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WORK TOWARD GRADUATION

With graduation here in our midst, we seniors are a little sad and we get lumps in our throats when we talk or think about it. We have worked toward this memorable occasion for twelve, and maybe more, years, and have looked happily forward to it, but now that we have it at our finger tips we are not so sure we want it so much.

Graduation means a great deal more than just being handed a diploma and walking across a stage. It means the passing of the happiest and most care-free days of our lives; it sends us out into the world on our own to prepare for, and face, life by ourselves.

The Seniors can no longer say "Oh, well, next year I'll really get down to work and be the citizen that will make my school proud." No, we seniors have had our chances, we are filling out the very last pages of our books of high school memories, and whether the past pages are filled with wonderful memories or with regret is entirely dependent upon us. Some of us have to look back and be sorry because we did not do this or that, because we let so many splendid opportunities pass us by, and many times we have to skim pages filled with things we did do for which we are sorry. Sure, we can see now, that our teachers and Mr. Glenn were right when they said we

did not realize the importance of hard study and applying ourselves these four years, but the light dawned too late for some of us.

For you underclassmen there is a great challenge. You have time left, not to erase your smudgy pages, but to minimize them with what you do in the future. Right now all you care about may be plodding through your remaining year, or years as swiftly and easily as possible and walking out into the world with a diploma, free of worries. When graduation rolls around and realization explodes in your face like a bomb (and it will), you will never forgive yourself for your indolence and neglect of yourself and your school. You really will not.

"The Moving Finger writes;  
 and having writ  
 Moves on: Nor all your  
 Piety nor wit  
 Shall lure it back to cancel  
 half a Line  
 Nor all your Tears wash out  
 a word of it."

The Seniors of '55 leave our beloved Alma Mater to you underclassmen, as it has been left to us in the years past. Never let its standards fall. You are the ones who must uphold them and make them better.

"To you from failing hands we  
 throw the torch, be yours to hold it  
 high."

EDITOR

FAREWELL

Another school year is drawing swiftly to a close. Let us all stop, look back and see if it has been a successful year for us. Are you proud of your grades? Perhaps you could have done better. Have you been a good citizen and added to your school this year? There are numerous questions we might ask. No doubt we would not be satisfied with the answers. This gives us the basis for a resolution. Let us face next year with the will to make it more successful than this, if possible.