



Our Last Will

We, the undersigned members of the graduating class of nineteen hundred and fifty four, being mentally and physically stable, do hereby proclaim this document to be our last will.

- I, Nancy Andrews, will my Purcell class ring to any girl who can wear a size eleven.
- I, Betsy Aston, leave my suit of armor to anyone who gets daggers from Mrs. Davis.
- I, Ken Bachmann, will my naturally curly hair to Lindsey Farnham.
- I, Barbara Bechtel, leave my ability to go get ads, while other people are swimming, to anyone with enough will power.
- I, Barbara Billington, leave my twin brothers to anyone who sees double.
- I, Bob Bredenfoerder, leave my big blue eyes to the Monk in the mural in 315.
- I, Phyllis Chaney, will my desk in speech class to "Darling" Hill.
- I, Peter Clark, leave all my Hillsdale dates to anyone who thinks that he can keep up with them.
- I, Jim Cooley, leave my broad shoulders to Steve Gerard.
- I, Fred Cooperider, will swap Chevies with R. J. Miller for an additional thousand dollars.
- I, Dick Cosby, leave all the answers to someone who doesn't know them.
- I, Joanne Coward, leave my nickname, "Frog", to any loyal member of the biology class.
- I, Joy Crouch, leave my saxophone forever and ever and ever. Amen.
- I, Emily Cummings, finally leave for Ohio State.
- I, Ned Dewire, leave the War Path to future Indians.
- I, Robert Doersam, leave my Spanish name, Roberto, to any Robert taking Espanol next year.
- I, Karen Dollenmayer, better leave because my sister is wearing all my clothes.
- I, Carol Evans, will my name of "star" to any graceful volleyball player.
- I, Marilyn Gerlaugh, left physics in the middle of the year.
- I, Sue Gilbert, leave my Bermuda shorts and knee socks for Pete Clark and Harry Walters to take to Dartmouth.
- I, Janet Gray, leave my everyday race to get to school on time to Kay Gilman and Carla Schuettler.
- I, Jim Hartman, leave with sorrow instead of Joy.
- I, Charlie Hodges, leave my title, "Chee Chee", to Cheezy Cheese Crackers. (Attention Mrs. Davis — note this alliteration.)
- I, Lynn Howard, leave my broad shoulders to Doc Kusel and his future football teams.
- I, Bob Jones, will leave as soon as possible.
- I, Casey Jones, leave my old cigarette butts and matches along the way so I can find my way back.
- I, Jim Jones, leave my keen driving ability to Mr. Ernsting's driver's training class.
- I, Toni Kleine, leave my pick and shovel to some prospective gold-digger.
- I, Sandra Jones, will my ability to chauffeur eight girls to "you know where" and my beat up ticket stub to M. J. Kalbach and her "Junior Crew."