

Tracy Wills Stacy Nine Helicopters On Her Roof

I, Dirk Beveridge, having a mind with too many wrinkles and a body with the same hereby bequeath the following: To my sister Lisa: my typewriter and my philosophy. To Dana: The editorship of The Bulldog and a reminder that if Ted was a good man Chappaquiddick wouldn't have happened: To Calvin Baker I leave a lot of conservative food for thought and sincere appreciation for all the help you've given me. To Randy I leave free photography lessons if you give me my clarinet back. To Steve I leave some strings for your Les Paul. To Tracy I leave your Eddie Rabbit tape, or whatever is left of it. To Sara I leave a Lake Tahoe T-shirt. To Beth and Stacy I leave a Michelob on tap, one ecchy taste of Old Charter and Midland water, straight up, and a lick or two on the mandolin. To Jack Stone I leave four copies of The Bill of Rights which can either be adhered to or used as placemats. To Mr. Mac I leave my gratitude for everything you've done for me and for everyone else. To Leslie I leave some weal wabbit boots to go with your weal wabbit coat. That was nice, wasn't it? To Patty Smith I leave a black bag and a stethoscope to play "doctor" with. To Carol Stall I leave all my thanks. You've helped me a lot, and given me so much needed encouragement. To Conseula I leave a smile so maybe you won't try to injure my body anymore. To Ms. Maulden, I leave thanks for everything but that handout. To Susan Howell thanks for always distracting our teacher. She never griped at us for talking when you were there. To Millie Howard I leave thanks for being a beautiful person. Bonjour Susan. Merci, mon vieux. Tu es trop aimable. To Dr. James Mailey I leave fifteen generations of orangatans to try out experimental educational programs on. To Coach Young I leave thanks for your wise advice and your help. To Coach Shirley I leave thanks for your encouragement. To Mrs. Dillard I offer thanks for being so

lenient with me and for being so fair. Pat, I still say you're a crazy woman. To Duncan I leave you a timeless invitation to come over for a snort and to reminence about the good old days. To Holly I leave a patient to try out your miracle eyes on when you invent them. To Rod I leave my best wishes. I will Mr. Monroe all the wisdom that the Lord gave Solomon. I leave the school bathrooms no graffitti although at times I felt like leaving some. I will the liberals only one more year of Carter and all of the inflation, poor diplomacy and other problems that come with him. To Joan I still need to show you how to blow Stairway to Heaven out of your flute. To Lynette I still need to show it to you on a guitar. To Mr. Hixon I leave a school campus that doesn't have a guitar player attempting to practice in some corner that you need to flush out. And, finally, I leave MHS with a once public restroom which now has been set aside and locked as a monument. I leave the reader 15 pages of stupid wills. As I was editing these, I began to wish that this tradition had been unconstitutionally censored. Cheers.

I, Tracy Franklin, do hereby bequeath the following to the following people. To Paul Davis: a book on how to drive a car and roller skate like a normal human being. To Jimmy Fitz: the sticker on my clip board and the memory of those bathrooms without signs. How did you know which one was the right one? To Stacy: nine helicopters on your roof, a tangerine that jingles, another bottle of Sangria, a ticket to Roswell to see Chris and a big thanks for being such a good friend. With Martha I share the memories of: new cars, our favorite number '7', a popcorn popper, long talks, blackie, and the many parties. I leave you nothing since I am taking you to Aggieland with me next year. (I love you Fredda; thanks for everything!) To Marion: I will you another fun water skiing trip to the lake with 100 new tapes for

the way up so that you can switch every other song and a journal to record how you got all of your business. I also leave you the memories of Pack-Backers and doing cheers in alleys. To Sharon: something big to throw at "you know who", more long talks, more partying and good times; but most of all a big THANKS for a wonderful friendship that I will always cherish. To Cheryl: the entire back seat of the Toyota, another trip to the lake, long fingernails, and one more "Bow, Bow, Bow." To Hissom: another plane trip to Austin with me, a case of wine, the best of luck on your new book "100 Ways to Torture Somebody You Hate", and one more time — "Take him away!" To Lori: more two hour lunches, the triple "T", lemon and salt at Todd's, a blender for the next trip to the lake, another 1:00 doctor's appointment, a lasting friendship, a ticket to come see me next year at A&M, and of course — a nickel. To Chris: the ability to knock on the door instead of looking in the window, another trip to the lake, one worn-out Beatles tape, another tour of San Angelo anytime you're ready, the ability to tell a joke and the punch-line, too (what about that house that burned down?), and last of all a home video tape of your hair spray commercial. To Todd: A big thanks for all that you have done since the ninth grade. Especially this past year, I don't think I could have made it without you. I probably could have — but it wouldn't have been as much fun. Thanks for all the good times. Good luck next year and always. To Laura Hickey: my Pack-Backer uniform and all the good times that go along with it. To Carl: a gallon jug of Kami Kazees and good luck next year at SMU. To John Beane: another jogging partner that is in better shape than me. To Randy: the center cage at the Houston Zoo and my car IF I really do have to drive a tank next year at A&M. To Teresa Ellis: Carpet Cleaner! To Mrs. "T": more kids and a big thanks. To Mr. Baker: a class

room without a bulletin board; since I won't be here next year to decorate it for you. Also, I leave you another daring staff like this year's with one writer like me so that Mr. Stone and Dr. Smith will like at least one or two things in every issue of the paper. To the Beveridges: thank you for being so nice to me. To Coach Hayes: Another football secretary that can cook and type as well as I can. Last of all, to my parents, thanks for putting up with me, for understanding and not questioning.

I, Mark Carra being of insame mind and totally abused body do hereby leave the following: To Jason (Crash) Foreman — A crash proof, rust resistant, bullet proof, "veg" proof automobile. The Ruidoso "Best wipeout of the year" Award. The Kris Kirstofferson "Sing Alike Award". The "Neanderthal-Man Look Alike Award". More times cruising around in the mobile listening to George Benson and drinking your famous "Bathtub" wine (which by the way I still think may cure cancer). To Kelly (Buns) Lilly — A book about yourself entitled "101 ways To Win An Argument". The unforgettable times at the Sonic with "Bo-Obe" Hamm. The totally historical time at Alexander's! The great times in the Mafia mobile. And too many other things to mention in this publication. To Cheryl "Boots" Strack — Plastic corsages, "Tux and Tennes". Academy award winning good night kisis! "Coordination!" Wipers on your glasses for the chancing weather conditions "Up There". A Shrinking solution. A meat locker for your lunch. An asbestos long dress that is soup resistant. A pillow for your dates. A gallon container of Visene for after B's. All my love, and great times in the Ozarks. GO HOGS GO! To Cory "Rev" Richards — A book entitled "Rock-Skiing". Lots of crazy times with Brian. Late night naps on the bathroom floor of Steak and Egg. (Not even in the right one). And a great Super Bowl day. Thanks! To Todd "Wild Man" Liberty — A his and his racing suit for you and I, before and after our dates. A stool with safety wheels on it for Lilly's parties. A never ending memory of your techniques for picking up girls and a book entitled "The Art Of Escape Through Bushes". To Marion Lindley — A new dog. A revlon make-up crew to follow you around where ever you go. A "Brain". A new Manulator for your car. The world's "Most Gullible" award. The opportunity to see the best stunt falls and head smashes in the world. Pete Rose baseball slides at "G" street park. And great memories.

To Farl "Hot Wheels" Michie — A poster of Willie Nelson that you can use as a mirror. An automatic pilot for your car to keep you from hitting parked ones. Clothes that have rips or holes in them. More sing-alongs. Somebody else next year to tell your sex fantasies to. A razor. A lifetime supply of toothpicks and straws. A pillow for concerts. A book about yourself entitled "101 Ways To Be Cool" A goodluck charm. All the good and bad times we went through together. And the best of luck in years to come. (oh yeah) another girl of the same caliber. To Kevin (Big Boy) Bassinger — A dictionary for more hilarious sayings. Protein drink that mixes with beer. A "Cory Richards" doll for those late nights and so you won't hop in the sack with me at College. The vivid description of our "714 wreck. A police scanner for our dorm room. A pair of hot bikes for some hot ladies. Trips at saddle Club and beyond. And the ability to put up with my B.S. next year. To the five brothers who's breakfast for twenty could only be surpassed by the National gourmet cooks team. And to all my friends who I have not mentioned, THANKS!!!! for the greatest years of my life. To Mrs. Mauldin — you're the greatest. P.S. To All my teachers whom I have snowed upon, thanks for the three years of winter.

I, Louise Morgan, will to the Sr. Room further episodes of Mr. Bill Knows Best, BSG Puzzles, ice and pig fights. To Mel, luck at SMY (Got your trunk?), burritos to snarf, nursery book with "Peter Cottontail" & "The 3 Pigs." To Claud, polish for those magic feet. To Patsy, thanks for being a great friend, the award for best bullet imitation. To Red, good luck in the future, more hands for the sub, another Paul & Charles, more guys from Rankin. To Eillips, more hike-bikes (Lone S.), and a slave named Gerard. To Nerda, a David J. Doll for yourself, and a successful life for a great friend. To Gag, good times at A&M, parties with the gang, another Vega, and my thanks. To Jeff, raincheck for 4-wheeling, your own airline, success at Purdue, and a thanks for everything. To Sue, an alarm for second period, your Steve Martin album, Emily Latella's word, and good times at A&M. To Dottie, a straightjacket for next year, my skiing ability, cowpatties and food fights. To Renee & Sandra, Great Sr. years and a place to stay at A&M. To B.B. (Vir), a one-way ticket to Bryan, a place on the traveling team, a good year (thanks for 2), success, happiness and all my love.

A great bank to call your own.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF MIDLAND



THE BULLDOG

The Bulldog, student newspaper at Midand High School, 906 W. Illinois, Midland, Texas, 79701, is published approximately 15 times during the school year. Opinions expressed in The Bulldog frequently are not those of the editors, faculty adviser, the administration or all staff members.

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| Dirk Beveridge | Editor |
| Tracy Franklin | Feature Editor |
| Dana Drury | Sports Editor |
| Randy Hodge | Photography |
| Steve Geddes | Business Manager |
| Susanne Ameel, Mark Carr, Reb Clark, Beth Hammond, George Harben, Claire Carter, Stacy Womack, Rod Steele | Reporters |
| Lynette Young | Staff Artist |
| Baker | Adviser |