

Last Will and Testament

I, L. R. B., being of not so perfect mind, but perfect body, will to R. C. M. the biggest Holley that they make, and to G. J. and J. W. a lot of parties in M. B. and a happy and long life for the class of "76."

I, MARK CHALMERS, being of sound mind and body do hereby will to Cpt. Dukes a winning season, to Cpt. Bigalke and his wife a wonderful time, to Cpt. Inabinet Headmaster, to Timmy Quinn, Commander of Company "A," to Morotto, the badest dude on campus, and to DeWayne Lee Regimental Commander at West Point.

I, "MOOSE" DRIVER, being of military mind leave to the rising seniors a better year to look forward to than I had, to Thomas Timms I leave the ability to use silent weapons as well as I do, to M. E. I leave many happy days with Susie, and to the next LTC I leave my patience, and to the underclassmen I leave these words: "Don't talk about an Officer until you have walked a mile in his shoes."

I, TONY "SCREW" DRIVER, being of sound mind leave to Jon Hall the three dollars I owe'em, to Miles, a zipper for his lips, to Minter the ability to make up beds right, and to the class of "77," GOOD LUCK.

I, FRANK FORD, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave Chris the odds and ends, to Thomas and Quincey their wish, to Jeff my coaching shoes, and to Holly two more years of W. T. and W. T., and to the Faculty, My Thanks. To WRR, WT, NI, HDD.

I, BUDDY GORE, will to my great friends Greg Johnson and J. T. Williams the best in life; to LRB The Citidal, to ES a banana, to the one and only Patty Beck, "Her I Come Honey," and good luck to the class of "77."

I, RUFUS HAYMANS, being of sound mind and body will to Rickey my voice so that he can yell commands, and to Paul my ability to throw a rifle, and to Bob White, my good looks.

I, WESLEY HUNT, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave the following: to M. E., Bd. Co. Commander; to Benke, all my redneck ways; to Jones, D., an "E" string; and to Timms, a three hundred.

I, TIMMY HYATT, will to Buddy Gore the ability to write letters, and to all my friends all the luck that I can give.

I, GREG JOHNSON, will to Randy Grace a day off, to J. B. Wooten my ability to play Black Jack, to Beck, Heaven knows, to Cosby a dirty pairs of socks, to J. T. and L. R. B. a good summer in N. M. B., and most of all to Buddy Gore and Patty a good life together, and to the rest Good Bye. Thank you for the support in winning the biggest dingle.