

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

WE, THE CLASS OF '45, being of sound(?) mind and body, do bequeath these meager possessions to those poor bedraggled individuals over whom we have brandished the tyrannical sceptre of superiority the past wonderful year.

To the Freshmen (a la next year) we leave:

Our tireless, painful efforts in the world of the "aesthetic" which all involved suffered at dancing class;

Those awful overpowering introductions to Latin "Hic Haec Hoc" (conjugate, please);

General Science (Now what is photosynthesis);

Algebra (x plus $2x = I$ give up!);

The third successive year of crushes on upper classmen, "only this time, mind you, it's the real thing";

First long dresses for the girls, and don't you feel swish even if your partner does step all over the hem.

To the soon to be Sophomores we leave:

Can you believe it? The cafeteria at 12:05 and maybe (if you're on your good behavior) the unprecedented privilege of attending senior assemblies;

If you're not a little ahead of yourselves, that first smudge of lipstick (and we do mean smudge). Don't worry, you'll get the hang of it!

Those everlovin' "butches" and bow ties. You're really groovy, chicks!

That glorious Soph Hop (was there ever another like it?). Note to decoration committee: Buy pull-l-enty of Scotch Tape;

Those big congregations at the corner drugstore—hibernation quarters for the gossip-mongers;

Oops, almost forgot—(take a deep breath) combination lockers!!!

To the would-be "glorious" Juniors:

This is the year when you'll begin to have "real" school spirit. You may have had it before, but now with fellas on the team whom you've known since they first learned how to tie their shoes—it's different, somehow! Now you'll yell like the dickens and annihilate with a well-timed glance any stale numbers who don't;

Now, too, is the time when you guys and gals begin to "belong"—you're not rank beginners on the team any more. This is IT, kids!!

Now, too, come more serious moments—if the war is still on, the first few guys who reach eighteen are packing up and bidding nostalgic farewells.

If you're lucky you'll have a roller-skating

party like ours—whipping around the rink with gay abandon—CRASH! into a tall figure casually maneuvering its way through the network of figures—you look up—you mutter something menacing (deleted)—then a quick change of expression—"Why hello, Mr. Adams!!";

The Junior Prom, m'loves—with all the measured stateliness of a Duke Ellington jam session. My, my—a reception line, even. The crowning glory (adjust your halos)—march with your accustomed grace into the senior seats at that last sad assembly.

To you Senior sheiks we leave:

The first rap of the gavel at your initial G.A. meeting;

The wildest homeroom periods you've ever had where—in one corner of the room sports discussions are being held, in another section someone is doing takeoff on the rumba, and in a third corner there are feverish parleys in the mystic world of Office Practice. The fourth and last corner is taken up by the newest love birds who just stare at each other until you think they'd get myopia, and in the center of the room are cheerleaders planning new yells, poor anemic students grappling with French verbs, somebody shining his shoes with a handkerchief, and at least seventy-five percent of the girls applying new coat of war paint (and don't think we're kidding, it's that bad!);

In swift parade come all the super sports events of the year—

Football and basketball seasons you can tell because every Monday ninety percent of the Senior Class is either on crutches or can't speak a word. (Note: Yelling comes in handy if you've got an oral report due Monday.)

We also leave with bated breath the Culmen to your own careful management. Watch the finances, chillun, they really mount!

The Senior Play in which everyone has the talent of a Bernhardt or a Barrymore and the exuberant spirits of a Jimmy Durante. There is only one thing to keep in mind, don't go too far if you want your director to stay sane. Directors are necessary, you know.

We're sorry to report that the one thing we can't leave, no matter how much we want to, is graduation. That, sweet things, is up to *you*. Maybe it is unfair, but since we have an extra-special place in our hearts for Seniors ('cause aren't they extra-special people?), we leave our wishes to you for a wonderful year, 'cause honestly, whoever said that the Senior year is the best one ever, had his head on his shoulders.

With sign and seal and affection,
THE SENIOR CLASS OF '45