

# Davis Leaves Pearce A Nursery School Scholarship

I, Linda Davis, being of sober mind and body, bequeath the following to the following: John Schwartz, book entitled 101 Ways to Hustle Girls, (you need all the help you can get), and an IN-SKEY twin to tell your prverted jokes to. Jaci Colley, a basset-hound, an ice cube because you're cool, and one date with the guy of your choice so you can say you "dated" him. Michael Pierce, a nursery school to further your education at. Earl Michie, an afternoon class schedule so you won't have to worry about the electricity. Bradley Stickney, "Aw, your Mother," the Beatles song "Day Tripper," 25 cent beer nights, and many busted mailboxes. Craig Heineman, 10 words to add to your vocabulary of "Score me a reef." Tami "Booty" Hisson, all the number 10's you can handle. Kelly Lilly, life-size poster of The "Rock" Hudson, and a gallon of Wild Turkey. Susan Custer, life time supply of molliés and crystal snow, and all the stash Bradley and I hummed. Paul Nelson, vitamins A,B,C,D,X,Y,Z, 10 extra sets of car keys, and a supply of 6" by 12" window glass just in case. Jason Foreman, the award for inventing the largest "Moby" reefer, and all the vandalized ouses, and spit fights. And to Buck, a V.W. that makes it to Houston and back without being towed, the saying "Du-upte, du-upte, my name is Buck" supply of Schoelings Little Kings creme ale, many six-pacs and afternoons at the park, all the success in the music world, and many more good times to come.

I, Kaki O'Shaughnessy, of sound, mind, body and love will bequeath the following: To Lucy and Lyn, I leave the fabulous memories of the good ol' Trinity days when life was just beginning to hit us in the face. But to Lyn I leave the secrets of how to not peel and Lucy a goden tan. To Katie (Bertha), my mono buddy I leave my book of what it is to have a boyfriend that I tried to explain to you 2 yrs. ago, an endless supply of livers for I know how yours rot so easily. Thanks for the great 15 yrs. of unforgettable friendship. I love you. To Catharine, I leave all my nasty love stories with the good parts marked, a 100 self-addressed and stamped envelopes so you will be sure to write me. Thank you for your unique friendship that I will always cherish. To Roy, I leave a book entitled "How not to attend school and pass," and a blow dryer to dry your cocaine before you spill it on the bathroom floor. You are a good friend even if you do give me a hard time. To all my basketball friends, I leave all the exciting and entertaining trips. They were great and I am going to miss it all. To Mrs. Jolly, I leave my secrets of how to be nice. You are a great person. To Marlee, I leave the out-of-way trips past certain houses, and a book of 101 ways to pick up blond Edison boys. Do not worry about your so called friends. Just be yourself and you will be happy. I hope you come visit me. To Diane, I leave all the talks we had in typing. Boy, there were sure some good ones. To Joel, a great guy who has a fantastic personality, I leave a butterfly net, all the tapes you want and a big

bottle of Arimus. Good luck in the future. To Mark C., I leave my ability to take your own notes in class before falling asleep. I wish you a great time in Arkansas and remember we are practically next door to each other. To Emily I leave all the beer you can drink and the good friendship that we have started. I am looking forward to seeing you at Stuart's and T.B.'s apartment. To Charlie, I leave the good memories of Trinity and MHS. You are great friend to have. To Liz, I leave you a starting place on the basketball team. Best of luck to you. To Milby, who understands about me and my loved one, I leave the great years at Longhorn. Those talks will be memories forever. To Debbie A., I leave the ability of not to bicker too much about the evening tower hours of David's. It is hard, I know, but stay in there: it is worth it. To Mom and Dad, I leave the best years of my life. You two are great and the best parents to be proud of. I LOVE YOU. To Becky E., the sweetest person I know, I leave a good friendship that we started and my address at school. I wish you the best of luck next year. To Archie, I leave the memories at MHS, you are a fantastic person and friend who is always there. To Nancy B., I leave a friendship that we started last year which was great while it was at its peak. What happened? You are a friend that I will always love. Please let's stay close. To Susan and Sarah, I leave some great times that we had at Trinity and MHS. Good luck at SMU.

I, Lawana Lee, being of sound mind and body, have decided to leave a few things behind to a few things behind to a few lucky persons. To Ricki, I leave the ability to get David in your next oil gun fight. Also I leave my love and unspoken thanks for the many things you've done for me and helped me do, and a little sister to worry about, if you can find the time. To Slim, I leave the ability to keep in touch for a change, and a good life with Kelly if that be your wish, and a supply of shirts to replace the ones I don't care for. To Danny, I leave tickets to the next concert I go to (with or without David). Also I leave luck and a lasting friendship, and my Ronnie Milsap tapes. To Darlene, I leave memories, 100 postcards so you'll write me once in a while, and DeWayne, as no one else will have him. To the Fort Worth Gang, I leave more trips like ours even if it's not together, more noisy nights with cold wet carpets and blown fuses, and a trip to the zoo. To Robert I wish many more birthday parties like the one we had. To future woodshop classes, I leave the ability to stay awake 72 hours straight to finish your projects before contest, and lots of hot black coffee. May you all win first. To Mr. R and Mr. V, I leave you both my temper; may you never find out what it's really like. Mr. V, may you never have another class like your third period has been this year. Daddy, we all love you. To Terri Paula Kim and Debbie, I leave donuts, donuts and more donuts, with memories of our first period class without the three creeps in it. To D.E.C.A., I leave a few good

people to hold offices and motivate all of the other DECA students. Good luck at contest. To Traci, I leave you the ability to be nice to a male for more than three weeks at a time, and a sister to keep up with forever. To Tracy B, I leave a wish that life will be as much fun as the film David and you made, if not more so. To my parents, I leave many thanks for getting me this far, I would have never made it without you. I also leave you both my love. To David, I leave my gas rationing coupons for that THING you want to buy, and you'll need them. I leave you the memories we've made since our sophomore year (Hi Mr. Estes) and all the fun we've had and a hope for the future. You already have my love, and admiration. And last to a very special friend, I leave these words: GPAC, Pieces of April, and the memories. To those I've left out, I leave the wish of better times to come.

I, Pattye Howard, being of partially sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following: to Nancy, I will an infinite supply of Baby Bulls and Clay, Greg H. and Susan C., I would like for you to have 10 more trips to Six Flags like the one we all went on. It is necessary that Mark Carr have the Leo woman of his choice, don't you think so, Mark? And Laura, I've left you your own personal cabinet to sit on, wherever you go. Scott, I will you a 2nd tenor voice so that in 79-80 you will be able to make up for all the time you list this year. Mr. Mac, I leave you a number of deserved items for the obvious reasons. First I think you should have an all expense paid trip to Hawaii this summer. Also, I would like to leave you your own personal sixty passenger bus with such accessories as a bar, heated pool, and a first division chair to put in it (all of which I am sure you will be needing by the time next year's choir trip rolls around!) Coach Peel, I wish you the best of luck and hopefully wherever you go there won't be too many people in your class that won't miss as much typing as I did (nevertheless, I can type almost 50 wpm!) Paula, Julie, and Beth, I would leave you me, but I thought about it and decided that instead of chancing it and giving myself to ya'll and being stuck in some old dirty sock drawer and missing out on all the fun, I thought I would give myself to somebody else who would keep me out of dark corners and join ya'll after our parents have gone to bed! No, really, I think ya'll need your own personal fully equipped suite at the Hilton! Paula, I will see to it that every where you go you will have your own personal "Hutch" to help you out. Mr. 'B', I want to say THANKS! Tracy F., I would like to will you the ability to get your "acts" together, but obviously that is impossible. So far, you have really made nothing for yourself, or let's just say nothing that would be desirable. You should really learn to watch what you say about other people. Good luck all you upcoming juniors and sophs.; with the way some of you act, there is no doubt that you are going to need it!

I, Patty Williams, being of sound mind and superb body do will the following: Susan Cowden, much success as cheerleader and the Cowden brand on M.H.S. Thanks for your friendship. Kim Russell, a great senior year and the ability to stand up to a guy and not take his B.S. Lots of luck, my good friend. Dana Milner, a many great memories of our crazy trips to horse shows, San Antonio, Houston, and all the others, and to all that are still to come. Jason Foreman, my old pick-up so you won't get killed and Em and I won't have to come see if you are still alive at 1:30 in the morning at the hospital. K.S. & E.M., another night in the Chrysler when the MOON shined so bright. Kati, a big apology for a bad misunderstanding, and many more partying times without the tequila bottle, and a great friendship that will always last. Emily P., a hot line to

Lubbock and a lear jet to fly there anytime. My bestest friend — Thanks for the memories as the song goes — "Best of Friends Never Part" Remember these: Ft. Stockton, Coldwater, Delt parties, three bags of packed turkey, flat tire on the pick-up, open windows, here kitty kitty kitty, flying nachoes, Webb, Canon, and the Mouse, Applause and all the rest of our wild episodes. LL.U. always. And last but not least I leave ME and all my love and best memories cause without him my high school years wouldn't have been so GREAT! Thanks Jay.

I, Renee Floyd, being of sound mind and body bequeath the following to the following: To Eileen, I leave a bottle of red, a bottle of white, that has been in the back of my car for three months. To Johna, I leave WAYNE, Oh Baby. To Susie I leave her, her life to do with as she pleases, with no interference from me, also fifteen fun-filled hours of decorating for SGP, more trips to Odessa and the "airport" and five free dancing lessons. To Neda, I leave some fantastic memories of one very special year: all our late night talks and laughing, the times I made you jump, your unamerican way of eating and talking, and I also wish to leave you your very own driver's license. To Nemeer: MAC-BETH... To Louise-one pair of playtex gloves, one arrowhead hat, one pair of painters pants complete with tools, my seven, plus your eight police stops, and last but not least one more farewell to Big Bird. To Kim, you may have my 1:00 to 1:30 to go with your 3:00 to 4:00. To Patty O'Neil, I give you OSCAR. To Clay and Jeff, I leave you my UNUSED EPT. To Edna, I leave five tickets to see the CHAMP and all my jogging abilities. And to Stephen, I leave you all the luck for a fantastic senior year.

I, Michael Clay Midkiff, being of perverted mind and matching body, while I am still able, bequeath the following to the following. To the so-called "cowboys," "your right, I am a

socialite." To Mrs. Brown, thanks for being a part of my high school education. To Mr. Estes I leave 3000 Aggie jokes which "only an Aggie would understand" and the hope that someday you will be lucky enough to have another studious pupil just like me. (I hope none of this was "over your head.") To Renee I leave a child support check and an "I'm a little Aggie" hat. To Mr. Hixon I leave the 30 licks which I never received: You know what you can do with them. To Susie I leave a new pair of lips with a built in zipper so you can keep them closed. To Mrs. Blair I leave a hair iron and a tube of afro-sheen. To Eileen I leave my regrets that you were not smart enough to go to A&M. To Silvia I leave my eternal friendship, a very much deserved thank you, and a hope that we never lose contact with one another. Last but far from least, to Neda. Thanks for being who and what you are. Thanks for being a part of my life, a part I will always cherish. You will take a part of me back with you; I like to thank that a part of you will stay here with me. Tah!

I, Debbie Dunson being of good mind and sick body leave the following to the following followers: To Lisa I will all the good looking hunks (which I think are gross) to whistle and drool over, another great friend like me to skip with every Friday and my own personal copy of 1001 ways to pick-up guys, (the favorites are marked) and a decent frisbee. To Woody-head I leave more great times at Gatsbys with unmentionables, breakfast at 4:30 a.m. and more guys we can share. Frostie — the nickname tweetie and the courage to try new things. Hudi — a wonderful new life and a miniature T G & Y store to crunch. Kent — I leave your own personal parking space, at McDonalds hamburger and the ability to grow-up. Eric — a body stretcher — Carol — a headlight dimmer. James — a body shrink, the ability to take one girl at a time. A greater skipping time, and a piece of my heart. Joann — Someone else to go for instead of Terry. To Pamie my little Hamie — I will the ability to forget Dennis, to blow off Curtis and to spit on Keith, also more good times at the lake, 6 hrs of kicker dancing at Star Dust, more parties at our houses, a pair of stills, more 25 cent beer nights and a new chug partner, cause I'm wore out. Last but not least a guy that will treat you right. David — 5 bottles of shoe polish. A wet towel to wrap your head with, memories of us, good times at the Star Dust and someone who will steal your heart forever. Deniese — The ability to get a real, wrap around skirt that won't fall off, more guys to fall in lust with and a gold plated written write-up. Jami — I leave more quarter beer nights and a 20 page note pad for use on Brains car. — Terry Y. — I leave you the ability to go thru a whole weekend without getting drunk. Allen — I will my love, my heat, my body (which isn't much), my great mind, my fantastic personality and my life.