

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENTS

I, Alberta Appel, leave "the gang" at Pizza's to Allene Mount.
 I, Biff Applegate, leave my distinguished middle name, "Letson," to any person without one.
 I, Gary Banfill, return my nickname, "Corky," back to the bottle.
 I, Martha Bredwell, leave the purple Ford convertible along with the route to U.C. to my sister, Julia, who I'm sure can put them to good use.
 I, Betty Brown, leave to my make-believe cousin, Harold McDaniel, a happy and prosperous future.
 I, Barbara Call, leave my quiet ways to Ann Bausmith.
 I, Ann Clemons, leave my well-earned driver's license to Paul Gillespie, another "patch layer."
 I, Ardene Coning, leave my illegible penmanship to my sister, Sandy, so she can continue to baffle the teachers.
 I, Lynn Danby, leave both my arms to Mr. Downer who may need them for next year's patch test.
 I, Janet Day, leave my sister, Barbara. Good luck to the teachers. They will surely need it.
 I, Bob Dean, leave my title of "Senior Harvey" to little "Harvey," Carl Kuhner.
 I, Janet Dewire, being the last of the Dewires, leave M.H.S. in peace.
 I, Carole Dinkel, leave my extreme height to one of next year's tall seniors.
 I, Carol Doll, leave my position as head majorette so I can take on another important position.
 I, Nancy Doll, leave my ability to be "off key" to any other sour note in next year's chorus.
 I, Mary Jo Duncan, leave all the rest of the Duncans to M.H.S.
 I, Judy Elias, leave Eckerts, my date supplier, to my sister, Marilyn.
 I, Norma Everitt, leave my freckles to Joann Nantz so she may have an even tan.
 I, Susan Farley, leave—at last!
 I, George Fee, leave my bad habit of turning everything in late to Herb Hickman.
 I, Sue Ferguson, leave my southern accent to Miss Adams; although she really doesn't need it.
 We, Darlene Gehring and Nancy McEwan, leave all the boys at the Shell Gas Station behind.
 I, Ruth Gessner, hereby will my shorthand book to the up and coming class.
 I, Kay Gilman, leave—not because I want to, but because the time has come.
 I, Tom Gray, leave my job as treasurer of the Senior Class to any mathematical wizard.
 I, Gail Harmon, being the last of the Harmons, leave.
 I, Levanda Heller, leave my \$10,000 insured grand piano to Carol Hughes.
 I, Carol Jo Henry, being of sound body, leave Mr. Gossard the 70 years of Mrs. Reed to add to his 21.
 I, Pat Holt, leave my red coat for someone to wear in Mr. Gossard's cold room.
 I, Margy Hostetter, leave my height to Wendy Brehmsmer.
 I, Lawrence Huber, leave my ability to argue to Carleton Carroll.
 I, Patty Huff, leave my full twelve years of tuition receipts at last.
 I, Ruthie Hughes, leave my seat at the athletic functions to some other "interested" person.
 I, Fred Johns, leave before anyone changes my mind.
 I, Ramsey Johnson, leave my sprint shoes to Fred Stephens.

I, Fred Juergens, leave my place in the band to anyone who thinks he can do better.
 I, Barbara Kane, leave my ability to go steady a year and never fight?
 I, Betty June Kidd, leave my big "innocent" eyes to anyone with a guilty conscience.
 I, Nancy Maescher, leave my football outfit to Barb Redway who might need it next year.
 I, Dick Martina, leave my long ride to school to my brother, Jay.
 I, Jean Mehnert, give my dimples to anyone who feels depressed.
 I, "Mooch" Meibers, being of sound mind and sounder body, do hereby, forthwith, therefore, etc. leave my two-toned Levis to Bob Cribbet if he can grow into them.
 I, David Miller, on behalf of the other seniors, leave our class' success in raising funds as a goal for the class of '57.
 I, Delores Moermond, leave to go with Gene.
 I, Dorothy Mount, leave with Eddie.
 I, Chile Mullenix, return my borrowed specs to Bobo.
 I, Ruth Nash, leave my yearly trip to Florida to some pale-face.
 I, "William the Conqueror" Neckel, leave Mariemont unconquered.
 I, Tom Nugent, leave Mariemont High School to the mercy of my two brothers, Bob and Ed.
 I, Dale Perkins, leave my memories of the junior and senior class plays to the most dramatic person in the junior class.
 I, Bill Pfeiffer, leave Mr. Gossard and government class.
 I, Don Poynter, leave my desk in 310 to some weary person to rest in next year.
 I, Jean Prachar, leave the lyrics of "Get it While You're Young" to Miss Adams.
 I, Tom Roehrich, leave to Dave Green my place on the football team.
 I, Bob Root, leave my binoculars to Mr. Ernsting who will take good care of them.
 I, Bucky Rowland, leave my worn out bar-bells to Skippy Winkler.
 We—Carla Schuettler, Becky Walthall, and Winnie Toon—leave with the food!
 I, Judy Schuler, leave my patience to Miss Adams.
 I, George Schwein, leave in a hurry.
 I, Peggy Shannon, leave St. Patrick's Day to Mr. Gossard and his orange tie.
 I, Mary Ann Simmons, following Jane and Tommy, leave you my brother, Buster.
 I, Larry Smith, leave my even temper to Bob Moore.
 I, Marilyn Stormer, leave my ability to arrive just in the nick of time to Mary Ann Bowersox.
 I, Jerry Sundahl, due to circumstances beyond my control leave the girls!
 I, Carol Teeter, leave my '50 Ford to anyone who enjoys driving without brakes.
 I, David Tucker, leave the baritone saxophone to Toni Spengler if she will play it.
 I, Lina Uvaas, leave my used flashbulbs to Barry Schwenkmeyer.
 I, Judy Whiteford, leave with memories of the good times I've had during my six years at M.H.S.
 I, Betty Lou Wilder, leave my ability to wreck Chevies to any juvenile delinquent who thinks he can do better.
 I, Fred Winkler, leave the friendly verbal wars I've waged against Tom Roehrich to some good woman.