

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the members of the Mariemont High School class of the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fifty-three, being of sound mind, do hereby proclaim this to be our last will and testament.

I, Charlie McDaniel, will my practice socks to Harry Walters, who, I know, will put them to good use. —Also a box of Tide.

We, Nancy Hughes and Maridel Travis, leave nothing. No one ever left us anything.

I, Gene Cain, leave for Texas. (A & M that is.)

I, Jim Durham, will my middle name, Cicero, to Dr. Handman.

I, Jerry Weber, give my height to Miss Adams.

I, Phyllis Whitney, gladly leave Doc and two years of hard work.

I, Marilyn Huheey, leave for college and I'm taking everything with me.

I, Nancy Gilman, leave my place in the band to anyone who thinks he can keep in step.

I, Henry Ware III, will my distinguished title, "the third," to one who is willing to withstand its connotation.

I, Grace Berry, leave my calm, collected manner and lack of dislikes to anyone who wants them.

I, Jenny Haenssel, leave my parties to Doc Kusel.

I, Carl Weiglein, leave my car to Jane Averill if she can see over the steering wheel.

I, Susan Averill, leave "Piggy" in the barnyard.

I, Tom Simmons, leave a picture of myself to Mrs. Davis so she can see me any time she pleases.

I, Nancy Keown, leave my soft voice and quiet personality to Fred Reinhart.

I, Ron McKenney, leave for a long needed REST.

I, Shirley Allee, leave my sweet little sister to haunt Mr. Downer's music department.

I, Richard Federle, leave my "Goose" to some gander.

I, Carol Hayden, leave my column, "High-Lights," to some journalistic student.

I, Jim Brady, leave my speed to Charles Mefford so he may use it in track.

I, Janet Hoevelmeyer, leave my place as majorette to Mr. Downer. He can probably do a better job.

I, Maxine Price, leave my natural wavy hair to Patsy Maloney.

I, Judy Leedy, leave my sister to protect the school from my brother.

I, Ralph Leiman, leave my nickname,

"Lizzard," to an animal without one.

I, Carol Reed, leave my freckles for someone to count.

I, Sid Hawlik, leave my thumb tacks with great feeling.

I, Don Clark, leave my brain power to be distributed among the needy.

I, Mary Amburgey, leave my shoes for someone else to fill.

I, Dick Pahner, leave my locker for some courageous person to clean.

I, Shirley McCracken, leave my sister Pat all my cosmetics which she has not already made use of.

I, Shane Daniels, leave my positions on the football, basketball, and baseball teams to my brothers, Richard and Kent.

I, Harry Moreton, leave my curly hair to Mr. Howells.

I, Ed Tigner, leave my hot '35 Dodge to anybody who has \$500.

I, Judy Perkins, leave my laugh to echo down the halls and haunt the future seventh graders.

I, Don Jones, leave my carburetor throat to E. B. Leedy.

I, Denny Straley, leave nothing. Nobody asked me for anything.

I, Janice Bailey, leave my dark hair to Sandy Young.

I, Ken Johns, leave my white fur hat to the future drum major, Charlie Mefford.

I, Betsy Dettwiler, leave everyone confused.

I, Hilda Sellman, leave my size (5'2") to my two sisters who passed me up long ago.

I, Joyce Condit, leave the problems of Mariemont High School to my sister, Jeanne, who is a slightly smaller problem.

I, Bill Ansell, hereby leave my track shoes and numerous blue ribbons to Leigh.

I, Nancy Miller, leave all the T. O. boys to Janet Gray.

I, Richard Edmonds, leave — and Mariemont's loss is some poor cow's gain.

I, Barbara Paulson, leave my driving ability to the chauffeur of next year's class.

I, Patrick Riley, do hereby leave my pleasant sleep in Mr. Miller's class to some other tired lad.

I, Shirley Bieler, leave my pony tail to any pony without one.

I, Phyllis Wardlow, leave the noon rush in the cafeteria to Ruthie Hughes.

I, Terry Jones, leave my way with the women to Carl McCollum.

I, Lou Sandberg, leave my "little" brother

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