

# Senior Last Wills Revealed ; Leave

I, Danny Alfred, will to TN teachers, all knowledge I have gained from their numerous mistakes and blunders. I forfeit this knowledge so as to better our teachers.

I, Denise Andre, will to Charlene Frazee, good memories of Pom Pen practice; to Claudia Bain, Pom Pens; to Lorry Curry, my divine will power to diet.

I, Sharon Biscarro, will to Vicki Lenci, my coordination for gym and to Claudia Bain, my Communism notes. And to all Terra Nova teachers, my little brother.

I, Kathy Booth, will to Jon Badaracco, all my used Communism notes for Mr. Coder's American Problems class, because believe me, you'll need them.

I, Karen Boyington, will to Charlene Frazee, all my great skills in P.E.; to Linda Shultz, another year of dieting at lunch time; and to Puff, I give my powder.

I, Mike Brown, will to The Executive Board, one copy of the Student Record; Andrea Drake a Kun Zipper; Kathy Favca, a calloused index finger; Deirdra Kennedy - Carl Dupcan.

I, Bob Brun, will to Ede Carlson, my Senior Class King, and all my notes so she can pass the next two years with straight A's.

I, Cameron Buckle, will to Jim Liehallen, my old swimming trunks; to Jon Badaracco, my Hawaiian disease; and to Bill Grumm, my frog fins.

I, Wayne Cardelli, will to Jerry (The Bear) Olsen, my football skills, my chipped tooth (which he chipped) and my old left football cleats.

I, Ede Carlson, will to Jack Jones and Bob Scopinich, all those glassy early mornings before school and all my forged absence notes, for when we didn't get out of the water in time.

I, Kathy Chesebro, will to my cousin, Cliff Williams, all my good grades, so that he might graduate in 1967; and to Mrs. Reynolds, my assorted variety of used textbooks, which I know she wants.

I, Jacki Cole, will to Vicki Lenci, all the trips to Valisnar she can afford.

I, Ronnie Coleman, will to Mona Hart, a black Mustang with yellow polka dots; Jeannie Bendik, my lapreannaun powers; John Cunningham, my hurdling form; Jerry Olsen, my old cast.

I, Carol Cooper, will to Cliff Cooper, all of my books and ABC gum that has collected on the bottom of my desks through the years of high school.

I, Linda (Rocker) Cooper, will to Candy Troy, my happiness, my absences, and all the fun possible next year.

I, Ann Cunningham, will to Jeannie Bendik, the Track Team the Cross Country Team, Coach Lanterman, and all the wonderful times I've had. Also to

Mr. Lanterman, my six brothers

I, Sharon Day, will to Lynn Outcomb, my first Obso seat; Class of '66, awards we won't be here to win, to kids lucky enough to have him - Mr. Glacstein.

I, Maurveen Delusha, will to my "dear friend", Kathy Sullivan, my rusty, dirty, old, outside locker, so she, too, can be cold and miserable during the cold and freezing winter months.

I, Augenia Dignon, will to Ann Saeco, all the fun I had in my Senior year and all the work I had in Office Practice, when I had it.

I, Leigh Doga, will to Vicki Lenci, Willie Waale, lots of laughter, and lots of P's for her serious study of corny music in Chorus next year.

I, Linda Elared, will to Pam Reagan and Fat Henry, the U.A.A. I hope they can keep it out of the red and make it even better than it was this year.

I, Janine Doyle, will to Judy Erker, all my old Communism notes.

I, Allan Fadenrecht, will to all my great YFC friends, the best of everything in high school, plus the blessings of a new club president.

I, Karen Fanning, will to the Terra Nova Tigers, my teachers, books and plenty of homework. Do your work and take it from me, listen!

I, Greg Fassler, will to Ken Drake, my original "Allen Burg Sportcoat" with the label, too; to the Terra Nova Library, my first publication of "The James Bond of Terra Nova"; to all my fellow sand-sliders at Pedro - "Good Luck."

I, Linda Diane Figone, will to Carol Figone and all her wild little group, all the teachers I ever had, the smoking lot we don't have, the lovely swimming pool, all the nice exercises you lucky bums get to do for a few more years (you nope), and last but not least, all my "A" papers that you probably will need.

I, Kathleen Frank, leave my prized possessions to Mrs. Nootta (my dirty, old, holey knee-socks and my old, used shorthand notebooks).

I, Paula Gagnon, will to my sister, Peri, my sleeveless gym blouse and all my notes; and a page of my shorthand notebook to the underclassmen in sixth period shorthand.

I, Ken Gello, will to Pat Henry, all the luck a Senior Class can have; to John Henry, I leave my pole-vaulting pole so he can clear 15 feet as a Junior.

I, Peggy Glabride, will to Jeff and Brenda, all my Communism notes and tests from Mr. Coder's class, and to all Seniors of '66, the fun and excitement of your last

year at T.N.

I, Leslie Goranson, will to my brother, Arne, and my incoming brother, Colin, Mr. Coder's ability to talk for hours, unceasingly, about nothing; to Cindy Komegay, the pay telephone, on which she can talk to all her boyfriends.

I, Ralph Goss, will to the Junior class, my outstanding knowledge as a leader among students on and off the campus, my unsurpassed ability to think and get in time of crisis; to all my sap friends who sponged off my scholastic achievements.

I, Marilyn Gottlieb, will to Andrea Drake, my job as TN columnist; to my brothers: Allan, nothing (he has everything), and David, my clean locker, because he needs it.

I, Ed Harrison, will to the Juniors, Mr. Coder (poor souls).

I, William Heinsle, will to Mr. Lanterman, my full and complete collection of used track spikes, plus a pair of track shoes of priceless value. Being of sound mind and unphysically fit, I leave this world a failure.

I, Cathy Henkel, will to Mr. Hinkle and Dr. Tonini, six years of two more Henkels.

I, Jeannie Janson, will to Miss Ott, "Linda Applemunger," to Miss Nobel, her long-sought bus ticket to Hawaii; to Kathy Martin, my last piece of gum; and to the class of '66, a successful Senior year.

I, Mel Jones, will to incoming Seniors, all my pages of American Problems notes--both of them.

I, Jennifer Kalabolas, will to Ignore Jimmy Sue, Herm, Dork, and Erk the Jerk, all my possessions, teachers, and the school.

I, Albert Kallogg, will to Mr. Trimble, the radio that I am building (if it doesn't work) in hopes that he can figure the whole mess out (I hope not).

I, Linda Kopic, will to my sister, Maria, the best of luck in the years to come.

I, Gonnie Kufeld, will to Sharon Meyers, Mr. Coder and Mr. Fisher, my deteriorated gym clothes and all the fun, excitement and sorrow of my Senior year; to Howard Feight, I will my sister; to the Junior class, I will a wonderful Senior year.

I, Janis Kudrovzeff, will to Mr. Gross, all my sisters and brother for the next twelve years.

I, Terry Rose Ledel, will Dan Schaffer, my good luck; to Cliff Wiseman, a brand new work shirt; to Murphy, nothing.

I, Raymond Louis Anthony Lenci I, will to Claudia Bain, all my love and affection. May she use it in the best of health.

I, Lani Leonard, will to Virginia Coill, my pleasing disposition (it couldn't get any

worse); to Mr. Whalen, my singing voice (lots of luck, you need it).

I, Gary Lester, will to Ruth, all bubble gum stuck under my desk in math class.

I, James Kevin Holts, will to Steve Govednik, one book bill for \$9.80 and a plastic bag, dynamite cap, posin oak flowers, bottle of Lodine (tastes good with cookies) and a car of gas and matches.

I, Fanny Mao, will to all upcoming freshmen, sophomores, and Junior swimming officials, all the fun we had in getting thrown into the pool in our gym clothes.

I, Greg Molain, will to Dave Patterson and Tom Ortega, Dan Logan and Bill Grumm to be shared equally, all the TN girls I am not taking with me when I leave.

I, Charvy Michalske, will to my brother, A.J. Michalske, all my good grades so he can pass and get out of ninth grade. All my tests and homework papers, too.

I, Don Montgomery, will to all the surfers in the school, my sandy trunks, sore knees, chafed knees, dead knots, pinching zippers, and my beach.

I, Tom Morrow, will to Gancy Stewart, my attentiveness in American Problems; to Dave Stevens, my Monday morning moods; and to Chuck Gust, my anxiety to graduate.

I, Mike Myer, will to Steve Dowsett, all the spare parts to my Honda, and to Nancy, best wishes for a great senior year.

I, Stan Obney, will to Ken Drake, my inflatable surfboard, which can be bolted to a car top, my satin dancing sandals, and the rest of my 5 oz. bottle of Man-tan.

I, Deanna Maria O'Connor, will to the Junior Class all the wild times we had rehearsing for the Senior Class play, and the ability to carry on the tradition successfully.

I, Sandy O'Neil, will to Judy O'Neil my civics teacher; Mr. Coder (who I hate to leave), all my books and half written papers, all broken pencils and pens with no ink, and all dirty gym clothes, especially shoes.

I, John Pattarann, will to the Junior Class, my American Problems notes so they don't have to do anything next year, and a soft chair to my posterity.

I, Lola Picilla, will to Becky Thomassen, all the space available in the locker room; Mrs. Bourrell, a box of Kleenex, with someone to borrow it!!

I, Tom Pods, will to Carole and Helen, Miss Sato; to Gail and Nancy, Mr. George; and to the undergraduates, the luck I had in getting the wrong teachers.

I, Joyce Read, will to Ed Arellano, a 100 lb. dumbbell; Idea Kibblewhite, a muzzle; Bev Purdger, a back