

'Each And All'

Awards Day, the Senior Tea, Class Day, the Prom, May Day, the last concert, the last club meeting, the last noisy lunch period, the last athletic contest are now forever memories. The Class of '58 awaits only the graduation ceremony.

Yet all these rituals—even graduation itself—mean nothing; what is important is past—more than a few days past, too. Funny how the ordinary things—the things we slighted—are those that really count most: the weekly grind, the daily homework assignment, the thoughtful student-teacher discussion, the extra fifteen minutes of studying that made it a job well done.

The Class of '58 has not always done everything it could; and it has not always worked together as it should. Some have added color and taste to the solution labelled "Class of '58", but some have precipitated out.

Commencement, however, does not mean the ending, but rather the beginning. "Ring out the old ring in the new . . ."

These "bright young citizens of tomorrow" may not be so bright or such good citizens, but they are going . . . they do not walk cautiously or even amble casually; they run to meet the future. It would be faithless to do otherwise! For it is He who is constant, and we who are not. Should we not trust that our tomorrows will be at least as good as our todays have been day after day, day after day, day after day after day?

Senior High is even now coming into perspective as to what it essentially is—just a stepping stone—to other stepping stones. Yet with every step one sees a step farther still.

Yet the Class of '58 does not doubt that many of its members will ride triumphantly through the Broad-Way-Gate, and but few slowly tread the straight and narrow; that many will be famous or infamous, and still others die unknown and unrewarded.

The future which is already casting its long, misty shadow over this Senior Class does not add up all positive or all negative, but rather a grand total of the two. One experience alone or one action alone will not permanently tip the scales either way. One must weigh all—"each and all."



FOR THEIR COOPERATION during the last year, **HIGH LIFE** wishes to thank **WHIRLIGIG**, the Student Council, the Boys' and Girls' Athletic Departments, A. P. Routh, and the many other faculty members and students who were so willing to help with "the little things."

Council Corner

By Sandra Holderness

The Spring Prom is being held tonight in the boys' gym. The Southerners are furnishing our music, and we want all of you to come. We are having delicious refreshments served free by the PTSA.

The constitution committee has done an excellent job this year under the chairmanship of Meyressa Hughes.

The council appreciates the co-operation of all the home rooms during the discussion of your school constitution. It was passed by a majority in more than two-thirds of the home rooms.

I wish to repeat a few things I said in my farewell speech. It has been a privilege, a very great privilege, to serve as your president, and I want to thank each of you for your understanding, cooperation, and your faith in me. I wish

the very best of luck to your new officers and council members, and I know that under their leadership you will have a very successful year. May God bless you all the days of your life.

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1958

Linda Cashwell leaves the Girls' Gym to anyone who feels like decorating it.

Kitty White leaves her long pony tale to Little Red Riding Hood for fast get-aways from the third floor window.

Phil Garrett leaves . . . Pat Phillips to hold down the fort.

Mac Hall leaves his infallible sleep formula to Bobby New.

Lee Pickard leaves grease paint, cold cream, and other playmaster materials to her young protegee, Jane Golden.

Roy Michaux leaves a job well done and a pair of shoes for next year's president that will be hard to fill.

Sarah Stanley, Ellen Watson, Bobbie Cook, Linda Thompson, Peggy Sink, Nancy Hewett, Lee Pickard, Sue Levine, and Kit Cooper all pile into one car "the mighty Chrysler" and head for Tyson's for a farewell sandwich.

Jim Eskridge, the distinguished connoisseur of locker pin ups, leaves his extensive gallery to anyone with an eye for beauty.

George Murphy wills his battered college algebra book to Susan Caviness with a sigh of relief.

Alton Brewer leaves his tommyhawk to any junior who need help with his cuts.

Add Penfield leaves his Ivy League appearance to Larry Hudson. Bill Goode takes his with him.

Nancy Hewett, after careful deliberation, has decided to take her swing to college with her in hopes that it will be as beneficial there as it has been at GHS.

Dink Black bops off to college to the tune of "Reet Petite" leaving a few spare pounds to Michael George.

Becky Tuck leaves her Caesar hair cut to Tuttle who has always admired it.

Max Snodderly leaves not knowing what scholarship to accept.

I give up; is Hugh Blair leaving? Prissy Wyrick leaves for Georgia Tech on a football scholarship.

Stump Crayton leaves his pitching Mrs. Hutton, hoping that she can tighten her grip on the 4th period class.

Roger English bequeaths his "Keep off the grass" signs to the Welker twins.

We challenge Butch Bailey to go left and tap those whom he deems worthy.

Allen Andrews leaves his Syitt jacket to Coach Manzi.

Latest cruelty joke: Marvin Kirian orders cap and gown.

Dave Albaugh leaves his foul shoe ability to Joe Choke.

Jey Deifell leaves his spastic arm to next year's Alma Mater director in assemblies.

Derwin Pope trades his jaguar for the bo's strike knowing that the school will never save enough coupons to buy one.

Marsha Bumpass leaves her ability to charm chemistry professors to anyone who wants to pass next year.

Ray Spaulding leaves his height to the Brooks Basketball team.

"Hoss" Godfery leaves his verve to Charles Atlas.

Meyressa Hughes leaves her baton to short shorts to Sue Ellen Barker.

Eddie Alala leaves a jar of peanut butter to Mr. Cooper to lower his desk bills.

Rhoda Miller leaves her car to the "antique-lovers of America."

After much deliberation, Peggy leaves with her stool knowing that she won't need it.

The parking lot gang leaves with their blowing, motor roaring, radios blaring and traffic not moving.

Jerry Kennen leaves his "canned advertisements for band concerts to Hazelnut.

Der Hong Hanson leaves his farming ping pong paddle to Marty Cone for lunch-time recreation.

Carmela Gentile leaves five tubes of lipstick, three compacts, and four tubes to Lt. Garrett's home room.

Junior Civitan leaves the victory flag in hopes that the Whirlies will keep flying.

The Class Day Committee after hours of work has decided to leave Central Garrett to direct next year's gala presentation.

