

We the class of 1967
being of sound mind and
body do hereby declare
these to be our
Last
Wills and Testaments

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Class of 1966 – 67

I, Louise Allen, do hereby leave to Albemarle High School, Mr. Hurt, and Mrs. Dofflemyer, three great friendly years; to all underclassmen, a happy senior year and a rewarding future; to any junior, locker number 1; to Mr. Turner, three doses of some and a retained objective complement; to Miss Beard, Malaysia; to David Parsons, happiness and understanding; to Lonnie D., a fifth of ...; to Carr Garnett, a drunk German and a bag of goldfish; to Ann, much of everything for a swell three years.

I, Lloyd Anderson, do hereby leave my handwriting booklet, How to Scratch, to Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Fantino; my “Cheater’s Copies” to Mr. Turner; all my college catalogues, except the one to S.I.T. (Saigon Institute of Technology), to Mrs. Dofflemyer; my algebra tests to Miss Turner, since she writes more on them than I do; my tie cleaner to Mr. Lindsay.

I, Beverly Atkins, do hereby leave an unexpressable thanks to Mr. Raines; to Mike Harrison one pair of slightly used shoe lifts because he needs them more than I do now; a wonderful last year of good friends and memories to the juniors; to the editor of the Highlight the talks we had; to the advertising editor of the Highlight all those long talks, trips to the SCA office, putting up posters and the day we had to count doorknobs, steps, and all the rest; to him just a quiet talk; from Albemarle High School, I leave.

I, Bobby Austin, do hereby leave Rachmaninoff’s 2nd symphony with many, many thanks to Mr. Turner and the hope that he has the same good luck I did; to the Guidance Office a broken phone and that machine! To Chris, peace and quiet; to Sam, a cheese sandwich with mustard; and all my love to AHS.

I, William Baber, do hereby leave the faculty of AHS (especially Mr. Hurt) my deepest gratitude and thanks for making these past years such an enjoyable and profitable experience. I leave bus 35 to the birds and to Mr. King, I leave my supply of aspirins and sweet milk to counter-act the headaches and ulcers he’ll get finding someone to drive it. To Frances, I leave the good times she’ll have next year at AHS, and to all my friends, I want to wish you good luck. Lastly, I leave to one of my favorite teacher, namely Mr. Smith, all of my back issues of Playboy in the hopes that he will read them instead of confiscating the ones we bring to class; Thanks for everything AHS!!!

I, Michael Bailey, do hereby leave locker 7 to Kenny Hoy, in hopes that Debby will have removed her wardrobe by next year; my “case” to Sandy; my parking space to any poor sucker who can get in it; room 312 to Barbara; my tennis shoes to Mr. Hurt; and a roll of nickels to Mr. King in hopes of prolonging the life of his class ring. I leave Mrs. Flowers my prize speech tests,

and I leave Mr. Gregory's class regretfully. Last but not least, I leave Albemarle with many fond memories of the past two years.

I, John J. Barbour, do hereby leave three burned out sparkplugs to Mr. Gregory to put in his Vintage Jaguar if he gets it; a pink Volkswagen bus (with a skunk on the door) to J.L.S.; one worn out kart tire and a bent wheel to "Charlottesville I"; an instant floor repair kit to a certain living room hunter; Webster's Complete Book of Pronunciations to Miss Beard; a lifetime supply of hair spray to Mrs. Fantino; too many headaches to Mr. Hurt, Mrs. Dofflemyer, Mrs. Beard and Kay but many thanks for being tolerant of them; and lots of love and my life to Bebe.

I, Margaret Barrell, do hereby leave to some lucky Junior my locker, my desk in homeroom 106, and my English and government class; to Pat Baber I leave my books in hopes she uses them more than I have.

I, Barbara Beale, do hereby leave my wonderful experiences in D.E.C.A. to all of the D.E. I students; to Barbara Sartin, I leave the anchovies from all my pizzas, a double dip ice cream cone, and my white shoe polish; to Martha Sartin, I leave a box of string and my "divorcee", Bill; to some future Sr. girl I leave my Va. Tech memories and phone bill, and lots of luck; last, but not least, I sadly leave Mr. G.--Mr. Gardner, your faith and understanding have been unforgettable, your tolerance has been amazing; so, as a member of the Three Musketeers plus 1, I leave you a simple, but sincere "Thanks."

I Gregory Alan Beitzel, do hereby leave my Japanese Nose guard to Barry Dofflemyer in hopes of a successful football season next year; locker #13 to another lucky senior; my well-broken-in white chucks to anyone who wants them and my unused loafers to Celie Arnette; my seat in room 106 to someone who will have better results than I and I leave the Monogram Club with wishes for a bright future.

I, David Bernd, do hereby leave A. all misspellings and incorrect pronunciation of my name to anyone who is unfortunate enough to have the same problem; B. my many trips to the Guidance Office, because of the anxieties of getting in the college of my choice, to the entire Junior Class; C. to anyone who wants to learn how to curb their language and show restraint, my locker next to the office; D. a half used box of Chile Pepper to Jimena; E. finally, an outfit of green pants, yellow shirt and bright purple tie with lights to Mr. Lindsay.

I, Deborah Lynne Bickham, do hereby leave Denise Bickham, my "little" knowledge of French; Debbie Casteen, my height; Becky Carr, my seat in homeroom; Albemarle, I "leave".

I, Thomas D. Berthold, do hereby leave a one-cent piece, with "E Pluribus Unum" written on it to Mrs. Houston; my pair of authentic "Ted Williams" sweat socks I will leave to Charlie; to

Bolo, I leave one piece of candy which I acquired at the Christmas Dance; to Jimena I leave one can of "Mother Fletchers" chili beans; to Glen I leave one spring from my muscle building set (I find it hopeless to continue working with it); I leave my locker to anyone who is unfortunate enough to get it.

I, Jeanne Bomar, do hereby leave an ornery locker to an ornery sister; a broken notebook to an eighth grader who doesn't watch where he sits; and a great school to the fortunates; I'll take my memories with me.

I, Joe Brochu, do hereby leave all my good grades, all my favorite teachers and all my long hair to my brother, Jimmy, and my sister, Joyce.

I, Terry L. Burris, do hereby leave all my troubles and sorrows behind and get ready to set sail upon the great, vast ocean of life; I leave my school books to be dedicated to the school furnace; I leave my school bus to the junkyard; I leave my locker in a mess, never to return again.

I, Earl Burton, do hereby leave my great days of high school behind me.

I, David Butler, do hereby leave: the job of Sports Editor of the Highlight to Wayne Pullen; Boys' State to some lucky juniors; one-third of a seat on bus no. 49 to Frank Robinson; three-fourths of a bowling team to Carroll Hensley and Glenn Easter; a chess book to Rob Coles; on committee to John Andrews; two counterfeit pennies to Chuck Manson; and the position of Math Club President to Chris Carson in the hope that he will do a better job than I did.

I, Betty Campbell, do hereby leave: a great witch scene of MacBeth to some deserving Junior; to Mr. Snoddy, I leave my Gov't News Record with hopes that he enjoys it more than I did; to Mrs. Sartin, I leave a dish of ravioli in honor of our VOT party; to the FBLA chapter, I just leave; and last, but not least, I leave to Ruth a Pepsi.

I, Victoria Carpenter, do hereby leave: Sidney Carpenter in charge of my clean locker; I leave my first period class to any fool that likes English; to Mrs. Sartin I'll leave my typewriter that's completely shot.

I, Jeffrey Carr, do hereby leave: to Mr. Raines, many thanks for all the help and encouragement in my Junior year; to Miss Beard, a "well-used" government book; to the Freshmen, the thought that after 2 years, you're still on the bottom; to the Sophomores, the excitement of the Talent Show and the long hours of stretching crepe paper for the Jr.-Sr. Prom; to the Junior girls, best of luck in gaining the Powderpuff Championship that we didn't win; to all the Juniors, the fun of your last year and all of the extra privileges that go with it; to Curt, all my love; to Titi, "11191919".

I, Kathy Carson, do hereby leave: my Yellow Ring-a-Ding-Ding (and my purple Woo-Woo) to Cathy along with my part of the seat on bus #71; I leave Mr. Turner and a witches' hat from "McBeth" to my "dear" brother Chris; lots of luck in Latin and a glass of tomato juice to "Bloody Mary"; a legacy of licorice lollipops to my "ex-daughter" Eloise; all my character parts I leave to Candy Clark who is quite a character; I also want to leave all my good times at AHS to all the underclassmen—it's a great school—I'll never forget it. P.S. I mustn't forget to will my picture of "Old J.B." to Jerry, to Chuck enough CARE packages to hold him through next year's lunches, a barrel with love to Julie and last but not least a group of slow French tapes to Lorraine to help her next year.

I, Carolyn Carver, do hereby leave my giggles, my steno pad to write notes on during class, my wonderful times and memories of AHS and all my old tests and English notes to my cousin Linda Carver, in hopes that she will be a senior next year.

I, Peggy Clarity, do hereby leave Nina the entire alto section of the choir; to other members of the choir my ability to turn pages and my seat at All State to anyone brave enough to try to take it; to Caleb and Margaret, I leave old bus 87; this includes writing in the cold, sliding backwards down hills, running over curbs, and all the noise; to Debbie, I wish her more luck with Shorthand II than I've had with Shorthand I; also that she keep the gossip circle going even when I'm gone; to the rest of the student body – the endurance to stick out remaining years at AHS.

I, Elisabeth Clark, do hereby leave my bus seat to Kenny – hoping his imagination is stronger than mine!; the fun of art class to Andy and Pat; an empty pack of chewing gum to Carroll; my wonderful test grades to George, Debbie and Sue but not to Chris because he doesn't need them!; I leave a slightly used seat in Mr. Turner's class to anyone who is lucky enough to get it and my trips to the guidance office to someone who will try harder to satisfy them; finally to Albemarle I leave the pleasure and regret of leaving.

I, Tom Clausen, do hereby leave my well-constructed English notes to the highest bidder; a copy of Canterbury Tales (except for the Miller's and Reeve's tales) to Mr. Turner; all my chewing gum to the cute junior girls in 4th period speech class; Coach Raines to all those lucky, future thinclads; and to the underclassmen the thrill of the rush to the lunch line.

I, John Cockerille, do hereby leave my lousy grades to Mrs. Dofflemyer; my lousy locker to the Continental Can Company; my lousy Renault to anyone stupid enough to take it; an automatic transmission to Donna; absolute silence to Mr. Smith; and a five-year record of violence, crime, chewing gum and themes to Mr. King, Mr. Hurt and the faculty of AHS. P.S. I leave the whole mess at the mercy of Kenneth and the Greenwood Gang.

I, Jane Coleman, do hereby leave Monte Jane Poole a basketball in hopes that she can find a good use for it; I leave Mrs. Flower's favorite English student to Sue Stowe; to Karen Poole I leave our locker and all memories of our sixth period government class; I leave all my problems to Lisa Dillard in hopes she can solve them; to Dale Kerig, Verona Leake, Becky Quinn, and Terrell Hammond I leave the messy lunch table; to "Little Ace" I leave my "Little Sister" and hope he won't always hate her; I leave bus 4 to all unlucky people; to the BHR's I leave all wild parties; and to our "good neighbor" a year's supply of Windex; to the Junior class I leave the many Senior privileges and hope they can find them; to all students I leave a great school – AHS.

I, Martha Cook, do hereby leave all theaters, assemblies, and maladjusted people to Eleanor; mice to Cally; a pair of knitting needles to Geoff; an orchid to Paul; a steam shovel to the Shoffners; a lemon drop to Mr. Raines; happiness to Mac; courage to Kathy; daggers to Eric; apologies to Alan; a teddy bear to Mary; and an open invitation to Radford to the most wonderful guy in the senior class!

I, Carole Copeland, do hereby leave to Albemarle High School my brother Marc; four years of French notes for anyone who wants them; my job as WINA's correspondent the nosiest person in the school; my felt tip pens to the Highlight's next cartoonist; to Wayne Pullen hopes for a calmer Picture Editor; to Mr. Turner a broomstick; to Kathy a strawberry pie; to Faye old football tickets; to Mr. Snoddy all my back issues of the American Observer; to Mr. Lindsay my great lab manual but I'm taking my memories with me 'cause no one else would have them.

I, Sue Critzer, do hereby leave to Barbara Grinde the saxophone section; to next year's cheering squad and all the many others I leave hopes that they will enjoy it as much as I have and that they will cheer the many teams to victory; to Becky I leave many cutty remarks – you know I don't mean any of them; to Mr. Simmons I leave an empty chair and I know he will fill it with someone better; to Becky Jo I leave a banged up fender; 5th period study hall I just leave; and last I leave many thanks to all the many students and faculty members who have made my five years at Albemarle so happy; "I leave and heave a sigh and say goodbye".

I, Sandy Cross, do hereby leave Cecil's bus driving to anybody who can stand it; a pair of barber's clippers to Chuck Manson; my parka, wildside out, to Charlene Hamilton; Jody Alexander a toupee; a green VW to my brother; something yellow to Kathy Detamore; my physics class to some (one) Junior girl.

I, Syble Currier, do hereby leave my middle name to anyone who doesn't hate it as much as I; also, I bequeath to any future chemistry student fond memories of Mr. Lindsay's class.

I, Glenn Debiasi, do hereby leave to Lonnie (D.H.) an empty liquor cabinet, \$6.50, 2 broken hurdles, week-end poker parties, an all the other R. H. times we've had together—also a lot of

luck next year—He'll need it!; to Mr. Turner, the Miller, 3 witches, 1 Adder's fork and all the interesting discussions we've had in class, "Beauty is truth, truth Beauty"; to the '67 football team I leave another 10-0-0 record and pride in the greatest sport there is, Suck it up!; to the coaches (Ace and Arbs) 50,000,000 wind sprints and many thanks for their great coaching; to Chrissy, rules, regulations and one more year stuck in this place, also the best of luck to my greatest friend (with a soft shoulder); to the Beavers many more gloriously, fun-filled "club meetings"; to the PGA, past memories in hopes that my "good" influence will rub off; to Kathy McG., a Yamaha and pleasant memories of R.H. club meetings; to Wayne, a berth on the All-District team; to all college-bound under-classmen I leave some good advice: get the good grades now so you don't have to sweat it out in your senior year; to Bonnie, best wishes for a good time May 5, one fun-filled week at Sunny Beach and a one-way ticket to Elon.

I, Donna DeHart, do hereby leave to Mr. Simmons, his clarinet and hopes for all superior bands; to Jim Wade, my first chair, a Year's supply of Broken reeds and lip savers, to some aspiring softball player, a faded uniform; and to Mr. Gardner —

A lot of memories,
Both good and bad,
A lot of days to be happy,
A few (?) days to be sad.
But I shall always remember
My days in D. E.
Those days unforgettable
Because of my teacher, Mr. "Gee".

I, Franklin Ray Dehooge, do hereby leave all my worldly possessions to Miss Cynthia Mitchell which consist of 1. German Shepherd dog; 2. 62 Fairlane 500 (V8) (2 DR.); 3. my bank account to the sum of \$200; 4. My class ring and wallet with its valuables; 5. My love and hope for her great success in life; 6. I also leave a doll that she gave me that I have cherished as part of her; I leave remembrance of good and bad times life has brought before us through two years of knowing her that seemed a day's span.

I, Joelle Denman, do hereby leave to Geoff an unloseable pen; to Earl all my red lifesavers; to Tom a pair of pants two sizes too big; to Sandra good luck with L.A.; to Glenn an Orgy; to Barbara and Wayne happiness; to Barbara and Eddie a ring; to Fred a dry sneaker; to Walt a bigger smile and the fact that I'm leaving; to Medie Mr. Right and a story with a happy ending; to Chris a greased pig and Yale; to Judy-Bill; to Steve some dumbbells; to Janet an Ann Landers column of her very own; to Charlie the White House; to Rick less problems; to Jimena a two-story pink and white striped out-house; to Becky Quinn a bottle of hand lotion and a long life line; to Judy K. a sack of oranges and a seat in the back row; to John a bottle of vitamin pills; to Vicki, Ann and Pat any seat or aisle which they can steal on Bus 62; to Bob a pair of wheels and a teddy bear; to Craig a dance; to Bruce my bongo drums; to Steve a roll of crepe paper, a ladder

and a smile; to Becky an egg; I leave my school spirit to all who need it; I leave my wit to anyone who wants it!; to all my enemies—PLTOZ!! To all my friends I leave fond memories, wishes of success, a lot of laughs and a smile.

I, Lonnie Dickens, do hereby leave to Mr. Raines an empty milk carton and five mildewed track suits; to Mr. Turner, the collected poems of “Sheats”; to Mr. Gregory I leave some scotch tape, a headache, and this paragraph to punctuate correctly; to Becky Quinn I do leave my scuffed saddle shoes and to Glenn, the ace of clubs; last, but not least, I bequeath to the Monogram Club one empty fifth.

I, Eric Dobb, do hereby leave my algebra book to Mary P Dolciani; this is a case of “rendering unto Caesar”, my locker I leave to any experienced safecracker in search of a challenge; I leave my parking place to anyone who likes 50-mile hikes; I leave the library \$18 in fines; maybe they can buy a savings bond; to the SCA honor committee I leave a copy of 1984; I leave to the morning announcements the Eric Dobbs Award for not-so-outstanding programming; and finally, I leave to certain teachers a copy of the Emancipation Proclamation.

I, Jimmy Dorsey, do hereby leave my cue stick to Mr. Arbaugh because he always did want it; my typewriter to Danny Kyser; and I leave my guitar and old drafting drawings to Bruce Woodzell.

I, Steven Drumheller, do hereby “leave”.

I, Gary Alan Dudley, do hereby leave Mr. Smith a pair of elevated shoes and my seat on the bus to any unfortunate creature who has to sit there; my books to anyone who can write through the pictures and my great knowledge to Patti and Brenda.

I, Judy Duncan, do hereby leave the school in the hands of this year’s Juniors; I also leave my power puff experiences to Kathy Detamore and Lorraine Deane; and my years of inspiration in the Tri-Hi-Y to Gloria Walker.

I, Chris Durrer, do hereby leave this hallowed place as soon as possible, preferably June, 1967.

I, Karen Falwell, do hereby leave Margaret Robbins a pack of typing paper and my dear old typing room; I leave to the juniors all those delicious meals and crowded halls; I also leave the juniors some of the patient teachers and their memorable faces; to Brokie Hall I leave my most sincerity.

I, Sylvia A. Farish, do hereby leave to the Juniors the privileges which the Seniors never got; to Catherine I leave the boys at AHS that neither one of us would have; to Margaret I leave the

extra napkins I leave in the cafeteria; to Mr. Hurt and Mr. King I leave a pack of chewing gum, which I hope doesn't lose its flavor.

I, Jean Fernsworth, do hereby leave to anyone who is as crazy as I am, all my dramatical aspirations and headaches; to Pam and Sarah my secret transportation for goodies; and last of all I leave something dear to me.

I, Paul Fisher, do hereby leave this place with no regrets—only that I would have like to have gotten out of here sooner; to Peter I leave a pat on the back and a few words of encouragement in hopes that he will get out next year; to Mr. Elkins I leave an empty space in line; to the teachers—my tardiness; there's nothing else for me to leave except my footsteps going out the door.

I, Gail Fitzgerald, do hereby leave to Lana a big thanks for her understanding and listening ear; I also leave her an invitation to come to see me any time or place; to Debbie I leave the loneliness of the halls when “he” is gone; to Penny I leave an imaginary ticket to California; to Cris I leave the hope she will someday be repaid for her refreshing thoughtfulness, I leave her to remember all our good times and I leave her a lot of soap and water in case it rains for the prom again this year; to Steve Pollock I leave my sharpest pair of shearing shears; to Barbara Sartin I leave all my wishes at the Colonnade; to Dee Dee Bickham I leave the bathroom down senior hall with the hope she will keep it tidy as I have done; to Vicki Grinstead I leave the secrets under the tables in the library; to Liza I leave the first table of the cafeteria with a built-in rocking chair; to Mary Jane I leave all the wrong priced pocketbooks at Leggett's; to Andrea I leave the babysitting job that keeps you moving; to Steve King and Holt Woodson I leave a recommendation that there only be a half day for school; to Lynn I leave “boys”; to Karen Poole I leave a house without side doors; to Stacy I leave all of 30¢; to Nancy Strother I leave silent days; to Marty Miller I leave a dozen square chocolate chip cookies; to Tommy Viar I leave some brakes and oil for the athletic bus; to Bruce Woodie I leave a contract to decorate my 32 room home; to Scott Creasy I leave a conservative vest; to Gary Grim I leave R. M. Davis for “vacationing” days from school; to Bobby Pollock I leave 5 yards of leopard skin; to Martha Sartin I leave Mr. G.; to Mr. G. I leave the Sartins and good luck; to Lizzee I leave the hope that some day she will take Ann Landers column and use my expressions; to Kathy Caperton I leave the front riders seat in a special Mustang for keeps; to Wayne Brown I leave the group of upstairs lockers for conversations and messages to keep straight; to my little sister Marilyn I leave “hope” and all the sometimes understandable teachers.

I, Jean Fitzgerald, do hereby leave my algebra II book to a genius and everything else to my kid brother.

I, Carr Garnett, do hereby leave Albemarle High School slightly worn but no worse for the wear to the underclassmen; to the Latin Club - 6 moth eaten togas; to the Drama Club a squished tube of purple grease paint; to the cafeteria – directions to the Biff Burger; and to Mrs. Fantino – a tape recording of noise from first period study hall; for posterity I leave a hall of sloppy posters, a locker full of ants and a messy sink in the art room; now, I regretfully leave.

I, Charles Cox Garnett, do hereby leave my great basketball ability to a deserving person John Pitts; I leave my skill as a pool player to Ted Lederman; to Randy Robinson I leave a heater for Jimmy's Volkswagen; I leave my intramural basketball ability to the Do-Dahs; to Mrs. Flowers I give my speaking and acting skills; to next year's Senior class president I leave the F.E.S. drive; I leave the Hi-Y to Bobby; I also leave my cheerleading ability to all future Powder Puff cheerleaders; I leave fifth period study hall to Verona; I leave fond memories to all Seniors and Teachers at Albemarle.

I, Cindy Garrison, do hereby leave a lovely summer at Blue Ridge to Teresa Booker; sleepy Sundays to Lowry Abell; "combo parties" to Kat Dameron; Pat to Jamie; love and luck to Jerry; the second seat on bus 59 to Barbara and Mike; love and luck to Dale c/o Ted; MYF to Tess; Leggett's to Karen Poole; French to Holt; snow days to Paul Seals; my mirror in the bathroom and bus 18 to Linda Ward; problems to Lucy and Yvonne in hopes that they'll solve them better than I did; a rainy weekend to Steve Yowell; tired typists to Mrs. Hancock; and the interviewing of foreign exchange students to Keane Wood; all my fond memories and experiences to my sister, Brenda in hopes that she'll be truly happy at AHS; and last of all, as usual, punctual home room students to dear Mrs. Fantino!

I, Gene Garrison, do hereby leave my kicking ability to Mike Estes in hopes he will learn how to be a great kicker.

I, George Cecil Gentry, do hereby leave all my intelligent desks to those junior students; I leave locker 101 to anybody who gets it; it is located in a good place if you want to make a fast break out the door; bus 99 ½ to anybody who can drive it; keep it down because it is a fast moving and swift bus; I leave my first chair in band to Bobby Pollock who claims he can play good; in 108 there is a desk which faces the teacher's desk so that you can face the teacher (if you can stand it); in 117 in the row of desks next to the window, I sat in the third seat back; I leave this seat to anyone who thinks they can get to sleep about 2:45 every day; in room 312 I leave two (!) desks, one square in front of the teacher and one back in sleepy corner (NOTE: keep door open and he can't see you). I leave my seat in the office during fifth period to anyone who wants to work under fire all the time; I hope Roy doesn't get stuck in there next year; I leave Mrs. Fantino my Virginia Cavalier sneakers and emblems; I leave Mr. Smith my beautiful and very efficient project painted yellow and green; I leave Mr. Simmons 4 used tenor sax reeds; Miss Beard my

empty seat and my job pulling down all the shades; I will leave Albemarle High School. (Ha! Ha!)

I, Arlene Gibson, do hereby leave my general business record keeping book to cousin Debra; the rest of my life to Eddie; my locker to any underclassmen; my good times in data process to Mary Ellen Blackwell; and all my memories at AHS to my brother Stuart; hope he has the good memories I did.

I, Jackie Gibson, do hereby leave to any lucky underclassman locker 83 (may he have great patience); parking space 142 to anyone who owns a small car; to any aspiring speech and drama “nut” my treasured seat in room 200 fourth period; to my cousin Linda an un-crowded lunch table with taller chairs; to the highest bidder one well-used government book; and last but not least I hopefully leave.

I, Nancy Goldsmith, do hereby leave my history memories and tests to Miss Beard and Mr. Raines; I leave Mr. “G” and hope that Barbara Sartin can handle him next year; I leave my jammed locker 84 that doesn’t work to any deserving senior; I leave my encouragement to all of Mrs. Shaw’s choir students to try out for “All State”; I leave my neighbor, Tess Morrison, my ’56 Chevy if I should skip town; and I also leave the class of ’68 wishes for the best senior year ever!

I, Susan Grimes, do hereby leave to all Juniors their coming year of Senior supremacy! I leave all the ups and downs to Brenda which may come from roller skating and/or phone calls; to Jody Harris I leave only one important thing, my trench coat which she must use only when she comes in the store; to my “little brother” Harold I leave fun and excitement in all school activities for the next three years; all the Porsches that come whizzing by I leave to Frankie; to her I also leave my little ole dummy, Andy, in hopes that she can make his mouth stop moving and hers too; last but not least I leave all my memories of my high school year to the Halls of Albemarle.

I, Carol Grayson, do hereby leave my locker to Cat Dameron; Carolyn Grayson may have my typing paper in hopes she will do better than I did; Mike Estes can have my seat in assembly and Margaret Robbins my seat at lunch; last I leave Ethel to Melvin Hall and a short locker to Steve McCauley.

I, Brockie Hall, do hereby leave.

I, Becky Haney, do hereby leave to Rosey, Dale, Janet, Cathy, Linda, Carole and Darlene all our morning “hen” sessions; to Mike I leave my brother, Tim, and a strait jacket which should come in handy; to Aivars I leave lots of pizza and memories of his soon to be ex-harem; to Faye I leave an ice cream sandwich at midnight; to Mr. Turner I leave Lady MacBeth plus saddle oxfords; to

Mr. Lindsay I leave my never ending questions; to some lucky junior I leave place number 9; to my cousin, Pat G., I leave 9 p.m. math discussions in hopes that math doesn't become any more confusing; to all "pen" pals I leave the office stamp machine, in hopes that they don't mind losing a nickel on 3 stamps; and to all you underclassmen I leave the hope that you'll enjoy AHS as much as I have.

I, Paul Hammond, do hereby leave to Steve Pollock one still-warm chair in combo corner; to Dave Bernd a warped analytic geometry book; to Andy Minton a well-practiced sneer, plus to Sha Jones the front seat; to Jimmy Grimes, a flag with a swastika; also, to Marty Martinson the Monogram Club bulletin board, along with 2,769 letter symbols, and numbers; to Steve Drumheller 2 mangled drumsticks; to Frankie Sargent one French horn and one dented shot to all my broken-hearted coaches.

I, Jane "A" Harrington, do hereby leave to the teachers your sanity and tell you once and for all you aren't seeing double; to Gloria and Jeannie the Sad, Sad Story that they will have to spend another one of their enlightening years at AHS; and to anyone that would like it my Senior English notebook which contains positively nothing but a certain someone's name plus a few odds and ends I picked up while in H.R. and English class; TO CAROLYN AND DIANE I LEAVE TYPING I, TYPING II AND TYPING!!! OK! OK! Joan and I leave our parking space 161 to the first person who finds out which one it is so we can leave it to them; to Mrs. Fantino I leave half of a calendar in hopes she will be able to fill up her half with as much fun and happiness like I have in the past 9 months; to "VAL" I leave a BIG, BIG THANK YOU for his never ending thoughtfulness.

I, Joan "B" Harrington, do hereby leave Carolyn Wade some knowledge in English grammar, Diane Wade a color chart; to Gloria Walker I leave some sleep and to Jeannie Gay some hard studying; to Buddy, a milk carton with BUS FUND written on it; to Mrs. Fantino another great Senior class homeroom well-represented with D.E. students; to all our future D.E. students better luck in getting to the assemblies; I also leave them all our unused material in the hopes that maybe next year they will cover it; I was given parking space 161 unpaved and I leave it unpaved and I am sure someone will leave it unpaved next year; to Phil I leave much success in the Air Force and to Tammy 35C (since I know I won't be paid back); I leave Ron smooth sailing and a HEART; finally I leave AHS looking forward to the future.

I, Patricia Ann Herring, do hereby leave my seat in the front row of fourth period speech class to anybody who can take Mrs. Flower's flying erasers; my part as the Second Witch to Mr. Turner as he makes a better one than I do; my seat on bus 55 to anybody who can stand HOPE-less; all the extra space at home when I leave to big MANN!; my apologies to Bolo for giving him so much trouble in Economics; I leave!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I, Judy Hobson, do hereby leave all the oranges in the world, all the “Most Valuable” trophies in the world, my good times, my wonderful experiences, and my travels to John Pitts.

I, Judy Houchens, do hereby leave to Lisa Houchens the “Lier” and all the times we’ve had there; to Lisa, Gail and Beverly I leave the experiences they have had at Orange and all the Orange boys! (Especially Tizzywinker and the two Davids). I leave Lisa the problems of having to listen about TB now, instead of W.S.; and last, but not least, I leave the understanding and helpfulness of Mrs. Sartin to anyone who is lucky enough to have her as a teacher; to Michael I just leave AHS!

I, Patsy Houchens, do hereby leave my seat in home economics class to Judy Mitchell; I leave my locker to Carolyn Grayson; I leave Mrs. McCormick to anyone who can stand her way of teaching.

I, Ann Huckle, do hereby leave to the chairman of committees, a cooperative (?) French Club; to Mr. Turner a more prophetic “swinging soothsayer”; to Mr. Arbaugh consolation for all the hours I bothered him; to Mr. Gregory the mummy of Okhenateu and Clay Hill briars; to my wonderful neighbor Mr. Null a bachelor-size bag of fireballs; to Tommy Viar a face without a frown, a flip and a French play; to Geoffrey his own name in government class; to Frederick a final decision for his future; to Elna a quiet fellow monitor; to Louigee many hours of moans and groans, a pair of “square” glasses frames, an open ear, and the very happiest future; Best wishes to the lucky 14; to the one who know me best, the best of everything.

I, Cavid Huff, do hereby leave to Mrs. Katherine Hancock to find a student to run her errands and wash her boards; to Mr. Raines I leave to find many good track men and someone to wash his boards on a regular basis; to Mrs. Sartin students in the next VOT class that will be better informed and helpful than the ones in the past; though this year the class has made a giant step in becoming acquainted with the business world; to all the students entering Albemarle I leave all the good times and happy memories that I will treasure forever; to Regina Garrison I leave all of my success and happiness at Albemarle; to Mike Jones I leave all of the coming basketball games and to carry on the cheerleading section for Albemarle; to all who have made my education possible at Albemarle I am truly grateful.

I, Melvin Huff, do hereby leave my last pair of drumsticks to the kid that stole my other 5 pairs; I leave Mr. Smith’s drafting class gladly; I leave a case of Metrocal to the percussion section of the AHS band; to Chris Carson I leave my old jokes; I leave a 4 pound bag of self-rising flour to the percussion section to grease the tympani pedal with; to Craig Winter I leave my gong and beater, rhythmic patterns and a warm spot in percussion section; to Mr. Snoddy I leave the second hand on the government class clock and a set of Snoopy’s WWII battle plans.

I, Walter O. Jaeger, do hereby leave a deep feeling of thanks to the high school that gave me a chance in life; to Albemarle I leave a long and morbid memory of a school-mate; to Albemarle I leave my spirit, my ties, my school books, my locker and all the tears and joys felt in my two years of attending a great school.

I, Linda Jarman, do hereby leave to Jenny P. a whole seat on the bus because she takes it anyway; to Jenny R. I leave all of my hopes for her fun, a good seat at anyplace she wishes it and good luck for the future; to Sue of art class I leave all of my projects so next year she won't have to do any work which she doesn't do even now; to Mildred, all my elite typing papers even though they won't work on her pica; to Pat I leave John (which she has now); my good grades (?), my spaceship, and all the wishes for a very long friendship; to Mr. Hurt I leave my suing the school and much sadness and joy of my leaving the grand AHS; to Dukie I leave Ronnie and to Ronnie I leave Dukie and all the typing papers that he threw away this year; and to all the girls I leave the thought of me even if they don't really want it.

I, Stephen Jones, do hereby leave my study hall to those who like it best; the Key Club treasury, what is left, to Mike; all those nice, lovely, kind, well-meaning, enjoyable teachers to future AHS students who will have them. Poor kids!

I, Mary Kaven, (although not so effective as "I TIBERIUS CLAUDIUS DEUSUS NERO GERIANICUS" this-that-and-the-other) do leave: a bottle of Jade East to fourth period student hall in room 204; a class ring to Sally Floyd; the "wishful thinking" of my math book to a student who could use a little wishful thinking in math; a Lady MacBeth soliloquy to some shy unsuspecting junior (preferably female); a chauffeur's license to the memory of the Green Monster (may he rest in peace), for the Green Monster seemed to drive Chris more than Chris drove the Green Monster; a year's supply of turtle food to Tina Sheppard; a 6-foot slide rule to Anna; the Critique Constitution to anyone who can find it; a copy of 1984 to the SCA honor committee; a very long, tedious recording of "double-double-double-double" to Greg McDermott; a box of Kleenex to Mrs. Dofflemyer; a copy of The True Believer to Julie Swanson; fourth period study hall in room 204—students, Jade East, and all—to Mrs. Birckhead; the best to Mrs. Flowers; a pizza parlor, including 217 ½ frozen pizzas, a wall, some tables, chairs, music and 2 waitresses; to the inheritors of Critique; Baudelaire to the blackboard in room 223; and to Mr. Lindsay a red and green mobile that has to be fed peppermint only once a week. (NOTE: according to the last count, there will be 7—yes, 7—places available next year in the Albemarle Chapter of the Druid Association of Revolutionaries if anyone between the ages of d and s is interested).

I, Diane LaSauce, do hereby leave to my art class buddy, Sandra Madison, all our ideas we never came up with and plenty of white paint for her sail; to my all time favorite, Larry Murray, I leave

the best of everything and good luck; and last but not least to my sis Lyn, I leave my partially broken in Klods.

I, Janet Lacy, do hereby leave to my car pool, the bus; to Jerry, that nice soft spot on the floor; and to Tommy, my place in the lunch line. To Marti I leave my horoscope books and to Bobby, a pile of trash and the Carrsbrook dragway. To Rick I leave a book on what makes girls tick and to Joelle, J.D. To Bobbi I leave Eddy, to Becky and Rosey our 3 way phone conversations and Saturday nights; to Jeff a trip to D.C.; to Jimena, a box of Crackerjacks. To Aivars, ice skating lessons; to Kathy N. a letter; to Kathy C., a witches' cauldron; to Colleen, a smile; and to everyone I leave thanks!

I, Betty Ann Lam, do hereby leave to Lorraine Dean the William Monroe Basketball team – Go get 'em Lorraine! To Jean Gay number 13 jersey and to Barbara Grindi the center field on the softball team. To Beverley Rollins my parking space #57. I leave the Data Processing class to anyone who has enough nerve to try it. To the Office Practice class I leave Mrs. Sartin who is the nicest, sweetest person you could hope to meet. I leave my poor deserving typewriter in room 113 to anyone who can type better than I. And I also leave my dirty basketball socks to whoever gets gym locker 34. I leave to Brenda and Barbara my seat on that nice clean bus #24. And lastly I leave to everyone at A.H.S. the happiness and swell times that I'll know you'll find there.

I, Lena May Lam, do hereby leave to Kay Bridgewater of Lane High School a rabbit foot. I leave my sister Pauline, my bad luck that I had here at Albemarle.

I, Colleen Lanahan, do hereby leave to Bobby Edmunds, locker #141, a fleet of paper airplanes, and an extra large box of rocks with a bow around it; to Mr. Turner, a cauldron and a real live ghost; to my brother Tommy, a lot of trouble—he deserves it; and a package of hair ribbons to Irving Peters. I also leave a package of hair ribbons to Chuck Manson. (*words missing*) three inches of my own height so we can see things eye-to-eye; to Mrs. Armbrister, the French club at U.Va. and Moliere; to Mr. Raines a pair of solid gold track shoes; to everyone else—Good Luck (you'll need it)!

I, Barry Layman, do hereby leave my guitar to Greg Wolfrey with hopes that someday he will be as good as George Harrison and “ME”.

I, Robert Layman, do hereby leave my typing paper to Larry Kirby; my playboys to Steve Key; my rate at the bottom of the Senior Class to Gene Harvey; and my musical abilities, which are few to young Charles Page. All the rest I give to Mary.

I, Gregory Lee, do hereby leave the first chair trombone to Ted Kerns; do not leave Carrier of the Month to Greg McDermott; tranquilizers to Miss Beard; Hi-test fuel for Mr. Ergler's SOOB (SAAB), plus a lot of chalk; three more constipated chipmunks for Mrs. Fantino's Jeep; and the book store to Jimmy Parr.

I, Glenda Lewis, do hereby leave loving memories of me in the minds of all the teachers that were fortunate enough to have me as a student.

I, Rosemary Lohman, do hereby leave to Becky her many admirers and the ducks at Boar's Head; to Janet long discussions and an appreciation of scenery; to Darlene basketball games; to Richard "no comment"; to Aivars pizzas and regretfully his albums; to Pete a D.N. course; to Linda the road to Miller; to Kathy M. luck; to Carole a brother; to Kathy C. a football fun; and to Juniors the fun of filling out form and forms and forms.

I, Kathy McCauley, do hereby leave to Mr. King, nightmares about the number "600"; to Jonni, one mushroom (o however many you'd like); to Teresa Booker, an EVALUATION; to Pip, a corny joke or two; to Verona, incinerations from an extinguished Senior, and hard times.

I, Eddy Mallory, do hereby leave to George C., Bus #32 with its calm, serene atmosphere, its quiet peaceful occupants, and its immaculate interior. For Melody P. established locker #156 as the final resting place of her unique dress.

I, Tommy Manley, do hereby leave bus #4 to Rose and Brad. I leave all my notes to Mr. Turner's class to Tim Lederman and first chair alto clarinet to Kathy Masnick. I leave all my musical knowledge to Bobby Pollock and most of all I do hereby leave.

I, Fred Manson, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave to Chuck Kent, the title of King Cob, and the responsibility it entails. He must remain true for he is not only the last of a great Era, but the last of a great race.

I, Kathy Markwood, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave the Village Inn to Wayne, unstamped envelopes to Mrs. B, my position on the Highlight staff to someone who likes to and can take orders, a week of marching at Radford to some lucky Junior, my class rank to someone who doesn't want to go to Longwood, sorry sock hops and Mr. Powers to Gloria, my ability to use the mimeograph machine to Mrs. D. and Mrs. M., Elon weekends to Bonnie Sandridge, a strawberry flavored telephone at 7 a.m. to Carole, and to Carole, Janet, Becky, Faye, Janice, Cindy, Jean, Jane and Carol the only solution to my one problem – LSD, and many thanks for pulling me through.

I, Gregory Marshall, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my million dollar car, my book on “How to Lose Weight in 1001 Easy Steps”, and my entire stick collection to Judy.

I, Marty Martinson, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave a ‘35 and a ‘38 Chevy to my younger sister, Vennie, my art ability to any girl who realized that “Beauty is not only skin deep”, my Book of Etiquette to the entire underclassmen, a letter of thanks to the entire faculty and administrative staff, and hopes that there are more like Gregory, Null, King and Hurt; a bottle of MICHELOB to the Monogram Club, and I leave a map of Richmond to Marti Miller.

I, Barbara Massie, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave the financial records of the Peer Staff, to any mathematical genius crazy enough to try to untangle them; my sled to Juicy Brucey, my copy of Madame Bovary to Mr. Turner, one orange a piece to Janet Howe and Connie Crispell, one undershirt to Jeanie Gay, several (ahem!) jokes to Charlotte Rea and Debbie Tomlin; a “bump on a pickle” to Linda Foster, and one protest letter to Doug Yates.

I, Stan Maupin, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave my Chilean in-laws to Jimena Vignola, my “kicking-string” to Mike Estes, a pair of football shoes to the “sophomore sensations”, McGraw, Sartin and Thomas; a clock stuck on 8 o’clock to Debbie Bickham, twelve inches o height to “Little One”, and a book of poetry to Sandra Marshall.

I, Bob Mawyer, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my brother with some advice, always keep the faith, Dave-Baby, and maybe they will kick you out.

I, Aubrey Mays, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave locker 168 to Barbara and leave Holt bus #32 and my Best of Luck to all underclassmen.

I, Cyn (Sin) Mitchell, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my first period study hall to anyone who can think of as many ways to get out of it as I did, next year’s Data Processing class with the repair job I left behind, to Lollipops memories of our differences of opinion and the men we have in MY LOCKER, to Denise and her “companion” of the year the path F.D. and I wore out in the halls before school, to Daddy D. I leave the blonde in apartment #78, and billion memories; to you Mr. Gregory I leave my deepest sympathies and a bottle of tranquilizers in case you ever have another student like me, to Peggy I’ll leave all of our jokes and dumb conversations, last but not least I leave Albemarle knowing all of the teachers will breathe a lot easier.

I, Betty A. Morris, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave to Sharon Shifflett, I leave my unforgettable experiences in DECA, to my little sister, Anita, the whole new experience of AHS, I leave to the Juniors the privilege of being a Senior, and I leave Barbara Sartin all my long distance telephone calls from Alleghany.

I, Christine Morris, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave AHS to all students who like to study and are willing to work for their education, my first period government class to anyone who likes a lot of tests and likes to read about governmental problems, my second period English class to anyone who has a pen, likes to write stories, read aloud in class and give oral book reports, my third period Office Practice class and fifth period Data Processing class to anyone who like to work with different types of machines, Mrs. Sartin and Mrs. Burruss to anyone who like nice teachers, my fourth period Study Hall to anyone that doesn't like to talk and likes to work hard, and my sixth period typing class to anyone who likes typing and was smart enough to pass Typing I.

I, Judy B. Morris, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave Melvin Breeden (since he's my last relative in the school) my locker 185, may he get as much junk into it as I did; also I leave him all my best wishes for a fun time in his remaining two years, there's no doubt he'll make good use of them – for better or for worse!!!

I, Virginia Rebecca Morris, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave to join Frank forever.

I, Pam Morrow, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave Barbara and Martha Sartin my half the ability to overcome Mr. Gardner in an argument of class work in D.E. Bring D.E. to its #1 position again next year.

I, Barbara Mowbrey, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my seat in Miss Beard's government class to Mable Kingrea, to Barbara Ann Brown I leave my seat on bus 24, my seat in Senior English to Julie Wheeler, to all I leave the spirit of Albemarle and luck in their senior year.

I, Brenda Moyer, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave Gale and Dale bus 35, Andrea Huff all the "senior" privileges and teachers, and lots of luck to Sidney.

I, Christopher Brundred Murray, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave the Monogram Club to the AHS chapter of the WCTU, my clubfoot and sticks to anyone stupid enough to inherit them. To "Bumble", I leave my "Buzz". To my track shoes I leave my big little-brother, Larry.....(?) As for the rest of it, I'm taking it with my, baby!

I, Micki Neely, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave to Lana Robbins the key to the apartment and two pairs of used skis.

I, Terrence Andrew Nefos, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave to Steve Pollock I leave my ability to jump tall building in a single bound, and the ability to follow my footsteps to

a cool and soul filled success, to The Invaders I leave one gold plated, monogrammed tambourine and two tangerine colored maracas, to Kathy McGraw I leave the Teen Club, to Lisa Dillard I leave all my conceitedness, one pair of slightly used crutches and the memories of an after party, to Linda (Red Baron) Foster I leave one Friday afternoon, a sopwith camel and all of fourth periods' middle lunches, and to Mrs. Flowers I leave the memories of two fun-filled semesters with me in hopes that she will always remember them.

I, Aivars E. Osvalds, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my slightly used "How to Play the Organ" book by Paul Cale, Jr., completely revised by the organist of The Invaders, to Warren Judge for a rainy day; my fancy combo dance steps and my freshman-to-be little brother to Nancy Strother; my nonchalant attitude to Debbie Braun in case she makes any more speeches; free organ lessons to Jonni so she can keep up with the "Greek"; pink shoe polish, a personally autographed, leather-bound book of "1001 Nice Things to Say", written by AEO, and a gift certificate to Burgess Beauty Salon, to Steve Pollock; to Mrs. Flowers, my favorite teacher, I leave heartfelt forgiveness and Jonnie Lou Sandridge and Donna Brawley, may they take my place as the fiendish brain of the class.

I, Peggy Pace, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave Mr. Gregory's second period English class to any person that likes to give oral book reports; my typewriter to somebody that know the keys; my locker to Gayle and Betty Sprouse in hopes that they keep it cleaner than I did; my parking place to Gayle and she knows which one I mean! Old bus 13 to the person that wears ear plugs, carries a pillow to sit on, and an armor suit for protection; Sidney Carpenter all my A's, my Government class to Beverly in hopes that she doesn't get the same teacher I had, and Data Processing class to the person dumb enough to take it but smart enough to PASS it!!

I, Ruth Painter, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my transportation to school to some poor unsuspecting fool who doesn't know how Betty drives; my seat "Where the action is" to Pat who's always trying to take it anyway; my sleepwalking scene in MacBeth to all juniors who will have to take Senior English next year; bake sale on cold, cold mornings to next year's FBLA Club; parties after the Jr. Board meetings to Mike and Donnie and last, but not least, I leave the attendance line!

I, Pamela Pairet, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave all my good times at AHS to all the kids who will enjoy their senior year as much as I have.

I, David Parsons, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave absolutely nothing; I need all I have. However, may the spirit of moribund rejltney (sp) reign over you poor, misunderstood, maltreated, alienated, rejected, and insecure children, underclassmen. That is your only hope!

I, Betty Payne, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my best wishes to all the seniors at AHS next year. To Barry Dofflemyer I leave all my mathematical ability; to Debbie Casteen I leave my privilege of being one of the tallest Seniors at AHS and to Tito Sanborn I leave all my freckles! I do hope all you people will use all these things to the best of your ability!

I, Geoffrey Richardson Pribilof Pitts, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave Mr. Julian King my rabbit leash. (NOT for Bunnie). I hope if he ever gets caught using it, Mr. Hurt lectures him the same way he lectured me. I leave Donna and Mrs. Bralley a new pair of hair clippers for Eric. I'm sending the Naz down to Williamsburg so it will be there when Charlie arrives. I leave Becky Carr one large gag. If she uses it conscientiously she will go far. I leave my "little" brother all my amazing athletic ability. I hope he will use it wisely to glorify dear old AHS. I leave Mrs. Wells' future biology classes all the mice I can find in the incinerator. I leave Mrs. Flowers several nightmares to be used whenever she has to scream at someone for forgetting their lines. (Or perhaps they never knew them?) I don't leave nothing to Mr. Turner exceptin fur the memories of his Golden Grammarian. I leave all upcoming junior classes the frustration of the talent show and Mr. Hurt's censorship. I leave Kurt my S & H Green Stamps tennis racket which I could never figure out. I leave Fred Manson all my crayons for use in his post-graduate work at Albemarle. I leave Penny and Liza "Hold On" and "Satisfaction" recorded simultaneously by the Stones to be played constantly in Mrs. Armbrister's fourth year French class. I leave the grubs in first period study hall a year's supply of bubblegum. I leave a sore throat and a great deal of pride to any Patriot who has the guts to show a little school spirit. Finally, I leave a rum bottle full of bobby pins and a pair of well-worn loafers with six inch elevators to any upcoming senior who dates a tall girl who insists on wearing high heels. I'm taking the originals with me.

I, Ed Pugh, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave to Little Sister the title of senior and all privileges of said post plus Howard. To Teddibear, I leave all of the boys of AHS that she can beg, steal or borrow from their mothers and other girls. To Hazel, I leave any boys Teddibear discards since Hazel seldom buys firsthand. To Jimmie I leave the Immortals "Kill" & "Torture" and anything that I may still have after he has finished stealing my stuff. To some unfortunate student who gets my locker, I leave permission to use the master key when it won't open and permission to slam it when it won't lock. To all unmentioned future seniors, I leave the ill-will between me and my mentors, especially Mr. Snoddy. Also all of my undone homework, Mrs. Blankenship, Mr. Gillenwater, the snare sometimes know as I.C.T., the administration, the School Board, Mr. Cale and all of the other problems of this immediate senior should be divided among this unfortunate group. Lastly I leave my unused spelling sources to Cavil who just finished telling us how to spell several words.

I, Dale Elaine Rea, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave a birthday card to be divided equally among Glenn DeBiasi, David Bernd, Becky Haney, Jeffrey Carr and Rick Tevendale, all

of whom have birthdays in March; my purple, green and blue felt-tip pens to Mr. Lindsay; my Chemistry book, seat in room 209, and great knowledge of chemistry to my sister Charlotte, a collection of used college catalogues to anyone who wants them (ugh!); my seat on Bus #93 and a green magic marker to Janet Howe; a box of blue Kleenex to Mr. Turner; my English IV notes and seat in room 221 to Cathy Masnik; my job as Circulation manager of the Peer to someone who has a strong constitution and is a good mathematician; and to Mr. Gregory, I leave an electric sweater with a 3 heat control and a box of unbreakable chalk.

I, Lauren Kimberley Reynolds, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave a year's supply of lead weighted tennis balls to Becky Carr with hopes that she makes better progress with them than I did; a firm hand shake and a Playboy birthday calendar to John Pitts; a monogrammed scarf from New York, a car wash in the middle of January, a polo game and "Mik" to Christopher; an instruction course in "How to Start Fires and Play Mother May I Underwater in One Breath" to Andrew; my enthusiasm and eagerness for answering questions to Mr. Turner; a year's supply of tranquilizers to all up-coming seniors who will eventually go through the agony of applying to college; my well-established knowledge (!) of Trigonometric functions to anyone lucky enough to have 3rd period Trig. Class; one chicken heart, my half of a '61 Pontiac Tempest station wagon that has seen its better days and a rule book on "How to Be an Efficient Chaperone Without Really Trying" to m little (?) brother; and finally I leave an endless smile, one red carnation and my happiest memories of Albemarle to Geoff.

I, Sandy Rives, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave Larry Murray a chance to be with J.T. next year. I also leave the beaver an empty spot in their treasury in hope that they spend their own money next year to buy their own. I wish the best of luck to future athletic teams at Albemarle. I especially hope the coach will have someone to hold bags and try as hard as he can to get to play against N.B. Finally, I leave behind all my memories of the great times I have had at Albemarle, and I wish to offer my sincere gratitude to all the teachers in high school for teaching and tolerating us.

I, Jerry Michael Roach, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my locker to my hard working brother. I leave my ability in speaking French to Tim Lederman and hope he will be half the French student I was. I leave Wanda everything else esp. me. I leave thank goodness!!

I, Joseph K. Roach, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my outstanding intelligence, my participation in English class and my record of good behavior to Stephen W. Markwood, friend & love-one. (also my extra helping of spaghetti in the cafeteria). To Billy Moon I leave my seat on bus 62 and my friendship with Mr. Hurt.

I, Betty Roberts, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave to Bruce a pair of drumsticks, in case the teaspoons are needed elsewhere. I leave to Johnny, Edna (my pet football) hoping he'll

get a good kick out of her. To Mr. Snoddy, I leave my "Absence" knowing he will be brokenhearted (that I didn't leave sooner).

I, Carol Robertson, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my sister, Sandy, my unlucky knack for getting into trouble and to go with it, my skill in getting out of trouble. I also wish to leave her all my experiences good and bad so she can keep from making some of the disastrous blunders I made. I leave George Clark one well worn out pair of blue jeans with a heart shaped patch on the rear. To Alan Atwell I leave all my advice for a successful long life with (?). To Benny Powell I leave a pack of cancer sticks in the hopes he take the hint! To Margret Robins I leave many, many, many, many thanks for she knows what. Don't you Marg?! ### I also leave Marg Albemarle High School next year in the hope she enjoys its noisy halls, crowded buses and its- ah- other facets. To Ken, my brother, I leave a pack of gum in hopes he can get away with it as well as I did. If he doesn't I leave a pen and some paper.

I, James D. Robinson, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave the following possessions and skills to the following people. I leave my ability to stuff a basketball to John Pitts, to whom I also leave "my Daniel Boone vest". I leave my seat in Mrs. Sutherland's homeroom to anyone who thinks he can equal the feat of getting yelled at 7 times in 10 minutes. I leave to all my teachers a sigh of relief that they will share when I leave. I leave my locker to anyone who thinks he can equal the feat of stuffing ten overcoats and 1000 pennies in it. After all is said and done I (hopefully) leave.

I, Sylvia Rogers, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave all of the lockers at AHS to the underclassmen if they have the patience to get them open and all of the privileges that we didn't get and aren't going to get.

I, Karen Ruckman, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my one senior privilege of leaving first from the auditorium to any underclassman who can run fast enough. To Chuck the corner of Grady Ave. and Preston St. To Walt, Bonnie and Glenn, one Dickens Fizz and many more H R weekends. One censored copy of the Canterbury Tales to Mr. Turner. To David the knowledge that there's a college somewhere for everyone. And a round trip ticket to Ohio Wesleyan for Bonita.

I, Walt Salley, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave nothing, for having nothing I leave nothing.

I, James Earl Samsell, Jr., being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my locker #217, to the censoring of Mr. King. After this ordeal I leave my locker to the use of Carol Wade. All my good times and troubles I leave to the coming classes at Albemarle.

I, Bonnie Sandridge, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave Karen all our neckbreaking records from Crozet to Charlottesville in hopes that we'll have many more. To Lena, I leave an invite to Radford; to Claudia, good luck in solving all of next year's problems during lunch; to Barbara, Johnny; to Kathy, my seat in French class; to Greg, all the H. R. parties of the coming year; to Walter, an extra set of car keys; to Glenn, those good ole R.H., R.N., D.B. weekends; to all of next year's seniors, those horrible Monday mornings; finally to Mr. Turner I leave a big stack of poetry by Shelley and Keats.

I, Hollis F. Sandridge, Jr., being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my old football mouth guard to Dale White, my Billy club to Steve Remley, and my car to Barbara Jean Sandridge. Also, to Sandra Maclison I leave the keys to the blue 1964 GTO.

I, Ralph Sandridge, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my treasured seat in my flowery speech class to any would-be statesman, my honored seat at last lunch to any hungry soul, and my precious laughs in Mrs. Fantino's English class to any underclassman.

I, Glennys Sheppard, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave to future choirs more boys, to all underclassmen, the joys and sorrow of being a Senior, the anticipation of college life or anything that will give freedom from high school, to Bob, a hammer to smash glasses with, to Day, a little bit of seriousness, because he is always so cheerful, and to Tina, more parts in plays and lots of fun for her Junior and Senior years.

I, Fay Shifflett, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave to Mr. Raines, a clean desk; to Gloria, an editorial; to Wayne, a page; to Mary, a French book; and to Karen, closed curtains.

I, Kathy Shifflett, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my locker to anyone that can get it open, the Data Processing room to anyone that thinks he or she is smarter than a machine, and finally I leave the school and teachers to all future students at AHS.

I, Charles Christian Shoffner, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave an old, rusted out blues harp in the key of "A" to anybody who's got enough wind to blow it. To Mr. Turner I leave 1,063 cans of Dr. Zitt's Health Juice, containing 76 different fruit flavors. To Penny, I leave a Super-Tuff Wire Brush. To Mr. Gregory, I leave The Art of Self Defense by Ho Ling Fu; this text includes Karate, Savate, Jawara, and Speed Running. To Larry Murray I leave one "Dead Honda". To Mr. Ergler I bequeath and bequest Why Math Students Fail. I will to posterity one, old-timey, beat-up cowboy hat once worn by Montana gunslinger Zip Wyatt, and John B. Sebastian. To all the greedheads at AHS I leave a 17 lb. paper bag painted black! To Debbie Williams I leave the right-hand, front seat of a 1956 VW. To Liza I leave a personally trained man-eating pig. To the Highlight staff I leave Wile E. Coyote's Acme Indestructo Camera. To all the groobies, hippies and wailers I leave a box of convertible band-aids and a

life-time supply of pure oxygen. Finally, I leave with the Naz, and so I'm gone like a cool breeze.

I, George Christian Shoffner, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave A Guide to Better French Jokes by Andre Poulet to the French Dept. The English Dept. and Mr. Turner get a complete course of Grammar Made Simple. I leave my seat in 6th period Trig. To an innocent bystander who dares to question the power of an absolute value. To Mr. Gregory, I will my "Charles Atlas Tenso-Flex Body Building Kit", in the hopes that it works better for him than it did for me. My vast collection of mod, pop, op and ugly ties goes to Pam Dunn because I have 100 "rock and roll ties" and only 1 thin neck. The junior class merits my 5 lb. brown paper bag to be used in any and all academic emergencies. To Mrs. Fantino I bequeath a bottle of Geritol with all hopes of my appearance on Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour. A complete set of dead guitar strings is willed to my destitute guitar playing friends (and enemies), who have also the option of boiling them for soup. And to my immense army of fans and followers, I beg you to remember the battle of Agincourt on St. Crispen's Day. To all the rest I will cut on down the pike with the departing words: "To the Bastille!"

I, Linda Roberts Smith, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave a well warmed piano bench to Nina in order that she may keep it well used next year as the greatest accompanist in the history of AHS. To Lizzie I leave my well-used chorus folder, a pack of gum, and a note to get out of study hall. To Diane and Mary I leave a very crowded, noisy bus #71. I leave Mr. Gregory an automatic blind raiser and air freshener for room #107. To Mrs. Shaw I leave a roll of tape so that she can tape up all those noisy mouths in between pieces during class. I leave Mr. Raines a pack of rubber bands. To all those fortunate juniors who get Mr. Turner for Sr. English I leave a box of NoDoz and a great "witch". Most important, I leave to all underclassmen the most wonderful school and faculty and most understanding principal that anyone could ever ask for. And lastly, I regretfully leave.

I, Delmas Shifflett, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my nonforgotten books and my '57 Chevy to Opal and I leave Albemarle to the future of hope. I leave my bad memories to the teachers and my happy thoughts to my "friends".

I, Pam Snowberger, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my English notes to anyone who can read them. I leave my seat on the bus to Sheila and along with it a bottle of tranquilizers.

I, Shirley Jean Sours, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my baking utensils to Danny Mundy, my school spirit to Glenn Braham, my gloves at the University Stadium to Linda and Shirley Landes, five o'clock afterschool evening to Day Whitehead, my economic notes to Kathi Detamore and the last threads of my brains to my helpful brother.

I, Susan Southhall, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave to Margaret Robbins a lot of horse sense to be used in case book sense ceases to be the only way for decent grades in Albemarle. To Mr. Hurt I leave a large Jumbo box of “Kleenex Tissues” for those students who need “H-E-L-P” during the coming years at AHS. To all students of ’69; ’70; ’71 etc. I leave a quote: Don’t let anyone tell you different. You do need a Gov’t grade from Mrs. Beard to get a better job, unquote. Lots of luck to AHS and students.

I, Pam Story, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave to Kathi Detamore a sound proof elephant cage, “Guffy” and the color yellow; to Lonnie I leave 21 on Thursdays; to Walt Salley I leave South Carolina, knowing that he will make good use of it; to Billy I leave a tube of sky-blue-pink oil paint; to Lindsay Barnes I leave a desk with an arm rest on it in French class; to “Dum Dum” (Umdenstock) I leave a dog-eared danger flag taken from Jefferson Park Avenue; to Viv I leave a shoulder to cry on, Bennys, my Ann Landers type advice, a Shoney’s salt shaker, the “tank”, and many memories of a great year; to Dave I leave a “peach fuzz” and the Green Bay Packers; to Lloyd Anderson I leave my Ferrari Keys to my Ferrari which looks strangely like a VW; to Tom Berthold I leave “the Big Beat”, Positively 4th Street, and my extra ordinary skill at driving VWs; to Patsy Herring I leave one genuine-if not slightly used-revival, to Chris Schmeil I leave Bob Dylan Crusades; to Martha and Diane I leave a snaffle in the hope that they don’t get hit in the hock with a brick especially with a Pelham over one eye; to Jimena I leave many memories of a great year, the front seat (for a change) of my “bug”, a set of prearranged slightly shopworn signals, Thanksgiving and D.T., snow!!!, Lou and a pair of dark glasses to go with him, and your “lost summer” to water ski in; to Chile I leave a wonderful sister; to Debbie I leave a bodyguard, Lola—take extra specially good care of her-, TDJR, Glenmore, last summer, and one beat up blue crash helmet with white racing stripes; and to the Juniors I leave a fantabulous Senior year.

I, Steven Louis Steele, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my spirit that it might persuade these hallowed halls and hover over the heads of student and faculty alike unto eternity.

I, David Strauss, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave to the Beaver Club my Beaver earrings and my “memory” of their first Beaver party. To the upcoming football team I leave all those fun days of August. To Glenn Braham I leave my official Humpty-Dumpty costume. To Sara Barnes I leave her mighty algebra problems. To Kathi Detamore I leave my senior combat boots. To Nancy Strother I leave what’s left of my stomach!!! To Flubbie Smith I leave 100 tab tops to make 50 sets of Beaver earrings. To anyone who can clean it, I leave my faithful old locker. And to the Great Albemarle High School I shall leave!!!!

I, Joan Sullivan, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave all my knowledge of the twelve years of school to Becky Gibson so that she might do better than I did. I leave my very

comfortable seat on bus #35 to to Sue Viar in hopes that she finds it comfortable, too. I leave my seat in Economics class to anyone who dares to take Economics.

I, Darlene Swisher, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my locker to anyone who can screw the coat-hook back in place; Math Club to Chris; scribbled-on layout sheets to the next layout editor of the Peer in hopes he will never be plagued by day-before-the-deadline confusion; the lunch table to anyone who can fit five chairs into one side of a cafeteria table; one “Go-o-o-o-o-o Patriots” sign to next year’s basketball team; miner’s justice and an hour a day for work and play to Phillips, Doug, Teresa, Sally, and Bruce; hope for three more happy and successful years at AHS to Charlotte, and enjoy-every-minute-of-it attitude to all once and future Patriots; and wishes for happy and rewarding years ahead to all the SENIORS.

I, Sidney M. Tate, better known as Mack, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave Bus 18 to Sam and hopes he gets the heater fixed and have the holes in the floor and around the door plugged up so snow won’t come in when the wind blows. To all the students that ride 18 I leave you the headaches I have every morning and evening from the noise you make. Finally, but not forgotten, I leave all my Playboys, which I never got to look at, to Mr. Gregory whom I am sure will make good use of them.

I, Jerry Taylor, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave No. 77 and all the aches and pains that go with it, to anyone stupid enough to want it. I leave first base to anyone good enough to get it and smart enough to go out for baseball instead of track. I leave the distinction of being the worst Spanish student ever to no one, because no one will ever be as terrible as me again. Lastly I leave locker 277 to anyone who can find the combination.

I, Mary Lynn Taylor, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave memories of happily “married” days to Bruce Woodie, my key to room #308 to Barbra Sartin, and last but not least to Mr. “G”, I leave memories (happy and otherwise) of the greatest DECA Chapter in Virginia, the clubs of ’66 and ’67.

I, Alice Thomas, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave Denise Bickham a ski instructor, “Andy Pandys”, an yellow lollipops; to Vicki Grinstead lots of luck and my hair (when I get it out). I give Tom Berthold a balloon and a book of etiquette; Mr. Gregory all the parlez-vousing in the world; Rick Brandt a quiet study hall; Cindy Martin all the luck with Jerry, loads of fun this summer; Lynn Miller a bottle?...; Beverly Rollins, David; Mrs. McCormick lots of contest entry blanks, and a “thimble”; Jane Owen iron and ironing board; and Sue Walton a dry towel and all my records.

I, Bill Thomas, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my critical ability to Mr. Raines and what confidence I have to Mr. Vorhouer, who needs it. I also leave my fine sense of tact to Mr. King.

I, Linda J. Thomas, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave the good ole' memories and the crowded halls to Debra. I would like to leave "59" to Nina with lots of luck along with it. I leave my desk in English class to any unfortunate junior that happens to get it.

I, Linda M. Thomas, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my record books to Mable hoping she will have Mrs. Anderson.

I, Wayne Thomas, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave a basketball jersey, number 13 to Lowery Abel. Wear it in good health, brother; parking space 138 to anyone who is foolish enough to try to park in it with snow on the ground; my fifth period "sleeping chairs" to Verona; and I leave AHS to the mercy of Bruce and Danny.

I, Sue Thompson, being of a rather sound mind and body do hereby leave Mr. Simmons any boys he wants for "his" band and a lot of luck to go with it, Mrs. Shaw a section of well trained second sopranos, Mrs. Fantino a new set of peddles for her jeep, and to my sister Karen, I leave Albemarle High School and my senior privileges from DuVal High—maybe she can use them in 3 years.

I, Daniel Edward Tisdale, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my basketball ability to Mr. Raines. He needs them for next year. I'll give Bobby Coleman his baseball shoes back that I used last summer. Is there anyone who wants to buy a yellow AUXHALL 427 hemi head, four speed with one new tire? If so call 296-6680. It's about time to leave Albemarle.

I, Tom Titus, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave to Joe, one street gang membership card to the BARONS and one Hood B.W.; to Mrs. Flowers many pains from Gary Grim; to the sidewalk I leave some VW rubber; to Penny many shinny pennies; to Guy many honks; to Brayham many slimy Burgers; to Bobby Bare his gold golf tee; to Harold my insulated underwear; to Sandy his eggs and Mike his kegs; to Greg the Fresh Air Act; to Mr. Smith the liquid sodder that's jamming my locker; I leave my height and big feet to Robo; and to ALBEMARLE HIGH SCHOOL I LEAVE!!!!

I, Brenda Tomlin, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave all of the students who follow here after all of the fun, work, ability to meet new friends and very few unhappinesses I have had at AHS. To Lorraine Deane I leave my place on the basketball team and locker no. 13. To "Chipnie" I leave something I owe in debt. To Jonni Lou I leave it up to her to find a new ride on Friday afternoon. Now, I leave.

I, Martha Tullah, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave to Nancy, Feub and Debbie the whole library (6th period) and all the good times we had laughing and talking, to Judi Knight her senior year in hopes that it will be free of gossiping people, to Barry a little more power for his car going uphill, to Connie best wishes learning to drive so next time she gets the “urge” to go to market she won’t have to -----march, to Marjorie Ann a license and a car so she won’t have to ride one of those AWFUL YELLOW SCHOOL BUSES, and last but not least, to Gay Beitzel her last two years at AHS may now be spent in peace.

I, Annis Turner, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my seat on the crowded and dusty old bus to some unfortunate underclassmen. I leave my seat in Gov’t. class to the junior that would want it. I leave the noisy and crowded halls to Ann and all the other juniors.

I, Carol Umbdenstock, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave Denise Bickham all my animal cracker boxes, Andy Pandly and Donny. Joelle Denman wishes for a roommate with a beautiful yellow sweater but I leave her an ugly purple and orange one. Doug Davis a can of spray paint and a cop. Rick Brandt I leave a “Big Kiss” and a laugh. Terese Vascott the pool, Mr. Dettor, a broken whistle, and all of Smitty’s parties. Also a big UVA bully to pull off a “good” football jersey. Carol Geiger and “A” in chemistry and an organized and winning team, (so she won’t have a nervous breakdown). Jeannie Gay a new undershirt (with nothing written on it) and a pillow so you will have something soft to land on when you fall down. To my little sister, Kathy, all the trophies, gold medals and blue ribbons in the world. And now I leave the wonderful school AHS to all underclassmen.

I, Viv Vascott, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave to my “little” sister one very used 1955 Chevy tank and peace and quiet for a change; to Carol one slightly melted strawberry ice cream cone; to Pam the danger flag she never got and a yellow softball; to my brother, my highly esteemed place on the Peer staff, my Snoopy-dog, and a locker full of empty animal cracker boxes; to Rick and Deedee 6th period playtime; to Karen, 5 to 9 at Leggett’s ; to Walt the assurance that there’ll be one less “damn Yankee” neighbor to tolerate; to Ann I leave bumpy ice at Duke’s; to Kathy Caperton the salamanders; to Dave a Budweiser label and a Florida orange; to Jimena I leave the back seat of Pam’s VW; to Tom the songwriting talents of a Bob Dylan; I leave the Pep Club to anyone brave enough to tackle it; I leave the “Senior Lounge” in the middle of Senior Hall to the class of ’68; to Lonnie I leave the memory of being that good looking blond cheerleader in the middle; to Albemarle High School I leave the assurance that I will never return!

I, Jimena Vignola, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave the front seat of a black VW with red racing stripes to Vivian to enjoy it for the rest of her life; a monopoly fortune to Joelle who will “wittily” make use of it; turkey, roast beef ad tuna fish salad sandwiches to Steve, plus

the dinosaur tracks in my physics notebook, and since I'm on the subject I guess I'll leave it to some junior genius who will get something out of it; I also leave a good tasty carrot to Chris Rabbit whom I thank for my nice Eastern bunny eggs; to Stan I'll leave my mini-skirt since he looks so much more attractive than I do; to Fay I'll leave my government notes and to Sue my understanding of English notes; to Mr. Raines I'll donate a pair of crutches to "wear" when he feels fit to do so; to Betty Owen I'll leave the back of our algebra class, and to Walt a "birfday" greeting and a VW that goes 36 miles on a gallon of gas. John Barbour needs longer hair I've heard, so I'll give him part of mine, and Tom Berthold can keep the chili pepper. To Geoff and Kim I leave an open invitation to come to Chile to eat chili with beans; to the three witches I leave my part of Lady Macbeth which I can do without; as to Mrs. Evans I can't think of anything better than a calm quiet Physics class. The complaints of its hardships will stay with Mrs. Dofflemyer. To Kathy D, I leave an extra large pony to step on her, Chico, and to Pam besides horses and a saddle, a well trained German shepherd, this will be accompanied by all my love which goes to the whole Story family, the student body of Albemarle and its staff who have so much contributed to my happiness in this country. This same luck I leave to the next foreign exchange student.

I, Donnie Walker, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my pool table to Denise Bickham. I also leave all of my books to one who wants them, if anyone is that crazy.

I, Willis Wake, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my school supplies to those behind and to those who need help badly. To the poor and needy I shall donate my humor and sense of great direction. That's all folks! P.S. I almost forgot. To my Favorite English, Government, and I.C.T. teachers I leave good feelings, and happy days for them to live without their favorite student.

I, Dexter Williams, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave to Warren Earhart, three worn-out transmissions; to Tom Dempsey, 10,000,000 cigarettes; to Meg Steel, all the grapes at A&P in hopes she can do something constructive; to Rosemary Nefos – a franchise on U of Va.; to Becky Sandridge, 300 ft. of beer tab chain.

I, Jack Witt, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my well known and well used seat at the Cavalier to Holt Woodson. To Mr. G. the memories of our great trip to the fall rally and district. Also an empty seat in room 225 where I have spent many a third period sleeping. To Mrs. Blankenship a well used copy of the study guide for Oliver Twist.

I, Dan Wood, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave two feet of tab tops to Brad and a trip to the beach, to the faculty I leave the classes and my chair in Band to anyone who will have it. That sentence to Mr. Turner. One label from Ed Michtom's goes to Pam and is to be shared With TAN.

I, Judy Wood, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my parking space down by the football field, which seems to be a mile away on a cold windy day, to any

underclassman who doesn't get to school in time to get a closer place.

I, Medie Wood, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my parking space to all hide-and-peek lovers, Sara Addington's parties to all beavers, a concert B-flat scale in whole notes up and down to Mr. Simmons, the pom-pom routine to next year's squad.

I, Peggy Woodson, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave all the Juniors including my sister Roberta to the Senior teachers next year.

I, Iris Yowell, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave my seat on bus 29 to Kim and a pleasant thought for all AHS teachers that the last of this Yowell generation! I will locker 268 to Sharon and hope it opens without the master key.

I, Tom Zimmer, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bestow unto AHS the golden palomino.

AND LAST OF ALL

We, two Juniors, being of insane minds and crippled fingers do hereby leave to the Seniors the pleasure in knowing that two Juniors had to type 250 Last Wills and Testaments. M.A.T. & G.E.H.

To the Class, please forgive any typos that I made in retyping this for our 60th birthday web site (I tried to stay true to the original text – typos included)....some pages of my copy were missing (32-34) so hopefully someone will have those so we can have a complete Last Will & Testament from 1967 - Elis