

CLASS WILL

We, the members of the Senior Class of 1954, being of illegal age, of unsound mind, improving (?) memory, under the restraint of the faculty (who want to get rid of us), and being mindful of the uncertainties of passing from dear old L.H.S., and deeming it advisable on chance (a slim one) that we shall not be here long, we bestow our few talents, bestowed upon us by the teachers of this great and noble institution; first, however, revoking all prior efforts to get rid of our faults in the years just passed:

ARTICLE I—We, the departing class of 1954, do give and bequeath to the faculty a much needed vacation of at least three months, or until the Class of '55 takes over.

ARTICLE II—We, the Seniors, do give and devise all the carved up desks, wadded up candy wrappers, old chewing gum (there's quite a collection under some desks after four years, too) and any other such useful things to the janitors who have cleaned up after us all these years.

ARTICLE III—We, the Senior Class, do give and bequeath to the Juniors the privilege of now getting first crack at the front row seats at basketball games and also the great honor of getting to smear (or should we say paint) your class numerals all over the street.

ARTICLE IV—We, the Class of '54, do give and bequeath to the Sophomores the fun (?) of decorating for your first formal now that you're "Upper-Classmen," finally.

ARTICLE V—We, the high and mighty Seniors, sincerely wish to congratulate the Freshmen on seeing that they have nearly graduated from their lowly position.

ARTICLE VI—We now leave our most valued (and the term is used loosely) possessions as follows:

I, David Arledge, do give and bequeath my forwardness, especially where girls are concerned, to Monte Hoover.

I, Nancy Gerhard, do give and bequeath some of the contents of my cerebral cavity to Esther Nichols, who really doesn't need them, but can have them anyhow.

I, Richard Engle, do give and bequeath to Edwin Johnson my place on the basketball floor and in F.F.A. (it's said that F.F.A. stands for Fickle, Flirtatious, and Absent-minded in their case.)

I, Arlene Downhour, do give and bequeath my nickname, "Weinie," to Alan Geiger.

I, Ed Spangler, do give and bequeath to Dick Stampfle my way with older girls, although from all observances Dick doesn't need much help.

I, Paula Smith, do give and bequeath my crazy mixed up way of really "rodding" around town to Joyce Kistler.

I, the "new" Tom Thrush, do give and bequeath to Paul Arledge my naturally curly hair which all the girls are cra-a-azy about.

We, Virginia Hendershot and Bonnie Carlisle, do give and bequeath to Delores Carlisle and Sally Lehew our artistic ability.

I, John Pitcock, do give and bequeath my love for green on certain days (and we don't mean St. Patrick's Day) to anyone who particularly likes the color.

I, Katy Crook, do give and bequeath to Judy Stephens my fiery temper.

I, Tim Hall, do give and bequeath my superb touch at basketball and, in case he wants it, my way with people, especially girls, to Don Cavanaugh.

I, David Wilson, do give and bequeath my scientific ability to Julianne Noll, who really needs it.

We, Bill Tracy and Gary Parrish, do give and bequeath to Gary Highley our titles of Cyrano and Jimmy Durante.

I, Lynn Wagner, do give and bequeath to Jean Clark my ability to play the organ.

I, Butch Boystel, do give and bequeath the corset which was left to me last year by Bill Grable to Junior Wedge in hopes that he may be able to find use for it.

We, Lynda Orr and Sue Combs, do give and bequeath to Melanie Musser our profound interest in County activities (and out-of-town males).

I, Joe De Fillippo, do give and bequeath my title of "Big Man Around School" (in more ways than one) to Jon Slater.

I, Emily Zinsmeister, do give and bequeath to my sister, Dolora, the unique position of always coming last, just as I am right now.

ARTICLE VII—We, the Senior Class of 1954, leave our ability to get in and out of scrapes, have a good time, and still find time to study a little on the side to all the succeeding classes at L.H.S.

ARTICLE VIII—We make, nominate, and appoint Miss Grace Griffith to be the executrix of this, our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this third day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and fifty-four.

(Signed)
Class of 1954

The foregoing and within will and signature was witnessed by the souls of the frogs which we dissected during our Sophomore year in Biology Class.

We Dead Frogs residing at Out of This World.

Mable Nixon and Donna Parent