Nifty Fifty"

In the spring of nineteen sixty-four
Spartan seniors were shown the open door.
With the fight song still on their mind
Each had to choose a future of some kind.

With the number of choices we had to face,
Our decisions took more than just a few days.
One path would lead to a higher school,
While another was headed toward the draft pool.
A third one had jobs hidden behind the door.
We just had to decide which future we wanted more.

With the help of our parents, our choices were made,
And the best of all possible plans were laid.
The class of '64 was scattered near and far,
And our hopes were aimed at the highest star.

Soon our careers were beginning to bloom.
Some were choosing a bride or a groom.
Families soon began to expand,
And Spartans were spread out across the land.

While some of us continued to roam,
Others did choose to call Memphis their home.
Many remained in touch and were close friends,
While others crossed paths every now and then.

Sadly we have lost too many of our classmates
In different years, on different dates
To war, accidents, disease, and other things,
And each one pulls at our heartstrings.

We have to remember all those good old days,
And the teachers who used their own ways
To pass along their knowledge to each class
In just the right ways to help us pass.
Together we all walked those halls,
And our voices probably still echo on those walls.

Ah, but this year is really nifty,
Because the years that have passed are now fifty.
The Spartans of nineteen sixty-four
Have made plans to get together again once more.

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