

Class Wills

We, the fiftieth graduating class, realizing sadly that this is our last year here at dear old Chemawa, do hereby bequeath our meager possessions as follows:

To the faculty, our affection and everlasting friendship.

To the Juniors, our vacant places as Seniors. May they have success in all their enterprises, and wear the title of Senior with pride.

To the Sophomores, our appreciation of the beauties and opportunities of Chemawa for two more years.

To the Freshmen, our spirit of cooperation and good sportsmanship, and our ambition to make use of our opportunities.

I, Lawrence Patrick, will my room to my good friend, Joe Williams, and my barber's chair to Phillip Minthorn.

I, Yvonne Ghangraw, do hereby will to Mollie Oliver my ability to awake early, to Nellie Heddrick my ambition to graduate, and to some Junior, my dignity.

I, Anita Grunlose, bequeath to my sister Elsie my Senior dignity; to my roommate Mae Chopwood, the Christmas bell that's still hanging in my room.

I, Glenn Fritzler, will my football position to whoever will really work for it; my room, to Gerald Hoffer; my barber's chair, to Lester Charley; my enormous appetite, to Fred Anderson; and my place in the Senior Class to some Junior, who doesn't yet realize how much he will miss Chemawa.

I, LeRoy Gill, will to Professor Herbert Pepion, my scientific knowledge; to Ernest Iron Pipe, my ambition to graduate; and to "Fordie" my dignity.

I, Bonnie St. Goddard, will to my little friend, Elsie, my delicious peanut butter; to "Buckshot" La Framboise, my ability to be a lady at all times.

I, Doryce Collins, will to my cousin, L. Bell my theme song I'll Walk Alone. May she abide by it as I have; to Gene Lahr, my dignity, my ability to graduate, and my zoot suit chain; to Merle Williams, my title, "Senior at That."

I, Cleo Picard, will to Eloise Hall, my chapey blue house coat; to my brother Calvin, my ability to graduate; to Merle Williams, my most sincere friendship.

I, Betty Chocktoot, will to my brother Jimmie, my love for English; and to Poogie and Dots, my Senior dignity.

I, Pauline Wilkinson, will to my lil' cousin Genix Picard my G I. dignity; to my roommates, my ability to stay off the black list.

I, Virginia Wilkinson, bequeath to Blanche Bouchard my ability to get the good things done; to Big John my patience, even if it is a little worn; to Spud Cooper my check book, with the hope that his checks never bounce as they did for me.

I, Clyde Bobb, bequeath to Sluggo Edwards my remarkable ability to make roll call on time; to Joe Williams, my Harry James technique in playing the trumpet.

I, Bill Yallup, bequeath my dignified moniker, wild Bill; to Levi George, the title to our most intelligent looking room; to Victor Jackson and Leslie Honena, my technique of basketball hoop shooting; to my brother Wallie, my ambition to graduate; and to the class of 1946 all the luck in the world.

I, Helen Hayes, will to K.C. my ability to awaken early; to Velma my ambition to keep up on letter writing; my dignity to Frog, and our old den to Margaret.

I, Ethel Blake, hereby will to C. McLeod, my ability to gain weight; to the gang my daily ice cream bar; to the other California Injuns, the desire to be good and graduate; and to the Juniors, the title of Seniors. May they be proud of it as we were.

I, Marceil Tom, bequeath to delicate Dumore, my dignity; to Annebelle Summers, my love for potato chips; to my table mates, all my extras.

I, Geneva Alex, bequeath to my kid brother, Melvin my dignity; to Lucille Albert, my ambition to reduce; to Agnes Tahkeal, my black comb; and to my tribesmen, my ambition to finish school.

I, Lillie Frye, will to my kid brother, Robert, my dignity; to Lucille Chercasen, my ability to stay off the black list; to James Grey my everlasting friendship.

I, Mabel Thompson, bequeath to my sis, Augie, my ambition to succeed; to Brownie Moppin, my exclusive G.I. Kleenex; and to all the students, my friendship and remembrance. May they enjoy Chemawa as I have.

I, Daisy Pete, will to Merris and Curtis my healthy appetite; my table manners to Art Young; all the luck in the world to my brother, Pug; and my most sincere friendship to Georgiana Young.

I, Raymond Bennett, bequeath my place at the door selling tickets to Ernest Ironpipe; my room in Brewer