

BLADE  
6-9-71

## The envelope please...

by don hahn

Soft, soothing music flowed from the orchestra pit as a caravan of stuffed-shirt dignitaries, frumpy old women and their scholarly sons and daughters filed into their seats at the Buc Cafeteria to observe Bellflower High's answer to the Academy Awards, the 19th Annual Award presentations.

The lights dim and a hush consumes the crowd as a sole spotlight falls on M.C. Arthur Townley. The audience gasps at the sight of Townley's virtually see-through sports coat. ('I had to keep up with Sally Kellerman,' Townley remarked.) But, nevertheless, they waited with itchy pants to hear the first nominees.

"The first category is the Scholar of The Year Award," began Townley. "The nominees are — Rick Rahm for his role in 'Grimma Meets the Concrete God'; Cathy Crostrand for the best supporting role in 'We Got the Willies'; and Sam Okimoto for his portrayal of a World War II kamakazi pilot in 'A Nip In The Air.'"

"THE ENVELOPE PLEASE."  
The audience moves to the edge of its seats as the paper slides slowly from the envelope.

"And the winner is . . . Sam Okimoto."  
Sam received his award as the orchestra struck up the movie's theme song, "House of the Rising Sun."

"The next category is the Athlete of the Year Award," continued Townley. "The nominees are Curtis McConnell, Howard Prouty, Rick Rahm and Bill Thompson."

"THE ENVELOPE, PLEASE."  
"Ladies and Gentlemen it seems that something quite rare has occurred," exclaimed Townley.

"Quite rare?" returned the gallery.  
"Yes, quite rare," he said. "It's a tie!"

"A Tie?" proclaimed the gallery.  
"Yes," continued Townley, "a black bow tie . . . er . . . I mean, a tie between two last-minute write-ins."

"The winners are Dan Davidson and Rick Bethke."  
Surrounded by swooning admirers, the brawny athletes received their trophies as the orchestra struck up the symbolic "Baseballers Ballet" duet for bassoon and catchers mit.

And so continued the awards. The next presentation, indeed, the nominees for the BLADE Most Valuable Staffer Award.

"The nominees," announced Townley, "are Melissa Blylock for her starring role in 'Beach Blanket Nurf Ball,' Jan Crocker for her portrayal of Rick Rahm in 'Please Don't Eat the Spirit Walk,' Douglas Stern for his fabulous action shot of two dozen eggs, and Phil Budig for his tactful handling of his columns about baseball."

"THE BROWN PAPER BAG PLEASE." (Townley had previously exhausted his supply of envelopes.)

"And the winner is . . ." the paper towel with the winners names slid slowly from the bag.

"OH NO!" exclaimed Townley.  
"OH NO?" echoed the audience.

"Yes, it's another tie. This time it's between . . . Melissa and Douglas."

The two winners paraded proudly to the podium as the orchestra took a coffee break.

And so the stately caravan of dignitaries filed out of their seats and into their limousines not to be seen again until next year when they all will converge under the canopy at the Buc Cafeteria to hear the 29th annual Bellflower Academy Awards.

But to lunch!

Photo  
by  
dug

## Blade View

# Students argue farce; demand voting recall

A portion of the student body are protesting the recent election, calling it a farce, a fraud, and an out-right joke, not to be taken seriously by anyone. These students are persistent in demanding a recall election.

The election is acknowledged as a farce due to the fact that on the first day of voting, ballots were passed out by certain people who were candidates themselves for office. Those running the polls allowed many students to register after voting had begun. Moreover, because of the number of people who constantly crowded around the ballot table, it was possible to obtain ballots without actually signing the registration book. Many students claim to have voted more than once using this method. It was also possible for students to vote more than once by forging the signature of another registered voter. Meanwhile, even the candidates had the poor taste to campaign openly at the polls.

Having become aware of these activities students concluded that the election should have been recalled after the first day of voting. Candidate Bill Thompson stated the above fraudulent conditions in a petition signed by other candidates requesting that "voting be discontinued to keep from making a mockery of this election and elections to follow in the future." Copies of this petition were sent to Principal Dr. Arthur Townley, Assistant Principal John Killeen, Secretary of Elections Norma Gunderson and the BLADE. Having gone through the proper channels of dissent, the only result was that ASB President Howard Prouty said that he would investigate the matter.

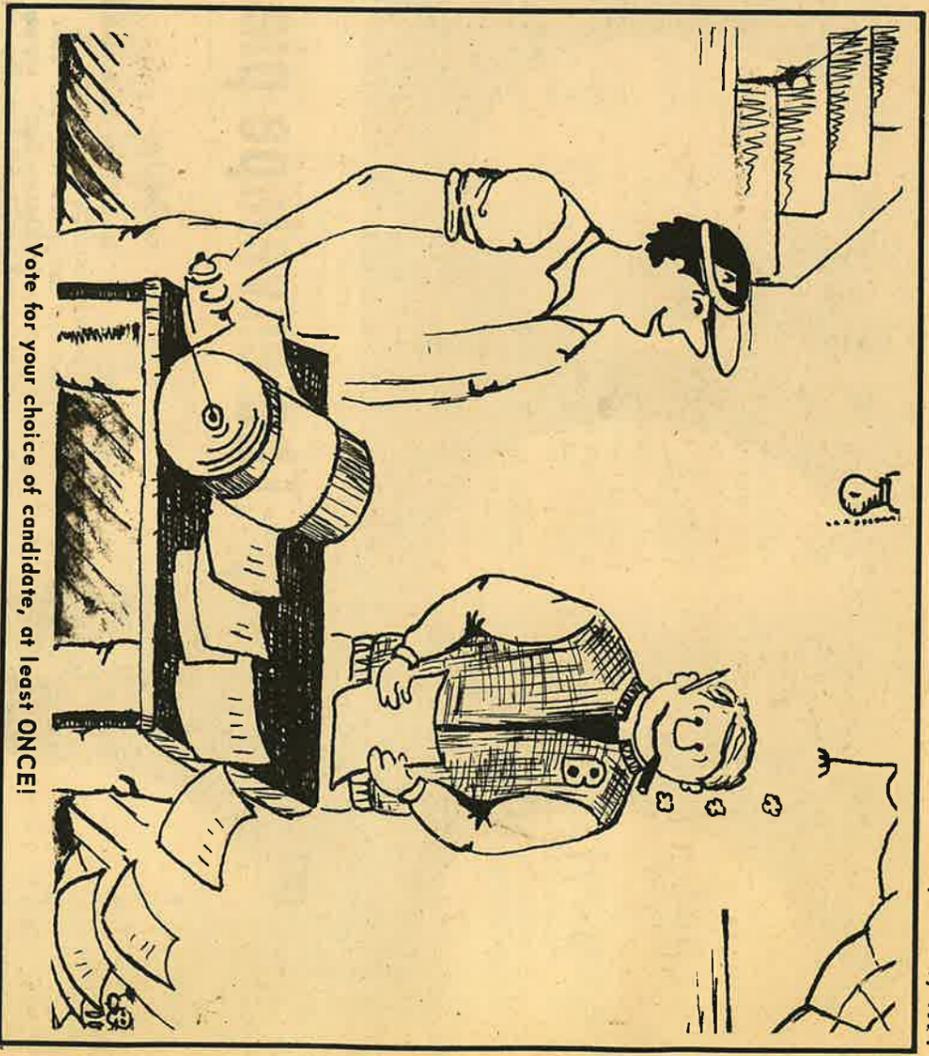
When it became obvious that nothing would be done, many students established the logic that the only way to get the election recalled would be to make it an even bigger farce. It was not until Sam Okimoto and a few of his cohorts were caught removing a ballot from the polls that action was taken.

Okimoto was called before the student court in the pretense of an investigation. Due to the aboriginal behavior of those involved, the student court meeting could not by any means have been considered effective. It proved to be a disgusting, and childish, namecalling session. The court members constantly contradicted themselves, denying the existence of cheating, yet, at the same time, being over-eager to prosecute supposed offenders.

Many of the problems that took place occurred because the election was totally unorganized. It appears that little or no planning had taken place beforehand. If the ASB Cabinet members had been interested they would have worked in the polls instead of depending on students who were candidates to do the job. Preventing students from voting more than once would have involved simply requiring the students to present an identification card at the time of registering and again at the polls.

Secretary of Elections Norma Gunderson, admitted that "anything could have gone wrong on everyday of the election." If the Cabinet members themselves are not confident in the system for voting which they established, then the system should be changed.

The circumstances of this year's elections were highly unethical, and if a sense of democracy is to exist on campus, an investigation is in order. An investigation, which if held by a group of unbiased individuals, would expose the election to be one of many faults and gross errors, errors which provide significant grounds for a re-



## Letters to the Editor

### Invalidation idea splits student court

To the Editor,

On Thursday, May 27, the student court met to discuss and rule on the validity of the recent ASB and Class elections. The students who attended the meeting included two opposing factions. One group claimed that the election was invalid and offered evidence that cheating had occurred. Another group admitted that there was cheating due to the improper way the election was run on Tuesday, May 18. They made it clear, however, that they did not think this cheating was significant. Also in attendance was a student who admitted to voting three times.

In view of the controversial nature of the meeting, we thought we should explain and clarify the court's decision.

The majority of the court decided that the cheating that went on was not significant enough to effect the outcome of the election. There was, therefore, no grounds for re-running the election. We also feel that after the first day of the election the ASB Cabinet recognized the problems that existed and took the appropriate action to correct them.

The Student Court

(Robertza Talsma, Sunni Jones,  
John Conner, Donna Hite, Sherman Seelye)

To the Editor,

After hearing arguments for and against invalidating the election and running it over, the majority of the Student Court voted to uphold the election results. We, the minority of the court, feel that the decision of the majority was a mistake.

There were two ways in which a student could have voted more than once. First, by acting like he had signed the registration book to receive a ballot, without actually doing so. (The ASB Cabinet admits that at least 10 people voted more than once by this method.) Second, by forging the signature of another registered voter. Many people claim to have done this. It was easy to do because only about one-half of the people who registered actually voted.

There is no way of determining, for sure, the actual extent of the cheating. It is very possible that the cheating could have been widespread enough to effect the outcome of several close elections. For this reason we think that the elections should have been invalidated and run again.

Linda Pederson, Bill Thompson,  
Jim Martinez

To the Editor,

There have been many questions raised by students about the credibility of the recent student elections. These claims range from phony ballots to registering of students after the registration period was up. I have personal knowledge of the fact that cheating was very possible.

I realize that this issue recently came up before the student court, but I also believe this to be a farce. Many of the court preceptors were running for office or were directly involved with other candidates. This raises a question of

decision. Furthermore, there is nothing in the constitution concerning elections.

I propose that a joint faculty-student committee of neutral and unbiased people be set up to investigate the election and if necessary, re-run the election with the proper controls against cheating.

Jan Goodsell

To the Editor,

There are three members of the Board of Education who have committed a complete and total outrage. They have fired our Superintendent, Dr. Norman Wampler.

They obviously have no concern for the education of the students in this school district. Many people spoke in defense of Dr. Wampler at the board meeting. Some were practically on their knees pleading with the three, Les Taylor, Marilyn Sue Barton and Clyde Bower.

It was obvious that they refused to represent the majority but instead chose the represent a handful. They will pay Dr. Wampler \$30,000 this coming year for not working, when our school district is thousands of dollars deficit. This means they will be paying two superintendents.

They gave no logical reason whatsoever for his dismissal. They are obsessed with getting Dr. Wampler out and are determined to succeed.

Please help us, graduating seniors, by not accepting your diploma or shaking the hand of Marilyn Sue Barton or Les Taylor. We must show them how we feel. Hopefully, this will help to correct this great injustice.

Scotla Alives

To the Editor,

In regards to the School Board's decision concerning the termination of Dr. Wampler as Superintendent, why is it they feel like giving away \$30,000 when our school district is so badly in need of funds?

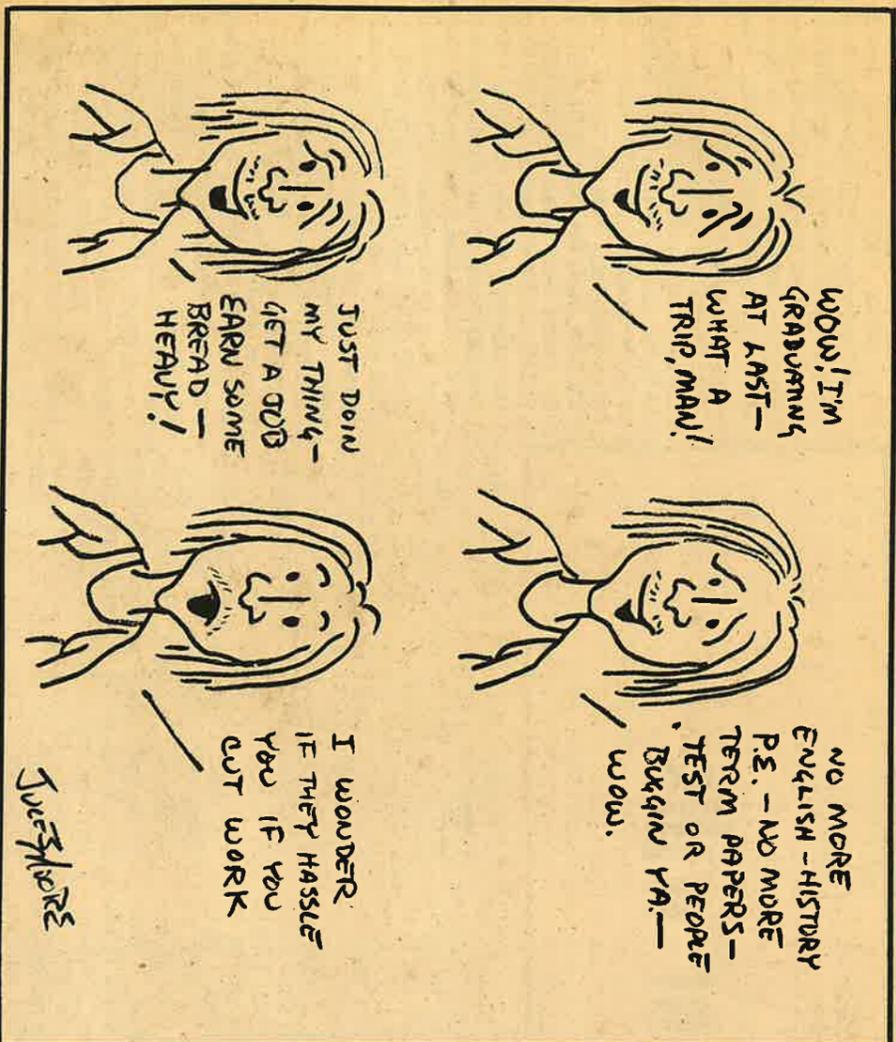
It would make more sense to allow him to complete his term and then replace him, rather than add another expense to the shrunken budget. I think they should reconsider.

Tim Rush

## Candidate's GPA incorrectly printed

The BLADE erroneously printed Randy Eggeston's grade point average as 1.80 May 20, 1971. According to a Curriculum and Guidance clerk, Mrs. Mary Fay, Randy's current overall GPA is 2.04. However, he earned a 3.40 last quarter. The mistake was made when an outdated file was used to obtain the information. Nevertheless, the newspaper printed an error-in-fact, and to Randy, the BLADE offers its apologies.

Moreover, the BLADE feels that an injustice was inadvertently done when the paper "tagged" Randy with the low GPA - one so low that would have made him ineligible to run for any office.



# BLADE dominates UCLA games

by melissa blylock

Driving around in UCLA is comparable to cruising through a labyrinth. But strategically placed information booths can save the day, if one is lucky enough to run across one of them. Ask the little man in the booth where the Faculty Center is; yeah, he knows. At long last discover an empty parking place; sigh of relief. Now, onward to the Faculty Center.

The Faculty Center turns out to be a conglomeration of huge dining rooms; ID, the one we're after, doesn't seem to be there. Ask another little man for directions; oh, on the other side of the main dining room. Seems they were hiding it from us, but it doesn't seem likely university would really do that.

Finally make it to ID. Considering there is a table set for 14 it looks like it's going to be the smallest Journalism Day in history.

Suddenly, other people begin wandering into the room. Advisers exchange greetings, we're-from-Bellflower becomes a familiar phrase. "Oh, you're from Tehachapi, how wonderful," where and what is Tehachapi is the thought that slowly creeps into mind.

Other people from other schools are arriving. Editor and adviser from Rolling Hill High, San Marino, Wilson and of course, Tehachapi. Advisers continue exchanging tidbits of information. "Oh yeah? Well, we've got a Gero-Gyroflex Rotating Super-lens camera and it has 40 lens to go with it! Top that!" But no one seems to be exactly sure why we're all there.

With the cool self-assurance of people in high, important places three distinguished gentlemen walk casually into the room and announce them-

selves to be the heads of UCLA's School of Journalism.

Seating themselves and beginning to eat, discussions range from the disastrous budget cuts the UCLA Journalism department is receiving. Finally, after numerous nail-biting seizures and several outbursts of acute fidgets, it is decided the awards are to be given.

According to one of the gentlemen, there are four categories and the sweepstake prize. The categories are determined by number of students enrolled; similar to CIF. Only the first-place schools were present, he explained, which answered the question of why there were so few present.

Low and behold, it seemed Bellflower had won first place in the category of 1,500 to 2,500 students in the 19th Annual UCLA Journalism Contest. Earlier in the year the BLADE had sent several issues to UCLA to be judged and critiqued, receiving 1,070 points out of the possible 1,100.

Tehachapi had garnered first in the category under 900, San Marino captured first in the category of enrollment between 900 and 1,500 and Wilson and Rolling Hills had tied for the category of over 2,500.

And then the time for announcing the big one arrived, the sweepstakes award. With breath held, advisers and editors sat surprisingly still. The edge of the seat seemed to be the rule of thumb as the word "Bellflower" rang out as winner of the sweepstakes award.

# Great potential seen in new ASB Cabinet

by scott lansdown

Throughout the year, especially in recent weeks, it has been the contention of the BLADE that student government has been lacking in effectiveness and efficiency and is as apathetic as the students it represents. Despite all arguments in defense of the Cabinet, this contention has never been disproved.

Next year the newly elected ASB Cabinet will take over, led by Jack Easum, an inexperienced officer. Hopefully, this turnover will mean a more active student government in areas other than activities, such as curriculum and student needs. With work in these areas, much can be done to improve the quality of education and extra-curricular activities here at Bellflower.

Some improvements have come about this year through the work of one person, Rick Rahm. If Rick's dedication and hard work can do so much to improve this school, then this same dedication, instilled in the '71-'72 ASB Cabinet, could work miracles. Although dedication and hard work is needed to accomplish any goal, organization and well-planned methods for attaining that goal are even more important.

Communication lines must be open to the students, the administration, the school board and the community. The House of Representatives, as well as the ASB Cabinet has again been lacking in this area. The Cabinet has made an attempt to open these lines through open meetings where students can listen and express their views and ideas to the Cabinet. A solution for the House lies in the students themselves electing more responsible and dependable representatives.

Another area which could use major improvements is the election system. Registration teaches the students responsibility in voting, yet it hampers the election of a true student representation by only allowing a small minority of the students to vote.

Whether or not the cabinet next year is the best or the worst in BHS history, it will be subject to praise and/or criticism from the BLADE.

These editorials are to make the students aware of the problems in their government and to show them what CAN be done to solve them. Hopefully, they will lead to a better and more effective student government, making praise not criticism necessary.

# The Blade

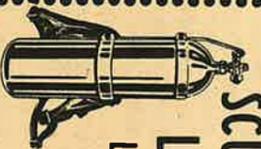
I do not agree with a word that you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it . . . Voltaire

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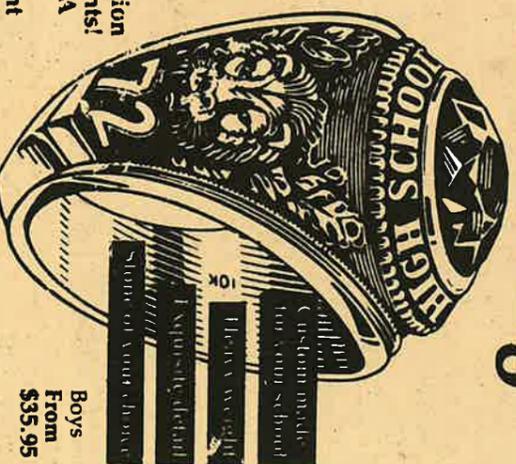
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# Senior Wills

I, ANDEE ALVAREZ, being of peaceful mind and body, will the following: To the annual staff, a year's supply of root beer barrels, a beach party and many good times with Mr. Milne. To Kerry McCluggage, I will more time so you can produce a yearbook to meet your expectations, more peryets for the Orange Julius, an IBM bosses' daughter with all her riches, and much happiness. To Roberto Jaffe, front row seats for the Wizard of Oz, jets of dimes to lend at snack, tickets to see the Lemon Sisters Show this summer, one of Gingers' puppies, a handsome young man to sweep you off your feet and future (unseen!) good times with Phyllis and I. To Howard Proudly: a free concert starring Frank Zappa, a book on the Wit and Wisdom of Spiro Agnew, a girlfriend, a nice party so I can go to it, and much much love. To Cathy Sistrunk: my continuing friendship for a long, long time, a hit for your head, and a whole new way of life for your very own. To Greta Helda: a certain book about a theory in psychology, nice horses in Laguna, a key or two, or three, more journeys with the "Queen," a fox for the next two years, another mucho wild experiment with the hopes that it will go smoothly this time (in other words, don't blow it), a 10-year subscription to the Freak Brothers, and a new purse and more men on the cliffs and a lovely life with Terry. To Sue Alvaro: a new gearshift because by now it should be very worn out and a new back seat which also is in pretty bad shape, a no-tear, water-resistant, bomb-proof, fire-proof gym suit, and a book on How To Pull Pranks Successfully. To Valerie Cowles: many good times for the future, the stone name of Oliver, some obscene phone calls, Halloween memories, and Sue Alvaro's back seat. To John Schuler, Mike and Brad Hendrickson: the ability to endure high school better than I ever could, a kickball game, Devils Island and long happy lives. To Binky James: love. To Donna Ray: a lot of future downright good boogeyin' times, the possible role of Jr. Lemon Sister, a trip across the sky, and a happy day. To Bob Evans: a sign of recognition or something like it (and if so, I'll wait). To you idiots, you know who you are, I will a miracle. To those of you who can understand, that's you space pilots, I will unlimited knowledge and get ready because it's a long trip home.

I, IRMA KING, being of forked mind and unsound bod, do bequeath to Judy Harding nine cartons of Pic-Nik shoe-strings. And to Jackie Vernon my old Levi's and torn T-shirt. To Glory White I dedicate Tasty Delight! And to Miss Walmer all the notes she showed my mom, thinking she was really giving her something.

I, JUDY HARDING, being of unsound mind and unstable body to bequeath the following: To Irma King, half of Balboa Island and the auto ferry. To Jackie Vernon the long walk to Tommy Kinders at the River. To Brad Webster a twenty cent ice cream and the elevators at May Company. To Hank Lemke a Bippy and a lot of happiness. To Mr. Lindley a slung in the arm and a karate chop in the neck. To Dallas Wickham a new transmission for his car and a carton of Marlboros. To Tim Doughty all the fun we had in Print Shop for two and a half years. To Tim, Hank, Brad, Irma, Jackie and Chris, those outasite Newport Hills! And to Mr. King in Print Shop all those mistakes I make. To Daryl Bickerstaff one more ride home and a pair of cords that aren't tight.

I, KENNETH WILLIAMS, being of excellent mind and perfect body, do hereby bequeath: to the Juniors I leave Miss McCormick so you can receive an easy grade and she can be paid for nothing. To all the idiots, I leave Mrs. Herserk to compare with her relatives. To all the insomniacs, I leave Mr. Modlin and his

tresome stories. To Mr. Modlin's pet monkey next door, I leave a lifetime supply of bananas. To all the honorable young men I leave Mr. Boyle and to all the dishonorable Mr. Gibson. To Myra Kunngaze, I leave all the luck possible to her and her roommate whoever "he" may be. To Sam Okimoto, I leave his golden tongue to lie his way from under police thumb. To Mike Buddig, I leave friends that won't tell the police he was along. To Dave Wielenga I leave all the ballot box fields possible. To Daryl Hugh I leave "M.B." for his enjoyment. To Mike Robbette, I leave Rosemary and her short skirts to add variety to his multiplication problems. To Bill Doktor, I leave the girls of Europe and all the wine he can handle. To Pat Jarvis, I leave two mirrors so she can look at both her faces at once. To Mort I leave a final resting place. Last, but definitely most important, to myself I leave "omn."

I, RUTH HUMPHRIES, being of perfectly sound mind and unbelievable body, do hereby bequeath the following to these people: To my little (?) brother, Steve, I leave Bellflower High for two more long years. Do with it whatever you think is right! (Watch out BHS!). I also leave you Senior Square and Senior Parking Lot when you become a Senior. Until that time comes, STAY OUT!!! To my adopted little sister, Cathy Barnhart, I leave everything! First, I'd like to leave you Whittier Blvd. This I do with the hope that you'll someday find something up there that's as good as my David. Yeah, Sis, I'm happy! (Don't forget! Road Runners Rule!!!) I also leave you all the work that lies ahead for you for when you reach W.A. I know you will, too. You'll be one of the best we've ever had. To Mary Lou Willis, I leave my phone number, with the hope that you'll use it whenever you need some help or you just want to rap. You'll need lots of help - so don't forget I'll be there. I'd also like to leave you my old leos from Modern Dance just as a reminder of how much fun Senior Modern Dance can be. Sorry I won't be back-stage next year to Hven up the finale. Take my place, ok? To Jim and Ed, I leave the big thanks for my "Rubber Duckie." I'll always cherish it. You're pretty boss little brothers. To the Les Amies, I leave all my secrets, that aren't secrets any more. It was so much fun for the past five years. It's a good thing memories are never lost. I'll remember each of you always! Last, but by no means least, to David I will my childhood. You know what I mean and you know what to do. I also will you me! After Graduation I'm all yours! All of these things I leave behind me or forfeit to someone dear. But the memories of my four years at Bellflower High shall remain forever within my heart. I'd like to say thanks to everyone who has given me a memory to keep.

I, EVELYN LOPEZ, being of healthy mind and bod hereby will Gertrude and Herman a life-time together in hopes that someday they will get married. To the blonde maniac, all the little shrimps she car tear up! To the "little" Granillo a blanket in hopes that if he has to be "on the line" next season he won't get too cold. To my brother Steve, the next three years of Bellflower High School in hopes that he will go to school most of the time and stay out of trouble. Lastly, I leave to Amigas VI the memories of all the gossip meetings we had, in hopes that maybe one of them, someday, will get something done.

I, RICK RAHM, being held at gunpoint do hereby relinquish to Okimoto, White Lily. To white Lily I leave the yellow race to just after. To Mr. Hester I leave the book, "How To Convince People You're Intelligent," or "How I Became a Jock Without Really Trying." To Mr. Petroff, I leave the book on "Basic Facts About the Opposite Sex," or "How

to Forearm Trees." To Bill and Sarah, I leave you with this point to remember next year: One constitutes a majority in a social's Cabinet. To Howard, I leave a mirror in which he can look into and see student apathy along with his favorite shovel with all of his famous B.S. And finally, to the 71072 ASB Cabinet I leave a picture of Howard Proudly for inspiration.

I, MIKE DIGIACINTO, being of Not so sound body and Not so sound mind, hereby will to Janet, my little sister, three more glorious years at BHS and also to my cousin, Robert, three more glorious years at BHS. To Cindy Harris, a great DANE, and to Cheryl Ray, many more trips to the BEACH. To Kathy Felix, DON'T EVER RUN A RED LIGHT! And last, BUT not least, to Christy Day, a USC G CLOWN named Michael Ernest Pierce. Thank you!

I, JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR (jet for short), all soul, no mind, and decapitated body, leave Leesa Taylor Bink James, the scriptures of Mickey Mouse for the next year's freshman, and to Christy Day all the men she can handle. I sure am glad to get out of this joint.

I, DEBBIE WILLIAMS, being of spaced mind and whoseever body, bequeath the following: To Linda, good luck with Ron. As long as Debbie Tweet stays on with giving hickies to Mark, you're okay. To Jeanett, I leave her with two more years of staying high at school. Don't steal from Mr. Boyle anymore. You better have someone scramble your eggs. To the "Narc," a faster car than that VW, you just go too slow to bust some people. Susie, I hope you learn how to leave Dick alone. Don't be a teaser. Good luck with Darrel. To Judy, I hope you get a little round problem. To Kathie, a watermelon patch and give Rick a lot of love even though you already have. To all the people of Bellflower High, many happy and "hug!" days.

I, CAROLINE McMINN being of little mind and some body do hereby bequeath to Pat T, a large bag of dough-nuts, the entire Sheriff's Department, and Jeff to arrive safely home soon. I also leave you all the joy possible and hope you accomplish all your goals. To Candy and Connie, I leave the goodness in life. (You both deserve it.) To Sundi Jones, I leave all my thanks for being such a good friend for some sixteen years. Good luck in Michigan! To Tom I give all my good luck wishes. I hope you'll be happy. To Mr. McMahn, I leave thanks for putting up with our class and for being such a cool cop.

I, DEBBIE MIERSMA, being of wandering mind and unsound body do hereby leave to Mrs. Harper, all my phony notes that B.V. signed for me. To my dear Aunt Betty, I leave a nose job (no offense intended but it is rather large). Now to my friends: To Donna V., I leave one head of lettuce. To Bonnie V., I leave one Big Mac, french fries and a choco-late malt, and may you live happily ever after. To Christi H., I leave 2 dresses a week and numbers, 14, 13 and 86. To Mona G., I leave a bowl of re-fried beans and a volleyball to do with what she wishes. To Vicki J., I leave a tarp and a blanket and the guy outside our tent. To Karen K., I leave the six-month plan to the Jack La Lane Health Spa so you can take off the weight you seemed to put on so fast. To the Jr. Class, I leave Mr. Morgan and Mr. Trevino, good luck. To my little freshmen, I leave my Mickey Mouse sweatshirt because you're a bunch of squirrely little creeps. Last, but not least, I leave to my little brother, Dick, my overalls 'cause he hates 'em. To all my friends, I leave a wish for good luck and may God Bless You in everything you do.

I, JANET VICKERY, being of sound mind and almost complete body, would like to leave to Karen Terborg, Illinois, in hopes that she likes it. To Marcy Brammer and Pat Jarvis, the best of luck with Drill Team. To Ola, a boy who isn't going steady and somebody to talk to on the telephone. To Lorna, I leave a volleyball. I leave Jim Yonce in Mrs. McCarthy's custody. To Jim, I leave all my love, and a bottle of sea sick pills for when he goes fishing. To Rick Ham, the right of Free Speech in annual next year. To Debbie and Roxanne and their husbands to be a happy life together. To Linda Harris, I leave Don, and to Peggy and Brad I leave a lot of fun years. Also since Ola MayMassey will not be attending Good 'Ole Bellflower High School next year, Rick, Jim and I would like to leave one year's supply of salt water crabs delivered free of charge to her front lawn. To all Juniors, I leave the best and most rewarding year at BHS.

I, LOUISE ROMERO, of unsound body and soul, hereby bequeath to Kathy Elmore, two more years of BHS all to herself and the fun she will have with in it. With me gone, I expect Kathy, Evelyn Muniz and Debbie Samano to keep up that "Chicano Power!" I also leave to my one and only Paul Infrante, my sexy body and a brand new pair of shoes. I leave to my buddy Bill Geal, a whole new quarter for lunch and hoping he has the best time of his life during his nine months, right Marty? To Johnny Munox, I leave two dollars for his moon, expecting a free car wash. And last, but not least, I leave to my dear friend, Mr. Stenkeacht, my gratitude for everything he has done to help me out.

I, JOHN FARANOLA, being of superior mind and adequate body, do hereby bequeath the following to the following, etc.: To Mrs. Peterson, I leave a shovel and two boxes of Illies. To Mrs. Baker, I leave my fantastic voice and singing ability. To the group, I leave my Mickey Mouse shirt and one pair of brown coats. Finally, to the undergrads, I leave the teachers of BHS and our clean campuses.

I, BARBARA WALTERS, being of no mind and very little body do hereby leave the following: To my little baby cousin and all her friends I leave one more year at Bellflower High and anything else they would like to have at this school which includes the boys. To Shily, I leave all the birds that fly around with hamburgers in their mouths and also all the flies that land on noses. To PA, I leave a life's supply of diet pills and to everyone else at Bellflower High, I leave Bellflower High.

I, SANDRA HOLDER, being of partially stable mind (I'm not sure about the rest of me) do hereby make my last will and testament. To Vicki Griswold, I leave my gym locker which I kept so immaculate for two years and I also leave half of an orange. To Frosty Belt, I leave my best wishes for a happy and "productive" life. To Linda Huggett, I leave a mixed-up German word. And to Gall Antunes, I leave the broken down cafeteria table that we always ate lunch at. To Mr. Mitchell, I leave a dilapidated ripple tank which caused much embarrassment to our group at Open House. To Mrs. Beykirch, I leave the total sum of the German Club treasury, which doesn't amount to a hill of Bratwurst (Ha!). To Mr. Bott, EGADI! To Mr. Modlin, I leave greetings from Sherlock. To my fellow, departing, and insane Senior comrades, I leave these wishes: I hope that Kathy Madson will find Maine jokes funnier than Texas jokes. I hope that Peg Klewer will be able to afford a decent box of sound-proof Kleenex and keep her big toe away from any unidentified flying forks. I hope that someday Sharon Phipps will find that her purple tights have faded. I hope Cheryl McKinney White will be able to watch a TV set of her very own. And I hope that my very dear friend, Lun, will find Howard and remember those wonderful days of high school. Good Luck to all!

I, ROXANNA HOPPER, being of sound mind and complete body will the following: To the 1971-72 Drill Team, I will them more fun and activities than the Drill Team of 1970-71 had. To Vicki Jansen, I will her all the money she needs to be happy and a new sports

(continued next page)

car. To Debbie Stagle, all the patience she needs to survive one more year. To Mrs. Harper, another class of talkers just like 4th period. To Mr. Sehn-knecht, all the off-campus passes he gave to me. To Janet Vickory all the happiness in the future, and her Bookkeeping book.

I, ROBERTA URBANNEK, being of mixed-up and confused mind and body do hereby will loads of luck to next year's Flag Squad and to Sunni who deserved a place on it. To Chris H., the fantastic friendship I've known in you and much love and luck at CBC. To my little brother, Ken, all the engines he can fix and the luck to get through school. To Cynndie, luck and happiness with Gary. To 'Vic' have a nice trip to the old country and thanks for all the fun times especially Idlewild. To Shirlee, all the worms she can step on and to Kathy and Maria it was fun hopping together. Last, but not least, I will my best side-kick and tag-a-long Debbi, a special thanks for the friendship you have given to me. All our little talks . . . if only people knew! You mean a lot to me and remember when we go to the lake again me and B.J. will be there to watch you and R.S. Save the unfinished formal for three years and you can wear it for me!!!

I, JANICE MARIS, being of crazy mind and warped body, hereby will the following: To Shelly Gordon, I will Carfax Ave. where you'll find all of her burnt tire marks. Remember all the times we have chased or happened to run into certain bodies. Thanks for all the help even if it didn't work for you know who. To Kim Johnson, I will my Government book and all my work. All the boring classes I had to take. I will the Almond Joys and the biggest one of all, Dave M. Good luck with Dave in the coming years. To Sharon M., I will all the good times and tragedies I went through with Misa. I will her a cold spoon for all the mosquito marks on her neck. To Mike R., I will all the chicks that come into Johnnies market. To him all the strawberries to match his face all the times he gets embarrassed like now. To Pat H., the back of John B.'s back of his van. Vicki H., I will all the dates and luck with Bill L., Debbie Quintana, I will all the milk from Van Leeuwens Dairy. I will all the milk man Mike, his looks, soul and body, she deserves it.

I, DAVE HEIRT, leave my footsteps on the ground and I would leave my body to Biology but I still need it. And to Marilyn, I will her to anybody that will have her.

I, KEN CALDWELL, being of sound mind and very sound body, do hereby will to Mr. Morgan a life-time membership to my political party so he may be on a winners side. To Mr. Stout, all the cuts and burns I received in his shop and for Mr. Denshams to keep his classes in order. To Mr. Keenan, a book, "103 Ways To Punt a Football," written by me. To Mr. Odell, my croquet set and tennis racket. To Mr. Hester, a year's supply of smog and a book, "How to Become a First Class Republican," by Mr. Agnew. To my little sister I leave the Snack Bar and Cafeteria. To my brother, all my football headaches. And to the rest of the student body, I leave the good times I had at BHS.

I, MIKE BUDIG, being ripped out of my mind, hereby bequeath 50 unused ASB election ballots to Sarah Carr. To Bill Kosaroff and "Toad", I leave many more votes in next year's elections and good luck in the food fights next season. To Mr. Killen, I leave the book, "How to Detect Rigged Elections," by U.R. Blind. To Ken Williams, I will many friends to keep him under control and out of jail. To Doug Stern and Sam Okimoto, I will UCLA, which I'm sure they'll take care of. To Richard Pakeider, I will Whittier College for a "college smashing." To Tom Mahood, I leave a laser tube that really works. To Rod Stern, I leave a graduation ceremony, and to Spirto, a long hot summer. To Bill Nada and all the other Gooks, I will job training in their choice of gardening, fishing of a fortune cookie factory. To Melissa Blaylock, I leave a recording of my voice. I bequeath a rear view mirror to Sandee Andrus for her car and a Lance Rentzel doll to Scott Lansdown (which I'm sure he'll enjoy). To the BLADE staff and all the coaches who are happy to see Phil leave, I will his

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more years with that wonderful Mr. Edwards. To my sister, Catherine, I leave the book, "The Art of Embalming." And finally to all the teachers who are so happy to get rid of Phil and me this year, I leave this reminder and warning: there'll still be two Budigs here next year - so eat lead! Snurd is dead!

I, PHYLLIS HILL, being of absent mind and let's just forget the body, write my last words at BHS. To Paula, friend and co-founder of the famed Jackass of the Month Club, I leave a neckbrace so she won't get a whiplash from watching the foxes when we cruise the Bellflower "Hot Spots." To Pottsie, I leave a shoe-horn so she can squeeze "just a few more people" in her bus and the warning to watch out for fast-talking for-eigners this summer. To the skinheads I leave the warning that egos inflate easily, so watch it. To Rudy, I leave whatever it is he sees in me. I can't figure out what it is. To Mikey, I leave Harry forever and to her sister, Patty, the 1/2 inch of scratch she managed to lay with her VW. To Mr. McDowell, thanks for good advice, even though you thought I wasn't listening. To Linda, I leave someone to fall in love with every week and Darla. To Myra, I leave my "tempestuous love life," she envied. I'm sick of it. To Eddie, I leave another girl as good natured as me for him to poke in math next year. And to the assorted fruits and nuts on the BLADE staff, I leave my "sanity pills" because you're going to need them if you want to keep yours.

I, SUSIE DE WOLF, in snapped mind and I don't know whose body, bequeath the following: To Debbie (my so-called daughter) a pop gun to blow people's minds with. This time no pigs will be called. To Shirley many happy days with her lovers and all the luck in the world. To Kathie, many more days of being thrown in the pool and many happy days with her lover. To Rick, I just hope you get what you want and a lot of rolls. To Mrs. Rabbit, a recipe for WAB-BITT SHEW and a carrot patch of her very own. See you next Easter. To Jeanett, a lot of snappy days. To all the Bellflower Heads, a lot of heavy smoking and far-out trips. To my great fantastic Pumpking Happiness, health, love and the "Root Beer Kid" in person.

I, TIM BUFFINGTON, being the proud owner of a clean mind when Sue is around, and a somewhat dilapidated body, hereby bequeath the following: To Mr. Stenknicht, I will the pleasure of listening to all the parent pleasers who confess their cuts. To Miss Douglass, I will all the trees, bushes, and shrubs that even appear on campus whatever their means of arrival. To Mr. Hester, the marriage counselor at BHS, all the mis-matched couples on campus and may they have the sense not to listen to a "dirty old man." To Billy Swain, I will all the tire marks made by me in the parking lot in the hopes that someday he may out do them. To Peggy, my sister, I will the Buffington reputation to haunt the school and may she never live up to it to the full extent. To Sheri Prouty, I leave Sue to hold your hand when you need it or should I say it the other way around? To Mr. Link, all the missing 'mechanics' lost in auto shop and all the 'tools' at Winchells. To Mr. Ward, I will the pleasant thought that though I am no longer at school I will still be around to yell at. To Bill Dokter, Steve Felix and his spider bites, Bob Nielsen, Daryl Bickerstaff and Mike Elliott, the great times we had collecting trees which we did occasionally. To Danette Gibson, I will all the modern dancers that her heart desires. To Naomi Kartchner, I will all the Mr. Hesters of the world. To Sue, I leave her father's watchful eye and my reputation to follow her wherever she may go. I also give to her all the patience and understanding that she will need to put up with me. To Bellflower High, I leave my ulcer where it probably came from and the most beautiful thought - there are only three more Buffington's to go.

I, DEBBIE GRIFFITH, being of sound mind and body, will to Joe McClaine that he will be able to keep on with his ditching and not get caught doing it. And that he will someday see the light and realize that school is a very important part in his life. To Cheri Lamb, I will that she will someday grow up and realize what's going on in this world.

she may find some guy that will like for her personality and not that discussing body of hers. To those JUNIORS, I will to you a really good Senior year.

I, DAVE ROZELLE, being of ripped mind and broken body, do bequeath to Joe (Sugarbear) Boff, one motley tennis team just waiting to feel your mighty wrath so you can try for that "Perfect Decade." To the varsity team, I leave the following: one broken "Head" to Phil, a "Choker of the Year" award to Teddy, an exercise kit for Jepsen (may be you can bend over next year), and to all - one slightly-used Resthome. To the Rippers, with their commendable list of accomplishments, I leave a heritage that'll never be forgotten. To "GOD" Rahm, I leave one tarnished halo, three ulcers, and a load of worn bulwips. To Mr. Killen and a somewhat bewildered ASB Cabinet, I leave an election to be remembered (despite your efforts) down the years. To Mr. Hester, I give you back Room 102 slightly worse for wear, also I leave you all the spaghetti tickets and candy bars that I never sold. To Kenny "Mama" Williams, I leave an insurance policy covering auto damage, arrest and ??? (you'll need it). To Scott Lansdown, I leave a life-size full color poster of your idol, Lance Rentzel. Finally, to my dumb brother Scott, I leave a "ranglefoot" cartoon, a dynasty as Internat Swindler, and two more years in a concentration camp called BHS.

I, ROSEANN HUDSPETH, being of partially sound mind and I forgot the body a long time ago, leave the following: To Larry Waltz, a sincere thank you for your generous help and friendship in two powderpuff football games. To Mr. Dunnum, another "thank you", bi-focals for your eyes, and we would have given you twenty, why'd you settle for ten? To Pat J. and Marcy, all the spaghetti you can eat and the time to read that lucid, heart-stopping thriller, "Embalming Made Easy." Good luck to the song squad, you're great but between personality differences and those neon-sign uniforms you've got a long way to go. Kris, I leave the whip whiled to me in hopes alive. To Gloria, the treasured memory of being crowned 1971 WSF Queen. To Kevin and Glen, a long list of broken dates and tearful nights. To Sam, Stern and the Rick(s), one fabricated eye patch I.W.W. and a declaration of war on Nor-doo . . . (yes, Doug, I HATE you). To the Mod. Dancers, a heartless monster to student-direct the show, with your cooperation, discipline and creativity you can't do it alone. To little brother, Lloyd, I leave BHS. To little sister, Nancy, lots of fun as a night Jr. and luck in being a 1973 song leader. To Karin (the fox) the hope you WILL make Homecoming and have fun as a Sr. Finally, to those of you left singing our old Alma Mater, remember, BHS isn't all that bad, it's what you make of it and of yourself.

I, BONNIE VANDER MOLEN, of rather skinny body and sentimental mind, do hereby will to the following: To E.G., my best friend, I will all the good times and a wish for more good times with no more "Carl's." To my sweet LITTLE brother, Marlen, I will a good time during his last year at Bellflower, without the girls . . . I'll tell Beth on you! And all my phony excuses with Dad's signature. To Christi, I will God's blessings with number 14 and hope!! And a summer full of telephone calls to me about the latest. To Karen Koops, I will a motor-cycle to make yourself a complete twin of DF instead of just a shadow. To Debbie M., I will an extra gas tank so she can ditch the whole day (not just 3, 4, 5) and my hand and pen to sign notes. To Donna V., I will all the Bird Haven Kooks including Fred Lidell's kisses and Gladys Crane's beds. To Vicki J., I will all the "Winchell Group" on Bellflower Blvd. and all the luck in finding the special dude in Europe. Have fun!! To Mrs. Harper, I will all the dictionaries so she can check to see if weather or not I learned how to spel. To Mrs. Young, I will a hope to find a person who is easier to get through to, and a visit this summer with toilet paper. And to everyone of my friends . . . Good luck in all you do.

I, CONNIE KINZ, being of unsound mind and body do hereby will the following to my good, old friends. To Terri, I leave years of sewing. To Colleen, I will what is left of my pins. To Holyhook, I leave my gym clothes and the memories of our P.E. class. I leave to Mr. Merkovsky, the memories of me constantly being tardy to first period and also my little sister who will take my place in band. To David, I leave four years worth of blisters from marching in band. To all my other friends, I leave the memories of my years at Bellflower High and hope that theirs are as much fun as mine were.

I, JEFF BRENNY, being of uncensored mind and unused body, do hereby bequeath the following to those unlucky chosen few: To Lala Sanchez, that timid tiger and Tijuana taxi driver, all of my bueno jokes, my famoso laugh during Open House and my pesado hoof. To Mr. Stits, a year's supply of bio-degradable soap in the hopes that if he pollutes other minds in the future like he polluted mine, he can give them a brainwashing. To Joey, the probability of me returning to his Rosecrans Drive-In. To Danny Dufault - Bilbo, Frodo, Gandalf, Gollum, my rendition of the Great Shoe Robbery, and the fact that East is East and West is West and never the twain's shall meet. To my old friend, dirty, dusty Beeding, a whole troop of Girl Scouts for his very own and a standing challenge for a game of ping-pong. To Steve La Voy, the nurse to pulverize his mind and a better lawyer if he ever needs one. To little Litziinger - Colossus, Treblinka, King Herod, the warbling voices of the Mannas & the Papas, and the fact that I've never heard it called that before. To Jan Goodsell, all of my around-the-world skill so that he may win a game next year when I'm gone. To the world, my fantastic, mind-bending, body-breaking record of 2222. And finally, to Bellflower High, I leave as quickly as possible.

I, BOO BENTON, being of sound mind and body do humbly bequeath the following: To (Chico State) Manny, I leave him all the tacos from the Taco Hour. To my friend, Chandler (Women), I leave him the difficult responsibility of keeping the Los Angeles sports teams in contention for a title. To Duff (Duffus) Duffault, I leave my cross-country running behind. In an easier league next year, maybe you can keep your false hairpiece from coming off. To the rest of the cross-country team, I leave them with their problems to cope with next year. To Chris Nutter, I leave my cross-country uniform that I starred in for three years. To Trackman Nelson, I leave him the position of taking over my position in the two mile. To the Algebra wiz kid, Bob Costa, I leave him the responsibility of going onto Spanish four with McKinney. To Dave Wellenga, I leave him the retired cross-country man of the year award. To Fred Budig and Bill Coustonough, I leave the All Sambo award as a toss-up for being able to eat so many Chinese dinners. To Valley, I leave my retired P.E. basketball Man of the Year Award. At last, I leave my sister, Debbie, two pleasant years at Bellflower High School. I leave the underclassmen, good years at Bellflower.

I, CECILIA RAMM, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath my state of sound mind and body to Mrs. Harper. She'll need it for next year's Business English classes.

I, KAREN DRUYOR, being of adequate mind and body, do bequeath the following to the following: To my sister, Joyce Lorraine, I will my dirty gym clothes. To my teachers of past and present, I will my sister, may God help them. To the Les Amias, I will all the wonderful memories of the snow, and of the beach we never went to. To John and Pat, I will all the trouble I'll be for them on the way to New York. To Mrs. Rabbit, I will another teacher's aide that will be as good as me. To Mike Robnett, I will another Mickey Mouse shirt to bluish in. To Jeannette Eschaur, I will Pat and lots of laughs in N.Y. Last, but not least, to Mrs. Peterson I will the incoming freshman class and I hope, no more students like us.

I, KARMAN KELLER, of stable mind and soul, take five minutes out unstoned to write this message down on paper with witness one: Dinky by my side. I leave my old 64 lowrider to mar, to run from the friendly narcs and a dollar in case you ever run out of gas while he's chasing you in his hot V.W. I leave

thinks he's the only one that ever had any and he should know what to do with them by now. And to Bob Cuevas, I leave a thirty gallon jug of wine and a bottle of tranquilizers to settle and slow his mouth down. And to Mara Roettle, I hope you get your own lowrider and hope you grow up not to be like Randy. And to Debbie, I wish you and Luther would hurry up and get together so we could go to another reception. And to all the rest of you butaneers keep on growin' that ((green green grass)) of home.

I, VICKI JANSEN, being of weird mind and freaked-out body, do hereby will all my True-Blue and Real friends all the LUCK, LOVE and HAPPINESS in the world.

I, SHERRIE LANE, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following to all of my BHS buddies: To Mr. Killen and Mrs. Palmer, a great big THANK YOU. To next year's modern dancers, I leave a little more stamina to endure what's going to be a tough job for next year's dance show. To next year's ASB Cabinet, a willingness to work. To Gloria, I leave the hard task of being head pepster and many headaches. Remember my phone number when you've lost all hope - I'll understand. To next year's yell squad, I leave my best wishes and the hope that you will co-operate with one another. To the coaching staff of BHS, I leave a wonderful year ahead. To Mr. Murphy, I leave much appreciation for a great New Year's Eve party. But most of all, I want to sincerely thank BHS for four beautiful years and introducing me to my one and only "Comer."

I, PAM JOERGENSEN, being of pretty sound mind but terribly fat stomach, do hereby leave the following: To my sister, Tina, the brains not to get married in high school like her two older sisters did. To my little brother, Harry, me leotards so that maybe he won't be such a bully. To Jeannette E., all the luck with Pat D. And to Pat D., all the luck with Jeannette E. And to Mona and Evelyn, all my dumb remarks in clothing III.

I, CAROL HOOVER, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Kathy Elmore, my four year old gym clothes in hopes that you will find your way to class more often next year. To Crisco, a lot of luck and all the memories we've managed to accumulate over the years. Thanks for being a friend. Keep in touch. Lastly, but not leastly, to all those who remain, good luck and don't give up, for all you do here will be worth it in the long run. I, do I get to see your "summer place?" You promised!

I, SCOTIA ALVES, with a mind and body, bequeath to B.Y. all the young girls she can try and destroy in one year's time. If you work hard enough at it you might succeed. Keep up the good work.

I, CHERYL MCKINNEY WHITE, being of highly developed mind and beautiful body (having attended BHS), hereby bequeath my possessions to each of the following: To Brenda, my little silly, giggly, big-mouth, show-off, yet "loving" sister, I leave my teachers in the hopes that they will help her brain expand, the extremely sleepy hour of 8 a.m. Monday through Friday, happy days, and James Taylor. To Terri, my best buddy, I leave love, peace, joy, catsies, my eternal friendship and Robert Plant. To Jeanne, Mary, Rhonda, Donna, Pat and Scott, I leave happy days. To Mr. Rice, I leave easy breathing 'cause he won't have Brenda in his class next year. To Terri, Brenda's little friend, I leave Brenda. To my Physics friends, I leave bewilderment. To my teachers, I leave my extreme thanks. And to my wonderful husband, Sandy, I give ALL my love forever.

I, JOHN LITZINGER, being of great mind and even greater body, bequeath to my loving little brother, Pauly, a pair of worn gym shorts and a hardy greeting of "Gosh I says" from Mr. Modlin. To my coach, Fast Eddie, I leave four turtle tickets and a lifetime membership to "The Stable." To Uncle Larry Boyle, I leave a bottle of amyl alcohol and full use of Ricky Rahm's treehouse. If he breaks

of nasty jokes to use when confronted with people like Steve Bartel. To Mr. Morgan, I leave Mr. Trevino, and to Mr. Trevino, I leave Mr. Morgan. To my good Spanish buddy, Lala, I leave a year's subscription to "The Tijuana Tigress" and a bottle of distemper fluid to be used when she chews off her students' heads. To Danny Dufault, I leave Bobby Hart and his famous literary quote of "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may." To Joey, I leave a month's pass to the Rosecrans Drive-In and a book on how to wait on people without being snide. Lastly, to BARBARA, I leave me, to be used anytime and always.

I, PHILLIP KEMP, being of sound mind and body do bequeath the following: To my only friend who remains behind, Paul Litzinger, I give my spiffy white tennis. To Mrs. Sanchez, I leave one year's subscription to "Photographic Appreciation," and a bottle of distemper fluid to be used when she bites off the heads of her students. To Mrs. Dewitt, I leave the knowledge of knowing (NR) that she destroyed my chances of becoming an honor roll student. Sleep well Marilyn. To Mr. Keenan, I leave an 8x10" glossy of John Litzinger and Bob Hart. To Mr. Morgan, I leave the famous quote, "Better late than never, but better never late." He, ha Mehuselah. Lastly, to Mr. Dufault, I leave all the copy-rights to my greatest creation, "The Vehicle."

I, LARRY MIRCH, being of sound mind and healthy body, do hereby bequeath to next year's cabinet, all the blessings that the BLADE can bestow upon them. I also will to the BLADE, the ability to seek out the whole story and the ability to give better solutions to campus problems. I also give to Mr. Morgan, the ability to grade as worked for and not as a God expecting equal ability. To everyone that doesn't go AWOL this year, many exciting years at Bellflower High. To Mr. Modelin, hard work to earn \$46.00 the price it's costing him to pay for the Math field day trophies and to pay for the insults he was getting out to me so freely when I took Geometry form him as a Soph. You see Mr. Modelin, I'm not so dumb! Check the minutes it was my motion. To Jackie Rohrer who I said I'd remember her in my will, I remember you. The same goes to M.T. And anyone else I happen to think of after this is printed.

I, BRAD GASTON, being of sound mind and thin body, will to the following: To Peggy, many thanks for accepting me the way I am and for our close relationship. To John Bennett, a 1953 Kaiser (someone else's), that he may be able to stop it from smoking and enjoy its fine qualities as an automobile. To Jimmy Yonce, my 1953 Kaiser, in hopes of his success in capturing speed trap records at Lyons. To Richard Gonzales, umpleen cases of that fine motor lubricant, STP. To Robert Hart, the pilot's cockpit of a 747 (one that is to be hijacked). Finally, to Eric Ziemer, a phone answering service that begins with the words "Fillmore."

I, PEGGY KLEWER, being of perfect mind and well-built body, will P.K. to B.G. forever! (Try to figure that one out!!) I also want to thank him for all the happiness, understanding, patience and wonderful times he's given me. To Kathy Madsen and Sharon Phillips, I will a million and one bags of Cornuts so they can munch on them always. To Kathy, I also will the privilege of folding other people's P.E. clothes as a ritual on Fridays as long as she wishes. (She does a good job!) To S.K., I will a fireplace, slipper-socks, Cherry Brandy, and a stereo. To Sandy, I will a choice of one with high Schube, one with a nursery, and one who can take you places for \$5.00. I also will her last-ing memories of our "little talks." To Kathy, I will Bill, to Sharon, Jim, to Sandy, you-know who(s), to Linda, Don and to Janet, Jim. To my brother, John, I will the Senior Parking Lot to park his shiny new VW in. To Linda Hughett, I will a gorgeous voice so she can take my place in Choir (Ha, Ha) and the best of luck and fun in Choir. I will Vicki G. my gorgeous, lovely P.E. clothes. To Paul L., I will all of my fantastic speeches so he'll always know what to say. To all of my friends, I will eternal happiness and the best life can give.

I, MIKE MICHAU, being of softened mind, battered and weak body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Cheetan (alias Curtis Norman), I leave my two year old track shoes. If you intend to run in them have them bronzed so they don't fall apart during a race. To little Christ (Randy Hess), I bequeath a righteous four years at BHS. To all underclassmen, I leave Mr. Hester to be tortured and ridiculed anyway desired. To Vick and Nick, I bequeath the right to feed Darius (incoming freshman) Michan gram crackers and milk on day one. Lastly, I bequeath all of the fantastic teachers of BHS to anyone wise enough to accept them.

I, JEFF AXXE, being of sound body and spaced mind will an Alfred E. Newman button to Mr. Stits.

I, PAT DIXON, being of sound mind and body, will my entire self to Jeannette Eshaur. And to John, lots of laughs on his red, plush carpet. And to Karen, a laugh a minute on her job.

We, PATTI SWINDIG and GAIL DHEL, being of fine mind and foxy bodies, do hereby will trashy Taco Hour benches to the hanging crotch "hippy chicks." To Tom Rice and Pat Parrish, we will all the wandering and fine memories of being Junior lovers. To Amias 6, all the unfortunate gossip of guys and "good cars." To C.R., dirty looks and a... And last of all, we will all the high-riders more low-riders to look at and tease, 'cause we know they love it.

I, RODNEY GEORGE, being of brilliant mind and muscle-bound body, do hereby bequeath the following: To my baby brother, Gary, I leave the great number "64" and all the confrontations with the snake lady that go along with it. To Coach Dufault, I leave behind my famous line, "Coach, I'm sick; I can't run." To Mrs. Palmer, I leave the sweet memories of a great Senior Class President (that's me in case you haven't guessed yet), and the pleasant thoughts of the times we had together in the "Activities Office" (sigh). To the Varsity Football coaches, I leave a big "Thank You" and all the luck in the future. To Sundi Jones, I leave all the memories of the fun times we had together in her ----- when nobody was home at her house. To the great number "99," I mean "66," I leave an empty seat at the Sizzler, an empty can of pit spray, a used bar of Zest, and the job to make the calls. To the 71-72 Football team, I leave all the luck in the world in the hopes that the Bucs will be #1 in 71. And last of all, to my very own moose, I leave two more years at BHS and all the fun of being on Flag. And another thing for my Moose is "ME" to put up with.

I, KAREN KOOPS, being true and modest, will to the following people: To Christ, more jobs like Cost More Drug Store, another J.L., hotpants, and me spending the night at CBC and things like kids and coffee together in the future. To Daves, a date with "Big Red," my love and the No. 1 flanker on the CIF football team. To Mrs. Young, "Bloodly old Russy Kane," and 4 free cross-country trips (running under 5 minutes). To Mrs. Harper, an appointment in 8 years to see if you really retire and a jar of salt for your teeth. To Mr. Winokur, a loved old cupcake. To Mrs. Peterson, good basketball game memories. . . . To Mrs. Rabbit, my "charming personality" and really thanks for being a good sport and good friend. To Debbie, a map to Cerritos, a boy just like John Stanford, and a life-size photograph of Mickey Mouse. To Bonnie, many more Will Rogers and Hartlans, To Vicki and Donna, a Dutch-mate from the Old County (how fast your under brook) and a life time license to drive. To Minnie HaHa, automatic towel picker-upper and a recording of "Ginisi You're not suppose to be in here!!!" To Nancy Morton, I will MY seat in Government. To Pam Bosch, Darling Irving. To my 4th Period Freshman, throw a party for me for all the cuts of yours I cleared.

I, KAREN TERBORG, being of sound mind and body, hereby will the following: To the 1971-72 Drill Team more fun and activities during the year, also leaders that can organize practices better than the 1970-71 Drill Team. To Debbie, the ability to last another whole year, and all the luck in the future with Bob and

is treating her. To Roxanna, all the best wishes and happiness with Tom. Last of all, to Mr. Seinknecht, all the call slips, off-campus passes, and the hall passes that he gave me during the years I spent at BHS.

I, SHARON HOFFMAN, being of weird mind and equally weird body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Mr. Stits, a class full of Rainbows for every year to come (so your Government class won't be so boring). To Normally UnNormal Norma Good, luck with Collins, but which one??? To Maria, a date with what's his name? and a bottle of Excederin to take care of that, "Pain in the Neck." To Ruth, a worn-out gavel and all of the joys, hard work, and fun that comes with being W.A. To Darlene, my tremendous scores on the physical fitness test and my gym shoes in remembrance of all the times we ran around the tennis courts. To Bev, a magic lamp for the hope that all of your wishes come true. To Dorothy, a private secretary to keep track of the gang. A piece of conchili to remember those parties. Someday, I'm sure that phone call that never came. To the new Flag Squad, our scoresheet in the hopes that you'll do better in competition than we did. To Maria, Chris, Roberta and Debbie, that front row center seat we never got. To Derrell, ME, you poor kid.

I, RUDY RUIZ, being of a sound mind before I came to this institute, hereby will to the following: To Joan Iverson, all my thanks for not falling in love with me. And I leave you all the sophomore boys. I will the attendance office, another Rudy Ruiz, Gary George and Joyce Gandola. And to the Freshman girls, I leave Monty Rupe. Go get 'em Monty. And to all my old girlfriends, I leave my locker with a year's supply of bubble gum. To Pam Squiers, I leave all of ME!!!!

I, NOLEEN LOGAN, being of a somewhat sound mind and body, hereby will the below items to the following people: To Chris Glee, I leave Choir in hopes that they will be in it before they graduate. To Mrs. Peterson, I leave the other eight pounds of jelly beans that we didn't get a chance to use in hopes she will use them originally sometime. To Pat D., Karen D., Jeannette E., John F., Marsha G. and Connie K., I leave Carol and Harvey. To my sister, May, I leave all the senior privileges that are no longer respected by the underclassmen. Finally, to the class of 1971, I leave a "Good Bye" and "Good Luck."

I, FRED TAYLOR III, being of a fairly well-educated mind and a not-so-sturdy body, would dearly love to will the following items to the following people: My new gas mask that has only been used for a short time I would like to give to Mr. Boyle, for his work with pungent chemicals. My badly torn and battered brief case I would like to give to my sister, Joanne, to use with great pride. Fortunately, however, for all concerned both the above items are beyond my power to give to anyone. Last, but not least, I leave Mr. Newman all the memories of my days at the Little Theater, with the hope that the productions get bigger and better. I demand that all the students have a happy and worthwhile time at Bellflower High and I hope they get as much out of it as I have. Thank you.

I, JIM DANIEL, being of great value to the senior class, leave all my x-girl friends to Bonnie Gilbert who I know will use them wisely. To my best friend, Bob Gillium, I leave my turkey chevy and Mr. Link. To Terry Gray, I leave my headaches and my body.

I, CHRIS HESS, being of sound mind and body, leave the following: To the new Flag Squad, all the luck in the world and all the fabulous summer practices with more breaks than practices. To Kris O., all the macrame and stitchery that she can fill her Junior year with. To "Baby Hess," a football and a basketball so he'll be the best in the league. To Brenda F., the Zillion Christmas presents she can wrap. To R.B., I give my pockets. To Roberts U., a spare bed at CBC anytime you're ready to come. To Karen K., a one way ticket to Riverside for another 6 best years of my life and a super "thanks" for all the memories we have. To Bonnie V., a life-size picture of H.M. To Debbie M., 100 trips to good old McDonalds. And last, but not

you can eat with your butter.

I, CARLA MURPHY, being of so-called sound mind and body, bequeath the following: To Deputy Force, I leave him my office campus pass. To all the Juniors, I leave them all of my Government notes from Mr. Morgan. To Pat T., I leave her all the memories of Mr. DuFaul's class. To BHS, I leave all the oil spots in the student parking lot. And last, but not least, I leave to Miss Douglass, all the memories of the car washings in the P.E. class.

I, PALIE BELL, being of no mind and almost as much body, do hereby leave most of my junk to most of my friends. To Bill Thompson, the contact lens you made me lose at Huntington Beach. Thank you for your concern. To Ron C. Brown, all the incoming freshman girls in hopes that you have better luck with them than you did with the ones here now. To my sister Carla, I leave the Ahmanson Theater, Miss Walther, the Food For Lunch Bunch and the CORPORATION. To Mrs. Sharnes and Ola Massey, I leave my dance pants and all the trouble you gave me in Drill team. To Joyce Bell, I leave all the stupid things I did in my senior year in hopes that you can do them stupider. To Pat Case, all the lost dreams of being my best man. To Harry Bigelow, I leave my mother to use in future parades. To Mike Nadalsky, I leave my birthday since it's yours too and I don't want to get any older. To Jan Goodsell, I leave a lifetime supply of paper dolls. Miss Walther, I leave you all my outside passes to Pizza Palace at lunch. Mr. Newman, I am leaving you the International Thespians Society. Better luck next year! To Charlie Colucci, my weird way of saying "hi." Last, but not least, Doug Belt: may you live as long as you want to and want to as long as you live.

I, CYNIDIE TAYLOR, being of unsound mind and body, bequeath the following: To Claudia Dufresne, I leave one box of aspirin so she can bear Mrs. Martin's boring lectures. "She'll need them." To Miss Douglass, I leave the memories of the four trewo - Carla, Claudia, Barbara and me, and the old saying of "Do you want to Hear a Joke?" And to Mrs. Stagers, I leave a joke book so she can tell a joke to the girls in the Sand Box. And my mouth 6th period. And to Carol Larabee, I leave, "Eat your heart out." And to Mrs. Peterson, I want to thank you for everything you have done to help me. And the memories of painting your room. Don't ever do it again.

I, SANDI KURIKKA, being of unsound mind and sound body (after two years of Modern Dance), do hereby bequeath to the following: To next year's Modern Dance class, all the hard work and late night practices, but most of all to next year's Junior Modern dancers, I will give you all my memories of all the good times that we had at the snow and the parties and initiations and the exciting true confessions. To Roseann Hudspeth, I will a big SMILE. And to Cathy Wilkinson, I will all my advice on Love and Marriage. To Steve, I will ME, if he can put up with my crazy but not stupid mind. To Mr. Stits, I will a class of students that will listen to him. To Cathy Felix, I will my look so that she'll remember me. To Georgette Glossert, I leave my knowledge of how to wrap a ring, and to Janice Maris, I leave a coke bottle so she can practise kissing. To Ruth Jumpries, I leave her little secrets that she never tells me. And to next year's Seniors, I will Senior Square which is considered public property as far as underclassmates are concerned.

I, DEBBI COLLINS, being of scattered brains and hopeless bod, do hereby bequeath to the new Flagles all the fun, hard work and many memories that go with Pep Squad (that goes double for Peggy and Patti). To Sunni, sincere best wishes for your jr. and se. years back East. Best of luck to next year's Modern Dancers - also many hours, worries and headaches to the new physical fitness tests. To all future Chemistry students - beware of Mr. Boyle and his H2S. To V.J., I leave one million dollars since she always wanted to inherit a fortune. To Roberts, millions of memories of a pair of idiots (that's

a pair of homemade earmuffs for at least 3 years. To Rosie Hudspud, a great time at San Jose. I also will one unfinished prom dress to a certain senior class president (no hard feelings; I just didn't know what else to do with it). To all the kids from Calvary - keep up the great work. And to all the seniors getting out of this cage on June 17, best of luck and have a nice forever.

I, KATHY TAYLOR, being of insane mind and out-of-shape body, hereby will the following: To my younger sister, Marcia, I leave one last year of pain and headaches, and I hope she makes it through. To all of next year's Modern Dancers, I leave a great big "GOOD LUCK," because you will need it. To Jason Green, I leave nothing in hope he doesn't have to go here.

I, DONNA VANDER POL, being of completely messed-up mind and a worse bod, do hereby will the following: To my little sister who will be stuck here for another 3 years, cuz your real dumb. To Donna B., a size 10 pair of tennis shoes for her big flat surfer feet. To Debbie M., Vicki J., Dorothy V.M., Mona G., and especially to Roberta Urbanek, I leave a pickle and a whole stack of True Story magazines so you will all remember Idlewild. To Deputy McMahan, I leave a new T.A. (one who won't let everybody ditch). To John Zewip, Jake Kuken, and Melody Van Pelt, I leave all you suckers with Mark School. To Kim, I leave a lot of luck and a whole lot of THANKS for all the good times we had. To Sally Outland, I leave a pair of binoculars so she will be able to see all the good stuff that is going on without having to use her hands. And last, but not least, I leave to my lover Ken, the hope that you will be able to put up with me for the rest of your life.

I, VALERIE SMITH, being of crazy mind and even crazier body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Marilyn and Vanessa, I leave all the fun that's left in your next three years in high school, the walks to the park, and all the Bosco and Lynwood boys you can handle. To Marilyn, especially, I leave a big red Ford truck that has trouble getting started when it rains. To J.R., I leave a gravel to use when you become a lawyer in 30 or 40 years, but use it next year to pound Excelstor. To Jeff, I leave a new life of fun and excitement next year at BHS. To Bullet, all your dreams of basketball and baseball. To Karin, I leave a reminder and a promise of next August, along with all of the good things you've had taken away from you, namely Tobbe. To Gail, I leave all the "you're welcomes" to the "thank you's" I never got. To Debbie Heida, I leave all the kicks and imagination I never got to use. To Charlie, I leave the hope that you will someday appreciate what you have in Tena, 'cause YOU'LL never get anything better. To Tena, I leave all of our silly "blah-blah" moods, a day at Disneyland, a red Corvette, and a hope that someday you'll find a love that will give you the same way you know how to Freddy give it. To Roseann, I give the blissful joy of knowing that you'll never have to wear braces again and worry about what will happen if it gets too "hot and heavy." To The Messengers, a good luck June 24. To Naomi and Marcella, I pitch-pipe for the betterment of next year's choir. To Jim Moseley, "BUM" to use on some other Senior girl next year. To Ron Hobbs, my good-byes as I left campus everyday. Tena and Gail, don't forget next August. To Patti, the sheer joy of freedom from back-stabbing and not having to wonder why when Tena's not at school. To all of you left at BHS, make the best of it, it goes fast. And to Steve, I leave a life full of love and happiness.

I, LINDA HARRIS, being of precocious mind and not so hot body, hereby bequeath the following: To "Tinsle Tooth" (A.S.), I leave a bottle of silver cleaner to leave her braces perpetually shiny. Also a brush. YOU NEED IT! To Joy Logan, I leave the pocket on my gym clothes, since you enjoy ripping them off. To Jeannie Hankas, I leave anyone of the boys you can find; BUT you can't have Doni! To Allen Rowe, I give willingly George's singing (from summer school) and also Mr. Morgan. If you're good, I'll even give you a

space in Senior Parking Lot, so you won't have to park on the street. Thanks for being my friend this year. Good luck in whatever you do.

I, IRENE ESCOBEDO and KRIS WEBB, will the following: To Gail D., all the little boys in this world so she don't have to change them. To Miltz, Joyce and Karen, watch out when you talk about your staches. (LINDY'S HELPER'S!)

I, CONNIE LESSARD, being in insane mind and freaked-out body, bequeath the following: To all Bellflower students, many happy days of smoking pleasures and very high trips. To Rick and Kathie I hope that Rick finally gets what he wants since Kathie already got what she wants. To Garry, I hope that you get your elephant that sits on a telephone pole and many little speedy things. Debbie and Shirley, more volleyball games with Vally and a lot of cussing. Susie, all the luck with Larry and some punpkins.

I, SHIRLEY VANDE BRAKE, being of somewhat sound mind and very defective body will the following: Allen, all the little things he gave to Debbie in hopes that he will find someone to use them with him. Cathy, a good life with Mark. Hope you find someone to give your door-knobs to now that you have no use for them. My sister, Debbie, all my old make-up so that she will have some of her very OWN also in my clothes that became "stretched." J.P. if he will have you. Wanda, a guy that will live up to her expectations. The record "It's Too Late" along with a box of Kleenex. The street Glandon, Jane D.B. with the record "Tim Your Puppet." Sue, all the good times and all the shot-guns in the world and LARRY. Debbie Q., many happy dates without your puppy dog following you. All the memories of the River and T.

I, SHELLY GORDON, being of dumb mind and body, will Mike Robbette all the times we had in Geometry with your tomato face. Janice Maris, all the chasing around town and getting into trouble trying to find you know who. Good luck with whoever it is this week. Sharon Meyers, all the times you've tried to get Misa back and now I guess you have him. Watch out for those Friday nites at the drive-in.

I, CINDY WILLIAMS, hereby will to this school my smelling gym clothes. To Yvonne, I will my roller skates which will come in very handy. To my honey, I will me if he'll have me. To Wanda, I will Eddie and to Paula, I will all the guys left in the world. And last, I want to will to all the underclassmen this rotten school in order that someday they may improve it.

I, ELIZABETH HAYWORTH, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath to the following: To my brother, Jim H., I leave a guide on how to avoid the grime from "that" particular ranger, in hopes that he won't catch you next time. I also leave the fake "C" so you can pretend. To K.H., I leave the good things in BHS because I think you deserve it, and I also leave the advice that when you're talking or even imitating someone DON'T GET CAUGHT! Some people may hold it against you. To Cathy and Debbi, I leave a direct set of rules on what you're going to do the next day so we won't end up in Canada next time. Also Cathy, I leave you a big dagger so you can kill the "bird." To Mrs. Olson, I leave all the gratitude and appreciation for all the hard work you did to get me up to an 80. And thank you Mr. Odell for letting me in on some good advice when I was a freshman. If helped me tie down the big Bob in the end. To all the people at BHS, I will a big GOOD-BYE!

I, BRAD STONE, being of alert mind and fair physique, do bequeath the following to the prisoners of BHS. To my brother, Barry, I leave the question, "Why Not?", and one free pass to the Jack LaLame Health Spa. To Mr. DuFaul, I leave a book of proper Spanish, and the word "No!" To Cathy S., I leave the sweet memories of the past. To Ron Kooley, I leave the Student Attendance Office and all the tricks and angles that go with it. To Cheryl S., I send Ron's love and a book on how to get the man of your dreams in 30 days

two tickets to the 72 Olympics so that he may come and watch me beat out Bob Seagren. To Mr. Kekich, I leave a year's supply of cigars. To the oncoming Senior class, I leave advice and encouragement on the techniques of gang fighting, to prepare them for the Excelstor gangsters. To Gretta H., I leave a Webster's Dictionary, so that she may look up the true meaning of a HIPPIE. To all of BHS, I leave the true meaning of Buc Pride. And to all the Buc athletes, I leave one set of hair clippers.

I, DOUGLAS STERN, being of thoroughly radical mind and body, do hereby bequeath to Retard Pekarler something in a black bikini, and to Lord Richard Rahm, a Black BIKINI! (Also a he\*\* of a lot of good luck and fortune in the future.) For all the fine (and not so fine) accomplishments which they have given me the honor of immortalizing on film I say "-----". To my good (d.k.) friend, Sam Okimoto, I leave the thought that he's going to have me around a bit longer than he ever expected. Also I leave fond memories of events that we both had the great privilege of participating in. (I need not, and dare not enumerate.) Thanks for EAT LEAD and I LOVE IT. Phil can rip baseball with my sincere blessings and Mike can have all the fun at Irvine that he outlined to me that fateful night. Mr. Boyle get the dubious honor of once again building up Interact to the fine standard at which we Seniors left it. (?) Good luck with Normy. Mr. Hester has my sincere hopes that he may find someone to do all his work in CSF like I did (because otherwise it just won't get done). To Pat, another fine year and good luck with CSF. Now to newspaper. My hopes that the lack of real student leadership will create many ulcers, heartaches, and general hate (as I always tried to promote). Mr. Bott and the '72 Tennis team, an unbeatable record-setting year and hopes of #10. To the one and only Mary Schulte, thanks for all the enjoyment you've given me and the rest of the WEIRDOS! T.A., what can I say, egad, eat lead, goooooo aaaaawwaaaaaay! To Myra, oh no... etc. Anyway, we've had a lot of fun together, and thanks, 'cause I've enjoyed all of it. To William Bill Thompson, I leave a copy of the book, "You Don't Have To Be ASB President To Run the School" by Rick Rahm. To Howard Prouty, Mr. John Killeen, Norma Gunderson, and the rest of the ASB Cabinet, a copy of "Everything You've Always Known about Ripped Elections, \* \* \* \* \* But Have Been Afraid to Ad-Mit." And to little brother Rod (the last Stern, thank God), I leave BHS to be ripped apart at the seams. Do your best, I know you will try. Roseann, Why do You Hate ME???????

I, CATHY SISTRUNK, being of sound mind and deformed body, do bequeath to the following: To my sister, I will her a position on the 1972-73 yell squad and all the happiness from high school which she deserves. To my little brother, Bones, I will him a strong and healthy physique so he might be the best football player that ever hit Bellflower. To our little Chris E., I wish you all the luck on the battlefield that you may endure the upper hand and keep those animals under control. May next year's Cabinet unite and be what their name stands for. I leave all the misery to the ASB Secretary of making sure your minutes are typed and dittoed out on time. Larry Waltz, I think you're the greatest and you do deserve the respect you receive from each and every student. You were a great powderpuff coach and thanks for living through our pains and tears. To Mr. Sienkneight, a BKG thanks for always listening to all my problems and helping me to find myself. To Brad S., thanks a million times for the wonderful times we had together and for being who you are. To the past and present students of BHS (with the exception of L.B.), thanks for the four years of accusations made against me for all the little social comments.

I, SHERMAN SELBY, being of dirty mind and slightly used body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Krindid, I leave Whittier Blvd., one night in a Cougar and luck on song. To Brenda, love from Chico, Van Henry and luck on song. To Looy, your freedom and my Government notes. To Sparky, I leave luck on song and the ability to

and Ron. To the eagle, the baron, smiling Tom and wick, I leave coach Kenrich and another SGVL championship HA, HA, HA. To Ron, Cheryl S.'s eterna love and my nickname bullet and a knebrace. To Foster, all the glory of being JV quarterback. To big Mike Chips, VW and all the fun that goes with it. To next year's Cabinet and leadership class, I leave Mr. Albertson, To Barry S., I leave the phrase, "Why not Maynard?" To Marsha T., next year's football MVP. To Darrel Goodto, an electric train so you can express yourself. To Muff, I leave next year's head peester. To the coaching staff, good luck and a great year. Finally, to Cheryl R., I leave Harvey, the movie Patton which I never saw, the activities office backroom, two more years at BHS, and the ability to keep away from the boys while I'm not around next year. To anyone and everyone at BHS, good luck, have fun, be cool and lots of Buc pride!!!

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I, MARY ANN SCHULTZ, being of conservative mind and mobli body, do hereby bequeath to Micheal Spooner, a gigantic cowbell and a tambourine player named Rosie. To Ron C. Brown and Mike Nadasky, one partially finished Digisynone Music Synthesizer (maybe you can turn it in for your physics project next year). To David Niehaner, all of the materials necessary for rebuilding one broken down well house. To Peggy, all of the hand parties for the next two years. To Linda Pederson, a big box of bobby pins and all of the compliments that I received on my hair. To Jan Goodsell, my love and best wishes. To my very favorite person Ron Hobbs, a Blood, Sweat and Tears album with "you've Made Me So Very Happy" and many, many enjoyable Wednesday afternoon rap sessions. To Tommy, as many English grammar books as I can find! To Bill, new neighbors!!! To Mr. Bott, my sincere love and admiration for Ken Williams. And finally, to Mr. Dufault, a Flashlight for midnight treasure hunts on the roof of the 200 wing.

\* \* \*

I, SAM OKIMOTO, being of war mind and busybody, hereby will the following: A single eye patch to Roseann Hudspeeth so that she will have more insight with her future engagements. I will a pair of scissors and shaver to Bob Evans for obvious reasons. To Ed Lutes, I leave a box of lead. To Ed Hirth, I leave Bryan Larsen and Mr. Albertsen. To Mr. Morgan, I leave a fiscal - year's subscription to the FREE press. To Mr. Agnew, I leave Arnold Palmer. To Tom Mahood, I leave a free ride in an SST. To Howard Prouty, I leave a watch so that he could remember to be on time, time . . . . To my great brother, Rich, I leave all my luck in tennis and high school experience. To Mr. Richard Hester, I leave two four letter words - good luck. To animolee Mr. Bott, I leave two bananas and all my chalk talks. To Mr. Boyle, I leave the routy Interact boys. To Rick Rahm, I leave all that was good. To Doug Stern, Phil Buddig, Mike Buddig and Bill Nada, I leave all the experience(s) we had together. To conclude, I leave the entire administration, older and underclassmen and women, all that I have left in Bellflower High.

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I, DEBRA QUINTANA, being of crazy mind and crazy body, will the following: To Allen G., I will a good TRIP. Even though he's had a few at college! Thank's for the "info" about BJC T. To Sue C., my so-called "mom" (alias Shotgun Sue), a good life with her new lover and a happy life drinking Bacardi. To Cathy M., I will a better business than she already has, and an ever better dessert like Chocolate Supreme or Coconut Surprise. To Shirley, I will the best life that anyone could ever have (with or without Greg). Don't get to excited or 'Filled-up" this summer even though your body holds a lot! To BJC Tom, I will happiness. Also tell your friend in P.E. thanks for the information about your B-O-D-Y! To Janice M., I will Mike L. in hopes that she'll find some use for him, she deserves him.

\* \* \*

I, NANCY THOMPSON, would like to will to Brenda and Terry, the little narc in the little blue Volkswagen. And here that they will get some parts to

ting. I would also like to will to all of the underclassmen the Bellflowers Bird Bombers.

\* \* \*

I, KATHIE THOMAS, being of disordered mind and orderly body, bequeath the following: To Susie, a happy pop gun season. Also the biggest strawberry patch she can find. And I wish Larry all the luck in the world, you're going to need it to keep up with the pop gun kind. To Debie, I leave the memory of all the trouble we got into. To Jeanet, good luck and you have two more years of Hades; and a pack of cigarettes for snack. To the "Narc" a Buster Brown pen so you'll feel like a real narc when you're busting people. To Mr. Lendly, a carton of cigarettes so he won't have to bust people to get them. To Rick, I leave all the health, happiness and love in the world. You're also stuck with me.

\* \* \*

I, SCOTT LANSDOWN, having been stuck with doing these senior wills, figure that I might as well do one myself. Therefore, I leave the following things: To Melissa B. and Sarah C., I leave a year's subscription to the National Lampoon. Also to Melissa, I leave a collapsible plastic cup to use in the newspaper room, and also to Sarah, I leave a large switchblade. To Sandee Andrus, I leave one dictionary of American Slang in case she has to follow Rick Rahm anywhere again. To next year's ASB Cabinet, I leave another Rick Rahm to do all the work while the rest of you sit around and do nothing. To Ed Hirth, I leave an acceptance letter from UCLA. I see you in a year and a half. To Mr. Albertsen, a lot of awards in speech and a lot of articles in the newspaper. To next year's Blade staff, I leave the talent to put out a paper that's as good or better than the one this year, and the courage to rip what needs to be ripped. I also will you the best of luck in your new location. To the members of Interact, I leave the thought that it's no how much damage you do, it's the thought that counts." To my sister, Erica, I leave the best of luck in the three years you have to go. Finally, to the person who gets stuck with doing these wills next year, I leave the courage to put in all the obscenity, profanity and the slander that I, being chicken, left out.

\* \* \*

I, RICHARD PEKELDER, being of sound mind and body, hereby leave my appreciation and respect to Mr. Boyle. To Melissa Blaylock, I say thanks for all the football games. To Ed Hirth and Brian Larson, I will all the enjoyment and satisfaction (?) they could possibly receive from the Royal Order of Demogay. To Rick Rahm, I say thank you for being ASB President and to Howard Prouty, I say it was a nice try but B.S. doesn't get the job done. To Susan Ward, I leave the Ecology Committee and to Norman Hamada, I bequeath Interact to carry out my ideas and orders. To Scott Lansdown, I will a \$200 film in the phone booth of his choice. To my dear friend, Doug, I leave a camera so that he may be spared from work and to his brother, Rod, I leave enough ASB stamped ballots to win next year's elections. To Sam Okimoto, all I can say is that we did it. Five thousand man hours and 3 Interact trophies isn't bad.

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I, VICKI HUGHES, of a hopefully sound mind and sound bod, wish to will the following: First, to my sister, Pat, I will her all the LUCK in the world in handling her Senior year; and in handling her lunch money! Hang in there Pat, I know you can do it! Secondly, I will Janice Martis, my brother. PLEASE, come and take him! Thirdly, I would like to take time to will some of my favorite teachers a few things. To Mrs. Olson, I will you lots and lots of thanks and a promise that I'll never forget you. To Mrs. Harper, I will you my sister, Pat, and most of all I wish to thank you for a truly informative year about business! And to Mrs. McCarthy, I will you LOTS OF LUCK for many years to come and the hope that you will never get the numps! To all of coming Seniors, I will you the luck of having an open campus.

\* \* \*

I, ROBERTA TALISMA, being of sound mind and minor-midget bod, do hereby will to Leesa Taylor, all the happy times which I had during my senior year and a whole supply of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches to last her through the rest of her years at Bellflower. To my

a super nice time at next year's prom.

\* \* \*

I, DIANE BRANHAM, of unstoned mind and skinny body, hereby bequeath the following: To Mizzi, Joyce and Karen, I leave an empty CAN. Also to Karmen, I leave the school mark and his blue VW. To Mer, I leave Cindy Shaffer. To Mike Mahorney, I leave Faywood and an El Dorado (Jowriter). To Don Jones, I leave Cindy Jones. To all the Doyles, I leave more dope. To Mrs. Harper, I leave a new chair for her to sit in so her legs won't turn so purple from standing so long. To my dearily beloved Jim, I leave me (lucky) and a 10-pound bag of sunflower seeds. To the rest of you punks, I leave BHS and the snack area to smoke your pot.

\* \* \*

I, CATHY MALABICKY, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath to the following: To Vicki Jansen, the happenings that took place on the boulevard, especially the man on the bus bench and the guys in the Firebird. To Cyndi Brown, the front seat in Government, along with a towel. To Bev De Zeeuw, a clogged sink. To Roxanne Harper, a pair of new gym pants and a lap around the field. To Debbie Slagle, a rose bush and Black Milton. To the Seniors in Senior Square, the memories during snack. (Measles). To my sister, Joan and my brother John, the long exciting years of Bellflower High. To Art Hacke, a slug in the arm and a free pass to the barber shop. To Cathy Norman, a pack of gum and a bag of paper wads. To Gary George, the ability to pass a Geometry test. To Mr. Modlin, the time wasted telling his stories but we loved them. To Mrs. Harper, a quiet third period, so she can get her work done. Last, but not least, I leave a Good-bye to BHS.

\* \* \*

I, DEBBIE SLAGLE, being of half sound mind and skinny body, do will to the following: To the 1971-72 Drill Team, I hope you have more fun than I had in the 1970-71 Drill Team. To Frank Fisher, all I gotta say is, "I like your boots." To Roxanne Hopper, I wish you and Tom all the happiness in the world. You guys deserve it. To Janet Vikeery, I will you all the luck in the world with Jim. To the stea of Illinois, I will Karen Terborgh in hopes that the presence of her smile will make the state a little bit better place to live. To Mr. Dunning, I will all the luck in hopes that next time it will be a little boy. Mrs. Olson, I want to thank you for putting up with all my stupid questions all year. Miss Douglass, don't forget that January 7 rules. To Vic Jansen and Kathy Malabicky, I hope you have fun cruising the boulevard and Vic, maybe you will get a new sports car before too long. To Paula Scott, I will you all the happiness in "Frank's" world. To next year's seniors, I hope you have as nice of a year as this senior class did. And last, but not least, Mr. Sienknecht, thanks a lot of putting up with all my problems and worries. You really helped make my senior year the best. By the way, I also will you back all the hall passes and off-campus passes you gave me.

\* \* \*

I, DONNA CUTRIGHT, do hereby will to my brother all the "Happy Days" at Bellflower - Good luck! To Dorothy, I will all my credits left over after I graduate - Hope you make it! To Mr. Sienknecht and Mrs. Martin, I will all the Love and Happiness in the World! Last, but not least, I leave everyone with BELLFLOWER HIGH.

\* \* \*

We, BEV DEZEEUW and DOROTHY BROWN, being of strong minds and all-right bods, will to Vicki J., a trans-mission tune-up for her bomb, a weak-end at Arrowhead, a big vase to hold her booze, and also, those three hubcaps that "flew off" in that accident. To Sharon H., two tire caps from W's car, a new laugh, a dish towel, that trip to Hawaii, and last a surf board rack. To Darlene a guarantee of a ride home on Snookie Britche's cycle, a cigarette, a Joack of luck at college. To E.L. (headlight), a can of Pssst, a gallon of milk for your ulcer, and an El Camino. To Cyndie B., a can of Wizarad to air out your bathroom at the next slumber party, a new rainy day hair clip, and a box of Q-Tips. To "Cow", a big bottle of Sun-In. To Dennis D., a date for the junior-senior prom, two more crazy years at Bellflower, and an extra splint. To B.V.M., an armored tank to keep those hair girls

had in P.E. To Mr. Stits, a false mus-tache and a room full of Rainbows. To Nancy M., a book on married life and our trips to Knotts. To Harold V.D., another exciting coed volleyball game. To Danielle, the rabbit skeleton we had to do in Physiology.

\* \* \*

I, JEANETTE CATTONI, will my dear sister and all of her close friends, all the good times I've had in Bellflower High. To Mr. RIGGINS, I will all of the love and happiness with the freshman next year, Cheryl, too! To all the teachers, students, counselors, the ladies in the office, the Best of Luck Always.

\* \* \*

I, NORMA GUNDERSON, being of doubtful mind but an outstite bod (?), do bequeath the following: To my friend the "FOX," I leave a Cow Pasture, plus all the quizzes and tests we took in Mac's and Rice's class. To Maria, her flag uniform to wear EVERY day this summer. Come on Maria, you know you'd love it!!! Plus all her cuts and tardies that she'll never clear. To my frosh sister, I leave the next year's JV football team, because I doubt she'll miss a game; and lots of luck in the remaining years. To Dave, a fresh flock of frosh girls coming up next year. To Barb Alt, ten bottles of excedrin and twenty gallons of water to wash it down. You'll need it for next year during all the elections. Also lots of luck all year because there will always be someone there to make situations more difficult. Like I said, "Lots of LUCK!!!!" To all the people who took the trouble of trying to mess up elections, BETTER LUCK NEXT YEAR!!! To Larry Waltz, I leave a winning Powder Puff Football team to coach. Take a pick Larry, Class of '72 or '73? To B.T., a new ASB Cabinet to try to chop down. Make sure you go to the meetings to see how tight they are with money or anything else before you make your comments.

To Mrs. Palmer, I leave Barb Alt, the excedrin and water and a book titled, "How to Run a Fair Election." Don't forget to read it. . . . To the micro-midget, lots of luck with Ricky Rat in the years to come. To Liz H., a purse she can tie to her wrist so she can't lost it, and someone else to pull chairs out from beneath. To H.P., a new Sec. of Elections because "I QUIT!!!!"

\* \* \*

I, TENA McEWEN, being of destroyed mind and demolished body, do hereby bequeath to the following: To Kris Erickson, seven little red beanle caps to wear each day of the week. I also leave you this advice: Keep a firm control on your squad and don't let Tweety-bird try to run things. Good luck to you and the "71-72 Song Squad. To Summi Jones, I leave one bloody dagger. If seems you Het it in someone's back. I also leave you one true-to-life personality to take the place of your phoney one. And to your little teeny-bopper friend, Yolanda, I leave all the memories of Charles because that's all she'll ever have of him. I also leave her a big piece of tape to place over her big mouth. If she tells too many more lies, her nose might grow. To Cliff Armstrong, I leave the milk that tasted like cows and the little orange puppet with glasses that liked you so much. I leave you an American flag and my devoted friendship for an eternity. I leave Robert Torrence one giant heart-felt thank you. You always understood me. I leave you the memories of all the fun we've had - the teasing, the laughing, the crying, the arguments, and most of all, the secrets we have shared over the past ten years. May it all continue for 100 years more. I also leave you Enoch. May you rest in peace. It worked!!! To Karin, I leave a poem and a smile. I leave you my friendship forever and all the understanding I can offer. Thank you for yours. To Valerie, don't let this next year slip by too fast. I leave you all my best wishes for a happily ever after life with Steve. To my little sis, Patty, I leave all the crazy and silly things that go along with being on Pep Squad and all the tears and joys of knowing that our Bucs are #1 in everything. I leave you the rest of your life with S.J. Maybe now you can enjoy yourself. To Rodney, I leave a moose call and a kiss that says "Thank you for everything." And finally, to Charles, I leave all my love and all the happiness that I

**I, DEBBIE HUTCHINSON**, being of sound mind and able body do bequeath the following: To the great BHS Band, the spirit and pride that has been lost for so many years. To Mr. Killen, more Band Presidents and Bands that care about being number ONE. To Mr. Hester, another dumb Indian to kick around and yell at. To Mr. Merckovsky, all the hot dogs and stones he deserves and a great band next year. To my little sister (almost), Peggy, the joy of sitting at football games, watching someone on the field and biting off all her fingernails. To D.H., a ring for his nose so that he can be led around properly. To S.C., all the luck in the world because as ASB Sec. she'll need it to survive. To R.M., something called patience and the ability to hit a high "A," whenever he wants. To the Mop, the ability to ride his tricycle without training wheels and five dollars for a haircut (someday). To Linda Poo, happiness, joy and all the fun I've had in high school and the mess in the library. To J.G., someone else to call him Miss Goodsell. To B.R., a gold-plated rubber duck. To R.H., a new leaning post who can help as much as the old one did. To B.S., a semi-truck, he'll need it. To M.S., 6 inches and 50 pounds so he can defend himself and a freshman he can throw in a trash can. And to the BHS Band all the luck in the world. (Watch out for J.K. and the administration.)

**I, PAT THURMAN**, being of strange mind and over-developed body, bequeath the following: To Caroline, I leave gas money for all the times we went to Winchells and also memories from Ebehart. To Mr. McMahon, I leave all the joyous memories of Cindy T. and Albera Street; I also want to leave him my thanks for helping to decide what field of work I am going to do. To my brother Jeff, I leave the very, very, best of luck always and the good sense not to bring a Fraline home with him when he returns from Germany. To Carla, Claudia and Cindy, all the dirty cars they can wash and all the Ronald McDonald Happy cups they want. To Joan, I leave all the memories of our "discussions" on almost everything. To Connie and Candy, I leave good luck always. To Robin, I leave all my "A" government tests (there weren't any); also I leave her the very best of luck because if she keeps driving without her license she'll need it.

**I, JOHN MUNOZ**, being of sound mind, do hereby leave the following: To my little brother, I leave all the good standers that I have life in all my classes. To Miss Harper, I leave my desk for it can remind her of me. And to Kathy, I leave all the good memories that we have had here at Bellflower High!

**I, BONNY TAYLOR**, of half mind and fair body, hereby will the following: To my little sister, Janie, who will be here next year, all the fun I have had at BHS. To Linda F., my Library and the strength to cope with the librarians. To Debbie and Pam H., the fun we've had through the school year, and will continue to have. To Mr. Stenlight for all the help, which he has given to me this year (about Cerritos). To Karin H., a little of my gentleness so she won't kick too many more people who are bigger than her. To Mike Z. and Pepe, all the ice cream they can eat at B&R. "31." To Steve C. and Mike Zinzola, for putting up with me. To Rick B. and Brad S., two scoops of ROCKY ROAD. To Sherman all of the mysteries which we had while going together. It is time to say good-bye to a lot of old friends and new, and to the people who I

**I, MARIA MARTINEZ**, being of curious mind and expanding body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Mrs. Olsen, all of my uncensored absences, tardies and a student for next year whom you can depend on as much as me. To Norma G., the word of her favorite teacher, "WOW!" To Tena McEwen, one black wig along with all the little incidents behind it. To the 71-72 Flag Squad, a year of fun, but also those long hard practices, and the ability to get along with each other! To Louie R., at last, one year of PRIVACY to take advantage of. To Ji, to someone who thinks SEX is overpowering my mind, but vice-versa. And to BHS, A BIG FAREWELL!

**I, DEBBIE GUNDERSON**, will the Les Amies all the love and happiness that I have found. Also all the memories of our snow trips, even the bad ones, that have brought us closer together.

**I, JANE ANNIS**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath two things. To M.T. and M.M., a memory of Irvine and a sticky blonde (figure it out you guys). To Bellflower High, a flying, one-finger salute.

**I, CHRIS BERTONCELLI**, will to Paula Alvano and Donald McShane, all the Sunday afternoons at Foster Freeze when there are dog shows at the park. And to the Les Amies, I will all the memories of the fun and fighting we've had since Jr. High and the friendships that will last even longer.

**I, LINDA POTTS**, being of body and absent body, do hereby settle my accounts with the following before I leave this "wonderful" place: To Scott Lansdown, I leave one pair of tennis shoes to wear with his suit at future speech contests, and one forgotten ecology film in the phone booth. To Rick Rahn, I bequeath a new sweater for that idiot doggie of his, and all the courage it takes to be the kind of "different" person he is. To some poor, naive soul I leave my advertising position on the newspaper staff. To girls' P.E., I will one toy bus and my chauffers hat, and to Miss Walther, all the frustrations of the golf team. To the Ecology Committee, I leave one Ranger Rick and all the cans, bottles and newspapers in the world. To Mr. Bot, I hereby bequeath all my coughs and sneezes in hopes they will contaminate his bod! To Mr. Stits, I will my perfect attendance record. To Leslie Young, I leave my official watch dog certificate so she can warn Mr. Modlin of approaching spies and sleeping students. To Kenny Williams, I will one new sling shot and bag of marbles, the Farrell's parking lot and any girl stupid enough to go out there with him, and the cupboard in Mr. Hester's room that he so heartlessly stuffed Neome into. To Paula Scott, (divot queen), I bequeath two large plastic divots to tie onto her shoes in P.E., so she won't have to dig up the grass. To Phyllis Hill, I leave all our years at the mountains and camp where her mom was sure she was going to fall over a cliff and kill herself. To Sam Okimoto, I will some new rubber bullets filled with lead for his plastic machine gun. To Rick Pekelder, I bequeath his best pal Spiro, the film Scott lost, the 'Pss on Ranger Rick' song, and the two hour tour of Pasadena I took him on New Year's Eve. To Ellie Markwell, I leave the memories of the Rose Parade, the ride in the fuzz car when you got lost in the mountains, and good luck with 'Eldrew' Johnson. To Margaret Hoffman, I hereby leave Bob Evans, hair and all. To the rippers, I will one unforgettable school election, a "riot for peace day" (including the plans to burn the administration building), one

Andrus' front lawn to decorate with cardboard Santa Clauses and sleighs (like they did mine), and a certificate of achievement for their outstanding accomplishments (and I don't mean scholarships ones). To all my teachers, I leave the thanks it must have taken to put up with me these past four years. And finally, to my brother, I hereby officially will the school, not that I know what he'll do with it.

**I, MICKY McCLAIN**, being of sound mind and body, will to my brother having two more long years at BHS, the good memories that I have shared and more. And also a whole pack of SJ's because I know that he will need everyone of them. Also I will to all unexpected juniors, watch out for Mr. Morgan and good luck because you'll need it. To Sherri Lamb, I will a mirror so she can look at herself instead of watching Frankstein every night.

**I, MARSHA GREGORY**, being of extremely unsound mind and big mouth, do hereby will to the 1971-72 choir all of the flat notes that I've managed to hit in my past four years of music. And to Barbara, Robin and Denise, all of the gum they can manage to collect from the bottoms of the chorus room chairs. And to my brother, David, the will to go as far as he can in sports and band. And to the 1971-72 Chamber Singers, all of the fun and memories that I have acquired in this past year.

**I, PAM MALLETT**, leave to the 100 restroom chairs and ash trays. To Dink, I leave happiness. To Jim, I leave a two-door lowered car. To Dale Banks, I leave 25 cents. To Raymon Lechuga, I leave Dinah Ritsche. To Dink and Jim, I leave the game of Life.

**I, LYNN BENSON**, being of not so sound mind and sound body, hereby bequeath to Miss Walther, my smelly, old gym clothes which I've worn all the four year I've been going to this school. I also bequeath to the incoming Freshmen, the floor in the gym which we once had to sit on at the assembly. Last, but not least, I bequeath to all the juniors

this year, Senior Square to do whatever they want with it.

**I, CAROL FRENCH**, being of mind and body (let's leave it at that, do hereby dump all my worldly goods on the following: To Patrick, I leave the inter-section of the 91 and the Long Beach freeways, also I leave a life-time supply of "Frunch" vintage '53 to do with as he sees fit. To Kittle Kat, my siamese sister, I leave one (1) Bowie and lots of love, not that you need any more. To Jong and Doyce, I leave all the happy years ahead for you and yours. To Rencle, I leave a good swift kick in the pants hoping it will clear his vision. To Anutta, "what more can I say, but 'bizzarre'!" Not coming into this world with much I can't really leave too much either.

**I, SALLY OUTLAND**, being intelligent and witty, leave all my rotten luck at BHS to all the dirty happy freshmen whom I cannot stand. I leave them all my baggy levis so they can wear them down to their knees. I wish them all the luck in the world with boys that Greta H. had . . . ????

**I, JEANNETTE ESHAVUR**, being of almost perfect mind and body, will my entire self to Pat Dixon. To John, I will four square feet of red push carpet to lay in the back of his car. To Ruth, good luck with her lessons. And to Karen, a ball in New York.

**I, STEVE JOHNSON**, being of understanding mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Brenda Ford and Erik the Great, the title of the Boulevard Queens, a car, and good luck on Pep Squad. I hv both of you. To Karin Hudspeth, a happy life and hopes that you'll go back with Bob. To Patty Swindig and Gail Dibel, a happy and wonderful life and Boulevard Queens #2. To all of Cheryl's girlfriends, I will many thanks for helping and assisting me and a groovy next year. To Springtime for Dan, more possums for the future and more possum pie. To Cathy Sistrunk, the role of Miss California, BYU, a new boyfriend, happiness, and a new car. To Cheryl Sistrunk, a lot of new boyfriends, pep squad, another goldfish, all the clothes in the world you want, and hopes of a readmittance into their home. To all of the people who spit on my car, a Brownie Buton. To Dr. Townley, I will many thanks for him, Judy Vanurskunn, I will a wax job on her freaky Ford. To Randy Eggelston, I will a Der Volkswagen. To the apple machine, I will many thanks for all the great apples youlet me buy from you. To all the Senior class officers, we gave the best year there ever was to be. To Mr. Edward Keenan, a new PORCHE? And to everyone, I will Good Luck and happiness. THANK YOU. And L.F. and K.F., thanks & lov.

**I, BRUCE LEGGETT**, being of sound mind and MUSCULAR body, do hereby bequeath to Darrel Goodro all my ability in the secondary and a box of mikoban because he will need them.

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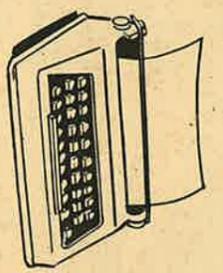
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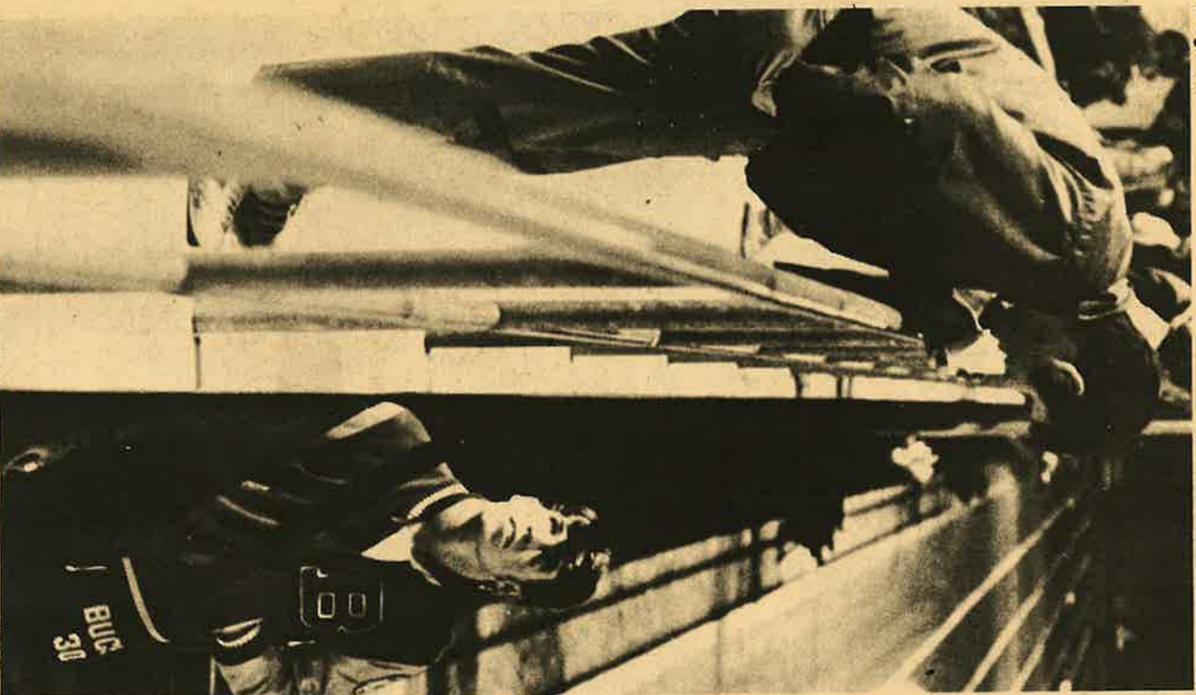
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Brad Stone talks with coach Dave DuFault and concentrates prior to record setting pole vault at Monday night's CIF meet.

(Doug Stern photo)



# Stone places third in CIF pole vault

By soaring to a height of 14'6", Buc pole vaulter Brad Stone placed third in the CIF Southern Section finals last Monday, and qualified for the state meet held at UCLA last weekend.

The leap also set a new school record, surpassing the 14'3" mark set by Brad earlier this year.

When the field of pole vaulters was narrowed to the three who topped 14'6", Stone failed in three attempts to reach 15'0", barely missing in his first attempt. "He couldn't have come any closer," observed Bob Stogsdill, the only other Buc to reach the CIF finals. Stogsdill, who had set a new school record in the mile with a 4:17.8 in the semi-finals, finished eight against stiff competition in the finals. "I was still in the race at the half, but when the pace started to pick up, I thought I was out of it." He was timed unofficially in 4:25.0.

Brad Stone reached 14'3" last Friday in the state preliminaries, and therefore qualified along with eleven others for the state finals.

However, in Saturday's state finals, he failed to place. Although he tied the school record by reaching 14'6" again, he placed only seventh from the field of 12. He would have needed at least a fifth place or height of 14'10" to place. The winner, Quinn of Monroe High reached 15'2".

Stone started out by missing his first attempt at 13'6". Then he succeeded in reaching 13'6", 14'0" and 14'6" on successive attempts, before failing in three attempts to reach 14'10".

Other highlights of the meet included a national record of 7'1-3/4" in the high jump by Dwight Stones of Glendale. Five new state marks were set. They included an 8:53.8 in the two mile by Dale Fleet of San Diego Clairmont, a 67'2-1/4" shot put by Mark Stevens of Newport Harbor and new standards in the 440 and mile relays. Charlie Jackson of Lompoc equaled the state mark of 13.6 in the 120 high hurdles which he set in the preliminaries, and Randy Williams of Fresno Edison had his national record of 26'3-3/4" in the long jump disqualified by a 5.9 mph wind.

## Phil Budig

# Time for a change?

Bellflower's unbelievable year in athletics has brought up a question which perhaps the CIF should consider — does Bellflower belong in the SGVL?

Of the 22 titles up for grabs in the league, 13 were won by the Bucs, which left a fantastic total of nine to be split up by any of the remaining five teams in the league.

Most Bellflower students, you reason, like to win and thus prefer the present set-up, as is. But to others it must smell a little like the Boston Celtics or New York Yankees — such domination tends to ruin the fun of competition (since there isn't any).

It is possible, of course, that Bellflower just had a lucky season and won't do it again. But, on the other hand, Bellflower may just now be starting up a dynasty in several sports, the most obvious one being Basketball.

Add to that the fact that Bellflower's basketball and baseball squads went deep into CIF competition before being knocked off, indicating that they could hold their own in almost any 3-A league.

Several years ago, El Rancho was in the SGVL and making a shambles of it. The CIF then, in fairness to the other schools, moved the Dons up to another division.

Bellflower, likewise, should perhaps be considered for such a move although it would be tough to put the Bucs into another 3-A division in this area that would offer a decent amount of competition.

Still, it would be impractical for one school to control a league year after year without making some change. And, if Bellflower keeps it up for a couple more years, such a move would be necessary as a humanitarian gesture to the other SGVL schools. Coach Jack Bogdanovich, who led the Buc basketball team to its finest season, will head the South All-Stars in next month's North-South battle at the Sports Arena.

The game is especially interesting since the North coach is Don Volpi, whose Dos Pueblos squad knocked Bogdanovich's team out in the CIF finals.

The players in the July 19th affair will be All-Stars from 3-A, 2-A and 1-A schools.

Another Buc coach, Clay O'Dell, who heads the varsity football team, will also take part in a summer duel as he and coach Owen Dixon (of L.B. Wilson) head the South in the upcoming North-South 605 game.

# Coaches cite Bethke, Davidson top athletes,

by Dave Wielenga

Seniors Rick Bethke and Dan Davidson were named Co-Athletes of the Year Monday night at a special senior awards ceremony. It marked the first time in the history of Bellflower High School that the BHS Athletic Department has awarded two students the title.

"The two boys were so close in the balloting that we decided to name both athletes to the honor," said coach Mike Kekich in explaining the unprecedented move.

Both award-winners received numerous honors during the course of their seasons.

Bethke and Davidson both starred on Bellflower's CIF second place football team and San Gabriel Valley League champion baseball squad.

In football, Bethke owned the quarterback position and was named Back of the Year in the SGVL and the Most Valuable Player of the Buc roster. He declined the latter, calling the season a team effort.

On the baseball squad Bethke was the Buc's premier hurler, running up a 14-2 record with a .120 ERA. He was honored as the Player of the Year and pitched the Buccaneers into the CIF semi-finals. As a member of the grid team Davidson filled the role of a star receiver.

In basketball, as a guard, he led the cage team to the CIF finals. He was the recipient of many awards including MVP of the SGVL and Bellflower squad, and was named to the first team all-CIF.

Playing shortstop on the baseball squad, Davidson authored a .340 batting average and an .851 fielding percentage while being named to the SGVL all-league team.



# Buckley fails in CIF bid, 'to try again next year'

Buc golfer Pat Buckley, representing the SGVL as its number two qualifier, failed to place in the CIF individual tournament held last Tuesday at the California Country Club.

He had a disappointing 94 strokes, 20 away from the top score, and too high to qualify for the CIF-Southern California Golfer's Association individual tournament, held earlier this week. Nevertheless, he will return next year and play a key role in Bellflower's hopes for the league title.

Coach Tom Mitchell expects to win league in both varsity and JV. "We'll have a very strong team next year," he commented, ob-

viously pleased with the fact that all of Bellflower's golfers will return next year except seniors Eric Ziemer and Dale Morrison.

Mitchell thinks Bellflower's strong depth will cause "a real run for the money for the lower varsity spots," and extend all the way through the JV squad.

In contrast, Cal High, which has won league the last two years, will be ripped apart by the loss of their top three golfers, all graduating seniors.

The only other SGVL schools which have golf teams, Excelsior and Pioneer, are also expected to be weak next year, leaving the way open for Bellflower to win its first championship.



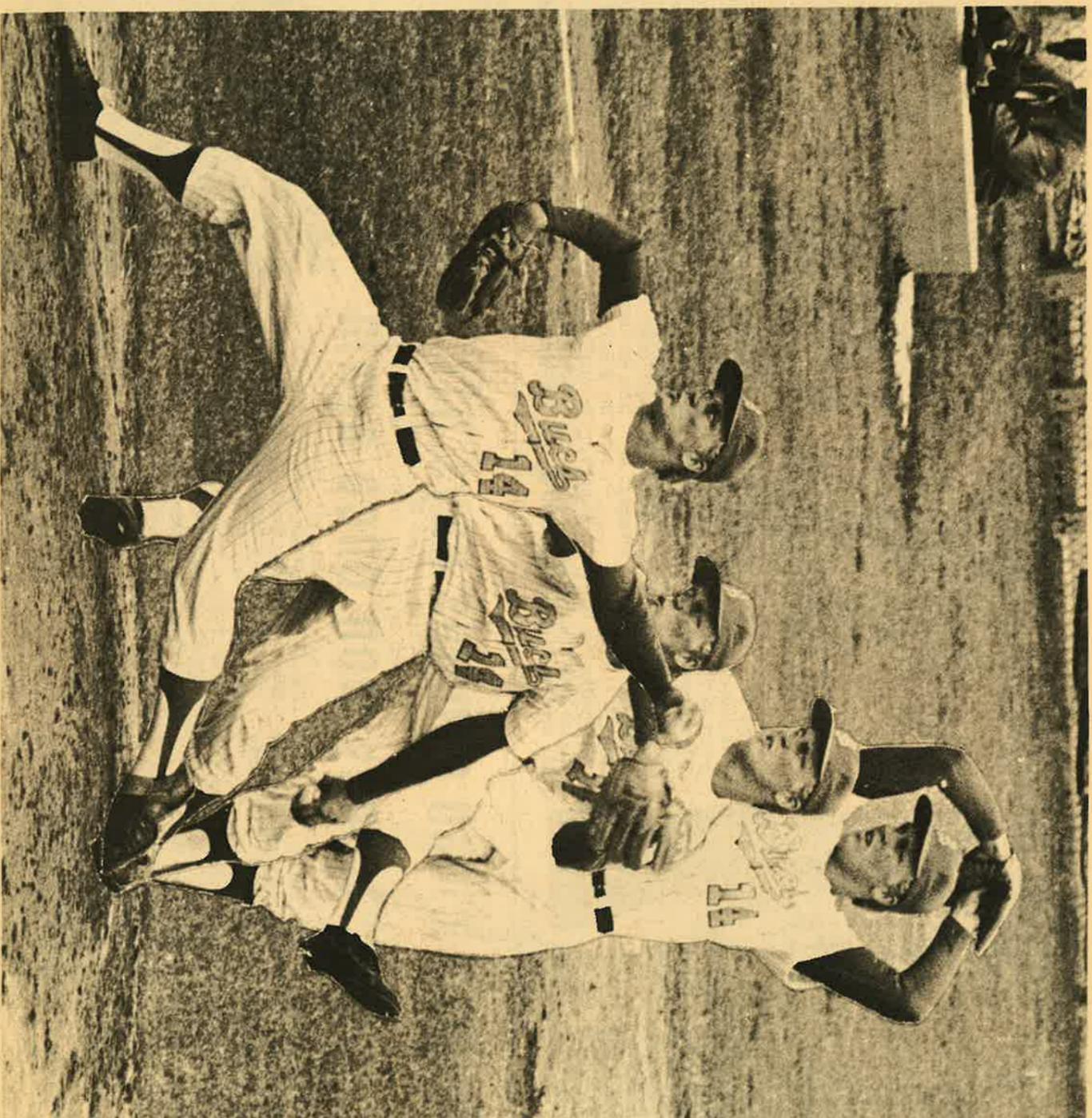
RED DEVIL



June 28 - July 4

by Bellflower Chapter, Order of Demolay

WOODRUFF - just North of Artesia



Blade photographer Doug Stern captures the delivery of premier Bellflower pitcher, Rick Bethke. Bethke's pitching led the Bucs to the CIF semi-finals before they were eliminated, 1-0, on an unearned run. Other pictures show Dan Davidson sliding into second and Cliff Axe fouling pitch off.

(doug stern photos)

## Bucs edged in semi's

by dave wielenga

Despite the brilliant four-hit pitching of senior Rick Bethke and a two-for-three plate performance by shortstop Dan Davidson, Bellflower's varsity baseball squad was edged 1-0 by second seeded El Segundo in the semi-final round of CIF play.

Bethke shut out the Eagles through the first six innings, striking out 11 while walking four, but surrendered an unearned run in the seventh to absorb only his second defeat of the year against 14 wins.

The fateful seventh opened on a single by the El Segundo catcher. After Bethke retired the next batter on a pop fly, leadoff hitter Kirk Allison, a .448 hitter who had been stifled all day, reached first on a fielder's choice and advanced to second on Bellflower's third error of the day. Shortstop George Brett then rocketed a double over the fence.

Although unable to produce a score, the Buc batsmen outthit the opposition seven to four and had several chances to send a runner home.

In the fifth inning Fred Perez and Brian Diendorf swatted back-to-back singles only to have catcher Warren Wiekamp strike out and Bethke ground into an inning-ending double play.

In the following inning, second baseman Dave Castillo reached first with two outs and was sent to third on a single by Dick Rodgers. However, third baseman Cliff Axe sent a grounder to shortstop to end the threat.

"The game was well played," commented Buc coach Mike Kekich, "we made a few mental and physical errors but they didn't really hurt us. The team never lost its composure when they ran into a bind."

In comparing the two teams, Kekich said, "I felt we had the superior team, hitting as well as fielding, although El Segundo might have been a better disciplined and drilled ball club."

A reason for the Buc's somewhat dismal performance at the plate was that the Eagles had their ace pitcher Scott McGregor on the mound. The fireballer entered the contest with an amazing 16-1 record an ERA of 0.42.

El Segundo's victory ended a somewhat surprising season for the Bucs, one which contrasted greatly with the squad of last season which was picked by many to go all the way yet couldn't nail down the SGVL crown.

"The difference between this year's team and last year's is that all the guys got along and really played as a team," noted Kekich. "At the beginning of the season I didn't know I'd have this much pitching."

Led by Bob Woolford's .440 mark, the squad batted a powerful .337 and won the SGVL title by 2-1/2 games with a 12-2-1 record. They then proceeded to post victories in the first three lines of CIF competition.

Looking toward next season, the Bucs will have only four varsity men returning. "However," Kekich projected, "Most of the kids will play summer ball and with hard work we should have a very representative team."





Dr. W. Norman Wampler

# BEA fights Wampler's dismissal

Because of the June 1 firing of Superintendent of Schools, Dr. Norman Wampler, the Bellflower Teachers Association (BEA) has threatened legal procedures.

"The main significance of the firing is that it's illegal," said BEA president Joseph Stits. "And the fact that it (the Board) has hired a new superintendent without consulting the community and educators."

He went on to say that BEA also objected to the fact that the Board provided no new procedures for the screening of possible candidates to replace Wampler. "Plus the fact that the firing appears to be political revenge," he added.

The controversy began when Wampler, who has headed the district for 14 years, was fired by the School Board one year

before his planned retirement. In announcing the decision the Board cited "personal reasons" as the cause of dismissal and said they would buy out the one remaining year of Dr. Wampler's contract. An offer by Wampler to retire at the end of his current contractual period was not acted upon, and a motion by one Board member to table the matter was defeated.

The Board then acted further and hired Dr. David Shetler, who has been assistant superintendent for business services for five years, as the new superintendent.

The teacher association threat to take legal action, said Stits, stems mainly from the financial difficulties involved in the School Board's plan to pay a salary to both Wampler and Shetler.

"It's a tremendous waste of money," said Mr. Stits. "It will take \$30,000

to buy out the remaining year of Dr. Wampler's contract and \$28,000 to pay Dr. Shetler's first year salary. That's \$58,000 — all added on top of the fact that the district will be \$250,000 in debt next semester.

"We (BEA) would like to see this matter resolved out of court and without extreme measures," he concluded. "It appears that they (Board members) are just mad and acting emotionally, instead of rationally."

However, a district source indicated that the schools would not "lose" \$30,000. The speculation is that with Dr. Shetler serving as both Superintendent and Business Manager, a replacement (for Dr. Shetler's old position) would not be needed, thereby saving approximately \$27,000.

# Rahm's clean campus pays off; Cerritos trophy won once again

Surpassing seven other schools, with 7,000 student man hours, Bellflower High walked off with Cerritos Campus Beautification Sweepstakes Trophy for the third consecutive year.

"Competition was really tough this year with so many students joining the environmental movement," stated Rick Rahm, two-time Chairman of BHS Campus Beautification. Rick attributes the win to such major projects as the painting of the lockers, the spirit walk and the brick planter on the south side of the administration building.

Supplying stiff competition for this year's contest was St. Joseph High School, who took first place, followed by Richard Gahn High with second place and Artesia, third place. Somerset Continuation school received a special award because of school size and beautification projects.

Campus Beautification, started 3 years ago by faculty member Miss Barbara Douglass, is headed by Rick Rahm with Bill Thompson and Rick Pekelder acting as co-chairmen. According to Rick Rahm, the organization has been working as a coordinator of ideas with individual students and service clubs supplying the manpower.

"Interact probably was the greatest contributor," states Rick. "They were responsible for the lockers, planting trees in May Thompson Park, sponsoring over 10 workdays, and the Mexico trip in which trees were brought south of the border to an orphanage." Rick also named

Key Club as a strong contributor with their addition of cement benches to the campus.

Individual contributions came from Jan Blevins, who went to various nurseries and Bonnie Gray, who designed and organized this year's scrap book. Miss Douglass also kept her P.E. classes busy watering and cleaning up around campus.

Contributing to the community project effort was the Ecology Committee with reclamation projects, contests and the organization of forestry projects.

Both co-chairmen, Rick Pekelder and Bill Thompson, agreed that Campus Beautification's winning success can be attributed chiefly to one person — Rick Rahm. As Bill Thompson put it, "Rick Rahm is Campus Beautification."

Being chairman for two consecutive years, Rick has been responsible for practically every major campus improvement. This year alone, he has organized such projects as the painting of the lockers, the installation of redwood headers, and the brick planter around the administration steps, according to Pekelder.

Losing his bid last year for ASB president, Rick has continued to work for the betterment of the campus through student government and administration. Being appointed to the ASB Cabinet as Director of Public Relations, Rick has worked for better community relations between the school and the community by giving reports at both the city council and school board meetings.



# Seniors who didn't shine it on --- given awards

## Bank of America Awards

- Trophys: David Rozelle — Science and Mathematics  
Cathie Crosland — Fine Arts  
Sam Okimoto — Liberal Arts  
Certificates: Steven Bartel — Mathematics  
Cheryl McKinney — Laboratory Science  
Manu Schulte — Music  
Bonnie Gray — Art  
Cathie Wilkinson — Drama  
Jeffrey Brenny — English  
Douglas Stern — Social Science  
Paula Scott — Foreign Languages  
Karen Dryvor — Business  
Cathie Sistrunk — Home Economics  
Wayne Holt — Industrial Arts

## California Savings & Loan League Award

Richard Pekelder

## California State Scholarships

- Bob Stogsdill  
Pam Wright  
Tom Mahood  
Theresa Wells  
Scott Lansdown  
Greta Heida  
Dorothy Brown  
Christa McCluggage

## Scholarships from Colleges, Universities

- Lorna Hornbeek — McPherson College, McPherson, Kansas  
Christa McCluggage — USC — Honor Scholarship

## Local Organizations

- Lorna Hornbeek (Bellflower Ed. Assoc.)  
Danielle Holland (Bellflower PTA)  
Robert Stogsdill (Bellflower PTA)  
Mike Budig (Bellflower Women's Club)  
Nancy Brandorst (Business and Prof. Women's Club)  
Mary Schulte (Business and Prof. Women's Club)  
Robert Evans (Rotary Club)  
Rick Rahm (Soroptimist Club)  
Debbie Hutchinson (Soroptimist Club)  
Mary Schulte (Soroptimist Club)  
Cathie Crosland (Soroptimist Club)  
Frank Perez (Soroptimist Club)  
Mike Mariana (Washington Junior High PTA)  
Roseann Hudspeth (Kiwanis)  
Cheryl White (Kiwanis)  
Kathleen Moore (Kiwanis)  
Rick Rahm (Los Flores PTA)

## Seal Bearer Awards

- Steve Bartel  
Caloutline Bensema  
Jeffrey Brenny  
Dorothy Brown  
Michael Budig

## SEAL BEARER (Continued)

- Debbie Collins  
Beverly De Zeeuw  
Robert Evans  
Sandra Holder  
Roseann Hudspeth  
Larry Jordan  
Laurie Jordan  
Myra Kunaage  
Scott Lansdown  
Christa McCluggage  
Sam Okimoto  
Toni Olsen  
Richard Rahm  
David Rozelle  
Mary Schulte  
Cathy Sistrunk  
Douglas Stern  
Robert Stogsdill  
Greg Walton  
Theresa Wells  
Cheryl White  
Ken Williams  
Pam Wright

## Scholar of the Year

Sam Okimoto

## Top Twelve Awards for Scholarship

- Rick Rahm  
Dave Rozelle  
Toni Olsen  
Sam Okimoto  
Cathie Crosland

## 12 TOP AWARDS (Continued)

- Debbie Collins  
Mary Schulte  
Jeff Brenny  
Steve Bartel  
Douglas Stern  
Mike Budig

## Washington Jr. High PTA

Mike Mariana

## Soroptimists Awards

- Youth Citizenship: Rick Rahm  
Music: Debbie Hutchinson (Instrumental)  
Mary Schulte (Instrumental)  
Cathie Crosland (Vocal)  
Frank Perez (Vocal)

## Blade "Most Valuable Staffer"

Melissa Blaylock, Douglas Stern

## Blade "Best Writer"

Phyllis Hill, Phil Budig

## Music

Chamber Singers — Howard Prouty