



MAROON
MEMORIES

1968

Mary A Murphy

Wendy,
you are a very sweet
person and a lot of fun
being with. I hope you
will always be as sweet
and always be as fun
as you are now. Because
that way is the best
way for me. I will be
Brenda's friend

Mary,
I got your letter and
I'm glad to hear that
you're having a good
time. I hope you
and my family
will have a happy
time together.

Mary,
you are a very
nice girl and
I love you and
I love you together
forever
Love always
Joe

MARY - I've really enjoyed knowing you this year. You're
a sweet girl, and I hope you have all the happiness
you deserve. Au-cin!

Goodbye! Mary
I hope you have all the happiness
you deserve. Au-cin!
I hope you have all the happiness
you deserve. Au-cin!

Mary, best friend
I hope you have all the happiness
you deserve. Au-cin!



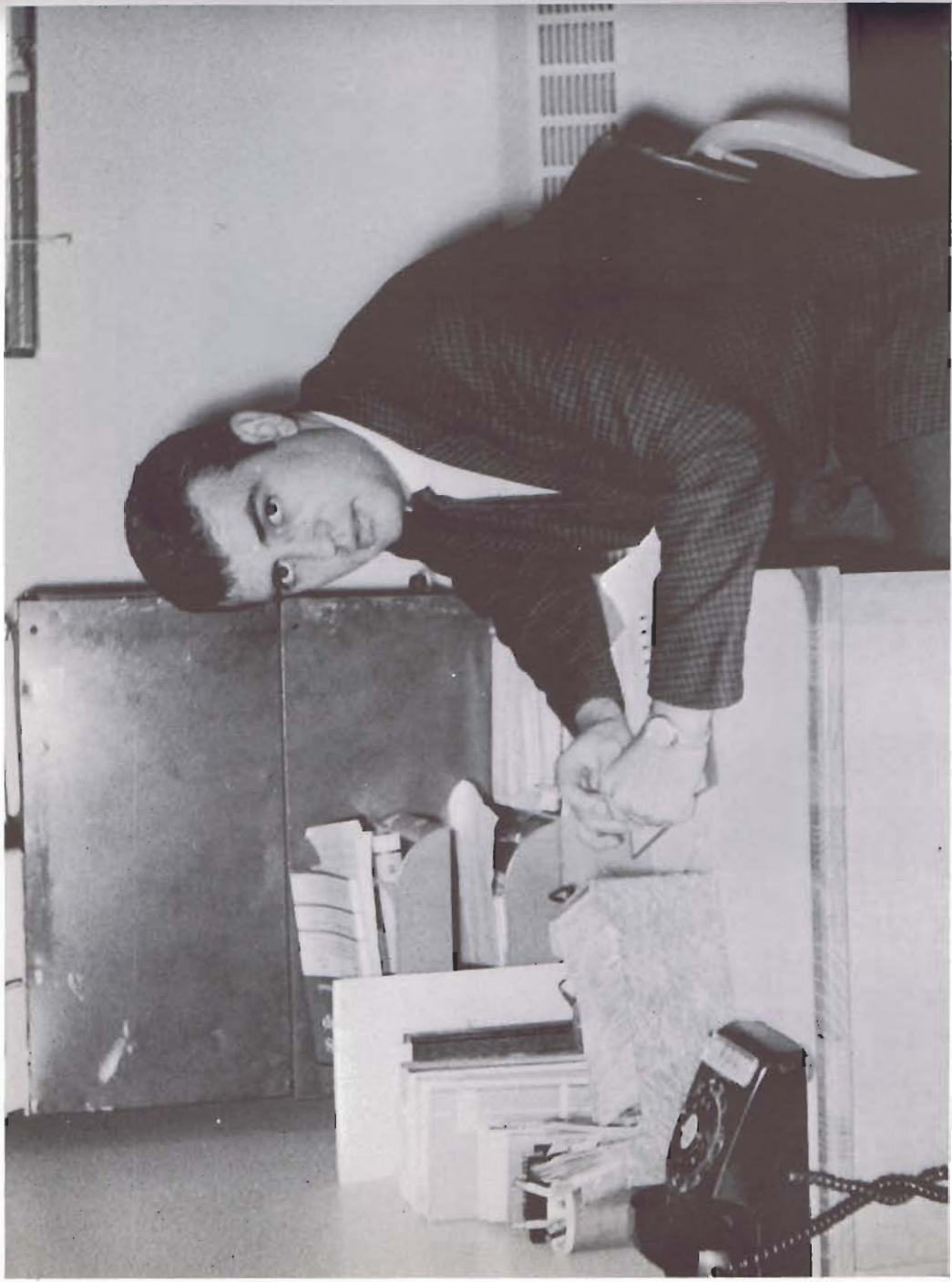
"Through These Halls"

Palatka Senior High School



Wink Criswell

As he approaches, one is taken by the rugged good looks — square jaw, bronzed skin, and the close-cropped gray hair that lends an air of veneration. The lips part and expose a row of gleaming teeth — “How ya doin?” comes the familiar greeting, if he speaks at all. Without demanding it, he has one’s respect, and deservedly, too. This is WINK CRISWELL. It is to him, who stands tall in ideals as well as stature, that the class of 1968 dedicates this book.



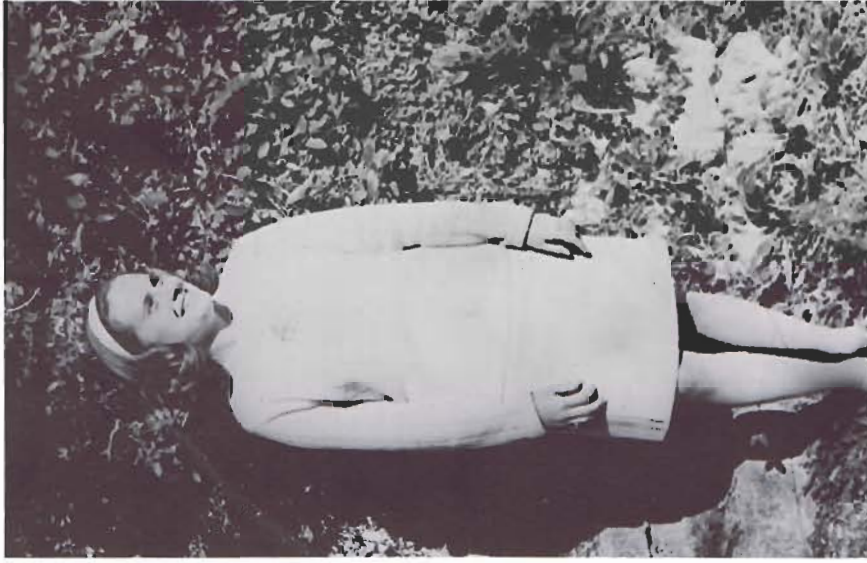
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Some people speak with charm and
walk with grace

And dazzle lesser mortals with the
smile some deity prescribed
for their enchanting face.

Some people laugh and tease
And have long legs and wear
Long hair—

And swish it around their necks—
And sometimes wear it up to please,
As though it were an easy
Thing—to be a goddess here.

Some people have a perfect voice
Accent their words just so—with
Proper British diction
So that they are not words at all
But symphonic composition.

Some people do no ordinary thing
They more than breathe—they
laugh and cry and sing
Just such a one the Muses sent to us
And in "exchange" we've turned
to gold—from dust.

—MLT



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A burro once, sent by express,
His shipping ticket on his bridle,
Ate up his name and his address,
And in some warehouse, standing idle,
He waited till he like to died.
The moral hardly needs the showing:
Don't keep things locked up deep inside—
Say who you are and where you're going.

—Walker Gibson

