

shaw, captain of the basketball team, to Dixon the ability to catch a football, to Tonyes a way to get out of Carlisle, and to Col. Thompson my love for him as he loves me so much, and to Carlisle good by and Good Luck.

I, Steve Hiott, will to Stanley Cohen my dirty laundry bag, and another good old year at C.M.S. as L.C. I will to Steve Ghent the ability to be frozen in rank.

I, David Horvath will to Bill some of the things I never could have, and to Cloy a lot of good luck, and to Lent the flat sum of nothing.

I, David Hudson, will to John Pendleton five lbs. of grass and to Mark Epstein an "Endless Summer," and to Milton a book on "How to succeed with girls without really trying."

I, Brian Hughes, leave L.J. another bunky buddy, Steve Ghent to Carol Lynn and Maj. Cruz his own initialed Punji board.

I, Rick Jolley, will to Jimmy (stump) Godbold a box of Kellogg's corn flakes so he can Tall Up.

I, Tom Kennard, will to J. R. a brand new set of tires and many ways of luck to solve his many problems, and to David Carter a barrel of OWL feathers.

I, Glenn Kudlevicz, will to Chris Bailey a starting position on the 1969 Golden Cyclones Football team, to Chris Mooney a Book on Southern Hospitality and to David Carter and all the rest of the Juniors another year at C.M.S.

I, Freddie Locklair, will to Paul Economos 2 more years at C.M.S. And to Jon Kershaw L. J. H., Bamberg and a private telephone.

I, Gary Nix, will to Col. Sturgeon, Senator Dirksen's pulpit and unlimited credit at the Dinkler Plaza so he can save \$40 every night.

I, Steve Pentz, will to Dennis LittleJohn another room stud looking as the one he and I had, and to Steve Ghent the ability to talk with a lisp.

I, Greer Ridge, will to the faculty one "Purple Heart" for injuries from the student-faculty match. To Stanley Cohen I leave a year's supply of Privine nasal mist and a 10c pack of Kleenex.

I, Freddie Selvey, will to Jon Kershaw another year at C.M.S. and Laurie Lynn. To Maj. Cruz the ability to grow hair, to Duck Adams my tooth brush. To Stan the ability to be a lover.

I, David Simmons, will to Col. Thompson the World's largest cigar with a rubber tip. To Col. Patton a hopeful defeat of the communists.

I, Billy Simmons, will to Stan Cohen the title of Cpt. Slack in hopes that he will live up to the name.

I, Marc Waltz, will to Carlisle my good luck as Carlisle needs it.

I, Beaver Weaver, will to Maj. Cruz all the pencils in the world in hopes that he will get the point. To Patty McBride a new roll of lace for his panties and to Stan Cohen a Pontiac to go with his snozola.

I, Ronnie Whitsett, will Exley another year at C.M.S. and to give the band a good working over. To Oliver the ability to straighten up, and to Bessinger his long awaited commission.

I, Barry Williams, will to Sgt. Klamar another tour of duty in Viet-Nam for Maj. Cruz. To David Carter my rank and Robert E. Lee. To Cal Lookabill an S. F. C. on the staff in charge of hours.

I, Bill Wooten, will my glorious times at Carlisle to Stan the man and Tommy McBride for the year 69-70. "Good-Luck."

I, George Watkins, will to Griffin my bass horn, to Tisdale a pet squirrel and to Marek, well, I'll see him at the stand.