

And So

We, the undersigned, members of the first graduating class of Mariemont High School, being of sound mind and otherwise, do hereby proclaim this document to be our last will and testament.

Item I

We, the party of the first part, do solemnly offer our congratulations to those teachers who remained throughout all six years of our seige of Mariemont High School.

Item II

We also bequeath to the graduating class of 1951:

1. the many things that have made us great and memorable.
2. our great reputation for being wealthy, even though it be false.
3. all our research on the art of cheating.
4. the love of all of our teachers for us.
5. the much worn and marred desks of 310 and also the much worn and marred Mr. Martin and Mr. Downer. They tried.
6. the left-over annuals, which we hope there won't be any.

Item III

We do further respectfully leave all our wonderful attributes and besides these:

I, Myron Austin, will the title of "Monk" to Elaine though it may not fit her too well.

I, Dick Bicknell, leave my array of shotguns to Tom Christy, in hopes.

I, Betty Blackford, leave my dad. Take good care of him.

I, Carolyn Blackeney, leave my natural tan to all those without sun lamps.

I, Jack Breslin, leave my combs for my hair to Janice Black; she'll get good use out of them.

I, Doris Clinger, leave my big baby blue eyes to Arlene Radke to make her more appealing.

I, Harold DeCamp, leave my wide awake stare to the teachers to encourage them.

I, Frank Durham, leave my peg pants to Jim Welpley.

I, Suzanne Ebersole, leave my naive appreciation of jokes to Jim Shoop.

I, Jim Ferns, will my sinister air to Wes Iredale, also my nickname of "Villian".

I, Ronald Fertick, leave my harried look to all future persons in charge of the business for their class.

I, Jo Ann Gander, leave my swimming pool to — no one. I'm keeping it.

We, the Hake twins, leave our twenty-four mile walk each day to Wes Damerow to keep him in training.

I, Barb Hanaford, leave my forward and overpowering attitude to Lyn Howard, if she needs it.

I, Dave Hezlep, leave my turned up collar to all those who have imitated it.

I, Bill Hopewell, leave my ability and captaincy in football to Bobby "Peewee" Frantz, in hopes.