

Class Will

Realizing that we are the graduating class of '43 and that our everhappy days at good ole' Chemawa, are coming to an end, find time now to make our last wills and testaments.

To our sponsors of the Senior Class we extend our gratitude for the time they have worked with us.

To the faculty we bequeath our sincere appreciation for the work they've done for us through our years here.

To the Juniors we will our title "Seniors at that;" may they be that next year.

To the Sophs we give our courage to be Juniors next year.

To the Freshies success to climb the ladder to graduation in '46.

Being Seniors we wish to will individually and separately the following articles and honors:

I, Robert Edden, make my first will: to my cuz, Bob Eickmeyer, my music ability; to Slicker Lodge my track shoes—may he uphold them well; to Betty Pablo, my secere friendship; and last, but not least, to anyone that wants it, my ability to get into trouble.

I, Cecelia Sohappy, actually getting old, must get to bee's wax and write my will before I collapse: to my roommate, Agnes Tahkeal, my "G. I." bathrobe and Room 13; my "Best Wishes" to all my tribesmen; to the employees who helped me along in my four years, my gratefulness and appreciation.

With the full realization that I'm no longer a "school kid", I, Rose Mary Aubrey, find time now to make my last will and testament: to my sis, Mae, I leave my ambition to some day receive the honorable cap of R.N.; to my pal, Corrine "Butch" Lang, my "cowboy slippers"; to the Junior girls, my junk; and I leave many thanks to the employees for putting up with me.

Being in my right mind, I, Julia Berrys, make my last will this day: to Betty Pablo, my love for "slugging"—may she not get too fat; to June Black, luck to graduate; and the best of everything to all the Seniors—may they succeed in their occupations.

I, Martha King, realizing that feeble-mindedness is creeping upon me, do hereby show little knowledge I have in making my will: to my boisterous roommate, "Jazzie" Miller, my lopsided slippers, hoping she pays them due respect by letting them keep their deformity; to my pal, Doris "Bugs" Collins, my "bridget;" Yvonne Ghangraw, knowing she will be served faithfully (I hope;) and to the rest of my friends, students, and employees, I leave with memories of the happy past.

I, Irene Large, do hereby will my memories to

my roommate, Catherine Higheagle—may she be successful all through her high school days.

I, Peggy Choate' being sound of mind "for once," do hereby will to my cuz, "Buck Jones" (Bonnelle St. Goddard) my ole song books; to my roommate, "Shadow" (Lueulla Wilson), my "Cuz Buck Jones"—may she sing you to sleep and leave Johnny alone; and to all my classmates aud friends, the best of luck for their success in the future.

I, Harvey Whitford, do hereby will to my little brother, Earny Whitford, my ability to rise and shine early.

I, Corrine Walkings, in doing my last bit, will to my roommate, Bonelle "Bonnie" St. Goddard, my deepest affection for the Army; and to Luella "Shadow" Wilson, my abiliiy to behave on my week-end visits in Portland.

I, Walter Champine, in my right state of mind, hereby will my trumpet to Catherine Higheagle; my boxing gloves to Cliff Arthur; and last, but not least, all my affection for Dorothy Nelson.

I, Ralph Summers, realizing I've reached my goal, will to the "Wolf Gang Boys" my dignified ways; to Artie Johnson my boxing gloves—may he uphold them as I have; and last, but not least, my love to Alice Mae Martin.

I, Joe Broncheau, realizing I'm no longer a school boy (I hope), will to the following: to my friends, "Chop" and "Slicker", my love for Copenhagen; and to my Senior classmates, the best of luck.

Being in the right state of mind, I, Carl Wood, will to my friends the following: to Gerald Hoffer, my ability in printing; and to Howard "Buck" Logan my love for social hour, and last, but not least, my love to June Black.

I, Mr. "Stonewall" Jackson, will to my best Pal, Dick Walker, the stage on which to sing songs, and my bunk in the senior Hall all the freshman girls on the campus, and my place in the Rhythm Chiefs, to play in the orchestra.

I, Pete George, in right state of mind yet, will my wolf technique to "Baby" Davis; to Hoffer, my football shoes; to "Cruisey" my slugging ability; and to my roommate, Ralph Summers, my everlasting friendship.

This being my last testimonial, known as "my will", I, Tony Skahan, will to Grease Monkey Larence my monkey wrench; to Cliff "Muck" McMeel my little white candle so he may eat after the lights go out; and last but not least, my everlasting friendship to Nellie Cooper.

I, Audrey O'Connor, knowing that this is my last testament, will to the following; to my faithful little roommate, Lillie "Small" Frye, my love for social hour; to my sis, Norma, my ability to do the right thing at the right time; and last but not least, my most sincere affection to Vincent "Beanie" Adolph.