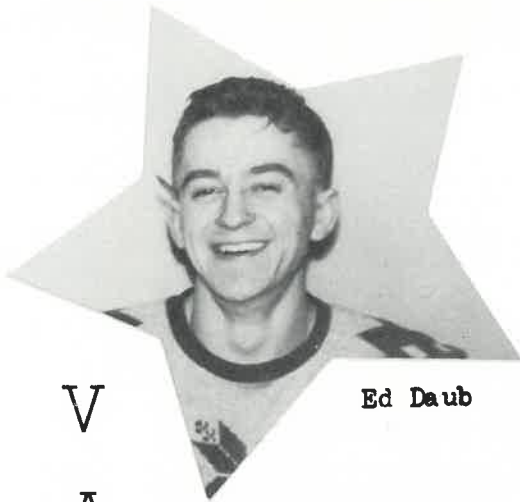
The basketball season of '50 and '51 started off with another top notch J.V. team. This year after sporting a winning streak of the first seven games, they lost one to a much improved Jeffersonville team. This setback did not hamper the boys' spirits, and they won their next six games in succession. They ended the season with a thirteen and one record which enabled them to lead the league for the second consecutive year.

The scorers of the Jay Vee were Vaupel and Troop. While Reeves and Bennett were not always high scorers, they were the tricky ball handlers that enabled the J. V. to win the games. "Easy Ed" Stofka and Don Fisher were undecided where to play; on J. V. or varsity. These boys alternated in Jay Vee games and occasionally were moved up to varsity.

Due to the large number of players it was impossible for every one to participate, but everyone used all his spirit and vigor to cheer and fight for their championship team.

1072301

V
A
R
S
I
T
Y



Ed Daub



Ken
Treverton



Don Maas



Elwood
Carlson



Ken
Crandall

The yelling and cheering may be over, but the memory of the 50-51 basketball team of Narrowsburg High will long be remembered as one of the best in the history of the school. Not since 1947 has Narrowsburg had such a year in the cage game.

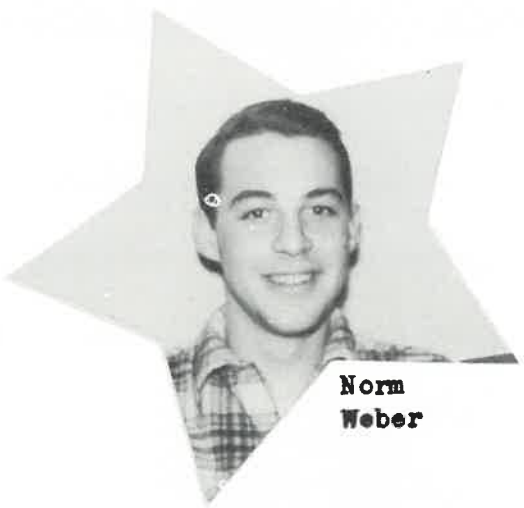
The blue and gold jumped off to a good start by defeating the orange and black of Jeff on the loser's court by a score of 36-30. This started the Indians on the warpath, and when all the battles were over, Narrowsburg had a grand total of 16 wins and 3 defeats.

Little can be said against the team, but much can be said for it. Ken Treverton proved himself the basketball player we all knew he could be, and his 6'3" frame did a great deal to keep NHS in the running. Elwood

Carlson, after just one year of J.V. ball, proved to be the tallest and best center in the league. Don Maas was a great forward always making those impossible underhand shots. Ed Daub and Ken Crandall were the guards who rarely missed a trick or a set shot.

Norm Weber, Mac Sheard, Marty Abel and Ray Wormuth made up the remainder

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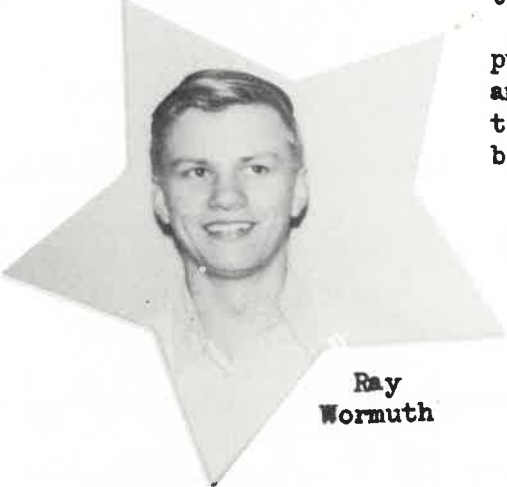


Norm
Weber

of the team. Weber, an all-round player, could sub in any position; Mac, with his tricky dribbling and passing couldn't be stopped. Ray did a good job; the little guy who knew the game. Marty played some fine ball and will be an asset to the 51-52 team.

At the end of the 49-50 season, the players elected Ed Daub as captain, and a wiser choice could not have been made. Ed's knowledge of the game always kept Narrowsburg in good hands. He worked hard and proved to be the kind of fellow who deserves to be captain.

It was only bad breaks that put Narrowsburg in second place and not first. If they had it to do over, it would certainly be another story.



Ray
Wormuth



Malcolm
Sheard



Marty
Abel

The team is losing six players this year, but under the careful supervision of Coach Roberts and the captaincy of Mac Sheard, it is certain to be another good year coming up.



Walt
Hankins

1072301



Baseball

Baseball season opened early, and our first practice was as good as could be expected for the first day. This year's team will have few seasoned veterans on it, but we hope to finish high in the standings.

We still have our old standby John Troop, with his fine catches and his rifle throw, in left field. We'll have the best batters in the league with Daub, Treverton and Miller. We only hope our slugger Ken Treverton will have as good a year as last (.476). Our southpaw, Calton Miller, looks exceptionally good this year.

We still have the same reliable back-stop in Ed Daub. We have a newcomer in the outfield, Don Lake, who should prove helpful this year. Some of the younger boys show great promise for next year's infield; Joe Mohrmann, Don Maas, Don Vaupel and Richard Sewing. We can't forget that new sparkplug, Herman Neugebauer.

Two veterans who will be fighting for outfield berths are Ken Crandall and Alan Sullivan. As this goes to press, we haven't seen Elwood Carlson in action so have no prediction as to his playing ability.

Our season opens on April 18; we play 14 games: 7 home and 7 away against our traditional Western Sullivan rivals. Whether we play good ball or bad, we'll be looking for you down at the field.

1072301



Cliff
Hebdon



Don Maas



Joe
Mohrmann



Don
Nearing

Track



Malcolm
Sheard



Ed
Stofka



Herb
Brodsky



Don
Vaupel



Fred
Schulz

In the fall of 1950, Narrowsburg resumed its participation in track and field events with a team of cross country runners.

The first meet of the season was held at Monticello where the local boys were very outclassed. Malcolm Sheard, Donald Maas, Don Nearing, Ed. Stofka, Don Vaupel, Clifford Hebdon, Joseph Mohrmann Francis Peck, Herbert Brodsky, John Troop, Fred Schulz, and Dick Sewing, participated with the first four finishing in that order.

In our next attempt we were more successful as we journeyed to Montgomery to beat their team 32-23. In this race Don Maas, Malcolm Sheard, Ed Stofka, Don Nearing, Richard Sewing, Joseph Morimann, Don Vaupel and Francis Peck ran for N. H. S. with Maas and Sheard again in first place.

The team was the same with the exception of Clifford Hebdon for Francis Peck when we went to the sectional meet at Newburgh. The results were not so good, however, since we placed third in a field of four. Two of our runners, again Sheard and Maas, finished in second and third place respectively.

The forecast for next year shows that Hancock will be added to the opponents, and the hopes are that we will do better than we did in the past.



AUTOGRAPHS



A U T O G R A P H S



