

I Terry
Henderson
being short

of mind and long of body, upon a long awaited departure from this high school life, do hereby will and bequeath the following:

To Mrs. Oneta Darby I leave a 20-hour work week, two coffee breaks a day, three full-time assistants, and a year's supply of tranquilizers; to Coach Norman Phillips, my size 13 spikes in the hope that he can find someone to fill them; to Coach Joe Anderson, 163 gray hairs from wondering whether next year's basketball team will continue our winning streak; my "beautiful legs" to any junior with nerve enough to show them off.

To next year's drum major I leave my baton, which, for some odd reason, never seemed to stay in my hand for long.

Seriously, now, I leave Irvin High School with this challenge: to become more than the best school in El Paso or Texas, to work in and for this school to make it as good in all aspects as is humanly possible--to make it a school its students will be proud to call "The Best".

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I, Rocke Ellis, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following:

To Mr. Clarence Stark I leave 800 minus points for eating cookies, cake and candy in class.

To Tiger Wilhite I will my great knowledge of chemistry and a big-girl-pill so no one will call her little girl anymore.

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I, James Snow, leave my dirty T-shirt to Randy Ulrich and my A* average to any freshman who needs it.

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I, Noralyn Martin, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath my two favorite teachers, Mrs. Mary Yates and Mr. Jose Casavantes, to Larry Watkins to harrass as I have; to next year's A-choir girls that horrible hidden hump in the sidewalk to trip over when they are trying to impress someone; and to Mr. Clarence Strak my favorite brownie recipe.

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year some senior will go down to Mr. Robert Robberts' office and actually find him there. Furthermore, I predict that Mrs. Lydia Guilty will be held up one of these days.

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I, Leslyn Willis, being of unsound mind and body, do hereby bequeath to Mr. Clarence Stark a year free pass and backstage rights at the Follies Bergere.

To Paul Joseph Sos I leave my brush and a half used bottle of Born Blonde.

To John Howard Durfor I leave a one-way ticket to Fort Worth.

To Steve Santaguida I leave a file box of his own filled with useless quote cards.

To Rosemary Coffman I leave a fun-filled (?) trip to Waco again next year.

I prophesy that no class will ever be as great as '68.

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I, Robin Taylor, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the many hours of hard workouts to Tex Eubank. I leave a hard challenge to the basketball team of next year: to beat this year's record.

To next year's seniors I leave the satisfaction of doing term papers for both English and Government.

I predict successful sports seasons ahead.

I hope the seniors in years to come can live up to the standards set by the seniors of '68.

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I, Tisha Linam, being of reasonably sound mind and body, do bequeath to Mr. Clarence Stark a 100 per cent human hair blonde hairpiece along with 2,000 warm doughnuts.

To Mrs. Oneta Darby I leave my steno pad with the unreadable notes of dictation taken from her March 26, 1968.

To next year's Student Council secretary I leave my notes of the minutes, written half in longhand and half in shorthand, with the hope that she will be able to read them.

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I, Susan Marie Jones, being of sound mind and body, hereby leave all my worldly goodies to the people in my small World.

To Mrs. Rentz Finley I leave one slightly used bandaid with green soap, and I hope that she can find the patient I lost last month.

To Mrs. Helen McManus I leave all my art paperw and my paint covered popsicle sticks.

To Mrs. Glennis Wright I leave a third period next year the same as this year. If she doesn't have a class like us she won't have anything to talk to her husband about.

To Miss Susan Wayne I leave my most prized possession: sewing machine number 11. I hope her students next year learn that you have to kick the back right leg before it works.

To Mrs. Lydia Cuiilty I leave her name spelled right 12 times. This can be found in my old black notebook.

To Miss Marie Winston I leave this last thought: I know you work hard grading papers and teaching all your quiet and obedient students, but please let the classes know what the maps on the wall are for.

To all the people who will get sick and venture into the nurse's office, I give this little bit of wisdom: If you know what's good for you, get lost!

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I, Gerald Trull, being of sound mind and body, leave the school a loyalty and friendship which will live eternally.

To future football teams of Irvin I leave the challenge of bettering the record achieved this year and of making this spirit of victory a tradition.

To the track team I leave a knowledge which comes after doing countless numbers of Coach Norman Phillips' workouts.

To Mr. Robert Taylor's courtesies I leave the work I didn't do and the endless phone numbers in his files.

I predict that this school will be here for a long time, no matter how much the students wish for it to blow away.

Finally, I predict that the

I, Debby Mayfield, being of concave mind and body, do hereby will Jeff Street and Randy Quesenberry a pair of suspenders and to Dovie Godwin and Vivian Thomas All my wonderful art supplies and cigar box.

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I, Dana Pitts, will all my blurred film to Mrs. Joye Schefler's Journalism III and I will happy days to Mrs. Judith Mohrhauer's English IV.

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I, Bill Montoya, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath to the entire world 15 squashed frogs of assorted colors, 3 pounds of re-fried beans, 4,000 buns from our cafeteria, and 3 strands of hair from Noralyn's wig.

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I, Anita Fryer, will to Chris a second soprano on his left on the risers so that he can drwwn out her voice. To the ROTC Sponsors I leave 7:30 a.m. practices and luck. To the senior class of 1969 I leave very best wishes and happiness.

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I, Gail Walsh, being of feeble mind but sound body, do bequeath one pair of unwashed and unmatched leotards to Miss Marsha Jones, a pair of cramped fingers and my term paper notecards to the highest bidder, and my ring finger to Roger Coman.

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I, Margaret Ramey, being of sound mind and body, bequeath to Cordelia Krone my handbook, "How To Catch and Keep Dale Koelbl".

To Maria Mandrell five round trip tickets to Killeen, Texas.

To Mary Milligan, a whip for her boyfriend.

To Mike Daigle the title and registration papers for his car and a can of insecticide to keep away pesty girls.

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We Anita Fryer and Susan Haug, will to Mrs. Judy Mohrhauser 1000 copies of Return of the Native, and stereotypes of R.L., C.H., K.M., and D.R.

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I, Debby Wright, being of sick mind and tired body, will my hair to Mr. Clarence Stark, who needs it more than I do. I will all notes and sympathy to next year's Biology II students. To Rod Walls, Glenn Jarrell and Tommy Ficks, I will my five term papers and all my love. To Tommy, I also will one unused cycle key, to Glenn, I will one unbroken windshield for his T.W., and to Rod, my auto insurance. I will Margaret Walden my Sponsor uniform, ten free tickets to the cleaners, and a year's supply of stockings. To Mr. Lloyd Pruet, I will the two pillows in the Drivers Ed. car. I will my stolen pair of contact lenses to whoever has them. To my sister, Carey, I will my worn out clothes, my collection of broken and inkless pens and a whole bunch of good-luck.

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I, Phyllis Howard, having no false pretences to a sound mind or body, do wilfully bequeath Patsy Howard to Messrs. Bonhagen, Massello and Pytcher with fervent good-luck wishes. To Mrs. Judy Mohrhauser, I leave the hope that she not forget the red letter days of English III, (scarlet, as it were). I leave a deadly blowgun disguised as a laven der pencil to Pat Wilson. Howard Harkness inherits a bottle of Elmer's Glue-All to mend any cracks in his new violin and a stick of dynamite in case he forgets the key to his briefcase. I leave a monkey suit to the GAA and my revised Pig-latin II notebook to next year's language lab assistants. To Connie Jenkins, Cheryl Lelder, and Alicia Woodward, I bequeath a genuine antique pitch pipe to be split three ways. Last of all, I leave Irvin High School with regret and hope for the future.

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I, Sharon Sanderford, bequeath my co-ordination, poise, grace, and

Jerry McKay gets my nervous breakdown during research and all my mistakes in typing "that scholarly argument." I predict the class of '68 will be remembered as the funniest, Best Class of Irvin's history. I leave headaches and misery to Coach Joseph Anderson if he does not allow the boys to have a Basketball Queen. May he and Coach Norman Phillips receive the arguments FOR girl's wearing letter jackets. I leave the Youth for Christ Club in the able hands of Kenneth Spaugh and predict trophies and victories for Christ through that club. I leave God's love and guidance to all my wonderful friends at Irvin High.

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I, Bob Gaudet, being of sound mind and body do bequeath to David Sauerzoph my track shoes, two burned out meters to Mr. Gail Baker also I leave two cans of Metercal to Jim Brundage in hopes that he will lose weight and get to be fast enough to play guard.

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I, Albert Castle, to the students and faculty of Irvin High School do hereby leave--never to return again.

I prophesy that Mrs. Mary Yates will not be as miserable next year as she is this year because we will not be here to bother her. Mr. Don Wheeler will be kicked out of study hall for disorderliness. Next year Christmas vacation will be called off on account of school. William Shakespear's grave will be opened only to find there was no such person. Next year Charlie Brown will receive a valentine card.

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I, Dimples Duncan, do bequeath to Mr. Clarence Stark (Starkie) my well-rounded appetite.

I prophesy that Ned Greenwood will stop throwing french fries at me.

I bequeath to Cordelia Krone all of my dancing abilities, for she will need it for all of the dances that she will be expected to do.

I also prophesy that Mike Conolly will take over my "Orange Franchise," and that Mrs. Theda Wright

bottle of Bayer Aspirin so she will be able to recuperate after spring concert.

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I, Laura Maldonado, do hereby bequeath to Patty Russell a contract to act as Twiggy's stand-in and a book entitled How To Hair-do.

I leave to Tommy Ricks my German flag, and to Glenn Jarrell pleasant memories of Chemistry lab experiments. To Mr. Manuel Gonzalez, a winner in the Miss LULAC contest, and to Terry Parks, his gang.

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I, Jim Walker, leave all my D's to Mrs. Mary Yates with thanks for all her help, and to Laura Maldonado a lifetime job at K-Mart.

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I, Mary Milligan, being of sound mind and body, bequeath to Patty Russell the names and phone numbers of the varsity football team and to Jimmy Walker I leave my car.

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I, Steve Davis, leave a couple of my patches to Ken Collins because he's going to need all he can get, and I leave a crying towel to Coach Joe Anderson.

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I, Cheryle Yonkin, do hereby bequeath all the mayonnaise from the 2,000 ham sandwiches eaten at our lunch table to Shelley Fernandez with the hope that she will enjoy it.

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I, Bruce Sauerzopf, leave my broom to the wrestling team.

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I, Maria Mandell, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath four bowls of unsalted spaghetti rejected by Table Number Two to Colleen Machovec, and 40 packages of gum to Margaret Ramey with a lifetime pass to Mr. Robert Roberts.

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I, Ned Greenwood, being of polluted mind and weak body, will to Mr. Robert Taylor one Celtic Association jacket to add to the collection in his closet.

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I, Linda Harris, of questionable mind and body, do bequeath the following:

To Major Lloyd Stratton and Sergeant Richard Levosky, my old pair of tennis shoes, and the hope that next year's Sponsors know left from right.

To Mrs. Glenna Archer, all of the shorthand tests that I have failed and a new set of vocal cords (minus one ulcer).

To Mr. John Beasley, a class without any motor-mouths.

To Mr. Hans McLain, a courtesy who can type without too many mistakes and can find all of his papers.

To Mrs. Harlan, I leave the greatest feeling of pity for having a class like fifth period. I hope you have another class like us next year.

To Miss Marie Winston, a class of boys who will not throw their test papers around.

Last but not least, the world's biggest bottle of tranquilizers for Mrs. Oneta Darby, who has successfully withstood our great senior class.

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We, Debby Wright and Patsy Dill, leave to Mr. Salvador Varela The Naked Ape.

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I, Jeff Adkins, being a person of great intelligence, imagination; and handsomeness, do bequeath to Andy Sanchez a set of partially used destructible chains, one empty book of bus tickets and a manual entitled How to Arm Wrestle and Influence People.

To Debby Darby I bequeath one set of used dogtags with a new dogtag chain.

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I, Kent Evans, being of sound mind and body, leave to David Simpson a football. I hope he learns to use it.

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