



Eighth Grade

MOTTO

Strive though the rocks be rugged.

Colors

Blue and Silver

Class Flower

Honeysuckle

CLASS ROLL

Bonnie Sheetz
 Clara Cantrell
 Dortha Wagoner
 Maudie Ward
 Clarabell Hollis
 Rosalyn Siner
 Sarah Fortner
 Marie Dengler
 Lula Akers
 Edith Benefield

Louise Moore
 Hazel Marts
 Edith McClure
 James Ryan
 Robert Klug
 Walter Halstead
 Roy Williams
 Kenneth Schalburg
 Charles Whitlock
 Nellie McCoskey

Erma Liffick
 Geraldine Spencer
 George Anthony
 Nick Dragon
 Asbury McCoskey
 Edward Curtis
 William Coons
 Charles Siner
 Robert Harvey

'Tis education forms the common mind.



Seventh Grade

MOTTO

We can, we will.

Colors

Blue and Gold

Class Flower

American Beauty Rose

CLASS ROLL

Fred Bailey
 Paul Bates
 Bertha Beckel
 Beatrice Berry
 Edna Burnett
 Lucile Case
 Nina Clark
 Paul Coons
 Amiel Dragon
 Nadine Eaton
 Pauline Gilbert
 Charlie Gormong
 Earl Gormong

Gertrude Harvey
 Harry Harrington
 Clarence James
 Gerald Liffick
 Benjamin Maynard
 Wayne Maynard
 Charles McCoskey
 Leonard Morris
 Eunice Nichols
 Donald Nilson
 Richard Osborn
 David Persinger
 Zelda Pugh

Anita Siner
 Richard Sowers
 James Stephens
 Jesse Thomas
 Helen Thompson
 Julia Thompson
 Frank Tucker
 Luther Tyler
 John Vencel
 Luther Walton
 Irene Weatherman
 Martha Wilson

One ear it heard, at the other out it went.

O Honey Creek

Tune of "Maryland, My Maryland"

O Honey Creek, O Honey Creek,
Beloved is thy high school!
'Tis dear when autumn breezes blow,
'Tis dear mid winter's drifting snow.
O Honey Creek, O Honey Creek,
Beloved is thy high school!

O Honey Creek, O Honey Creek,
A marvel is thy high school.
With algebra and history,
With Latin and geometry.
O Honey Creek, O Honey Creek,
Beloved is thy high school!

O Honey Creek, O Honey Creek,
A lesson thou dost teach me;
That ever work and constancy
Will marks of merit bring to me.
O Honey Creek, O Honey Creek,
Beloved is thy high school!

Mildred Veach

AFTERWARD

1
It was one black and stormy night
That I got my awful fright,
While sitting in my parlor all alone,
I heard a kind of creaking,
And I saw a shadow creeping,
And I could not keep from shrieking,
For it chilled me to the bone.

3
He said I was a fool
For the way I did in school
Wasting all my precious time away;
And I began to wonder
If I had made a blunder;
Then with a roar of thunder
The night turned into day.

5
And now my tale is done,
And remember little one
That in the world of trouble, toil and strife,
If you ever try to shirk,

2
I saw him in the mirror
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer,
And his long and claw-like fingers made
me flinch,
The fire had burned down low,
And it cast a steady glow.
And I tried to rise and go
But I couldn't move an inch!

4
It all came back to me
Just as clear as clear could be
How I used to kid the teachers all day long
Even yet I hear them raving,
Just like their hearts were craving
To pour the wrath they had been saving
On the one who had done wrong.

Or behind you chance to lurk,
And you do not get your work,
You're in danger of your—life!
Allen Grooms

It's a Pretty Good World, After All

When you're all out of sorts and things look blue,
And you gaze about, thinking, "What can I do?"
Then you trace your mind back to those school days gone by,
As you sat in the study hall of Honey Creek High.

We used to talk and wink and smile,
At our friend who sat in the opposite aisle.
Then Mr. Keever, "Only a student who labors at school,
Can understand the meaning of the Golden Rule."

When you hadn't your history and your notebook was due,
And you met Miss Beckwith, who said to you,
"Now you get that notebook up and your history too,
Because you are not doing all you could do!"

When you came home and your day's work was o'er,
And mother and father met you at the door,
"What did you accomplish at school?" was their call;
Your answer, "Well, mother, not so bad and it's a pretty good world after all!"

Belva Myles

Be blest with health and peace, and sweet content.