

# Last Will and Testament

I, Phoebe Acheson, being of sound mind and body, leave the island of England to Mrs. Davis.

I, Donna Allee, leave my brother, John, to carry on for the Allees.

I, Janet Baden, leave Mariemont High School to my father.

I, Ann Bausmith, leave with regret my position as head majorette to "Honest Don."

I, Carolyn Bisher, leave my blue Ford convertible to Darlene, Denise, and Mary Jane to crash.

I, Mary Anne Bowersox, leave my little brother, Charlie, to the mercy of the faculty. Treat him gently.

I, Wendy Brehmer, leave my height to Denise Hilton even though she seems to be doing well without it.

I, Nadine Brosee, leave my three darling brothers—Neil, Mike, and Mark—to anyone who wants them.

I, Jack Bruffey, leave my quiet, friendly smile and shy look, which covers up my deviltry, to Dick Mileham.

I, Jim Bruffey, leave my famous and beautiful "pink" pants to anyone with an eye for color (and a good pair of sun glasses).

I, Jean Burton, leave . . . at last.

I, Carleton Warren Carroll, do hereby give and bequeath a fine, keen-edged knife to anyone who wishes to continue my practice of splitting hairs.

I, Ed Cook, leave my horn-rimmed glasses to any other scholarly soul.

I, Jane Cotes, leave my torn cartilages to Coach Orrison.

I, Richard Daniels, leave my discouraged athletic career to my brother, Kent. Good luck!

I, Phil DeCamp, leave my innocent-looking face and my bottle opener to the Junior Class.

I, Eleanor Doctor, bequeath the parties of my sophomore year to any up and coming "sophie."

I, Marya Dollenmayer, leave my name to all the illiterate souls who still can't pronounce it.

I, Pat Eckert, leave Mr. F. Miller and American History class to my sister, Judy, and all other American History lovers.

I, Bill Federle, leave my nickname "toads" and the curse that goes with it to Mr. Gossard.

I, Rosie Fieno, leave all my white blouses to the Mariemont Laundry.

I, Kerry Flickner, leave my squinty eyes to Mr. Mahan.

I, Margaret Frankenfield, hereby leave my crutches to any ready, willing, and able junior girl who drops a rock on her foot.

I, Barb Geselbracht, leave my pleasant disposition and even temper to Mr. R. J. Miller so that he can use them on his math classes on Fridays.

I, Martha Grainger, leave my drumsticks to Richy Lyttleton to continue my career.

I, Bob Graves, will to that grand old-guard Republican, Mr. Gossard, my '52 campaign "Don't be daft, vote for Taft" sign.

I, Janie Green, will a phrase of Mozart's horn concerto to a part of the music department.

I, Kon Gries, leave my "Thornhill Special" to Chester White, and my "soda-jerking" to any jerk who wants it.

I, June Hayden, leave my tennis racket to all future tennis enthusiasts.

I, teakettle, leave whistling! (Herbert Hickman)

I, Bob Hinds, do hereby leave my swell after-school job to anyone who can get there the fastest.

I, Lynn Jones, take my '48 Pontiac with me.

We, the B. A. gang, namely Bill McCormack, Dave Lamb, Bill Lockwood, Mike Marsh, Gregg Parks, and Bob McClure, leave the Mariemont women and our constitution to Paul "Tigre" Gillespie and any five others he can find.

I, Barb Lewis, leave my blushing here, I hope!

I, Ralph Luedeker, leave my battered old engineering boots to anyone who will wear them.

I, Larry McAfee, leave with less knowledge than what I came in with.

I, Tara McCarthy, bequeath slumber parties, midnight walks, crowded station wagons, and Mr. Gossard to anyone who wants to put up with them.

I, Dave Merchant, do hereby bequeath all of my bad traits to Mr. Gossard.

I, Bob Moore, leave Alfred for my little brother.

I, Bruce Moreton, bequeath my ability to forget to bring in my absent excuses to an unsuspecting underclassman.

I, Bill Mottern, leave my gigantic size to Pete Walsh.

We, Jim Nagel and Fred Stephens, both being of sound mind and black heart leave our innumerable trophies and medals to Lynn Jones.

I, Jack Nantz, leave my sister to the football team.

I, Linda Overley, leave my cheerleading megaphone to anyone else who gets "Friday night laryngitis."

I, Mary Ellen Page, leave the proper care and management of Suffolk House to Cathy Wales.

I, JoAnn Pfister, leave my chemistry grades to Clayton Shea.

I, Sandra Porter, leave with a diploma, I hope!

I, Carol Price, leave M.H.S. and government class to my good friend, Jan Ward.

I, John Price, leave my influence at M.H.S. to Ed Nugent. He needs it.

I, Barbara Redway, leave my super special radar to anyone who thinks he can use it as effectively.

I, Jim Rhoads, leave my ability as a misanthrope to anyone interested in misanthropy.

I, Jean Sallee, leave my Purcell ring to any other freshman who can wear it for four years.

We, Jackie Schwartz and Marie Sellman, leave our trail up and down Miami Bluff to any freshman who likes white houses.

I, Barry Schwenkmeyer, leave a pox on the next person who asks me, "How's the weather up there?"

I, James Simmons, as treasurer of the senior class, would like to leave with a well-padded pocketbook.

I, Virginia Stein, leave my quiet, efficient ways to John Horch.

I, Bruce Stoecklin, leave my calm manner to Merrily Gantz.

I, John Verdon, lay a patch in second as I leave.

I, Pat Whitney, leave M.H.S. with Toni and Gayle for two and three years more.

I, Sue Wiedman, leave my sister in peace.

I, Gayle Worsham, leave it because, "YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU."