

YE
ROYAL
BEQUESTS
AND
PREDICTION
OF YE
SENIORS

BE IT KNOWN hereafter that these following bequeathings were set down meticulously by ye royal scribes--Ubbo and Sathla--under the firm eye of Queen Smith and Princess Patton. So, read on and be wary:

I, David Andrews, being of sound mind and body (I think), do hereby will my ability to leave before sixth period every day to get on the bus to "Black Bird".

I, Elizabeth Boehm, will my ability to talk and get good grades in Coach Kotzur's class to Susan Bednarz.

I, Keith Booth, will the ability to grow hair to J. J. Kotzur.

I, Joan Butschek, will my saintly disposition to Jan and Georgia Smolik.

I, Frankie Cano, being of sound mind do hereby will my ability to play center-field to John Fawelek, who will be one of the greater rookies next year with his Willie Mays ability to catch.

I, Kathy Carpenter, being without mind and sound body, leave my drill sargent voice during marching season to Kay Gary along with a lifetime supply of gum, at her expense, for concert practice; my never-ending perserverance to sleep in Physics to Mr. Smith; my cursed piccolo to whoever Mr. Smith thinks can get the wretched thing in tune; my ability to keep my boy friends straight to Susan McShan and Suzanne Rhodes; and my energetic attitude and exercise program to all future Seniors who take leisure P.E.

We, Cyd and Pammie, will our "sister image" to Marsha Perkins and Paulette Williams in hope that they can keep each other straightened out.

We, the Senior Drafting Class, leave our proficient far-reaching four-letter word vocabulary necessary for drawing and our X-rated weekend stories and jokes to our successors, and to Mr. Brown, a large sign to hang outside the door, reading CENSURED.

I, Jerome Dragon, being of sound mind and body, will Mrs. Seale all the luck in the world, because Mike Neuberry will still have Study Hall. I also will my bottle of Methiolate and Gauze Pads to the P.E. Department. At the rate Don Roberts is going, they'll need bottles and bottles. And to George Wuest, I give everything I have left over--one sock, toothless comb, one shoe string, and one Halloween mask.

I, Florence Dugi, bearing a mind and body, will my soundness to Cathey Vialpando.

I, Richard Dugi, will my ability to drink Polish Water on Friday nights and other nights with ??? while rabbit hunting and not seeing any rabbits but a flashing red light to whom it may concern.

I, Kelly Franke, will my ability to make it out of bathroom windows at dances and to have a beer bottle handy in case of emergencies to David Black. I also will my parking spot across from the cafeteria to James Wood.

I, Synde Frenzel, will my shorthand ability to Dahlia Martinez. She'll really need it when she tries to remember what Elva has told her. Knowing how Elva talks, she will have to be able to take dictation at the minimum of 100 words per minute.

I, Mary Ann Gauna, being of sound mind and body, leave nothing to nobody because I need everything I got and that's the truth.

We, Debbie Gilley and Cyndy Deskin, will our pretty nicknames, "Gill" and "Kidney", respectively to any "fish" who needs gills or a kidney transplant. I, Debbie, will my short arms to Edelmira Franco, and I, Cyndy, will my ability to have long arms and wear short dresses to Polly Seale.

I, Dale Gross, will next year's Seniors in P.E., Coach Gibbens leisure P.E. class and my tennis shoes to Coach.

I, Susan Hoffman, being of sound mind and body, will all my old tennis shoes to Phyllis Kowalik.

I, Carol Janysek, being of sound mind and body, will the following to Bubbles (Charlene Mika): my ability to tell "a good one and have people worry nights" and one "soda pop" bottle to help her through school.

I, Mike Johnson, leave behind my long, curly, Afro hair to Coach Gibbens.

I, Pat Kimble, will all my "good Times" in my Green Lizard to whomever can start it!

I, Patrick Kotara, do hereby bequeath my pair of piernas largas to Becky Day, 'cause she thinks she needs 'em.

I, Larry Kotzur, will all my worn-out cowboy boots and cowboy hats to Jeff Day.

I, Pat Manka, being almost sound in mind and body, hereby make this to be my last will and testament. I will all my past experiences, my ability to get in early, and CURTIS to Margie Pollock. And I will a big, brown-eyed boy to Patricia Ebrom.

I, Barbara Pawelek, will all my old times, experiences, knowledge, secrets, and letters from Falls City to Brenda so that she'll learn and know not to. I will to Sue these same things so that Tommy will learn and know to do.

I, Arlene Bednarz, being of sound mind but not so sound body, hereby make my last will and testament. I will my long fingernails to Tally (alias Sarah Manka) so she can protect herself from those Runge guys. And to Matt, I leave a pair of high, high heels--Good Luck, Matt!

We, Barbara, Pat, and Arlene, will all our wild fun on New Year's Eves to Sue Schulz. And to Christy Cannon we leave nothing, nothing almost nothing!

I, Cheri McClane, do hereby will my new "56" beautiful, green station wagon to Coach Neuman in hopes that he will be able to teach his classes to drive safely.

I, Sharon Mika, will all my tank tops, blue jeans, beads, bracelets, earrings, sandals, pantsskirts, and red lipstick to Mrs. Gilley.

I, Zafirin Moczygamba, will my ability to keep my mouth shut to Doug Hungry.

I, Elton Moy, will my ability to fill the candy machines and change the marquee in front of the school to any energetic junior that loves mother natures rain, wind, sleet, or snow and an occasional sunny day.

I, Pam Patton, being of sound mind but a could-be-better body, do hereby leave to the Badgers Football team, all my BIG REDS so they can get high without getting wide. To Curtis Perkins, you lucky guy, I leave my P.E.-softball throw-winning arm. And to Zits Vajdos, I leave my appetite, 'cuz that I won't need at SWTSU.

I, Joyce Pawelek, being of sound mind? and body do hereby bequeath to Barbara Pollok and Georgia Smolik my scholarly abilities, managing abilities, ability to be at all the wrong places at all the wrong times some of the time and the rest of the time trying to get to all the right places at about the right time, and most important the ability to get information FAST when needed.

I, Tim Pawelek, not here, not there, not anywhere in particular, somehow will to the freshman class my musty, worm-eaten copy of the Unaussprechlichen Kulten, one ebon sarcophagus, the mad god's amulet, John Carter's broadsword, and my complete, mind you, my complete set of No. 2 pencils. Ha. Ha. For a moment there I led you to believe that I really did have a musty, worm-eaten copy of the Unaussprechlichen Kulten, one ebon sarcophagus, the mad god's amulet, John Carter's broadsword, and my complete, mind you, my complete set of No. 2 pencils! 'Nuff Said!

I, John Perez, will my ability to keep out of trouble in school to Edward Riojas.

I, Rudy Riojas, will my new-unopen Economic Book back to Mrs. Hartman.

I, Delia Rodriguez, will my privilege of walking the halls 6th period without having to sneak around to Esmaralda Perales.

I, Louis Rodriguez, Jr., will my wandering feet to James Cooper, who needs to relax a little.

I, Virgil Rodriguez, of sound mind, will my achievement of "slipping-out" of band practice (with concert contest a week ahead) and getting caught and almost forgot my worn-out cross country shoes to Jerry and Jesse Quintero.

On the verge of graduation, I happily stand,
 And think of my friends, and give you my plan.
 I being Pat Seale, and known for my wit,
 Leave to my chosen, each worthless bit.
 To Authur Hurlbut, my pal at this time--
 I leave you my rapidly receding hairline.
 And to all the guys in the Athletic Department,
 I leave you my scheme for muscle enlargement.
 To Ed Rowan, my friend, co-worker, and pal,
 I leave you my notes on how to catch a gal.
 Now in this moment of gladness, and feeling quite high,
 I leave the Administration and Faculty a long-awaited
 GOOD-BYE!!

I, Parker Schendel, will my ability to drink beer and stay awake while driving to Mr. B. D. Dolimight (David Radicke).

I, John Urbanczyk, being of sound mind, body, etc., do will, bequeath etc., to the freshmen, sophomores, etc., all that I legally, rightfully, etc. call my own--NUTHIN'!

We, the Lazy, Looney, Loose, and Lousy Seniors of 3rd period P.E. being of sound mind and sounder body, thanks to Miss Moses, do will the following to this beloved dictator:

I, Kathy, will you one of my many boyfriends with hopes of success.

I, Lana, will you my short orange body shirt and my ability to hit home runs out of the tennis courts.

I, Diane, will you my ability to play basketball and my bikini.

I, Paula, will you my holey, sexy gym suit, my suntain lotion and "queer" jokes.

We would like to express our gratitude for making our bodies fisikalee phit, giving us an early start on our tens and unknowingly letting us out early for lunch. We'll miss you Miss Moses and hope you'll not be a miss too long.

I, Don Yanta, will my Sunday morning headaches to James Wood.

I, Larry Yanta, being of very sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath one of my greatest scientific achievements of all time, the formula for a Coon: $1GW + 1V2FHCT = 1C$ (one George Wuest plus one very fuzzy hairy coon tail equals one Coon) to Don Roberts.

THE STORY BEHIND THE SCENE

Dim were the lights that glowed in the Student Activity Room that Sunday night. Cold was the north wind that howled outside. Two dark forms shifted now and then across the room. On the counters were the blurred masses--typewriters, books, "soda" cans, writing utensils, etc. And stupid were those two forms in the dim room! Then began an interesting conversation.

One Guy: Tim, what time is it?

The Other: It's 4:30 in the morning.

One Guy: Heck, let's go home.

The Other: Nope, we gotta finish this mess we got ourselves into. Besides, if we don't, the old battleaxe will get us. So we gotta finish it.

One Guy: That's what I was thinkin' about--finishin' it--if I only hadda gun...

The Other: Well, we finished getting the senior wills together. They can be turned in.

One Guy: Speaking of turnin' in...

The Other: Nope, we gotta fix up the prophecies. Hey, where ya goin'?

One Guy: I think I'm gonna be ill.

The Other: Come off it, John. Writing the prophecies won't be that difficult. Let's just get our creative imaginations going. Stimulation--mental stimulation--is the idea.

One Guy: But I left my PLAYBOYS at home.

The Other: Not that kind of stimulation--but one of foresight, prediction of the future. I have a device here that will help us.

One Guy: What in the Sam Hill is that?!

The Other: This is the Mirror of Tuzun Thune. You can actually see the future in it.

One Guy: Hold on a minute. Who is "Tuzun Thune"?

The Other: Some sorcerer I met in Asia. He studied the blasphemous texts of ancient magic, mystery, witchcraft, etc.

One Guy: Yeah? Well, I saw that movie last night on "Alfred Hitchcock Presents". But level with me: can you see the future in that thing?

The Other: Yup.

One Guy: That's what I like. A direct answer. But, wow! Imagine! You can see the future! Hooo Boy! Ouija won't like this!

The Other: Look! Something's coming in in the mirror!

One Guy: Yeah. Hey, it looks like it has a red top. Can't make too much out though. Too misty. Wait! It's becoming clear! Hey, we're really lookin' into the future! Look, it's David Andrews...

David Andrews is now the big chief bottler of Big Red and, for a stimulating hobby, raises blackbirds.

Larry Arriola is now the world's (well, almost) greatest distance runner. Larry is currently training for the 1984 Olympics, in which he hopes to run and sell hot dogs and popcorn.

Arlene Bednarz is now a renown columnist for a syndicated newspaper. Her enjoyable column is called "Dear Abbey".

Sam Benavides, playboy, photographer, millionaire, tycoon, Hugh Hefner's disciple, really doesn't have much of a future.

Elizabeth Boehm--remember that quiet girl? Well, she's still quiet.

Keith Booth is on the right track and plays for Grand Funk Railroad.

Mark Brysch has his own professional football team--the bulging bashing, and bulldozing Brysch Bulldogs.

Joan Butschek is well--uh--you see-- uh-- well--let's just censor it.

Frankei Cano is now playing professional baseball for the Soaptown Suds. He is also a noted novelist, and his current bestseller is Catcher in the Lve.

Kathy Carpenter recently found Baylor University too tough. She dropped out and has joined the Marine Corps.

Rita Carrillo has kind of followed August's (that's her father) footsteps. In August of 1986 she will take down August's sign "August's Upholstery" and replace it with the august one of "Rita's Hosiery".

Cyndy Deskin is now selling suntan lotion on the salty seashore for those sunbathers who sit in the sun. Cyndy also has this hangup with S's.

Jerome Dragon is now a filthy rich man. He has bought all of Panna Marie (one house and a bunch of oak trees) and now calls it Jerome's Place. Cold Beer, Pool, and Groceries. You name it--Jerome's has it.

Florence Dugi is now a cashier at Jerome's Place. She is a diligent worker. Jerome, why don't you give her a raise? Jerome, let's not be cute. Take the ladder back.

J. D. Dworaczyk is now--after all--a priest. Benedicamus Domino! J.D. has also taken up, for a hobby, marksmanship.

Gilbert Enriquez is now a cat. And do we mean a cat! Hoooooooooo Boy!

Paula Ewald is now wearing fiber glasses, tank tops, and beads, if she can afford it.

Kelly Franke is now married and living in Lone Oaks Corner. Kelly says, "Maybe I made a mistake in this. Is there still an opening in mechanical engineering?"

Synde Frenzel has become the world's one and only tissue boat maker and you can't row that.

Mary Ann Guana is now a quiet citizen of Waxahachie. She is also a distinguished novelist, and her current book is Night of the Guana.

Debbie Gilley is still asking herself that question: "What am I going to be when I grow up?"

Patsy Grimm is a flower-grower and horticulturist of note. She has her own plant which is located in Bloomington.

Dale Gross is now a mortician and is employed in Road's Funeral Parlor (Sam Road, owner). Dale has also served in the Marine Corpse. He is also a writer of fantasy, and his new book is entitled The Moth That Devoured Milwaukee.

Johnny Hartman is now--well, he never changed--a notorious, bronc-bustin', barbed-wire chewin' cattle rustler in Gillett. Reward: Five dollars? Four dollars? Three dollars? Two dollars? Eight bits? Two bits? Make offer.

Susan Hoffman is now the world champion woman tennis player after defeating both Billie Jean King and Chris Evert with one hand tied behind her back even. She's made it in her racket.

Ralph Hons is now the sherriff of Lone Oaks County. No trouble here. Drink and gamble at your own risk. Two-gun Ralph does not fool around. (But don't ask the local ladies about this.)

Carol Janysek is now the greatest soloist in the Panna Maria church choir. Felix Snoga, eat your heart out!!

Keith Johnson (that's Mrs. Johnson's boy) is now a lyricist of note in Hollywood. He also has a circle of admiring friends--Raquel, Netalie, Ann, and Jennifer. Shades of Rudolph Valention!

Mike Johnson is now residing in the Everglades with Wally. Mike sells Gatorade.

Pat Kimble is a practical chiropractic practicing practical chiropractic. Do you suppose his father had a hand in his occupation?

Pat Kotera finally made it. He struck it rich at A&M by perfecting the first pornographic automobile. You just wind it up and watch it strip its gears. He now resides in northern Canada, where he spends his time hunting moose.

Larry Kotzur has struck it rich. He robbed a bank!

Beverly Lamorecht is still residing at her parents' home, but she has bought the Smokehouse, K/ML, K-Bowl, the Midway Drive-In, Kenedy, and Karnes City. We have to hand it to her that she knows how to handle land.

Polo Leal is playing polo in Prague (of all place!). And do you notice the sport? And the similiarity? Polo plays polo. Hey, that's pretty catchy, and it sounds better than "Polo plays rugby."

Patricia Manka is now a competent businesswoman in Chicago (Arizona, not Illinois). She is the idol of millions (Sam Millions, that is, her boss).

Cheri McClane has been hired as a munchkin for the new version of The Wizard of Oz.

Johnny Mendoza is stationed on the good ship Duckie and is still the idol of Millie.

Leslie Mika has begun--look out!--his family.

Sharon Mika has begun--look out!--her business. (Fooled you, didn't we.)

Allan Moczygemba has invented the dream car of the world. Solid chrome and jet. Leopard-hide interior. Polished diamond rear-view mirror. Gold-plated cylinders and engine block. Ruby-red back-up lights. And it complies with the no-pollution laws. Rubber-band powered.

Zafirin Moczygemba is currently winding up Allan's dream car for him. Don't forget to check under the hood, Zafirin.

Elton Moy is now the proud owner of a restuarant on the Cestahowa Turnpike. Business, however, is poor. Maybe he ought to serve some food with his meals.

Pam Patton has recently given up studies at SWTSU and married some financial shark from Brooklyn. Today they are going on their honeymoon cruise, leaving on the good ship Titanic. Bon voyage!

Barbara Pawelek has started her own music group, "Barbara and the Dead Fish Four". They are currently performing at Jerome's Place in Panna Maria. Switching to this locale, we see Jerome and the entire population fleeing from the city on a buckboard wagon.

Joyce Pawelek is now residing in her fashionable mansion on her and her husband's plantation. Slavery, however, has set in and Joyce's husband is one of the unfortunate ones. While imprisoned he has written a novel about his wife--Uncle Joyce's Cabin.

Tim Pawelek shouts in the future that he is the most famous and richest man in the world! He has purchased Wall Street! He has bought out Howard Hughes and A. Onassis! It was at this time that several gentlemen in white came forward, picked him up, and returned him to his room on South Presa.

Johnny Perez is now a truck driver and truck all rolled into one.

Richard Pollok, after sixteen years in college, is now making his home in Karnes City on King Avenue. He and Linda are happy that they can get married since he has finished his lengthy college life. Oh yes, Richard's major is butterfly-collecting.

Rudy Riojas has become an unfortunate traffic-accident victim. He got in Johnny Perez's way.

Delia Rodriguez--remember that quiet girl? Well, recently she ripped and burned Los Angeles with a Women's Lib speech. Los Angeles, however, did not mind; it just had one big weinie roast.

Louis Rodriguez has now got his name plastered on the front pages of all newspapers in New York. He murdered the Empire State Building.

Virgil Rodriguez is now a promising track star. Recently in the Texas Relays, Virgil almost broke Jim Ryun's world record in the mile--until the chain broke on his bike.

Parker Schendel has now purchased Texas for the future site of his Lone Star Brewery.

Jan Schoenecke is now an astrologer and resides in San Francisco. (that's where the Golden Gate Bridge is). When asked how she predicts the future, Jan replied, "I planet."

Steve Schulz is now--well--uh--uh--Steve? Just what are you?

Pat Seale has bombed out of Texas University as a new-clear fizzy-cist and has returned to his beloved hometown to raise a family. He seems to be obsessed with the atomic structure. Here's his wife--Ellie-Ment and their two children--Alec Tron and Pollie Cule. Shades of Niels Bohr!

Steve Sherrill is now a celebrated lecturer and intellectual at Princeton University. His works are marked by high literary quality and competence. Two of his best books are: Tommy and the Pirates and Apricots for Young and Old.

Tim Stimson has finally settled down (with Marsha, of course) in the furniture business. But we're not sure if he is interested in table legs or Marsha's. Oh well, knock on wood.

John Urbanczyk is either a priest of East or a butcher on the south side of town and has a bad liver. Hang in there, John.

Bill Watson is the man of late whom the whole French world has its eyes on. Bill is about to leap off the Eiffel Tower. Sacre Bleu!

Steve Weaver is a noted politician since his honorable discharge from the Academy. While in Colorado Steve received many honors, gifts, presents, and Academy awards.

Ronny White is a Golden Gloves boxer. After a recent championship bout, a bleeding, battered, yet triumphant Ronny White said through cut lips while looking at his gloves, "Gold Mine."

Diane Wiatrek is now one of the jet-set models of world fashion. She has appeared on numerous magazine covers-Progressive Farmer, Newsweek, Seventeen, Sixteen, Fourteen, Thirteen, Twelve, etc.

Lana Witte is now the proud mother of ten children. But the eleventh is on the way, and Lana tells her other children that the stork is coming once more. Her unfortunate husband says, "Coming?! Heck, he lives here!"

Don Yanta is currently raising a crop of cucumbers. Pickles for sale. Cheap!

Larry Yanta is now a professor at SWTSU in Beeville. He is an anthropologist and is studying the behavior patterns of freshmen in high school and monkeys in Africa. He says they are almost the same. Except the monkeys can hang by their tails better.

(CONCLUSION ON NEXT PAGE)

One Guy: Boy, that Mirror of Tuzun Thune was a riot!
The Other: Riot on. Well, we're finished. Let's start packin'.
One Guy: Hey, whatta 'bout the Class History?
The Other: Nix!
One Guy: You mean that we're not gonna tell them how this senior class got together? We're not gonna tell them about first grade and junior high and our wild high school days? We're not gonna relate the harrowing experiences that befell us in Mrs. Garner's room or what happened at the county meet that one year? We're not gonna tell them about Coach Copeland and Mr. Malaise and Mrs. Dupree? We're not gonna tell them about the girls and boys in Fashing, Gillett, and Panna Maria? We're not gonna tell 'em all that?
The Other: That's right.
One Guy: But why?
The Other: Because I'm mentally, physically, and psychologically exhausted.
One Guy: So?
The Other: All the students have imagination and memories, don't they?
One Guy: Well, I suppose so.
The Other: Then let them write their own class history. Let's go home. I'm bushed.
One Guy: You know, you're right. Let's get the heck outta here.

Two dark forms exited from the room and shuffled homeward as the rising sun began to peek above the horizon, bringing a new day and MONDAY MORNING SCHOOL!!!

Sherriff, as he looked at the two forms in the bar ditch: Somethin' musta happened to their brains. Look at 'em; they's shattered--lost their senses. Nothin' we can do 'cept take 'em to South Presa.

The lawman and his fellow officers loaded the two gibbering forms into the squad car and headed for 181. How were they to know that those hopeless cases were once talented journalism students?!

THE EVER-LOVIN' END!

NOTE:

This is, fortunately, our last paper. We hoped you enjoyed it and our radical approach in pulling the gag off. But y'all haven't seen the last of this journalism class's creativity--wait'll our annual comes out in August! Hooo Boy!