

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Senior Class of Lodge High School, realizing that our life in this wonderful atmosphere has come to an end and while our so-called "Master Minds" are still working, wish to make this, our Class Will:

To the faculty, we leave our most sincere hope that the rising Senior Class will be just what you want them to be--not what we were. We also want to say thank you for all you've done for us, a very hearty thank you!!

To Mr. Padgett we wish to express our appreciation for the long string of privileges (?) that you gave us.

To Mary Louise Brabham we leave Margaret Saul's ability to "guard the tough ones".

We leave Honie Proveaux's long legs to Junior Carson in hopes Junior might not get lost on the basketball court.

For Furman Peters we leave Henry Gibson's very calm and collected, even shy attitude in hopes Furman might be tamed down to a normal amount of noise.

To Henri Bishop we leave W.P.'s curly hair, and his "way with women". Please, Henri, consider the value of your inheritance and never let the "Spirit of W. P." down.

For Tony we leave Kathryn's ability to make delicious cakes so she will be able to "catch her man".

Rosa Lee, Violet, and Mrs. Willis leave, with pleasure, to the rising Senior Class and Faculty Sponsor, their ability to worry--especially over the trip to Washington.

To W. L. we leave Merle's art of "just missing her ride to school by two seconds".

We leave to Moye, Jr. Roy's love for Spanish in hopes he will add as little to the class as Roy has.

To Lois we leave Rosa Lee's freckles since Lois hasn't any. Don't be selfish with them, Lois--You might share them with Miriam Polk. We know that is the only thing we could leave you would appreciate.

Especially for Blanchard, George Henry leaves his never failing ability to talk when he should be listening.

And now, to the Junior Class as a whole are our best wishes that you may achieve the success and love that the teachers bestowed on us though we aren't going to say how much that was.

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THE PLAINT HUMAN

Season of snows, and season of flowers,
Seasons of loss and gain!--
Since grief and joy must alike be ours,
Why do we still complain?

Ever our failing, from sun to sun,
O my intolerant brother!--
We want just a little too little of one,
And much too much of the other.

James Whitcomb Riley--