

Nurda Leaves Open House To Anyone Who Visits

I, Dawn Charisse Hyatt, being of empty checkbook, do hereby bequeath the following: To Sweet Jewel Chandler Stolt: A year's supply of Mic Light at USC — it will only last you a month! Also I leave you memories of our crazy adventures at SGP — our datts may not have had a good time, but we sure did! For USC I will you a date every night — but you might alternate PAUL McDONALD and JOHN PERRY. Finally, I will you a full sized poster of Norma Rae. To Sydney Jolliffe and Karen Kimberly: A year's supply of Apollo Sun, Bain de Soleil, and Hawaiian Tropic, so you can keep your tans, also a double sized Thermos Tan Mat you can use when it is 40 degrees and still get a tan. I also will y'all enough con queso, burritos, and Mic Light to keep you going next year. To Cecily Shull: Neiman-Marcus, I, Magnin, Saks Fifth Avenue, Sakowitz, Lord and Taylor, Bloomingdales, Tooties, Cardin, Gucci, Calvin Klief, Chanel, Geoffrey Benne, Halston, Diane Von Furstenburg . . . To Nancy Spaug: Memories of R-UP when our dates left us at the Beta House. Also, I will you study dates every Friday and Saturday night at Rice with a Nuclear Phycist Major who wears his calculator on his belt and carries a slide rule in his pocket. To China Payne: Your 16th birthday so you can go out on dates without having to sneak behind your parents back. To Lori Brigham: The patience to put up with China until her birthday. To Sheila Pruitt: Two more years . . . I hope they are great for you! I'll miss you.

I, Cynthia Jane Bishop, being of disorderly mind and out of shape body do hereby will the following: To Eileen, I leave many 1st place trophies from O.U. jogging meets. To Sam D., some manners, To Johnny M., some handcuffs and some good luck. To Renee, Susie, Clay, Tammy, and any other Aggies, lots of good times at A&M. To Renee, an I.D. from a girl who has long, curly, red air. To Susie, some height so people won't think you're a midget. To Clay, a lot of wild & crazy times at A&M. To Nacho & Neda, as much time as it takes to explain to your friends back home how crazy Texan

To Ricky, a seat behind me in all the classes we have together at A&M. To Don, A cheap way to get drunk. To Bob, some crazy friends at West Point, and all the luck in the world. To Kim, Bob, and another Senior year. To Jimmy D., A 14kt. gold key. To Sam S., some owls. To Tom P., a bus ride to Big Spring, some jumper cables, and lots of fun. To Jimmy (J. Jon), a good speech on graduation night, and a box of BSG stickers. To Bill C., some brains since you don't have any. To Mr. Dennis, luck at Austin, the knowledge that maybe I learned something in calculus. To Mr. Hudson, a philosophy class that will shut up because you deserve it after this year. To Mr. Estes, a list of the DEEP DARK secrets Jane and I have, and another student like me (Lord help you). To Dear Old Midland High, an old age cure because you're going down hill fast, and another family like the Bishop family. To Jane F., everything you want and don't have, the knowledge that you've help me grow up, in four years a

new name, a shoulder you can lean on if you ever need one, and my friendship forever. To Todd, a very special friendship and love, memories of all the good times we shared, and someone to turn to if you ever have problems. To James F., a way to marry your horse to spite Julia, and a 1st at every Rodeo you go to. To Bruce, 101 ways to do it in a Trans Am. To my best friend Julia, a watts line to Odessa and College Station, a new car, a new pair of shoes since you don't have any, the memories of all the wild and crazy things we've done, one more diamond, the knowledge that our friendship is one of the best things that I possess, and my love and friendship forever. And last, but most important of all to Bill D., I will a year's supply of Copenhagen, a tape player that works, a good Mom tape, a 563 phone number (so you won't have an expensive phone bill), some sleep (since I keep you out too late), the will to always say NO to those fast Odessa girls, a date without me b . . . or worrying, the great times ahead of us at A&M, me (as long as you want me), my love, and "I do" when we're ready.

I, Nurda, of sound mind and body, do hereby leave to all the friends I have made, a lifetime friendship, love and an openhouse for anyone who wants to come to Australia. To Kim I bequeath the lusty Lady. To Susie; one suggestion, with a little more practice you may make the African Choir. To Edna I bequeath one new laugh. (Hang on in there, I love ya!). To Johna; sorry I can't bequeath Nemeer . . . you may not need in Saudi! To Jimmy I Bequeath, with all my heart, thirteen children. (see you at the reunion). To Louise I bequeath any mature 22 year old you want. To Eileen I bequeath you one useless trip to D & D, one sour bottle of Sangria, and any of my used wild oaks. To Melissa I bequeath to you one fresh chicken corps wrapped in one used Scaggs sack and delivered personally by Don himself. To Mary: I DON'T TALK FUNNY! To Patsy; I grew 1/2 inch taller this year. To Clay I bequeath one blunt pocket knife, one sack Halloween candy, one correct calf for Houston, one bowl burnt apple crumble, one good joke, one free drink at Dixie Chicken, one kiss from batman and one part of my heart. To RED, last yet not least, I bequeath one new car radio and brake system, one pair scholls, one 20-year-old brother, one Emmy award for best faces and biggest joke, one fake I.D. and one big sister (if ever you want one). Oh!! To Stephan I bequeath one frog, one Aboriginal Harem, and an all night talk & T.V. session. (da hoi, da hoi!) Thank you M.H.S. for the best year of my life.

I, Wilbur Arthur Yeager III, do give the following memories to the following beneficiaries. To Bobby Floyd: 2063 things of which I don't remember including; a golf ball in the window, a trophy, a 1001 bets that neither of us paid, bottle and pumpkin runs, a number of ideas on what to get and how to vet it (including 2 in the racquet club pool at 2 a.m.), a midnight golf cart ride, and the lesson in Cheryl Craigs car that started it all. A 10,000 Ways to lie to anyone, and car jump in

Austin. To Blake and Link: D.C. with Geroge, 225's, Alabama, Pitt, and the other one, a bottle of Jack in my suitcase, and a couple of toques. An immortal poker game at the ranch and Lake Spence wit a 30 dollar boat, two nights in Harrels bed with Taffy, TESCO, and singing every where we go. To Robert: "A...face" party (with fight night, a dog with a funny feeling head, All that butt, and a phone call at 8:30 a.m.) a porsche, a chance to remember everything you always forget between Friday and Sunday. To Kyle: A 357, an invincible truck, a squirrel, tennis trips to Lubbock, a tree in the rough, a ride back from the C.C. at 11:00 p.m., Betas and 3rd floor, Skiing and shooting the moon on fanny hill. To Jeff: Tennis and are struggle (really my) to do better than second, Beer in your refrigerator, and good times I just can't recall in my haste. To Kris: B.W., Willie, Bob Willas, or whoever, Burt (or Whatever that is), your car, the pizza hut fight and D.C. To Dunc: I would have willed you something but I already have lost it. If I find it it's yours. To Barry: A 600 dollar car, SSS, a mug, a buck for golf, Tech, OIU, UT, or whe ver, and a party. To Paul: A truck upside down in the air, the waterfall, Jack Daniels, 3 wrecks and 4 tickets (a tie), and parents that understand it all. To Fitz: Nastase, because that's all you want or need. To Shelley: A few weeks as a sophomore, half of 13, a VW, and one night as a junior. To Dru: Bobby and the Lee senior Girls party (the best time I ever had) To Susan T.: A bloody tomato and 3 in a bed. To the above mentioned: Austin, beer, singing in Robert's car or at the Fiji house, Ozarka, alley's, Robert's bathroom window on weekend nights, Jerry Max Lane song's a trip in a balloon, "Angels in the Snow", JAMES, Sam's Place, a soft ball club, and HOT DOGS and SASSAFRASS TEA. And all the other times I'm sure I have forgotten because most of this happened in one night. And a song:

Headed on down "Highway One"
Nothing but me and the road and the sun.

Texas, take me home.
I, Ellen Clowe, being of sound mind and squatty body, will the following: To Judi Anthony, I leave the secrets of Astroworld and Mandy, a bag full of carrots, many SS times with Brad, and thanks for being such a great friend. To Nan White, I leave all the good times with Barbie, a 100 more of her rooms to with clocks that will go off, some glitter, 3 more guys to take a bath with and all my flower power to ya babe. See ya on the Moon! To Liz Armstrong, I leave a totally fantastic senior year with many short-sheeted beds, alarm clocks that do go off, motorcycles to throw people in, lots of time for "test" conferences, lots of flower power and glitter. See ya up there, babe. To Dana Bostwick, I leave the ability to dance your life away, to stay as fun and crazy as you have always been and the ability to write checks. To Gaylene Gaines, I leave all the silliness of falling in love (jeeps, mice, cookoo clocks) because it's sooo dumb, but so much fun, a special pair of shoes to prevent you from falling off of porches,

all the good times on the flag corps with Chuckles, and the good times in Arizona. To Mike Collins, I leave many more romantic dumps, and SS back massages. Stay cool and be happy! To Darci and Sheila, I leave a Big Surf full of Lyles and Spencers and loads of fun for your Junior year. To Karen Kuykendall, I leave the ability to sign up on the right bus, to stay unmotionally involved on spring trips, to short-sheet beds; a cold shower at 3:00 a.m. (which you were supposed to get but nev did) and all obscene pictures. Stay sweet and keep in touch. To all fellow BQ's, I leave exciting years to come. W're number ONE! To Mr. Bolin, I leave all my "religious" aspects, many many years of teaching and a full and happy life. And last and least to Barry Hollingshead, I leave the bus ride to and from Colorado and the ability to avoid all flashlights and blankets. SO LONG, MIDLAND HIGH!!!!

I, Diana Urrutia being of big mouth and squatty body do hereby leave to the following: To Nancy Conine, I leave you my zit-zapping-cream to clear your face so you won't be picking at them every night in the bathroom. To my twin, Ana, may you learn to keep your big fat flopping "lip" shut, and find a boyfriend under your qualifications of which I know you might never find (too bad). What you need is a volume toner to keep your tongue down-big mouth. To Susan Shoemaker, I will a tall goodlooking boyfriend to have and hold, cuz Chuck Stump sure wasn't it, also I will you my guts and mouth to tell Chuck what he really is . . . And to Paul, I will you all my love cuz that's the only thing that matters. Also I'm glad we started dating you've really made my Senior Year great. Now I want you to remember while I'm in Columbia this summer I'll be thinking of you and when I come back I'll still love only you. Don't forget to write I LOVE YOU.

I, Lee Rousselot, being of sound mind do hereby bequeath the following: To the Hoo Haa gang I leave a shovel to dig out stuck Pintos, Trans Ams, and Camaros. I also leave all the Lone Star and Pearl that we can drink. To Don Burreis I leave a night on the town in Carlsbad and a case of Pearl for those nights before finals at U.T. To Grampa Shock I leave the Recovery Room for all those broken romances with a thousand empty beer bottles to break. To Sam Scott I leave memories of a '57 Chevy and a car that doesn't break down in the middle of nowhere. To Tom Pool I leave the ability to do a five minute job in less than an hour and the ability to drive a car. To Todd McMillian I leave stories of trips to Utah and nights in Albuquerque. To Pat Hurt I leave another year in San Antonio. To Tracie I leave twelve ounces of common sense. To David Canady I will the ability to hold liquor and the ability to be less offending. To Midland High I leave the sophomores and juniors.

I, Brent Boren, being of reasonably sound mind, do hereby bequeath the following: To Mark McKallet head, another T-Bucket because he'll never finish the one he has, a bigger ego if there is such a thing, an endless supply of Lucky Lager, another box of

those useful items in your glove compartment, and the word Elwood. To Deathtrap, a place to park your Mopar, a 350 that doesn't burn oil, a louder stereo, Becky, a clean criminal record, a visibar, a boss that won't prosecute, another girlfriend to go with your other five, and at least one that you can take home to meet your mother, stain-proof seats, and the timely old expression, "I'd rather eat worms than drive YOUR Chevy." To Mark Cecil, an apartment without Kevin King, the ability to drive like McBeath so that you won't trash another motor, a personalized license plate that makes sense, and a barn to pull into next time a cop is chasing you. To J.D., an apartment I can steal next year, and a set of three foot elevator shoes, a sucker to fool your GTO to, and Jane Bishop for life. To Kevin "Snake" King, a punching bag that looks like Danny, a better excuse than "my clutch went out." To Kyle "Smitty" Smith, Alias the bearded wonder, a razor, a new rubber band for your Volkswagen. To Steven "Torch top" Floyd, the ability to sink next time you're thrown in a swimming pool. To Danny White, the ability to stay out of jail while you are stealing the nuts off the inside of the toilet seats, and the ability to steal the soles of a cop while standing on a street corner. To David "Dirtfarmer," Fullen, the ability to paint cars and the ability to drive one. To Jimmy Shock, a 10,000 gallon key of Coors to last you through the Senior party, a Camaro that works. To Kari, the ability not to narc, to hold a job, and to skip without getting caught, a better way to get shaving cream off your windows, and friends mature enough to put it there in the first place. And last, but not least, to the Class of 1980, I just leave.

I, Elizabeth King, being of absent mind and unmentionable body do hereby bequeath the following to various and asundry unfortunate slobs. To Deirdre I leave a prima donna voice maybe you can stay on pitch next year! To Michelle, I leave my rejects — take good care of them! To Jen and Shelly I leave a different tall, dark, handsome, and rich date every weekend — have fun! To Rocky I leave a new personality, it can only help! To Tom P. I LEAVE A LIFETIME SUPPLY OF GOOD JOKES — get rid of the dead babies. To Mark A. I leave the girl of your dreams, a sheepdog! To Rayford I leave my unblemished legal record — may you be as successful! To Paul P. I leave a new form of reasoning — illogic! To John H. I leave talent and a complete over-haul on your sense of humor. To Neda I leave a Texas Drawl. Now all you lack is the matching fat head! To Mr. Mac I leave a sweepstakes choir complete with a whole soprano section of prima donnas. To Mrs. Curry I leave the perfect French Symposium just like San Antonio complete wmen and Claire. To Mr. Leeper I leave "The Complete Collection of Short Jokes" and my little sister (she's 5'9")! To David G. leave a lifetime supply of hot air for your mouth. And finally to my alma mater, M.H.S. I leave the senior class of 1980, and you thought we were bad!