

Kennedy Contends 'Stone Has Just Begun To Roll'

I, Duncan Kennedy, being of coordinated body and quadrasonic mind do hereby bequeath the following: First of all, to my brother Patrick I leave fame, fortune, and a truck-load of good-looking groupies. To Duke, Buck, Scott, and Wes I leave the ability to put up with John and keep him in line. Good luck guys, the stone has just begun to roll. To Carr, Richards, and Bassinger I leave a mountain of snow, plenty of waves, and lots of colors. To Houdek and Armstrong I leave Burgin, good luck fellas. To P. Black I will Black Sabbath and last summer at the ranch (you were a real jerk). To Bramlett I will all the wild and crazy nights over the last three years and memories of all the afternoons spent on the courts being transformed into real players by Burgin. I don't know what those sophomore see in you but you seem to have plenty of them tied around your fingers. To Campbell all I'm leaving you is your Sophomore year because it's been downhill ever since. Davis, I leave a ten-pound pouch of Levi and a new pair of Krickets. Good luck at Trinity and win me a gold at the Olympics. To James "Baco" Fitz I will a razor, an everlasting keg, and a diet. I'll leave you my friendship and those heavy discussions in the early-morning hours at "G" street park. I'm also leaving you an education; that might come in handy next year. Sarah, Susan, and Ashley — Malibu, I'll never forget it. Michael C., I'm giving you half of smoo, the other half is mine. To your twin brother Jeffery C., I bequeath the first copy of his book, "How to Walk Down the Halls so That Everyone Will Notice You" and a fifty-gallon hat. Robnett burned you on the announcements buddy. To Schavartz I leave the good old days and the night we didn't look suspicious lying in the middle of the field while all the cars drove by on the dirt road we didn't notice because I was so paranoid for no reason before Blue Oyster Cult. Swanson — confidence and the ability not to get discouraged because every girl has to go out of town when you ask her out. Little do they know they missed a chance to go out with the next Willie Nelson. Slig and Liberty, I'm willing each of you all life-sized Lori B. doll that says, "I don't know, I'll have to ask Thomas" when you pull her string. Also, I give Todd some more fantastic Ruidoso ski trips and another chance to take my World Domino Champion title away from me. The Urrutia twins — Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory. Yeag, if I willed you something you'd probably lose it so I won't. Well, I might as well give you the classic five-setter at the R.C. when it was 13 degree outside. You're welcome. Marion, an apology for delivering that valentine, I don't know who wrote it. Kaylea, you can have my party and some backgammon lessons. Squidney, twenty-thousand leagues above the sea and Karen. Karen, you can have Squid — ya'll make a cute couple. Johnston, I'm leaving you the sack of Dave's outside the door in Leadville. To Dave I will the wild Mississippi-special accompanied by the strobe and loud music

parties we had and the knowledge that if you have too much too soon, you'll get sick in the long run. Ranne, I leave you Ruidoso. To Hoopster and Hyer, I give twin Ferrari's and some fast women to match. To Blinco I leave some advice, mellow out and stay out of trouble. Lynette, Thanks for being patient while waiting for your tapes. To Katie Leede and Angie Allen I give Christmas in Aspen, the spot in the corner of the park by the locked ladies room, and Pinball Palace. To "Z" I will some more great frisbee sessions, Monty Python, three gallons of NEEP, and that night over at Aldridge's when you and Black got so wasted we thought you were dead. To Lipster I leave hope that you might learn how to toss the fris, the late night bicycle trips, a portion of the Levi I willed Davis, Plenty of ice-cold Coors in the hot afternoons, Vanderbilt, and an apology for constantly being on your case. To Callaway I bequeath the train ride to Odessa on my fourth birthday, sixty-green lbs. of fresh spinach, the Dead, and many more good times. To Barry Levin I give Casey Jones. Dirk, you can have memories of the good old days at St. Ann's. To my sister Morgan I give a new car 'cause ya ain't gettin mine. Lori, you can have Thomas because that's all you want. To Lilly I give a responsible group of Outlaws. Skeeet, I leave you an animal you can't recognize and the best of luck at UT. To myself I give The Who and last but not least: MHS, I leave.

I, Mark Timmons, cutting the crap, leave the following: To Dicky Richmond: I leave 4 wide dragster tires, with 4 chrome mags to go on his styling, green station wagon; and a carton of Viceroy's. To Coyet Copeland: I leave another bottle of Jack Daniels, so he can spend another night in Richmond's flower bed. To Mindy Sanders: I leave the ability to laugh without hurting the eardrums of people up to one hundred miles away. To Karen Kuykendall: I leave 4 one-hour tapes of Steve singing; she always did love it. To Frank Drury and Ben Zetsche: I leave a lifetime supply of frisbees and headbands. To Todd Yukum: I leave a new, little brother that can say more than "football"; a date with Stacy W.; also a book on "How To Fillet The Big Bass", by Mark Timmons. To Lori Brigham: I leave memories of my weekend alley writings on those nights when I really had to go; I could just about spell her full name on someone's fence. To Suzanne Ameal: I leave for her and her white Delta; pink fur to cover interior of car, loud mufflers, fuzzy dice to go on mirror, and a Hogan Riders T-shirt; now she can really be a low rider.

I Barry Klempnauer, will the following: To David Johnson, a life-time supply of shampoo, blowdryers, hairbrushes, skoal, and other items of interest. I also will you the ability to go to a movie without putting your food in the seat next to you. In other words, don't blow beads any more in the picture show. I will you enough money to get your car a face-lift, because it sure needs something done to it! I hope you

have great luck in the future you're a great friend. To Ben Zetsche, a book on how to gain weight, a decent pair of kneecaps, a lifetime supply of combs and mirrors, a new car, my skiing ability and a new bong head. I hope we have great fun at Baylor in the years to come, "LATER GOOFY!". To John Schwartz, a bohonker punching bag, enough money to publish a short story entitled, "All I Know About Girls", and better organization on getting skits under control, a different vocabulary list before you get to "don't like works such as, "Nice A — ", "EXCELLENT", "Later!", and "Let's Jam", — Later Schwartz!! To Jimmy Fitzgerald, the chughole you gave to me, I am going to give back, but, another double date like that one, I will gladly accept, we had more laughs that night, than any other night before.

To Mary Ann LaCaff, I leave you two bushels of tomatoes of your very own and a target to go with them, I leave you my jeep for the summer, then I hope you get the car you have worked for. I hope you have lot's of luck in the future because you deserve it. To Ashley Hulsey, better swimming techniques when getting out pool with your dress on. To Suzanne Ameal, lot's of luck to you at Texas Tech High School! To a true geese like Kris Slinger, you know Baylor is Ivy League material. To Richard Minnix, a collection of Edgar Winters complete album and tape set, and a book entitled, "1001 Original Falsehoods", to give to your "friend". To Brian Dorchester, nothing but strikes, a mockingbird, a book on "How To Grow A Beard In One Month Instead of Eleven", a continuous supply of chewing tobacco, a new set of tires for a new truck, another bird dog like Liz, by the way, she catches birds better than cars, and your very own plot of land with your very own horse on it. To Clap Spears, a hair transplant, better hucpacs for your car, a pair of snow shoes for Dartmouth, a comb for your new hair, and a pair of pants that cover your ankles when you walk. Good luck in the next four years ahead. This last line of my will goes to Laura Hickey, a Soph. who was dying to have me mention her name! Good Luck Laura!! And Finally, to Midland High, I merely leave!!!

I, Edna Hibbits, being of sound body and mind, hereby bequeath to the following: Eileen (Chica): More good times!!! Also earplugs so you can shut out my talking. You're a real sweetie! Susie: A plug for your mouth and your own personal rape prevention kit. Good luck at A&M. Red: A year supply of Preference by Loreal and a cable so you cab get KBAT on your radio in AggieLand. Neda: Good memories of Midland, us, and all the good times we've had. You know, Aussies are O.K.! Johna: A psychiatrist. Anyone who would move to Saudi needs a psychiatrist! Kim: More good times at Padre, re-The Hilton! Also a ticket to Earth!! Jimmy (Chico): More good times in San Antonio and an open invitation to Vandy. Just come on down! Also

the "Super Person Award." Bob: A year supply of Dr. Scholl's foot pads. You'll need them at boot camp! Good luck always! Frank: Good ole' M.H.S. (You can have it!), and lots of good times!! Good luck with basebal (w-a

bat...Ha! Ha!), and also with your singing. Have fun this summer and stay sweet!!! Clay: You think you are cupid himself! Good luck at A&M. Daniel: Have fun and stay sweet! Love ya! Becky & Tracy: Two wild and crazy girls. Have a super Sr. year. Kevin & George: My philosophy buddies. Best wishes always! Mr. Cooper: All the leftovers! Vickie: Someone tall, dark, and handsome! P.S. I spelled Vickie right!! Angela, Nancy, Melinda: A super Sr. year!! Dana H., Nancy S., & Lou Babe: All my best wishes next year! Jennifer: Good luck next year. Relax!! Sheffie, Brent, & Chris: All my old Latin notes. Take care of Mrs. T. for me! Mrs. T.: A prayer. You'll need one if you have Sheffie, Brent, & Chris again next year. To all my teachers: Thanks for all you did and did not teach me! To Mrs. Brown: Thanks for being a great class sponsor! To M.H.S.: Good ridence!!!! To Mr. Huds: Philosophy class: The "Big Mouth Award"! We had fun though! To Mr. Hudson: A nice summer, good health, and peace of mind. Anyone having peace of mind after our class is really special!! Porter: Last but not least!! How could I forget my own brother?? To you, I leave the Blue Bomb and Home Sweet Home. (Poor Kid!). To all those that I have overlooked out who are just as important: Love you all!! YOU'VE BEEN GREAT FRIENDS!! To all my friends, I wish the best of luck. Love you all!! We'll keep in touch! Re-This not the end, it's just the beginning!!

I, Frank Drury, being of not very sound mind and body, leave the following to the following: To Mark Johnson, lots of fun at Tech and maybe even some studying too, even though I know how you hate to. We really had some great times, in spite of my mother. I hope everything works out with M.S., if it doesn't I will you the sense of when to quit. To Mark Timmons, we need another basketball team to play on together, the last one certainly was a blast. We need to head for the lake a few times this summer. To David Sparks, fun at A.S. and more concert and ski weekends. I'll try to remember to bring you home from parties in the future. To Carol Knittle, lots of fun and luck next year and always. Also, lots of handshakes. To Charlie Noel, lots of luck, more keyboards to write on, and the sense to know how much is too much. To Barry and Z, fun at Baylor and a lot of "Big O's" with Brim. Also to Z, a car to match your roomies. To my brother, I leave my albums and the car and less trouble than I always got into. To Jay Workman, thanks for the typewriter and lots of luck in the future. I hope you can think of better names for any characters that you play later in life. To Steve Richmond, a new guitar

and amp that your talent needs. You and Johnson should have plenty of great times next year. To everyone that I had a good time with but that a shortage of funds and a slightly faulty memory do not permit me to mention, more good times. To MHS, it's been fun (sort of).

I, anonymous, being of great talent, do hereby will the following to Mike Pearce. A Barbie and Ken doll to watch and take lessons from on "How to make out." A free lesson from a Macho Man on learning how to kiss a girl instead of trying to make her swallow your tongue. (You really need it.) Also your very own copy of what all girls keep handy — the book entitled "What Lie To Tell Mike Pearce Now" — When you call them for a date because none of them who know you want to go with you. Last but not least, to all the rest of the senior guys, I will you the ability to determine Mike's sexual fantasies from reality. BYE-BYE

I, Pam Greer, being of little mind and no body, leave the following to the following: To DeAnn Holt: the tact to cut a person down behind their back instead of in front of their face, more choir trips, another year with Big Mouth, the job of babysitting M.C., and a senior year just like mine.

To Jami R.: the book "Things We Have to Know in Psychology," more quarter beer nights at Gatsby's, a pair of baseball pants of your very own, and Brian. To Carol: the ability to go one week without skipping choir, a Rink doll to keep in Midland, and a Tammye doll to keep in San Angelo. To Susan H.: a fake I.D., To Rhonda W.: a baseball team (preferably the Cubs). To Mike Y.: a lifetime supply of Reese's. To Clay M.: the Stardust, To Jay M.: an audience. To Pat J.: an audition with the Sex Rifles. To the Sex Rifles: an audition with the Village People. To Denise V.: the ability to go one minutes without cutting someone down. To Mr. Estes: a pair of platform shoes. To Mr. Scott: the ability to tell Debbie and I apart. To Debbie Dunson I leave the ability (and wisdom) to date only one guy at a time, more parties at Allen's house and your house, one place in Midland where you can go without seeing one of your old boyfriends, more chugging contests, the ability to go one day without skipping a class, and Allen. To Frost (Laura) I leave a little more confidence and a lot less gullibility, a new list of excuses since your old ones ar worn out, more lake parties, the ability to get along with at least one of the guys I like, the ability to sing the right words to songs, the perfect guy, a new vocabulary without the words 'I'm so embarrassed', a six-pack (of orange juice), the wisdom to give Mike T. a chance, and someone to drive you crazy at Tech. To Dennis I leave nothing because that is exactly what you left me. To Midland High I leave a more mature group of sophomores (it won't take much), and a senior class at least half as fun as ours.