

I, Kay Huber, leave some of my height to Carole Dinkle. She sure needs it.

I, Mary Jane Kalbach, leave my ability to hit poles to any new driver who has trouble missing them.

I, Clarence Edward Kerr III, leave my name Clarence here at school.

I, Dennis Koch, leave our swimming pool to my sister to catch dates.

I, Peter Kuempel, leave my motorcycle to any boy who wants a breezy ride.

I, Charlene Kuhner, leave my brother, Carl, to the mercy of the teachers.

I, Ruby Lemon, am just another Lemon to leave the halls of M.H.S.

I, Charles Lingo, leave Mr. Downer all the sour notes and squeaks from the clarinet section of the band.

I, Robert Loomis, leave my ability to work unsolvable problems to any boy who likes to stay up late on retreats.

I, Joan Marshall, leave my naturally curly hair to . . . no one. I'd look awfully funny without it.

I, Janice Massman, leave my antique furniture to the Seniors to use for "Lavender and Old Lace."

I, Carl McCallum, leave my two-toned truck to be used to collect furniture for next year's Senior play.

I, Patricia McCracken, leave my ability to get stuck in lockers to any future sophomore who wants to try it.

I, Donald Merriam, leave the school with one less projectionist and a Mickey Mouse film.

I, Gerald Mullenix, leave "Pete the Potato Bug" on Mr. Tappan's conscience.

I, Joyce Mullins, leave my old pencil stubs to Doc Kusel's future secretary.

I, Charlene Nugent, leave laughing.

I, William Osswald, leave my quiet ways to Tom Nugent.

I, Theard Parsons, leave my height to Bobby Cribbet.

I, Ethel Payne, leave the word "abracadabra" to Mr. Gossard for pronunciation.

I, Marcia Pickens, leave my reputation as professional "borrower" to any poor collection agency who thinks it can make me "pay up."

I, Lloyd James Pollock, leave my little black book to Tommy Brady.

I, Sue Puterbaugh, leave my pony tail to Barbara Sutherland.

I, Jean Rahn, leave my quiet ways to the Doll twins.

I, William Rea, leave . . . for a long needed rest.

I, Frederick Reinhart, leave with a little more knowledge than that with which I arrived.

I, Louise Root, leave my conservative personality to Phoebe Acheson.

I, Marie Root, leave my ability for carrying on long distance romances to any aspiring junior girl.

I, Craig Runyan, leave my dirty football socks to Bucky Rowland.

I, Betty Seely, leave the station wagon to my sister, plus a supply of road maps.

I, Ellen Sellman, leave all my troubles to any freshman who has time to untangle them in the next three years.

I, Gene Shea, leave my position as right front guide in the marching band to anyone who can walk straight.

I, Betty Simpson, leave the Senior Home Ec. Club to next year's president.

I, Barbara Smith, leave my worn out typewriter eraser to Ray Doll.

I, Hannelore Steffen, leave my name to all the teachers at Mariemont who could never pronounce it.

I, Donald Swallen, leave my nickname "hawk" to Mr. F. Miller.

I, Robert Taylor, give my famous name back to the movie star.

I, Ray Thompson, leave \$1.25 to "Greaseball" Mullenix to get a haircut.

I, Carolee Toon, leave all my souvenirs from ex-steadies to my sister, Winnie, to be added to her collection.

I, Maureen Towey, leave my nickname "Pretzel" to any underclassman who is twisted up.

I, Diane Towne, leave for Ohio State and the college men. At last!

I, James Verdin, leave the teachers in peace.

I, Ellen Jean Wampler, leave my inability to write 122 words a minute to Miss Ann Adams who can.

I, Catherine Wilder, leave my dimples to anyone who wants them.

I, Sandra Young, leave the long and rugged trail to Yale to any underclassmen who want to follow my footsteps east.