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THE STAFF

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SCHOOL LIFE

It has been said that when a man no longer looks forward to anything and lives aimlessly he is worthless. Thus, we are to believe that every worthwhile man has a definite aim and purpose ahead and enjoys working forward to this. The average student in a similar way is always looking forward to see pleasant expectations fulfilled. During school he looks forward to holidays and vacation. When vacation comes he looks forward to the opening of school in the fall.

A while before school is out the student becomes tired of school and wants vacation to hurry and come. It is spring and nature shows beauty the equal of which no other season has. The student wants to get out in the open, away from school and books and enjoy the vacation. For a short time he enjoys everything to its fullest extent, but before long he begins to get tired of the hot summer days and longs for school to begin. This proves the saying that nothing is ever as good as the expectations. By September the glories of nature are about to fade away and the idea of school seems more interesting.

Soon after school begins, the pupil becomes restless and thinks of holidays again.

If such a life could go on forever, it would be ideal. When the pupil gets tired of one thing another comes to take its place. But the time comes when he graduates from school and school life becomes a thing of the past filled with pleasant memories.

Our vacation will soon be here. The members of the senior class will have finished their course in school and will be experiencing the last vacation from school. Perhaps they will have better vacations from college after having been away from home nine months except for a day or two, but they will not be the same as vacations from school.

SENIOR CLASS
MAKES WILL

(Continued from Page 1)

I, Alicia Smith, do hereby will and bequeath my ability to use cosmetics to Elizabeth Fishburne.

I, Margaret Hayden, do hereby will and bequeath my freckles to Doris Fennell and my extra pounds to Elizabeth Beach for I think they will need them in the future.

I, Allison Marvin, do hereby will and bequeath my ability to run to Allison Boynton.

I, Paul Givens, do hereby will and bequeath my most pleasant hours in Walterboro High School to Meurle Herndon.

I, Luella Givens, do hereby will and bequeath my curly locks to Thelma Benton.

I, Helen Benton, do hereby will and bequeath my lovely brown eyes to Marjorie McDaniel, and my love for "problems" to Claud Varn, hoping he gets as much from them as I have.

I, Violet Bartha, do hereby will and bequeath my height to Doris Fennell.

I, Mazie Smith, do hereby will and bequeath my "wavy hair" to Winnie Bennett.

I, Harley Saunders, do hereby will and bequeath my ability of singing to "Mep" Hiott and a "hump off a camel pack" to Harry Hooker.

I, "Asma" Gibson, do hereby will and bequeath my job as a wash lady to Mary Jones.

I, Henry Stokes, do hereby will and bequeath my ability to play basketball to Marjorie McDaniel.

I, Beverly Skardon, do hereby will and bequeath my long, beautiful, eyelashes to Dorothy Beach.

I, Virginia Ulmer, do hereby will and bequeath my bashfulness to Elise Givens, hoping that it will be of good use to her.

I, Doris Bailey, do hereby will and bequeath my ability to learn problems of democracy to Elizabeth Fishburne.

I, Bernice Breland, do hereby will and bequeath my ability to play football to Harold Smoak.

I, Beth Koger, do hereby will and bequeath my ability to sew to Margaret Wichman.

I, Lula Willis, do hereby will and bequeath my red curly hair to Harry Hooker and my love for physics to Patricia Walker.

I, Bernice Breland, do hereby will and bequeath my position in W. H. S. as "assistant teacher" to my namesake Bernice Breland; my place in the National Honor Society to S. J. Ulmer, Jr., as he wants it so badly; to my beloved cousin, Kathryn Givens, my trustworthiness in carrying notes, feeling that she can be trusted as well as I.

I, Vera Gruber, do hereby will and bequeath my height to Charles Richardson, realizing that he is in great need of it.

I, May E. Tindall, do hereby will and bequeath my ardent love and devotion for Mr. Frick to Newell Smith and Martha Howell, realizing that it will take two people to keep track of it.

I, Evelyn O'Brien, do hereby will and bequeath my title, "Most Distinguished Senior" to Lula Lucas, realizing that she is so, so worthy of it.

I, Jo Sprott, do hereby will and bequeath my ability to stop using peroxide to Marjorie McDaniel and Dorothy Beach.

I, Marzie Bennett, do hereby will and bequeath my red, curly locks to Annie Ruth Cone and my ability to pass Geometry to Denny Starr.

I, Lula Hickman, do hereby will and bequeath my blonde hair to Marjorie McDaniel. Here's hoping you can do more with it than I can, Ninky.

I, Louise Hickman, do hereby will and bequeath my looks to Catherine Tindall; you'll never need anything any worse!

I, Mary Elizabeth Hooker, do hereby will and bequeath my bashfulness to Catherine Tindall. You surely need it.

I, Brad Wichman, do hereby will and bequeath to Mr. Saunders my curly locks, and my firm understanding to Herbert Broughton.

I, Mary Carn Fishburne, do hereby will and bequeath to Mr. Kirkley, my idea of a wedding march on the violin.

I, Alice Glover, do hereby will and bequeath my love for "History" to Doris Fennell.

I, Ruby Towles, do hereby will and bequeath to Professor H. L. Frick my artistic touch, hoping that in the future it will help his writing to become more legible.

I, Roberta Breland, do hereby will and bequeath my slimness to Marie Martin, my shyness to Edna Seigler, and my love for American history to Lula Koger, hoping that she will get as much from it as I did.

I, Pearl Fennell, hereby will and bequeath my ability to always smile to Helen Hiers.

I, Gene Price, do hereby will and bequeath to Brantley Padgett one bottle of Fricky and Fricky "hay-em-straight" hair tonic to uncurl his pigtail waves.

I, George Linder, do hereby will and bequeath my reputation as a ladies' man to Jim Peurifoy.

I, Sherrill Blocker, do hereby will and bequeath my ability to learn problems to Catherine Tindall.

I, Harold Risher, do hereby will and bequeath my height to Charles Richardson.

I, Herman Walter, do hereby will and bequeath to Herbert Broughton one bottle of Fu Manchu Wart Remover.

I, Hays Sadler, do hereby will and

bequeath my ability to two-time the girls to Herbert Broughton.

I, Ned Riddle, do hereby will and bequeath my "come hither" looks to Foch Ulmer, hoping that he will have more to come hither than I did.

I, Mary Frick, do hereby will and bequeath my straight black hair to Flossie McDaniel.

I, Claud Hiott, do hereby will and bequeath my melodious voice to Foch Ulmer.

I, Steven Hiott, do hereby will and bequeath my reputation as a silent fellow to one, namely Hugh Peurifoy, for fear he will need it when he joins the U. S. Secret Service.

I, Helen Haws, do hereby will and bequeath to Miriam Hiott and Nettie Pearl Sandifer, stronger vocal cords, to make up for my absence next year.

I, Evelyn Gruber, do hereby will and bequeath my brown eyes and wavy hair to Mary Jones.

I, Ruth Drawdy, do hereby will and bequeath my calm and peaceful disposition to Nettie Pearl Sandifer.

I, George Walker, do hereby will and bequeath to Mr. H. L. Frick one bottle of Slippery Slip Slipping tonic so he can slip the pupils next year.

Honor Society
Enjoyed Outing

Friday afternoon, May 11, the National Honor Society, accompanied by Miss Crouch, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Frick and about 10 pupils from the school, left for Edisto Beach in a truck belonging to and driven by Mr. Ward Hooker. The party arrived at the beach at about 6:00. After a delightful swim everyone assembled on the porch of the cottage of Mr. J. J. Padgett, where supper was served. After eating, everyone walked the beach and played games.

About 9:30 the group returned once more to the truck and started for home. The following pupils from school went: Sara Fishburne, Lula Lucas, Morrell Gipson, Catherine Tindall, Helen Haws, Elizabeth Koger, Elizabeth Fishburne, Harold Smoak, Foy Fishburne, Bard Wichman, and Popeye Moore; along with these members from the National Honor Society: Vera Gruber, Evelyn O'Brien, Mary V. McDaniel, Lula Willis, May E. Tindall, Margaret Wichman, Doris Fennell, Herbert Broughton, Steven Hiott, Charles Richardson, Claude Hiott and Beverly Skardon.

New Wildcat
Staff Elected

The following officers were elected for the 1934-35 term on The Wildcat staff:

Editor-in-Chief.....Herbert Broughton
Asst. Editor-in-Chief.....Morrell Gipson
Business Manager.....Denny Starr
Adv. Manager.....Stephen Skardon
Adv. Manager.....Howard Nelson
Circulation Mgr. Charles Richardson
Exchange Editor.....Patricia Walker
Girls' Sport Ed.....Florence McDaniel
Girls' Sport Ed.....Margaret Wichman
Boys' Sport Ed.....Billie Riddle
Boys' Sport Ed.....Harry Cohen
Joke Editor.....Irvin O'Neal
Typist.....Marjorie McDaniel

Rising 11th Grade Reporters: Elizabeth Beach, Doris Fennell, Willie B. Garris, Hamlin Lowry, George Moore, Hugh Peurifoy, Wilma Wallace.

Rising 10th Grade Reporters: Beatrice Addison, David Hackney, Irma Garris, Brantley Padgett, Elizabeth Langdale, Willie Mae Ward.

"Folks," said the colored minister, "the subject of my sermon dis even 'am 'Liars.' How many in de congregation has done read the sixty-ninth chapter ob Matthew?"

Nearly every hand in the audience was raised immediately.

"Dat's right," said the minister, "you is just de folks I want to preach to. Dere is no sixty-ninth chapter ob Matthew."

Mr. Frick: "Why don't you answer me?"

Harley: "I did. I shook my head."

Mr. Frick: "Well, you can't expect me to hear it rattle 'way up here."

Four winters we worked; four summers we played.
Each one of these years we made a new grade.
Four years of happiness and joy out of life.
In our class to keep up sometimes was strife,
But now that we've won and are through
We are happy, but yet again blue
To leave all our pals and good friends behind,
And bid good-bye to our faculty so kind.

Our carefree school days are now all gone,
And we go into the world like ones newly born.
All things so different and quite new around—
New things to our eyes, to our ears new sound.
Different ideas of people and of their lives
And we find out that we're not at all really wise.
We have to ourselves adjust to their tide.
And work very hard and follow their guide.

Very few of us will in the same paths tread;
Some will be rich, others earn only bread,
But always remember wherever you are—
Whether rich, poor, president or Czar,
That we are all classmates of one brotherhood,
Sometimes if in a classmate want is felt
And to one another we're all just as good
Each one of us will gladly help.

Now that we're through and are going away
We want to you Juniors just to say,
And to all the others who will follow behind
That we hope while in school you will surely find
Something to carry out on life's great span—
Something that will where death sweeps her hand,
Make you believe that you've done your part
And that you will have a place in each heart.

BRADFORD WICHMAN,
Class Poet.

All Kinds of Beauty Work.

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The SENIOR CLASS

PATTERSON SERVICE STATION

CONGRATULATIONS TO
The SENIOR CLASS

HUBSTER'S BAKERY

CONGRATULATIONS TO
The SENIOR CLASS

PINCKNEY'S MARKET