

# Nürnberg Alumni Association Online Archive

## Nürnberg American High School

a U.S. Army dependents school formerly located in Fürth/Bavaria, Germany

### 1951-52 School Year

6th year of the school's existence

Graduating Class of 1952

### **This File: Memoirs, Historical Articles, Memorabilia**

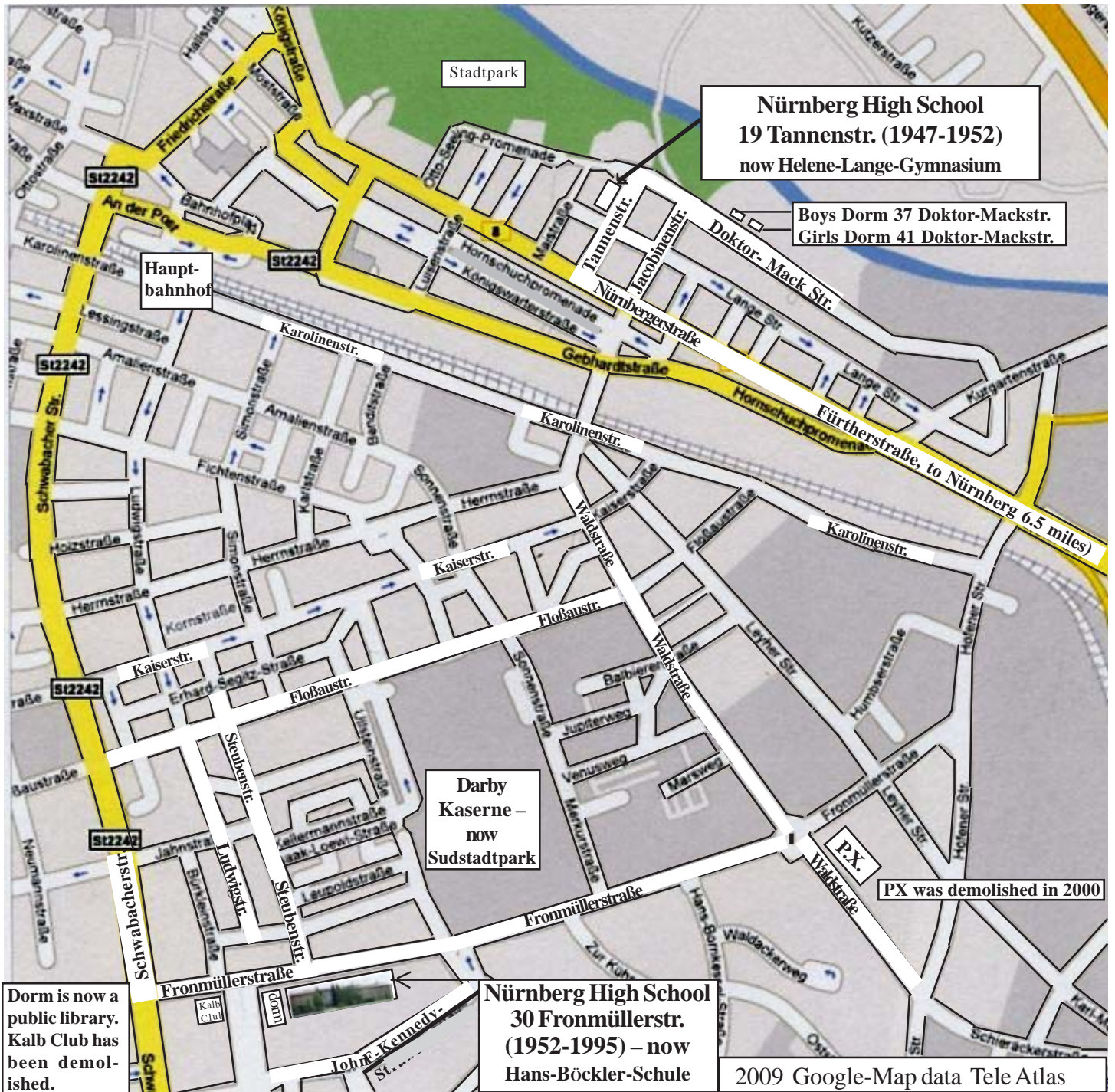
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# Map of Fürth/Bayern showing two of the three sites of Nürnberg American High School



# Bob Giuliano Remembers . . . The Class of 1952

The graduating class of Nürnberg American High School is now 68 years old. Yep, 50 years have passed since those graduates left the wet plaster halls of the new high school.

Fifty years! Can you believe it? There is still a warm spirit that accompanies my memories of these gentle and caring folk. Our school was in a city that was still bombed out. We were the first to enter the new high school and live in the new dorms. We were pioneers of sorts, the beginning of a very long tradition and story. There was only a handful, thirty-one kids in the graduating class from all over the United States and Canada. They were in a strange land but accustomed to adjusting, being from military families. They made friends fast and deep. They said good-bye and meant it. They grieved but got on with life.

I came to the school late in September of 1951. Everyone knew each other, and the community was pretty solid. I had come from three years of watching my mother die, moving to three different high schools – this would be my fourth. I was staggering from sorrow and confusion. They threw large, welcoming arms around me. They were healing angels. Now fifty years have passed. I want to name those kids before you. To remember each one a little bit. To pay my respects and say thanks. I want to bring those kids to life again for a few minutes. Here they are:



Yearbook Photo

**Bob Giuliano** left Nürnberg High School in 1952 to attend a university in Ohio. Later he entered the ministry of the United Church of Canada and worked in psychiatric hospitals, prisons, two United Church congregations, and finally as a teacher in an Anglican theological seminary in London, Canada. Presently retired, he lives with his wife, Betty, in Owen Sound, Ontario, where he sails and does workshops for clergy and hospital chaplains. He is the father of three sons who also have become ministers. The Giulianos enjoy four grandchildren. He is the author of two books: "Echoes" and "Down and the Church," which are reflections on human life. His e-mail is [giuliano@bmts.com](mailto:giuliano@bmts.com). He is glad to hear from any NHS folks.

**Wally Jones** was the only African-American in the school. He was friendly and courageous. It was a time before the time of change. He endured it and spoke openly of it. We learned from Wally, and his energy and his kind anger and honesty made him a friend beyond color.

**Carl Peterson**, president of the Student Council, was a serious scholar, athlete and careful thinker. He was focused and clear about how things should be and where he was going. Math and history were his strong fields. He went to Princeton.

**Mary Diane Keely**, quiet, trusted, and able. She was a swimmer and tennis player, vice president of the class and had an artistic eye.

**Nancy Lurvey**, soft-spoken, kind, and interested in everyone. Gentle with her humor, laughing at herself, especially her dancing and sense of rhythm. She was loved too. Elected Queen of

the Prom! Really loved.

**George Cleaver** had a kind of journalistic quality. Liked guns and writing. Somewhat distant, but there when needed.

**Mike Clower**, a southern boy with strong athletic ability and a good practical mind. A great dancer and jitterbug whiz. Amazed and entertained us all with his dancing. Brush cut, square jaw, stocky build. Sharp about the Black Market.

**Meg Andreas**, a crack shot on the rifle team, shy, flirting eyes, wry grin, and always did her homework.

**Michael Bell** was a singer, a little distant from the rest, but practical and worked hard enough. He had a sense of tomorrow and was saving up for it.

**Winona Caraway**, with the mounds of lovely blonde curls. Mature, like lots of the girls who were dating outside of the school. A scholar too, with a good mind and a willingness to work patiently.

**Marie Coleman**. Tall brunette, often smiling and laughing. Did her homework on the train. Didn't waste time. Carried responsibility well.

**Ellen Futch** was another lovely blonde. A Southern girl, with slow, easy speech. Loved Latin, for gosh sakes, and books. Dated outside the school.

**Stan Gappa**, of blessed memory. "Adam's Apple," he was called. Tall, gangly, wiry, quick-witted and strong to support the work of others. Loved a laugh.

**Jinny Hadfield**, sparkling eyes, eager to be involved and to explore life. Agile cheerleader and able scholar. Won some scholarships. Liked to ski, ride horses, and study. Went off to a private school in Pennsylvania.

**Roma Lee Hatfield**, tall brunette with broad smile. She wore her uncertainties openly and honestly. Easy to be around.

**Janus Jones**, a fellow Canadian, was a quick-minded, insightful gal who had intuition that would scare you. But she trusted life and was pretty determined to live it to the full. Good student. Liked folks.

**Joan Kohlman** was a New Yorker with a street-wise presence. Laughed a lot and enjoyed her time at Nürnberg. She was waiting patiently for what was to come later. Mature.

**Angeline Magliochetti**, a pretty, petite Italian presence. Open and expressive and chummed with the ☞

studious and fun-loving folks. A nice voice.

**Dick Markham**, tall, impatient to get out of school. More mature than most. Seemed like an old man sometimes. Our resident cynic. Tough minded, but soft at the center. Always kept his promises.

**Marilyn Louise Nelson**. A chaplain's kid who suffered that identity along with me. She was quietly faithful to her God in the midst of a lot of other stuff. She was admired and liked. A good student. A kind of quiet sister.

**Beattie Rae Owens**, outgrew us all – fast. Dated outside, but had an affection for those of us not yet mature about those things. She was fun and sparkled with her own courage. A great cheerleader. Soft.

**David Page**, awkward kid, hair wild all over his head. Smart, interested, and self-directed. Liked the sports and one of the girls, whom, he never told.

**Patrick Skelly**. Philosophical guy with a penchant to go it alone most of the time. Was hurting. Did his homework.

**Thomas Ruley**. Tall, scowling

with an uncontrollable grin. Serious with a tickled pleasure in everything. Liked guns. A good shot.

**Dick Smith**. Tall, quiet, off to himself. Didn't get too involved, but went steady with someone I can't recall.

**Frances Snead**. Also a quiet soul, but present to her friends and did her homework. Mature, like Dick.

**Ray Trapp**. Liked guns. Studied hard. Did OK. Socially sought friends and was sometimes the butt of painful humor. He took it well and chuckled his responses.

**Barbara Vaughan**. One of those who was at the center of community, adding her thoughts and giving it her heart. Did not stand out, but you knew her to be something of the rhythm that the rest of us danced to.

**Beverly Willis**. "Bubbles," with wide, dark, mischievous eyes that were always aflame with joy. A good student but loved to get beyond the boredom of classroom material to more exciting stuff. Could, with batting, innocent eyes, lead a teacher to never-never land.

**William D. Willis**. A scholar,

confident and with jaw set, was heading some place private and important. Loved baseball. Had an easy friendliness in spite of his focus.

**Pauline Worthington**. A great cheerleader and friend. Pauline had the capacity to be a friend, to foster friendships, and to love many people openly and honestly. You knew you were OK when she was with you. And so was she. Intuitive and forgiving. Suffered too.

**Now, dear reader**, I have spoken here of people who were 17 years old 50 years ago. Let your imagination wander and reflect on them now. Can you see them? I can.

I want to honor them, to salute them. I want their names to be remembered. I want you and them to know that I am thankful that they were the kind of people who took in the wounded kid that I was and made a place for me. They healed.

They have now completed their working lives. I am sure that they were for 50 years, wherever they were, a healing and caring presence. They will hear, one day, I am sure of it, "Well done, good and faithful servant, come, inherit the place I have made for you. . . ."



# HOOP-HOOPLA

Submitted by Bob Giuliano ('52)



– from *NHS Trichter*, Vol 10, No.1 (March, 1998), pp. 13-14.

**Note:** This is a first-hand account and, to be unbiased and as fair as possible, we welcome those with differing opinions or recollections to submit them to the Trichter for publication in a later issue. *[Nothing was ever submitted. However, Giuliano's memory appears to be imperfect, as some of his facts differ from the account written by basketball team captain Bob Isett. His account appeared in the June 11, 1952, issue of the Army Brat. Bracketed statements will be inserted where the two accounts differ. – Archivist]*

Winter of 1952 brought the schools of Eucom together for a basketball tournament. I don't know if this was the first or the last tournament. *[The Eucom basketball tournament began with the very first year that American schools operated in Germany. The tournament Bob tells about was the sixth one. – Archivist]* Basketball is a religion where we came from. This was serious, even for these new and struggling schools overseas. The line-up for the tournament was for a double elimination series. Winners of the first round would move into the Class A playoffs, and the losers of the first round would play for the Class B. It was pretty simple, and Nurnberg folks were pretty hopeful.

During the regular season, Nurnberg, a middle-sized school, had won against five of the schools in Eucom and lost to five. The exact number of schools has slipped my mind over the years. *[Isett says the record was four wins, six losses. NHS played seven different schools, three of the larger schools (Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Munich) twice.]* There were several that were very large compared to us, and though we had played well against them, it was clear that our chances of winning Class A were slim. However, if we lost the first game, and were forced to play out the tournament in the Class B round, our chances of bringing home a trophy for the new school's new, but empty trophy case were better than good.

To heighten our anticipation, we learned that we had been drawn to play a team from England, a large American school on the Isle that was unknown on the continent. It seemed very likely that we would be beaten in the early round, drop to where we belonged, and win the Class B championship. All was well. We were excited.

About two weeks before the tournament, we learned that the team from England had dropped out! We had therefore been juggled around and were to play Bremerhaven in the first round. *[Giuliano appears to confuse Bremerhaven with Linz. Isett says they played Linz.]* We had doubled the score against Bremerhaven twice in the season. *[NHS played Bremerhaven and Linz just once, beating both easily.]* We would beat them again. We would then have to play one of the larger schools and be eliminated. No trophy for the new building's new and empty trophy case.

The principal and the coach got their heads together and devised a scheme. They called the seniors on the team to the principal's office and explained that if we deliberately lost the first game, sending Bremerhaven [*Linz*] to the lions, we could win the Class B tournament as hoped. All we had to do was lose the first game intentionally. Take a dive!

The ethics of this proposal were debated heatedly by the team members. Carl Peterson and Wally Jones, both centers on the team, were hot against it. Play to win, they said. It was the only moral choice. Bring home the trophy next year, but at least maintain our character as fair players. Others said it was just a matter of tactics and planning. No great moral issue was at stake. Just the bad luck of the draw that England ducked out and left us to face this decision.

A great deal of pleasure came surprisingly from the principal, John Stickney, a tall and athletic man with pride in his new school. The coach, Ray Hobbs, as a basketball coach, was a good boxing coach. (Every time someone threw him the ball when he didn't expect it, he would turn quickly and punch it away. Boxing had been his thing.) Take the dive, he advised; do the smart thing. Win the tournament. You deserve it.

By the time we arrived at the tournament, the team had resolved to bring home the Class B championship. We were secretive about it. No one except the team, the coach, and the principal were in on the plan.

Now, we were not experienced at losing a game deliberately. So, the work of giving Bremerhaven [*Linz*] the ball and the win was very quickly discovered by the fans, and the reason behind it dropped like a lead nickel into the consciousness of everyone there, except Bremerhaven [*Linz*]. We lost the game by a few points. *[No score is reported by Isett either]* The crowd

became nasty. It was a dirty trick. To kids of the early fifties, there were values about fair play, about trying always to win. There were sanctions against the tactics of playing this way. It was called dishonest and scheming.

Nurnberg fans were caught in the middle. Many decided to go across the floor and sit on the opposing team's side and cheer for our demise. Two cheerleaders elected not to wear their sweaters. The rest of the fans were furious as we came on to the floor for our second game. More security was called for. Military Police were stationed around the gymnasium and escorted the Nurnberg team wherever we went.

As luck would have it, Peterson was off writing his Graduate Record exams for the first game and part of the second. He was going to Princeton the next year. Wally Jones, our other center, was sick with pneumonia and was on a new-fangled drug called an "antibiotic." He was given permission to play, but had missed two weeks of practice. Our reserves were pulling their weight admirably, but the heaviness of the crowd's hostility bore down on the team furiously.

We won our second round [*over Bremerhaven 29-27*] and ended up in the finals. We were to play Berlin for the championship of the Class B tourney. Berlin had lost their first, won their second and were known to be a team that had steadily grown and improved throughout the year. We had trounced them earlier in the season [*52-26*], but now they were stronger. Nevertheless, we were confident, if a little gun-shy, having so many people enraged by our tactics and screaming at us when we took the floor.

The auditorium was very hot. We had played our second round game in the late morning. The final came early in the evening before the Class A final. Both teams were tired to start with. Berlin was the Cinderella favorite. We were definitely the wolves.

The game is a rush and a roar in my memory. Mike Clower and I played guard. Bob Isett and Dulaney O'Roark played forward. Wally Jones and Carl Peterson were spelling each other off at center. Bob Jones, Don Losner, and others refreshed the running from time to time. It was a good team effort and a team working well together. The game stayed close. Every time Nurnberg got ahead, the crowd was furious. When Berlin was ahead, the cheers were thunderous. Nevertheless, the Eagles kept their poise and played their game sensibly.

Finally, Wally Jones was out, the antibiotic taking its toll. O'Roark developed cramps in his legs and had to be taken to the bench. Peterson, in spite of his adamant disagreement with our tactic, was playing his heart out for the team. We were behind by three points [*probably just two, judging from the final score*] when a time-out was called. There were about thirty seconds to go. The place was in a frenzy.

This is the place that I find myself over and over again. For more than forty years, I have wakened, heart pounding, sweat pouring down my face, hearing the shouts and screams, being pushed by fans and spat at in my face. Someone dubbed me "hunchback," and all along the sideline where I was to put the ball in play, the viciously moral spectators chanted "**hunchback, hunchback**" to distract the play.

I can still see Clower waiting for the ball on my left. Jones to my right. Peterson being smothered in defenders. Isett circling under the basket. All we needed was a basket and a foul. I got the ball to Mike. Everyone was on their feet. Mike to Isett, to Peterson and back. The shot went up and bounced off the rim. Berlin had the rebound and smothered it until the buzzer sounded. The game was over. [*Final score, Berlin 43, NHS 41*] The righteous had prevailed. There was an emptiness in the trophy case back in Nurnberg that sighed.

The Military Police escorted us to the dressing room. I cried there. Just releasing the tension. Slowly, we dressed and put on our green Eagles' jackets and jeans. We gathered together, joking and laughing and slapping each other on the back. We went out together, heads up, to watch Heidelberg and Munich play their hearts out [*Heidelberg won.*]. We bore our loss together and with some shy pride.

The ride home on the train with our fans was a time of healing and forgiving, and lots of fun and laughter. In a couple of weeks, we were on the baseball diamond, winning half and losing half, being the middle-sized school again, and enjoying the sports program as though we were truly American athletes.

#### ARCHIVIST'S NOTE

A historian puts more faith in an account written at or near the time it happened. So I am inclined to accept Isett's account where the two accounts differ. It was written a few months after the event while Giuliano's account was written 46 years later. I asked Isett in an e-mail to confirm Giuliano's story, but he did not reply to my request. It is worth adding that in the Eucom tournament the next year (1953) the teams losing in the first round of the tournament played to determine a "consolation winner." I rather doubt that the loser's bracket was ever again designated the "Class B champion." – Bob McQuitty



# Memories of Nürnberg Christkindlesmarkt

by Joan Kay McCarter Adrian, 1949

I resided in Germany in the Nürnberg/Bamberg area from December 1948 to September 1953. I began working in the Palace of Justice in April 1950 following graduation with the 1949 class. After the War Crimes trials were over, it became headquarters for the Special Activities Division under General Rickard's command. It was there I met my husband, Lt. Donn Adrian. We were married in June 1951.

In late November, I began to hear about the Christmas Market for the first time. Donn and I visited the market sometime in December and bought most of our tree ornaments there at the only booth selling glass Christmas ornaments. Unfortunately, most of the boxes I purchased have gotten broken over the years with only a small handful surviving. I don't recall what country the ornaments came from, but believe it was Czechoslovakia. Whether they were stored someplace prior to World War II and brought out for the market, I'm not sure. I do not think Czechoslovakian factories were back in production that soon after the war.

There were few decorations or lights around the market but, then, not a lot to purchase either. Many booths had used clothing or home-made items for sale. There were a lot of hand-knit hats, gloves, and scarves.

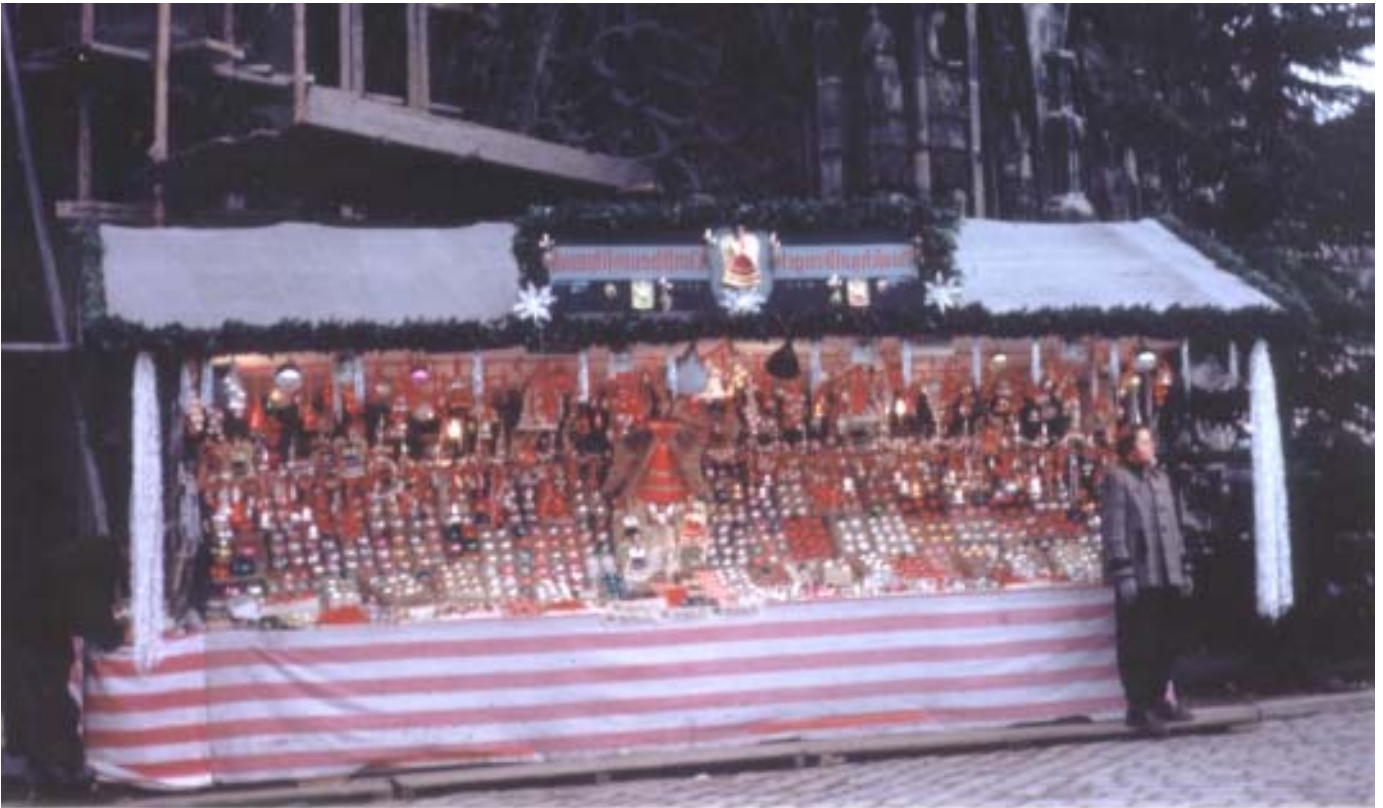
There were Wurst booths but Americans were told to be cautious about food prepared in homes or in local restaurants not on the approved list. I do not recall seeing any Lebkuchen since most bakeries did not have the ingredients. Sugar, butter, cooking oils, lard, etc. were all still black market items.

From 1961 to 1963, Donn was stationed in France and we made two return trips to Nürnberg. By that time we had two daughters. Our oldest daughter had been born in the Nürnberg Army Hospital. [In 2001 the hospital was bulldozed and new apartments for young renters are now on the site.]

We returned for the first time in December of 1962 to show Donna Kay where she was born and her first home. I was amazed at how it had grown. During the summer of 1963, we made a second trip and enjoyed the produce/flower market. I believe these two trips were the first times I had heard about the Lebkuchen and was able to purchase some.

Our dear friend Randy Reitler ('65 - now deceased) showed us pictures he made during his visits in the '80s and '90s. The pictures show how crowded it has gotten and very touristy.

## Joan Kay McCarter Adrian's Christkindlesmarkt photos



“This was the only booth with glass tree ornaments. Most of these were, as I recall, from Slavic countries, such as Czechoslovakia. Notice the scaffolding on the church in the background.”



“This was the creche display in the middle of the market. Notice how few lights were on the display and around the market.”





“Note the lack of color in this overview of the market, with just a few exceptions. During the years that I was in Germany, I remember color as being, black, gray, brown, beige, and buildings black with coal soot from heating units. The building in left background is still a bombed out shell. Some rebuilding had been done by 1951 – new buildings in center background.”



“This was a booth set up against the wall of the church in the market square. The greenery is real, but the flowers were all fashioned from color crepe/tissue papers. There wasn't snow at this time when we visited the market, but you can see how cold it was by how bundled up people were. Real flowers would not have survived the cold. The church was boarded up since it was still a bombed out shell with no roof. Some of the windows were being replaced (note the ones above the entrance), but I can't recall or tell if they were stained glass or just leaded windows.”

## An incident worth remembering...

by Patrick Skelly, class of 1952

I remember on a fall Saturday afternoon in 1951 driving an Olds convertible around the football stadium, bearing our Homecoming Queen and her court. I think we called the stadium "Soldiers' Field" back then. This week I finish work for my Masters degree in Military History, writing of WW II military chaplains in combat. My final paper includes the story of another small group who also drove around that stadium, six years before. I'd like to share this incident I found in my research.

"On Sunday afternoon, April 22 [1945], the little jeep with the big Magen David [Rabbi Eichhorn's jeep had the Judaic six-pointed star in place of the normal U.S. five-pointed star on its hood] entered Zeppelin Stadium, the huge arena in the suburbs of Nürnberg where the Nazi Party Congresses were held and the place where, some ten evil years ago, 250,000 cheering Nazis approved the enactment of those discriminatory laws which resulted in the destruction of nearly five million of our brethren. In the jeep were one American Jewish Chaplain, one

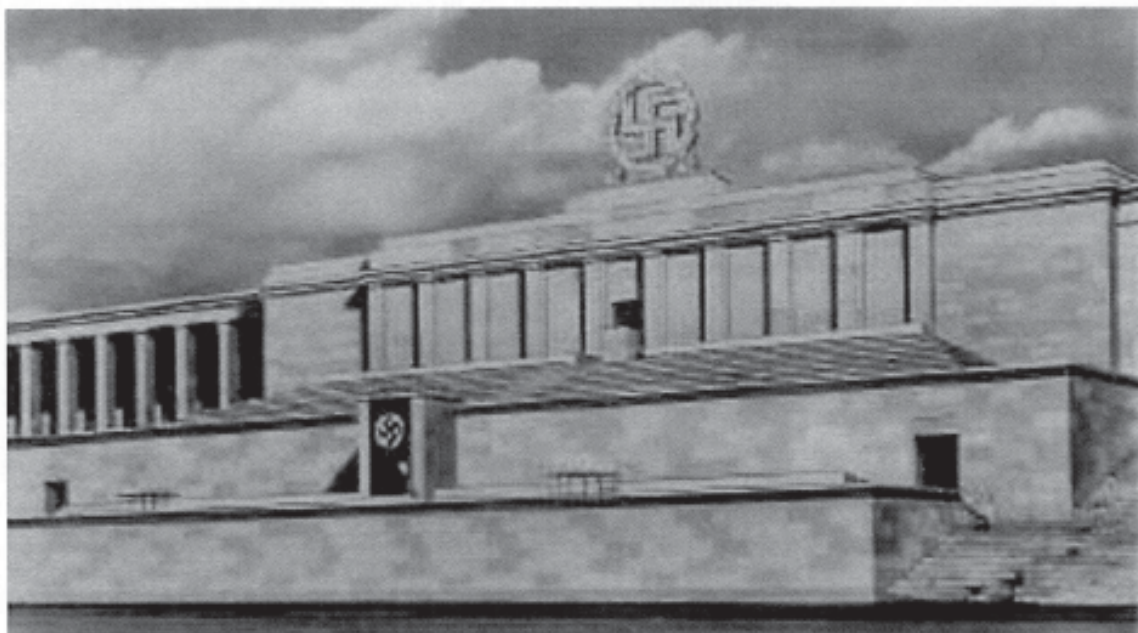
American Jewish chaplain's assistant, one portable Aron Ha-Kodesh, one Torah (property of the destroyed Jewish community of Hagenau, Alsace, France), and five Palestinian Jewish soldiers who had been captives of the Nazis for four long years. Behind followed a second jeep bearing five American Jewish soldiers of the 45th Infantry Division, fighting soldiers who had helped destroy the citadel of Nürnberg.

"Slowly and proudly, the little procession drove around the stadium. It halted before the speakers' rostrum, a rostrum surmounted by a resplendent gold-leafed swastika, the rostrum from which der Fuehrer had, again and again, fulminated against democracy and the Jews. The soldiers got out of the jeeps and, forming a guard of honor around the holy Ark, carried it up the steps to the speakers' platform. Here the procession halted. The Ark was opened and the Torah taken out. The representative of an eternal people offered up songs and prayers of thanksgiving to the eternal God for having once more revealed to mankind the certainty of His justice and the

timeliness of His love. At the end of the service the American and the Palestinians joined hands and, forming a solid ring around the rabbi, the Ark, and the Torah, pledged fidelity to the cause of Israel and the worship of Israel's God.

"Shortly thereafter, units of the 3rd Infantry Division, which, together with the 45th, took the city, assembled in the stadium. They listened to words of congratulation and praise from Lieutenant General Alexander M. Patch, commanding general of the Seventh Army. Then demolition charges were attached to the resplendent gold-leafed swastika atop the speakers' platform, and it was blown sky-high. Amid the thousands of cheering beholders, none, perhaps were more deeply moved than the little group of seven Americans and the five soldiers from Palestine who were clustered around the little jeep with the big Magen David."

*Eichhorn, David Max. The GI's Rabbi: World War II Letters of David Max Eichhorn. Edited by Greg Palmer and Mark S. Zaid. Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 2004 [ISBN 0-7006-1356-0], 173-174.*



Speakers' Rostrum at Soldiers' Field before the destruction of the Swastika

# Picture Gallery



**The Guys, 1951, Nurnberg, Germany HS  
(frozen in time)**

Pat Wood, '59, made these identifications, with corrections from Ann Wyss Markham, '54 and Bob Armentrout, '54.

Front row, left to right:

(1) Robert Giuliano '52, (2) Archie Redell '54, (3) John Litherland '54, (4) Dulaney O'Roark '54, (5) David Peterson '54, (6) Willard Philbrick '55, (7) Paul Sears '55. (8) Bob Armentrout '54, (9) Bill Dillard '54.

Back row, left to right:

(1) Wally Robbins '53, (2 is unknown), (3) Raymond Trapp '52, (4) Richard Markham '52, (5) Carl Peterson '52, (6) Frank Waskowicz '53, (7) Bob Jones '53, (8) Bob Isett '53, (9) Mike Clower '52. (10) Wally Jones '52.

## Look Twice at This

The students of Nürnberg American High School moved into their new school building in January, 1952. Betty Thomas, '54, is shown here halfway out the window of her new homeroom. The picture was taken by Anne Wyse Markham, '54, who apparently was halfway out another window.

See anything unusual? No? Look again. It's two Bettys, one looking left and one looking right. The Roman god Janus could do this too: look both ways. The month of January derives from Janus. Makes you believe in Roman mythology?

– NAA **Trichter**, Spring 2008



## Freshman and Sophomore Dorm Girls



Front Row: Betty Thomas, Jean Clower, Ann Wyss, Gayle French, Mary Jo Isett, Sharon Light

2nd Row: Kay Hoff, Claudia Tolson, Emma Lou Halliburton, Edna McQuay, *unknown*, Aris Nunnelley, Nancy Bour, Ellen Baker

3rd Row: Phyllis Worthington, *unknown*, Gloria Bura, *unknown*, *unknown*, Miss Elizabeth Funkhauser, dorm counselor

– Identifications by Connie Porter Johnson, '53, and Betty Thomas, '54. Source of photo is unknown.



### **1951 Homecoming Queen Presentation**

The girls, left to right: Nancy Lurvey '52, Jean Clower '54, **Sonja (Sonny) Blackwell '54, homecoming queen**, Kay Salek '53, Virginia (Jinny) Hadfield '52

Must have been cold that day. -- How about that 50's car?

– Photo from Nancy Lurvey,'52

# COMMENCEMENT

NURNBERG AMERICAN SCHOOL

Nurnberg - Germany

STEIN CASTLE JUNE 12, 1952, 7:P.M.

## CLASS of 1952

Kathryn Airaudi	Negaunee, Michigan
Margaret Jean Andreas	Washington, D. C.
Winona L. Caraway**	Lawton, Oklahoma
George A. Cleaver, Jr.	Rutledge, Pennsylvania
Ellen S. Futch	Charleston, North Carolina
Stanley W. Gappa	Mosinee, Wisconsin
Robert N. Giuliano	Havre de Grace, Maryland
Virginia Hadfield*	Hinsdale, Illinois
Roma Lee Hatfield	Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
Dawn Helmer	Brooklyn, New York
Janus B. Jones	Toronto, Canada
Mary Diane Keeley	Chicago, Illinois
Joan Kohlmann	Queens, New York
Nancy Louise Lurvey	Keene, New Hampshire
Angeline L. Magliochetti	Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Richard D. Markham	Iowa Falls, Iowa
Stanhope B. Mason	Waterford, Maine
Marilyn Louise Nelson	Nashville, Tennessee
Beattie Ramon Owens	Louisville, Kentucky
David M. Page	Atlanta, Georgia
Carl N. Peterson	Eatontown, New Jersey
Thomas A. Ruley	Merion, Indiana
Patrick G. Skelly	Brooklyn, New York
Frances Joy Sneed	Newport News, Virginia
Barbara Louise Vaughn	Atlanta, Georgia
Beverly M. Willis***	Rutland, Vermont
Pauline La Rue Worthington	Chambursburg, Pennsylvania

### In Absentia

Mike Clower	Windsor, North Carolina
Richard Smith	Bikyville, Kentucky
Toya Wynn	Chicago, Illinois

\* Valedictorian  
 \*\* Salutatorian  
 \*\*\* Third Highest Ranking Student

### Processional

Invocation	Chaplain J. T. Curd
Star Spangled Banner	Audience
Class Speech: I Was Born Free as Caesar	Virginia Hadfield
Introduction of Speaker	Mr. S. M. Bale, Superintendent
Address: All the World's a Stage	Mr. G. Robert Koopman, Office of Public Affairs, HICOG
This is My Country	High School Chorus
Presentation of Class	Mrs. L. B. M. Tully, Principal
Presentation of Diplomas	Brig. Gen. Ernest A. Bixby
Recessional	

### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?  
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,  
 O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;  
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:  
 O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?