

The Press Box

By TUPPER SAUSSY



Speaking for the Senior Class, we would like to both congratulate and thank Mrs. Lorraine Sewell, our great sponsor, and all the other Senior home room teachers: Coach Frank Lorenzo, Mr. Harry Tropp, Mrs. Margaret Haynes, Miss Shirley Schroeder, Mrs. Leona Harwood, Mrs. Opal Dudley, Mrs. Eleanor Hayt and last but not least, Mrs. Julie Lane, (lady equestrienne-spaniel raiser-swimmer), for their help in guiding us through P.H.S. We are indebted to you.

Mr. Ruggles, Mr. MacDonald, Mrs. Rabey, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Horne, and Mrs. Veal; we thank you for your services rendered, and we hope that we have, in at least one way, bettered Plant High's reputation as a topper in scholarship, leadership and athletics.

The last time senior noses were counted, there turned out to be 140 boys and 148 girls. If the latter had had the chance to vote along with the former to see if the latter were to wear corsages to the Senior banquet and dance, the question would have been decided "pro-flores" by an eight vote plurality. (Read again four times to fully understand). All we boys can say is, "Thank goodness for the temporary abolishment of women's suffrage."

Last Wednesday we could all hear Rob Evans triumphant, muttering, "Ol' Uncle LeeRoy finally came through." And that he did. We were not sorry to see Mr. Johns defeated, although had he been victorious, Senator Collins would most likely have run again in 1956, thereby allowing him the full four year term in which to establish his platform, one section of which provides for more and better schools and teachers. Johns has stated that he "will return" to the political limelight and he is in no way through with politics. His term in the Florida Legislature does not expire until 1956, and should he brush up on the use of English language and acquire a mite more of TV poise, he may have an excellent chance of succeeding Collins as Governor.

Sophomores and Juniors, it has been an extreme pleasure for us Seniors to have worked side by side with you the time we have known you. Support Plant and esteem its name highly; always remember us, and keep in mind that you are a student of the finest school that cooperation can buy.

A BACKWARD LOOK

On June the twelfth, next Saturday, two hundred and seventy-eight Plant students will have been handed their high school diplomas and set free to execute all the knowledge by which they have benefited for these past twelve years of study.

Graduation brings into our mind the six clumsy terms of grammar school, when we thought teachers were superhuman beings who never got sick or died; when books were read to us and not by us. It is then that we formed the opinion that an apple would get us an "A"; a shiny one and "A" plus.

Rumors really had us scared of junior high school: "It's horrible! And the minute you walk through the door, the faculty begin stroking the backs of their hands and chuckling at you." We entered, and wondered if we would ever make it out alive, since the apple trick didn't work anymore. During those three years the boys became aware of the gals and vice-versa (the latter even more so), and through the unending efforts of the Y-teens, dating was stimulated. Most of us started taking studies in our stride, considering them more as a help than as a hindrance, and when ninth grade graduation arrived, visions of big days ahead clamored into our minds.

The big days of high school came; football, basketball, swimming and other sports were undertaken eagerly by both spectators and athletes, and our grades suddenly became of great importance to us.

Now, after 3,745 hours of high school behind us, we should be prepared to tackle time—the time it takes to get through college, the time it will take to be discharged from an armed service, or the time it takes to establish a profitable business. We all must realize that there will be wars with which to cope, hardships to endure, and taxes to pay. The successful man always recalls that the road of life on which he has traveled has been difficult.

The Pep o' Plant

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ROVING REPORTER

QUESTION: WHAT IS YOUR SECRET AMBITION?

Charlie Gill, Sr.: Pilot on the first rocket ship to the moon.
Barbara (Fripp) Armitage, Sr.: To go slumming or to New York.
Larry Pointer, Sr.: To be a Glenn Miller and have my own band.
Fran Mayberry, Sr.: Radio singer.

Al Cusmano, Sr.: Garbage collector for the Martians.

Susan Ross, Sr.: To brush Liberace's teeth.

Frances Protiva, Sr.: To own an aqua Chevrolet sport coupe with an aqua steering wheel (to match my eyes).

Sandra Pendley, Sr.: To catch a tall, handsome man — let's face it — to catch a male over 15 and under 60 would be alright.

Here's A Rundown Of Ideal Seniors

By PATSY JOHNSON

The Ideal Senior Boy and Girl as selected by the Graduating Class of '54 were announced recently at the Senior Class Banquet held at the Tampa Yacht Club, May 26. Maril Jacobs announced the winners and presented them with plaques on which were drawn caricatures depicting the honors which they had received.

Receiving the honor of being named for having the most beautiful eyes were Adelaide Gonzalez and Denny Craig (who both have gorgeous brown peepers). Jane Perdigon and Bobby Davis were selected as having the prettiest (better to eat you with) teeth. Two blonds, Barbara Fripp and Pete Bramlett were voted as having the prettiest hair. As was expected, Toria Thompson and Mike Edelstein were named as being the clothes horses of '54.

Named as the best sports for the year were none other than Madeleine Knowlton, and Phil Potolo. Dee-Dee Moody and Burwell Jordon were selected as being the most fun in everything they do. Rod Fields was voted as having the best physique, and when receiving his (cardboard) plaque, the request from his "fans" to flex, pleased him greatly. Susan Ross was selected as being the girl most people would like to see on the beach in a bathing suit; in other words, she was voted as having the most beautiful figure.

THE ZITTENTOTS

In search of shoes and missing socks
I madly dash around
And as you've prob'ly guessed by now
They're nowhere to be found
I put them in their place each night
I'm positive of this
But mark my word they'll disappear
... The Zits left them amiss
Now Zits are short for Zittentots
A sneaky bunch of elves
Who mess and scramble everything
From clothing to your shelves.
If you come upon an inkspot
Or nightmares fill your 'pate'
Then blame it on the Zittentots
And not something you ate
Of course you can not see them
But you can trace their trail
Of mud or spots or squaky doors
Or scattered bits of mail
If for an excuse you're looking
To avoid any blame
Then just think back to these verses

Right! Zittentot's the name
A well known fact of wisdom ...
That men make countless errors
Can be traced to the Zittentots
Those elfish trouble-bearers
The Zittentots have many names
They've served in many a ruse
But the most common name
they're known by
Is called the ... lame excuse.

—Julie Ansley

The Social Peeper

By
and



PETTIT



LEEPER

"COOPIES ON PARADE"

We'd like to mention a few of our cute couples this year ... we'll begin with the one we think is the most outstanding to everyone and we'd like to congratulate them for their outstanding work and interest in all and everything, of course, it's our own Bobby Davis and Camille Crockett; Judy Poppell and Nelson Castellano; Burwell Jordon and Jean Cable; David Shear and Goldie Woolf; Bobby Poole and Louise Hedrick; Wille Gardner and Sylvia Chason; Clarinel Wolfgang and Alan Levene; Marilyn Hooper and Gerald Haymen. MADELEINE KNOWLTON — MIKE EDELSTEIN.

"FACULTY OF COMING YEAR"

We think with these as our teachers we'd really go places. Where we don't know, but we're sure with them in the lead there would be fun galore ... Here they are, aren't they the typical ...

PRINCIPAL—RICHARD AUSTIN
(Assemblies so he could talk)

DEAN OF BOYS—MIKE SCIONTI
(Skip every other day)

DEAN OF GIRLS—SHIRLEY WALSTROM
(No one would have conduct slips)

COACH (head)—JOHNNY HAMMER
(What sports, we don't know)

GIRLS PHY. ED.—JOAN FANNIN
(Typical MISS ROD)

ENGLISH—EDDIE CONTRERAS
(Boy, what you'd learn!)

HISTORY—MARY ANN NELSON
(She'd have the U. S. in Africa)

HOME EC.—MARY ELLEN CROCHRANE
(She's such a homemaker)

CHEMISTRY—MARGARET STUART
(What a brain!)

GEOMETRY—MARILYN HART
(You'd still be adding)

PSYCHOLOGY—CAY CODY
(Study gossip all day)

CLASS OF '54

In nineteen hundred and fifty-one on a bright September day,

A pilgrimage landed on Plant High steps out Palma Ceia way.

A voice from within asked who we were, what we wanted, and why.

Why, sir—we're the class of "54", was the general reply.

"Come in, come in," was the answer now, and we meekly entered the door,

To start our life in the high school world as a lowly sophomore.

But life was fun that first year and football gave us great thrills.

No wonder, with heroes like MANNING, DOG, and "BULLET" BILL.

DICK MILLER ruled the school, with ANN LOWRY as his queen,

We couldn't do much in the "Big Wig" world, but we began to dream.

When we were juniors, things really began to roll with club tappings and all,

Some made the Honor Society, some Gold and Black—we were really on the ball.

CONNIE and DENNIE reigned Pantherilla, with HUGHES heading the school.

We dreamed and planned of the next year when we would finally rule.

Then we were Seniors, and the great year began.

EDEL and MADELEINE were King and Queen, she also ruled Plant Land

Needless to say, the day flew by, and now, farewell time is nigh,

But we're the kind of people that never say goodbye.

We'll just say "so long for a while", it's been fun galore,

And present the immortal Senior crown, to the Class of "54".

GRADUATIONS ALMOST HERE!!!!

The great night is right around the corner and is one of the biggest stepping-stones in our life. This is the way we spell it ...

Great times at P. H. S.
Roughness, there's bound to be
Anxiety of everyone
Diplomas, the ones we're hoping for
Unity of sentiment
Ambition for future years
Tears that will be shed
Indian Rocks here we come
Our droopy eyes when it's all over
Nervousness on the big nite

New responsibilities
Invited and honored guest
Greatness of Mr. Ruggles
Honors to all outstanding seniors
Thanks to all our teachers for their untiring guidance and help

CRAZY MIXED-UP STAFF

If you ever want to see a "crazy newspaper world" just stop by 218 fifth period and immediately you'll see TUPPER (can't hear for noise) banging away trying to call a staff meeting because the deadline's here and there's no copy. In the back room you can "always" find KINLEY typing away (could it be his column or love letters? Good

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