

NORTHWESTERN SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

The last will and testament of the Class of 1970 in which students leave their treasured trash to teachers and friends.

I, Robert Aaron, bequeath to all the people who like to break glass the permission to do so in their own home; to all those who can't otherwise find security in themselves - two J's and a tab; to nonindividuals, I bequeath all conformity; and to all my teachers - all the laughs I got from expected reactions.

I, Thomas a'Becket, being of sound body and questionable mind leave my three year portfolio on the fairer sex at Northwestern to David Blake in hopes that he will even outdo me during the course of his stay.

I, Carole Allen, give to the Girls' Phy.Ed Dept., one slightly used gym suit that never fitted; to Ann S. my poise and coordination; to Mr. Hailey, all my never used negatives and one daisy; and to Miss Robinette, my beads (she likes hippies).

I, Witzapizza, Ayendez, leave to Trish a bottle of diet pills; to Richard S., I leave a carpet for his van; to Freddie T., I leave my beautiful way of saying "Hi!"; and to any junior my fabulous jokes!

We, The 'Back Row Four' of the Bird, Zing, Mother Lare, and Uncle Bin do hereby leave four thoroughly warmed (and worn) seats in the back of Mrs. Seab's 3rd period POD along with our publishing rights to any of our infamous 'History' books to any four rummies who feel they can take our place. To Miss Helen Roe, our former History teacher, we leave four daffodils, a set of Tidbits, a lot of fond memories, and our deepest respect, love, and appreciation for making us what we are.

I, Donna Ball, bequeath to Pam Brown my parking space and Oxon Hill Golf Course; to Sue Brooke, Student Ass't. in the Health Room 6th period, so she can change the sheets on Fridays.

I, Earlene Prezzi, otherwise known as Boom Boom, being of sound mind and lots of body do bequeath to Bobby Pottier, a night at Clancy's, to Bob Potts, a free dance lesson; to Harold Knouse, a pair of blue shades to match his eyes in the summer; to Jim 'Hotdog' Gowin, his own firetruck and all the fun we had; to Ray Proctoe, happiness; to Mark Rose a 'Herbie' doll; and to Junior Boom, good health.

I, Brian Brooks, being of questionable mind, bequeath to future students of Mr. Phillips, my little red book of class orders.

I, Joyce Brosnahan, being of unquestionably sound body and semi-brilliant mind do hereby bequeath heartfelt wishes that the government in general and Prince George's County in particular, get their respective excuses for educational system straightened out in the very near future.

I, Candi Brown, leave Northwestern, my name and what it stands for, along with love, peace, and understanding.

I, Sheila Burke, leave all my problems, and worries to Northwestern, because I can't afford to have them after I graduate.

I, Jean Bury, being of large mouth, do hereby bequeath Taryn Caruso (alias Sharon Caruski) the body of one Bill Spalding, a bottle of peroxide to bleach her hair blonde, my tonsils,



orthopedic shoes, and a pet possum. To my dear brother, Robert, I leave my car. To Linda Price, Tom Richard's ear plugs. To Mr. Bozzella, Mr. Tyden, and dear Mr. Simon, I leave 1000 birthday kisses and Karyn to deliver them.

We, Peggy Callahan and Sue Hughes, bequeath to Chris Klotz a senior year of fun and luck, to Mr. 'B', the joy to look forward to having two more "great" student assistants someday in the future, and to "Dear" Mrs. Cabbage we leave the memories of the "Bobbsie Twins" and one bottle of Cold Duck.

I, Vernita Cain, being of sound mind and beautiful body (?) bequeath to Stephanie Gillespie all thousand cheat notes from Mr. Bailey's 3rd period class and to Stephen Jackson my beautiful psychedelic locker.

I, Sara Callaway, to Lesley Roman, I give my useless French notes and two Twinkies; to "Gal of Berkshire" and Keith, I bequeath the track and my hidden talent; to Carol O'Donnell I leave the Boy's gym, 5 basketballs and one old typewriter.

We, Leslie Carrick and Bill Ritchie, bequeath to Margie Lee and Chris Paris, one V.W. Camper, with the back seat down????

I, Leslie Carrick, bequeath to Larry Van Brakle and Richard Fleshman 4,352 sheets of typewriting paper, used. To Scott Stith, one used "Lion in Winter" set and to next year's Senior Historian one messed up bulletin board that seems to grow and shrink when it feels like it.

I, Charlie Caswell, being of no body and questionable mind do hereby leave my 3 broken tennis rackets and a dead tennis ball; to Ruth Gordy I leave - my love and to Donna Henley my 3½ kids. I leave Mr. Chappell 60¢ for 6 phone calls. To my father, I leave Tinc, Dean and Dean Ting, and I leave me - me.

I, Michael Lee Cockran, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath to Bill, Don, and Bob, one giant size continental style pancake with green whipped cream; to Kathy 10 magnums of Cold Duck; to Ginny I leave one slightly used and pounced Don Moore; to Mr. Chappell and Mrs. McMillen a full pot of coffee for each from the Pancake House; to two of my many sisters, Debby and Denise, I leave one often dropped venetian blind; to Chris I leave a Guppy; to Beverly a gob with a swab; to our new Mother, Mrs. Hattingley, I leave the ghosts of the watched boys in the back of room 315; to Capt. Theobald and Chief Tarasuk I leave one football and a life time supply of Playboy Magazine Calendars; to June I leave a trunk full of short shorts; and again to Kathy Uber I leave (whether she likes it or not) - me.

We, the Senior Compass members bequeath to Miss Silverstein and her '71 staff: Compass feet, nautical copywriters, bathtubs to develop pictures, a bugging system, 20 bathroom passes, a portable sandbox, a competent editor, a map to the dark room, an on-time supplement, keys for a non-kleptomaniac staff, and Ira, Jr.

We, (the people of the lunch table next to the outside door during 1st lunch), Conni, Joe, Robin, Andi, Mitza, Pat, and Carole, leave our clean table to the sweet innocent girls that are so clean mouthed, quiet and enjoy cleaning up after themselves. We bequeath this with honor and dignity.

I, Teresa Dixon, bequeath to Mrs. Crane all my gum and the rest of her years at North-western better than they have been in the last two years.



BEQUEST - 3

We, Chris DeWire, Roberta Krouse, and Suzanne Mundell bequeath to Mr. Taub all our used shorth and pads, books, erasers, and carbon paper to be used at his discretion with future secretarial students; and to Mrs. Mattingly the three hallowed seats filled with three hollow heads in the right corner of her fifth period English Class.

I, Linda Durham, hereby bequeath to Elani Knarr, two band-aids to use for a bathing suit. Plus the price sticker off my surfboard and a cake of orange dirty wax so you can play "surfer" and wax the sticker.

I, Linda East, in unsound mind and broken body, do hereby bequeath to Mrs. Prince's room the fragrance of hydrogen sulfide in the hopes that more students will follow me in my attempts of making green-eyed people-eater clathrates.

I, Pam Eastman, do hereby bequeath to Mr. Walsh a permanently chartered TMA bus and an endless supply of films; to Mr. Burns, a box of colored chalk so Jack O. Pennybacker's graffiti can be even more colorful; to Mrs. Burnstein, a very large bottle of aspirin and fond memories of fifth period; and to Mr. Richardson, a parrot to keep in his bookroom who knows only six words: "You are not capable of love..."

I, Vickie Edwards, hereby bequeath to Chris Healy my sister's special dress. also in future years, to my sister, Debbie, I bequeath Northwestern.

I Wayne Edwards, being of sound (?) mind and body, do hereby bequeath to Charley Kramer all my luck with girls, and to the incoming sophomores, Mrs. Basil, the hardest of them all.

The Emmell Twins bequeath to our sister, Cindy, two years of Jimmy Bausch to herself every morning and afternoon. Also to Mindy King from Theresa Emmell and Maureen McDonald our lovely lunch table and our dirty gym socks.

I, Robin Esham, bequeath to Mr. Riggins future student assistants one well used swivel chair which squeaks when leaned back in, and to Mr. Riggins a student assistant who does student assistant !

I, Bev Faxon, leave to Paul Greenberg the lovely goodbye tradition we tried to start; to George at lunch, the mellow outlook that comes with being old; to future male staff members on Nor'wester the innocent wall paper that so inspired the staff of '70; to Ann Strickling, my editor's grin, a bullwhip, and my sympathy; and to little Ort, my love.

To "Big bad wolf Bond," we, the "four little pigs" bequeath all the trash in the school to put on his clean floor. (One question before we leave: Why didn't you just "huff and puff" and blow all the trash away?)

I, Frank Frazzano, being of unquestionably sound character, bequeath to Mr. Taub the total of 56 gum wrappers to be used in the memory of his favorite second period class.

I, Sue Ann Gallagher, do bequeath to Kathy Miller, Ann Green, Jane Whalen, and Karen Hinton, one full moon of April, 1969; to Ann Green and Chris Anderson, one well worn telephone book, a pair of well soled shoes, and many tanks of gas, a bottle of Excedrin, and plenty of patience to sell Compass advertising.

We, Judy Gaylor, John Haight, and Cindy Smith, do hereby bequeath to Mr. Chappell all the fun and games we participated in at his expense during sixth period.



BEQUESTS - 4

I, Kris Gilbertson, leave to Janet White a guitar, to Margaret Rourke, a song of Binnalce; to next year's NBC, my Eggbert scripts, and to Robert Tenny 13 lollypops for his mermaid; Honk leaves to Beep: "Easy to be Hard", purple gardenias, kites, Feb. 12, picnic tables letters, broken jelly bean bags, storms, peanuts, love thanks, puns, fried eggs, flowers and neighbors.

To, three of the Harper's Ferry Five, I, Tom Gillespie, leave for Dean Mace some coats, a railroad trestle; for Pam McComb, a graveyard, Maryland Heights, and John; For Linda Marders, a greasy railroad track, and her place. Also for all of them, some great memories of beer cans; to my teachers: Miss Liberty, I leave my next door neighbors, also some incriminating pictures of her at the senior prom; Miss Roe, all the green magic markers in the world; Mrs. Cox, my journalistic talent; Mr. Caldwell, all my drafting advice; also a locker #3802 which Mr. Cleveland doesn't like. To the world a phrase, "Ah go and eat a pickle."

We, Tom Gillespie, and Randy Leonard, do hereby bequeath to sophomore Linda Coffman a sincere wish that she will never see another pair like us, to David Stockton, we leave the largest combat boot in the world for him to put in his mouth; to junior Diane Havas we give a popped "G" string and a big bang bang; to Pam McComb we leave 2001 beer cans rolling down a hill in Harpers Ferry; to Linda Marders we give 100 close-up pictures of herself; to Bob Johnson, we leave a bigger than life size poster of Mr. Caldwell; to Mr. Reed and Mr. Young we leave one free crash course in public speaking with the Vice President as instructor; To Mrs. Lacy we leave.... the office; to Miss Roe we give a box of tacks to drop in her six period class; To Mrs. Cox we leave two juniors to follow our tradition of greeting her "first thing in the morning", to Mr. Cleveland we leave a basket of notes signed 3'02; to Mr. Skeete we leave a ink pad that is now worn out.

We, Louise Gresham and Penny Pierrot, leave to next year's Memories Girls, an old tablecloth, millions of pieces of used tape and staples, a lot of criticisms, and a great deal of pity.

I, Allan Griebenow, now being of sound mind, usually, do hereby bequeath to Mr. Bond 17½ cartons of cigarettes for the inevitable day he starts smoking again.

I, Dorthy Hansen, leave to the other students of Northwestern all of the teachers who have taught me what I did not want to learn and to Saundra Stevens I leave our dirty lunch table.

We, Cathy Hanlein, and Lorri Muller, being of questionably sound mind and body do hereby bequeath to: Mr. Caldwell, many more great classes like fourth period and at least two girls to do his bullentin board for him; to Brad Gold, "G-O-L-D"; to Mike Cochran, a permanent job as a window opener-upper; to Ronni France, 20 A's and a drawer full of erasers and hall passes; to Danny Holt, a spare senior courtyard; and to all of Mr. Caldwell's future classes as wonderful a year in Mechanical Drawing as we had.

We, Keith Harmon and Dave Harris, being of sound minds and masculine bodies, bequeath to Pat "yo-yo", Merryman, one firehouse siren button, which he may push at any time, regardless of what the Fire Boards say.

I, Henry Duke Hoffman, hereby bequeath one trip to Ocean City to Elain Knarr, and Miss Liberty to Jimmy Wolfrey, and Jerry Dankos.

I Sue, Holmes, bequeath to Ned Williams one gold studded hair net to wear when he scoops ice cream.



## BEQUESTS 5

I, Mark Jackson, bequeath to my sister all the fun you can possibly get out of high school. And the knowledge you will later use in life, have fun and learn what studying is.

I, Debbie Johnson, bequeath to Linda Herndon and Linda Bryant their very own Fairy-Berry Bush; to Beth Jeffrey my seat at the lunch table; to Mrs. Fiste a large bottle of Excedrin for her struggle with my two brothers and myself; to my brother Bob my parking space; to Will Craig - Jenmy!

I, Bonnie Kabran, bequeath to the class of '71 all the hassles of a high school education. To Ron Page and Mr. Miller I leave the Key Club. To Mr. Taub I leave one unused make-up exam.

I, Deborah Jane Kaiser, do hereby bequeath my 10 turtles, my 4 Polecats, my 10 Gorillas, and my 17 Roadrunners to Deborah Carrick; to John Steware, 10 Bic's to be used in future battles; to Senora Fiste a bunch of flowers to be delivered daily by William Cross; to Ken McCleary 1-4-3-; to Mr. and Mrs. R.A.S., many thanks for everything.

I, Harold Knouse, being of a "Mr. Atlas" body and a not so good mind hereby bequeath to the "Gang" all the Friday nights we couldn't go out, to my brother the dream of being Capt. America riding an Easy Rider cycle, to Mr. Phillips all my rowdy marks to give to the forth-coming seniors, and to Mr. Gilligan a spiral notebook full of math homework.

I, Marcine Krebs, leave to Marcia Jurvelin my never-ending homework (with my deepest sympathy), and to Sandy Waldecker, Louise Gresham, and Harriet Kelsey, a potato chip.

I, Casey Henry Kuehn, being of sound mind, do leave.

I, Sandi Lamond, of sound mind and body (?) do hereby bequeath to Lenny Kola a squirt gun that works and a 52¢ refund. To Stephanie Wagner a date with JF and an almost instant replay of the summer of '69; and finally to Jimmy Walden, I leave a life-long supply of arguments and a new bumper for his green LeMans.

I, Jean Lee, being of sound mind, hereby leave Miss Perkins one pair of used pom-poms valued at \$4.69, an ejector seat for alarmed passengers in her Jaguar, and many years of fun to come; to Ed Bacon and to Northwestern, "memories."

I, Vickie Lemon, sometimes called Midget by my unstable friends, being of a questionable state of mind and too much body do hereby leave the following: to Mr. Reed, I leave Northwestern, to Raz I leave the plans for my new doll house (good luck Raz), to Peggy Dudley I leave Miss Liberty and one slightly used Marx's Communist Manifesto to Mr. Pfaender, I leave one slightly used Handbook to Mrs. Haynie and Mrs. Newman and Mrs. Mountjoy, I leave you all memories of me; to Pam Mountjoy good luck (you need it) to Mrs. Haynie I also leave a box of Nikoban, to Miss Silverstein I leave my best wishes, (one of the best teachers Northwestern has) to Mr. Skeete and Mr. Wynkoop I leave two fake beards in case they shave theirs, to Karyn Caruso my advice: "Keep cool chick." And finally I leave Northwestern with my fondest memories. IT WAS AN EXPERIENCE I'LL NEVER FORGET.

I, Randy Leonard, do hereby bequeath to Pam McComb the job of historian of the hotel club; to Rachel Leibovitch I bequeath Bob Usher. To Dean Pace a place in the Harpers Ferry Five, to Linda Coffman a name other than that of Linda, to Ann Green and Kathy Miller a bowl of unspillable punch, to some lucky junior my locker complete with decorations, to another unfortunate junior my job as publicity manager of Nor'wester,



I, Judy Jackson, being of fine mind and finer body, do hereby bequeath to Linda Haught: the sound of "I'm on the outside looking in" echoing through the halls one pair of ~~blinds~~ blinds providing she keeps them closed, a fly swatter because those flies can be hell and a car she musn't jump out, unless it's parked. I also leave her all the good times and fond memories at Northwestern, and last, I leave her the "Band Jobs." To Charlie Johnson, at his begging request, I leave a case of schlitz which I don't have. I also leave his "Hee Hee's" to whoever gets laughs from it as I did. To Donnie Everstine, I leave my motherly nature that has kept us together all these years and the park days. To Billy Hubbard, I leave the memory of me, and all the good? influence it might have. To Karen Canuse, I leave all the memories and the antics of "Wilbur and Cem Miller." To Mike Diguiseppe I leave my love and laughter for his munskin Mayor talk. I ~~also~~ leave him the purple and grey shirt that he never gave me. To the Football team I leave my love to all of you and best wishes. I will never forget you all, and the tears, laughter and upset stomach this football season bought me. A lot has changed since then, but the memories are still there. And finally, I leave to my teachers a deep appreciation for be ing there, with special thanks to Mr. Chappell.

I, Conmi Hutson, bequeath to Stan one "Chuck under the chin" and some deserving junior one slightly used cigarette butt chain to be worn at all Friends of the Earth meetings. To Mr. Walsh and Miss Hard I leave one brother and the fondest #thanks."

We, Carole Lepre and Doug Saylor, having one sound mind between us, leave to Mr. Richardson, one bird cage to keep his "image" in. To Mr. Grey, one pyrahna eating goldfish, and to anyone who wants them, two I.D. cards and aprison uniform to go with them.

I, Mike Leser, in the tradition of my brother, also leave.....NORTHWESTERN.

I Mike Leser being of sound questionable mind and tattered body leave to the science club one slightly used take-upreel, to Mrs. Prince a fun year with Steve, to nextyear's fair co-ordinator lots of luck. To the junior's of my analysis class a fun year in calculus with Mrs. Lamanske, and finally to Mr. Cleveland may you never have another set of problems like Randy and me.

We, Gail and Pat, do hereby bequeath to Kathy McGehrin, with the natural curlie red hair all the male sex in the whole world.

I, Stephen Linehan, being of "bibmatic" mind, leave to Edward Clark Bacon, a six pack of Black Label, and to Patrick "Hands" Flanagan, an editor of "How to make the best use of one's hands."

We, Steve Linehan and Jean Lee, being of sound minds bequeath to Mr. Cleveland, one jar of nails, and edition of "Thousand Ways to Use the Post Office" and two plastic Easter eggs To Mr. Ryden, we leave one wife and a used arm sling and to Mr. Walsh a book of corny jokes complete with a sense of humor and more.

I, Leora Link, bequeath my brother Conrad to Mrs. Seab--make him work. Toto to NBC forever, and a bottle of Excedrin to next year's Sr. Glass Play producer. Good-Luck--you'll need it!

We, George Malouf and Bob Zeller, leave to Mark Miller fervent hope and best wishes that he has a family with 22 kids.

I, Cathy Marshall, being in sound conscience and my desk, bequeath to cockerspaniel faced Linda Rapee my wiggle, and all the soggy clavers left in my boots and "Hey! Hey! Hey!" (Linda, don't cry.)



## BEQUESTS 7

to Mr. Cleveland I leave 10 days of cafeteria duty, and my beloved boss Mrs. Cox, I leave approximately 50 showcases.

I, Darlene Martin, being of no mind and pitiful body, do hereby bequeath to Kathy Harrington some freckles and another trip to the Langley gas station; to George Eastman, a clean pair of pants in case he goes wading through the Greenbelt sewers again; to Doug Byrum, my black blouse under a black light (without me in it!), and a ride in my car, also a few kernels of "Duck" corn I forgot to give him at Greenbelt Lake; to Mr. Phillips, a great big, SLIMY wad of used gum; to Mr. Mann, a fresh box of Sun-kist raisins; to Peggy O'Neil, a bottle of booze and a bathtub to lie in; to Ethel Farmer, a new pair of scissors and lots of memories; to Agnes McLean, a song together; and one of Don's drumsticks (if I get one!); to Roxanne Hughes, some of that crap we cooked in HEC, and an eyefull of "PEPPER"; to Sue Peterson, a "QUICKIE"; to Denny McCrone, another pajama party at Ethel's; to Carol Tester, LOTS OF THANKS!! to Susan White, "Emily"; to "Big Red", a hair dye (and relief from Mr. Phillips' fifth period class that always nagged her); to Jim Peters, more of my problems; to Jack and Keith, my place at "our window" during third lunch; to Karen Francisco, some wine and a party; to Charlie and Mike, a last request: "TAKE DOWN THAT POSTER!"; to Van Kirk, that skip day I promised; to Tom Kelly, memories of speech class; to Janet Federman, "2 points"; to Shirley Phelps, a kick in the tail for losing my typing jobs; to all the boys at Northwestern, I leave a big kiss "SWAK"; and to all the girls, "GOOD LUCK WITH THE MEN!" To all Northwestern, I leave the memories of its greatest class: the Class of 1970!

I, Dennis McCarthy, hereby leave the claw and the ghost of TMT. I also hereby leave, with much regret, Biology class. To Lauralee Rappleye I leave all the liverwurst in the snack bar.

I, John McClanahan, being of no mind and all body hereby bequeath to Jan Bradtmueller one pair of slightly worn white shoes; to Vicky Jones I leave one bag of BOSS ORANGE BALLOONS, and to the custodian I leave the privilege of cleaning out my locker.

I, Pat McCoy, being of sound (?) body and sound (?) mind do bequeath to Mrs. Cabbage my skill as an afghan maker and to Mrs. Chappell, my tattered bookcover off my book, and to all, peace.

I, Michael McDonald, leave all my "Hubs" to Mary, except one, which I leave to Kathy.

I, Lee McNamee, being of "no" body and questionable mind, do hereby bequesth to Sue Martinez one dried mighty moe and one pair of culottes, and to Patty Quigley Val's autobiography, and to Rhonda Riffe, one strand of my hair.

I, Larry Merrill, leave to Denise Padrick the following: a wrapped car, two pink freezes, a silver tower, one bottle of champagne, my prom slipper, a bag of sunflower seeds, Woodstock and Easy Rider, a very special chair, one dozen pink roses, Nov. 8, Feb. 14, March 21, and April 5, love, and the promise for a trip on the back of a motorcycle through the Big Sur.

I, Jan Mergenovich, co-captain of the Flag Twirlers, do bequeath to all future flag twirlers many a breezy day and one fifth of cold duck.

I, Jim Miller, hereby bequeath to David Staples all my soul records and my blue alligator shoes. I also bequeath a case of Bali Hai and Budweiser.



## BEQUESTS 8

I, Tom Monaco, being of body and mind, do hereby bequeath the following: to Debbie Strasnich, one set of car keys; to June Munshower, the razor that she left me; to Bonnie Nicholson, State Farm Insurance; to Ginny Sgro, fun in Ft. Lauderdale; to Mrs. Laman-ski, gratitude for learning trig; to ROTC, my gun number 41; to Vicki Smith, I leave (YOU KNOW WHO); to Theresa Corona, all the boys at NW and a lot of fun; to Mr. Arnold, Nick Cheri; to Nick Cheri, Mr. Arnllld; to Mr. Bond, the play; to all the students at NW I leave a cheerful "SO LONG."

I, Don Moore, bequeath to Ginny Sgro, sweet, lovable, kind, and beautiful, one bill for the shoes that I used while I took back her lunch trays, the dents in our cars which we gave each other, my mirror in my car, and a thank you for being so special to me through all the years that I have known her. Also to Ginny, me, which she can keep for the rest of her life. To Jimmy, a swinging door for Bobby's Big Bad Dodge Dart. To Bill, Bob, and Mike, one big pancake; to Debbie, Marie, and Denise, their lunch trays. To Debbie J., a honeymoon that we never went on. To Sandra K., a "thanks" for the help she gave me in psych. To Wino and Sidekick, a guppie. To JoAnn, a new son, and finally, to Suitland High, my car for their homecoming parade.

I, Joe Moore, being of muddled mind and battered body, do hereby bequeath to Pam Brown two stripper costumes to be used in next year's talent show complete with tassels and revealing fringe. To Mr. Bond I leave two pairs of worn out dancing shoes from "West Side Story" rehearsals; and to my brother Jay - I leave . . .

I, Linda Morders, bequeath to Bobby Rhodes my locker with a built-in bucket for "Charlene," one can of shaving cream, and the directions to U. H.

I, Terry Morders, do hereby leave my well-used gym suit to Cheryl Collett, who so richly deserves it.

We, Debbie Morgan, Mary Currie, Lorri Muller, Joanne Shepard, Gail Liberato, and Margaret Righter, do hereby bequeath to Richie Minor our lunch table.

To George Boseck, I, Kevin Moriarty, leave my Japanese whizzer and to Coach Bozzella I leave my cup pit to be framed, and to Carl Gill my large wrestling shirt.

I, Vicki Morrison, bequeath to George Beiber all of my "P.A.E." certificates when he reaches a more highly advanced stage of chronological development.

I, Lorri Muller, of sound mind and voice, do hereby bequeath to next year's co-captain of pom-poms a year's supply of throat lozenges; Linda Rapee and Beth Bartholomy, a can of shaving cream and hair spray, and to Linda Price, a spotting belt to help people on walk-overs.

I, June Munshower, bequeath to Don Moore all the fights and shoving in the halls, to Jimmy Reynolds his one great bowling game, to Kathy Uber all of our old typing erasers, and a bottle of Cold Duck, to Ginny Sgro all the happiness in the world with John, to Debbie C. all the luck and happiness with Jimmy, to Bob and Denise many years together preferably always, to Bonnie Nicholson more common sense (you need it), to Michael C. 600 bows to untie, to Vicki Smith all the sournotes you hit in "How to Succeed," to Tomny Monaco a razor (use it!), to the rest of the gang happiness always. Last of all, to Jimmy, I leave all my love and dreams.

Ik Kris Murphy, bequeath to Sara Callaway my locker in B-wing, which served its purposes. To Walter Starling, a Micky Mouse kazoo; to Dean Mace, and Pam McComb, a mountain and my hiking shoes; to Margery Good and Debbie Shockley, my Henry Gibson imitation. To Scott Stith go all the memories of camp and a silver whistle. To Sharon Davis and Jim



## BEQUESTS 9

Clearwater, my score sheet and book; to Miss Beckman, my washed-out voice; to Mrs. Fiste, my days in her classroom in which I attended; and to Dave Carson, my lustrous white bowling ball, an invitation to a dinner for 2, and my secret to success in bowling.

I, Nancy Neidecker, leave to the F.H.A. hopes that one day there will be an F.F.A. (Future Farmers) with which to share their adventures; to Mrs. Burford, all the fun we had in F.H.A.; and to Ricky, all the lockers we have occupied this year and the now departed Donut Hole.

I, Dave Oelberg, do bequeath to Lou Ortenzio one theory of repeating history to enumerate upon as he sees fit; to Laura Breedon, I leave one Will and Mary catalogue; and to Bob Reaves, I leave misfortune in all his senior female endeavors.

I, Barry Oring, leave to Mr. Cleveland one seldom-used Physics book; to Mr. Bozzella, Mr. Gilligan, and Mr. Simon my wrestling knowledge; to Tom Rimmer and Carl Gill many hard times; and to Mrs. Fiste I leave perfect attendance.

I, Russ Paine, hereby bequeath to Ron Hilborn, the privilege of knowing who Budman is; to Bill Bremmerman, one yellow 1970 Mercury Cyclone Spoiler; to a lucky Physics student next year, the privilege of being a member of "Group B;" and to my sister Linda, I leave Northwestern.

I, Bonnie Painter, bequeath to anyone who wants them, eight hundred and fifty-four buttons saying "Don't be a sucker..." with the accompanying lolli-pops; and to anyone who can find it, my senior term paper, "Voltaire, Satirist and Deist." Good luck.

I, Jimmy Peters, do hereby bequeath to Mrs. Lamanski one test scale; to Mt. Phillips one retro-active rowdy mark; to Pat Harbnett the long-haired version of Rodney Cramer; and to Donna Moses a book on table manners.

I, Paul Pfohl, being of an extraordinary, military, fascist, G.I. mind, do hereby bequeath the following to my fellow junior and sophomore comrades in arms: an old pair of smelly combat boots; a worn-out fatigue cap; all the muscles built up by push-ups; and the hard work and time of being a fine drill team.

I, Tom Phillips, leave to Ralph Fallo, my B-wing locker for his next 15 years at Northwestern; to Mr. Miller, my "true trash" magazine.

I, Penny Pierrot, leave to Joe Moore my years supply of sour cream to take to college with him.

I, Kathy Pugh, being of sound mind and body, do leave to Pam Peele 4 worn-out tires, a jewelry kit, portable clothes, and a tiresome phone number. To Kathy F. I leave my cafeteria seat, and to Susie Lynch a worn-out pair of bowling shoes.

I, Jim Rabey, bequeath to Tracy Clayton, best wishes to her and her boyfriend, (who is it now?); to Doug McMillen, I leave Mr. E. Miller and his "taught ship;" to anyone, a six-pack of Bud to separate Mr. Taub and his briefcase; to Mr. Cleveland, one soggy tennis ball; and a wish for a peaceful and happy life for all.

We, Linda Radford and Becky Marsh, do bequeath our collection of empty Cold Duck bottles and Bud cans to the new "goodie goodie" pom-pom squad.

I, Steve Resnicoff, bequeath my leaving. For everyone, that should be enough. But, in



## BEQUESTS 10

addition, I leave to Mrs. Eileen Turner the remnants of a debate team; to Steve Char-novitz, I leave the memories of a really neat notebook; and to the next Student Council President, a Lot of aspirin; the rest I'm taking with me. (Who says you can't take it with you?!?)

I, William J. Ritchie, being of a big body and questionable mind, leave to Don, one beautiful Ginny. To Mike, a spilled cup of coffee. To Bob and Denise, one non-fighting day. To Kathy a crooked parking space. To Debbie, a B in English. To Margie and Chris, a VW camper. To Mrs. Herbst, unfinished play scenery. To Mr. Skeete, my tapping. To Mr. Arnold, his three years of beloved teaching. To Leslie, I leave my love and the Love Bug.

We senior students of fourth period drafting, being of reasonably sound minds, do joyously leave to Mr. Miller for another fun-filled year, his favorite scholar, Craig Haynie.

I, Sherrin Roby, being of vacated mind and unco-ordinated body, do leave to Sue Nagler a screwdriver so she may "properly" fix the piccolo; to Alan Colodny, a map of the Maryland University Library and a broken sliding board; to Mr. Bond, a theatrical trick, usable whenever he needs it; and to Northwestern, my spirit to linger in the shadows.

We, Sherrin Roby and Leora Link, leave to Mr. Bond, one copy of "Wedding Bell Blues," gas for the Dramatics Class car, a machine to make purchase clearances, a direct line to Theater Production Service, a set of keys that opens doors, a set of lamps from Board, and a broken leg for all the luck in the world.

I, David Peter Rockefeller, bequeath to my dear P.O.D. teacher, a life-time membership to the N.E.W. Mobe, to end the war.

We, David Rockefeller and Peggy Roach, being of sound mind and questionable body, do hereby bequeath to Lou Ortenzio and Eric Mandil the flag that didn't fly over the Eiffel Tower. To Susie Lynch, one parking space G, two and one-half miles from school. To Mrs. Long, peace and quiet during game time.

I, Diane Rosier, being of sound mind and body, do bequeath to my dearest friend Lou Marie Hankins, 5 pounds of gum for every morning next year; and to Sandy Waldecker, I leave a dozen empty gas tanks from our long journeys to Luke, Md.

I, Vince Russell, being of infamously unsound mind and completely fatigued body, do bequeath the following: to Louis Ortenzio, a complete set of Monarch Notes for English Literature; to Liz Reese, a season ticket for the 1971-72 Maryland U. basketball season (only if she learns how to use a score card by then); to Denise Graham, my deepest regrets; to Mrs. Merle Basil and Mr. E. Harvey Burns I leave, clumsily, as ever, a never used Webster's Dictionary; to Mrs. Cox, my long-suffering journalism teacher, one Douglas Smith - to take my place in Nor'wester and to make her day a littler brighter; and to Tommy Lawrence, one-third of my collection of obscene gestures.

I, Uncle Bin, being of lecherously unsound mind and body, leave a bill for \$200.00's worth of gas, a half-empty box of Screaming Yellow Zonkers, my love and best wishes for next year, and my thanks for all the loyalty and affection.

I, Bill Rutherford, leave to Lynn my locker and what's left in it. Also, I leave my worst memories of Northwestern to her. Most of all, I leave Lynn my used notebook, broken pencil, and my lost books.



## BEQUESTS 11

I, Alan Scheinine, being of disgusted mind, bequeath to society: myself, a member of a well-trained flock of sheep, led to water by teachers who "teach" without communicating, motivate into boredom, play God and set an example by obeying without thought and an administration which perpetually classifies, coerces, disciplines, makes official and ignores the freedom, sanity and innate enthusiasm with which we were born; under the condition that I will not Rest in Peace until my guidance counselor realizes why it is her moral obligation to burn my permanent record. To Mr. Richardson, I leave a coke bottle capable of love that I hope he will use before he becomes old enough to write the world's greatest poem.

We, Fred, Glenn, and John, bequeath to one Jim Sagger: ten stale saprophilous, saprogenic jokes; two tickets to the Northwestern elevator; one bottle of No-Doz, half bottle of sleeping pills; and one pass to third floor C-wing.

I, Fred Schutz, hereby bequeath to Ronald Elderidge Jones my set of bamboo shoots to go with his bush hat and my pint-sized horn to go with his bugle.

I, Adrian Sclawy, leave to Mr. Arnold a copy of "Myra Breckinridge;" Mr. Skeete, a pair of earmuffs (extra large) and a jar of mustache wax; Mr. Serio, a free pass to the Gayety to see "Blaze" do her thing; and to Mrs. Slusher, a book of "doity jokes."

I, Stan Scott, being of questionable mind and equally questionable body, most reliably bequeath a five pound box of Langley-bakery butter cookies to Mr. Cleveland, and a complete lunch to first period lunch table; I also leave Northwestern best wishes for the memory of M.L.F.

I, Ginny Sgro, leave to Don Moore all my lunch trays and the miles he walked. Also, I leave Donnie the mutual dents in our cars, our drag races, the mirror in his car, and the rides home from a nutty driver. Also, he can have all our fights at the bowling alley, my broken nose, and most importantly, all our great memories and my love. To Jimmy, I leave our secret relationship, and to Debbie the points she needed for a B in P.O.D. To Mike, Donnie, Bill and the whole gang, our late morning arrivals. To JFC, I leave all my love, and future happiness.

I, Joanne Shepherd, being of sound mind, do bequeath to Barbie Hays, my special round-off; to Sheryl Ranger, a can of extra-dry deodorant and a cake of chalk; and to the junior cheerleaders, throat lozenges and best wishes.

I, Gregory W. Shores, being of sound mind and body, bequeath to Northwestern all the memories from the Islander at O.C.; to Ager Road N.Y.F. I leave "feels so good you won't want to take it off;" to Will Graig I bequeath the zoo and a fireplace; to Bruce Dunn I leave a fireplace and a help me button; to Danny Pepe, Tommy Miller, and Fred Terrell, I leave Paul and Joe with knee pads; and to my beloved Linda Herndon, I bequeath Wednesday and Saturday nights, and my love and kisses, plus my robe, slippers, and pajamas.

I, Cookie Slayton, being of sound mind and unco-ordinated body, do will to Laura Breedon one ace bandage and one green bagel; what the bandage won't cure, the bagel will!

I, Cindy Smith, being of questionably sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath one over-used notebook and pen to any unfortunate junior girl who becomes secretary of three organizations in her senior year.

I, Walt Starling, being of large body and small of mind, do hereby bequeath the following items: to Miss Norman, the N.B.C. morning show; to Ron Page and Nancy Hawker



## BEQUESTS 12

an unbalanced Nor'wester ledger; and to my kid sister Phyllis, the ability to be able to get out of any tough situation.

I, Jeff Stiefel, being of terribly fine body and a quickly deteriorating mind, do bequeath my possessions as follows: Mr. Reger, seven E's and a year old Daffodil; Mrs. Slusher, a few choice words; NJROTC, my honorable ensign bars and my hair; Mr. Cleveland, an excuse book to refer to when I'm not there; and last to Phillip Applebaum, five free Bar-Mitzvah lessons and Dr. Schweitzer's Quick and Easy Dieting Plan.

I, Scott C. Stith, being of weak mind and spastic body, do bequeath my hoarse Voice of Northwestern, to echo forever through these hallowed halls! Good-bye!

I, Robert Lee Stubbs, being of unsound mind and soul, do bequeath to Dean Hace all my white absentee forms and green hall passes.

I, Denise Sullivan, unselfishly hand over to all next year's Psychology students one peppermint stripe jacket and one pair of plaid bell-bottoms; to Senora Fiste, Grace and Anne Heidenberg, I give one of my famous pizzas; to Mrs. Cabbage, the sweet memories of our fifth period class to last her forever; to my sister Cindy, my job as typist around school; to Ann Strickling and Lou Ortenzio, gratefully, my job as typist and file keeper for Nor'wester to keep them busy in all their free time; to Mrs. Long, one unused law paper; to Diane Havas and her parakeet and Dave Templin, I willingly give up a nice and quiet fourth period; to Peggy Riley, all my over-exposed pictures and left-over decorations from Sadie's dance; and with Mary Anne Heidenberg, to Mrs. Cabbage, we leave senior privileges to be used next year; finally, I leave peace and love at Northwestern.

I, Joe Sullivan, leave three go cart wheels to Doug Wellington, and to Pam Second, I leave my little black book of dirty jokes. Not to mention a cow head to Tom Tanner. To Edith Snyder, I leave a worn-out sliderule to continue her straight A's and to Jerry Kates I leave two bent welding rods. Melinda King I bequeath an old sock of hearts. To Douglas McFullen I leave worn-out grass on his front lawn. To Mrs. Long I leave future U.S. History classes, and to good old Northwestern, I just leave.

I, Kim Sullivan, do hereby bequeath to Donna Moses one frozen dacquiri; to Pat Hartnett, my big eyes. To Julie Fuchs, a life-size picture of Harry Longbaugh (alias R.R.). To Joanne Errigo, an invitation to my movie premier.

We, Beth Taylor and Kathy Reidy, of beautiful bodies (Kathy's) and brilliant brains, do bequeath to Patty Markley Mike Ronca, and many frustrations in the following year.

I, Kathy Thompson, being, do bequeath to Mrs. Mattingley, one sane English class, and a case of Excedrin for when they get a little rambunctious; to Mrs. Cox, an empty typewriter and an empty club column (which was usually empty anyway); to Mr. Chappell, a fifth period student assistant who will stay there; and to Miss Beckman, an empty piano bench to fill with whomever she can con onto it. To whoever sits at our lunch table first lunch next year, I bequeath the title of champion orange peeler. To the Honor Guard, I leave the cake slicer and all the memories that go with it. To my new Daddy I leave as many mountains as Tommy can carry home, and to my family the memories of our years together here at Northwestern.



BEQUESTS # 13

I, Richard Tolley leave to Mrs. Prince a 10 volume tome entitled, "How to Find Chemistry Equipment in Obscure Places." With a 200 page supplement on "Simplified Location of Alphabetized Chemicals by the Hunt-and-Curse Method." To Mrs. Burford I leave the honor of being the only teacher I didn't talk to death (by way of my constant absence), and to Mr. Stickles I leave something appropriate, which I will give him when it is invented. Or Whatever.

I, Terrie Trapp (TNT), being of no mind and questionable body, do hereby leave the following: to Mr. Walsh, two packs of used green slips; to Mr. Gilligan a bullwhip to keep his class in line; to Mrs. Prince, replacements for two hundred packages of paper towels I've used; to Mrs. McKown's room, the spirit of "The Claw," to Miss Hardy, a smile and to Miss Roe, the first flower that blooms every spring.

I Clyde E. Travis Jr., bequeath to the administration of Northwestern Senior High a set of billy clubs, and to the Board of Education a Watermelon patch in Georgia.

I, Joyce Turner being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath to Linda Morders one bag of magazine keys, to Mrs. Scalon I leave a very quiet back room, to Miss Dunn and Mrs. Bryant one quiet library desk.

I, Stephanie Wagner being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath to Susie Cabrira the goofy times in the hassl secondperiod, to Dee Dee Fallica a swim in the Potomac River at Fletcher's boat house, to Sandi Laond all the posters to be put in our room at the dorm, to Jimmy Walden a net, and Lenny Kola, all the chick on the earth. Lastly to my sister Barbara-Northwestern.

I Sandy Waldecker, being of questionable mind and body, leave to my loyal Compass assistant, Helen von Ahn, my precious black book, about 100 faculty pictures and a copy of the "Enlightening" book of profanity to be used during the first Compass deadline, and to be aimed only at the photographers. I also leave Helen my best wishes for next year. To Mrs. Vaughn I leave a seat cover for ruining her armchair at the 1969 French Club dinner.

We, Sandy Waldecker, Nancy Neidecker, Terry Morders, Linda Morders, Jackie Moran, Leora Link, Marcine Krebs, Harriet Kelsey, Louise Gresham, happily give up our lunch table and all the laughs- Bye!

I Jimmy Walden, as a graduating student present to Lenny Kola 11 hairs for his chest and to pay his way to Hebrew School, also to Sandi, Stephine's Cocohuts.

I, Nancy West, bequeath to Mr. David Simon my good ideas for math class one pair of elevated shoes, (he needs them) one carton of cigarettes and a year's supply of tranquillizers for wrestling season (he needs them very badly) I also leave to Mr. Simon, Richard Leary and John Bishop in hopes that he will make it through the cafeteria one morning in place. Good Luck Mr. Simon you'll need it.

I, Chuck White, being of sound mind (sometimes), leave to Kahn my fantastic Roadrunner, locker, to Heaps the chest I leave my big muscles, and to Dave I leave my No. 1 rating, and to Smitty my cold duck bottles. To Mr. Walsh I won't leave anything cause I'll be back. and to Skip I leave.

I, Julie Williams bequeath to B.S. (Brian Stanley) a shovel and the 18 kids.

I, Ava Diane Wilson, leave my locker that I had to fix my self to Susan Waters and to Brenda Amos I leave a dirty lunch table and to all my classes I leave all the fine memories of the last three years of school which I received at Northwestern.



BEQUESTS 14

We, the 1970 Nor'wester staff, do hereby bequeath: Vince; two pairs of left-handed scissors; three typewriters without ribbons; a Becket's interior decorating ideas; Mother Lane's shawl and her avocado jam and jelly concession; to Doug Smith, a new Latin tutor; to Lou, a recording of "Is that all there is?" sung in falsetto, in 14 languages, in 8-part harmony, by three people; to Ann Strickling, as many corrupting influences as she had this year; to Mrs. Cox, our thanks and the promise that this year's staff is willing to come in and help in a pinch.