

# Grampa Shock Bequeaths Jack Stone His Cap Collection

I, Grampa Shock, being of pickled mind and bruised body, hereby bequeath the following: To Jack Stone, I leave my collection of baseball caps, so he does not have to collect his own in the halls; To Glenn Hickson, I leave the right to regrow his mustache and beard, it helps with student relations; To Coach Humphrey, I leave a green basketball, so he can make it to State and win; To Coach Hayes, I leave a football team; To the Faculty, I leave a lifetime of gullible students; To Mrs. Windsor, I leave the right to grow old and shot it; To Mr. Smith, I leave a collection of funny Polish Jokes; To the girls at Midland High who haven't, I leave Rufus, have fun; To Tracie, I leave 10 lives to ruin, 20 guys to use like you used me, a successful date to the prom and a big Ahh Ughh; To the Freaks, I leave the right to come to the Recovery Room. (The HooHaas need some excitement); To the Socialites, I leave this phrase, "Eat sh—and Die!"

I, Diann Shiplet, being of questionable sanity and sound body do hereby bequeath to the following people: To Krista Bixler I leave a truck load of patience since you don't seem to have any. I also leave you a Mickey Mouse wall clock so maybe for once you can be ready on time. Thanks for the true friend you have been. And please don't make me any more blind dates. To Carol Teague I leave the ability to live with me for a whole year as your roommate. And of course, your very own life lasting Volleyball Scholarship to ASU. And all the great times we have shared and the times to come. To Jimmy Kern, I will leave you a year's worth of dates with Krista. And a lifetime of happiness wherever you go. To Kaki O'Shaughnessy and Janna Blaschke I will leave a life time of memories of your "good" times with Rick. And don't forget the "shoe polish." To Bess McKinney, I will leave the ability to drive a car so you won't have to take Driver's Ed for the rest of your life. And for safety, a solid brick fence along Scharbauer Draw. And last and least of all I leave to Rick Ankerholz the still unpaid dinner bill from Homecoming.

I, Tom Pool, being of deteriorated brain and wonderful bod, hereby bequeath the following whachamacallits to the following people: To Mrs. Saylor and Mrs. Windsor: I leave you the hat I use to hit you on the ———— when I was a junior. To Julie and Dina: I leave Charlie for these lonely nights. To my fellow hikers: May the cactus grow tall, may the wind blow, may the thunder roar, may the lightning strike, may your feet be sore, may your tent blow down and burn, may your toes be eaten by bobcats, may you eat freeze dried food and beef jerky, and my you be stupid enough to do it again. Holly White: A 450 SL Mercedes and my blessing. Dana Bostwick: Gas powered turtle neck sweater. Hoo Haas': A big AAH-UGH!!! To Kevin Cook; the ability to speak Spanish. To Liz King: I leave Charlie's younger brother, Beaurgard. To Scott Brown: I leave some hair for his face. To Marc Hoffman: I leave

some face for his hair. To Don Burris: I leave nothing, if you want anything you can knock it out of me. To James Gatlin: some common sense. To David Canady and Todd McMillon: some dollars and cents.

I, Lydia Lee, in the event that I graduate, bestow the following of my possessions: To Jane, I leave the book: Bad Encounters of the Driskill Kind. To Mike, Jeff, Neda and Clay, I leave a secret rendezvous with the blind man from Austin. To my beloved Fearsome Threesome, I leave a pin-up of Shirley Temple and an appointment to audition for the Captain Kangaroo Show. To Aileen Miller, I leave an electric socket to eliminate visits to the beauty shop. To Secret Agent LC0094, I leave a "bug" in the enchilada. To Ivan, I leave a straight jacket with a belt for his calculator. To Jonny, I leave a pair of handcuffs (the key stays with Catherine). To Paul, I leave a shark harpoon and JAWS three; At the Bermuda Triangle. To Shelli, I leave my toads, but if they change into princes, she has to return them. To Scott, I leave four six-packs of Skaggs' "Happy Time" orange. To Theresa and Robert, I leave a marriage counselor. To Henry, I leave sheer energy. To Clint, I leave my playing cards. And to the rest of my friends, I leave nothing for I cannot afford (or do I mean risk?) another word.

I, Rhonda Woody, being of confused mind and withered body do hereby bequeath the following to the following... To Debbie, I leave all the memories of blue trucks, the Pizza Hut, and crackers in your hair. I also will you the ability to know when a sprinkler system is going to come on. Oh yeah, I never did thank you for helping me lose my mom's car, that was a tough night to get through... well, maybe not! To Kent, who wants my body, I will better taste. To Connie, I leave someone else to take your books to the wrong library, the plan wasn't so perfect was it? I also will you John Makershoe and lots of good times in San Antonio, the ability to make one hundred consecutive left turns around your favorite block without getting embarrassed, the ability to play Rone (one for seven straight hours without missing one), I also leave you past and future memories of July fourth and I sincerely hope you always have a cure for P.I. To Susan I leave T.J., all the great memories of years gone by, three hours of laughing when you're depressed, a crazy roommate at Tech (me), more nights like homecoming, fewer visits to Odessa, more baseball games like the one we don't remember, the ability to act straight when you get home and your mom's in a talkative mood, the ability to lose a bon gracefully, more parties at El Paisano, more small late night swimming parties, the fifty tanks of gas I owe you and a visit to Connecticut with your favorite "Bear." To Dan I will more self-control and patience, slow dancing, fewer errors, more lies, the ability to grow up (literally) and the knowledge of what's going on behind your back, may you find someone your career doesn't clash with. To Carl Cano I leave nothing because you have everything a guy could possibly

want. To Cap'n Rusty Hook I will an apology for May fourth, the package of Sugar Babies I owe you, Dorito's to eat while watching "The Exorcist" and the ability to win that new game show of Connie's in two months. To the Snicks I leave someone to carry on the traditions, the Snick song, and the new bestseller "Baseball Players on and off the Mound," and also to be on the pass list for the rest of the season! To Midland High... I leave! I would say it's been real, but why lie?

I, Susan Huggins, being of insane mind and deformed body leave to the following... To Gena, my favorite (and only) sister I leave an empty closet, my garage space, my telephone so that you can talk on mine while you're waiting for a call on yours, also many fun and exciting times during the next two years. Good luck because you're going to need it. To Brooke Hodges I will a book entitled "Ten Easy Steps to Cheating in Vocabulary Development." To Archie, the best looking cousin I have, I will a wall-to-wall mirrored room so you can sit and stare at yourself, also the ability to pay back people you owe money to (you still owe me two dollars). To Becky and Melissa I will all the goodlooking guys ya'll can handle. To Connie, I will more great memories of last summer when we drove around tearing up Sly, another great fourth of July, enough gas to last through cruising around our favorite block, fun times with Bertoni and Makershoe, memories of our Junior English class, the ability to keep your balance at the First Nat'l Bank, the ability to stick your foot in your mouth while other people are playing poker, and many fun times at San Antonio. Thanks for being a friend. To Rhonda, I will a set of jumper cables so we won't have to sit at 7-11 for four hours, the ability to survive New Year's Eve, a can of Lysol just in case you ever decide to get sick in my room again, another summer like last year, a lifetime supply of SJ's, a bottle of Jack Daniel's, the ability to know when to stop laughing, a trip to Puerto Rico, a year's supply of Patio frozen dinners, many fun times at Lubbock, the ability to know that four-of-a-kind is a good hand you don't have to down a beer, a hundred consecutive rides on the shockwave, many fun baseball games, and most of all C.L. It's been great, hope we survive being roommates at Tech. To T.J. I will many more notes, the ability to know when I'm staring at you and the knowledge of what it means. To Midland High School I leave nothing because that's what I took. Forever.

I, Susie Kirkpatrick, being of highly intelligent mind and highly short body leave my possessions to various lucky people. To: Renee: I leave one more trip to San Angelo to see Oh Baby. A copy of my book, "How to Pass Geometry Without Help from the Teacher." A life time supply of Holy Water from J. and G. Also, all my possessions to share at A & M. Gig 'Em!! Eileen: Your very own Lone star commercial at Padre. Two free trips to Padre, one on August 3rd-11th and on Halloween with your Uppers, Good Luck at OU. Edna:

Another male chauvinist and Jaws 3 to dissect. I also leave a life time supply of root beer floats, a new sink, and a fire alarm. Kim and Johna: I leave a book entitled "Every Song Ever Written"; complete with words and sing-along records. Also, a free trip to West Point and a saddle for your camel. Louise: The only thing she needs is a copy of "Physics made Easy Without a Teacher." Neda: You will always have a place to stay when you come to College Station, and you also need a copy of my first gold album entitled "I Should Have Been in the Choir." 5th Period German: I leave for good, but I am sure you will find someone else to ridicule. Also, E's in conduct for the whole class even though you do not deserve it. Jimmy: I leave my stilts to you, so you can reach the microphone at graduation. Unfortunately, neither one of us will be the tall graduates we were at the Howdy Dance. Mr. Estes: I leave my step ladder for you to use when you draw an eclipse on the board. I do not need it anymore now that I am tall. Thanks a lot for all your help. A sad goodbye to all my English teachers except Mrs. Gallbreath. A special thanks to the majority of my teachers who were great; the minority know who they are. Look out A & M here I come!!

I, Eileen Stanley, do hereby bequeath the following: To Angela, Memories of the Mai-Tai club and J.T. songs, the saga of Heather and Brandon, the recording "Torn Between Two Lovers" and a great senior year. To Gerard, a pair of lips for every occasion, tickets to the Texas-O.U. game, twenty planned speeches for Mrs. Holt and a special friendship. To Mark, a car you don't have to share and the wish that your sr. year is a fun as mine was. To Scott, an official marriage contract, a non-censored valentine, and the ability to survive Mrs. "T" next year without Lou and I. To Jane and Julia, a chart to keep me straight on who you are going out with this week, memories of a special friendship since 9th grade. To Nacho, the Spanish Club trip and a growing friendship. To Krista, dance classes, packbacking, and philosophy talks, part of our friendship. I'll always remember. To Dana, a car that doesn't stall, a year's supply of hats, a 5:30 jogging apt., the stop sign on Ward, and the Kangaroo Court Restaurant. To Louise, 4 Hike-Bikes, memories of Chris, Mr. Bill gum, Steve Martin records and a Brent-dog always. To Neda, an English paper on time and an 11:30 p.m. picture at Carrow's, the trip to San Angelo, that dance I've got to learn! The chaperoning stint at Great Gatsby's, early morning goodbye's at the airport and much more, I love ya, chica! To Todd, your very own copy of The Flame and the Flower, two partners who really jog, the ability to change colleges before it's too late, a raincoat for when I serve hot chocolate, memories of 2 Proms, thanks for the beautiful roses, and hope for many more memories. To Jimmy, memories that go back forever, Spanish Club trips, arranging dates, ice-fights in the Sr. Girl's room, thousands of notes in philo., all my love, and remember, "SAME

TIME NEXT YEAR." To Edna, a thousand sheets of paper a day for your endless note writing, memories of agonizing discussions on problems, the talk at Jimmy's party, the walk (?) down the river in S.A., millions of plans, a few tears, and looking ahead to a happy future. To Susie, earplugs for the people who sit next to you when you scream, less jokes about your height, memories of S.G.P., our meeting place outside German, your barking dogs! The last five miles of the Hike-Bike, crying at "Something for Joey," the talk on Super Sunday, a hotline to O.U., and much more than I can say. To Renee, the memories of: the trip to Odessa with Susie, airport, the contents of your trunk, San Angelo, Waynece, OH BABY!, "The Stranger," the scratches in my driveway, S.G.P., the prom that ended at the Stardust, "I Wake You Up When I Get Home." Your Subaru with the defective windshield wipers, your marriage to Russ, that sexy mode's walk, HALLOWEEN, the Doobie concert, Steve and Russ, the countless crushes on the wrong guys, the 5th period drives, our incorporation with Jeff. "Bottle of Red, Bottle of White," the long, long talks in my driveway, the tempers, the tears, the unbelievable amounts of laughs, the memories to make at Padre and memories to keep forever. Your great and I love ya, babe! Lastly, to my parents, thanks for merely accepting and not questioning.

I, Carrie Hooper, being of sound body and slightly messed up mind leave the following to: Pam Friday a new pick-up and a date with Smily (Ken Kesse). To Connie McCullagh a date with Shane in Ag. Occ. Don't be too rough on him. To Cindy Dean all my racey novels and a weekend at the lake. Ya'll give em hell in Ag next year. To all up coming Ag students I will ya'll the chance to clean the manure out of the Ag barn watch where you step. To Sarah Veal my recipe for my special brownies and wacky cake. One free ticket to the concert of your choice. To Billy Smith a back rub with the words. To Joe Bond I will you Julie and to Julie I will you Joe. To both of them I will each other. Sorry S.C. To Dusta Otts I will you the Great Gatsby and a hunk to go with it. Also a couple of rounds of Salty Dogs. To Kim Verden Well we all know that you're conceited but I will you a McDonalds and all the french fries you can eat. How can you stand them for breakfast? To Paula Duniven I will you Richard ya'll make the cutest couple I know besides Sonny and me. To Mr. Hixon a plea to keep an open mind when listening to others excuses for skipping. To all the people on the patio (Terry, Sherry, Chris) all my excuses for skipping and having to explain to Mr. Hixon why I left campus for lunch. To all the freaks at M.H.S. look under the rose bushes when they are in bloom. To everyone else I will you nothing because I received nothing. And to those who don't fit in any category I will you a hard time, because that's all I got. To good old M.H.S. keep the pride coming we have a lot to be proud of cause we'll always be No. 1. Don't let Lee get the best of ya'll next year.