

Graduating Teenagers Present Their Dearest Belongings To Underclassmen

I, Pat Akelewick, will my amazing skill to play the flute to Betty June Daniels.

I, Bill Alderman, will my luxurious car, the "Green Hornet" to Mr. Ruggles and Mr. Lorenzo for their weekly meetings.

I, Phyllis Alexander, will to Myrna Robinson my untidy locker with candy smeared on the bottom.

I, Judy Atkins, bequeath two aspirin tabs left to Coach Marley and Mr. Lucka to celebrate my graduation.

I, Bonnie Lee Baldwin, will my ability to make straight A's in History to Jean Cable.

I, Carol Bartlam, leave to Carol Baker all the nice, messy times in ceramics class.

I, Mary Lee Bartlam, will my ability to fire Mr. Sunderland's kiln to any worthy junior.

I, Don Bartlett, leave my ability to read Hot Rod magazines in E 5 X to any one interested.

I, Sara Basika, will Miss Stansell to future I. D. students.

I, Beverly Bealand, leave to Louise Woffley my seat on the front row by Mrs. Potts' book stand.

I, James Beeler, leave my ability to tell Coach Marley that his head looks like it got hit by a flying lawn mower and not get kicked out of class to Dickey Davis.

I, Albert Bernardo, will my R. O. T. C. stripes to some lucky junior or sophomore in "B" Company's first platoon.

I, Merle Bohannon, will Irene Lemke my time writings in typing.

I, Alice Boffa, will to Sue Pendarvis my ability to get long bulletins to read on the inter-com.

I, Jeanette Bonfoey, will the letter I got by mistake to Suzie Floyd.

I, Diana Bowman, will my E 5 B theme to Diana Roy.

I, Pete Bramlett, will my "black track uniform," to Donnie Fagen. The shoes are thrown in, free.

I, Thomas Brobston, will all my ability in R. O. T. C. and my easy way with the Sergeant to Brain Tolby.

I, Beverly Brown, will all of my influence in the Civinettes to Laura Bee Culbreath.

I, Sunny Brown, will my ownership of Plant High School to Bobby Burke.

I, Nancy Bucklew, will my well-needed lunch from home to Mary Ellen Cochran.

I, Dan Buckley, will my ability to steal girls from John Houston to Hubrun Carr.

I, Pat Bullard, do hereby will my towering height to Eleanor Smith.

I, Boyd Burley, will my ability to throw clay in Kelsey's room to Elston Candelieri.

I, Carolyn Burt, will to my sister Mary, who will be a sophomore next year, my ability to have and do homework.

I, Nelson Candelieri, will all my cigarette butts to the girls that go to the car lot at second lunch.

I, Richard William Carr, will my ability to go steady and date other girls to any deserving soul.

I, Nan Christian, will my place in the Plant band to the lucky person who will work for it.

I, Pattie Clark, will to Happy Kawp my ability to forever stay on the wrong side of Mr. Sunderland.

I, William D. Clarke, do will the projection booth and red spot lights to Johnathan L. Bailey.

I, Mary Carol Collier, will to my brother my ability to skip school without being caught.

I, Carol Collins, will my ability to get a typewriter that didn't have the keys covered to Pat Collins.

I, Benny Craig, will my courage to run scrimmage against the football team to Eugene Gentry.

I, Gus Casano, will my nickname "Greek" to Ignazio Junior Fonta.

I, Joan Dampier, will to Billy Dampier my ability to not receive conduct slips.

I, David Daniels, will my ability to march in step with the band to Clarke Davis.

I, Bobby Davis, will my ability to "make out" in home room to Dick Korbly.

I, Carolyn Davis will my younger brother Bob, to Velma Fisher.

I, Jack Day, will to Ginger Akin my rank of Lt. Col. in R. O. T. C. and to Charles Medaglia, my straight average in E 5 B.

I, Johnny DeLoache, will to Larry Clouse my ability to smoke in the basement and not get caught.

I, Charles E. Derriso, will my tattered R. O. T. C. uniform to Jewel Jackson Suddath for next year when he is the "Big Wheel."

I, Louise Diaz, will my ability to fight off a certain person (Bobby Davis) in my home room to Camille Crockett.

I, Michael Edolstein, will my ability to get things done to Bob Atkins.

I, Benny Edison, will my guitar pick to Dick Mitchell. Lots of luck.

I, Anne Elliott, will my ability to always be in a mad rush to Linda Warner.

I, Jim Etheridge, will all my luck on the basketball court to Bobby Fields.

I, Arlene Evans, will to Joan Cable my lockless locker so she'll have a place to put all of her many books.

I, Ida Felicione, will the position I had as head majorette, in front of the band, to Frances Strickland.

I, Donald Fielding, will my ability to skip out of R. O. T. C. to Randy Stevens.

I, Rod Fields, will my flirty ways to Bob Atkins. I hope he will be very successful!

I, Beverly Finch, will my brains and ability to get along with boys to Donna Flanagan.

I, Ann Fink, will all of my old flames to Ann Mikler.

I, Dick Fletcher, will to Jackie Miles evy last drop of my love and undying devotion.

I, Elsie Flowers, will to Martha Flowers all of my "old flames" from across the town at Hillsborough Hi. O. K. Martha.

I, Wayne Flynn, will to Clifford Deese my ability to goof off—to Joyce Sheldon my ability to outtalk anyone.

I, Richard Folweiler, will my ability to not make time writings in Mrs. O's typing class to Janet Tinsley, and my lousy grades to Don LaBarbara.

I, J. B. Frazier, will all my good looks to any boy who needs them to get a girl.

I, Jean Fussell, will to Betty Williams the agony that I endured during the last three weeks of school.

I, Willie Gardner, will to the most brilliant student in Plant, Richard Austin, my ability to get bad grades from Mrs. Martin.

I, Elaine McVey, will my ability to comb my hair in ten seconds to Carol Kessler.

I, Vernon Mauldsby, will my ability to skip school and not get caught to John Fagan.

I, Sally Mertens, will "my second home", the typing room, to anyone who can beat up a typewriter like I can.

I, William Middleton, will my deeply cherished muff diving equipment to any deserving junior.

I, Jerry Mills, will all my toothpicks to Lara Dean.

I, Louis Mixon, will my ability to roam the halls to Lillian Leonard.

I, Dee Dee Moody, will to Sylvia "SO-LOMI" my whole two inches which I have actually grown this year along with my highest heels.

I, James Moore, will my talent to goof in class to Lamar Slappey.

I, Clayton Morris, will to Bookie Weaver my shoes so that she won't have to worry about getting her feet wet.

I, Dell Morris, will to Nancy Pearce my ability to be a "great" artist.

I, Charlene Moseley, will to Doreen my ability to answer all the questions I am asked.

I, Barbara Naylor, will to Nancy Pearce my ability to sit up all night and listen to Jackie Gleason records.

I, Grayle Nesbit, will my ability to have a great time on the New York Trip to Lee Starr.

I, Gay Nicholson, will my job as treasurer and carrying cokes at the football games to Kay Hall.

I, Charles Norman, will to Delsa Mayo my alarm clock.

I, Billy Nowotny, will to Nancy Pearce, my ability to goof off every day at sixth period.

I, Bruce Pelz, will to Charles Willard and Louis Tidwell the best English teacher I ever studied under and hope that their classes with her may be as trantamic as mine was.

I, Sandra Pendley, will my great ability at goofing on the lab experiments in chemistry to Finley Farrior.

I, Jane Perdigon, will to Barbara Barritt my ability to get along with Mrs. Lane.

I, Judy Perlman, will my mathematical "brain" to Richard Austin.

I, Bob Perry, will my ability to do what I want to do when I don't want to do it to anyone else that makes mistakes.

I, Joan Petteway, will my wonderful times, my heartaches, and the money I have spent while a senior, to all the 1955-56 seniors.

I, Pat Pettit, will to Harriet Farmer the right to play watchdog to Ernie.

I, Larry Pointer, will to Sammy "the Lips" Guinto and Donnie "Purty Boy" Dixon, my unusual ability to climb trees in rhythm to "Aba Daba Honeymoon".

I, Judy Polk, will my ability to scare sophomores to Jean Thompson.

I, Charles Poole, will my ability to bowl to Don Fagen.

I, Frances Protiva, will my taxi service to Cuscaden Park to Judy Clark.

I, Mike Pullara, will to Andre Vasquez my duck tail.

I, Faye Qualls, will all my honor roll slips to Viola Ellis, who can use every one of them.

I, Gene Rawls, will my seat in E5B to anyone who has the courage to take it.

I, Jimmy Rawls, will to "Neds" Sullivan my courting ability and the stale weeds in my locker.

I, Bobby Rice, will my ability to wind Mrs. Hoffman around my finger to Kay Hall who really doesn't need it. She can handle anybody.

I, Karen-Lee Rjes, will my plumpness to some poor skinny person.

I, Phil Richardson, leave my powerful physique to Richard Austin.

I, Margie Robertson, will my extreme height to Pat Nesbit, who might need it sometime.

I, Nelson Romero, will my throwing arm to "the arm" Johnny Terrell.

I, Charles Ross, will my ability to throw the discus 175 feet to Don Fagen.

I, Susan Ross, will my alligator pocket-book to the junior class.

I, Phil Rotolo, will my ability to pole vault 13 feet to "Horfly".

I, Harry Roy, will my ability to really handle Mrs. Mac to Judy Clark.

I, Mary Virginia Sale, will my seat in HM4A to Jane Anderson who will think it's simply fabulous.

I, Bruce Santa Cruz, will my ability to beat Pat Pettit in ping pong to any lucky junior.

I, Frank Sattler, will my ability to leave last period study hall to Joy Lamberson.

I, Tupper Saussy, will my walking shorts to Bobby Fields.

I, Burton Schoepf, will to Jerry Shonock and Dave Dious all my ceremic tools and auxiliary drawings.

I, Arnold Scudder, will Coach Escobar to Bob (Slim) Atkins.

I, Bob Sellers, will my ability to type 10 words a minute to anyone who needs it.

I, Billy Shaw, will to Richard Austin, my ability to get out of high school in four years.

I, David Shear, will all ticket sales in this school to Goldie Woolf.

I, Jay Singletary, will to Guy Whitlock my ability to miss football practice and still letter.

I, Rachel Singleton, will to Earline Sams my ability to get to school on time.

I, Shirley Sizemore, will to Ann Raybauld all the fun I had in my senior year.

I, Suzanne Slappey, will to Plant High my brilliant brother for another two years.

I, Ouida Smith, will my shorthand book and seat in 212 to Mary Ellen Hampton.

I, Jeanie Smith, will my ability to get married to Mary Ann James.

I, Mary Anne Sneed, will my ability to get to bed early to Judy Ramsey.

I, Joyce Stallings, will to my brother the marvelous Latin grades I received as a sophomore.

I, Bill Stine, will to Bobby Clark my ability to get my face cut up.

I, Vivian Storz, will my ability to cut stencils with scissors to Sylvia Castro.

I, Mary Lou Suhrer, will my inability to get by with ignoring Mrs. Allgood's "if I were you" quotation to Maurine Simms.

I, Fred Stewart, will Bruce Howe the ability to go out next year for basketball.

I, Phil Thomas, will my ability to have a slim figure to Jana Davis.

I, Jean Thomas, do will to Julia Norton my freckles.

I, Toria Thompson, will my love for first period home ec. to Mary Ellen Cochran.

I, Frank Traina, will "Perdho" Hayman my strong right arm.

I, Connie Treffinger, will to Stephanie Striefus all the joys of writing up a research theme.

I, Sue Terrell, will to Marlene Griffith my seat in HM4 and a sincere wish that she has a wonderful time in her senior year.

I, Bobby Umstead, leave my seat in physics to Emily Barnard.

I, Sara Umstot, will to Joan Hedrick my ability to make electric motors.

I, Sylvia Veile, will my black Italian, cut to Betty Cantrell.

I, Ann Walker, will my ability to make all A's in second year Spanish to Eddie Contreras.



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Well, we've finally reached the end of the road. We are graduating. It seems so few years ago that we started kindergarten, and now we are leaving school for good—except, of course, for the ones who plan to go to college, but even that's different. Come to think of it, though, things really haven't changed as much as you would think.

Twelve years ago we played "Drop the Hankie," "Guinea-Guinea Squat," or "Hopscotch," and we still are playing them. In case you didn't notice the "dignified" seniors out at lunch the other day, we'll tell you that we saw some of our own classmates out there really going to town. We saw Charlie Poole hopping and skipping through a rough game of "Hopscotch" with Dotty Jenkins. Charlie won when Dotty fell flat on her sitter trying a "difficult hop," as she puts it. Also whooping it up in a tough game of "Drop the Hankie" or "Hit Your Buddy with a Belt, Then Cut Through the Middle of the Circle" as it is better known to the senior boys, were Bob Perry, Rod Fields, and Bobby Davis. As the girls weren't allowed to play with the "rough ole' boys," Bunny Brown, Frances Protiva, and Suzanne Slappey organized a group for "Guinea-Guinea Squat." Even Ann Latimer played. (Was it worth a detention, Ann?) Brave souls like Phil Rotolo and Howard Kichler played "Spud" with Burwell Jordan and Judy Perlman. Ah! To be back in the first grade!

It looks like next year y'all will be without the great singers of '54, Pierre Kennedy and Joanne Mitchell. Pierre is graduating and Joanne, we are sorry to say, is moving to Indiana. She asked me to tell y'all how sorry she is to leave Plant because she has had so much fun here. We're all sorry to see you leave, Joanne.

Famous couples through the year have been many, but, we notice, they're mostly seniors plus lowerclassmen. The completely senior couples are fewer. Nancy and Denny, Madeleine and Ed, Mary Lee and Boyd, Maizie and Max, and Patsy and Jim. That's about it, too.

I, Lou Woodall, will my "good body" to Barbara Mehl.

I, Wayne Wilson, will my ability to goof off to Mike Bynton.

I, Steve White, will my Southern accent to Mary Cameron.

I, Ken Woolf, will my school spirit to all sophomores and juniors of the future to uphold Plant.

I, Patti Wiehrs, will my blond hair and fair complexion to Nancy Lambias.

I, Binnie Warsaw, will my tremendous height to Sue Hornsby so that she won't get stepped on like I did.

I, Joan Wingate, will to Jim West, my good grades.

I, Anita Williams, will my straight A's in chemistry to Carole Ramirez.

I, Eloise Wallis, will my ability to do everything in home ec. wrong to Sandra Warner.

I, Jimmy Wisner, will my ability to bowl to Joan Cable.

I, Clarinet Wolfgang, will my serious outlook on life to Elizabeth Klushman.

I, Van Waters, will to my sister Betsy my private parking place on the "sand flats."

I, Bill Whitlock, am stingy and want to see what I get.

I, Arthur Waltzer, leave my natural ability to play golf to Steve Stein.

I, David Weinberger, will to Hedy Lehrer my permanent pass to be in the hall at all times and to Bill McLaurine and Owen, all the beloved mile run.

I, Nancy Woodward, will my very last bottle of peroxide to John Darsey.

I, Barbara Yelton, will to Nan Kendall my part of the "drunk" act in the G. O. C. Follies.

It seems that from time immemorial Haven Beach has been the site of the famous beach parties. Well, this year it looks kinda split-up between Indian Rocks and Redington. With the sophomores and some seniors at Redington and the juniors and some seniors at Indian Rocks, we expect to see the road between the two beaches crowded with cars.

Looks like this weekend will be "Cram into Your Head in Two Nights What You Should Have Been Learning All Semester" weekend. Yep! Cram for exams. Cometh they. Exams—the lie detectors of PHS. They can really tag you good if you've just been sliding through all semester. Here's hopping for all of us—you and me both.

Can y'll remember back to our ninth grade graduation when Phil Thomas went with Linda Riley, Judy Perlman with Rollan Bradley, and Madeleine with Big Mike Pullara? Remember then, when David Shear and Pat Donnelly got the American Legion awards? Remember when the chorus sang a selection called "My Worries Are Over, Lord" listed officially in the program as having been written by Saussy-Tupper, that is? What about when the whole graduating class sang "May the Good Lord Bless and Keep You" and all the girls cried? Well, now it's three years later, and it's more exciting than ninth grade graduation—if possible. Friday night will be the apex for all of us. Some of us will be going to college in the fall, some to work, and still others will be getting married. It's the end, and yet it's the beginning. It's the end of the old familiar life and of what we all know so well, and the beginning of something strange and different. We'll be leaving the kids we've been in almost daily association with for twelve years. "For All We Know, We May Never Meet Again," so "May the Good Lord Bless and Keep You." No joke, it's been great writing this column and knowing all of y'all these past three years. I wish all the juniors and sophomores lots of luck next year at Plant, and I surely do hope y'all enjoy your senior year as much as we've enjoyed ours; and last, but not least, all the luck in the world to all the kids in my class—senior class—'54.

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