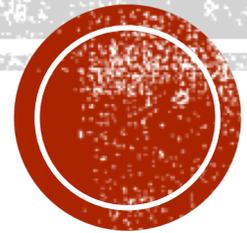


NORWALK HIGH SCHOOL

50th CLASS REUNION

May 23, 2025 - The Machine Shed



Photos compiled from Norwalk high school yearbooks, Facebook (thanks to Wendol for compiling!) and personal submissions.



WELCOME TO OUR 50 YEAR CLASS REUNION!



LIFE

To my classmates: by Bob Hartshorn

Waking tomorrow will be a brand new start,
From memories of yesterday we will not depart.
Yet thoughts of why and what we have been
With images of where our lives will send.

Whether our decisions will be right or wrong,
It's in our minds where we belong.
How and what we will do with our lives,
Is a decision to be made within our own eyes.

With infinite roads from which to choose
We've lived our lives paying society's dues,
Dues of War, hatred and distrust,
A change indeed is a must.

Setting off into a world that is not our own,
To do our duty without a single moan.
Tasting new experiences along the way
Learning lessons we cannot repay.

We will experience life at its best
'though in a way I suppose it's a test.
A test of our lives and what we have learned,
Be confident within ourselves and we can't be
burned.

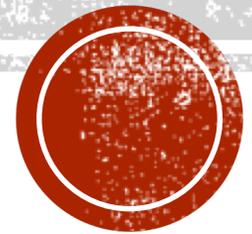
As the days slip by ever so fast,
We will always hold precious our lives in the past.
While we grow older and more wise,
We will be forever learning new knots and ties.

Among all of what I've said,
There are many dreams to be fulfilled that can't be read.
Many, many goals to be reached,
With some new thoughts to be preached.

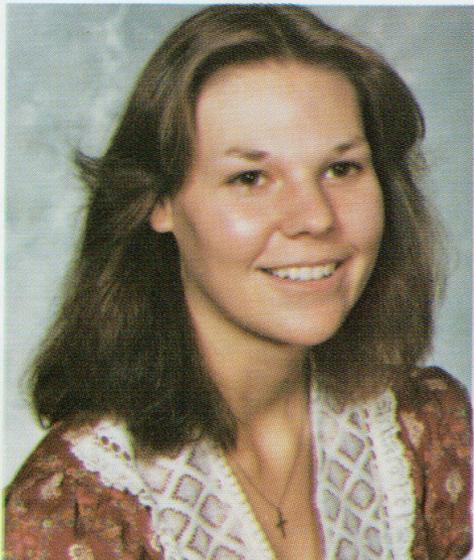
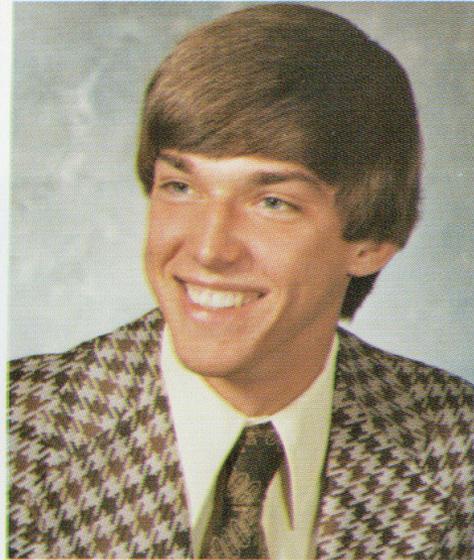
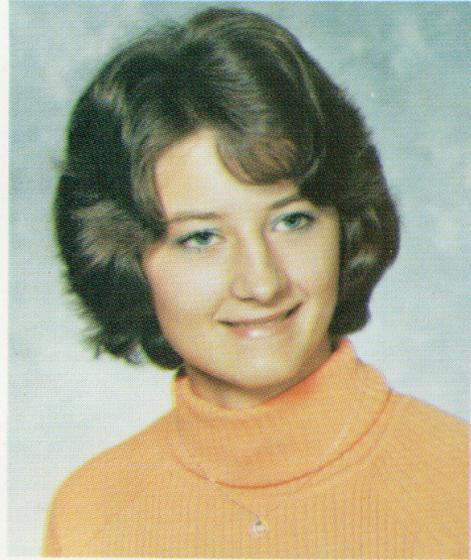
With one last thought I'd like to preach,
To wish my classmates' goals are within their reach.
And that some day all of your dreams will come true.
As all the best things in life I'd like to wish for you.



GRADUATING CLASS



Robbin Alloway, Ken Belkey,
Wanda Bell, Pam Bloss



CLASS OFFICERS

Deb Hixson Treasurer
Ken Belkey Vice-President
Bob Hartshorn President
Jim Knudson Secretary



Jan Boren, Becky Bowden, Cindy Bright, Joni Burgin
Dave Clark, Jeonia Curtis, Connie Durbala, Kelly Ellis

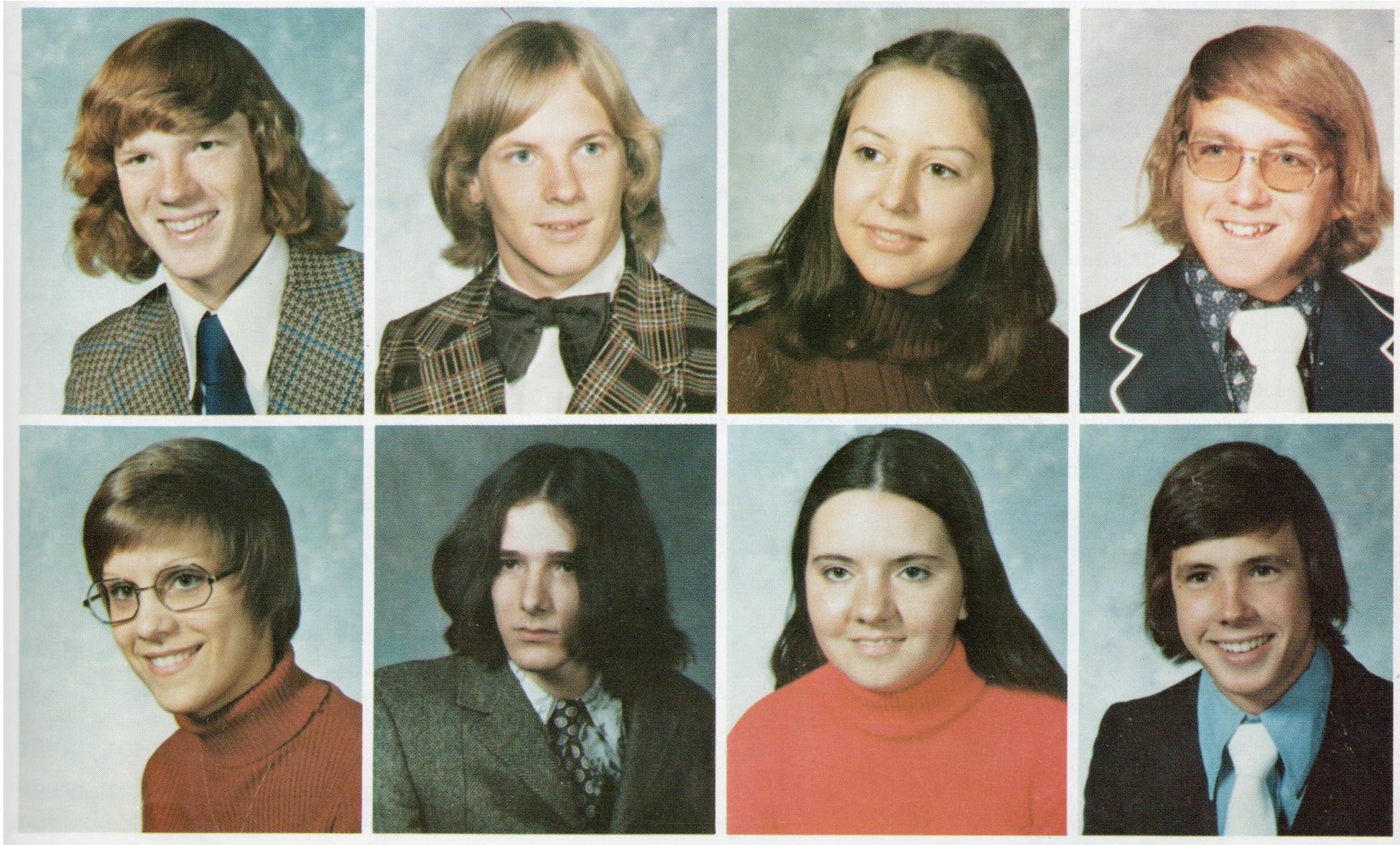


Theresa Emery, Debbie Freel, Rodger Freel, Ruth Fremlin,
Dana Gansei, Rich Gheer, Mike Grimmius, Vivian Gunderson

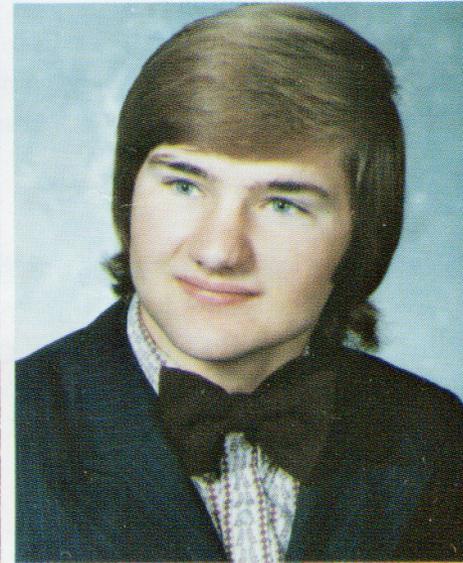
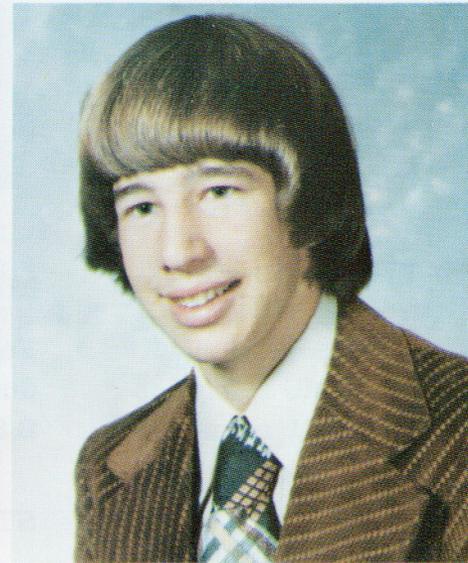
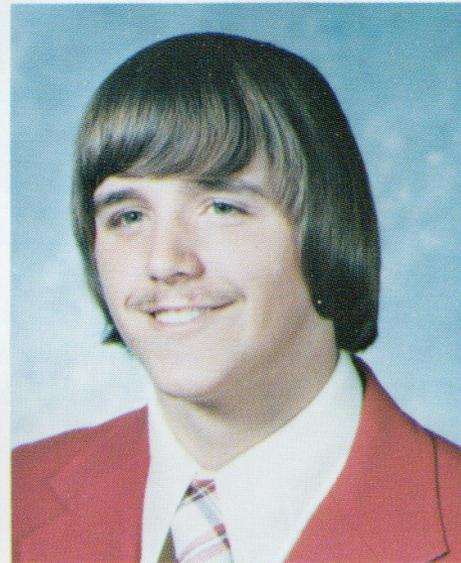
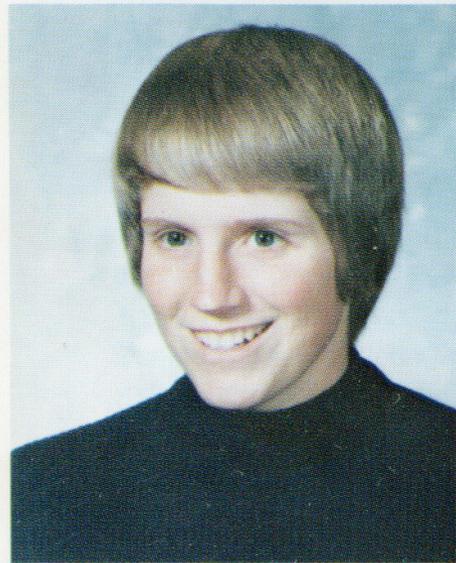
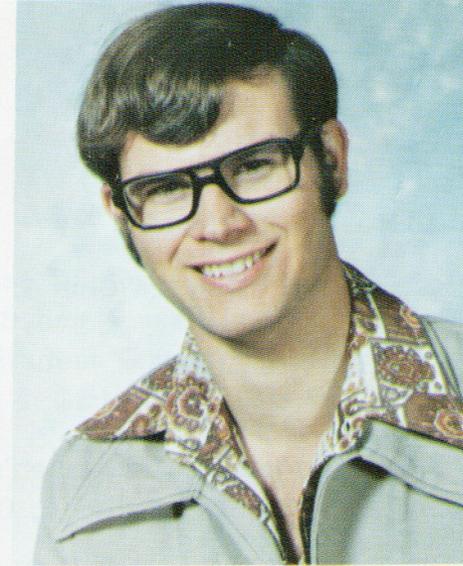


Bob Hartshorn, Brent Hess, Diana Veak Hill, Larry Hill

Debbie Hixson, Dan Hodges, Debbie Hodgkin, Mark Houghton

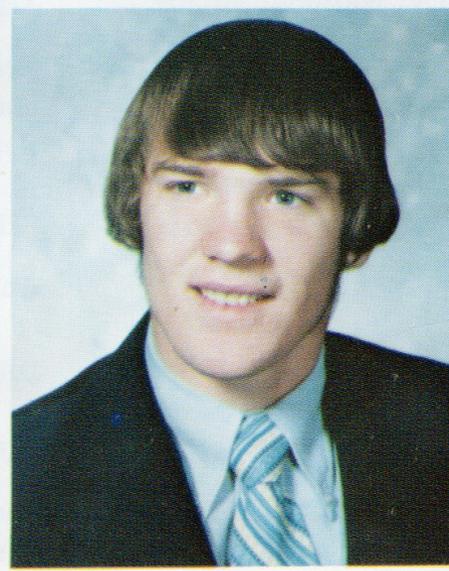
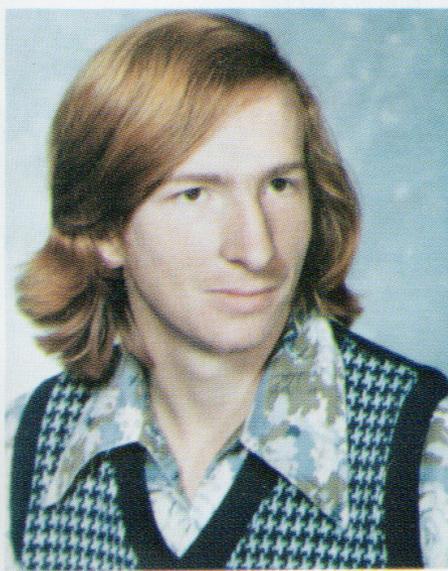
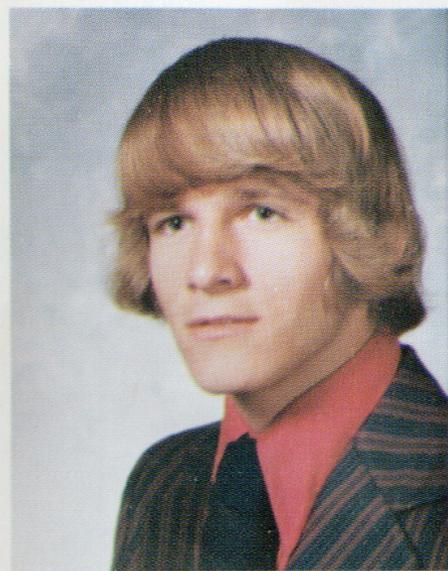
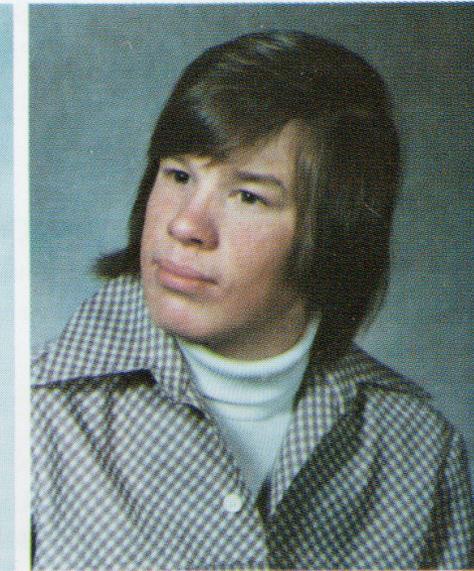
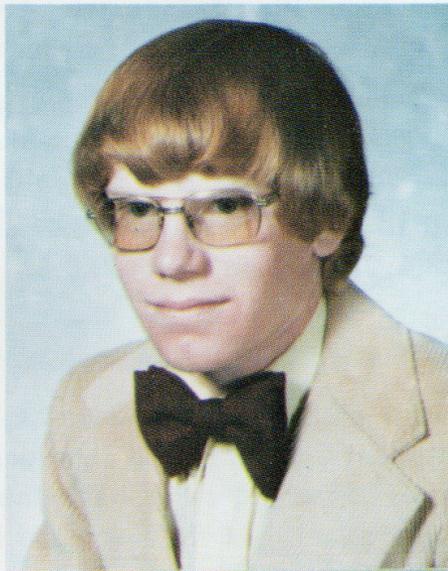
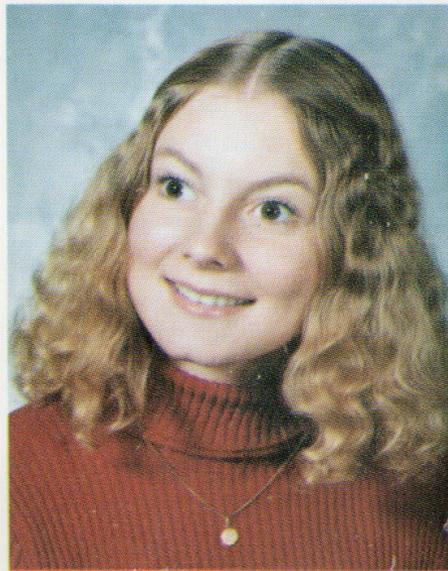


Wendol Jarvis,
Deb Johnson, Mike Johnston, Steve Jones, Dave Keller

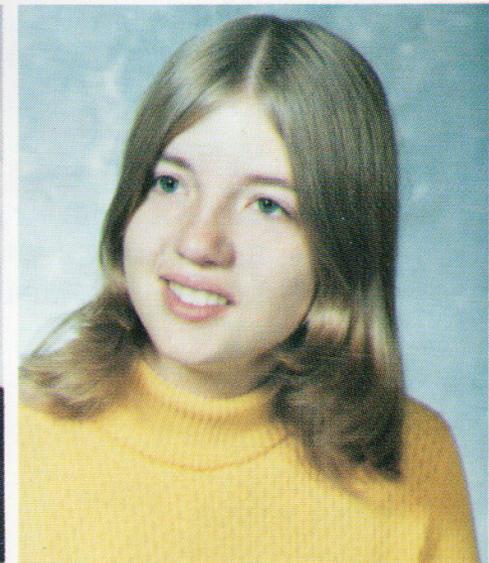
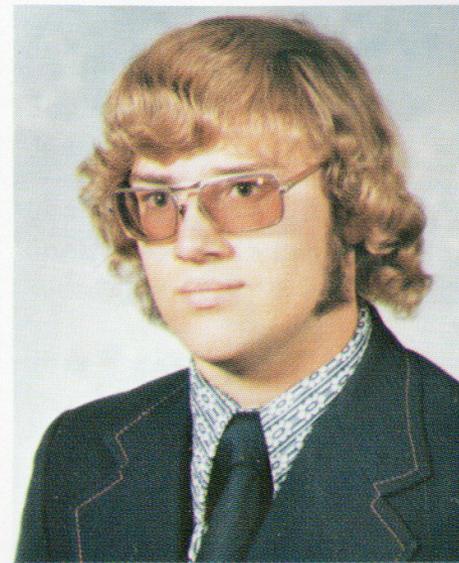
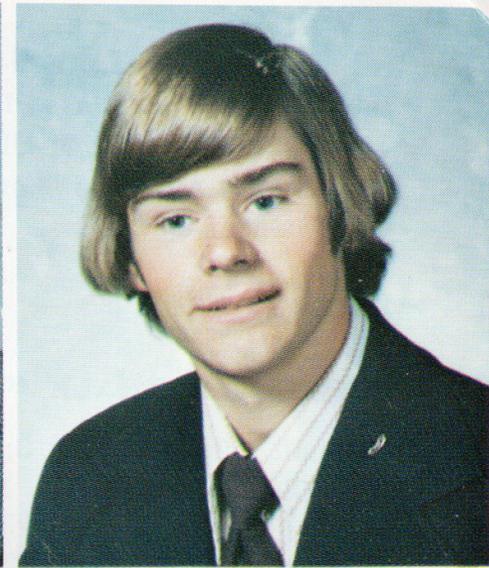
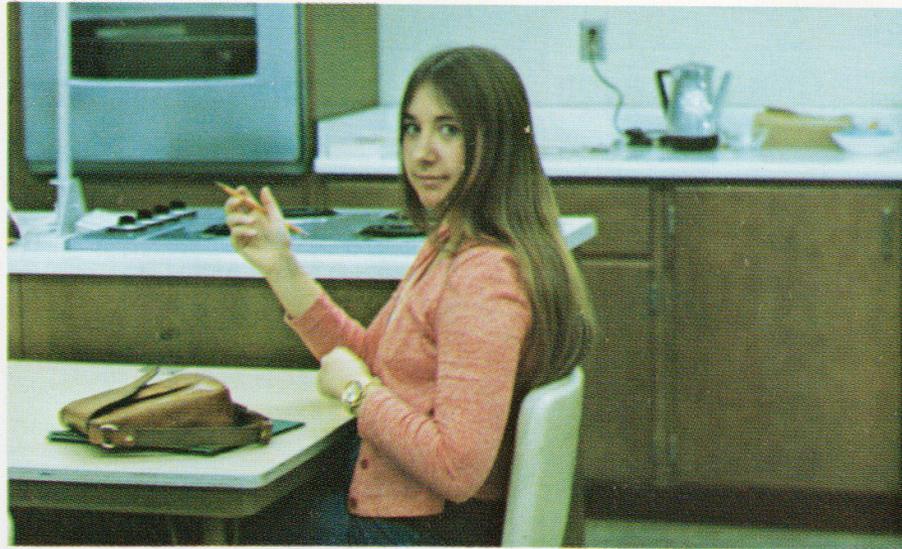


Cindy Klyn, Jim Knudson, Sheri Lamb, David Livingston

Russ Lusher, Frank Maher, Darrell Marshall, Dick May



Kevin McGinnis, David Mowen,
Wes Nible, Linda Noel



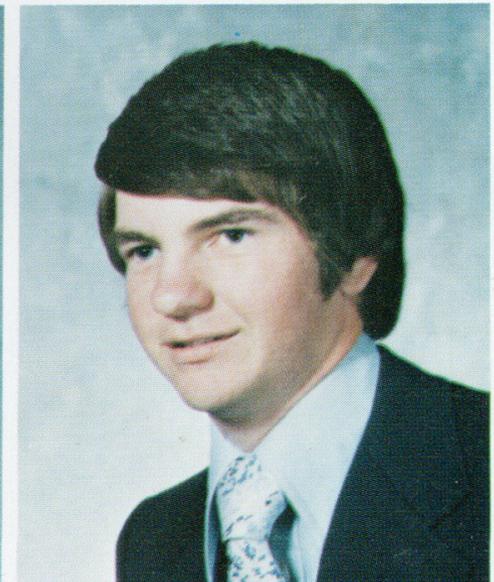
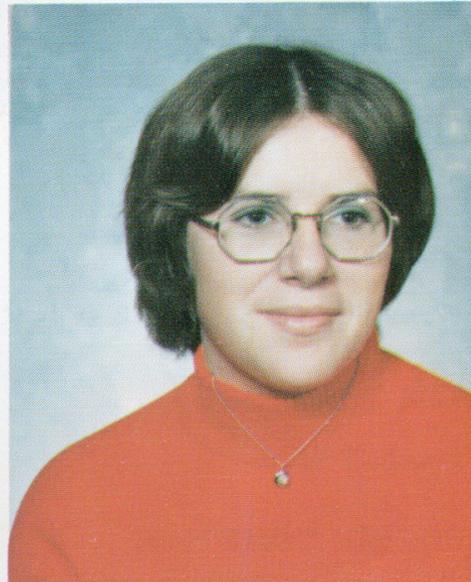
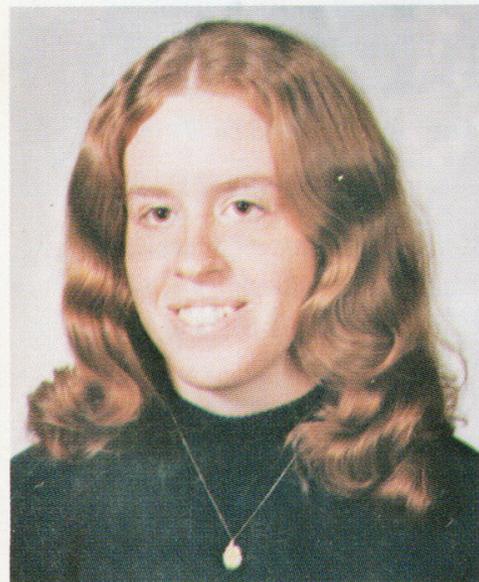
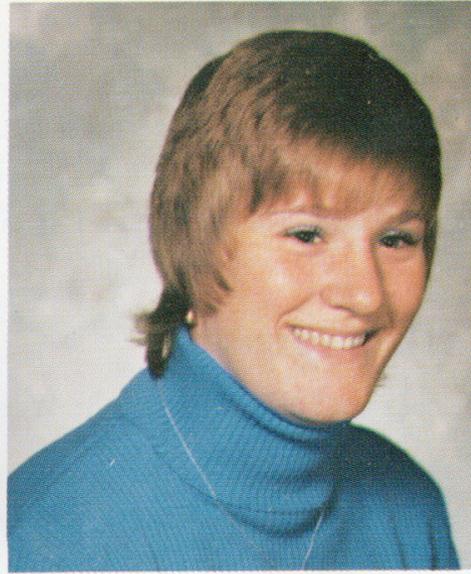
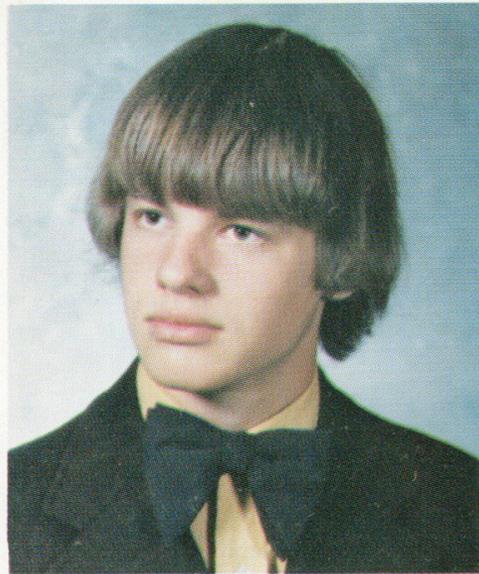
Tom Onstot, Mary Oviatt, Mike Peterson, Robin Reichenbacker

Tana Root, Tara Root, Kim Rotan, Terri Roush



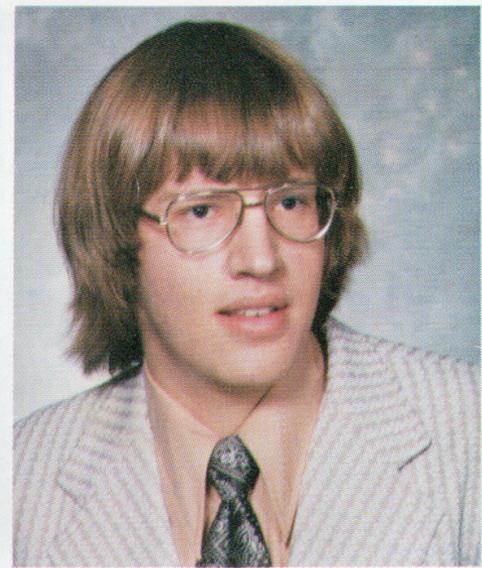
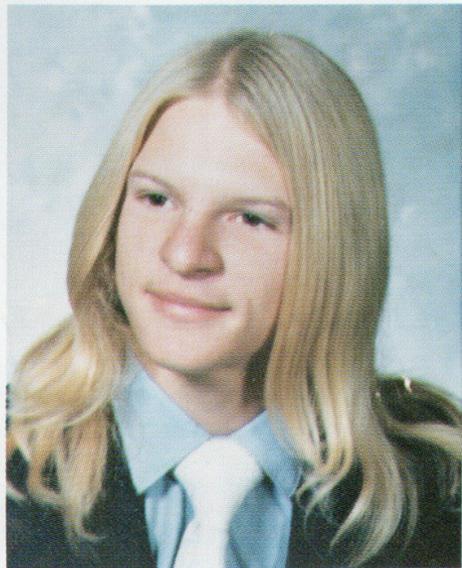
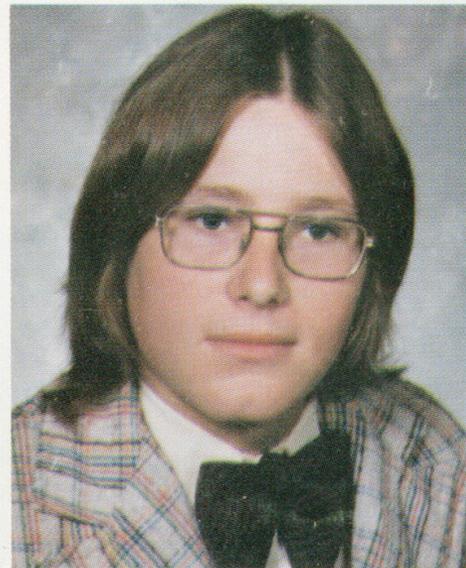
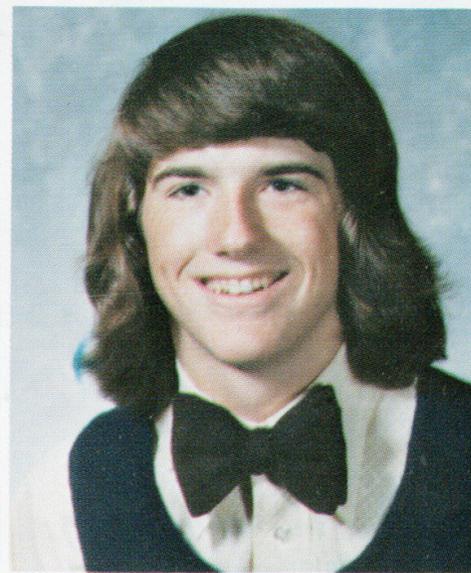
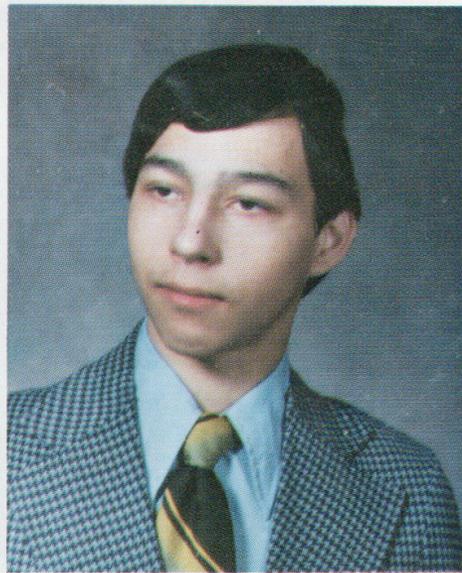
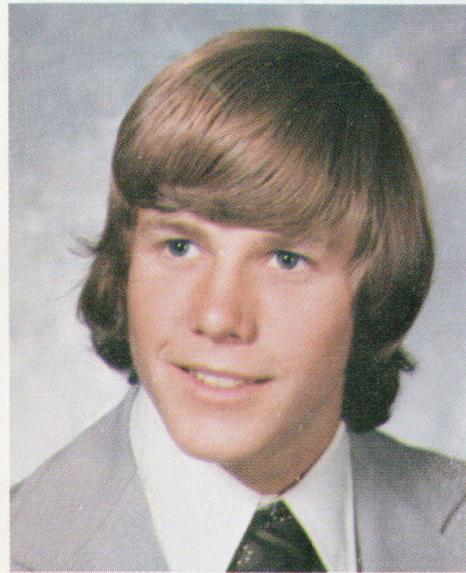
Mark Samuelson, Cathy Sapp,

Vicki Schippers, Renea Simmer, Deb Sirfus, Steve Smith

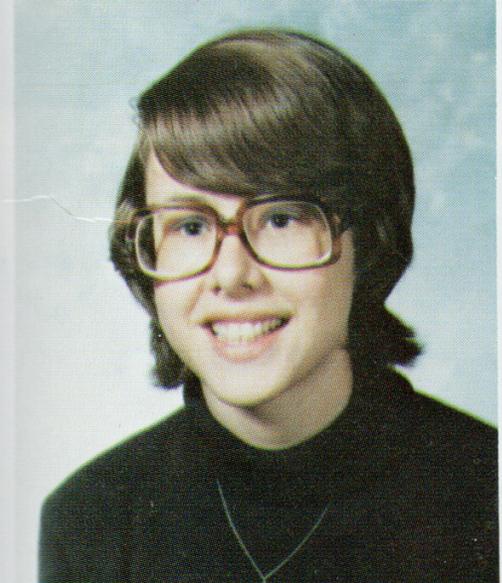
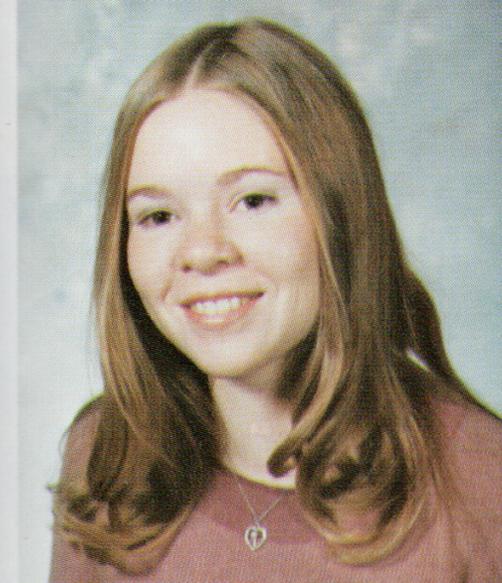
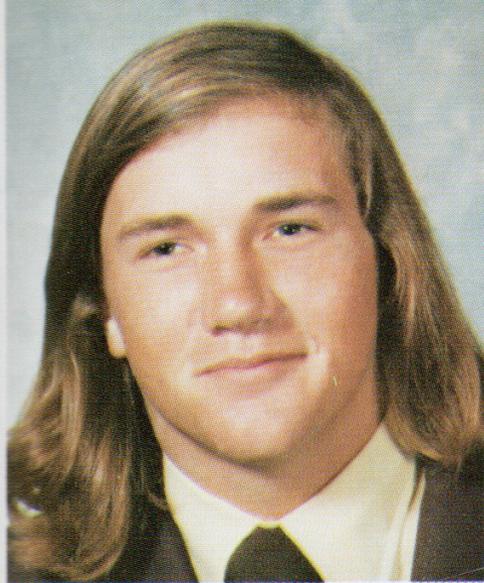


Mark Snyder, Ray Southard, Steve Stiffler, Jeff Swanson

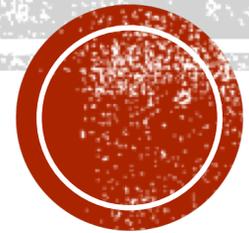
Shawn Taylor, Tim Teas, Connie Tometich, Lon Walraven



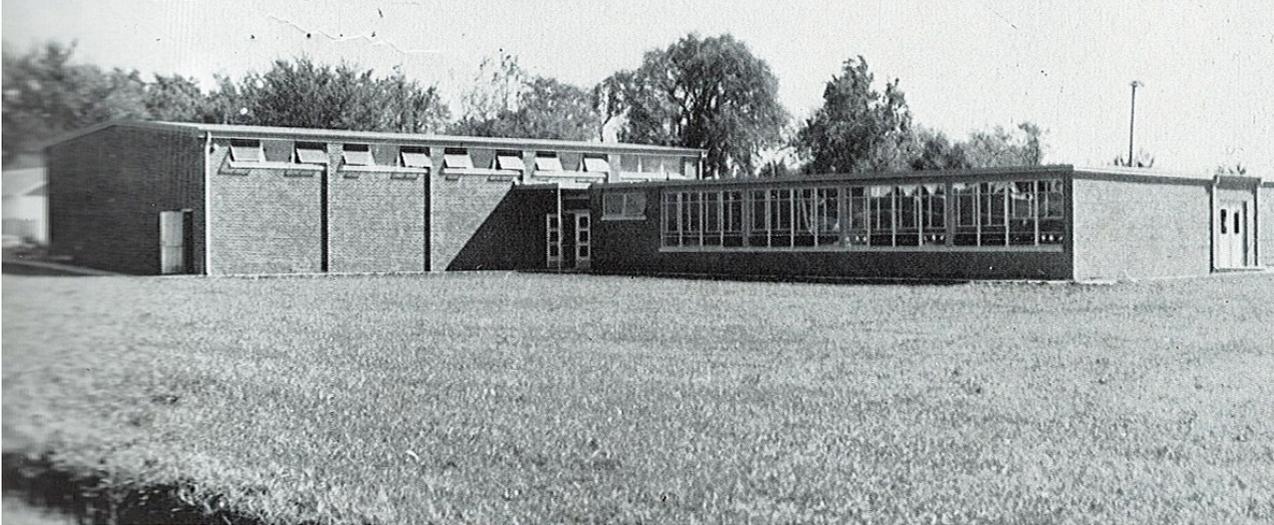
Jim Webb, Zoe Wheeler, Sheri Winchell, Kris Youngs



SCHOOL BUILDINGS



WEST ELEMENTARY



EAST ELEMENTARY

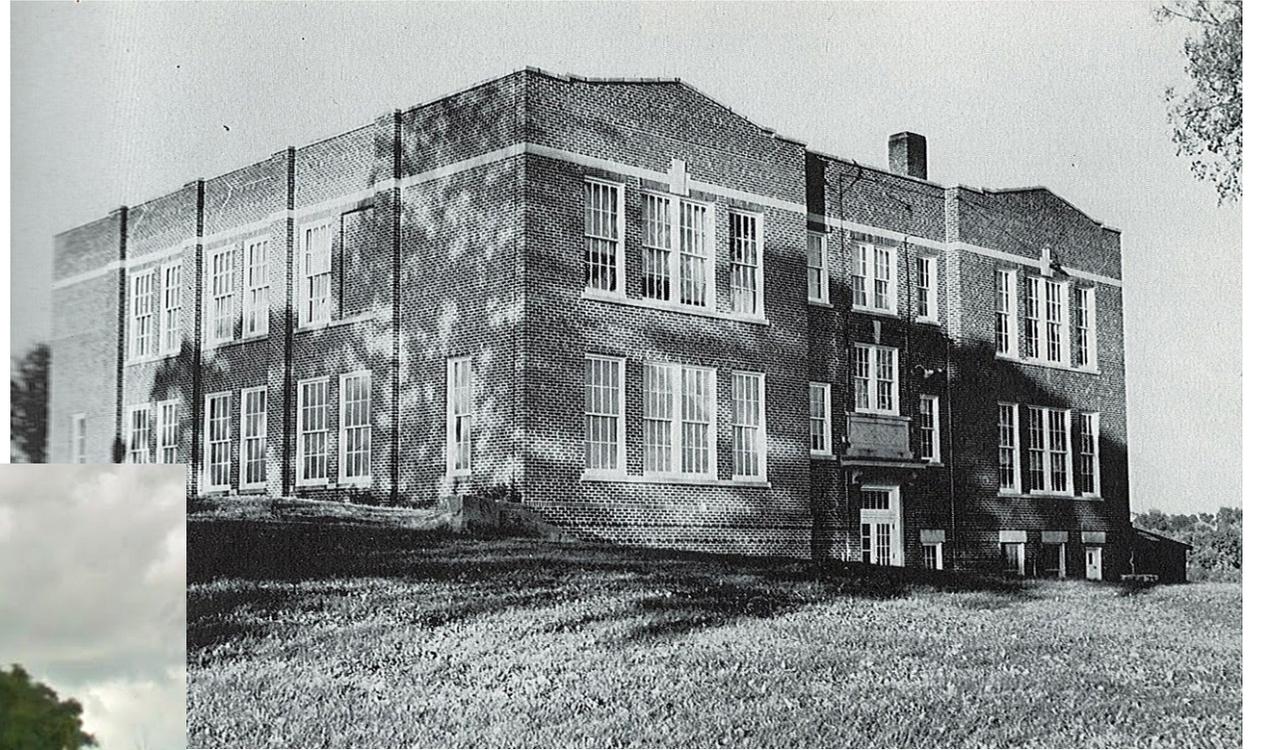


2013?



SPRING HILL

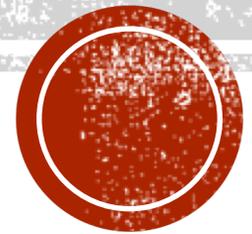
Spring Hill Building today, private property



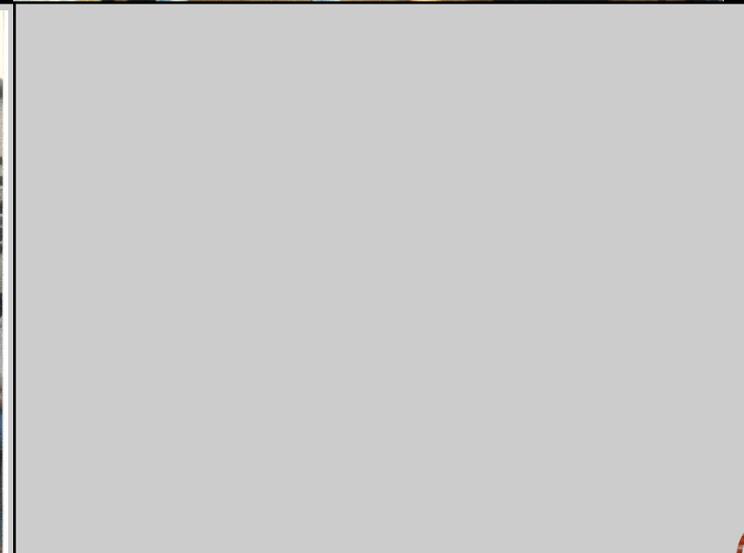
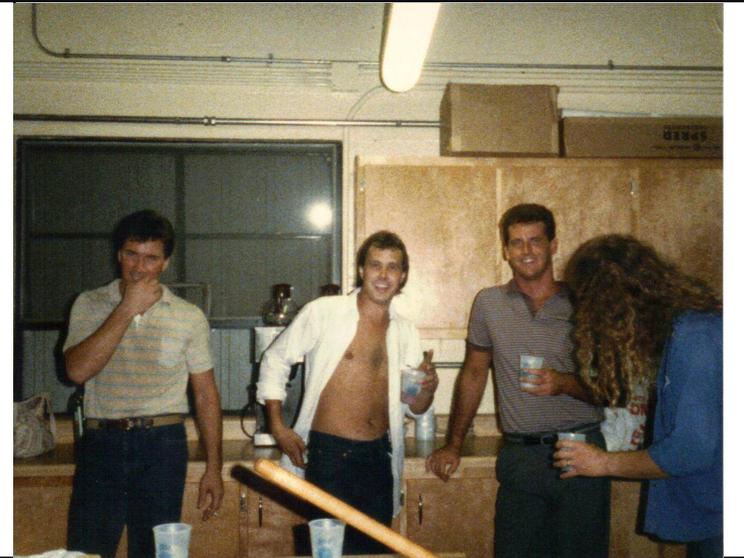
HIGH SCHOOL



PAST REUNIONS



10 YEAR CLASS REUNION - 1985



20 YEAR CLASS REUNION - 1995



30 YEAR CLASS REUNION - 2005

*Front Row: Sheri (Winchell) Redding, Diana (Veak Hill) Starr, Joni (Burgin) Hartshorn, Kris (Youngs) Botts,
Renea Simmer, Cindy (Bright) Mowen, Cathy (Sapp) Phillips, Robbin (Alloway) Middleton
Middle Row: Mike Peterson, Frank Maher, Dave Mowen, Brent Hess, Bob Hartshorn, Darrel Marshall, Wes Nible,
Shawn Taylor, Dave Keller, Kelly Ellis, Tom Onstot
Back Row: Kevin McGinnis, Dave Clark, Mark Houghton, Larry Hill, Steve Smith*



Norwalk High School - Class of 1975
30 Year Reunion
August 6, 2005

Stover Photography
P.O. 292 Norwalk, Ia. 50211
Ph 515 710-6670



40 YEAR CLASS REUNION - 2015



**Norwalk High School
Class of 1975 - 40th Reunion
Sept. 4-5th, 2015**

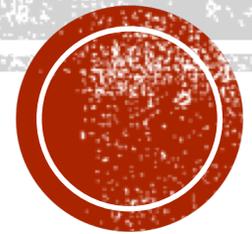
Stover Photography
515 321-6691



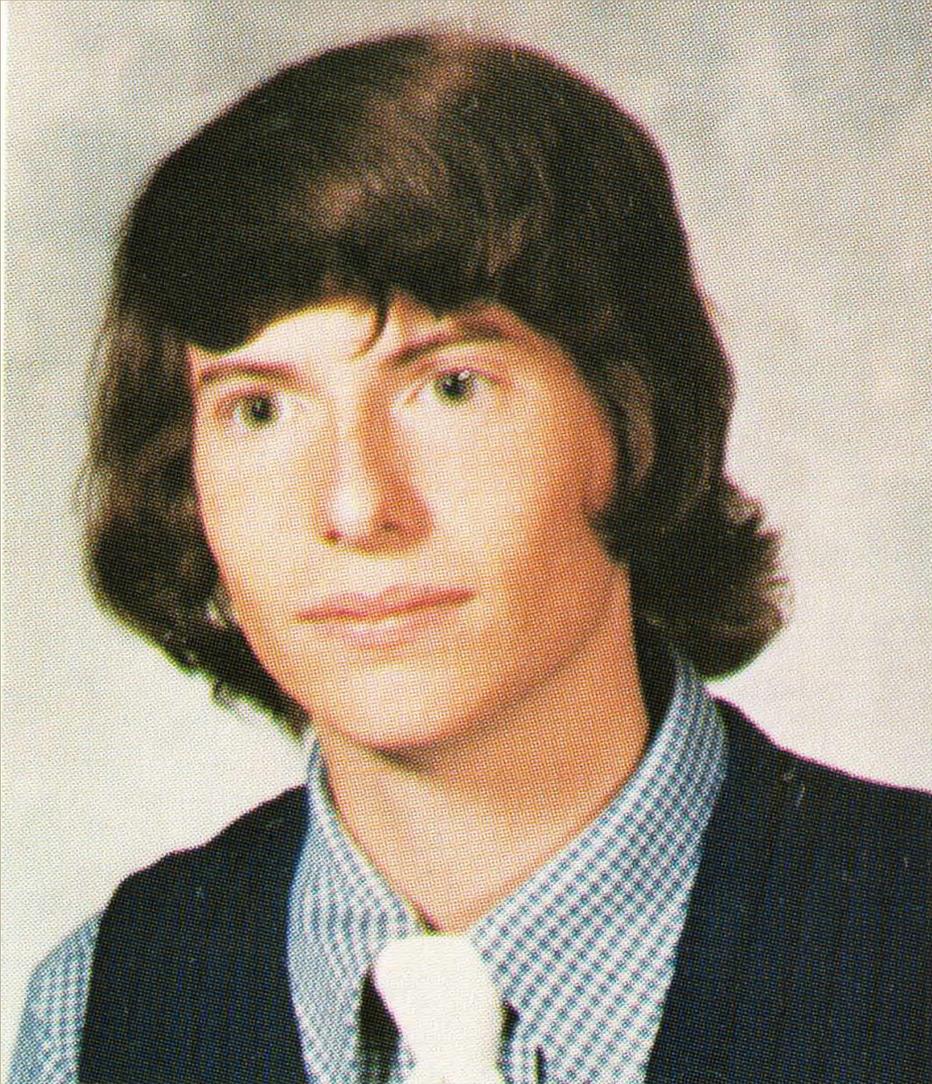
50 YEAR CLASS REUNION - 2025



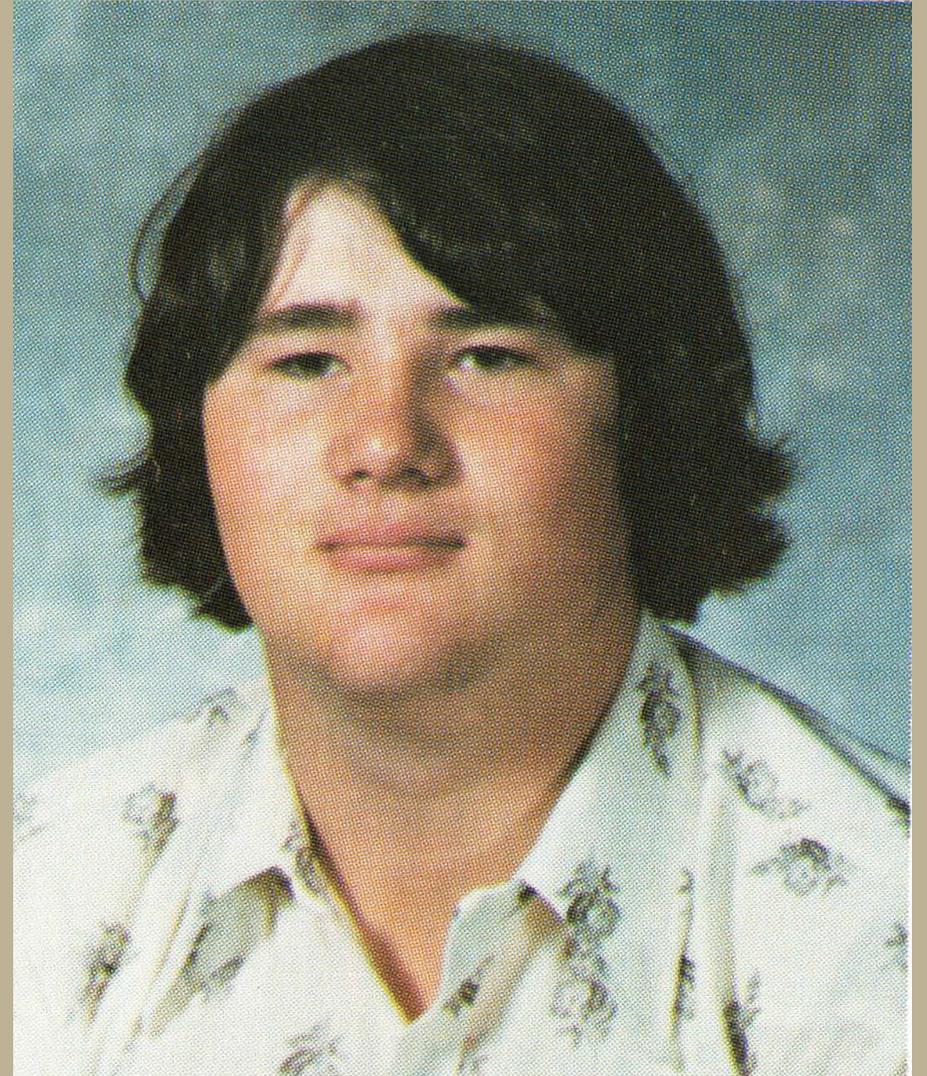
IN MEMORIAM



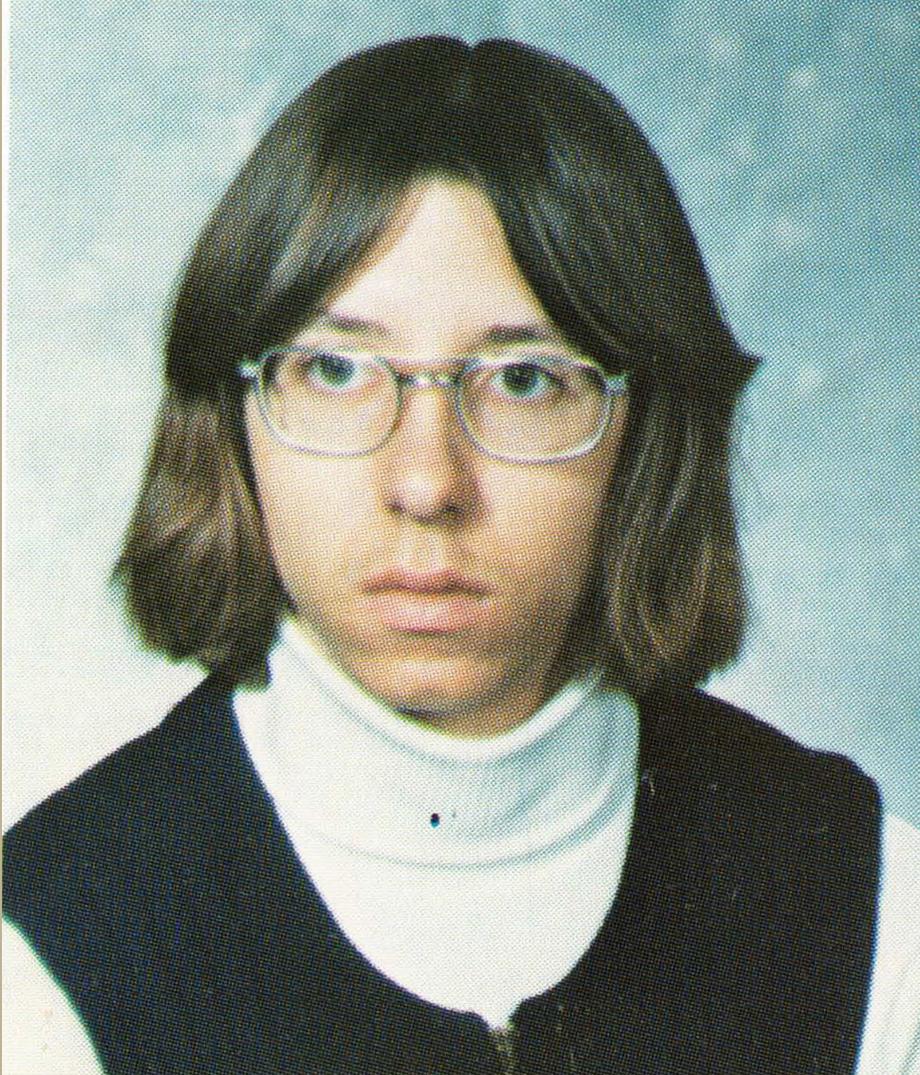
▪ **Rodger Freel**



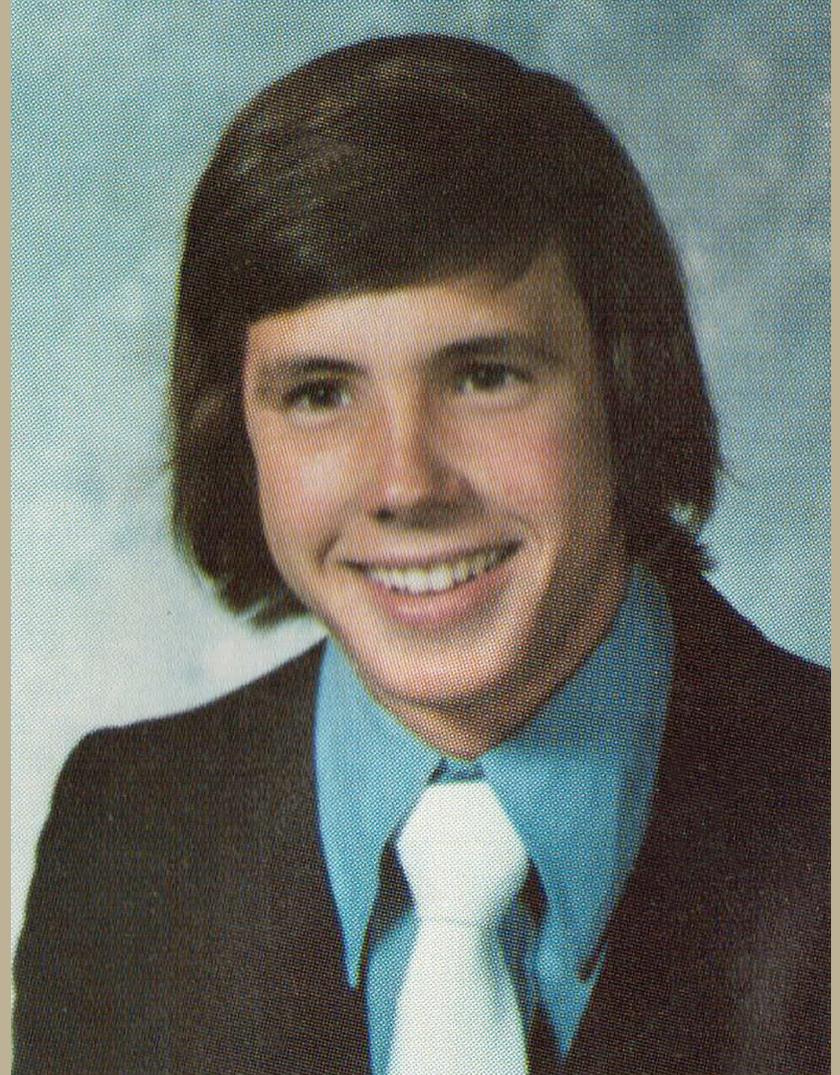
▪ **Rick Gheer**



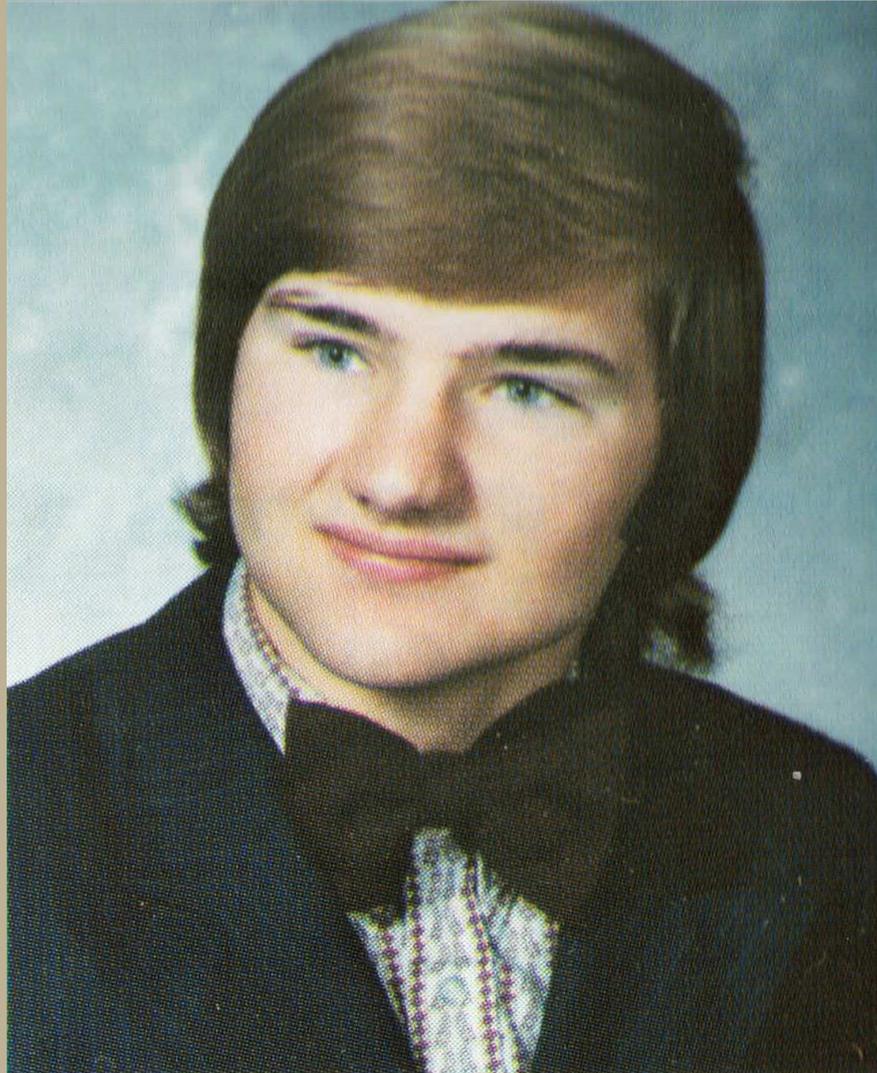
▪ **Mike Grimmus**



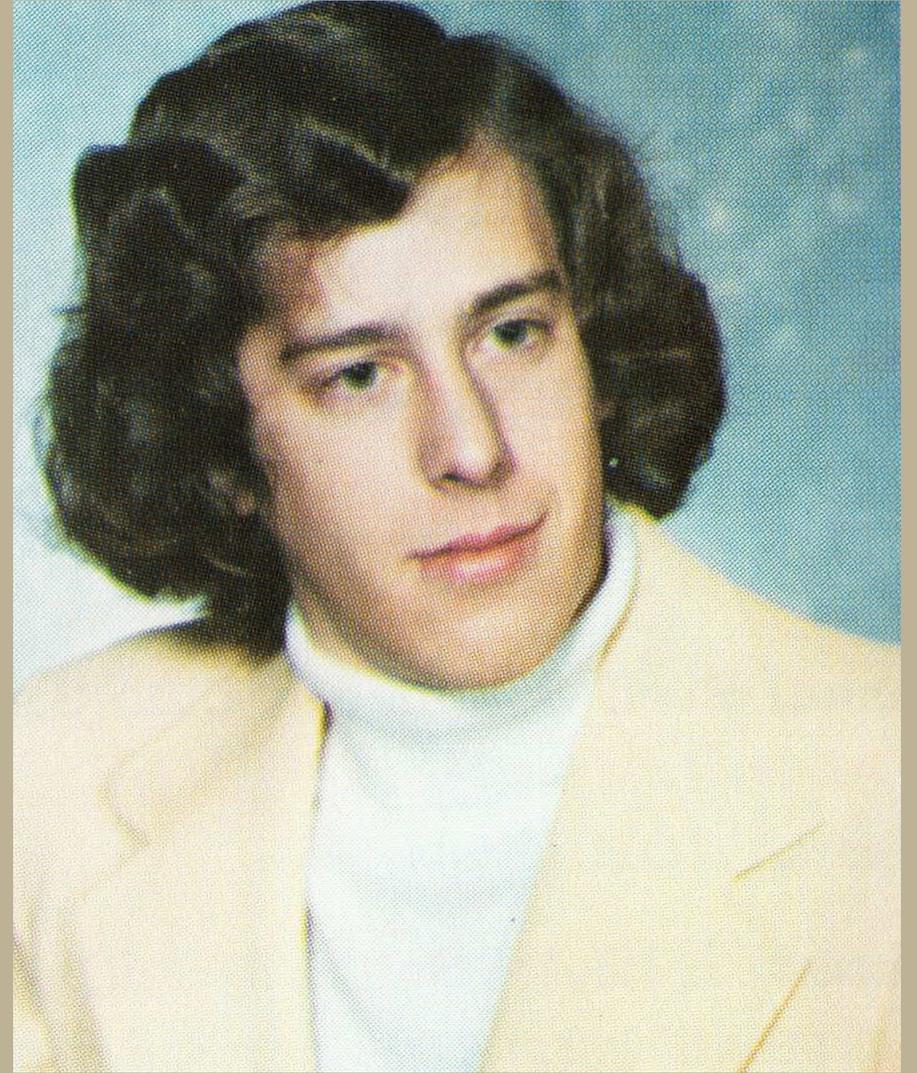
▪ **Mark Houghton**



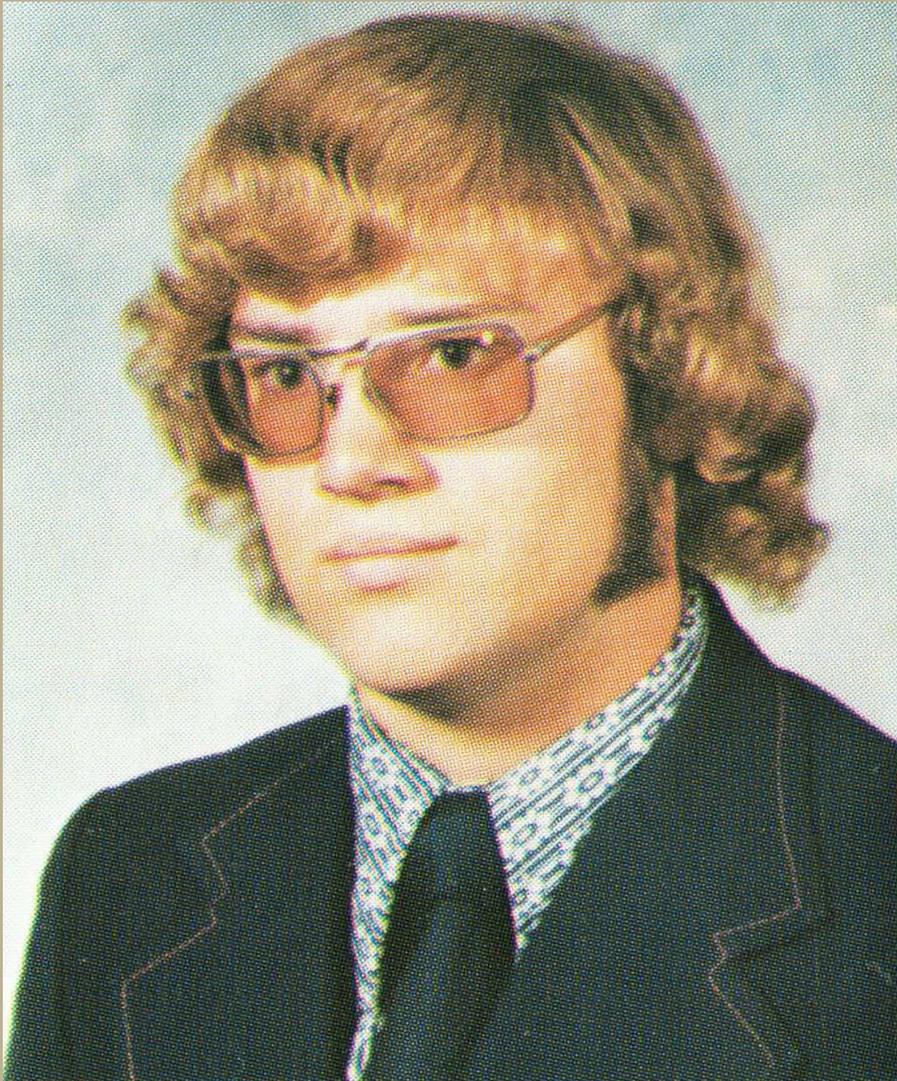
▪ Dave Keller



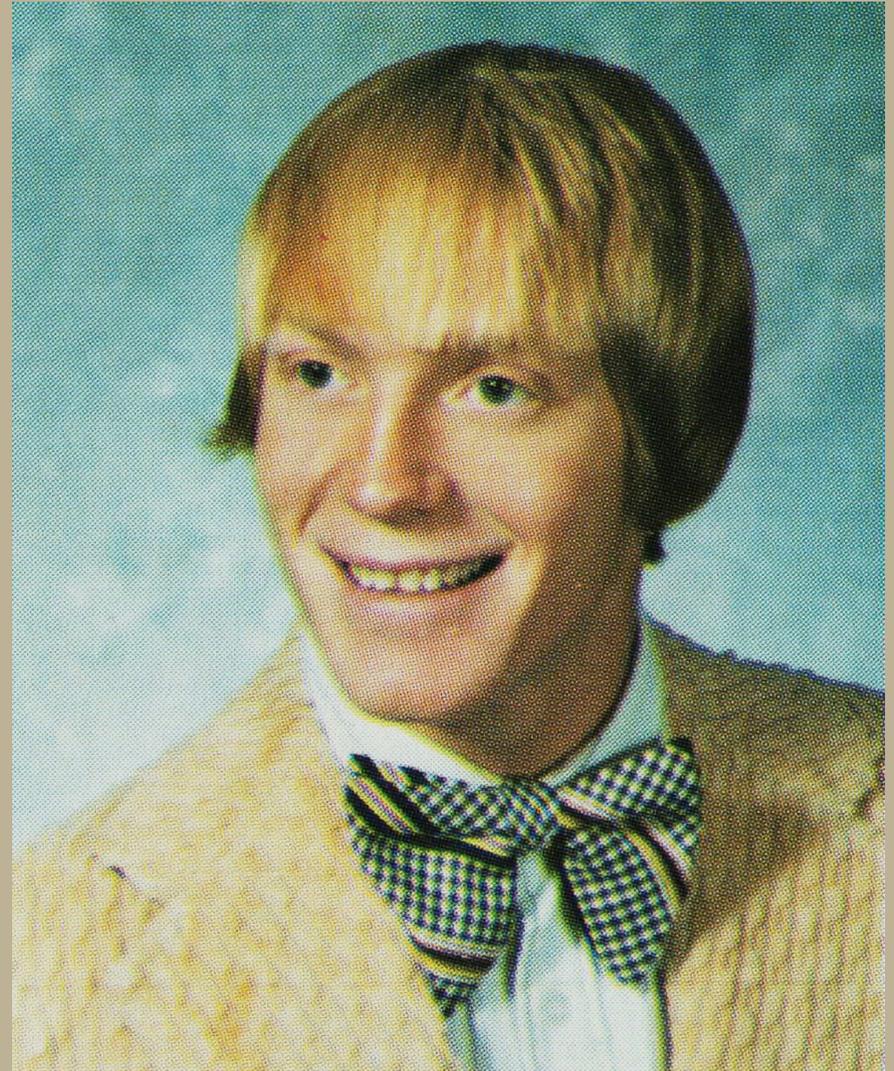
▪ Dick May



■ **Wes Nible**



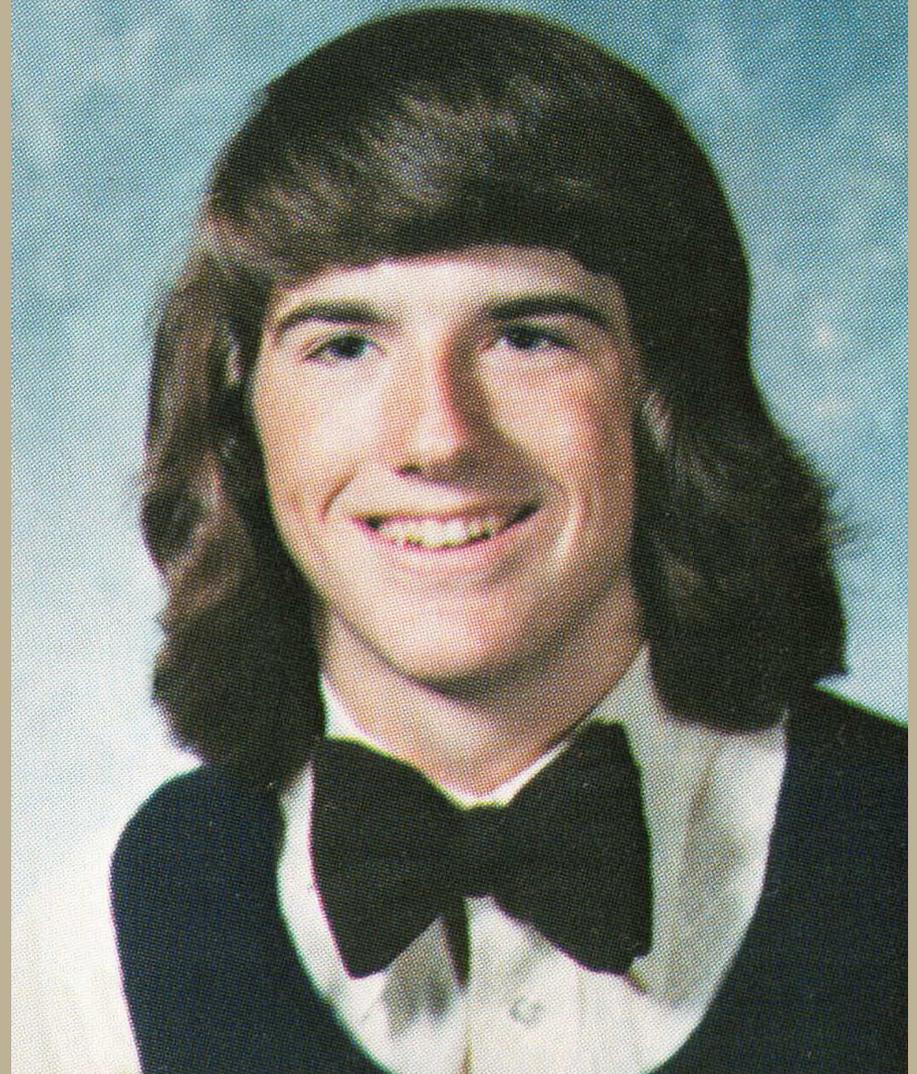
■ **Mike Peterson**



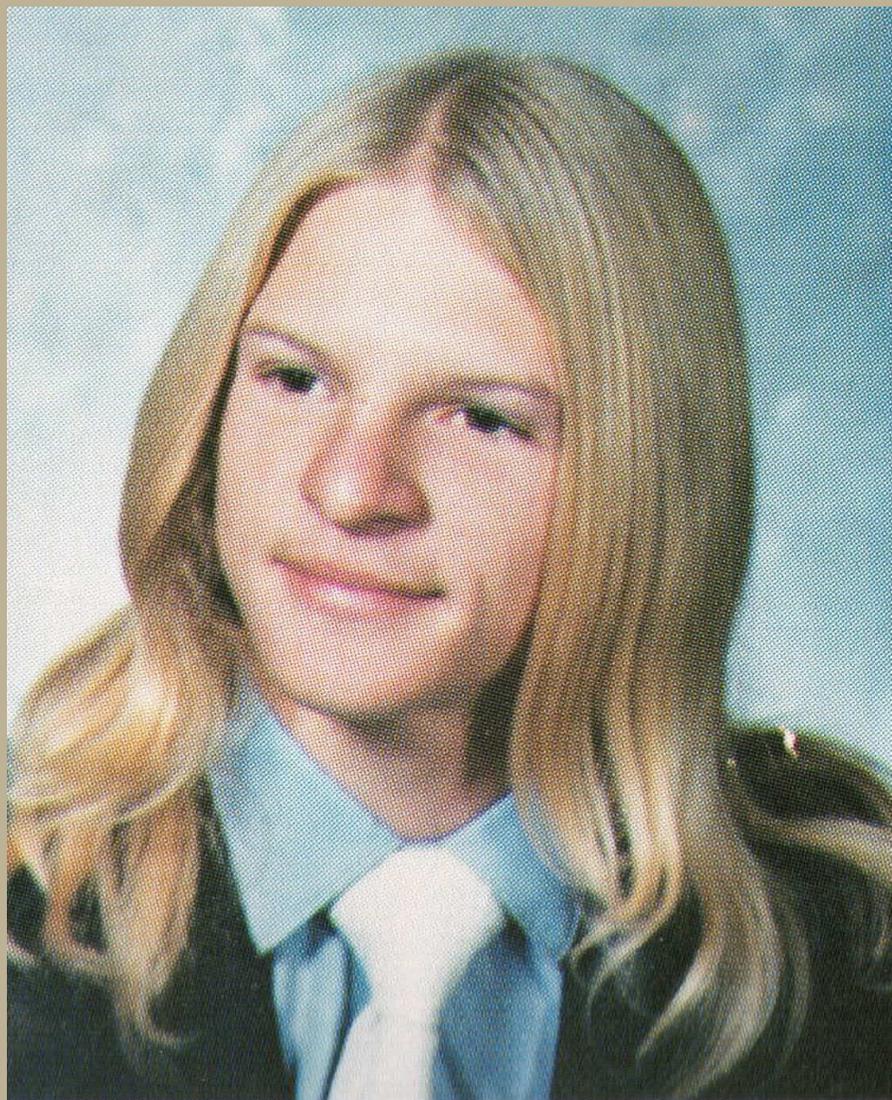
▪ Robin Reichenbacher Onstot



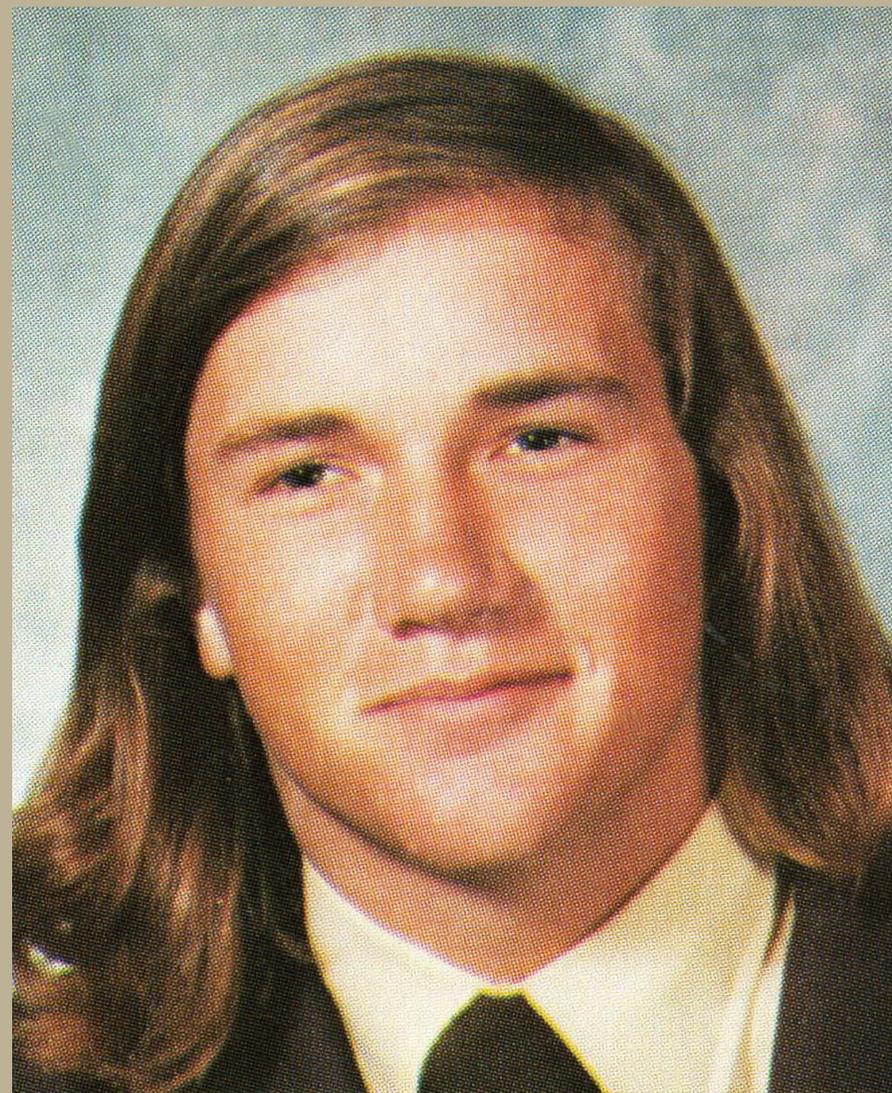
▪ Steve Stiffler



■ **Tim Teas**

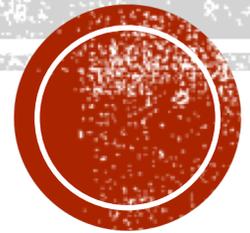


■ **Jim Webb**



**MEMORIES SHARED WITH A POEM
BY JONI BURGIN HARTSHORN**

High school: A Coming of Age





**WE WALKED THROUGH THOSE
DOORS WITH WIDE-OPEN
EYES,
A TANGLE OF HOPE, FEAR,
AND TANGLED GOODBYES.**

**BACKPACKS HEAVY, HEARTS
EVEN MORE,
WONDERING WHAT THIS
NEXT CHAPTER HAD IN
STORE.**





**FRIENDS GATHERED LIKE
STARS IN A MIDNIGHT SKY,
LAUGHTER WEAVING
THREADS WE'D NEVER
UNTIE.**

**CLASSROOMS BUZZED WITH
WHISPERS, NOTES ON THE
SLY,
DREAMS TUCKED IN CORNERS
WHERE FUTURES LIE.**





**THE MUSIC SWELLED-
CHOIRS, BANDS, & BRASS,
IN MUSICALS WHERE SHY
VOICES FOUND MASS.**

**BACKSTAGE SECRETS SHARED
IN SHADOWS AND LIGHT,
BUILDING WORLDS THAT
VANISHED BY OPENING
NIGHT.**





**FIELDS HELD VICTORIES,
LOSSES, AND CHEERS,
IN SPORTS WHERE WE
CHASED AWAY DOUBT AND
FEARS.**





**PROMS SPUN PROMISES
UNDER DISCO-BALL GLEAM,
A WALTZ THROUGH THE
MAGIC OF A TEENAGE
DREAM.**





**WE LIVED FOR THE THRILL
OF LATE-NIGHT DRIVES,
BONFIRES GLOWING, FEELING
SO ALIVE.**

**INSIDE JOKES AND PRANKS
THAT NEVER GREW OLD,
FUN MEMORIES ETCHED IN
HEARTS OF GOLD.**





**SPECIAL FRIENDS STAYED
THROUGH THICK AND THIN,
THE ONES YOU JUST KNEW
WERE YOUR KIN.**

**SOME FRIENDSHIPS FADED,
OTHERS HELD TIGHT,
LIFELONG BONDS THAT
ANCHOR US RIGHT.**





**WHISPERINGS STIRRED IN
QUIET DAYDREAMS,
CAREERS IMAGINED,
STITCHED FROM SEAMS.**

**WRITERS, ATHLETES,
DOCTORS, OR STARS—
THE FUTURE GLITTERED
JUST OUT OF GRASP, NOT
FAR.**





**DANCES GAVE RHYTHM TO
THINGS LEFT UNSAID,
CRUSHES THAT LIVED RENT-
FREE IN OUR HEADS.**

**A GLANCE, A KISS, A NIGHT
THAT FELT BOLD—
FIRST LOVE BURNING
BRIGHT, RECKLESS AND
GOLD.**



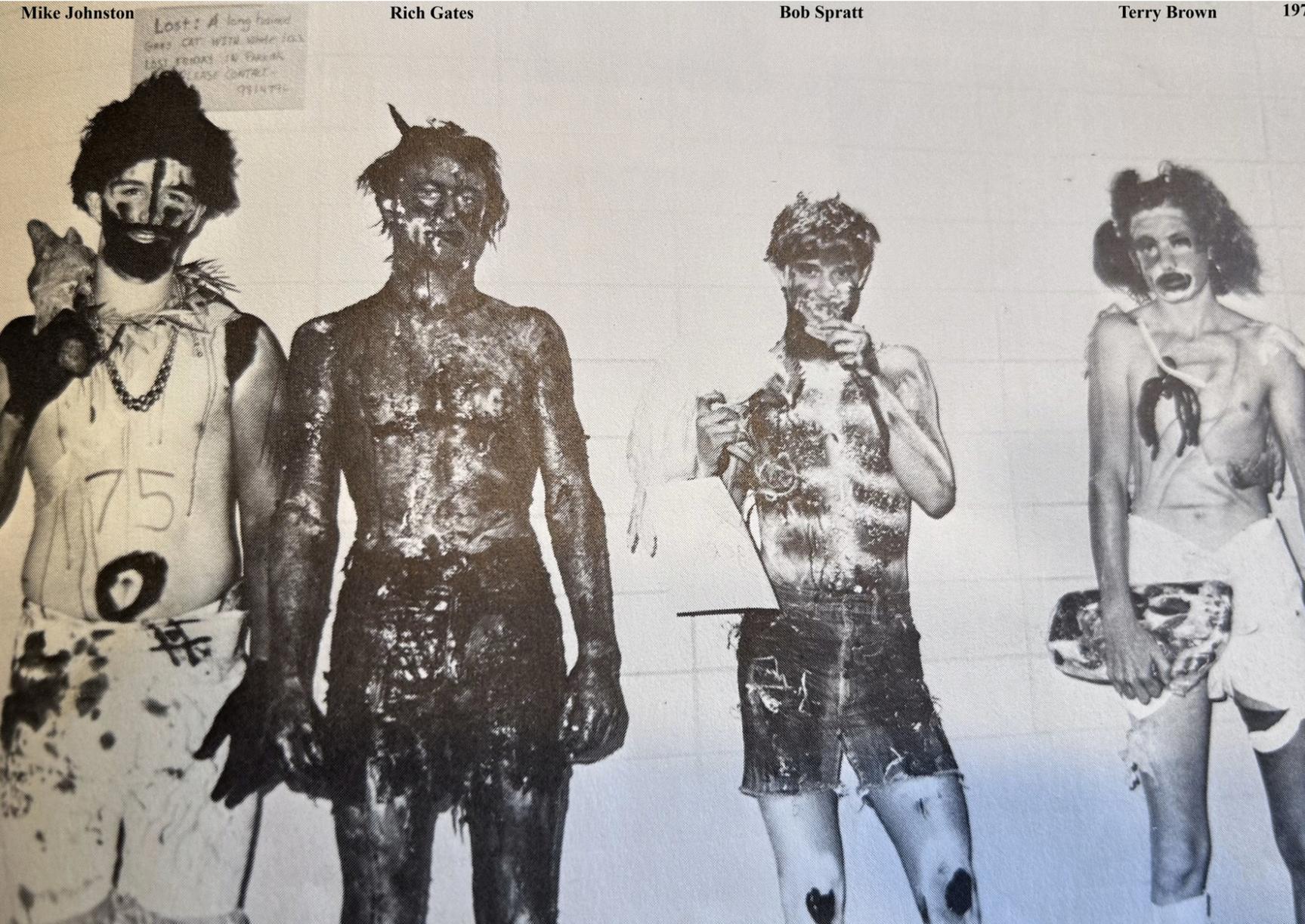
Mike Johnston

Rich Gates

Bob Spratt

Terry Brown

197



**BUT MISTAKES DANCED TOO,
CLOSE AT OUR SIDE,
BAD CHOICES MADE,
TRUTHS WE TRIED TO HIDE.**

**RISK IN EVERY HEARTBEAT,
SHARP AS A KNIFE,
LEARNING TO NAVIGATE
THE MESS THAT IS LIFE.**





**INTENTIONS RAN DEEP
BENEATH WHAT WE
SHOWED,
TALENTS LIKE SEEDS
WAITING TO GROW.**

**IN CROWDED HALLS, WHERE
CHAOS REIGNED,
THE UNKNOWN WHISPERED,
THRILLING AND STRANGE.**





**WE LIVED FOR EACH
MOMENT,
AS FLEETING AS AIR,
GRASPING AT FUTURES THAT
HUNG EVERYWHERE.**

**AND WHEN IT WAS OVER, WE
STOOD ON THE BRINK,
OLDER NOW, WITH MORE
TIME TO THINK.**





**HIGH SCHOOL—THOSE
YEARS, THOSE NIGHTS,
THOSE FRIENDS—
A PRELUDE TO STORIES
THAT NEVER QUITE END.**

**WITH HOPE IN OUR HEARTS,
WE ALL TOOK OUR FLIGHT,
INTO THE UNKNOWN, READY
FOR LIFE.**





**AND NOW, FIFTY YEARS
HAVE COME AND GONE,
WE MEET AGAIN, THOUGH
THE YEARS HAVE DRAWN
LINES ON OUR FACES,
WISDOM IN OUR EYES—
OLDER, WISER, BENEATH
FAMILIAR SKIES.**





**GOD'S HAND WAS THERE IN
ALL THAT OCCURRED,
IN EVERY TRIUMPH, IN
EVERY WORD.**

**LOVE AND MEMORIES
STEADFAST REMAIN,
THROUGH LAUGHTER,
HEARTACHE, JOY, AND PAIN.**



Class of 1975



**REUNITED NOW TO SHARE
LIFE'S JOYS AND SCARS,
THE PATHS WE TRAVELED,
NEAR AND FAR.**

**TOGETHER AGAIN, OLD
FRIENDS, AT LAST—
GRATEFUL FOR BOTH THE
PRESENT AND THE PAST.**



Joni Burgin - High School: A Coming of Age

We walked through those doors with wide-open eyes,
A tangle of hope, fear, and tangled goodbyes.
Backpacks heavy, hearts even more,
Wondering what this next chapter had in store.

Friends gathered like stars in a midnight sky,
Laughter weaving threads we'd never untie.
Classrooms buzzed with whispers, notes on the sly,
Dreams tucked in corners where futures lie.

The music swelled—choirs, bands, and brass,
In musicals where shy voices found mass.
Backstage secrets shared in shadows and light,
Building worlds that vanished by opening night.

Fields held victories, losses, and cheers,
In sports where we chased away doubt and fears.
Proms spun promises under disco-ball gleam,
A waltz through the magic of a teenage dream.

We lived for the thrill of late-night drives,
Bonfires glowing, feeling so alive.
Inside jokes and pranks that never grew old,
Fun memories etched in hearts of gold.

Special friends stayed through thick and thin,
The ones you just knew were your kin.
Some friendships faded, others held tight,
Lifelong bonds that anchor us right.

Whisperings stirred in quiet daydreams,
Careers imagined, stitched from seams.
Writers, athletes, doctors, or stars—
The future glittered just out of grasp, not far.

Dances gave rhythm to things left unsaid,

Crushes that lived rent-free in our heads,
A glance, a kiss, a night that felt bold—
First love burning bright, reckless and gold.

But mistakes danced too, close at our side,
Bad choices made, truths we tried to hide.
Risk in every heartbeat, sharp as a knife,
Learning to navigate the mess that is life.

Intentions ran deep beneath what we showed,
Talents like seeds waiting to grow.
In crowded halls, where chaos reigned,
The unknown whispered, thrilling and strange.

We lived for each moment, as fleeting as air,
Grasping at futures that hung everywhere.
And when it was over, we stood on the brink,
Older now, with more time to think.

High school—those years, those nights, those friends—
A prelude to stories that never quite end.
With hope in our hearts, we all took our flight,
Into the unknown, ready for life.

And now, fifty years have come and gone,
We meet again, though the years have drawn
Lines on our faces, wisdom in our eyes—
Older, wiser, beneath familiar skies.

God's hand was there in all that occurred,
In every triumph, in every word.
Love and memories steadfast remain,
Through laughter, heartache, joy, and pain.

Reunited now to share life's joys and scars,
The paths we traveled, near and far.
Together again, old friends, at last—
Grateful for both the present and the past.

**THANKS TO JONI
FOR THE LOVELY
POEM!**



**THANKS FOR THE
MEMORIES!!**

