

We Part

I, Art Hopkins, leave my tremendous height to Richard Federle.

I, Joan Howard, leave my size nine saddles to Laura Buffington to go dancing in.

I, Derek Hoxby, leave Camille to the Junior boys since I can't take her with me.

I, Lucy Kerr, will all of my left-over flash bulbs to Donald Fletcher.

I, Juanita Kissinger, leave my ability to drive to Shirley Hughes.

I, Ronald Klemme, will my ability in basketball to Beverly Schuler.

I, Donn Martin, leave Mr. Martin for all the little biology students to dissect.

I, Joan McAfee, leave my basketball enthusiasm to the whole school. Please use it.

I, Bob McCane, leave my rosy cheeks to Billy Gordon.

I, Lawrence Meyer, leave my ability to get things done to the coming seniors. They surely need it.

I, Susan Meyers, leave my laugh to send chills down the backs of poor unsuspecting seventh graders.

I, Becky Miller, will my ability to out yell everybody to Barbara Watson to help her in cheer-leading.

I, Yvonne Mohlman, leave my ability to nick the tardy bell to all those who, like me, have a long way to go.

I, Joe Morgan, leave my shoulders to Bob Kiefer to make him even more of a lady killer.

I, Richard Nachtman, leave my height to Allen Spelman so he'll fit the chairs better.

I, Tom Peters, leave my ability to get into the show free to Barbara Paulson.

I, Wanda Raleigh, leave my iridescent hair to Mr. Martin for experimentation.

I, George Riley, leave my quiet manners to Snooky Le Bosque to help out the teachers.

I, Jack Seibert, leave my easy going temperament to Marilyn Runyan so she won't forget me.

I, Don Shackelford, leave the title of "Duck" to my brother; also my column in the War Path.

I, Paul Shinkle, leave my bass voice to Craig Clark so he can be a duet.

I, Elmer Simons, leave nothing. No one's asked me for anything.

I, Bruce Swanson, leave my job at Krogers with the best years of my life.

I, Anita Thomas, will my small voice and size to Kathy Geyer.

I, Betty Thomas, leave my headache of the annual to the next editor and to Mr. Gossard. Bless them both.

I, Paul Turpin, leave my mustache to Mr. Miller.

I, Gerald Whitney, will my trombone and Mr. Downer to Georgia Spangler.

I, Joan Weiner, leave my vague air to Francis Pope. I wonder what it would do to her.

I, Jeanne Richt, leave my serious assembly air to Marilyn Adamson.