

- I, Betty Jo Koenig, leave my eyelash curlers to anyone who can flutter her eyelashes.
- I, E. B. Leedy, gladly leave my sister, Barbie.
- I, Donna Lyttleton, leave my long dark hair to Pat McCracken.
- I, Gloria Mackey, leave Harry to the Morton Salt Mines.
- I, John Mallen, leave before my house is completely demolished.
- I, Fred Mansell, will to some unlucky soul my position as a teacher's son.
- I, Louis Margolen, leave all my array of fishing equipment to Bill Bausmith.
- I, Arlene Radke, leave my golfing ability to anyone else who likes assistant pros.
- I, Jim Rasor, leave my overpowering manner to Joan Marshall so she will always remember me.
- I, Sue Redway, leave my title of "super salesman" to my sister, Barbara to carry on at the house where I left off.
- I, Phyllis Riedeman, leave the coon-skin cap that I gave John for Christmas to Betty Brown; I might as well, she's got it anyway.
- I, Jim Roessler, leave my 20-20 vision to Fred Brandt so he can see Sylvia better.
- I, Karl Roller, leave my size thirteen shoes to anyone with a small foot — they will have plenty of room.
- I, Don Romhilt, leave my ability never to spend a penny to Bill Cartwright.
- I, Jim Root, leave my job as baseball manager to my successor.
- I, Penny Rowland, will my numerous bracelets to Mr. Miller to keep his study halls quiet.
- I, Lois Rowley, leave my versatile ways to Jane Averill, if she needs them.
- I, Jerry Schlotterbeck, leave my band to Lynn Jones.
- I, Rob Shackelford, leave the Variety Show to the juniors.
- I, Ed Singer, leave my nickname, "Easy Ed," to anyone with the name Edward.
- I, Georgia Spengler, leave my speech, "Should the Italian opera be translated into English", to Mr. Gossard for future speech classes.
- I, Bob Stefanowski, leave my title of "most obnoxious boy" to anyone brave enough to take English IV.
- I, Sandra Strippy, due to circumstances beyond my control, leave the Mariemont boys.
- I, Bob Stuessi, leave my part of the chinaman in the class play to Charlie Chan, he's a natural.
- I, Sue Swanson, leave my ability to get there in the nick of time to Charlene Ator.
- I, Ellen Taylor, leave my nickname, "E", to the alphabet.
- I, Barbara Verdon, leave my freckles to Rosie Fieno.
- I, Sonya Voorheis, leave my enormous size to Bucky Rowland.
- I, Fritz Wagner, leave Indian Hill to the Indians, and all my pity goes to them.
- I, Harry Walters, leave my athletic prowess to next year's football captain.
- I, Gilbert West, leave my nickname, "Mr. Chameleon", for all you uneducated people to figure out.
- I, Jim Whelpley, leave my persuasive skills to next year's Senior Class President.
- I, Wirt Whittaker, leave my "Blue Streak" Chevie to my brother Bob.
- I, Diana Young, leave my ability to go steady and my bottle of Light and Bright to my sister, Sandy.
- I, Dave Martin, being the last of the Martins for awhile, leave my Pop. Take good care of him.
- I, Betty Ann Merydith, leave for U.C. and Joe.
- I, Larry Mueller, leave my job at Albers to Joyce Crawford.
- I, Shirley McAfee, leave before it's too late.
- I, Ann McCormack, leave my singing ability to Jean Condit with best wishes.
- I, Phyllis Neckel, leave my position as annual photographer to anyone with a camera.
- I, Mike Nickles, leave my title of "Saint Peter" to Gib Pahner.
- I, Mary Pfister, leave my quiet disposition to my sister, Joanne.
- I, Dick Pyle, leave my green Ford convertible for brother Timothy to crash.