



I, Leigh Ansell, leave the senior class magazine sales record to next year's president.

I, Judy Armstrong, leave a road map of Ault Park and my diesel horn to Marilyn Somer and her Plymouth for future "ray-ray" meetings.

I, Charlene Ator, leave the 10 mile route to Walnut Hills to Betty Brown.

I, Jane Averill, leave my "skirt walk" and twisted mouth to Jean Prachar for cheerleading practice.

I, Bill Bausmith, leave my optimistic views to Coach Kaladow.

I, June Bennett, leave my nickname "Prune" at the breakfast table of some undernourished freshman.

I, Alvin Bisher, leave my Olds convertible to any boy with \$10,000.

I, Jim Bowman, leave a can of nails and a hammer to next year's Senior Play stage crew.

I, Fred Brandt, leave my position on the football team to anyone else who wants to lose his memory.

I, Robert Bright, leave by the back door . . . It's quicker.

I, Gene Brill, leave physics class with a greater knowledge of aeronautics, aircraft design, and guided missile launching.

I, Charles Bronson, leave a bottle of Windex to any other tired filling station attendant.

I, Vernon Brown, leave my long ride to school every day to Nancy Maescher.

I, Ralph Budai, leave Linda, but not for long.

I, Carol Buschbacher, leave the mischievous gleam in my eye to any little imp who wants it.

I, Sharon Bush, leave my Italian haircut to Patty Hughes.

I, Bill Cartwright, leave my title as "ham" operator to any butcher.

I, Jonne Clinger, leave the staples and staple guns to Mr. Johnson's next helper.

I, James Cook, leave my hunting equipment to Larry Smith.

I, Annette Cosby, leave my parking place at Frisch's to anyone who can hold on to their car keys.

I, Joyce Crawford, leave the adding machine in our store to Mr. R. Miller's math classes.

I, JoAnn Cruse, leave my position on the baseball team to any "short" shortstop.

I, Ginger DeRose, leave my dark complexion to Dick Martina so he won't look so pale and sickly.

I, Beverly Elias, leave my record of being late to any junior who thinks he can break it.

I, Joseph Fieno, leave with my title of "Mayor of Fairfax."

We, Janice Frankenfield and Betsy Ludwig, leave our ability to become engaged to any class that decides to sell engagement rings to earn money.

I, Patsy Frigge, leave my chemistry notes to someone who can understand them.

I, Stephen Gerard, leave my middle name, Weatherhead, to the Indians.

I, Fred Hempel, leave my gold pants to Mr. Gossard with the understanding that he must wear them on the last day of school.

I, Darlene Hill, leave the speech desk Phyllis Chaney left me to "Pegathy" Shannon to be passed on.

I, Sylvia Hoffmeyer, leave my favorite word "you-all" to Mr. Gossard who says it isn't a word.