

Last Will and Testament

- I, Dick Crone, would, if I had the money, leave a bulldozer to each underclassman to fight his way down the halls with more modern methods.
- I, Mary Martha Moore, leave—with the food.
- I, Rick Pauly, leave my uncanny ability to receive football injuries to—no one, I hope.
- I, Jim Ritz, leave R. J. (at last).
- I, Mary Ann Sipe, leave Miss Pfalzgraf in peace.
- I, John Baldwin, leave my **How to Argue Logically** to any underclassman wishing to get on the teachers' "blacklist".
- I, Marie Caroselli, leave my name to Mr. Mahan, who likes it. I'm tired of pronouncing and spelling it.
- I, Fred Schmidt, leave my seat in government class to Mr. Gossard.
- I, Charlene Miller, leave Mariemont High with fond memories.
- I, Bill Hauenstein, leave my footsteps for someone else to stumble through.
- I, Louise Budai, leave my record of perfect attendance to Pat Barbro, who needs it.
- I, Nick Acheson, leave the family name and "The Bug" to my brother, Toby.
- I, Dianna Droescher, leave some of my belongings and most of my mind.
- I, Bill Winkler, leave M.H.S. in hopes of going into the U. S. Air Force.
- I, Janice Wilson, leave Chester White to C. S.
- I, Fred Fish, leave my love of baseball to Mr. Mahan.
- We, Kitty Parks and Peggy Juergens, leave Mr. Mahan alone.
- I, John Timberman, leave my oversize gym shorts to "Doc".
- I, Bev Streng, leave the popcorn machine to anyone who likes to pop!
- I, Jack Winkler, leave my position on the track and basketball teams to some worthy athlete.
- I, Rudy Bretscher, leave my flat-top to Butch Coward, who ought to have one.
- I, Jo Ann Flubacher, leave my black framed glasses to anyone who thinks he can see through them.
- I, William Neel, leave what 'ere they want, I take with me more than anyone knows, and I shall in the years to come gain the knowledge, wisdom, and beauty of the world.
- I, Jean Wiley, leave in haste, all the study halls for the juniors to waste.
- I, Frank Rahn, leave Mariemont High School before they change my mind.
- I, Denny Casper, leave to Linda Champlain my supply of rubber bands so she can protect herself from characters like me.
- I, Cathy Mecklenborg, leave to Dick Tucker an empty candy machine.
- I, Bill Hoeb, leave with a sign of relief, no more R. J. Miller to cause me grief.
- I, Carol Cromer, leave Pep Club in good hands—I hope.
- I, Doug Johnson, leave my will in the form of a tranquilizer pill.
- I, Dee Stedron, leave my six feet, one inch to the basketball team, to use as they please.
- I, Steve Atchley, leave the school (with pleasure).
- I, Barb Lockwood, following Butch, leave Bette.
- I, Darryl Burns, leave all my traffic situations to Mr. Blake.
- We, Judy Cox, Holly Hofmann, Sue Seale, and Barb Palmer, leave Willow Lane to any junior who wants to take the risk.
- I, Leslie Ingram, leave my ability to have a good time to my sister Carolyn.
- I, Charles Drummond, hereby leave my little green book to Ronnie, so he'll never have to worry about a date.
- I, Adelaide Kerr, leave my innocent eyes to anyone with a guilty conscience.
- I, Ed Burdell, leave my experience with the Terrace Park Police Department to anyone whose car is fast enough and brain small enough.

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