

Last Will and

We, the Class of 1946, being (all other opinions and evidence to the contrary) of sound mind; having a sincere desire to bequeath properly to those who survive us not only the age-old traditions which they, too, will undoubtedly guard in the approved blood-thirsty manner . but our very heart's blood, the things which have made our class what it is; and knowing full well that, while succeeding classes may lose all semblance of reason in the course of following in our exalted footsteps, at least we have given our all; do hereby set forth these, our bequests.

To Mr. Adams we leave a brand new assortment of seniors' weird and battered old jalopies on which he can feast his eyes from his office window.

To Miss Higgins we leave, for her blackboard, a complete list of words taken from an original combination of hieroglyphics, Sanskrit, and ancient Zulu, and we defy future scholars to pronounce them!

To Miss Pitcher we leave a goldembossed ledger having only a credit side and bearing the inscription "Life Can Be Beautiful," in memory of the brilliant financial record of the departing class.

To Mr. Perry we leave several dozen easy chairs for the numerous energetic workers and decorative loafers who habitually haunt his room after school.

To Mr. Remcho we leave a generous amount of raw beef for the feeding of next year's ferocious, bone-crushing football team. (Also we leave a supply of "Air-wick" for the chemistry lab.)

To Mrs. Stocker we leave several bottles of liniment and sufficient bandages for those who fall by the wayside, and for such as are not so strong as we were, a selection of the best marble tombstones.

To Mr. Callaghan we leave a padded gym and a special hospital staff for use at the next alumni game. (We'll be there, never fear, with our blackjacks and pocket-knives.)

To Mr. Millwater we leave a twin brother to take care of all the millions of extra jobs and favors he has always done for the departing class.

To all faculty members having senior classes we leave: