

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT



ONE LAST THING . . . Before they leave, the Seniors gather to make their Last Will and Testament.

I, Katie Jo Lawrence, leave in a somewhat sane mind, all the many fine conversations I've had with the newly promoted Lt. Poole and his famous line: Keep Smiling.

I, Margie Worthington, leave the FUN(!) and "very joy" of Creative Dramatics to Lane Turner, who is going to need it!

I, Charlie Sloan, leave my famous HOOP WALK to all those cool cats who dare to try to do it!! Also, the great Second Tradition to all our Second Penick Weenies so that they can carry it on.

I, Norma Screws, leave my ability to accept an original last name to Melba Heflefinger with hopes that she has as much fun with it at parties as I did.

I, Nancy Booe, leave to Martha Kelly, my dress and all its problems from Freshman-Sophomore.

To the New York trippers of next year I, Susanne Owens, leave 8 Harvy Walbangers and my supper on the rug of my room in the Plaza and a picture of me in the act.

I, Jane Rawls, leave all my troubles to Mr. King.

I, Harriet Matthews, leave to Katherine Blankenship my last dollar to buy her lunch with and to stay away from my bad luck.

I, Charlotte Cameron, hereby do leave my book *How and Why to Break Rules at St. Mary's* to Cathy Miller and Mary Ann Elliott, two girls who need a few lessons.

We, Nancy Booe and Nancy Bryant, leave to Candy Bunn, Cathy Martin and Marcia Neely, one wild weekend at O.D., in hopes that they will have nerve enough to take it!

I, Cam Young, leave Monte Lowe and all the other jocks to Martha Kelly—Love and support them and you will be greatly rewarded!! To whoever is fool enough to be counselor on 3rd Smedes, I leave all the backtalk, sass, illegals, and loud music from the high school girls.

I, Ann Lewis, leave to my sister two years at St. Mary's to use as she sees fit.

I, Nancy Booe, leave to Nancy Bryant a free weekend at O.D., in "room #2" with Corky.

We, Charlotte Cameron, Laurie Frazier, Ellison Armsworth, Jaynie Milligan, and Susan Rogers leave the 5-girl room to anyone who thinks they can live in it.

I, Jaynie Milligan, leave Angela Nankin one year of Stanley's hot fun.

We, Susan Rogers and JoAnn Nance, leave French—for good!!

I, Susan Rogers, leave Ellie Page in hopes that she has learned that absence makes the heart grow fonder—??

To Valerie Tullai, I Margaret Wheeler, leave my wonderful tennis skills.

I, Margaret Wheeler, will Libby Baker (who is a couple feet taller than I) my ability to be a "big" star.

I, Liz Prisleau, do hereby will to Val Tullai, my little sister, my sincere hope that next year will offer better prospects for decent blind dates and to Emma Harvin my love of grape candy.

I, Kathryn Scott, do leave Lynn Clark an extended invitation for lunch in hopes that she will accept someday.

I, Melissa Falkner, Leave my little sister Beth Beale one well-used table in the library

with hopes that she will remember our conversations and time wastings there.

I, Roland Elliott, leave to Emma Harvin my ability to be "out for a glass of lunch" many times.

I, Harriet Matthews, leave my friendly early morning ability to Cathy Miller all day long.

I, Sugar Cheshire, leave my ability to be under the pastre table to the next year's New York trip.

I, Roland Elliott, leave my position of honorary study hall member to Mary Anne Elliott in hopes that she will keep up the family tradition!

We, Liz Prioleau and Roland Elliott, leave Room #215 to "Partner" and "Martini" in hopes that they don't get as many bruises as we did by bumping into each other, and also with our greatest sympathy.

I, Roland Elliott, leave my "partner" Candy Bunn with hopes that she gets a serious tennis partner to help straighten out all the laughing on the courts.

We, Susanne Owens and Roland Elliott, leave our little "secret" with love to Cathy Martin and Candy Bunn.

I, Roland Elliott leave Emma Harvin the book entitled *101 Ways to Start a Fire!!*

I, Roland Elliott, would leave to my little sister, Lindy Edwards my good looks, but she doesn't need them.

I, Dixie Fields, leave my Tick jokes to Cathy Martin in hopes that she will get more appreciation of them than I did.

We, JoAnn Nance and Ellie Page, leave our

"card parlor" to the 73-74 occupants of room 219 in hopes that they enjoy their "Spades" as much as we do.

I, Alice Dockery, do leave my calm personality and placid manners to Sydney Jessups because, you never know when you're due for a change.

We, Alice Dockery and Julia Mellen, do leave our string of unused overnights to the freshman class. There are still enough for everyone.

I, Beverly Wheeler, leave all the headaches and joys of being Secretary-Treasurer of the day Students to Mary Dombolis and hope she has plenty of aspirin handy.

I, Yit Liverman, will to Nancy Geoghegan one bowl of chocolate pudding every day in hopes that she will get tried of it.

I, Sandy Clarke, leave to her sister Lynn the blanket permission from her parents which she finally got last week.

We, Sandy Clarke, and Laura Crews, leave Miss Duncan peace and quiet—and lots of worries!

I, Gray Maynard, leave my job as Senior Warden to Neal Johnson and Dr. Pisani's handkerchief to wipe away the tears and to first Penick the job of keeping B.H. in line next year when I'm in Chapel Hill.

I, Nature Armstrong, will leave . . . and will also leave her shingles to all the roof tops at St. Mary's.

I, Leigh Ann Raynor, leave to Mary Dombalis my true wit and dry humor, since she obviously has none of her own, and any extra