

OPENING

- Doug. 'Twas the night before Class Day
And all through Revere
Not a student was stirring
The High School stood drear.
- Mary The empty halls creaked
Down the long oaken floors,
The window panes rattled
And each heavy door.
- Doug. As winds whistled bleakly
Around the vast walls,
And scanned through the class rooms
Like ghostly cat-calls.
- Mary Then down o'er the staircase
There jumped in a trice,
The only souls stirring
The R. H. S. mice.
- Doug. Both Minnie and Micky
With never a care,
Stamped into the office
To the Principal's chair.
- Mary They dragged a great volume,
They spread it out wide,
The "Senior Class history"
Was written inside.
- Doug. "Come Minnie," said Micky
"Tomorrow they go,
Let's read here their story
Of school joy and woe."
- Mary So here at the records
The School mice you see
Perusing the annals
Of old '33.

- Doug. The sophomora year began with a bang
The candidates for officers all talked and sang
Each pair of eyes was focused like lights
On the bulletin board as a beam through the nights.
- Mary When the smoke cleared away and peace prevailed
And handshakes went round for those who had failed
Doug Roderick chalked up his first victory
As president of the class of '33.
- Doug. For vice we had that debating girl
Who could, through big windows, opponents hurl,
As secretary young Dolly the fair,
For treasurer Miss Ferri, with the black, black hair.
- Mary Immediately speech making was began
And was the president's face a color of tan
For he had never made a speech before
And eventually at his notes he tore.
- Doug. While he with his pep talks went around
Mary Ferri was close in back like a hound
Ready to grab the old class dues
And chase away those "Ho Hop" blues.
- Mary Room collector, Pearly Silverstein
Did plenty of talking, both rough and refine
And as a result she came out first
With 100%, and was not the worst.
- Doug. Then what a riot went up one night
And what a scene and what a sight
When the color committee fought for silver and gold
And was fighting mad when the colors were told.
- Mary Ellie Tenngryn spoke loud for the silver and blue
While Eileen shrieked for a golden hue
Then Miss Nathan and Dolly mixed in the fight
Which went on far into the night.
- Then to our class advisor one quiet day
The silent president had something to say
The result the colors were maroon and gold
Of which our class will forever uphold.
- Doug. In football we had Mike Mallio
And pile driving Toot with the electronic toe
Curly headed Crivello who played the middle
And Cowan the half that played like a fiddle.
- In the Dramatic Club our star did shine
And all the school talked of the new find
You guessed it, no other but that Glixman boy
Who saw that classmates got plenty of joy.

- Mary In basketball two boys we had
Who proved very quickly they were not so bad.
Eddie and Bernie shot up to the hoop
So to bring to R. H. the bacon and soup.
- Doug. At the football dance Clark Gable was there
I mean Billy Cowan with the curly hair
He looked just like a Hollywood star
With his chauffeur, valet, and great big car.
- Mary. The Sophomore Dance came along in May
And the heavens rained pitch-forks both night and day
But in spite of this the Sophs were there
And even the Seniors the rain did not scare.
- Doug. In spite of the weather the crowd was not cut
That night at the Gables the grand old hut
Expenses and \$200 besides
was Was put away safely and there now hides.
- Mary To finish the year as the baby class
During which much knowledge we all did mass
A picnic was run by the committee one day
Which Miss Nelson by absence did delay.
- Doug. But we found Blondie Connie and started off
While the Freshman gang at us did scoff,
For this day too, the good old rain
Drove thirty Sophomores near insane.
- Mary The Junior year was a quiet one
But yet we had our work and fun
The fun began at election time
And ended before old ballot nine.
- Doug. The officers for the middle year
Were Lawrence, Normie, and Dot so dear
And cute little Lucy made up the set
Who set forth in an attempt to harmony get.
- Mary The months flew by, and Christmas past
And the Junior Prom a shadow cast
At the Moorish Castle one cold, cold night
We strolled around, oh what a sight.
- Doug. With our times of play a thing of the past
To books and studies we turned at last
And up until the warm spring-time
The front was quiet, of life no sign.

- Mary At the Circle Inn banquet our Committee had
The growing crooning and moaning fad
Was furthered by Gertie, Ev, and Toot
Who tried their best to everyone suit.
- Doug. And while these bold Crosbies rendered their hits
Young Glickman was fussing the chicken to bits
He ate and ate till he could eat no more
And then tried to glide on a slippery floor.
- Mary We all then set out for the Castle so bright
The boys wearing flannels now covered like night
Whisk brooms were needed when the boys left the Inn
'Cause their trousers clean as the old coal bin.
- Doug. As chief of aids, Kid Seigal the fair
Captured each maiden with tasty hot air
Of how, in spite of all his work,
To give them a dance his job did shirk.
- Mary. Before nine o'clock the dance floor was packed
And immediately some of our dancers hacked
At each others shins as they galloped by
With the speed of a plane about to fly.
- Doug. Our class advisor was so well pleased
With all of our exploits and heroic deeds
That he said a picnic we could run
If a dollar was paid for the day of fun.
- MARY. In Idlewood Lake good Patsy got wet
A spill in the blue to his regret
For the rest of the day he strutted around
While the gang thought Mahatma had visited town.
- Doug. Came noontime, and the hungry girls appeared
Each with a "Is dinner almost ready, dear,"
For the boys had volunteered to share
Their sandwich, milk, cookies, and pear.
- Mary. After resting awhile amongst the trees
In floating canoes and on setees
Two handball teams were organized
And more than one the score suprised.
- Doug. Eighteen to seven was the score in the fifth
The actual "chalk-up" not a myth
You guessed it, the winners were the girls
The sweet little maidens with pigtails and curls.

- Mary That day of fun will live forever
And in spite of other things, will never
Be set back where it can't be had
In years to come, if they be sad.
- Doug. Before the class passed out in June
Bob Seigal and Miss Nelson each sang a tune
For along with Adeline Christopher
As '33 officers they would soar.
- Mary. With warm September again on hand
We gathered together our little band
And tramped forth to school once more
To end a summer that was a bore.
- Doug. With Robbie, Connie, and Adeline
Eddie Palota we did combine
So to have two boys and girls up there
To man the boat called "Class Affair."
- Mary Each Saturday found the football team
Followed by a crowd with a victory dream
Led on in their cheers by Oresta fair
And tall, long Ida with the golden hair.
- Doug. We must not forget that Senior gang
For whom all the war songs each of us sang
There was Mike, Tony, and plunging Toot
The co-captain that played with the ease of a flute.
- Mary As the football season got under way
Unlucky Ray Jordan and Frank Waffel
Got smashed up in that game so calm
But both boys said, "We don't give a darn."
- Doug. For three long months these boys did go
On crutches and canes, now to, then fro
'Twas not till Christmas time again
Either could do the meter in ten.
- Mary As the months piled up and the New Year drew near
Bob Seigal was gripped with a cold, cold fear
That the Seniors, their class dues would not pay
Until some warm, warm day in May.
- Doug. So ^{we} started his drives for dollar bills
And with his pep talks he gave us the chills
When he mentioned that our class dance was off
Unless one dollar up we coughed.
- Mary When the drive was finished and the money on hand
Each room collector took the stand
To tell how their room had responded to the call
To make successful the class grand ball.

- Doug. A medal of leather Sid Rosenberg got
Because in his room he fought and he fought
And was first on the list with 100%
From the one big room that was badly bent.
- Mary With the Christmas holidays a thing of the past
The night of our Prom came on very fast
With Tuxedos and gowns that trailed the floor
With excited officers watching the door.
- Doug. 'Twas the third night of February, a date that'll stay
With Eddie and Paulie till after doomsday
With Eddie because of the aftermath
With Paul because of the sassafres.
- Mary Of course no fortune at the dance was made
But at least all the bills were readily paid
And the seniors decided to settle down
Including Ev Glixman, the maestro and clown.
- Doug. The Choral Club show and Dramatic Club play
Were real humdingers, should I say
For each had its share of rollicking fun
With each its great stars, bright moon, and its sun.
- Mary The Count and Coed and the old Ghost Train
Were what was found to be each name
Their settings were alike as day and night
Yet each brought tenseness, joy, and delight.
- Doug. With the months of March speeding quickly away
Our scholastic debators put on a display
Against Chelsea High, their rivals this year
The school for which Revere holds no fear.
- Mary Norman Edwards, Doug Roderick, and President Bob
Stood up on the platform and dazzled the mob
With facts on India, the Hindu Land
Which England has led for years by the hand.
- Doug. ~~On~~ As the echoes of the ceaseless talkers died out
The pretty May flowers started in to sprout
And the Senior Class planned once more a dance
To which only the graduates got tickets to prance.
- Mary It was wholly an invitation affair
At which the boys this time took care
To keep their flannels white as milk
And spick and span as sheepest silk.
- Doug. Through the closing weeks of May and June
Our big league prospects played a merry tune
With swinging bats they pounded hard
To put rival pitchers in discard.

- Mary Campie, Johnie, and Louie boy
 Showed a brand of ball that brought great joy
 Archie Corin, A. K. and reliable Toot
 Tried hard all season to everyone suit.
- Doug. ~~To finish the~~
 There was also Charles Barrett, that lanky lad
 Who displayed at third a reach no one had
 And good old relief boy, Josy Schwartz
 Who could hit with a ball even minute dots
- Mary To finish the social season on High
 The Glee Club agreed to once again try
 Their luck with the running of its Annual Dance
 Which proved to be more than a gamble and chance.
- That night our tall Seniors, Janet and Doug
 Saw that at lease the expenses were snug
 While Barbara and Al, with Elaine and Sam
 Did well with the quest, as each of them can.
- Doug. Four Seniors wielded rackets, four Seniors used guns
 Ten girls shot baskets like royal sons
 The captains of each of these novice teams
 Were Sam, Bernie, and Fern it seems.
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- In passing we must not forget the facts
 That Robbie lent money and sought no tax
 That Sam Silbovitz carried plenty of books
 Which he placed in many corners and nooks.
- Mary. That Lucy did all of her work so exact
 That never could be found a missing fact
 That Thomas Bell was the silent one
 In work, in play, and in all our fun.
- Doug. That Arthur of the Kaplan's had more to say
 Than a humming bird or little blue jay
 That Harold worked hard in his Physics class
 To pile up knowledge in one great mass.
- Mary That Sidney, the boy with the curly locks
 Kept in laughter the many Senior flocks
 That Alexander Russo was in everything
 Besides being called the '33 Bing.
- Doug. That Archie played in the major sports
 With the exception of the tennis courts
 That miss Gelardi set a sparkling style
 With rival dressers in back a mile.

picnic

Mary -
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The picnic day dawned rainy as before
But we set out not knowing was in store
at the lake Little Flossie and Tarbin found
that a whirlpool had an unreasonable sound

Doug.

Some one found consolation in other's company
Twice Robson and Mary Mc Donald, you see.
Poor Laurie went round, he was lost this day
Like a chicken minus his head, I should say

Mary.

Kid Dumort raised riot all over the bus
And did all the girls over him make a fuss
Little Paul crooned away in his little canoe
He sang sweet and low a love song so blue.

Doug.

Ed Palotta was nowhere around, you see
For one whole day the boys called him free.
Sid Rosenberg with an orator all day
Helped her in her work and joined
in the play

Mary That for quietness none could ever beat
 Kay Doherty, a person, oh, so meek
 That Ed Palota pulled a Clark Gable stunt
 And gave more pictures than will fill a bunk.

Doug. That Sonis and Renning put up a good grand race
 In the use of big words that a yard line could trace
 That Grassi read baseball books so much
 It became his sight, his taste, his touch.

Mary That Harriet Smith wrote hundreds of poems
 Which made their way into many homes
 That little Vic became a changed boy
 And took life serious, and not as a toy

Doug. That Anna White could always say
 Far more than a Walter Winchell or Clay
 That Margaret Holland was the first class bride
 To follow the crowd in the marriage tide.

Mary. That Nomi Henes was the English star
 And in Physics outshown us all by far
 That George Shore was a debating man
 Who could put ^{on} a display of words so grand.

Doug That Ade and Ethel were inseparable ones
 Who to us brought happiness in tons and tons
 That Mary was our versatile girl
 Who into any school projects her efforts would hurl

Mary That Dorothy Solon knew Biology
 And could write Eng. comps right to a tee
 That Miss O'Leary just made the bell
 and sometimes she didn't, but we won't tell.

Doug That cute little Isabelle remembered the best
 a birthday card was the real, real test
 That Henry P. Robson covered much ground
 after dances * in snow he walked about town.

- Mary Long is the list of heroes bold
 Who wrote our class in letters of gold,
 Who spread the fame of our deeds afar
 Till the universe rocked to the outmost star.
- Doug. When shall the world forget the names
 Of our heavyweight members,
 Zylpha James, Dallas Casault, and Mabel Fitzmeyer,
 The Laurano twins with eyes of fire,
 Leo Hirsh and Osterhaut
 And Ruthie Schonback, the good old scout?
- Mary Or fail to remember our tiny ones
 McMullen, DeTucci, our own small sons,
 McCready and Pollock, babies still,
 A-struggling along to "grown-up hill."
- Doug. Here's Vinnie Gelardi, our peaches and cream
 And Margaret Keenan, our big sun beam,
 E. Foxon, C. Baker, our wee Senior lasses,
 Fred Tiernan, Ed Sacco, so keen on all classes.
- Mary Scenes flow o'er our memories as time speeds along
 As with sorrow we come near the end of the song
 We see all our dear ones in fond memory's glow,
 As we used to see them so long, long ago.
- Doug. Roberto, Majewski, Crivello, our pal,
 Ralph Mele, Vin Nelson, Lou Zolla, and that
 Reminds us of Zeidel and Zar and Yanofsky
 At the end of the alphabet, they almost fell offsky.
- Mary Oh, loud are the wails as the Seniors pass on
 Oh, sad are the Junior's who speed them along
 Oh, bitter the tears that the Faculty shed
 As deep in their handkerchiefs they hide their sad heads.
- Doug. "We'll miss them, our hearts' pride,
 The joy of Revere
 The greatest of Seniors
 In many long years."
- Mary The tides of old Beachmont
 Re-echoed their wail
 And Roughan's Poing shook
 In the teeth of the gale.
- Doug. But, lo, on the darkest of nights
 Comes the dawn
 And here is the comfort
 That heralds the morn.

- Mary '33 is the sunrise
To point out the way
To all future classes
Right down to Doomsday.
- Doug. The stars will continue to shine on our glory,
The lips of far ages will dwell on our story
The Mickies and Minnies of classes-to-be
Will turn for large guidance to old '33
- Mary Now Friendship keep watch on us, pals, one and all,
And blessings galore on the old gang fall
May memory only our happiness see
As we think o'er the history of dear '33.
- stand up*
Doug. "There, Minnie," said Micky, it's almost the dawn
Today is their class day,
We'd better move on."
"Mr. Whelan will find us up here in his chair.
- Mary He's kind, but he's just,
So we'd better beware.
- Doug. If Mr. O'Connor should find us, my lass,
We'd be nothing but specimens
For biology class.
- (Together) Then away whisked the mice
Through the big office door,
And off to the lunch room
Most madly they tore.
~~But~~ But just ~~as~~ they vanished
Where no one could see
They shouted, "Best wishes
To the class -- "33"."