

# AND TESTAMENT

Good Luck!

I, Jim Johnson, do will to all the Juniors my Senior Colors to be equal'y divided among them, to Mixon, my position on Staff, my typewriter, my desk, and a successful year with Col. Thompson, to Col. Thompson, all my O.D. sheets, Pete Manos, a half-gallon of J&B, to Maj. Zemp, a new perch, to all the underclassmen, a successful year at Carlisle and with the girls in Bamberg.

I, James Lamas, of sound mind and body (I think) do will to Mixon, my luck in the Jonesville game twice, I do will to RR brains.

I, Paul Longwater, being of sound mind and body do decree to Hodge C. D., my Stop sign, to SFC. Ruppe, a long and healthy life.

I, Eddie Mattison, do hereby leave to the Drill Team, all the luck that a drill team could ever have.

I, Steve McCracken, leave to Lawton, Third Section wing, to Cash, two more years of writing Cherie, and to Mixon my ability to be funny.

I, John McCutchen, will to Brigdon, the hope he can at least try to be a first yearman, to Freeman, a ten foot sleeping bag for cold nights.

I, Michael McGougan, being "in extremis" do hereby bequeath to North the ability to drive like me, which is very good, to Ken and Chino, all the Vida they can drink, to all the other underclassmen; Goodbye.

I, David Marshall, will to de Lacy Lawton, another fabulous year in this beautiful place, and to J. B., D. D., R. M., E. C., and L. G. all my crust undergarments, and to all the Juniors, a better Senior year than I had.

I, Meach, will to Hinely, a roommate that will let him hibernate, to Col. Thompson, another "GREAT" bugler, and Chapman, my great basketball talents, Nancy K. and Becky

P., the luck to find another "Trissie," Murray, a telephone, Wise, my "RED" neck, Duff and Alicia, years of happiness, and to "Greek," my brother and a winning football team. I, Orlando A. Mocchi, will to Vidaurre, my plastic cup and my finest lamps, to Chip Smith, my special dirty T shirts, and to Baldeon, another nine months at Carlisle Hotel. I, Henry Moore, will to de Lacy, and Janie, the happiness that Janet and I found.

I, Randy Morris, will to Mixon, alias Heartbreaker, another year of early football, and the Greek and Knocky-Nee, to Chip Smith, my ability to make lay-ups, and to the Class of "74," Col Sturgeon.

I, Joe Owens, being of sound mind and body do hereby will to the survivors of this year, a speedy graduation.

I, Theodore M. Page, being of sound mind and body do will to Blackman the ability to press 100 lb., to Mixon the ability to play halfback, to Crosby, the skill I have on a pool table, and to next year's Rat of Month, as good a year as I have had, to Col. Risher, a Tennis team.

I, Harry Parker, will to Col. Thompson, my ability to Keep records straight.

I, Fred Parsons, do hereby will to Painter, the ability to grow up and my room for next year, also to Carlisle, goodbye.

I, Pete Propst, leave Elkins, my Captain, to Mixon, that day in 1976.

I, Luis Reyes, will to Vidaurre, my finest furniture, and to Garcias, one more year in Carlisle with my beautiful rifle.

I, Grady Richardson, will the Quartermaster back to Maj. WHO, and my M/Sgt. to Ltc. Thompson.

I, Howard E. Riel, will to Dodd, a water pipe and to the Juniors, a good year next year.

I, Randy James Scruggs, being of sound mind and slim body do leave the following; to the Drill Team a lasting friendship to Sgt. Maj. Murray; "ONE GOOD MAN!"

I, Kim Seifert, will to Lawton, my white football shoes, to Brackett, a pitchfork, to Jernigan, his ability to be my boss this coming summer, to Mixon, one more year at C.M.S.

I, Jeff Shipman, will to Thompson, a can of white paint for his red neck, to all underclassmen, the ability to do all the things I have done, to Maj. Zemp, all of my socks.

I, Jimi Sineath, am leaving one extra line so maybe your Juniors can have 2 lines.

I, Alan Staggs, will to Smith H. B., my moccasins, to Greer, my torch, to Ingram, my guns, and to Simmons my knowledge.

I, Fred Wactor, being of reasonable mind and questionable body, do hereby bequeath to Mixon, my ability to type, to Freeman, I leave Major, to Smith H. B., my job on the staff, and to Carlisle, I leave a new Senior Class.

I, Pat Webb, hereby bequest these following earthly commodities to the following mortals; To Duff, Alicia, To the Band Seniors, happiness and peace, the Band Seniors of "74," the hope that they will get Memorial Barracks back. (Before the termites get it!), and most of all to myself, Jan! And to Jan, ME!

I, Ernie Yates, leave to Lawton, two phone calls at the same time, Sartain, the ability to be a loan shark, and to the Class of "74," an early May.

I, Bill Younginer, leave to Olliff, my Chest Drawers, a sack of dirty socks, a Second Lt. button; and all of my best wishes in the future, and to all of my other friends - Good Luck.