

# Last Will and Testament

We, the Class of '49, being of sound mind and body, (it says here) and realizing full well the importance of this document, do hereby make the following bequests.

Upon the marble halls of our Alma Mater we leave our exalted footprints, for succeeding classes to cherish and guard with their very life's blood. Also, we leave our fingerprints and various inscriptions upon her once white walls. (If anyone should wonder who loved who in '49, just consult the studyhall bulletin board.)

To our successors, the Class of '50, we leave first and foremost that awe-inspiring title SENIOR, and with it we leave them all respect due their new position. Seniors, you may now hold your heads high, that "underclassmen" may view you in all your splendor, and hope that they too may someday attain your dizzy heights of glory. (To said underclassmen we leave one pound of Hope and a ton of Good Luck!) To our successors we leave also, certain rights and privileges which accompany their new title. First, the senior stairs, with their magical attraction which causes one to use them even though it's 8:24 A. M. and they're far out of reach. Second, the right to roam the upstairs halls at noontime in glorious seclusion, out of the riots and confusion of the lower hall. And third, that envied arising two or three minutes before the bell to take off for Service Club. There are certain intangible things we want to bequeath to the new seniors too—those various devilements and good times, which only seniors can dream up, and a few tears which, accompany their lasts—last football game, last dance, and that last night when they officially become alumni of dear old S. P. H. S.

To our teachers (ah yes, our dear teachers!) we leave, among other things,

a feeling of peace that at last the Class of '49 has gotten through, never more to trouble them. We leave them also many thanks for making our freedom possible.

To Miss Higgins we leave the hope that someday a class will come along which will be able to pronounce that famous word list from "oh-ral" right on through to the very last word. And to future scholars we leave a prayer when it's their turn to perform that tongue twisting feat.

To Mr. Keller we leave one schmoo who will get 100% on all those inevitable Time Tests.

To Miss Pitcher we leave a "worry bird", to relieve her of some of her many burdens of the Class of '49.

To Mr. Remcho we leave a miniature heater for use at those times when the windows of the chem. lab. *must* be opened.

To Mrs. Stocker we leave a whole new set of razor-edged hockey sticks for future athletics to battle it out with. Also, we leave her enough band-aids for a lifetime.

To Mr. Callaghan we leave a book entitled "How to Play Football" (Don't be insulted, Mr. Callaghan, the book shall be made up of none but thine own sage teachings.)

To Mr. Millwater we leave a high, gold-trimmed treasure chest in which to keep his assortment of "lost and found" articles.

Last but not least, the illustrious all-senior cheering squad leaves to the up and coming Varsity squad for next year the spirits of their little cheering dollies. (It seems the girls are too fond of the dollies to leave them in the flesh!)

Thus we, the Class of '49, do hereby conclude our Last Will and Testament, with a fond farewell for all we leave behind at S. P. H. S.

