

I, Betty Davis, leave my quiet disposition to my sister, Helen.
 I, Peggy Esarey, leave one crumpled tax stamp to June Emmett and Janice Schwartz.
 I, Marilyn Fairchild, leave one year after I got here.
 I, Virginia Hancock, leave my name, Hancock, to my parents.
 I, Ella Hansen, leave my three-mile hike to school every morning to Joe Hawlik.
 I, Ruth Haller, leave Mildred.
 I, Mildred Lemon, leave Ruthie.
 I, Virginia Huerkamp, leave my ability to flirt to Mr. Trinkle.
 I, Joanne Huggins, leave my quotation to next year's saddest senior.
 I, Shirley Hughes, leave my sweet smile for blue Mondays.
 I, Sue Jenkins, will my inquisitive nature to Elaine Austin.
 I, Irene Lovins, leave my absence slips to next year's junior class—there are enough for all of them.
 I, Pat Leigh, leave my happy winter vacations in Florida to Denny Straley.
 I, Judy Malott, leave my giggle to Joanne Whiteford.
 I, June Nickles, leave my southern accent to Miss Adams.
 I, Frances Pope, take my brains with me.
 I, Marilyn Reid, leave my sister Marcia—————thank goodness!!!
 I, Joan Schlotterbeck, leave my long name to the many teachers who never learned to spell it.
 I, Marilyn Runyan, gladly leave.
 I, Jackie Schaffer, leave my position as club chauffeur to Jean King.
 I, Beverly Schuler, leave my basketball ability to Janice Black.
 I, Sally Simpson, leave the library to anybody that wants it.
 I, Sue Smith, leave my horses in 315 to Mrs. Davis.
 I, Sylvia Sontag, leave, looking for the "Silver Lining".
 I, Barbara Watson, leave my incessant chatter to Snookie Le Bosquet.
 I, Barbara MacLennan, leave for Biloxi, Mississippi.
 I, Shirley Whiteford, leave my calm and collected manner to Mitzie Glanton.
 I, Monte Wismann, leave my mural in the cafeteria—it's bolted down.
 I, Dale Armstrong, take everything with me.
 I, Jack Betts, will my close-cropped burr to Sid Hawlik.
 I, Bill Bronson, leave my pink glow shirt to Mr. Martin.
 I, Merry Ann Baker, leave my battered-up record of "Italian Street Song" to any battered-up Italian who wants it.

We, the Seniors of 1951, leave "Happy Birthday" greetings to Mr. Miller.