

Last Will and Testament

By DICKIE CASHWELL

To whom it may concern:

We the senior class of nineteen-hundred and fifty-five on this day, May the Thirteenth, in the year of our Lord, nineteen-hundred and fifty-five, fully realizing that we are about to depart for an unknown destination and being of sound mind and body do make this last will and testament, thereby revoking wills and promises made heretofore.

SECTION I

Item I—We the graduating class would like to express our sincerest thanks to Mr. Grigg and the members of the school board for making it possible for us to attend school and gather what knowledge we have.

Item II—To Mr. Cashwell and the members of the faculty we thank you for your patience and guidance in trying to give us a fragment of your knowledge and experience. An extra bit of thanks to Mr. Cashwell who not only had to put up with a hundred hardened teenagers but with his son!

Item III—To our very own godmother, Miss Caughman, we leave you all the best wishes and love from every heart in the senior class. Your guidance has been our beacon to lead us by the reefs of the coming future.

Item IV—To the underclassmen we leave an alma mater that we are proud of and hope you will keep the name of Albemarle High School one for us to look back upon and say with pride that was my old school.

SECTION II

Article I—We the senior class leave to the school to put to good use one movie camera.

Article II—I, Pat Allan, leave my "crane-like legs" and my affection for Zulu boys to Kay Cauthen.

Article III—I, Kathryn Blalock, leave my quietness to Iris Hunsucker who can sure use it.

Article IV—I, Betty Lou Burris, leave my cheerful disposition and quiet ways to Betty Boone.

Article V—I, Miriam Davis, leave my ability to trap boys with new cars and my farmish nickname to Martha Setzler.

Article VI—I, Myra Efrid, leave my country road, good looks, and boy snatching ability to Linda Duke.

Article VII—I, Opal Eudy, leave Bill Beeker to Vivian Smith.

Article VIII—I, Martha Harward, leave Aaron and his Cadillac to all the junior girls, and I also leave my ability to have a good time on the Greensboro trips to Carolyn Smith.

Article IX—Eleanor Jones leaves her music ability to Dot Starr.

Article X—I, Sandra Lentz, leave all my ex-boy friends to any girl who can show them the times I have.

Article XI—I, Sylvia Long, leave joke telling ability and a case of cigarettes to Peggy Furr.

Article XII—I, Ivy Mabe, leave my cuteness and sweet ways with the boys to Bettie Hall.

Article XIII—I, Elaine Mills, leave my lost lover, Peck, to any who can keep him longer than I did.

Article XIV—I, Amorelle Tucker, leave my music talent and versatility to Peggy Smith.

Article XV—I, Martha Morrow, leave my neatness and cute clothes to Shirley Owensby.

Article XVI—I, Janice Parker, leave my especially grooved seat in shorthand to Carolyn Whitley.

Article XVII—I, Arce Rose Rich, leave my way of singing songs to Lois Harwood.

Article XVIII—I, Geraldine Saunders, leave my position as cheerleader and ability to hop in a sack to Diane Watkins.

Article XIX—I, Jean Starr Lowder, leave my position on the altar to Irene Eudy.

Article XX—I, Elaine Swaringen, leave my numerous nicknames to anyone who can carry the burden.

Article XXI—I, Frances Regan leave my good fortune of getting a man before I get out of high school to anyone who can fill the bill.

Article XXII—I, Don Almond, leave my charm and handsomeness to any junior boy who can snow the women as I have.

Article XXIII—I, Ray Barringer, leave my excuses for laying out of class and my ability to play poker where Mr. Cashwell can find me to any junior boy who can afford to donate to Haj's card collection.

Article XXIV—I, Pete Chance, leave my seat in Mixed Chorus and winnings from the Greensboro poker game to Benny Russell.

Article XXV—I, Marvin Clark, better known as T. I., do bequeath my nickname and my ability to date every night to Edshay Brunson.

Article XXVI—I, Arnell Doby, leave my hot rod Plymouth and habit of driving with my arm out the window to Don Swaringen.

Article XXVII—I, Larry Eudy, leave my ability to lay out of class to any junior who can run faster than Mr. Cashwell.

Article XXVIII—I, Elliott Gaddy, leave my love for the Bible Club to Luther Kimery; may he go to as many meetings as I did.

Article XXIX—I, Ed Hatley, leave my crook nose to anyone who is strong enough to carry the load.

Article XXX—I, Bobby Josey, leave my banjo-like eyes and hill billy music to Herbert Pendergraft.

Article XXXI—I, Dwight Little, leave the shop to anyone who can drive nails better than I can.

Article XXXII—I, Jerry Mauldin, leave my position on the baseball team to anybody who can field baseballs like me.

Article XXXIII—I, Frog Morris, leave my love for physics and science project to Ross Mason; may all his troubles be steam engines.

Article XXXIV—I, Johnny Rummage, leave all the money I stole from Albemarle High School to Wade Smith to use on his trip this summer.

Article XXXV—I, Ken Sheppard, leave my name of Meat Ball to George Lowder who can carry it better than I did.

Article XXXVI—I, Leon Snuggs, leave—I hope!

Article XXXVII—I, Yoder Whitley, leave my drum-playing ability to Bruce Curlee. May he make as much noise as I have.

Article XXXVIII—I, Bobby Peck, leave my snow-making machine to Joe Kluttz, providing he snows as many women as I have.

Article XXXIX—I, Dick Cashwell, leave my ability to get along with the principal to Jimmy Almond. May he not have as much trouble with him as I have.

Witnesses:

EARL BURRIS
E. C. HALEY

Signed,
DICKIE CASHWELL, Testator.

Class Prophecy

(Cont. from Page 6, Col. 5)

It must have been really moving along. I couldn't even find it. On the door of the A. H. S. I loved so well were written these words, "Mental Hospital of Stanly County. Come right in."

Driving on up the Salisbury Highway, I found the beautiful new building bustling with life. The principal, Ronald Tucker, had made quite a few changes in the ways of schooling. He had been the first principal in the state to institute a four-hour school week.

The school was especially excited on that very day. The governor and his wife, who were both graduates of A. H. S., were going to visit the school for a couple of hours. I was just in time to see Governor Cashwell and his charming wife arrive. It was a real thrill to see these two again. Would you believe it, he still calls her "Red"?

I was rather surprised to find Roger Freeman as the Choral director of A. H. S. and Louise Cooper as English teacher. The principal's secretary was Dorothy Ellis, so old A. H. S. had a little hunk out of our old class. One of the group told me the latest news of John David Moose. He was now in charge of the wrecking crew that was to tear down the Citadel in order to build the largest football stadium in the world. He reported that he was really enjoying his work.

Driving out of Albemarle a few hours later, I noticed a big lot with lots of ambulances in it. When I could read the sign, I saw that it was Dwayne Harrington's Used-Ambulance lot. It was one of the most unusual used-ambulance lots I had ever seen.

I leaned back and relaxed as I drove and listened to the Joan Melton-Liberace show. They had become partners; he always lights the candles for her in her public appearances, and he sometimes accompanies her on his violin.

As I drove on down the road the announcement over the air: "Have you looked into the future lately? Madame Tamar will find the future for you without any trouble at all." This statement seemed to wake me up and bring me back to the present. Being my old self again, I thought, "Good old class of '55. Everyone successful and not a one of them in Alcatraz!"

Shorthand Pupils Receive Awards

Shorthand awards have been received by students who have passed the required tests for speed and accuracy.

Those girls passing the three-minute, 60-word test are Toby Furr, Dot Ellis, and Bettie Lou Burris.

The five-minute, 60-word test was passed by Venanda Crisco, Patsy Aldridge, Reba Starnes, Frances Hatley, Judy Scaggs, Carlene Doby, Hazel Lawhorn, Ann Stone, and Libby Howard.

Frances Regan, Venanda Crisco and Frances Ross have passed the five-minute, 80-word test.

Yoder plays a fancy drum
And Steven plays a bass.
Let them get together and
They keep a rapid pace.

The squad of recruits were on the rifle range for their first try at marksmanship. They knelt at 250 yards and fired. Not a hit. They moved up to 200 yards. Again no hits. They tried at 100 yards. No luck.

"Attention!" the sergeant shouted. "It's your last chance. Fix bayonets! Charge!"

Smile.....	Helen Morton and Kenneth Chance
Hair.....	Sylvia Rogers and Roger Freeman
Cuteness.....	Gerry Saunders and Marvin Clark
Teeth.....	Sandra Lentz and Johnny Rummage
Complexion.....	Jolee Morris and Lendell Smith
Wit.....	Harvie Ann Smith and Dwayne Harrington
Neatness.....	Marian Stiller and Jimmy Cook
Legs.....	Myra Efrid and Larry Chance
Personality.....	Louise Cooper and Elliott Gaddy
Voice.....	Susie Swaringen and Belvin Terry
Nose.....	Sue Whitley and Wayne Eudy
Eyes.....	Dorothy Ellis and Ronald Tucker
Intelligence.....	Opal Eudy and Bill Beeker
Talent.....	Amorelle Tucker and Yoder Whitley
Lips.....	Arce Rose Rich and John McLaughlin
Clothes.....	Shirley Lowder and Ed Hatley
Dependability.....	Martha Harwood and Ray Barringer
Kindness.....	Miriam Davis and Lewis James
Figure and Physique.....	Liz Hunsucker and Roger Saunders
Quietness.....	Betty Lou Burris and Donald Almond

Guests At Cinderella's Ball

By CHARLOTTE POPE

When I entered Story Book Land, it was the night of the Royal Ball and as I approached the castle, the music of the orchestra was floating through the large ballroom windows. Inside were many dashing young men and lovely ladies in richly colored gowns. But the most outstanding couple there, of course, was Cinderella and her Prince Charming, portrayed by John David Moose and Elizabeth Hunsucker. They were admired by everyone and without hesitation, I knew they were the BEST LOOKING couple at the ball.

Looking around the ballroom, I saw many of my story book friends. Why, I even thought I saw Dumbo—or was that Pluto, the long-eared dog? Well, anyway, I was mistaken, because it was really Charles James and Martha Morrow was with him. And they were the BEST DRESSED couple I saw the whole night.

Pages and messenger boys kept running all over the ballroom the entire evening, looking for Dickie Cashwell and Charlotte Pope. With all that attention, they must have been the MOST POPULAR.

At one time, there was something disturbing the couples at the other end of the ballroom. It seemed that Lendell Smith and Frances Ross were crawling around on the floor and no one could dance without fear of stepping on them! They must have been trying to play their part as the WITTIEST, because I heard they were trying to get Cinderella's glass slipper so they could drink out of it.

In the castle's library, I found Bill Beeker and Phyllis Greer, the MOST STUDIOUS. Bill was looking at an ancient history book, but Phyllis seemed very interested in a book entitled, *Trees spelled T-r-e-e-s-e*.

While other couples were dancing, I noticed that Roger Saunders and Judy Scaggs had been sitting over in a corner, alone! They must have been the MOST FRIENDLY, because when I asked Judy what they were doing, she said, "Oh, we're just being 'social'."

The MOST TALENTED, Elaine Lowder and Ed Hatley, went up and sang a duet with the orchestra and it was dedicated to the seniors. The song was written by a slightly known composer, "Haja Baba" Cashwell, and it was entitled, "I'll Be Glad When You're Gone, You Dirty Rats, You!"

Outside, Skipper Gantt and

Amorelle Tucker were busy painting Cinderella's coach. Being the MOST ORIGINAL, Skipper thought this Cinderella Story needed "a little livin' up", as he called it. He suggested that we break the monotony by letting several of the senior girls give a "hooch-show," but they've given so many, that it's not original any more.

Donnie Smith and Harvie Ann Smith, the BEST ATHLETES, played the part of the horsemen and were sitting on the coach waiting for Cinderella.

I noticed that Ivy Mabe and Skipper Gantt were sitting on the horses and they were the CUTEST things! They were trying to decide which horse had a "Toni"!

All the time I was outside, I kept hearing someone talking over behind the horses. I finally discovered that it was Shirley Lowder and Elliott Gaddy and they were the MOST TALKATIVE people I've ever seen! They had been trying all night to talk the horses into turning back to mice and at the rate they were going, it's a wonder they didn't.

Back inside at the dance, John David Moose and Charlotte Pope began some kind of crazy dance which looked like a mixture of shag and Mambo. They must have been the MOST INFLUENTIAL because soon, everyone was following them.

When the King and Queen of Story Book Land left their thrones to join in this crazy dance, I saw Bobby "Lover" Peck jerk his "queen", Frances "Peanut" Lita-ker, on the throne and begin telling her how his arms were the best all-around. He must have finally convinced her, because their arms were the BEST ALL-AROUND there.

All night, Joan Renger and Johnny Rummage had been watching the clock closely to see that it struck at exactly 12:00. They certainly were the MOST DEPENDABLE.

When the clock did strike 12:00, Dickie Cashwell and Frances Lita-ker ran over to Cinderella and were going to be the ones MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED in getting her out on time, but Dickie's feet were so big, he tripped her several times before getting her out. This delayed her quite considerably, and in her rush, she lost one of her glass slippers. Here is where Frances Ross and Lendell Smith finally got to drink their punch and when I left they were really enjoying themselves in the Story Book Land of '55.

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