

SENIOR WILLS

I, WARREN ADAMS, will to Jane Simmons and Jimmy Smith each the other half of my senior colors, now they have one set.

I, STANLEY ADCOCK, will to Rick Cochran all my Carlisle uniforms, to Freddy Selvey another year of hard study, to Tibbetts three more years of Carlisle life, and the rest of the underclassmen the ability to go on their own and not follow the crowd.

I, WALLY ALICEA, will to Rick Cochran all my big bugars, to John Adair a new pair of dentures, to Phillips, H. J. a commission, to Dennis Littlejohn a new set of cheeks, to Mack Hicks a tube of glue and Capt. of the basketball team, to Robert Porter, my big bugar, a new picture, because the one I have is gross. Sob.

I, ROBERT ALLISON, will to Mike Keegan my ability to pass algebra with good grades, to Hall, J. the ability to drill for a change.

I, GEORGE BALLENTINE, will to Smith, J. B. first squad of first platoon and my pet bees to Ghent in hopes that he will take real good care of them.

I, WADE BEDINGFIELD, will to mack Hicks a bag of glue, to Rick Cochran a parakeet, to Major Cruz a Beetle haircut and to Red Edwards a wooden rifle.

I, JIMMY BIBLE, will to James Hedrick a five cent bag of fun, and all the juniors the ability to get vreeks like I did, and a genuine metal automatic supersonic Lincoln head penny, to Lookabill the ability to blow fuses.

I, TOMMY BRITTON, will to Jay Towles my ability to go to bed at taps, to Craig Craven my straight nose and John Asay room 190.

I, DARRYL BROOKS, will to the next year's Captain Adjutant a bottle of nerve tablets and the nickname I will have until May 27—Jimmy.

I, ROBERT BUCKLAND, will to Rick Cochran, John Kershaw (poor fella!), and Freddy Selvey, all my ability to be alert.

I, EDGAR CANCEL, will to Monk Tibbetts a Rosemary, and to Lookabill 24 weeks T.B.W.

I, ARVIN DAY, will to Lookabill the ability to have a cute hairline and all my fog, to Bergaus my one wood at the Denmark Golf Club, to Haley his hopeful commission, to Rodriquez one more great year at Carlisle.

I, WINKIE DEWITT, will to Jane Simmons and Jimmy Smith each the other half of my senior colors, hoping that someone might give each another one of the set.

I, ROBERT ENGLAND, will to John Hauglie my ability to drink and not yet caught, to Capt.

Hatrich I leave a 10-0-0 record in '69, and to Wayne Weaver I leave Carlisle.

I, BUTCH FOGLE, will to Pat Connor my ability to smoke a cigarette fast, and to James Dunn a new face without buck teeth.

I, JACOB GARRICK, will to Major Cruz a ton of Royal Crown hairdressing, to Sgt. Hill a new cape and batmobile, to Captain Zemp my good grades in history and to Captain Walter a mini-skirt.

I, JERE GINN, will to Van Cuthbertson a Charlie Atlas muscle-building course and to the juniors I leave Carlisle.

I, CLYDE GNANN, will to Steve Pentz a 12th grade English book so he can learn to speak English, to Bill Exley two more happy years in Mullet's raiders, and to Mr. Woodward 500 gallons of Met-recal and a bar of soap.

I, JIMMY GODWIN, will to Leslie Legg all the aches and pains of early football, to Bill Connelley my ability to be a deep sea major as the tide rolls in, and to Googer and Jeff room 215 for four more years.

I, GENE GOHAGAN, will to Adams, W. the ability to stay out of jail and hope he takes my advice for the next year of 68 inclusive, and I will one hole-laden, burnt-out thrush glass pack to Bob Milam, to Robertson a worn out lug nut for his jeep, and to Myrtle Beach on Easter all the Carlisle cades.

I, BRUCE GOODYEAR, will to David Hudson the story of Peyton Place, and the ability to shoot spit balls, and to Mike Burshell I leave the ability to drink and get caught.

I, CLIFF HARPER, will to Tibbetts my ability of not hazing and going straight, and to Major Cruz the ability to speak English, and to Col. Thompson my ability to get a P.F.C. my fourth year at Carlisle.

I, BRUCE HILLER, will to Bill Exley my born ability to aggravate people during study period, to Butch Shane a 1958 "Edsel" in high hopes that he will be fully capable of keeping up with the "in" crowd of Delaware and to Jeff and George nothing whatsoever.

I, RODNEY HURST, will to Clark Edwards my credit card to Varns, to Bill Dixon some stationary and a pen so he can write me in Viet Nam, to Warren Gheen a deck of cards which I wish never would have seen and the stupidity of getting caught breaking barracks the last night of school by F.B.I. Hoot, our benevolent school hooter, Sidney T. Zemp.