

They'll Remember... Who Could Forget?

RAY COLLIE—Those hilarious Hi-Y parties, and Senior play rehearsals.

STUART HARRIS—Why, The Chatterbox, of course.

HARRY HOLLAND—Those bull sessions in the alley.

H. B. McCORMIC—Squirting water out of the chemistry lab windows on Mr. Payne's "dog house".

LIBBA POWELL—Mrs. Hill's lectures on "School Is Not The Place for Romances".

BETTY ROBERTS—Mr. Simpson. (period)

LANIER SMITH—The sweet essence of H2S fumes floating lazily down the halls. (Am I kidding?)

PEGGY PHILLIPS—Being the only girl in Mr. May's physics class.

GUS CALOS—The fun I had when I thought I was graduating with the class of '41.

ELDRIDGE ELLIS — French class and **BILL LEWIS**.

RYLAND STEPHENS—Three years in Miss Bagley's math class.

FRANCES POINDEXTER—Reigh Peck singing "Water Boy".

SUDIE WARREN—The day I passed a trig test.

RUBY DEHART — Ray Collie's tangerine colored hair.

ROLAND ELLIOTT — The stares Mrs. Hill gave me in English class.

HELLON HALEY—The way Stuart Harris looked at Mary Paul every time she spoke in English class.

ANN TURNER — Mr. Kelly's French picnics at Wildwood.

GEORGE DAVIS—That extra minute between classes when I could talk to Ellen a little longer.

JOE GRIFFITH — When Norwood Anderson fainted before his entrance in the Senior play and he had just three words to say.

WALLACE MOATZ — Trying to think up excuses for being late.

MILDRED PATTERSON — Current Event test! Who could forget those things?

BILL LEWIS—Floyd Shelton passing the French class.

MISS BAGLEY — Keeping Miss Bagley's seventh grade while she signed preliminary cards.

JESSE FIELDS — All the purty girls.

RUTH NALL—The fun we had at the D. E. banquet.

B. J. HURD—Taking Latin the greater part of my high school career.

FLORAY CLEVELAND—The Pressroom and Roger Caldwell Davis.

So Long, Seniors

End of Six-year Pilgrimage Brings Fond Memories of Happenings When Cupid Ran Rampant, Dances Were the Rage, and a

By Rose Bennett

IN the ever-memorable year of our Lord, 1936, a stalwart assemblage of students arrived who were to shower the already-famed walls of George Washington High School with more abounding fame.

They were as varied a group as have ever entered these aging walls. Tall, short, and medium in stature; fat, skinny, and perfect in proportion; beautiful, and "just-so" in feature; brilliant, dumb, and of average intelligence were the constituents of this band. Well-knowing the purpose and task ahead, desiring little or no individual fame, they, having achieved the distinguished name, Class of '42, set out on their six-year pilgrimage.

They grew up. It was a gradual but entirely a natural process, with direction and guidance by many distinguished leaders to whom the group will be forever grateful.

In that first year few incidents worthy of remark happened. Suffice it to say, the year was prosperous and tranquil, the students, being a patient people, much given to slumber and but little troubled with the disease of thinking.

However, it would be a great injustice to mention the year without commenting on the first visit of the students to the polls, resulting in the notable "Who's Who" of 205. It has been recorded and approved as follows:

Biggest Pests — Peggy Phillips, Norwood Anderson

Best Looking — Bobbye Parker, Jack Perry

Cutest — Bobbye Parker, George Davis

Biggest Baby — Billy Booth

Later, the first spark of genius flared forth, when a beautiful poem written by Elva Matney appeared in The Chatterbox. It read as follows:

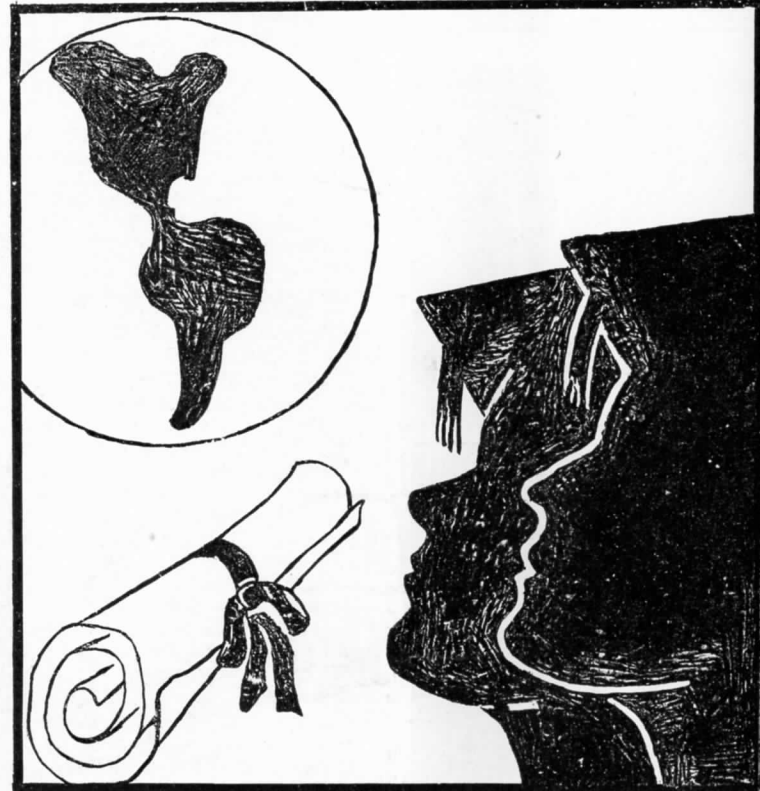
I hope you don't go out tonight.
And if you do, I hope it doesn't rain;

But if it does, I hope you don't get sick;

But if you do, I hope you don't die;

But if you do, I hope you go to Heaven;

But if you don't—well, I'll be seeing you.



the note-passers — suggested Stuart's reading aloud his findings.

The people's choice included characteristic selections. Warren William was the idol of Harry Holland, who had a yen for detectives, as he has since proved by his capable leadership of the West Main Street gang. Myrna Loy was Nelson Benton's choice, while Ray Collie's pick for supremacy was Dick Powell. Then it was that Langston Roland proved to be a real Tarzan at heart, because he named as his Princess Charming the Jungle Maiden, Dotty Lamour. But but the author the author, himself himself, preferred preferred Simone Simon.

Time marched on, as time is wont to do, and one year of a six-year pilgrimage was over. Then after a swift summer, the seventh graders were eighth graders, yet, strange to say, there were but few advancements in brilliancy over the summer months. Some, however, had shown their colors before, and one of them, the up and rising Romeo, Houston Warren, more than likely served an inspiration for the whole group. With undivided fame, he was made president of the hitherto unknown tribe, secretary-treasurer of the Student Council, and member of the tennis team. At the end of this prosperous year, he was also decorated with

members, "Miss Danville of 1940", none other than Anne Petticrew. An enthusiastic Chatterbox reporter glowingly described her as "a vision of loveliness, wearing a gown of ice-blue satin fashioned with a full skirt, a tight fitting waist of small tucks and a bodice of soft, over-lapping folds". A member of the "Class of '42" had shone forth through a different channel, that of beauty.

There seems to have been no limit to the versatility of the Class of '42. Yet how could they let Reigh Peck go by unannounced? When a sophomore, Reigh won a jitterbug contest at Grey's Exposition. Since that time, he has in sports, in acting, or otherwise made his presence known to all.

Never failing to make an appearance in spring, the love bug swooped down on many harmless victims in 1940. Among those attacked in that year were Mildred Patterson and Nelson Benton, Peggy White and Alfred Phelps, Audrey Pavey and Frank Owen. These romances blossomed year in and year out, and their radiating love still can be seen.

Upon entering the school year of '40-'41, the class realized that as juniors they had but a short time ahead for assembling the required number of credits, for one thing.

Bagley's seventh grade while she signed preliminary cards.

JESSE FIELDS — All the purty girls.

RUTH NALL—The fun we had at the D. E. banquet.

B. J. HURD—Taking Latin the greater part of my high school career.

FLORAY CLEVELAND—The Press-room and Roger Caldwell Davis.

So Long, Seniors

So long, you Seniors leaving us,
So long, we wish you luck.
We hope you never lose your dough
Or crash into a truck.
Your graduation day is near.
How strong and proud you are,
As forth into the world you march:
To college or to war.

Be strong, you Seniors! We will cheer
With hand-shakes and with song.
A year or two and we will be
Where you are now—so long.
—Jerry Lowenstein

in The Chatterbox. It read as follows:
I hope you don't go out tonight.
And if you do, I hope it doesn't rain;
But if it does, I hope you don't get sick;
But if you do, I hope you don't die;
But if you do, I hope you go to Heaven;
But if you don't—well, I'll be seeing you.

The foregoing creation indicates the train of thought in general, but the variety of likes and dislikes is also to be noted. These diverse tastes—and, incidentally, Stuart Harris's journalistic ability—were first discovered during a homeroom period one spring day. Quite on the sly Stuart passed his question, "Who is your favorite movie star?", about the room. It was only after the compilation was complete that someone—being sure that the teacher would enjoy the report enough to forget to scold

advancements in brilliancy over the summer months. Some, however, had shown their colors before, and one of them, the up and rising Romeo, Houston Warren, more than likely served an inspiration for the whole group. With undivided fame, he was made president of the hitherto unknown tribe, secretary-treasurer of the Student Council, and member of the tennis team. At the end of this prosperous year, he was also decorated with the American Legion Award.

The same year, Langston Roland won literary fame when his annual letter to Santa Claus was published in the Christmas issue of The Chatterbox, a portion of which reads as follows:

"If you forget the bad little boys
Dump down my chimney all
their toys.
Your loving friend."

The summer of 1938 was as welcome as the Christmas toys had been and was just as short-lived.

As the third year of their itinerary started, other creative instincts came to life. Ray Collie won wealth and fame with his musical interpretation of "When the Cardinals Go Marching Along".

It was during the same year that Miss Viccellio outgrew the final "e" in her first name, and that Mr. Wilson developed a new curve in throwing erasers.

In the fall of '38 when the lively lads and lasses returned as sophomores, they recognized definite changes throughout the building and different faces throughout the assembly. They had not only acquired the so-called "dog houses" but also many classmates from Woodrow Wilson, one of whom, Rebecca Waldron, was to become vice-president of her senior class. Out of this group, Mr. Quirk seized Frankie Owen and Roland Elliott and made them football stars.

I have said that miraculous changes were made throughout the building. The walls were indeed fresh with pastel hues, and the library looked like a more inviting place for tete-a-tetes than ever.

But there was one defect the decorators overlooked. When Miss Fetterolf came walking into her classroom that first September school day, she closed the door, and as it shut, the knob came off. After futile attempts to replace that gadget the teacher announced that the students with her were locked up for the day. A voice was heard on the other side of the room. Norwood Anderson declared that he could easily repair the lock, and this he did. Here was a hero—at least for a day.

Also to the Sophomore class went the honor of having as one of their

victims in 1940. Among those attacked in that year were Mildred Patterson and Nelson Benton, Peggy White and Alfred Phelps, Audrey Pavey and Frank Owen. These romances blossomed year in and year out, and their radiating love still can be seen.

Upon entering the school year of '40-'41, the class realized that as juniors they had but a short time ahead for assembling the required number of credits, for one thing. Then as a class they knew they would have added responsibilities. It was the first time, indeed, that they were sure to be faced with financial worries. At this point it is in order to mention Rozelle Kennedy, who, as treasurer for the Junior class, kept accurate records of the money that luckily did come in and that quite as surely went out.

But again pleasures, not cares, made the year a merry one.

Last Will and Testament

WE, of the graduating class of '42, having fulfilled the standard requirements for graduation from this higher institution for the "general diffusion of knowledge" in six years or more, with emphasis on the latter, do make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament in manner following:

FIRST: As a fitting token of our deep gratitude, we leave next fall's crop of seventh graders to our senior advisers, and *vice versa*. We hope that the class of '48 receives the care from them that we did. It was they who painstakingly directed us about the school when we arrived in the seventh grade. It was they who persuaded us not to throw acorns after we reached the ninth grade. Spitballs were much more convenient, anyway.

In the latter part of our freshman year, some progressive little rascal popped up with the idea of wearing long pants. How proud of us our elders must have been when the fad took hold and long breeches became a commonplace thing, replacing our traditional "stove pipes". This important climactic we lock in our memories and hope that next year's newcomers can undergo the same interesting metamorphosis.

SECOND: To the Juniors we sadly leave our assembly seats. Under each, you will find five delicious flavors — beechnut, dentyne, juicy fruit, spearmint, and blony. (Chew the last one at your own risk.) Look for the big red letters on the package and accept no substitutes.

To aspirant actors and actresses,

Coffey No Grounds

By Pat

The Seniors are leaving, it's sad to say;
We'll never see their betters.
So we would like to address to them
A series of "open letters".

To the Senior class as a whole (because of your vacant stares): You all are about the classiest class to win your freedom in nigh onto that many years. All we ask is that you never stop leaving coffee and cake for Santa Claus and that you don't try to show your professors how to lecture their classes as soon as you enter college. Wait a few days and they'll no doubt recognize your superior knowledge and immediately offer you their positions . . . To Ed and Gwynn: Throw another cowboy on the fire and keep the home fires burning. The front lawns will miss you when you aren't here any *mower* . . . To Rosemary Hellman: May you always keep *Hail-ey* and hardy. Guess you'll live to a ripe old age after surviving that Etiquette Club in the eighth grade. Remember? . . . To Reigh Peck: We were mighty disappointed when you weren't "the Skull". Better luck next time. With the sound effects,



Grinder for Libel

this play became a fifty-bell performance. It would be nice if you would leave an English translation of those little Spanish songs you have been warbling—or maybe you better hadn't. Remember: there's a "girl you left behind" who hopes you will always have pleasant thoughts of Westhampton Avenue. . . . To Eldridge T. Ellis: There's just bound to be a place where a nice girl like you could find a middle name! Then people (it's doubtful) like Ray Collie and Stuart Harris won't be able to *Teaser* about it . . . To Fuzz Davis: Do you mind if we call you Mickey? Here's hoping you will complete your human monster. Say, Dr. Bunkenstein, you've really got something there, if it doesn't get you first . . . To Roland (Long John) Elliott: When better marble matches are refereed, you'll referee 'em. We are deeply grateful to you and "Clem" for making Red Skelton so popular . . . Paper's all gone, pencils short, schools 'bout over, what you got except, "We'll be seeing you—aloha—adieu—T.N. T.—valet—adios—bast la vista and make ours a pepsi (just to add a little local *cola*).

and Memories of Happy Times at G. W. Were the Rage, and a Few Even Studied



members, "Miss Danville of 1940", none other than Anne Petticrew. An enthusiastic Chatterbox reporter glowingly described her as "a vision of loveliness, wearing a gown of ice-blue satin fashioned with a full skirt, a tight fitting waist of small tucks and a bodice of soft, overlapping folds". A member of the "Class of '42" had shone forth through a different channel, that of beauty.

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As hosts to their parents, all the students early in the spring of '41 shared the pleasures of an extra club meeting or laboratory performance when they entertained their parents at open house. Conducted by candlelight, open house was especially enjoyable for the students, who have always thought that candlelight contributes to the charm of social functions.

The biggest occasion of five years was the Junior-Senior picnic. Laboring industriously, as was not customarily their habit, the Juniors gave a big picnic at Crystal Lake to pay their respects to the Seniors. There were drums of potato salad and an endless supply of sandwiches, and Pepsies galore. Although Bill Baucom drank between six and ump-teen Pepsies, this Warren special never gave out. There was but one disappointment to the eager hosts. Although there had been no rain for months, there came a veritable deluge from the hour the celebration started till the hour it was over. But even rain couldn't quench the fire of frivolity or dampen the gaiety of a Conga chain.

Amid all the pleasures of the year, several individual honors were bestowed upon students. One of the honorees was A. J. Davis. Having advanced rapidly through the course of science offered in high school, A. J., at the close of his junior year, was named president of the State Science Association. Studie Warren, too, had become known in the student politics of the State, as he was made Secretary of the State Student Government Association.

The Student Council election of '41 brought recognition to the high ideals of another member of the group. Heretofore participating in sports only, Gwynn Waugh came forth with impressive steps to be elected president of the Student Council. Gwynn brought distinction to the weaker sex, because she was the first "First Lady" in over six years.

Beginning the sixth and final year of the pilgrimage, the Class of '42 was honored by being the first graduating class under the guidance of Mr. J. T. Christopher. It was also their pleasure to welcome back to G. W. at the beginning of the same year, a beloved friend, "Lefty" Wilson, who had

Communique Reveals Past Experiences, And Future Aspirations of Senior Class

(Continued from page 3)

Can't Take It With You" '41—Librarian.

PEGGY PHILLIPS—*The lone girl in physics class*—Secretary-Treasurer homeroom '36-'37; Secretary homeroom '37-'38; Vice-president homeroom '39-'40; Typing Club '38-'39; Collectors Club '39-'40; Dramatic Club '40-'41; Basketball Team '41-'42—Laboratory Technician.

FRANCES POINDEXTER — *Don't point!* — Knitting Club '35; Glee Club '36; Charm Club '38-'39—To travel.

ELIZABETH POWELL — *Libba*—Dramatic Club '36-'37; International Relations Club '37-'38; Cheer Leader '38-'41; Knitting Club '41; Press Club '40-'42; Business Manager Chatterbox '41-'42; Quill and Scroll '41-'42; Homecoming Attendant '41; "You Can't Take It With You" '41; Flotilla '37-'38; Sub-Deb '40-'42; Typing Club '39-'40—To get married.

GLADYS PRICE — *Whatever you say*—Knitting Club '36-'37; Glee Club '38-'42; Honor Roll '39; President homeroom '36—Stenographer.

DOROTHY PRUITT—*Hot piano a specialty*—Flotilla Club '40; Dramatic Club '40-'41; Boosters Club '41-'42; Typing Club '42—Orchestra leader or dress designer.

RACHEL RICHMOND—*Siren*—Glee Club '37-'38; Dramatic Club '38-'39; Typing Club '39-'40; International Relations Club '40-'41; "You Can't Take It With You" '41—Secretary.

ALICE ROARK—*Noah could have used her*—Charm Club '39-'40; Etiquette Club '40-'41; Boosters Club '40-'42; Flotilla Club '40-'42—Telephone operator.

BETTY ROBERTS—*Of course, this hair does not have to go with this personality* — Athletic Club '40; Basketball Team '40-'42; Knitting Club '42—To set the world on fire.

MARIAN SAUERBECK—*If you insist*—Etiquette Club '36, '39; Scrap Book Club '37; Sewing Club '38; President homeroom '39, '40; Student Council '40; President Boosters Club '41; President Flotilla '41; Basketball Team '40-'42—Bookkeeper.

FRANCES SCEARCE — *Who's talk-*

became deflated. "Shasta" was the contraption driven by a lower classman to oblige Fuzzy, Studie, Ray, and Billy by getting them to school just as the eight-forty bell rang.

The rural atmosphere did not prevail long, because the production of the Senior play, "You Can't Take It With You", developed a definite highbrow feeling among the Seniors. It was a great success and few will forget Margaret Luther's perfect portrayal of the Russian Countess or Rachel Richmond as the tipsy Gay Wellington.

While the school was drama struck, the cast and stage workers

ing?—Honor Roll '41; Typing Club '40-'42; Girl Reserve '37; Science Club '37-'38—Navy nurse or stenographer.

LELA SCEARCE—*I've got it coming to me*—Letter Roamers Club '38-'39; Typing Club '39-'40—Nurse.

ELLEN SCOTT—*It's got me*—"Elmer" '37; Dramatic Club; Play Reading Club; Letter Roamers Club; Danville Club; Winner of Shorthand Medal '41—Housewife or Secretary.

MAMIE SHELTON — *Sears' star saleswoman*—Dramatic Club '39-'40; "Ring and the Look" '39; Variety Club '42—Buyer.

ZELDA SILVERMAN—*The feminine Einstein*—Press Club plays '41; Honor Roll '39-'41; Property committee and prompter for Senior play '41—Math teacher.

VIRGINIA SMITH — *Remembered as Mrs. Kirby*—Knitting Club '39; Letter Roamers Club '40; "You Can't Take It With You" '41—Buyer.

ANN STIGALL — *Tricky* — Music Medals '35, '37, '38-'40; Typing Club '37, '41; Knitting Club '40-'41; Boosters Club '41; Honor Roll '37, '38; Flotilla Club '41-'42; Professor Quiz Club '38-'39—Private Secretary.

MARY HELEN STILL—*Still, I can't be sure*—Oratory Medal '37; Chatterbox staff '38-'41; Boosters Club '41; Publicity and Radio Chairman Children of American Revolution; Typing Club '38-'42; Knitting Club '38—Elementary Teacher.

DORIS TOWNSEND — *North Danville's heroine*—Dramatic Club '37-'41; Dramatic Club play '40; Senior play Woodrow Wilson '39; "Honest Peggy" '38; Variety Club '42—Secretary.

RUBY TOWNSEND—*A ruby is a gem*—Letter Roamers Club '38-'40—Undertaker.

ANNE TURNER—*The glamor girl of 108 who never uses her first name* — Student Council '38-'40; Knitting Club '40; Memory Club '41; Boosters Club '41; Typing Club '42; Dramatic Club '39-'40; Honor Roll '37-'39; Glee Club '37-'39; Flotilla Club '41-'42; Homeroom officer '37-'40—Private Secretary.

VIOLA TURNER—*Can she cook?*—Letter Roamers Club '38-'40—Typist or Nurse.

REBECCA WALDRON — *Are there two Rebecca's (or Rebekah's) in 108?*—Vice-president Senior Class '42; Variety Club '42; Boosters Club '41; Dramatic Club '38-'41; Vice-president homeroom '41-'42; Flotilla Club '41-'42; Honor Roll '38-'40—Private Secretary.

MYRTLE WALKER—*I don't want to walk without you—theme*—Handicraft Club '36-'37; Dramatic Club '38-'39; Penmanship Club '40; Variety Club '41-'42—Clerical Work.

GWYNN WAUGH—*Camm this be Waugh?*—Basketball Team '36-'42; Vice-president Sophomore Class '40; Vice-president Junior Class '41; President Student Council '42; Junior Red Cross Convention '41; Southern Association Student Government Convention '41; D. A. B.

victims in 1940. Among those attacked in that year were Mildred Patterson and Nelson Benton, Peggy White and Alfred Phelps, Audrey Pavey and Frank Owen. These romances blossomed year in and year out, and their radiating love still can be seen.

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Under their newly acquired leader, the Seniors began a year of socials with a never-to-be-forgotten "Country Cousin Dance". Everybody and his country cousin were present, dressed in Sunday best.

Yet it was during this last year that Billy Hess learned that too much rural spirit can prove harmful. It fell to Billy's lot to pump up "Shasta's" feet every time they

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While the school was drama struck, the cast and stage workers of the Press Club play, "The Skull", reorganized the Charlatans under the leadership of J. Howard Kalk. Doubtless to say, they will miss Reigh Peck, Frank Boyd, and Marie Fowlkes next year.

At the end of six years of hard work and happy times, many memories surge through the minds of the now grown class of '42. May the paths ahead be as successful and eventful as have been the walks of the past six years!

Club '41; Dramatic Club '38-'41; Vice-president homeroom '41-'42; Flotilla Club '41-'42; Honor Roll '38-'40—Private Secretary.

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PEGGY WHITE—*Her heart belongs to daddy*—Dramatic Club '37-'41; Flotilla Club '41—Secretary.

EVA WILMARTH—*Is this the last of the Wilmarths?*—Scrap Book Club '39; Athletic Club '40; President homeroom '40; Sketching Club '38—Secretary.

PHYLLIS WILSON—*Just a country girl at heart*—Typing Club '40-'41; Junior Retailers Club '41-'42—Secretary.

Last Will and Testament of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Forty-two

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SECOND: To the Juniors we sadly leave our assembly seats. Under each, you will find five delicious flavors—beechnut, dentyne, juicy fruit, spearmint, and blony. (Chew the last one at your own risk.) Look for the big red letters on the package and accept no substitutes. To aspirant actors and actresses,

Marie Fowlkes, Stuart Harris, and Sudie Warren leave their dramatic ability so that next year's Senior play production will be super-par. (My press notices, James).

THIRD: Believing that the coming year will find them Juniors, we leave to the Sophomores our opera glasses, which hark back to our old balcony days. Ah, those were the real days—candy, chewing gum, popcorn, detention room—how did that get in? Well, don't let it get out. To them, the lucky people, we leave also a set—in fact, hundreds of sets—of beautifully hand-carved desks. These treasured gems, the initials on which date back to Frankie and Johnnie (or thereabouts) to Camm and Waugh, will go at a premium. Less than that, even. We'll give them to you.

To the brave Battalion of Boiler Room Bouncers, Reigh (take it easy, girls) Peck leaves a pool table, asking that one rack be dedicated to him and Macduff. (Not to be confused with MacArthur, who is busy racking up somebody else for the present!)

Here it might be appropriate to say that H. B. McCormic would like to leave. That's all—he just would like to leave. Period.

FOURTH: To the freshman, who undoubtedly will occupy the coveted balcony seats, come September, we leave a specially constructed periscope which we found convenient to throw over the rail to get a peek at the time. Awkward, perhaps, but it saves wear and tear on the neck and that is the object.

To all students with "F" averages or better, we leave a ladder with which to scale the wall of knowledge. (Whatever that is.) While on the subject of the draft—and why not?—Charley Royster would like to leave his draft number with Billy McCubbins, but somebody else might have something to say about that.

FIFTH: To students embarking on their freshman year in September, we leave these sage words of advice:

Item I—Be careful of Miss Fetterolf's Latin tests—they'll throw you every time. While in this curious state of generosity, we leave you saddles for your ponies. (You'll see what we mean when you get in there.) Be it said that we are sorry we cannot leave Floyd Shelton to pull you through Latin and French.

Item II—Don't count your "A's" before they're made. From the freshman year through, they are few and far between. (A joke about Mr. Simpson's economics tests would go well here.)

Item III—In conclusion, we would like to say, "Watch your diet and your waistline." You have three years of "what did you eat for breakfast?" to pull before you are exempt, and that is a long time, thank you. Quote Roland Elliott, "I had a waistline once." Unquote.

Lastly: Believing that no will is complete without it, we turn over the final corner to Cupid—bless his little heart and arrows!

Victims I—We had a nice pun here about Camm going off to the

Waugh, but Miss Viccellio turned out to be a conscientious objector; so our efforts amounted to nil.

Victims II—Marvin Williams leaves Vidillia Waller because of conditions beyond his control. Take heed, though, he'll be a-coming back to check up.

Victims III—Petticrew leaves Pollok, and in her own words, "(Censored!)" (We quote, of course.)

Victims IV—Benton and Patterson leave together. (And we ask you: can you imagine their leaving any other way?)

Final Victims—Frank (I've been a busy little bee, haven't I?) Owen leaves Frannie Jones, Diana Upton, Miss Coppedge, *et al.* Need we name more?

In closing we beg of you your forgiveness for all our shortcomings and we urge your undoing of our wrongdoings. The recognition of any similarity between this will and the *bona fide* document is purely your imagination.

In witness whereof, having hereunto set our hands and seals this second day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and forty-two.

Testator: LANIER SMITH

Witnesses:
MORTIMER SNERD (*Courtesy of Charlie McCarthy*)
MAISIE DAY (*Courtesy of Densmore Jerque*)
BABY SNOOKS (*Courtesy of "Daddy"*)
CLEM (*Courtesy of Daisy June*)
TANGERINE (*Courtesy of Jimmy Dorsey and the corner fruit stand*)