

## ❖ ❖ Next Year GHS Will Be Minus These ❖ ❖

7:45 A.M.

To think that next year as you open the GHS doors to complete your book 'larning' something will be missing!

For four long years you've watched the Seniors grow. What will you do without the echoes of Knot's idiotic laughter and Hawley's husky voice? And Sally's northern talk and Hilda's southern drawl? And Don's individual manner of speech? Christine S.'s soft voice, Robert R.'s loud one, Billy S.'s deep one, Lula Mae's husky one, Alice T.'s pleasant one, Mary Eleanor's energetic hello's, and Doris W.'s jerky voice?

One must not forget Fat's silent laughter. Don't forget David's diplomatic talks and Ida Bell's perpetual jabber. Ethel's and Annie Mae's quietness. And in that same bunch comes Hilda S., Alma P., and Grace J. And Hope's sweetness, and Dolores'. And Edith's blushes. And James J.'s bashfulness. Oh, yes, Grabbit's 'nice going' and Marie's 'come to order, please!' Henry's clear treasurer's report, and George's vocabulary. John R.'s personality, and Susan M.'s understanding manner.

We're sure the office will miss Willie R.'s and John F.'s daily admit slips. And the Health Room will miss Shelton's, Virginia S.'s, Margaret W.'s, Rudolph C.'s, and Dot G.'s frequent First Aid because of being stampeded in the halls by tall Virginia R. and 'Zeke' F.

What will the school be like without Ray C.'s looks? Walter H.'s determining? Rebecca C.'s smooth dancing, and Evelyn D.'s and Shirley L.'s jitterbugging? Madeline G.'s square dancing?

What will the school be like without Buddy C.'s and Ann E.'s jolliness? And Ray C.'s looks? Walter H.'s determination, Deans R.'s ability, and Minnie S.'s willingness? And how about Tommy B.'s, Mary Louise's, and Lillian J.'s flirting, Mary H.'s, Walter J.'s bright remarks, Clyde S.'s blushes, and William W.'s freckles?

Can you ever forget Strip's wit? Letha's and Robert D.'s hair? Lenwood B.'s and Elizabeth W.'s blonde hair, Raymond B.'s black, Juanita B.'s and Gaynell O.'s red, Louise Mc.'s precise curls, Burgess R.'s and Evelyn G.'s curls, J. B. G.'s slick hair and E. Royall's windblown haircut? Kat's eyebrows and Mabel's mouth? Les-sie's and Florence's eyes? Ellen S.'s lips? Julia T.'s dark and Virginia W.'s blue eyes? Elsie S.'s talkative ones and E. Moyer's eyelashes? We won't ever forget

Ellen Lee's and Hilda J.'s smiles, not to mention James Pate's grins. And Helen R.'s shoes with no socks. And what about Virginia S.'s wistful looks?

Who can ever forget Betty's, Helen W.'s, Olivia's, Bertha's cute and dainty figures? And while we're on the subject what about Betty's, Rachel's, Martha's, Nellie's, Camilla's cute togs? And don't forget Sam B.'s loud shirts and Annie Louise B.'s ribbons! And David Mc.'s suspenders! And still on that subject we mustn't forget Shirley H.'s numerous coats, Pete R.'s hats. And these hairdos! Gertrude S.'s for instance!

These manners of traveling! Peggy's masculine walk and Kathleen G.'s smooth one! Hazel W.'s strut! Speaking of walking, reminds us of track—which brings in Russell J.'s, and Bob M.'s running and Norwood K.'s jumping. And this in turn takes us to other sports: Russell N.'s basketball, Herman P.'s and Harry W.'s swimming, Seaberry's baseball, Shoeball's, Charlie's, Tommy E.'s and Bill T.'s sports in general.

Who would forget Susie's and Mabel's sweetness? And John L.'s politeness? And Thomas T.'s constant friendliness?

What would this school be like without Buddy B. and the *Hi News* Shop? Bill R.'s news reports? Tim P.'s driving? Earl's crazy chapel programs? E. Mayo's chemistry notes? And Bobbie's songs? Without William F.'s and Norris's photography? Doris Mae's Class Day practicing? Kirby's imaginary cigars? B. Brown's popularity with the girls, Jane B.'s library work, Elizabeth G.'s art? Bill G.'s interest in boats, Sherrods's and Charles W.'s being in the band? George W.'s and Marjorie J.'s singing? Louise H.'s minutes? Everette J.'s sweet look? Mabel J.'s class skipping? Mildred J.'s and Gwen M.'s dimples? Horty's honors? Dot S.'s paper-lending, Christine S.'s and Marjorie S.'s gum-chewing? Luke's radio work? Izzy's sophisticated air? And Prince's interested spirit?

And what will the school be like without 'Stoop'? He really seems to be a part if it.

What will you do? We're sure you'll miss us Seniors just about as much as we'll miss each and every one of you.

The week before the Class Day program, a few seniors found out a few things they never knew before . . . . namely, that there is an hour in the wee dark hours, 7 o'clock. Of course, that may be exaggerated a bit; however, the fact remains that early morning practices, occurring at 7:45, brought forth varied comments.

Just a sample: "I'm hungry. We always eat at 8:45," or "Say, look at my hair. If I'd gotten up at a reasonable hour, I'd still have a *little* curl!" Those that did manage to scrape up a breakfast feasted on apples, warm milk fresh from the milkman, water, pickles, crackers, cold sweet potatoes, or cupcakes. Appetizing, what?

All the shining morning faces which fiction writers gloat over were missing. However, the early morning mugs weren't the only feature of the rehearsals. There were the afternoon rehearsals, for instance. Practices should have begun at 3:30, but every day, as regularly as the days rolled around, they began at exactly 3:41.

Do you remember Strip's vacant stares as she nonchalantly strolled across the stage? The cast was disgruntled because it couldn't see the stares, so, one rehearsal, Strip dedicated one stroll to the cast on the stage, and we got the benefit of an open mouth and wide eyes. And do you remember the first two rows of people singing "nickel, nickel, etc?" Edwin and Mary each selected an original pitch for it, until Miss Gatch begged them to get together, pullease!

We'll never forget the day that someone ordered some of those two-for-a-penny suckers. You know, the ones with two pieces of candy on a stick. For at least fifteen minutes, everyone said his lines with a little stick wiggling around. As a result, poor Miss Gatch who didn't get a sucker (she was too polite to fight like the others), listened with a perplexed expression on her face! We finally managed to gulp them down (no, dopes, not the sticks, the candy!) and the practice went on.

Thinking it over, though, we had a wonderful time all those mornings, afternoons, and one night. We discovered new things about each other (how people look at 7:45, for example). And we also discovered the sparkling personality of our friend and director, Miss Gatch. (Be careful, though, when you ask her about us!)

Come to think of it, that's the last play the class of '41 will present. Sad, isn't it?

—L. J., '41