

WE BEING OF SOUND MIND . . .

- We, Carolyn Brehmer and Wesley Damerow, leave our heights to Laura Buffington and Bill Gordon.
- We, Betty Egolf and Spencer Stein leave our empty ring-box to Kathy and Bill.
- I, Tom Christy, hope someone will find Mr. Martin, for he will be lost without me.
- I, Craig Clark, leave my police whistle and blackjack to Truant Officer Coleman.
- I, Sherrill DeWeese, leave my exciting moments in the baron's room to Fred Mansell.
- I, Bob Dieckbrader, leave one cupful of buckshot to anybody who wants to go hunting birdsos next season.
- I, Leo Doll, leave my surname, "Mongoose", to Janice Bailey.
- I, Bernadino Fieno, leave the other Fienos to carry on for me.
- I, Leroy Federle, leave my roving eye to Ken Gamwell.
- I, Don Fletcher, leave my psychiatrist to next years business manager of the minstrel show.
- I, Sid Gilbert, leave my excessive energy to Peter Clark.
- I, Jon Graeter, will my ability as a treasurer to Jim Harmon, who has such a good head for figures.
- I, Paul Hostetter, leave my ironic wit to Ronnie Purdon.
- I, Jack Keown, leave for Grand Rapids, Michigan.
- I, John Kuempel, will my ability for leadership to Albert Fisher.
- I, Stanley Leiman, leave one old worn-out pair of drumsticks to some worn-out chicken.
- I, Maury Lindquist, leave my parking space at the square to Bob Frantz.
- I, Wayne Montgomery, will my symphony to posterity.
- I, Bob McEwan, will my red-plaid shorts to Allen Spellman.
- I, Phil Nunn, leave my position as second alternate to Annapolis to Mr. Downer.
- I, Fred Payne, conscientious in all I do, Conscientiously leave!
- I, John Pfaff, leave my shy personality to Jim Brady.
- I, George Preston, leave my well-rounded figure to Lynne Applegate.
- I, Jim Shoop, left—————a long time ago.
- I, Wayne Vearil, do not will my hair to the Masque and Mantle Club, although they could use it.
- I, Ray Weiglein, leave my Chrysler to Carl—and he'd better not wreck it.
- I, Bob Kiefer, leave Judy Perkins, much as it pains us both.
- We, Jean Roush and Archie Ernst, leave our record of going steady for two years, six months, fourteen days, ten hours, three minutes and eight seconds to any Sophomore couple who think they can match it.
- I, Betty Brown, will my big brown eyes to Jim Lottes.
- I, Camille Champlin, leave my vast collection of boy friends to Shirley Bieler.
- I, Judy Cotes, leave my unlimited supply of energy to Allen Jones.