In Memoriam

Ann Smith

Things happen, and we wonder,
We ask the question, "Why?"
"Why are we now living,
And why will we soon die?"
Yet our questions are unanswered;
It is not for us to know
All the ways that God has planned,
And why He made them so.
But we must soon learn to accept
The Master's sovereign will;
And though we may not understand,
It is He who made us, still.
Now once again we pause to ask
The age-old question "Why?"
Why should one so near to us
So soon be called to die,
She went about her cheerful way,
And never sought for fame.
She always thought of others—
To serve others was her aim.
And through the window of her soul
There shone the inner light
Of one who knew the Love of God—
Then death came in the night.
She now is in a brighter world,
Where sadness is no more.
She sings a song of praise to God
On Heaven's peaceful shore.
Though there's "sadness of farewell" now, Ann,
For those who loved you here,
We'll dry our tears and ever
Strive to hold your memory dear.

Pete Poag

Last week, hundreds of students from GHS left school to attend the funeral of Pete Poag. Pete had gone to GHS his sophomore and junior years, leaving during the middle of last year to join the Air Force. Several weeks ago, it was discovered that Pete had cancer. Though every effort was taken to save him, he died at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., on May 2. To his loved ones and to his many friends, the deepest sympathy is expressed. Pete Poag will never be forgotten.

We'll see Pete in the hearts of his many friends who walk the halls of GHS. We'll see his smile when foes become friends. We'll see him laugh when the stormy sky turns sunny blue. We'll see his unfaltering spirit when impossible burdens are overcome. We'll see his sincerity when wrong is admitted. We'll see his humility when man forgets himself. And best of all, we'll see his everlasting faith when sinners accept their Lord.

HIGH LIFE

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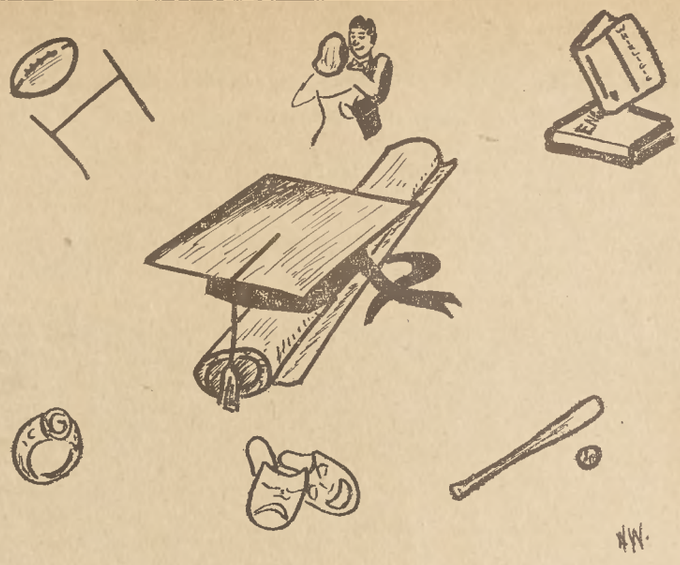

These Things You Will Remember, Senior

The Challenge

Rush, rush, hurry, hurry, senior luncheon, senior tea, senior prom, senior ———

Amidst all the commotion, confusion, and craziness that can only accompany the senior's last few weeks of school stand the middle men of GHS—the juniors. He, as an interested onlooker, has time to reflect on the chaos whirling around him and look both forward and backward.

This year he was closer to the Senior Class than ever. He had friends in it; he was proud when any of them were singled out for honors. And now, he hates to see them leave yet is glad to have them rise even higher in the world. But looking ahead, the departure of the senors leaves a gap which must be filled by the Junior Class.

The top class this year left a challenging record of which to be proud. As the class of 1954 leaves, the class of 1955 can and must meet this challenge.

'Pinion Poll

In the years to come, graduating seniors, what will be your fondest memories of the three years spent at GHS.

As I leave the hallowed halls of Senior High this year, I will always recall the many wonderful people whom I have met during my three years. The terrible part of graduation is that you will never again see many of your friends. On the other hand it is thrilling to realize that graduation is an approach to a new milestone in life as one prepares to enter college and begin many other wonderful associations with a host of new friends.

Ann Alexander

Among all the things at GHS which I will hold in memory for the rest of my life, I believe that the Key Club and my experiences on the basketball team will be held the highest. Through both of these organizations I have met many people within our school and also throughout the state. As president of the Key Club, I have learned to understand the problems of the individual and that it takes everyone in a group to do his part so that the group will function properly. By playing basketball I have learned the real meaning of competition. Life is full of competition, and I feel that I have learned to handle myself in a competitive manner.

Don Patterson

When I graduate from Senior High, one of the most outstanding personalities that I shall remember is that of a blue-eyed, 6'4" curley-haired history teacher and coach. I don't think that anyone who has ever made the acquaintance of Mr. Glenn will be likely to forget his good disposition, his co-operation, and his willingness to help students.

Irene Thomas

Copy . . . . . Right

The Shakespeare class taught by Miss Sara Mims is now spouting Shakespearean prologues. Under strict orders from Miss Mims, the class wrote blank verse poems which were parodies on certain passages from "The Merchant of Venice." Following are some results:

THE PATIENT

How calm the patient lies upon the couch.
There does he lie to tell the doctor his thoughts—
Pink elephants and polka-dotted cats,
Blue tigers with their wings and purple stripes,
And dogs and teaspoons running down the highway.
"Peace, man," the doctor said. "Now let me see.
Pink elephants and polka-dotted cats.
There's nothing I can see that's wrong with that.
The only thing that bothers me is what
You see when mountains walk beside the sea.
It isn't normal, sir, for you to see
Three-legged light bulbs dancing on the ocean."

Frances Stafford

DEATH OF AN UNSUNG HERO

How fierce the ocean roared upon that shore!
There did he stand and let the waves of night
Pound in his ears. Cold waters and the night
Became the hands of approaching dread.
Come, Death! Then he saw the dome of heaven
Thick inlaid with clouds of luminous grey. Death,
Here was not the greatest man which thou hast beheld,
But in his deeds was he yet loved,
Ever seeking to know the truth;
Such men as he have immortal souls;
Death cannot cause the beauty to decay,
For lives it ever in those he loved.

Jerry Matherly

Clublicity

BY EUGENIA HICKERSON

D. D. T.

Graduation time brings Plantation time. Yes, for the gals in the D. D. T. Club enjoyed a gay party at the supper club last Friday night. After dining, the members and their dates ended the night with dancing.

SIGNETS

The Signets will invade the home of Johan Ray tonight with their blankets, pillows, and of course, some "eats." The occasion is a slumber party which will probably be a full night with no "shut-eye." While at the party, the girls plan to discuss their beach trip scheduled for July.

L. S. P.

Recently a new slate of officers was chosen by the "Little Saints" to reign over the group next year.

Elected president was Martha Wilkins, junior. To help Martha in the leadership of the girls will be Sue Simmons, vice president; Martha Krieger, secretary; Susan Hege, treasurer; Julianna Clark, youth center representative; Kay Overstreet, social chairman; Pat Leary, publicity chairman; Janet Loops, historian; and Wanda Slade and Joan Smith, project chairmen.

Sophomore and junior L. S. P.'s are now making plans for the annual luncheon honoring the graduating seniors of the club. This year it is to be at Martha Wilkins' home on May 28. A poem and a small gift are to be given to each senior.

S. L. C.

The Siempre Libre Club members are outlining two major coming events. First is an excursion to the Plantation on Friday, May 28. Of course, the occasion is a celebration of the close of school. The following Monday, June1, the gals and their chaperones will journey to Ocean Drive Beach for a week's enjoyment of the "good ole beach life."

LES SOEURS

"Sail ahoy" is the cry as the Sisters take a jaunt to White Lake at 3:30 today to spend the week-end at the cottage of Martha Bright.

Barbara Flynn was elected president for 1954-55. Others chosen were Martha Bright, vice-president; Lila Malone, secretary; Martha Burnet, treasurer; and Kay Stewart, Youth Center representative.

G. W. I.

Everyone was astounded to find out what was brewing in the pot for Anna Huffine and Carolyn Paschal last Saturday night, as they were given a surprise birthday party by their G. W. I. pals. Ice cream and cake was served for the members and their dates at the home of Pat Helgesen in honor of the two. Following the informal party they journeyed out to Charlie Pemberton's for a hayride.

At the home of Martha Jester last Thursday night, Sue McEntire was chosen president to succeed Anna Huffine. Her co-workers will be Ann Taylor, vice-president; Terry Garrison, secretary; Doris Irvin, treasurer; Sally Durham, social chairman; and Dava Cashwell, Youth Center representative.

E. S. A.

Frances Thompson has recently been chosen by the E. S. A. members to be their president next year. Holly Deifell well serve as vice-president; Margaret Lucas, as secretary; Bobby Meeks, as treasurer; Mary Jane Boydell, as Youth Center representative; Randy Burnett, as publicity chairman; Emma Garvin, as social chairman; and Kay Kuykendall, as scrapbook chairman.

School Pigeon

By Alma Swinson

SCHOOL WILL SOON BE OVER
EVERYONE IS GLAD
THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT
TO THE THOUGHTS SOME
HAVE HAD.

DO YOU REEMBER . . . . .
that first day you walked down the hallowed halls of ole GHS as a sophomore . . . when Ken Cates led those rousing cheers at the football games . . . when Barbara Massey started her own television program . . . when Dale Pearce 'brought the house down' as 'Georgie' in *One Foot In Heaven* . . . the thrill of receiving class rings . . . the good time the seniors had in Washington . . . when the basketball team won the AAA Conference championship . . . all the fun everyone had dancing in the gym at lunch . . . ?

PHIL CROCKETT: Say Edna, whatcha gonna be doin Saturday night?
EDNA FREEMON: (hopefully) Nothing.
PHIL: Good. Could I borrow your Space Cadet comic?

Oh well, as Noah said as he boarded the animals on the Ark, "Now I herd everything."

WHO'S WHO AT SENIOR . . .

RITZF PALPE—The Frank Parker of GHS.

NAVEC LEBL—Usually seen with Pricilla Turner.

EKIM KEMTO——The Barrymore of Senior.

NOD TEAHH——One of the "Cloverbuds."

NINEOD SEDTOAN—New President of the Allied Youth Post.

IMJMY DOJARN—Rising president of the student body.

DAFFYNITION:

Diploma—de man what fixes de plumbing . . .

And then there's the time that Jack King left a banquet hungry because the cross-eyed lady next to him ate all the food on his plate . . .

Well gang, it's been loads of fun writing this 'mess' this year and I only hope that you like reading it as much as I did writing it . . . see ya next year . . .