

Paul Leming Davis III Has Good Year Despite M.P.D.

I, Paul Leming Davis III, refuse to start out my will in the usual monotonous form of decrepit mind add that all bull. But, I've had a good year, and but for the efforts of the M.P.D., I would have had a great year. To my good buddy B.M. Sliger, there is no way I can say what your friendship has meant to me. But, I would like to leave you a couple of things anyway. 1) A pair of my worn out tennis shoes that you can use as either water skis or snow shoes. 2) One bottle of miracle hair grower. To another good friend that can count his strands of hair on one hand, Todd, I leave one weight watcher's guide, and the memory of some pretty crazy times. To Blake Feldt, I would like to leave at least one Nice date before school is out. I hope you can put Midland on the map with your football at Texas. Good luck. To W.A. Yeager and Preston Black, two guys who are in a class by themselves, I leave all my traffic tickets. The collection could be worth a fortune. To the one and only Bighead, I leave My dad's mounted moose horns for your mirror. Fight Night Memories will cloud my mind for some time to come. You throw one helluva party, Robert, and we all enjoyed your bathroom blinds. To D. Link Grimes and Skeeter McDonnold, I hope ya'll have a good time at U.T. next year. Take it easy and stay alive. To all these guys and many more, but I'm to broke to write much more, I would like to wish all the luck and good times possible. To all, well nearly all, the football coaches at MHS, and even the one that just hit Lee, I leave a thankful remembrance of what I thought was a good year. I'm only sorry that I couldn't do better. Believe it or not, there are a lot of special girls at MHS, and to the unlucky ones who made the mistake of going out with me, I can only leave some good memories and all my love. May you never have to listen to anyone sing along with Jerry Jeff Walker or B.W. Stevenson again. To one junior girl, who I've known as long as she has known herself, I leave a good senior year, and more pair of Big Bob's Boxer shorts. To the two sisters who I've gotten to know this year, I can't think of anything to leave you. You already have everything going for you. To the one senior girl who deserves a paragraph to herself, I am only sorry that I didn't get to know you sooner. I hope you have a great time at Tech, and I hope to have the pleasure of one more kicker dance. To the one teacher at MHS who might have succeeded in teaching me something, I leave late night telephone calls about papers, three of my four or five spare Scarlet Letter books, and a

lot of thanks. To Mr. Hixon, thanks for pulling me through three years of school without one licking. To Mr. Monroe, thanks for learning the ropes so quick, and making it a good senior year. To everyone at Midland High, God bless you, and GOOD BYE.

I, Dode Harvey, being of sound mind and very stable body, leave the following: To Mrs. Hulme the road map to her newly purchased ocean side property in Kansas. To Mr. Dennis the intelligence of knowing who to treat like cow poki and who not to treat like cow poki. To Mrs. Robertson I leave best wishes and much thanks for many kind smiles. To Mrs. Stall I leave the gift of knowing that her English class was the only English class I regularly attended in four years of High School. To Mr. Buchanan I leave twenty five talented students and two clones. To the two clones, Edward and Philip Coffield, I leave my two best sellers: "HOW TO CUT CLASS AND NEVER BE PUNISHED" and "THE ART OF HANDLING TEACHERS". To the entire staff and faculty of Midland High School (excluding paragraph two.) I leave the thought of a very bitter person. Knowing that every teacher was not my guide, it would be unfair to blame each one for my bitterness, however students stereotype teachers the same shallow way that teachers unfairly stereotype students. To the building itself I leave my hates, envies, and jealousies despite the fact that your walls all ready overflow with such dreadful emotions. DE NAHILO NAHILUM.

I, Jay Workman, being of totally distorted mind and well-hung body do hereby bequeath the following to the following: To Jeff Lutke, the ability to control his gastric problems on future golf trips. To Sam Driskill, a keg of beer where ever he goes. To Steve Richmond, a way of keeping an apartment for more than two months and a lot of good times at Tech. To Brian Dorchester, a razor. To Richard Minnix, white wash remover. To Jerry Lee I leave a date with Clark Sterling. To David Sparks, good luck in San Angelo and may there always be a M.H. in your life. To Soul Man Mitchell I leave a class where he is not the only person who loves Eli Whitney. To Bobby Lee and Kelly Moore I leave thanks for helping me with the best thing that has ever happened to me. To Barry Klempnauer I leave a baseball bat so he won't have to carry that telephone pole around all the time. To Mark Johnson I leave a great deal of thanks for all that you have done for me and many good times at Tech. To Pat Johnson I leave a collection of

"America" songs. I leave Jay McMahan and Charlene Bynum each other. To Jeff Bramlett I leave a victory at Wimbledon and the memory of all the good times we have had since seventh grade and all the good times we'll have at Tech. To David McWilliams I leave everything and the ability to live with me at Tech. To Frank Drury, I leave a "skippers treat" and a membership to the yacht club. To Mark Timmons I leave my friendship and lots of luck at Waco. To Ben Zetsche I leave all the women from San Angelo that he can handle and the ability to go out one weekend without coming in wasted. To Coach Young and the golf team, I leave a state championship. Last and most important, to Carol Knittle, I leave my love and hope that we will always be together in the future.

I, Bobby Floyd, with love to you all being of brilliant mind and muscular body, do hereby leave all my worthy belongings and thoughts to the following: To Arthur Yeager, I leave all my police memories. I also leave you the frustrations you had while trying to beat me in golf at Pebble Beach, (or, for that matter, any time). To Barry Levin, I leave all my poker knowledge. I'm sorry for taking all your money (and pants) that night in Miami. To Robert (Prodigious) Head, I leave behind all the trips, all the dates and all the parties while J.B. was out of town; but most of all, I leave you good luck at Tech next year. It has been great being your friend. To Blake (Fitin) Feldt, I leave that afternoon on Padre South Beach and all of that night. Good luck in football wherever you play next year. It has been a great high school year with you. To Link (Slick) Grimes, I leave you the authority to make your own decisions now that you are a big boy. I also look forward to shark hunting with you this summer in Hawaii. It has been great being such good friends. To Bruce Fisher, I leave you all my knowledge on how to be an inconsistent hurdler. To Billy Taylor: Well, what can I say about that night coming home from San Angelo; those nights in the cafeteria and everything else? Hope you reach your goal next year to become All-State in football as a junior. To Coach Hays, I leave good luck for the 79-80 season, and thanks for being my coach. To Coach Nixon, I leave a thousand sorries for everything I ever did wrong. To Doc Dodson, I would just like to thank you for keeping me in one piece from the seventh grade until this very day. You're a true friend. To Bonnie C., thanks for everything. You're not only a good teacher, but a true friend.

To Jeff Rea, I leave the good judgment award; try and use a little of it next year. To Pat (Burp) Hickey, I leave that weekend in Abilene where you probably told everybody you did something. But, everybody listen: He really didn't do a damn thing! To Amy D. Shelly P., and Karol Anne, I leave all the nights we spent together fighting, loving and just doing crazy thing. And last, but not least, I leave Dru Perry my heart and soul. Even though we fought a lot, we still had great fun. I spent my high school days with someone I truly cared for and loved. I'll miss you very much next year; good luck forever, no matter what happens between you and me. (A note to all you sophomores and juniors; keep your hands off!)

I, Kevin Bassinger, being stoned at this time, will omit the usual introduction. First of all I leave Earl Michie a degree in engineering so that he can change his oil occasionally, an underformed chest, and a kick in the face. To Cheryl Stack I leave a husband, a healthy sexual attitude, and a gallon container of gin and tonic. To Cory Richards I leave an extra hi-performance rubber band for his car, a girlfriend over 15 years of age, and the ability to barf in public places, namely the girls restroom at Steak and Eggs. To Tammy Hissom I leave a green Blazer with the ability to jump large gravel piles in a single bound. To Jasom Foreman, some 714s to relieve pain due to auto accidents and a turbo-charged Honda Civic. To Marion Lindly I leave a bump on the head, and the most bruises of any person on earth. To Mark (MUDSLIDE) Carr, a serious attitude Towards at least one facet of life. Also, a map of Oklahoma City, OK., drunken adventures in Arkansas, a car that works, and a maid so that we can maintain sanitary living conditions next year. To Paul Nelson, I leave a mature girlfriend, some B-complex, and a peyote button. To Katie Sloan, I leave a brain and a clamp for your mouth. To Kelly Lilly, a rear & legs. To Emily Parker, a trench coat. (Ha, Ha) To Shely Paxton, a Playgirl Magazine at Jack & Jill Doughnuts. To Sharon Noland, I leave a big 10 inch record. To Martha Hadden, the ability to veg-out after only 5 minutes of partying. And last but not least, I leave Janice Saylor an educational religious documentary of which I'm sure she enjoyed. It's been fun! Thanks, Bye.

I, Ben Zetsche, having no mind, a scrawny body do bequeath: Jimmy Fitz-Gerald — surrounding mirror that never

leaves his sight. Richard Minnix and David Sparks — A book that has 1001 ways to get out lying. Kris Sliger — All the geese he can get at U.T. Barry Klempnauer — A date that will want him and not

his car. Pat (Bohonker) Johnston — Chap Fever. Mark Carr — A comb of his own. Eric Fry — A hairpiece to cover his balding head. Carl Campbell — A keg of frozen daquiris. Paul Patterson — A good time at M.H.S. in Lubbock. Steve Richmond — A place to live. Jay Workman — A party when the parents are in town. Mark Johnson — All the beer and ketchup you can handle. Suzanne Ameal — A way to get rid of that laugh. Becky Bigham — Some shoes. Preston Black — The will to stop at certain stop lights. Monica Blair — Some more Baghdad pants. Sara Josefy — A good time without being out of it. Stacy Caldwell — A different date. Lisa Beveridge — Ability to hear a door bell. Richard Corbell and Joe Sloan — A sorry car like mine. Amy Davenport — A membership to the Sid Vicious fan club. Brian Dorchester — Another New Year's Eve at Cody's. Sharon Hartman — Ability to keep your mouth shut. Jack Hooper — What do you think! Duncan Kennedy — A day without playing frisbee. Carol Knittle — The power to keep people from staring at your rear. Bill Leifeste — Way of getting rid of being named "Bookworm." Susan Shoemaker — A case of "Charlie." Bert Swanson — The skill to keep from falling when playing frisbee. Mark Timmons — The chance to party with me in Waco next year. Frank Drury — Ability to tuck in your shirt. Coyet Copeland — Another one of those nights at Richmond's. Robert Matejek — My homework for once. Todd (Red) Yocham — A time when you look or feel straight. Melinda Wilson — Ability to get rid of saying "KILLER." John Schwartz — Another Senior Talent Show skit to work on so you can use your many sayings such as "Let's Jam!" or "NICE". All I can say is "LATER TO YOU!!!"

Colorado boasts the only man in U.S. history to ever have been convicted of cannibalism. He was Alfred Pacher, who in the spring of 1874 made a 75 mile trek across the Rockies, in the course of which he may have killed his five companions, but in any case, admitted eating their flesh to stay alive in the subzero cold. The judge reportedly passed sentence on him with the words, "Alfred Pacher, you man-eatin'-S.O.B., there was nine Democrats in Hinsdale County and you ate five of them".


Good Work Alfred.

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