



The Bellflower

BLADE

Vol. XXI No. 13

21st year of publication

Fri., June 9, 1972



Returning to Bellflower, where he previously taught for 12 years, is George Prince replacing interim Principal Howard Rood as Bellflower's head administrator. (photo by sam nunn)

"All those in favor say 'aye!'"

As the round of assenting voices dies away and a call for opposition receives no reply, Dr. Richard Vermillion, head of Bellflower District School Board, raps his gavel and officially states, "Recommendation carried. Bellflower High's new principal is Mr. George Prince!"

Standing to acknowledge the appointment, next year's head administrator says, with a beaming grin, "I'd just like to say that with so many old friends and contacts at Bellflower High, I feel somewhat like a burglar re-turning to the scene of past crimes."

And indeed, although no criminal, Mr. Prince is certainly no stranger at Bellflower, however he's new as an administrator. Teaching such courses as Health Education, Social Studies and coaching the baseball team here at Bellflower for 12 years, Prince moved into the administrative field in 1963 when he took the job of District Attendance Consultant.

After two years in the Central Office the stocky, bespectacled Prince moved to the position of Assistant Principal

"Naturally I'm glad to be back at BHS. Not only because of the official advancement, but I've had a lot of contact with this school," said the balding administrator, and with a shy smile added, "You know my son, John Prince, taught at Bellflower for two years too, in the music department."

Replacing Interim Principal Howard Rood, who has been filling in since the mid-year departure of Dr. Art Townley, Prince was appointed, over five other candidates, by the School Board after a special Executive Session, Tuesday May 30.

This decision came after much research, interviews and discussions by a six man screening committee, who managed to narrow the field from an original 45-50 applicants to the final six, who then faced more interviews by the School Board before the appointment was made.

by melissa blaylock

His hands are dyed a perpetual tone of blue-black and a small smudge of ink punctuates his cheek; but otherwise Ray King's impeccably groomed countenance would give no hints as to his occupation.

As the Graphic Arts instructor of Bellflower High, Mr. King oversees print shop and drafting class. And since 1955, BHS has been the only school he has taught at. But, he says, it may not be for long.

"I'd like to get into vocational training," he reluctantly admitted. "I'm simply tired of having to pinch pennies in this department. Our department is just going down the drain. If the trend continues in this school, there will eventually be no electives at all."

"I hadn't originally planned on teaching," mused, "but I wound up teaching two years when I was in the service and I discovered that was what I should do. And because I worked my way through college printing, that was the logical occupation."

As fellow faculty members and students will attest, Mr. King is dedicated to his job. Long after most other teachers have headed home, King can be found



Eighteen year olds must now face the outside world with the rights and responsibilities of adulthood on their shoulders. However, within the sheltered stream of the educational system, one wonders exactly where the 18 year old stands.

According to Dr. Howard Roop, "We do have certain general rules that apply to everyone."

He explained, "We went to the County Counsel which is a committee of lawyers, and they said that we were correct in our interpretation of the law. You see, the 18-year-olds are still considered a part of the student body and must adhere to these general rules."

One of the greatest misunderstandings of these regulations is the belief that students have the right to drop out at age 16. Dr. Roop emphasised that a person must attend school until he is 16, then finish his education by receiving the minimum 240 minutes of instruction time per day there or at a continuation school such as Somerset, until he reaches 18. Anyone who leaves school before this, is doing so illegally. Furthermore, students must live with

a parent or legal guardian in order to attend school. "This means that they really haven't taken on the responsibilities of adulthood and, reasoned Roop, "they must have their parents or guardian's signature on absence excuses and consent forms as do the rest of the student body."

The only students exempted from this are the married students, and they may be of any age. Roop conceded, "Any married student has taken on the responsibilities of adulthood by being married and often having a home and family of their own."

Nevertheless Dr. Roop stressed the importance of attendance by saying, "If the students don't come, we lose money, and it only hurts themselves. The school receives \$2.90 for every student in school each day. If the absence is excused, the school still receives the money. However, with 180 to 200 absences each day, the school loses about \$400 a day."

Therefore, according to Roop the 18 year olds will still be treated as members of the student body, until someone challenges it by taking it to court and proving the policy incorrect, or by state legislation.



Describing himself simply as "unusual," Bill Thompson comprises one half of the Scholar of the Year team. Completing the duo is Kerry McCluggage, who was the wizardly editor of the annual. (photos by dirk rogers)



Scholars' characters revealed

by jan crocker

How would you describe the anatomy of a scholar? A skinny guy or girl with thick glasses, greasy hair and pimples, stuck with their nose in books? Well, Kerry McCluggage and Bill Thompson, Co-Scholars of the Year, hardly fit that description, and both being "scholars" their similarities are few.

Although they both claim to be different from each other, both Kerry and Bill are active in Thespians and CSF, as well as sharing a 3.98 grade point average. But their similarities end there, and one wonders what characteristics brought them to the honor of Scholars of the Year.

"I didn't work very hard at it," admitted Kerry. "Actually," he continued, "it takes tolerance, and . . ." he added facetiously, "a little gin." However, Bill attributes this honor to his involvement in many activities. "The teachers vote for whoever they feel is worthy of the honor, and it helps if you participate in a lot of activities."

And although both Kerry and Bill are very active in school, their opinions toward it have changed.

"When I was a freshman, I was very impressed by the "importance of doing

well in high school," Kerry revealed. "But now, I see this 'importance' only as doing well enough to get into college and for scholarships."

Bill, on the other hand related, "I was very radical when I came. I hated school . . . it was boring . . . and I thought the teachers were stupid." However, "he continued, "now I have much more respect for the teachers and I'm taking much more interesting classes."

But even with their scholastics studies and accomplishments, neither of them feels that school is their only interest.

Some of their activities include drama and Thespians. Bill participates in Band, Newspaper, Key Club, Speech and has been named a Trustee Scholar

Kerry plans to attend the University of Southern California (USC) on scholarships amounting to \$4,940. "I'm majoring in Telecommunications that's radio and TV. Eventually, I want to write and produce."

Bill also plans to attend USC, on scholarships amounting to \$1,450, and his major is Asian studies. "I really don't know what I want to do," Bill commented, "maybe I'll go into psychology or law."

Full Scholarships Available

Call Now for Information UN8-2276

School of Champions'

LePante Beauty College

12311 E. Firestone Norwalk

IBM RENTALS

Also ADLER - ROVAL - UNDERWOOD - HERMES - OLYMPIA & others
ELECTRIC - STANDARD - EXECUTIVE



AUTHORIZED DEALER
HERMES AND ADLER OLYMPIA
Rebills in All Makes Including IBM
RENTAL PURCHASE PLAN
SALES & SERVICE
OUR
SIGN OF SERVICE
SINCE 1947

COY CLEAVER & SON

16118 S. CLARK AVE. (1 1/2 Blocks South of Alondra) BELFLOWER

BELFLOWER ADDING MACHINE & TYPEWRITER CO.

PICK-UP & DELIVERY

Financing Available
COY & CARTER CLEAVER SERVING YOU
FOR 24 YEARS IN BELFLOWER



SOMETHING CHEAP IS SELDOM A BARGAIN
FREQUENTLY YOU SACRIFICE QUALITY OR SERVICE
— OFTEN BOTH —

Belflower Typewriter Company

'Fritz' first obscene cartoon

by melissa blaylock

"Fritz the Cat" boasts of being the first X rated cartoon. Hopefully, it is also the last.

Disjointed, obnoxiously crude, pretentious and tasteless "Fritz" has few redeeming qualities. The entire plot seems to rest on having some significant social comment to make, but with the obviously biased presentation of anything near "establishment" revolutionary statement is lost.

As cartoons are usually populated with human-like animals, so is "Fritz the Cat." As one might expect in a pseudo-hippie flick, the police are portrayed as pigs. Blacks are crows (replete with broad accents) and birds,

dogs, aardvarks and assorted other zoo creatures complete the cast.

It must be noted that the animation is top-notch, with some creative points intermingled. For instance, one scene in a billiard hall is viewed from inside the pool table -- looking out of the pocket.

Perhaps one reason such a dim view is taken of the cartoon is the fact that as children we were raised on such saccharine cartoon characters as Superman, Casper the Friendly Ghost and Popeye, all of which were dedicated good-doers. The appearance of an anti-hero such as Fritz comes as somewhat of a shock.

The Belflower Blade

Melissa Blaylock
Editor

Jan Crocker
News Editor

LeeAnn Park
Feature Editor

Clay Doyle
Editorial Editor

Dave Wielenga
Sports Editor

Cub Staff

Cheryl Kinne
Editor

Bonita Kato
News Editor

Dianne Abegg
Asst. News Editor

Mickey Stokely
Feature Editor

Cesar Baldemor
Editorial Editor

Technical Assistants

Susan Smith
Advertising Manager

Varietyper Operators:

Jan Shumaker
Asst. Ad Manager

Joannes Bowman
Joanne Briones
Minda Fernish

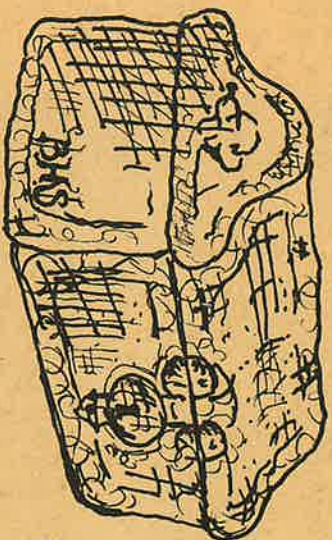
Skip McDowell
Adviser

Ray King
Print Shop Adviser

The Blade is published bi-weekly with the exception of holidays by the student newspaper staff and the advanced graphic arts students of Belflower High School, 15301 So. McNab Ave., Belflower, California 90706.



19 Senior Wills



72

I KAREN DOUGHTY, being of sound mind and unexplainable body do hereby will to Chris Bartel, all the pigs at Catalina. I give you all my jokes too! To Linda Bartel I will all the hounds and a pair of new bangs. To Karen I will all the Spooks and all the fun we had in our classes. To Chris G., I leave some hair straightener for those little curls. To Gloria, I leave all my free food and a deck of cards to remember how we met, and the memories of being buddies. To Gaye, I leave all the dumb words that we use to make up and the fun times we use to have. To Debbie Wilson, I leave my PE shoes. I leave to Per. 5 PE all the sweaty gym clothes to remind you of the fun we had. To Lynell, Vicki, and BettyRae, I leave all my crazy-ness, so you'll never forget me. To MaryLou, I will always be your twin, thanks! To Cheryl Oates, I leave the words to my song, you wanted them so bad. To Miss Waitner, I leave my smile so you'll think of me sometimes. To Mrs. Buchanan, thanks for all the Bible knowledge and fun. To Mrs. Baker, thanks for putting up with me in Choir, you can have my Alto chair. To Robin Peek, I leave you Winnie the Pooh. To Barb and Denise, I leave all the pencils that I chewed up. To David, I leave you a new pair of track shoes and some new red sweats, sorry about the last ones. Thanks for all the fun times at track. And last, I leave to Cindy Morris all Ronnies love, (no consideration) I also leave you a broken down VW that use to take us everywhere. I also leave you my alarm clock so you can get up in time for school. I leave you BHS to take care of. It needs it. Thanks for all the fun!

I JOHN KLEWER, being of acceptably sound body, and nearly straight mind, do hereby bequeath to my favorite teacher Tricky-Dickey Hester, all eleven of his sick C-grade take-home tests. To Mr. Boyle, a 1500 gallon tank of pressurized H₂S. To Don, I will Cathy Back. To all my friends, I leave my thanks and wishes for a great life for each of you, and to my "little" brother Mike I leave Wilts basketball shoes. And last, but most important, to Denise, I give all that I have and more.

I, MARY LOGAN, being of undecided mind and body do hereby bequeath to the following: To Mrs. Peterson I leave eight pounds of jelly beans, which you have already received, and I leave you a new pair of zories to replace the ones that you lost in Irvine Lake, and most of all I leave the memories of the GANG. To Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Davis I leave a big GOOD LUCK, you think the class of '72 see bad just wait till you see what's coming up. To Carol Larabee I leave a years supply of potatoes, cabbage, and boysenberry jam. To Denise Plant I leave my umbrella. To Bev I leave Rick, who else?? To Wanda Maas I leave our old box of dance pants that we were planning to give to someone else, you know. To Cindy Harris I leave a Great Dane and all the

last year including a toy yummy box. And last, but not least, I leave a good bye and good luck to the class of '72.

I BECKY ALT, being of sound mind and body, do now bequeath the following: To Janet N., Patti D., and Marilyn S., I will a big "thankyou," four years of fabulous memories and the hope that you will continue in student government even though its going to be mighty tough next year. To Jack E., I will a kiss from Homecoming... Sorry about that- To Jeff S., my senior picture, and your soapy blue jacket back. To Mrs. Palmer, a great big thank you for being so sweet generous, helpful and all of the other good adjectives that describe you. To all of the Junior girls, I will the honor, privilege, tears, and excitement of being Homecoming Queen. To Mr. Laney, I will a small turtle with blisters on his feet! To Mr. Morgan, Mr. Chapel, and Mr. Little, I will two snickers and a world war. To Gloria Jocius, I will hopes of much happiness in all that you do, my old Genesis Club jacket, a trip to Cachuma, and the hopes that you will go to Crescent Bay with me this summer. To Bev and Barb, I will a swift kick in the pants! (It's better than a jab in the eye with a sharp stick!) To all those remaining at BHS, I will the drive, enthusiasm, and initiative it will take to hold BHS together until our community realizes the importance of education... To Melissa, I wish happiness always, and a "Hi, how are you today? What can I show you?" a department full of bras and Mr. Elden. And last but not least, To Eddie, I lovingly will the following: A toy model of an orange 66 Super Sport, a new pair of walking shoes, and a orange "weenie bike" to take the place of your car. I also will you a big kiss and a loving thankyou for 2 1/2 years of fabulous memories. But more than anything I will you the will to be good while you're at BYU and remember I'll be here, being good waiting for you... xxxxxxxx

I DAVID COBB, FROST, being of intellectual mind and tempting body do hereby bequeath to the following people: To Duane Miller my ZEBCO 444040 and a book titled "How to fish the Kern", written by yours truly. To Mark Hardwick, I leave my old Football jock, because he's too cheap to buy his own. To Burley I leave the Giant Washers! To Tom Thwaiter I leave a muzzle to put over your BIG mouth. Amen. To Mr. Matt I leave nothing. To Ray Lechuga I leave a Broken Rebel. To all the coaches I leave the best of luck and my swift departure. To Mr. Morgan I leave BARACUDA. To Mr. Odell I leave Mark Hardwick. To old BHS I leave */**%-\$#**%&/%. And I thank you.

I DEBBIE WILMOTH, being of sound mind and able body, will the following: To Coach Odell I leave all the true blue men you can find with no girlfriends for your football team and someone to take L.S. place to give your side comments to as you walk out at snack. To Delaine I will a ring and every-

marriage. To Duane and the PID00 MAN I will a hope we can remain good buddies and in the future years maybe we can come back for another trailer party! Also to Duane I leave a high collar shirt in case of another party!! To my ex-boy friend Steven Dunnam I leave all the memories of your favorite T.A. Cheryl O. I will her a lot of GUTS cause she used hers all up this year. To our Genesis Club (what's left of it) I will that as long as there is booze there's still a hope for our club. To Paula Alvano and Don McShane I leave a tall six pack of OLD ENGLISH 800 and hope that you soon acquire a taste for it while drinking it or bringing it back up. To Donna I leave the happy memories of Cindy Narretta's Birthday. To Lois I leave the memories of the MONSTER OF FLORA VISTA PARK!! I also leave you the memories of the good old days where 12 guys were the limit, and one is all we can handle now?? To my friend Debbie, I leave you all the good memories there were, D.M. party lasting till 6:00 am and still remembering it perfectly, a month afterward. Also all the trailer parties we could handle. May there always be nights for the GARDEN OF EVER? To you and your friend, thank God there's a land called Isabelle. To the Junior Class I leave a case of Old English 800 for anytime you need a cheap thrill--directions drink three and beware. And last but not least I will to my Louie--ME--take it or leave it, in hopes that he takes it. Also all the great memories of our trips. And all the happiness we can find and share together in the future.

I, BEVERLY ALT, being of sound mind and body, leave the following: To Rod Stern I leave a body transplant so your dream of being Homecoming Queen will come true and a personalized picture of Christine Jorganson. To Joyce G. I leave the Colorado River (take it or leave it) and a wonderful summer in Hawaii. To Mr. Killen I leave a BIG thank-you for all your help, a road map to the Queen Mary and Jack La Lane. To Becky I leave a BIG "I am sorry" for all of our sisterly flights and a pair of boxing gloves in case it ever happens again. To Barbara I leave my electric curlers, a bedroom of your very own and hopes that you will invite me to spend the night sometime (ha ha), and a truly bright bite after you get your braces off. To Dave Wielenga I leave a bottle of tranquilizers to take before every big race and hopes that next year you will keep your promise and meet every deadline (just kidding)...also I leave you a very successful writing career. To Holly E. and Carol J. I leave one million filling cards. To Kevin Dart I leave an open invitation to my house and an ever lasting friendship. To my "little sister", Debbie I leave you BHS and all the fun and hard work that goes with it. I also leave you my telephone number in case you ever have a problem and need someone to talk to and hopes that you will

don't. To Marcela, my mini friend, I leave the memories of all the fun we've had together these past years and a successful and happy future.. To BIG ED I leave a crate six feet by four feet to take with you to BYU, contents one sister named Becky and all my love... And last but not least to all the underclassmen I leave you BHS. Please take good care of it!!!

I DONNA HITE, being of perfectly sound mind and bitchen bod, do will the following: To W.K. I leave all the girls at BHS to look at! (and that's all!!), one empty locker to remember me by, and all the fun times and memories we'll always cherish. D.H...I leave memories of the river and one big donkey call!! (Please practice on the AWE!!) S.S... "It's your money!" and a ticket for you and Dan to see round 3 at the fights. K.E...I leave all our fun times and talks we've had, also you and Jay all the happiness to come. B.F...I hope you find the right guy one of these days, and call me when you do. D.K...I leave one big hand to smack Peggy when she burns! To Peggy and Patty I leave all our fun memories of camp and our summer practices. (Bring a leash for Alvi!) Hope you get to practice at the beach this summer!! To the Blade I leave good spies to write more interesting stories about Pep Squad. (Too bad they don't play Pioneer next year!) M.H., my little brother, I leave lots of dreams of becoming another Robert Torrence. (You're head is getting so big, I think it's coming true!) To the 71-72 Pepsters, lots of dreams of green-peppers, candy apples, and ice being thrown at you, also next years homecoming when our spirits come alive. Let's stay as gross and crusty.

I, JACK EASUM, being of sound mind and sound body and ASB President do hereby bequeath to the student body of BHS a good luck in the coming years. I leave a Thank-you to the ASB Cabinet and all the terrific jobs they've done to make this year a success. To KK I leave all the parks and stolen red cars. To Au Revilla I will all the motion he can do on tables. To Craig Shea I will all the meaningful and elaborate times in high school and one pair of gym socks. To Karin I will all the rumors we can start. To the Roosevelt Narc Squad I leave all the Fitzpatricks, Bedfords, and good times in the world. To Gloria (head rah-rah girl) I leave the saying "John Killen always liked you best." To Cal Davis I leave one fantastic barbershop foursome that flew to Oakland and blew it! To Cliff Armstrong I leave all the good times in music and other extra curricular activities we've had. To Ed Eynon I one Discover America Week, one pineapple plantation, one gas station, and the saying "come on fella." To all the teachers and coaches I leave a sincere thank-you. To Mr. Killen I leave a Thank-you and a good luck in the coming years. And finally to next year's ASB Cabinet I leave one picture of myself for inspiration.

I, GEORGE HUNSAKER, being a cool head, do hereby will to Mike Zarp all my pictures of me and Karen so he can make a bonfire out of them like he always wanted to. And to Pizza I leave six more penicillin shots. To Brain Ferre I leave a box of rocks to throw at Linda when he get mad, and my head gear which he never paid me for. To David Soto I leave my freshman elevator shoes so that he will be three inches taller than Terrie Roberts. To the Maciel's I leave five cases of certs and 50 cans of raid to keep the bugs away. To Pepe Chairez I leave all my counseling. To Frank Arsi I leave polygrip to put on the bottom of his feet so he won't fall of his board. To Pat Devine I leave my right foot so that he can kick a football as far as me. To Kirk Foster I leave a Book on how to comb your hair like George Hunsaker. To Jim Dobias I leave a light socket so he can recharge his head. To Karen Ferre I leave many nights at the park with Mike with all the football players watching in on you! And to Monte Rupe I leave our lifetime friendship and hope it continues. Now if he will only leave me his body. To Mark Hardwick I leave many more wet dreams about Pizza. To Bruce Walters I leave one free nose job. To all these people I leave happiness always.

*

*

*

I, ANITA HARMON, being of strong mouth, understanding heart and totally gigantic body do hereby bequeath the following! To RCB all the muscles he can handle. To Jay S. someone else's wish fulfillment, the will to meaning and a lot of love. To the "Rupper" a quart of Spanada and my secret. To Joe a cold girl and his electric blanket. To Joyce Belt my gym pants for the next "time" and many memories. To CC I most humbly give Ipijan and Ralphy. To KK I give Chris, Denise and the La Rue brothers. And of course my dear JE I give you Bedford, Fitz and a berry pie. To Miss Waltner a lot of appreciation. To Mrs. Rogers a pipe-finder for next year. Mr. Stits will receive a worn yellow brick road. Mr. Hester..Love. Bananas to Matt (not really!) And of course to Mrs. Clark and Victor the class of 76, a big thankyou and "Dr." To whomever I left out I leave what they deserved And most of all to Ron I leave understanding, insight, success and my very deep love for him.

*

*

*

WE, ROBERT J. COSTA and KAREN PATTEN, being of sound mind and voluptuous bodies, do hereby will the following: To Pizza I will my torn tattered successful and declined football jersey possessing the great number 63. May you keep the fire that's left in it burning with it's power of VICTORY. To next years yell squad I leave a head yell worthy of its position. To the 1972 varsity football team, I will a CIF championship and all the pride and desire that must go with it. To this years basketball team I leave the sheet music to the alma mater, maybe then you'll lower yourselves enough to learn the words; and lots of BUC PRIDE to understand and know the fulfillment of winning. To Coach Odell I will a football team with a more serious attitude than third years, so you and the team will wear the 1972 CIF crown for

ten I will the most precious thing to me...myself. To my dearest friend MB I leave the portion of the BHS gym not occupied by AJ head for her nose. To next years drill team we will at least two good pair of legs that can at least keep in time with something, To BHS and its student body, we LEAVE!!

*

*

*

I, HARRY BIGELOW, being of egocentric mind, and yet to be fully appreciated body do hereby bequeath the following: To Mr. Newman, I leave my first Oscar; To Charlie I leave the darkroom, the library parking lot, and a lot of laughs; To Karen, I leave a summer of surprises; To Mr. Merkovsky, I leave a rotten job and a little more patience; To Pat, I leave my ex-dancing partners, (if they'll have you), and "Jail Bait"; To Linda Peyton, I leave many kind thoughts, and an owl; To Nancy J., I leave the book "The Schizophrenics Guide to Insanity," and the one thing you need most, love; To Janice, I leave thanks for "the lessons"; To Jerry Maz., I leave 50% of my earnings, and all the filthy Spanish words you can remember; To Mike N., I leave a book of etiquette; To Peggy, I leave an 8 by 4 cork for Mike's mouth; To Robin, I leave someone you deserve. To Naomi, I leave a shoulder to, hopefully, more than cry on; To Mr. Boyle, I leave all the foxy chicks you can "watch" To the senior Modern Dance class, I leave thanks for a great year; To "Baby-Face McCluggage," I leave a dozen more rolling junk yards as a casual stroll through a cemetery, a lot of "funnier-when-drunk" jokes, a look of total amazement at your disgustingly gross mouth, and a great summer To Larry Waltz, (my adopted brother), I leave my undying love, and a thought provoking life; and finally to BHS, I leave the potential you always had, and hope you acquire the ability to use it.

*

*

*

I, SANDY McDONALD, of sound mind and body, hereby bequeath by belonging to the following people: To Lynell, I give all the prepaid elaborate lunches she can possibly eat at Sizzler and along with that, the biggest bag of cheetos for a super snack. To Cheryl, I give all my dirty dissection tools and my lovely cab coat (although yours is better looking.) Not only do you get those, you also get a bonus! Couragous! and his slightly scented oderless Wardal! To Tony, I leave all the heroic memories of our fabulous football team, but due to a slight accident of amnesia, I sure hope you haven't forgotten too much. To both Cheryl and Tony (see Cheryl, I've spelled your name right twice already), I leave the most precious moments together to have and to hold and forever cherishable. May you both have eternal love, for it seems only right that you do. I've never envied a couple as I do you two. Good luck! And may God bless you both. To John Wynn and Smilie I leave all the film they can get their hands on from Downey Camera for their next movie. To Smilie, I leave the first DC-10 I can find. Good luck flyer. To John I leave many happy days at

year. Good luck and may God Bless! To BHS, I leave my precious memories.

*

*

*

I, DARREL HUGLI, being of somewhat superior mind and some kind of body, hereby bequeath the following: First of all I would like to leave my thanks to Ken Williams for graduating a year early. To Mr. Bott, I leave a withdrawal slip so he can get his money out of the ASB funds before John Killen gets a hold of it. To Mr. Mitchell, I leave another group of enthusiastic physic students. To Miss McCormick, I leave a reform in her independent study program. To Cliff Armstrong I leave a lifetime supply of "agoonga-goonga". To Ricky Parado, I leave another night, so Scott Flower and him can play wandering hands in the back seat of a blue Toyota. To Terry Eaton, I leave the hopes of obtaining some true art talent and a certain Frank Frazetta nude. Also I leave Terry a box of brown hair dye for his carrot-top. To Ron Snow (who usually has more than just time on his hands), I leave a free pass to "Queen's" Park and a Wamo hummer. To Tom Graham, I leave a GI Joe with life-like hair and a free pass to visit the Russkises. To the people who promised to write articles for the AARDVARK, I leave their apathy. To Richard Romero, I leave Lukey Ramos and a carton of European refried beans. To Steve LaVoy, I leave thanks for the pictures of Seymour and a pair of wire rim glasses to take a better look at the world and people around you. To Tim Meyers I leave a date with Mick Jagger and the Cocketts. Also, I leave Tim a pair of hedge cutters. To Kim Drifus, I leave Linda for his fun and enjoyment To Dick Van Vliet, I leave a new experience, five minutes in a basketball game. To Wally Carlstrom, I leave my regret that his Miss Vicki (Anderson) is moving away. To Pat Jarvis I leave my hopes if you take a trip with a Mexican you don't develop a little lukekeymea. To Mr. Boyle, I leave my hopes of him having five chemistry classes next year. I also leave Larry my thanks and continued luck with interact. To Dave Barnharn, I leave two hundred tardies to my first period French II class. I also leave Dave insight into himself and others. To Mr. Fouquette thanks To Marcy Brammer, I leave my love and continued happiness throughout the rest of her life Lastly, to Senator George McGovern, I leave the Presidency of the United States.

*

*

*

I, MELISSA BLAYLOCK, being of highly critical mind.and..well just being do hereby bequeath the following, beginning with the best. To my favorite, Dave, I leave memories of the fifth period rescues our heart-to-heart talks, our obscene rapport, and thanks for all the thoughtful-ness you've always shown me. Be happy, Dave. To LeeAnn, my bud-dy, I will enjoyment of the boy's crude jokes and someone to rely on as I relied on you. Becky, I leave you somewhere to wear all your long dresses (without a bra) and to Bev I give her own identity. To both of you I give a hug and my continued friendship. To Neirbo Trebor I acknowledge Tom the Queer and sphincters galore. To Phred all I can leave is the hope that someday you will no

than that--my love. And to Marcia, who is special, I leave something special: Pierre's-Burt Reynolds (minus one arm), a new tablecloth, Johnny Rivers a broken window, a new bike, El Centro, Rusty's, non-diets and all the other wierdo memories we share. But most important, Marsh, I leave you my company, and many future celebrations. As for teachers: to the long-gone Mr. Rechs I must say he did more for me in two years than any teacher did in four. I owe him very, very much. To Mr. McDowell I leave the incorrect use of the semi-colon, my witty (?) sarcasm, and my deep gratitude for instilling in me a love of journalism, in case you case you didn't know it, you're a great teacher. To Mr. Morgan I will females in all high governmental offices (and one on the team-teaching roster, just to make things equal). To Miss Waltner, I will nice things (for being such a nice person) and appreciation of all the kindness you've shown. And now for some biting, sarcastic "thanks" to my fans. To Louwana Stevens (creator of the before portion of Protein 21 commercials) I leave one extra-large muzzle to keep your extra-large mouth shut when you don't know the facts. To Debbie Tweet I will one guest appearance on "What's My Line? since no one ever seems to know what your your next one's going to be. To Christi D. I leave the graciousness and femininity you lack so desperately, along with a mirror to look in very closely before calling anyone else a dog. But most of all, Christi, I leave you class; that indelible something you just don't have. To Mr. Kekich I leave the slap in the face you deserved for your tasteless, cruel remarks abut me. In addition, I leave you Dave's heaviily-spiked track shoe wedged securely in your throat. To Korsareff I leave a toilet for all the verbal garbage you excrete. (Catch thatsymbolism?) To Karin H. I give a Burger King crown to take the place of the one you cried about not getting at Homecoming and some unique way to conceal your obvious jealousy. And at the bottom of the list (how appropriate) I come to Brenda Ford (alias the Schnozz). To you I leave an autographed picture of Mike and I kissing passionately and a knife and fork for you to eat your heart out with while looking at it. I also leave you the embarrassment you must suffer whenever you think of the way you threw yourself at every male's feet--yet never once managed to get yourself a boyfriend. But most of all, to Brenda I leave C.C. to torment you and all the memories of the Big Ones That Got Away.

*

*

*

WE, JOAN MALABICKY and SHARON MEYERS, do hereby bequeath to the following: To Suzie Graham: a new car-she needs it. That old Klunker has to go! We wish her all the luck with Jim and your waterbed. To Pat Hughes: all your friends you love so dearly D.C., K.L., D.T., B.A.'s big mouth D.R., and her friend B.D., plus your favorite of all Ding-a-ling D.D. To Bevie: hope you had fun at the prom. Good luck with your little Junior and we promise not to make fun of you anymore. But definitely you do need HELPI To Mrs. Mc

I, DEBBIE HEIDA, being of corrupted mind and studly bod hereby bequeath the following! To John H. I leave my cold hands the french scene, and all the tongue exercises you can handle. To Melvin, better known as Buster Baty, the guts to ask out L.V.P., the wisdom not to follow in his older buddies footsteps, and someone to interpret the dirty jokes from Playboy to him

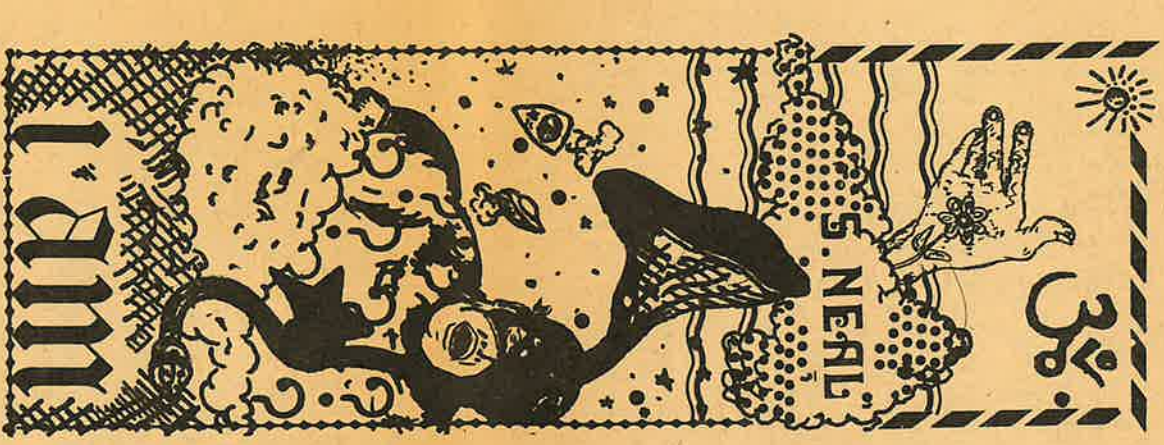
so he'll understand. To Lori R. I leave her Club 15 album (I give up!), one lifesize poster of Bobby Sherman to drool over, and three more years of good ole BHS. To Dan C. memories of all our good times spent together in G.O., a love note to keep forever, and the title of 2nd place rubberband shooter. To Wally K. an invitation to go skiing with us anytime, and my everlasting friendship-lucky you!! To Donna H. the Crusty Mouth award, her motherly touch, and a lonely trip to Winchells all by herself. To Jerry P. a big thanks for being my escort, one boysenberry pie (YUK!), and fulfilled memories of New Years Eve!! To D.W. five great years of friendship, with more to come, one years supply of Ritz crackers, a trip to S.F., and Grad Nite (if it's OK with Lou.) To J.G. a thanks for the ride everyday, a new horn before you drive me crazy, and our August playhouse!! To J.D. I leave memories of the "FROGS", a loaf of stale heels, and Debbie Tweets finger toes to rub through your mustache! (Dig it Digit!!) To MVP all my bad habits, and much success in your modeling career, like maybe from Vogue to Playboy??? To G.K. I leave one yellow sock, a mid-night stroll, and the expression "To the Hub" Right On!! To G.J. I leave a green field to do whatever you want with it, our TOP secret, one weekend night to boogie (for old time sakes) and one dirty fingernail to drive you NUTS!! To B.F. the "Hooked" generation, and a WILD WING DING (take it anyway you want.) To K.E. all the hickies she could fit on her cute little cheeks, the blisters I got from those STINKIN oxfords you made me wear and an "I'm sorry" for being such a pain sometimes!! To D.T. I leave a HEART because I don't think you have any, also one fasty cigarette to watch burn away!! And to the poor under graduates remaining here at BHS "EAT YOUR HEART OUT"!!!!

I, BOB WILLITS, being of radical mind and hairy body do hereby will to Mr. Morgan three more years of John Dedic, To Bob Cuevas I leave one phoney diploma and a free ride to Lakewood station. To all the gang, on the corner I leave many nights on the dead-end street. To Jerri I leave my thanks for a good time we forgot to have. To the gang at the River I leave all the Alpine they can handle (which is one), and to Dennis I leave all the beer he can drink (one small coors) plus a happy life as a plumbers son-in-law. I would also like to leave the Administration at BHS a new horse and buggy because the old one is broken beyond repair. To all the teachers I leave you the grief of knowing there will never be another Willits at BHS. To "M" I leave a ride in the Vandal with "Robbay". To Danny and Sherry I leave peace, love, laughter and to Karen-John Wayne, Luke I leave some new shades for the river next year, and to BHS I leave gladly.

I, BILL THOMPSON, being of radical, confused mind and much used body do leave the following things to the following people. To Case-peace, love, dope, sex, paranoia, and social intercourse. You may discard those things you no longer need. To Jug Belt(s), in appreciation for his help and favors I leave happiness, fun, and some positions that never appeared on the zodiac. To Colucci, yes you boy, I leave a pet cow and George Putnams signature on the CMI petition. To Don Hahn-his unfinished por-

The Bellflower Blade

finger extended. To Melissa-an illustrated copy of the book "Marcy Gets the Big One." To Mark Johnson and Mr. Morgan-a radical demonstration at the Mock Convention. To Mrs. Brom-ing-I leave Collucci's dead body for the library. To Mike Noar, the freak. I leave a good debate partner next year. To Larson, Karst, and Rodrigues, the Demogay boys, I leave Big Al and the "Dial-a-Queer" list, which may be used as a roster for their secret organization. To Mr. Killen, Bellflower's answer to the Peter Principal (sic), I leave my Spiro Agnew thesaurus; keep those memos coming John! To Mr. Albertsen I leave a call slip every second period for the next three years. Hi Leann, Clay, and Cesar and Joanne. To the future student governments at BHS I leave the serenity to accept the things they cannot change, the courage to change the things they can, and the wisdom to know the difference. I'm sure you will always know the difference. To the Motivator Staff I leave my personal Don Hahn Mickey Mouse. So it goes.



I, GAYE KEMPEMA, being of sound mind and body(?) do hereby bequeath the following! To Gloria and Debbie I leave the biggest secret BHS has ever known. To John, two years in the mountains, a snowball fight and a gallon of cole slaw. To Debbie I leave Friday nights to Boogie, Whittier Blvd., and one worn tape of the Beach Boys. To Gloria I leave one bedroom decorated in red and yellow, mid-night talks, two years in the mountains, a trip to the river you never got and thanks for being my sister. To Mrs. Starnes I give all the trips to Winchells you never got and next years Pep Squad. To Rudy I leave Fridays at Goodro's, the heave chevy, one night on the freeway and ME! To the '71-'72 Pep Squad I leave the River and the "Gross Pep Squad of the Year Award." To Tom Thwaites I leave one alligator clip to keep his mouth shut. To Cindy I leave a pool full of Tazuitos and rap sessions. To Karen I leave Oil!, a brand new pair of yellow pants (without hot sauce) and one free dinner at Sizzlers. To Sherry I leave all the "Sensous" books and obscene phonecalls she can handle. To BHS I leave good luck for the

I, ALLEN FREEMAN, being of weak mind and humble body do hereby leave the following: To Mrs. T. Clark, \$50 worth of check stubs to various colleges across the nation and a thank-you for helping me get things together. To Mr. Morgan and associates, I leave a 1200 page book entitled "The Greatest and Boringest Speeches of Our Time" (summarized from class lectures.) To Mr. J. Stitts, I leave my notes on the philosophical view of life by an 18 year old, and speaking for Emery, Bob, Mike and myself, I leave you one slightly used plaster manican, the dirt from under my fingernails and a lot of gratitude for all the help you gave me. To Mrs. C. Rogers, I leave dozens of unfinished posters, next years bunch of lazy goof-offs and a big thanks thanks.

And last but not least, To Dave Dale and all those other nutty guys I leave the big barona.

I, CRAIG HENDRICKSON, being of poor mind and sad body, do hereby will to the following: To Debbie Rudd, 3 more years of fun at BHS. plus my class ring for as long as she wants it, and all my love. To Jane Boatman, I leave her Tim Bradt, her darling boyfriend, who she always talks about. To Sandy Jorgansen, I leave Mr. JZ Morgan, her favorite teacher, plus all the good times I've had at BHS, and Pete de Haas. To Karen Hale I leave as good a music department as its been the past 4 years with all us seniors. To Martin Kartchner, I leave him all the dune buggies he could want. To Lori Baldwin, I leave R.F. To Mr. Matt, I give back all the patience he has had with his 5th period Creative Writing Class, to use in class next year. To Mrs. Baker, I leave more boys for choir than she had this past year, especially tenors. To Frank Catania, another good year at track and a fabulous year in choir with Toni! To Fay Vliefer, my "little sister," I leave somebody else to take care of her during her stay at BHS. Lastly to BHS, I leave my parking space in the Senior parking lot.

I, KIM DREIFUS being of small mind and even smaller body, leave the following: To Mrs. Hersek, I leave thanks for the "A", which I don't know how I got. To Mr. Mitchell, I leave my "puck". To John Deneen, I leave lunch in the library. To Mrs. Warren, I leave noise in the library. To Stu, I leave good luck at Davis. I leave the following space to the Aardark (Richard Romero) Raymos, a knife to stab people in the back. To Norm Hamada, I leave the bottle of wine under the seat, and the girl with the long hair (Susan Van Hosen). To interact, I leave a district To Walt Drysdale, I leave a guy for Saturday night so you can have a gay time. To Phil Rogers I leave Terri Garrett. To Mike Pardo, I leave the bowling alley, and a keg of beer. To Jeff Peter Dick Pistole, I leave a free pass to the dairy, so he can pick up some new "BS", and the one he always talks about Karen Ferre. To Mrs. Starnes, I leave Wally Carlstrom. Lastly, I leave Herbert Humphrey my support, plus anything else he can get out of my gym locker.

I, CAROLYN MORRIS, being of sound(?) mind and not so sure body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Debbie Larabee I leave all my two pages of government notes and the hope that she gets Morgan he will like girls better. To Betty Morehead and Carol Holt I leave a years supply each of Spanada, Apple Wine, and Strawberry Hill to use at their discretion. To Mr. Stott a great big thank-you for harboring a known criminal during fifth period and a carnation for his shop coat lapel. To Mrs. Olson a big thank-you for not getting mad when I didn't show up for fifth period. To Denise Davis a giant glass of ice and something to put into it plus a free movie with me during the summer. To Jan (the wop) Curtis best wishes for the next years and I'll see you during the summer too. Michael Coreleone forever. To Cindy Morris I leave a good but kinda lonely senior year since we will all be gone and the hope that you may have a good life. Good luck and may God bless. And last but not least to Mr. Ben (the weasel) Buchanan the best of luck in your racing career. Win lots of races. Your car was the only classy thing that happened to auto shop this year. Thanks for all the help.

I, ANDY REVILLA, being of ready willing and able bod and absent mind hereby leave to Mark Razzeis (the stud, he thinks) my seat in choir and all the dirty things I've written on the bottom. To Flipper (known as Phillip to all of the little girls in the frosh class) I leave all the chicks he can handle up at camp L.V. whether he tables that motion or moves it to the floor (right jack) To Mill, Burly, Roberts, Cobb, Jones, Bombards, Richardson, Mac, Checks, as many more Kernville trips as we can make and all the burglars we can scare (right Bob?) and also to Moe a rock to fish from. To Craig Shea I leave Taco Hour. To Cliff, the president of the United States because he is the Pres. To Jack, the floor at Camp L.V. and the key to Ernest and Gallos Strawberry Room. To Kim K. (may you never go bald) all the wierd finger nail polish you can put on your fingers and the Yankees. Also all parties you can handle and last but not least Nov. 19th, the Cal High game. To Melody VP may I always be your big brother at the river. (sorry Axe) To Axe and Jungle all the cokers we at the river and all the food you jipped me out of. To Running Dave (C.L.D.) I don't think you are a homo anymore, just a little strange at times, last but not least to Minda, a red VW to wash on Sundays and as much of me as she wants.

I, MIKE ZARP, Being of sound mind and body will the following: To Linda Ferre I give my brother, because she deserves him, and a key to his trailer. To Brian Ferre I give a book on "How to Catch a Girl and What to Do With Her After You Catch Her." To David Soto all the foxy little or big chicks he can get his hands on, no matter what age. To Richard Okimoto I give all my luck in next years matches. To Bob Hauser I give a pair of wrestling shoes and a body to put in them. To Pepe and Chuck a lot of fun picking up on all the little freshman chicks. And to Larry Waltz good luck with next years team, because I had a dream. And to Craig Rosbottom I leave another foggy in the surf. And to Karen Ferre I leave you nothing because I'm not leaving you. And to the rest of my friends I leave you BHS.

I, CALVIN LEON DAVIS, being of abnormal mind and of "QUEER" bod do hereby bequeath the following: To Mark Rasile I leave peaches an cream. To Frank Gattania one wop in the mouth and in track hopes that he will always beat the meet. To Flipper Davis I leave my wonderful athletic ability and my never ending Don Juan techniques with the opposite sex (in his case I'm not so sure which one it is) To Andy Revilla I leave one invitation to join the Apple Corps. To Dusty Beeding I leave THE SQUIRTS. To Cliff Armstrong I leave one red white and blue banana hammock. To Jack Easum I leave the ability to grow hair on his head. To Craig Shea I leave the Cherokee Nation (9 Jolly May, Scotts Valley) and also one hundred thousand free rides in his truck when he eventually gets it. To Bob Torrance I leave all the B.S. (Buc spirit) in the world. To Marcus Morgan W.D. (mentally disturbed) one tank top and the Constitutional Amendment "The Right to Bare Arms" To Mrs. Marcia Baker I leave a big thank-you for all you've done for me, and finally to BHS I leave I hope.

I, JOYCE BELL, being of strange mind, and almost back into shape body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Mrs. Clark a sign of relief, a bottle of Excedrin, and a big THANKS for putting up with us and helping us when we needed help. To Mr. Newman, the little theater, hoping that he'll get it fixed up the way he wants it. I like he always promised us he would. To Chicky, the memories of some wild fun times together, and, of course, Ron. To "Uncle Mil" a bottle of Boone's. To Mark Johnson, our kitchen floor, and to Sarah the bathtub in the memory of Willy T. It's great biology project. To Willy T. and Kitty Kat, the shower and babysitting any time you want. To Mike and Peggy the yellow flag, their french horns, and each other. To "Uncle Mark" three more years at BHS hoping they're good. You'll make Chamber Singers yet. To the "Gut Bucket" the hope for fame and fortune. To Fudt and Gridley, Debbie and Barney to love and cherish. And last, to my dearest Doug and my darling Greg, all the love and happiness I can possibly give them forever.

I, SHERI PROUTY, being of undiscovered mind and forget the body, do hereby bequeath to my little brother, David, a two year free pass to go to any class at Bellflower anytime he wants to go. I also wish him a lot of luck! To Mrs. Davis I wish all the luck in the world. (You'll need it if you stay here with Phil next year!) To Mrs. Baker I leave many years of happiness and the courage to through more classes like ours if they come that way more than once. I also leave her some control over her classes next year so they can work hard and maybe come close to being as good as we were! To Karen Hale I leave all the solos that Debbie R. doesn't get. To everyone else that isn't graduating this year, I leave the Bellflower Bombers and the Narc for as many years as you'll be here Good luck!

I, VICKI GRISWOLD, being of partially stable mind do hereby make my last will. To Cathy Hutcheson, I leave my hall locker that I've kept so clean this year. To Cindy Harris A Great Dane. To Terry George the english department coffee pot and my pe clothes. To Becky Overlees and Gail Gunwall, I leave all my bookkeeping books. To Karen Dougherty, Karen Bartel, and Betty Rae Weber all the fun we've had in PE To Mr. Matt all the coffee he can drink. To Hoyt Oldham, all the girls that well tease him. To all the rest of the underclass men I leave BHS and all the teachers and I will

I, CHRISTY DAY, being of crusty mind and tan bod declare this campus a disaster area after the class of "72" gone. To Miss Melissa Blaylock, I leave one year's supply of Ken-L Ration Dog Food one book entitled "How To Practice What You Preach in Five Easy Lessons," and a turkey call in case she should ever feel the need for her "friends" on Pep Squad. To Dave Wielenga, I leave Melissa Blaylock's drill uniform to arouse his Buc Pride and a small bottle of Nair in case he should happen to grow up and get the nubs. To Tweet, (Song Squad-Sweetheart), I leave a 1/2 inch padded bra and a red and gold shovel to fill Gloria's bucket. To Mrs. Starnes, I leave a package of ABC gum and a half-eaten Winchell's doughnut in memory of all our devotion and honesty. To Gloria, I leave Gayle, Tweet's crusty feet, a lawn mower with extra sharp blades, and all our memories. To the 71-72 Pepsters, I leave all the words I learned from Head Flag, free tickets to Disneyland you could never get otherwise, and an endless list of memories to always remember. To the 72-73 Pepsters, I leave one green pepper, a school newspaper to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, and all the blood, sweat and tears I suffered throughout my two years on Pep Squad. To Kevin Dart, I leave an invitation, two ticket stubs to the Dodger game in memory of Willy Davis' dad, a drive through Downey, a map of freeway, and a lasting friendship. To Monty (Stud), I leave all my baby pictures, a sportster, and me.

I, CINDY BOXLEY, being of little mind and big body, hereby will to: Sherry Seyfried a Big Hardy goose. To her boyfriend another autographed picture, because he enjoyed the last one so much. To Marie Gandola and Holly Crucial a Double Headed Rod and A Jelly Roll, also another fantastic year in PE. To Terry Gray a number of things. First, a new Dog tag, a bottle of lemon up shampoo, to make peace with Grease. I also leave her a back brace to straighten up her posture. A coke bottle in case of emergency. To Melody Van Pelt a head shrinker, to get her big head back to normal and her pep squad flag to model. To Kim Sellars, three more years in High School and all the car washes she can get herself into. To Laurie Helt, her brother when I'm mad at him and a girl in the blue coat remembrance. I also leave her a 2.00 grade average to change the pace from a 3.60 all the time. And to Glen Raymond I leave My little mind, a seal, a 360 Yamaha, a oldsmobile, and a Restored 59 Chevy" and his favorite first date's spots. Turnbull Canyon, and Carbon Canyon. I leave Ken Yonce, his new car to race around in, and my sense not to. Plus all the short ones he can handle.

I, NANCY JONES, being of unused bod and nonsensical mind do hereby bequeath the following: To Paula Teague I leave fond (?) memories of Friday nights with "Ric" and all the chocolate oatmeal cookies you can eat (if you want, I'll give you the recipe) Also, bravery and all the "Hey man's" that go with "the hat". Thanks love. I had fun too. I also leave one last year's annual that you never finished writing in. Bet ya forgot about that didn't ya? To Kim Johnson I leave one "it" and the guy that goes with it. May you both live happily ever after. If you survive the wedding you got it made. Please don't forget FF. Sue Presley? I leave you one Lion at one closed gate (ha ha) Well?... maybe someday I'll explain. I also leave you one C.D. the only guy you ever had a crush on. I think you just want him to sing to you. To Linda Peyton I leave 50 gallons of gas and four new tires for escorting everyday Thanks To Naomi

I, serves you. Cliff certainly doesn't. And one more thing! smile. I love you. For "Babe" I leave all the "Hi Babes" you can possibly stand. I love you too. To Harry B. I leave the greeting "Hi Fagin" You can keep yours. File it with all your insulting untrue truths. I don't love you. You're welcome Linda F. I enjoyed it (eegads) For Karin H. one sexy wink and an air borne kiss. To little Marcela I leave shy grins and Steve in hopes that feelings are mutual. To Janice C. I leave treasured confidences, sorrows and joys shared in 2nd period. To Sandy M. I leave one lousy (ha ha) To my little sister, Tidy Diddy, I leave 3 more years of BHS. and one LR "Rots of Ruck". He's gonna get his in the end. To Sam (Sandy) I leave Dinah... Happy? To Kim Kekich I leave Mr. Boyle and 4th period. Next time we'll know to buy our hot pants early. Right Sue? To Mr. Boyle I leave everything I learned in Chemistry other than Chemistry. Mrs. Rogers, You can have the fish-eye lense, and all the left over negatives. Split them with Kerry. To my "old flame" I leave a new match. To everybody mentioned and otherwise: one big thank-you for helping the little girl grow up a bit. Farewell BHS and the fantastic class of 1972 "ya done good."

I, PAULA TEAGUE, being of irrational mind and pitiful body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Nancy Jones I leave "Operation Vitamins," more motorcycle rides, glasses to wear on her date, Myrtle's revenge, future evenings with "Rick," the title "Aunt Nancy" and the promise that I'll babysit her turtle anytime. To Sue Presley I leave the same lion, and elephant who drinks Dr. Pepper and a unicorn, one singing C.D. and a mound to stand on when we talk, the book 101 Ways to Keep a Secret (if she promises to share it with me). Raise Your Hand! To Linda Peyton I leave less crumbs in her car at lunch all the owls she wants, patience with people who think in stereotyped boxes and a lifetime of love with Kelly. To Lois Holt I leave our many years of friendship hoping it will continue, a snail to keep hers company, and a bottle of Loving Care to cover up the gray I put in her hair by never being on time. To next year's Sr. Modern Dancers a complimentary visit to Norwalk. (You can keep me company.) To this year's Sr. Modern Dancers I leave the imagination, strained muscles goes into a Modern Dance Show. To Rudy I leave a \$70,000 contract as a professional baseball player, a cup of hot chocolate, many memories and future happiness. To Dinah and Sam I leave McDonald's and more elbow room. To Frank Arsi I leave his ability to ski? at the River, and to George a gold star for getting us up on skis for the first time and a boat (if he'll pay for it) To Dan Donahoe I leave a van that isn't hazardous to his health and a wink. To Craig Leither I leave a gold fish to keep him company when he dives and a winning wrestling record at Geffritos. To Steve I leave nothing (that is what you wanted.) good waves and another two years at BHS. To the new pepsters I leave my congratulations and all the expense, Buc Pride and many good times that come with being on Pep Squad. To each of the 71-72 Flag Squad I leave an apple from Hibbards' Kitchen. To Donna, thanks for everything you were a great head. To Melody, my nickname "Thud", and to Peggy and Patty another great year on Pep Squad and better luck than we had with the Blade To the rest of the pep squad, all of the great memories and a year to recoperate.

I, SUE PRESLEY, being of a sound mind and body do hereby

parties you can afford to go to but be good! To all the girls that enter the "Sweet Lime", all the vodka and orange juice you can drink and watch out there's a lion in there that attacks. To Dirk Rogers, all the smarty pony leaguers you can handle. To Darryl Doops, a snake bite kit to use when you and your brother play at dinner To John Zwiep, a trunk full of watermelons? To Norma, a date with J.E. so you can get everything straightened out. To Nancy Jones, my old nickname "fountain mouth." You've slipped too much. To Paula Teague, memories of "M" poor kid, denoted volkswagons and all the things you've lost. I hope you have better luck in the future. To both Nancy and Paula, holes to stand in when your talking so I can understand what your saying. To Dinah Rische, a one way ticket to wherever "HE" goes. To Maddog, two tranquillizers for Friday nights. To Linda Peyton and Kim Johnson, the happiness of being married.

I, JOHN DEDIC, being of perverted mind and spindly body do hereby will one number 50, and one pair of "Blue Silkies" to Gary George (I suggest you wash them before you put them on.) To Debbie Heida I leave one life size picture of Rick Stratton in the nude (dream on baby) one messed up eyebrow, and a ticket to Boone's Farm. To Gloria Jocius I leave my Sophomore years, and all the memories that go with them. To Jim Greenfield I leave my Junior year Sadie Hawkins picture (don't worry Jim I cut my face out and glued yours in.) To the Boys (they know who they are) I leave ten cases of C00RS five cartons of Marlboros, one bad of Cheetos, and the ride to Kernville. Last but not least I leave the 1972 Football Team all the luck in the world and the nickname "Gone."

I, BOB TORRENCE, being of sound mind and destroyed body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Dave Frost I will the secret map to all the fishing holes and also a years supply of Rebels. Also I will Dave the nerve to go riding! To Duane Miller I will a pair of glasses so he can see the man in the window, and also a reel with no line so our fishing abilities are equal. To Mike Roberts I will a book on how to Moto by Bob Torrence, along with this I will Mike the chance to get a "400" husky. To Mr. Odell and the team I just will a good luck. To Debbie I will a free ticket to the River for her and all the people she has asked. To Ed Walman and Steve Humphries I leave a large bench for them to do their racing on. To John Dedic I will a light tap on the roof at the show, and for Mike Roberts, Dave Frost Norm B., Ron Richardson, Tony McIntyre, Mark Johnson, Jay Davis and Mario Frierlier I will a free ticket to Kernville for one week. And to John I don't leave much, just me.

I, RICHARD ERNEST ROMERO, being part of the master race leave to Donna Hamada a good little gook. Rich Okimoto. To Phil Rogers, I leave Kim Disharoon's short dresses to study in Bible as Lit. To Norm Hamada I leave a Friday night pickup and a bottle of apple wine under the seat. To Darrel Huggi, I hope you change your ways from going into liquor stores to taking Marcy Brammer to the show. To Wally Carlstrom, I leave his love triangle with Mrs. Starnes and losing the battle with Miss Vicki. To Ray Hamada, don't be so shy with Cathy Barnhart. To Mike Labb I leave a piece of the Rock. To Mrs. Buchanan, I leave the song of Solomon Ch. 6-7. To Mr. Bolt I leave the Big Burrito, also my great composure. To Patricia A. Jarvis, I leave all my love

I, **STEVIE EMERICK**, being of devastating body and most peculiar mind do hereby bequeath the following: To Paula L. (Slidder) I leave a roll of nickles for on the spot emergencies. Also a years supply of angora for your ring in hopes you won't want another. To Debbie S. (Egor) I leave you little "Dicky" so you'll have something to do at night. To Dana H. a box of rocks just in case you run into Rocky again. To Carol G. (Kettle) I leave you a little something which is more than you have now. Also a chair so you'll be able to reach your locker next year. To "Hot Lips" D.G. all the Bob's Big Boy's you can handle. To Marla D. (Raquel) one rubber hose so you can get a hickey anywhere you want one, and at last, your turn at the locker. To Mad Dog Madalene one case of coconut oil to get a great tan this summer. To Karen C. I leave Pizza Man's number because I like you he's open till three in the morning.

I, **CINDY MARETTA**, being of corrupted mind and destroyed bod do hereby bequeath the following: To Richard I leave two more years at BHS and the hopes that maybe you'll graduate. I also leave your bill for room and board. To Debbie I leave a lot of thanks for everything. I also leave you a ticket to Las Vegas for August 15, 1975. (this time you can do it legally), and 6 tacos and 3 large cokes from Taco Bell. To Bev I leave a date book that you can give to Ron so it will be easier to plan ahead. To Becky I leave a lot of fun times with your favorite boss and mine, Mr. Eldon. I also leave all the happiness and fun times together for you and Ed. To Barb I leave a bottle of Diet Rite with a pinch of Baccardi, and a bag of sunflower seeds. To all three of you I leave all my love and friendship and the hopes that it will always last. To Mrs. Baker I leave the solo twins, D.R. and K.H. To next years yell squad I leave the hopes that the whole squad will last the whole year. To next years Senior Modern Dance I leave a large bottle of aspirin for all the headaches you'll get trying to put on the show and fight with the technical crew at the same time. I also hope you'll have better luck in finding a good technical crew than we've had in the past. To Louanna I leave a lot of times as a senior at BHS and I hope your year is filled with as many great memories as mine was. Good luck with Song next year (I have no doubts that you'll make it easy.) And to all my friends at BHS who still have time to serve, I leave a lot of wishes that the school won't be too ripped before you graduate. To Mr. Albritson I leave a lot thanks for all the help you gave me in learning how to talk a lot. I just wish you'd tell my teachers and family that it's good for people to talk a lot. It's great practice. And finally to Good Old BHS or I should say ME, leave a great reputation for all the classes to try and live up to. I know it won't be easy, but you can try. The class of "72" RULES!!!!

I, **BRIAN DIENORFF**, being of very unsound mind, but sound body do hereby leave my last will and testament to the people of BHS. Let it be known that I have learned much from all the different "TYPES" of persons that make up the student body: socialites, mighty athletes, brains, heads, flirts lovers, clowns, conceited, teasers, and last but not least the "I'm super casual." I admit that at one time or another I came under one of those categories. So it is my wish to leave 2000 molds to BHS so the teachers and students may form any plastic type of person they want to be. Does circumstance make the Man? Maybe someone

thanks to those helping me I haven't found myself so I'll keep looking, good luck anyway. To all my fellow seniors I bequeath long life, success, happiness, and a never ending friendship of all. I will sure look forward to a class reunion. I feel myself going fast so I'll throw in a few specifics. To all the future party goers an over abundance of wine. Can you imagine everyone shoulder bo shouder in an 11 by 11 room sick? To Louie, different chords, to Old Joe, a haircut, to Phil, the right way. To Pat and Marcy, I leave Mr. Mitchell they enjoyed physics so much. For anyone, the ingenuity to build "OCTO." To Pat B.'s one more widowess. Especially to Frank (Fritz), Happiness. All the senior girls like like to give good luck. What do you think Zyand? To all the teachers, the ability to keep their students awake especially from if anything I did get some academic knowledge from them. Thanks coaches for helping me enjoy athletic competition but what about the key? I can't forget to thank Mr. Laney for opening some new horizons, after all "The child is father of the Man," most assuredly. I ask Mr. Mitchell, will BHS ever become a super nova? I wonder though, how many people pay attention to a will if no money is left? I wish I could will world peace and togetherness!

I, **DEBBIE FINNEGAN**, being of sound mind and body, will the following: First, to Little Finnegan I will Rick (Pizza) in all hopes that someday they'll reunite. To Bruce Walters, I leave a dozen Beach Boys' albums cuz he's such a surfer. To Doug Fernandez, I will his brother's famous ability to "stuff". To Cindy and Linda, I leave two "foxes" to keep them off the streets. To Karen Hoffman, I will her the ability to keep all her "stories" of guys straight so that she won't get caught. To Roger Crockett, I will a 400 Husky so he can beat Foranace. To Rick, Ricky, Porraacaro, I leave "Lil' Finnegan" because he only deserves the very best. I leave Michelle Praibers a brownie button because she's a real volleyball queen. To Cindy Carlstrom, I will 3 years of karate lessons so she can defend herself when Ronnie beats her up. To Daje and Grant, I leave Mel's love. To Jon "Hank" I leave a box of rubber bands and a Catholic Rosary so that maybe someday he'll discover the real way to live. To Sherry Fopma, I will an old lady's dress for all the good times. To Nancy Stratte, I will a fifth of Tequila and a party cuz you can't keep track of her. To Bob Willis and Dennis McShane, I leave all my little crushes on them. To Kathy Stephens, I will a big bag of laughs cuz she's a great buddy. To Becky Alt, I will her a crown and a rolling pin for Eddie. To Barb Alt, I leave a tire pump and boxing gloves so she can beat Becky up. To John Dedric, I leave flaming passions and all the hopes of "pumping" into him at a BHS party. Finally, to all teachers I leave patience and tolerance because eventually there will be 3 more "Little Finnegan's" attending BHS.

I, **LOIS HOLT**, being of unsound mind and body will Steve Crockett one bottle of gum rosmover. To Brenda Ford and Kris Erickson another small car to push around. A park to pee in and more crazy things to do. To Paula Teague I will four years of college together. To Sherry Fopma--those PJ's you left at my house about two years ago, and a penny for her thoughts. To Delaine Miller I will a job. To Debbie Wilmouth I will a trailer and another Elvis Presley tape. To Delaine, Debbie, and Linda in first period, I leave the latest sex education book. To my babe Randy I will myself and all the great times we've had

The Bellflower Blade

I, **KARIN HUDSPETH**, being of a spiked mink and a so-so body do hereby bequeath to Jack E. a six pack of your choice at your house. To Jana F. many more nites at Bob's plus all the Rumors you can dream up. P.S. the Car Show was Great! (?) To Little Miss Sparkle, A Head-stone that reads, "We all LOVED you Debbie." To Karen H. I leave all the solos you can HOG. To Naomi I leave one box of stationery and one roll of toilet paper to use wisely? To Marcela, all the LOVE you can handle "Little one". To Debbie Huddlebutt, I leave all my Battle records and the beautiful memories at your house with all the GUYS, and especially to the one who sang some and let me pen you wrestling. To the BADLAND SINGERS and the QUARTET I leave more GOOD times in the future and hopes of seeing you around. To my Friends and Brotherly BIBLE MADIOS, Halajuma (K&K), Seawards B, I leave another LOVE. Finally like K&K. To Debbie W. all the LOVE I receive for my 5th year and DON'T let Ricky let you down when it come his season. Good luck in yell cause No one deserves it more! Good luck to you too Ricky, (thanks for all the FUN in office). To Paula Teague, I will all the boys you can fight off with hopes of keep one. To Rosie E. I hope bad about Jimmy H. (you tried). Hope it won't be disappointing when you DON'T make Homecoming. (I know, "You Loved it", right?). Well so will I. To Joann, many more parties and back-room scenes, but DON'T get caught next time. To you I also leave, PRINCEP VOICE lessons, a wig for your head, and more weekends at KY (Honey). To Andy R. all the broken promises of taking me out to CHINA. (Not a Rick). To the 1973 Mod Dance Class, ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD. (YOU NEED IT!) To Nancy I leave the FREEZE, a 1/5 of vodka, more nites cruising by Better Foods, and LOTS of FUN & HAPPINESS in your 5th year. To Linda Ferre, ALL the FAT she can use from ME! To Lloyd I leave 3 more years of school and an anti-sickness shot that will cure him forever. To Mr. Melkovsky, thanks for all the good music and good luck to you. To Boob Kooy-Good Luck next year freshman! Fer Ron, I leave all my love and all my punches and endless thoughts of YOU. To Bellflower Community Hospital, many thanks. Oh, before I forget, to Deana, Sweet Melissa Bladelock--all the toilet water you can drink (HA!). A dump would be a proper home for your face. To Nancy Jones, Paula Teague and Linda Payton, thanks for all the fun in Dance. To Bellflower High School--Thanks for all the good times I've had here. And to my Junior friends, good luck--I hope you have a terrible Senior Prom. Colorado River--here we come....

I, **LINDA MONEW**, being of inferior mind and undernourished bod do hereby bequeath the following: To Mrs. Clark I leave a big thanks for all the quiet and loud talks we've had, and one incoming Freshman brother to remind you of all my troubles and to bring you a few more. To Melville, I leave an ice-cube, one more dent in your car, puppy love, Godfather, the Spirit to read "The B of M." and me so you won't be able to forget anything about the past two years (like after hour boy-friends). To my little sister, I leave a gigantic flag to cover her mouth, good ole Steve K., one bean-o, and the struggle of two more years and maybe pep squad. To little Lori, I leave a capri, one gross snort, J.C., a double almond-mocha fudge, and a big kiss for being my other (sweet) little sister. To my so called girlfriends, I leave enough has to cruise

and 20 pounds to each of you, just so you can tease me. To Marie, I leave three years of waiting and one jealous friend. To Janet Nad, I will one diet you can stick to and a book on "How to Kiss the Girl of Your Dreams." To Mike, I leave you dear, my inferiority complex (you know if you're not around I won't need it). And last of all, I leave Jerome, my teddy bear and a glass of warm milk to stick in your ear.

I, **MIKE REISINGER** being of somewhat sound mind and body do hereby bequeath all of the junk books, paper, and pens to Rod Fenn who I fear will not make it to Grad-Nite. The parking lot I leave to all those freshmen who will be getting their new tricycles from Mommy and Daddy for cruising the side walks of BHS. To all those unfortunate squirrels who get Mrs. Dewitt for english I leave all my tests so you can cheat your way through school.

I, **PEPE CHAIREZ**, being of sound mind and sound body hereby bequeath the following: To Richard Okimoto I leave next years wrestling challenges and also my luck. To Craig Rosbottom I leave the gang and a book on how to wrestle. To Robert Gindo I leave Chandler, may you both find happiness. I also leave Gindo a bottle of strawberry hill. To Pete I leave next year and a copy of good vibrations. To Henry Morales I leave Mr. Modlin, and to Mr. Modlin I leave Henry Morales. To Kris Koops I leave memories and a fishing pole so that some day she will learn how to fish. To my old pal Roger I leave a big toad to keep him company.

To Kathy Back I leave a violin so that someday she will learn how to play. To Linda Ferre I leave all the good times her, Mike, and I had. To Pam I leave Steve, I hope you have a good next year. To my cousin I leave all my friends, two more years at BHS, and AG, Good Luck Ray. PS we're not really cousins.

I, **KATHY STEPHEN**, being of sound mind and body leave the following to my Buddies and others. To the number 1 girl, I leave everything! Remember nights out till 5 o'clock, foxy boys--the B. brothers, L.Z. Concert, One big Parody Chicken, and most of all, many happy years with D.R. (Hey man!) And all the good times and bad times we ever went through together! Remember? And to Pama and Jan, I leave all you foxes you two can stand (Oh there is so many!) And also two more years of great luck at Bellflower, but it doesn't matter to you Jan, because its none of your business! To all the coming football players, I leave the memories of the B. Sisters, and the hopes that you can find two other girls to take our places (you won't though). To Sherrie Fopma and Nancy Stratte

I leave nothing! you two already have everything. To all the coming Soshes I leave 30 gallons of Strawberry Hill and as many spiffy Bellflower parties as you girls can take. To Debbie Finnegan I leave two Vollyballs, 30,000 Boxes of Tingles, and I hope you meet your future this summer in Washington! To Bruce W. (The California Coast Surfer) I leave the California Coast, many Juicy Lucys, and all the cuties that want to be with you!! And to Debbie Tweet, I leave the embarrassment of reading each and every Senior Will. And to the girls of BHS, I leave THE Robert Cuevas. And to my good buddy, Mike Hite, I leave my very own BJ And that's something! And, last but not least, to Marie Ochoa and Marcela Gardea, I leave the beautiful memories of the Senior

I, PAT JACKMAN, having absolutely no mind and less of a body, bequeath the following to my friends. First to Ron Chesely I leave you the theme song from "Summer of '42". To Sandy Jinkins I leave you a book on How to get a guy and keep him. To Bob I leave you all my zig zags and grass incense because thats the closest you'll ever get to it, also I leave you a bottle of Trolia wine of your very own, and for you Sherry I leave Redondo Beach Cliffs. To my sisters The Terrible Trio (trally the Terrible Duo without me) I leave you the following. To Linda I leave you Bob a lifetime supply of luck and hope for your car, all the times at Huntington Beach, especially the Demolay party we never found, all the fingerprints that Jim left on your wall. To Sheryl I leave you a two piece that almost caused us to get mugged, I leave you the tree in your backyard that Jim and I enjoyed so much. To Linda and Sheryl I leave you all the luck and good times for next year. And a big thanks for putting up with me. Just remember my worn out motto Try it you'll like it. To Randy Karst I leave you Sam and the title of Hot Lips. To John Kemp I leave you Mae so that the next time she comes over to wake you up in the afternoon you'll try and keep your pants on. And finally to all the people that have helped me to get out of this school and big thanks. I know you'll be glad to get rid of me. And to Mrs. Clark I hope you get at least four-hundred more headaches like me.

I, JAMES JEPSEN JR., being of cleanmind and very healthy body do bequeath the following: To Mrs. Stagg, my faithful and loyal student in tennis: I leave my left tennis shoe and the right half of my destroyed tennis ball. To Ray, I leave all the troubles your mother can give you and a tape of "mommy, let me let my hair grow long without getting kicked out of the house." To Phill, I leave all the unsuccessful tries to earn a trophy during tournament play and now without me you can really take them in. To Ted, I leave you one empty can of gut life, one bottle of power grip (empty of course), and two unbreakable broken cat gut. To Scott, I leave you the sole ownership of the leader of the varsity, which will take their 11th championship in a row. To Mike, I leave you three ripped monkeys and the real missing link between man and beast. To Richard O., I leave you many chances to take over the number two spot on the team, maybe number one, (Phil watch out) To the next year's varsity, I leave you the unbearable Bott. To Mr. Bott, I leave you all of my sincere thanks for helping me get through school these past three years.

I, JUDY VAN SURKSUM, being of little mind and big body bequeath the following: To Sharon L. an appreciative date to take to Sadie Hawkins. To Kris C. a car and driver's license so Janie and him can sit in a car on Prichard and Ardis. I leave a size 9 dress and 100 cans of SUPER hold hairspray to Janice C To Miss Douglass another group of girls to check out equipment to Suzy Finkle. To Kathy Muck a muzzie and one canner job every

The Bellflower Blade
Bob's by Mr. Killen and Mr. Lindley. To TOLL I leave me, and half of the insurance money when the school burns down so you can have mags all the way around and more diamond rings than Gg. To Kim S. I leave a big "I'm sorry" for one bad phone call. To my little sister, Rindy, I leave the ability to cut class and not get caught, the coordination to walk and chew gum at the same time, a dozen sets of feet to replace the old ones every time someone steps on them. And a years supply of panty hose so you won't steal mine or have to wear halves. Lastly the dream and hope that she can find anyone at BHS or anywhere better than DK. To Rindy and Kim S. I leave many happy hours at Fiddlers in hopes that someday they will get picked up. Lastly I leave them a 2 years supply of candy bars and the ability to have as much fun as I have had at Bellflower and elsewhere. May I rest in PEACE!

I, MARY WADKINS, being of sound mind and-let's forget the body, do hereby bequeath the following: To a whole bunch of weirdos, I leave the "300 head," in hopes that they may use it in the best of health. (Don't get busted!) I also leave my little sister, Nancy, take good care of her! To Jeanie, Cindy and Janet I leave the saying "Let's forgive and forget" in hopes that they'll use it wisely. If not-- DROP DEAD!!! To Jo, I leave a great big question--"What happened?" For the whole volleyball team, I leave many happy memories, my friendship, and the use of my pool at anytime. It's not much, but it's all I have.

To Carol Larabee, my most dearest friend, I leave a summer living across from me, a whole 2 years of college for both of us to enjoy, and my teeth for her to experiment with. I leave many interrupted hours with friends or whoever it is, whenever it is. God Bless and Good Luck! To Carol M., I leave one good thought, "the world is vertically good" Live naturally and be happy! Love always. To my dear sister Shirley, I leave, "GROW UP STUPID" and a whole lot of dog biscuits! Love, To Rosie I leave, a very big wish for happiness. And to Sharon, I leave a huge "good-luck, you'll need it" To every teacher in this school, I say GOOD-BYE AND GOOD RIDDENS! And last, but not least, I leave the whole world, "me". To live with till I'm 101 years old! Love to anyone that I might have forgotten!!

I, WALDERMAR CARLSTROM, being blessed with a half-witted mind, a perfect body, and crazy legs, do hereby abdicate my throne to Rusty Kane, and issue my final proclamation to my loyal subjects. To Rich Okimoto, I give a big banana, fresh from the King's palace, to Norm Hamada. I give a long-haired girl (SVH), to which he can cuddle up to.

To Darrell Huggin, I leave a keg of beer. To Pat Jarvis, I leave a certain black-haired boy, who loves her. To Martin Kartchner, I give the royal dune buggy complete with horses and front-wheel drive. To Jungle Jim Greenfield, a very joyous future in being a basketball coach. To

Curtis McConnell, I leave another year of Joe Bott. To Joe Bott 2?? To Randy Hess, I leave lovable Sherril Erkes, I

To Vicky Anderson, all the love, peace, and happiness a person can have in his life. Best of luck in your new home. To the 71-72 Varsity BB Team, the CIF championship we never got. To all my other friends, the best of luck in the coming years.

I, MIKE NADALSKY, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath to Peggy Buffington, our birthday and anything else you desire; to little sister Janet, student government and knowing what time it is; to Frank Catania, the long jump pit and the sand in my shorts; to brother Daniel, the rest of the athletic department and some hair clippers; to Physics I leave Rancho Los Amigos, golf course; to Kathy McNew, chocolate covered shoes so when you stick your foot in your mouth, it'll taste better; to Semi-Coach DuFault, a bar of soap; to Harry Bigelow, a magical hat able to grow with a head that gets larger and larger; to Mr. Boyle, 158 broken beakers, assorted; to Mr. Merkovsky, a very used volume control knob; to Ron Brown, some more cardboard; to Peter Myers, Crap's Last Tape; to Mr. Bott, my Fibonacci Number nites; to Mr. Modlin, a subscription to camping in the Classroom; to Melvin Tinklenberg my spot in Chamber Singers; to Mrs. Baker, Melvin who should be hiding by now; to Greg Belt, a football and barbells; to Robyn Peek, a chair finally next to Peggy but still next to Gary; to Anita Harmon, another Mrs. Clark to console us all; to Butcher my old football jersey which didn't fit too good; to Pat Case and Charlie Coliucci, a life size Pidoo card; to Mr. Newman, Taming of the Shrew; and to the rest of the school, the knowledge that it is possible to accomplish something in high school other than getting drunk.

I, MINDA FERNISH, being of reasonably sound mind and body, will the following. To Kathy, I will a tree, peanut butter cups, Nasty Tomato Lake, and happiness with Bob. I hope we have a lot more years of friendship and fun To Cathy I will a van that will have babies and enough Strawberry Hill's last a life time. To Naomi, I leave a smile and someone with whom you won't fight all the time. Have fun next year at school and be sure to write. To Jack I leave a California Dream. To my little sister Sue, I leave happiness with Richard with no more problems. To my littler brother Jim, I will a starting position on the varsity baseball team and three more years of BHS. And don't ever get caught cutting!

To Dave I leave the staff and Joanne to do your work. To Joanne I will patience with Dave and a lot of time, you'll need both to handle the newspaper. To next years choir and ensemble, I will patience with Mrs Baker. And to my Andy, I leave many more times like Palm Springs, a special wink. and my heart.

I MONICA MATTHEWS, sometimes known as "Mo," being of questionable mind and impossible body do hereby bequeath the

Clark, I and the other loonh leave you a great big thanks your help (you've warped wond on my warped mind. to Mrs. H you make me sick, I also le WPA the 11, 111, IV... to M Browning I take lots of fo giggly memories, and all overdue slips, to the N thanks for the referral. really needed that) May all friends "roam" you to death, Linda and Lou, thanks for mak this school bearable (well most anyway) and thanks for the fantastic arguments (you both arguments) to Sue, tha for putting up with my ten profanity, to "mama" Douglas leave lots of used, really u tennis balls (it was lots of on varsity Shorty) and to all friends not mentioned thanks the good times. And last but least to BHS I leave the word ful statement, "Monica's final gone."

I NAOMI KARTCHNER, being of sound mind and used body hereby bequeath the following to sister Donna and all her friends I leave all the Form milk you can drink. The me you drink the bigger you g To Mrs. Baker I leave a big u monkey just like the one at zoo. With Red HAIR!!! Chamber Singers I leave y Frank C. eat your heart ou Sopranos. To Minda F. I lea my heart so it can never broken again. Give it to me can take it. The poison mean!! To Karin H. I leave

great truck "The Rancho" tr on to the river!!! To Calvin and Craig L. I leave one outas superduper dune biggie that h 103 on the freeway. To Nancy I leave one great big "I d love you". Good luck with yoor mat Don't burn your fingers. Shor To Mr. Hester I leave you ano me, you poor man. To B Barrett's brats I leave all t tears and unhappiness you g me. You'll always be boor than me won't you. Well pat i good luck with all the boys. You going to need it with that bod Don't forget your Pushup's, Jack E. I leave one used a wasted Cliff Armstrong to cuddl at night when you get lonel Have fun. You know what th say about the bosses Daughte

I, DUSTY BEEDING, of outas body and weak feet leave following: To Dave Soto I le two engines, two transmissio two rear ends and a handbook how to rebuild a 162 Chevy. Lynal a big picture of Cal Davis in hopes that someday I will come out and kiss her.

Craig Shea and Vickie Robert leave Beverly St. in hopes it never get caught again by police parking. To Jack Esau leave four, two week jobs hopes that it will last thro the summer. To Calvin Davi leave a handbook on 1001 ways ask a girl out for their fi date. To Craig Shea I leave bottle of curl free so Vic can run her fingers through hair without cutting through. Cliff Armstrong I leave one b

I, MELODY VAN PELT, being of ludicrous mind and sensuous bod hereby leave the following: To my little sister Lori, I leave her all my good and bad times as a senior and one of my bras in hopes she may fill it! To my friend Melvin, I leave him a night on the town with me (void where prohibited by LOU). To Dave Urrea, I leave two munch-kins and a headache. To Debbie Heida, I leave a book on how to reform and "Everything You Wanted to Know About Booy-ing, and Were Afraid to Ask Your Brother." To the 71-72 Tagger Flag Squad, I leave nothing, absolutely nothing, positively nothing! To Tweet and Brenda, I leave one empty package of cigarettes. To Linda McNew, I leave one camera, one Jeremie, a motorcycle "thanks" and me to remind you of all the fun times we've had. To Danny and Sherry, I leave a bar of soap for your nasty mouth. To Kathy McNew, I leave a flag and the courage you need to goose people and one Big Boy Hamburger. To Debbie S., I leave her 9 minus 10 trips to Salton Sea. Last but not least, I leave the new Pep Squad all my spirit. "YOU WILL NEED IT!"

I, KEVIN DART, being of a progressively worsening body and progressively improving mind, I hereby to bequeath the following to the following... To Bruno, all the "Buckies", torque wrenches, and "you know who's" you can eat; they are all yours. To Don Kerr, all the balloon balls and POW's you can handle. You let me down. To all the senior "boys and girls", all the 3-S's you can stand in. A special note: To all the first, second, and third year teachers, I offer you the address and telephone number to your local unemployment office. And to the rest of the teachers watch your mouths, or the bud-get might get you next. To Mr. Keenan, a bottle of "Stay Young" pills. Use them, and then you might be able to give me a challenge in basketball. You need all the help you can get. To Mark J., an alarm clock so you can make it on time. To Mike R., a new head to help you wake up; to D.K., money to keep up that car; To J.Z., a new dune buggy. (buddy you need it) To J.K., a new head to replace the one you lost last summer, and watch yourself, I don't like weddings; And to J.R., I will you a gun to take care of your sister. To Christy, I will you season tickets to the Dodgers and to every concert in town. Explain it to him, and I will take you to every one of them. Thanks for being the best buddy a guy could have, you're outta sight. HONK!!! And now, the best for last: the Alts. To Barbara, I will you the 1972 Prom. I'm hurt. Also all the other times you turned me down. I will you a lot of rides to the beach, and no excuses. I reserve you a spot in BHS history for having the best looking legs this school has ever seen. To Beverly, I will a great big apology for our fights in sociology. I will say it just one more time. I will you a new B.F., because you deserve so much more than what you have now. To Becky, what can I say, except thanks. I will you my best friendship and a great big thanks for straightening me out. I also will you the words to make E.E. understand that it is just a friendship, which I found can be fantastic. Got it Ed? To Delma, I am so very sorry for the negative attitude. I hope you, Jim, and your family have the best and happiest life God can give you. To everyone else, good luck in whatever you do, and my apologies. (take them or leave them). And remember to speak out against the madness.

I, MARCELA GARDEA, of small out of it mind and petite size hereby bequeath first to my

The Bellflower Blade

beloved S.R.B. my happiness and future. To the most greatest guy on campus Matt Bonnazola I leave a fabulous exciting future and the most sweetest girl in the world to match with you. To little James the only guy I've ever looked down to I leave you a 7ft bottle of Jim B. to remind you of the good old days at BHS. Before I forget, to John H. the stringbean of the junior class, don't lose your Delmonico can. To Debbie Wilson I leave lovable days with Mr. S. also the good dreams we've had about you know who. To big one from little one Karin I leave you all the fantastic adventures good and bad times we've shared together. I hope there will be more in the summer. Our friendship is one of a kind. To Ron K. lots of love and happiness with Karin. To Mrs. Baker the victim of having a horrible choir to yell at, I leave a choir of the years 1972 till 1973 that will listen whenever you speak. To Naomi my buddy I leave a good love life in the years to come, and all the fun rides in the dune buggy. To next years Sr. modern dancers I leave practices that everyone will go to and dances that you won't be involved 3 times in a row for a fast change. You just can't make it.

I, MONTY RUPE, being of mentally remarkable marbles in the mind and massive muscles throughout the body leave the following things behind: 1) to Joe Watt, I leave one 500 gallon bottle of Afro-Sheen Shampoo, one chisle, and a custom scalp scoop to dig out the garbage. 2) to Clayton Babby, I leave two books entitled "101 Ways to Win a Football Game in the Fourth Quarter" and "Shaking in My Cleats" by Monty Rupe 3) to the 72 Varsity Squad, I leave a motto of "You'll Get the Screw in 72" and one deserted Senior Square. 4) to Alex Stratton, and Bruno, I leave three triple XL football helmets for next season. 5) to the upcoming Varsity Wrestling Squad, I leave a diet consisting of one Bologna and cheese sandwich and a ton of ABC gum a week. 6) to Flip Davis and Homer, I leave a large container of freckle remover. 7) to the Maciel family, I leave one large toothbrush. And to all you points, I leave four padded walls, and a crayon to do your thing.

I, RICHARD BIOSAT, being of sound mind and magnificent body (?) do hereby leave to Mrs. Shalin the millions and millions of ditlos I have typed up for her. Have fun with them Mrs. Shalin. To the English Department, keep the chin line up. Maybe after 5 years of college I will be fortunate enough to teach at Bellflower High School and be with you all again. You'd better watch out. I just might stop by around Christmas time for your annual Christmas Party, you know what I mean? To Coach Greenfield I will all the luck in the world with your future Basketball Teams. If you happen to get stuck in a classroom teaching English let me know, after all being around English teachers here at school I've learned a few pointers on how to teach without making much work for yourself. To Coach Barr I will what ever luck is left in the world to you. Have fun and good luck with your Basketball teams also. To SWEETIE up in the office, study hard and don't give up, it will pay in the end. Maybe I will see you at College if you are still there when I get there. To Bonnie, keep your spirits up as I will leave mine need me. Also try to hold the fort up until I get out of college then I will help you if I get to teach at good old Bellflower High.

I, DAVID GUNDERSON, being of

dirty mind and sexy bod do hereby bequeath the following: To B.B. Diendorf I leave the body she admires the most-mine. To Karen Caldwell I leave D. Hardwick, cause you couldn't get Mark. To K.R. I leave "April 11". To Sharon L., I leave my toes. To Susan F., I leave Mr. Woodie, you lovely teach. To Dick M., I leave 13 ft to live by. To Jim R., I leave the white cream out of twinkles. To Jeff D., I leave my body (you and Mary have to share). To Mary Lou, I leave a high pitched mouse. To S.L., I leave all the chicks at 6-S, especially 2 more years of Sadies to Downey. To hopkins I leave top rating next year in Cif. To Todd I leave a BUG and a cob. To M.K., I leave the boys at Downey's parties. To next year's Cee 440 relay team I leave a Victory over Excelsior (JV, MR. MO, and DA) which we should have had the past 2 years (remember BK, FB, DG, DC). To Tiny Charlie R., I leave all the experience in pole vault I had, and more. To Egor, all the talks we had to settle all the problems. To Paula L., I leave all the money at the W.L., to D.E., I leave DEBBIE BENTON AND ALL SHE HAS WOW WOW WOW WOW! To Mrs. Harper I leave the memories of "71-72" English classes. To Mr. Moore, a Summer of 42 in the Dark Room. To M. Jack I leave all the luck for becoming a teacher. To Steve E., I leave all the help he needs when he needs it. To Carol G., I leave a pink ribbon tied around "The Henke's" neck xx to Dufoe all the 21 soap. To Norma I leave 61. To the Smith family I leave Steve and me. To Pichner I leave a 130 and 660. To Tom Thwaites I leave all the kindergarten chicks so you can start flirting with girls your own speed. To Mike Gibson I leave my old smelly track shoes To Kimmy Johnston I leave Billy Boy.

I, SUSAN WARD, being of tired mind and sick body hereby will the following: to Mrs. Day: all the seam rippers that her heart desires for I am sure that you will find a use for them. To Mr. Heister, the knowledge that he will always remain a Dear Abby although his advice is seldom taken. To Mr. Boyle and Mr. Woodward, a pair of golf shoes with 3 inch spikes and may you use them in good health To Miss Douglass, a great big thank you for everything but most of all for understanding and may you continue to live your life to the fullest extent remembering that somewhere there is always someone who appreciates your efforts. To Teresa Browning, all the warm memories and harrowing and mad-denring experiences of chemistry and may you never forget how to file. To John Klewer, the best of luck with Denise, remember John, always look forward for the past remains forever behind you. To Steve Layoy, all the happiness a great guy like you deserves and thanks for listening throughout the years. To James Milhouse Russer otherwise known as Milktoast, a new ear and a new pen and lots of paper for I am positive that you can use them. Take care of yourself although your mommie won't be around and may your signal hill never disappear for if it did whatever would you do?? To Peggy Buffington the best always and please take care of your brother for me as you keep each other company next year. To Ron C. Brown, may you find whatever it is that you are looking for and remember that dreams are great but that they are even greater when they are fulfilled. To Anita Harmon, what can I say? the best always in everything that you do and may there be no teacher's directory and no Beach Blvd. at my college. To Sheri Provity my best friend, all the memories of high school and of all the times I dragged you out of bed to collect glass or whatever.

Thanks for putting up with my idiotic deeds. To my baby sister Lynda, all the happiness and memories that high school can bring you and I also leave all my unused cuts and absences in the hope that you will take advantage of them. And may you never be as stupid as you sister as to waste your time and energy killing yourself for an "A". For high school is what you make it and so make it fun. To good old BHS I leave the best teacher anywhere-my dad!!

I, BARBARA ALT, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Joyce I leave all the memories of all the good times we have had, the long talks, and a life long friendship. To Linda Ferre, a big thanks for being such a good friend, for listening to all my problems at lunch and helping me figure out what to do, and especially for the use of your front window. Don't forget this year we are going to celebrate our forgotten birthdays together! To Karen Ferre I leave eleven valve caps, five flat tires, and the wish that you would have let me do it instead of taking all the blame yourself, and a spot on Homecoming Court in your senior year. To Becky and Bev, the hope that you get and accomplish everything out of life that you want. Ed, take care of my sister, and be good while you're at BYU. Melvin, I leave a little black book so you can keep all the phone numbers of your senior girlfriends, and the hope that someday you will quit being influenced by the "Big Cerritos Boys." To Melody V.P., I will a new mouth since the one you got stuck with seems to be too big for your own good, and a picture of your twin, Debbie Tweet, to John C., Chris C., and Steve T., all the girls at BHS, you guys are really ditchen, Cindy, the hope that someday "you-know-who" will come to his senses and realize what he is missing, and a bottle of Strawberry Hill to make Brenda go ahead and say it, "I told you so." Now I know how you felt. I'm sorry. To my good friend Kevin D., an open invitation to my house anytime you want. To J.H., a trip to 3.T.'s cabin. To Debbie Huddleston, another beach party like the one we had in our sophomore year. To Paula T., a clock, scmeday, scmeday, you can be on time (for once in your life.) To Judy, a reserved at Fidlars, and a watch, so next we go to Fullerton we can be back on time. To B.W., I leave memories and a big thanks for a great 11 months, a bunch of lies, and L.B., B.A., M.A., C.S., M.S., G.J., AND D.P., (and anyone else who should belong on this list but I didn't find out about). To all the officers at JHS next year I leave you Mr. Killeen and the leadership class. (take it or leave it.)

I, DEBBIE TWEET, being of body and mind do hereby bequeath the following: to the 1971-72 Pep Squad I leave many more years of being two faced friends to someone else. (Especially CD.) To Krindid, Jean, and Busty I leave wishes that the past is forgotten and the future looked into. To GK I will an invitation to Pat's wedding so she can shut her fat mouth. To Jay I leave three little words. To DR I would like her to have two books, one on smoking and one entitled "Drinking and the Drunk at the River." To next year's Pep Squad good luck because you'll need it! To JJAFA a fun senior year, a hopeful marriage with Roger Ram Jet, and an everlasting friendship. To Mr. Greenfield, fun times at Mexico that I wished I had, many more girls to fall for him and a fun bachelor life. To the BHS student body and administration, good bye. Last of all to Bob I will him the one thing he said he wanted me (HA HA). Also many memorable times, the will to live up to what he says, and and one extra large shovel!

I, LYNELL CARROLL, being of crazy mind and skinny body, hereby bequeath to Cheryl (who taught me everything I know) and to Sandy (the other half of the Sizzler twins-"10000 cal") I leave all my friendship and love in hopes that they will have all the joy and happiness in life that they have given me. To Mrs. Day (the reason I chose to major in Home Ec) I leave a very big THANK-YOU for all your help and friendship. I'll never forget you. To Bandit I leave all the fun that comes from knowing Dougy Poo. I also leave all the fun I had in high school and hope you have even more fun. To Dougy I leave the funny times. Keep em laughing! To Mr. Boyle I leave hundreds of kids to enjoy the thrills of qualitative analysis with you. You're a great teacher. I just wish there were more like you. To Karen D. and Karen B. I leave all the happy memories of P.E. (look out!) And Betty, good luck with your diet. God bless you all. To Mrs. Clark I leave a big thanks for your help with the "time-to-go-to-bed" blues. To Anita I will all the teeth you can work on.

* * *

WE, the undersigned, SARAH JANE GARR and BETH ANN BUSTRUM, alial audio-visual, Yogi Bear and Magilla Gorilla, Dee and Dum, The Taco Twins, more prominently known as Flash Gordon and the Masked Marauder hereby bequeath to those left behind the remainder of our psychoanalyst bills, To Miss Waltner, who had the great misfortune of stumbling upon us at the crucial point of our identity crisis, we bequeath a gold plated putter. To our friend and confident Mr. Hester, we award the compassionate heart metal with the knowledge that the world DOES smile back. To Merk, the hope that in leaving BHS, he leaves all of the hot-dogs behind. To Mr. Wizard otherwise known as Joe Stitts, we leave our heartfelt thanks for the years of creative encouragement in our artistic endeavors and life in general. To Mr. Matt, we leave our comic books which he never returned. (What are you doing with them anyway?) We also would like to wish you a Mass Media class depleted of morons and a bottle of alka-seltzer to help in those hours of disillusionment. To Mr. Newman, new that all the actors have gone, a new cast and a play as successful as a Midsummer Night's Dream. And to Skip, (oh, we have a lot to bequeath to you-heh-heh-) a new handball and the trophy to go with it, an adult creative writing class void of communists and other conspirators, a newstime and the hope that a newspaper staff that can at least walk and chew gum at the same time and one hope that future chiefs of staff will not be driven to drink. To sister Rose and cousin Debbie, our only remaining blood relatives now confined within the walls; a plea to carry on the tradition, and remember: "Tomorrow is another day." To Spooner, a crash helmet and the crash to go with it. Have you looked in the mirror lately? There is a wart growing on the end of your nose. To Stephen, memories of our journey to see the president, and try to stay out of trouble. To David, no one knows about our peerless excursion to Sylmar, except Beth. We hope that you will always be the

The Bellflower Blade

I, PAT JARVIS, being of partially sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Susan and Rhonda, a slightly used pair of red tennis shoes to march in next year. Good luck with the Drill Team, and may you have more fun and parades and less wasted practices than we ever had this year. To Janet and Cathy, a place on Pep Squad, (you really deserve it!) and all the happiness and fun that BHS can provide in your Junior and Senior years. To Mrs. Garrett, a sincere thank you for all that you have done for the 71-72 Drill Team. We have really appreciated your time, support and overall enthusiasm. To Mr. Modlin, a special good luck in trying to get money for the Math Field Day. To Coach Bott, a winning tennis team (again) and another Bee champ. Onship next year. To both Mr. Bott and Mr. Modlin, continued luck and best of times with big bad John... To Brian, more of Mr. Mitchell's fun physics problems. To Marcy, well what can I say? A very special thank you for our 6 long years of friendship. May we always be the best of friends and always share those "fun" experiences. To Mr. Hester, another fantastic year in CSF. May you continue receiving those beautiful memoes that have always brightened up your day! To all my teachers, I say thank you. I could never show my gratitude and appreciation for all that you have done. A very special "Thank You", filled with gratitude is extended to the following teachers: Mr. Modlin, Mr. Hester, Mr. Morgan and Miss Waltner. A very special additional "thank you" is extended to Mr. Boyle. Thank you for your advice, support, and overall general concern. To Mike, more fun this summer, and in all you do. What would these past 17 years have been like without you around? To all of the Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen; may you have all of the fun, happiness, joy, and even tears that BHS can give to you. Make the most of your high school years, and make them the very Best!!!!

*

I, CAROL LARABEE, being of very warped mind and unfit body do hereby bequeathe the following: To Betty and Carol H. I leave Whittier Blvd., the memories of Jack-In-The-Box, and all the happy times we've had. To Susan, Anita, and Nancy I leave the hope that someday they'll get over their shyness and be more outgoing and that we may be the best and greatest of friends always. To Becky and Eddie I wish them all the happiness in the world. To Mary L. I leave the hope of someday finding another boy like K.M., and all the memories of summer school. To Art and Barry, I leave the phrases "Try it you'll like it" and "I can't believe I ate the whole thing." To Bob Shimamoto I leave the song "A Time For Us." To Nancy Fildone I leave a pair of track shoes to help her find her Knight in Shining Armour (wherever he may be). To Mary W. I leave a long lasting friendship through all the rough roads (we've been down a few already), and the hope that we can make it through the next two years. To Carolyn Morris I leave the hope that she'll grow up someday and have at least one good friend. Also the hope she'll find someone to meet her requirements (fourteen by three). To Miss Douglass I leave all the happy memories of P.E.

unreal." Good luck and good hunting. To Frido I leave all the happy memories (hope there will be more), all my love, and the motto "Get all you can while you're young." To Leslie I leave a volley ball, a net, and a book on "How To Dig A Ball." Also, all the fun in your next two years you can have.

* * *

I, KATHY KRUSE, of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following! To Mr. Morgan, Mr. Chapel, and Mr. Little, I leave forty hours of political work, two visits to the Norwalk Superior Court and a film once a week. To Mrs. Young I leave my sincere appreciation for the past four years at Bellflower High School, and thanks for all your hard work and help. To Mr. Moore I leave with pleasure all the ding-a-lings and dumb-bats he can handle and the patience to keep his cool. To Miss Bianchi, I leave more freshmen than she can count, and the nick-name of chocolate girl from her third period class. I also leave many thanks and good luck next year and the years to come. To my good friend Sharon Barbour I leave the teacher with the softest hands, and a bright red face when she reads this! To Diane S, Joy L, Peggy T, and Allyson I leave all the good times and fond memories that high school can bring and good luck always. Last but not least I leave the good old BELLFLOWER BOMBERS all the little freshmen walking to and from their P.E. classes.

* * *

I, KERRY MCCLUGGAGE, being of sound mind and still growing body; do hereby bequeath the following: To Mr. Newman, another year of last minute rushes and one week productions, (two weeks at the outside.) To Jake Manley and Donna Gresham, an autographed copy of my book, "1001 Legal Excuses for missing Classes." To Mrs. Rogers I leave my other book, "1001 Ways to Expose Phony Excuses for Missing Class." By the way, Donna, they want you in the attendance office. To Harry Bigelow, I will a bottle of concentrated liver oil, "Try it you'll like it!" and an IOU for the remark, "You can drop me off if you want to go ahead and do something." To Becky Slagle I leave a promise to go with her to the Griffith Park Observatory if the astronomical conditions are favorable. To Cathy Baker, a coin to help her make important decisions. And speaking of pretty girls who have trouble making up their minds, I leave JoAnn Hartman a bottle of cold duck; it has more class than beer. Finally to my baby sister Lynn and her friend Laurie, I leave the album "How to Talk Baby Talk" which includes the hit single "EEEEP00-P00"

* * *

I, DARLENE SIERRA, do hereby bequeath the following, to Bruce Brown I leave the knowledge that someday you'll have respect for girls and wise up. To Miss Douglass, I will all the happy girls in hopes that she will help them as she helped me. To Mrs. Peterson, a very warm and understanding person, I will a box of happiness that she has brought to so many hearts. To Shirley Grey

ning Bellflower Hi and all love and help from me that may need. To my brother Brian a year B GRF than his fireman one, and a letterman jacket. To my dear friend Barb et. I leave you with a case diet-rite, a 0-10 rating so we used for certain boys many more days of our friendship to come (that is if I not too bad of an influence you). To Joyce G. I leave I Bible and thank God it's on To Debbie H. I pair of box to wear to the next party, our friendship forever (I'll always be around). To Debbie Clouse "Are you hanging yet To Theresa B. I dead cat. Nancy J. thanks for keeping warm in P.E. To Judy V.S. I hope that next time she make Debbie and I promise to stick together, she will too, and keep an eye on your street. Marcela G. the hope that someday you can imitate the Richard dances as good as To Andy Mc S, a years supply notebook paper for all of t notes we wrote in Geometry, thanks for all of the advice your sweet. To Delaine thanks for all of the education I st about "you know what To Sharon Lemas, a big good star. To Michael Zarp, I leave first with my sister, my parking place in the driveway, key to our house, a key to the refrigerator, and a diet boot To D.S. and V.R. all my love to a great Sr. year. To Dennis McShane and Bob W. I leave kisses, and Bob I hope that Dennis gets to be more fun, just like he used to. John Z. Morgan and Mr. Mitchell I leave the best dressed teachers award for 1972. AND TO A THE PEOPLE I'VE EVER WRITTEN NOTES FOR, the hope that next year you can find someone to take my place.

* * *

I, JOE GORDON ALLEN, being unsound mind and very unsound body hereby bequeath: To Barbara Enochs, all the music in the vocal library, the gripes at yells of Mrs. Baker, the fame and prestige of being in "Chamber Singers," the music memories and laughter of the song "If Ever I Would Leave You the patience I didn't have to handle "Niners." And last but not least, I leave to you a my love and friendship I've ever had for you. Good Luck To Mrs. Baker, the most wonderful understanding and patient teacher I know. I will all the "little jerk" groups like "Niners" you can handle. To you all the noise, interruption rudeness and much love that it '71-72 Chamber Singers gave you. Also all the praline cake you can eat! And my ever famous good voice to give to someone who will need it, Frank Catan To Mrs. Davis, all my music fame which I put to your credit A whistle, a back rub, an ank shield, and the BHS vocal black piano, and the original handpicked piece of music "MORE! Bye, I'll miss you a lot!! Denise, I will all the low cut and short dresses in the world as long as you only let me see you in them. To Frank Catan all the solos you can hand and my voice which you'll have to get from Mrs. Baker. To the "Niners" I leave all the Chamber

The Bellflower Blade

1. GLORIA JOCIUS, being of Head Sosh mind and Bulging Bucked body, will to the 1971-72 Pep Squad a BIG THANKS for all of the good and crusty times we've had this year and a "NO" thanks for all of the lit-tle arguments that came inbe-tween. To C. Day, two sweaty worn out yell sweaters and all of the memories we had while wearing them, and an "Eye Wussy Mower"- you'll know what to do with it!!! To K. Erickson, the Association of Crusty Midget Song leaders award for best performance by a single song queen in a two year span! To K. Kekich a "Candy Barr," and an iron clad bra so it won't keep breaking it in PE! To G Kempema a messy bedroom the big secret, laughing in bed, the name "Gay-safind", a nude picture of Rudy with tape on his mouth, a rub-ber-sock, and a very grateful second sister-Mei To D. Heida, an empty Old English 800 can, a messed up Bushey eye brow the big secret, and the secret Boogie Buddies code word-BELCH! To B. Ford, a second place Gross award and a reminder that Ford DOESN'T have a better idea Naaaaa!!! To K. Patten the ooh yah in the coke song, a book on how to Rock Out in ten easy lessons, and a happy life with Bob. To David Hamilton a BIG kiss! To C. Morris a Z-28 to cruise the blvd. in and to pick up hitchhiking low riders! To K. Doughty a ½ reformed Joc and silent laughing in Choir. And Mrs. Palmer my appreciation for silent laughing in Choir. To K. Bartel a box of giggle pills you don't really need them! To Mr. Killen and Mrs. Palmer my appreciation for all of their help during the year. To Mrs. Starnes 14 pains in the --- Sorry about all of the trouble Rita hon! To D. Tweet a 500 gallon red and yellow bucket to put all of her BS and suckers in. To Becky Alt, the NICEST person award and a BIG pat on the back for all that she has accomplished this year-she de-serves it! To P. Chulich and P. McEwen, lots of luck with next years pep squad-you'll need it. To J. Dedic, my sophomore and Junior years, pancakes, Moosey, scrapple, the out house con-versation, and everything else that went with them! Thanks Muff!! To Mr. Dunnam the "FOXY" teacher award. To Coach Barr the "Nice Guy Coach award" and a reminder that "18 will get you W or 20" (in reference to K.K.!!!) Also your very own Avacado tree-use the fruits in good health and keep in shape!! To Coach Greenfield, a great looking bulliten board, a "Pla-tonic" relationship, a school girl crush, and my telephone number! To all of the NOSEY people that had sneaky little suspdicions about Coach G. and me, a BIG LAST LAUGH-HAI HAI You'll never really know!! To the BHS student body and C. O'neol, the most spirited year this apathetic school has ever had. To the Blade Staff, a big thanks and congratulations from the Head Turkey, you guys real-ly did a good job this year... on everybody!!!

* * *

1. KAREN BARTEL, being of crazy mind and shaky body do hereby will to Chris Bartel a years supply of barf bags and a book of Polack jokes. To Lin-da, I will ten pounds of fat shapely legs and a clean bed-room (what a joke). To Chris Gruber I will a bottle of grow-ing pills. To John Dedic I will "a kiss for a quarter." To Bob Willits I will the ability to imitate John Wayne, a chlie dog from Carl's and memories of Sadie's. I also will you "peace love and laughter." To Mr. Mor-gan and Kevin Dart I will an hour long tape of my laugh. To Karen Doughty I will memories of Easter vacation, a suntan, the seaweed pile at camp and the ability to talk like Donald Duck. To Cindy Morris I will a large alarm clock to wake her up in the morning, my report card and Chris and his jokes for a day. Thanksfoosparing

me the long trek home everyday. To Mark Johnson I will a six foot poster of George McGovern. To Gloria I will the opportuni-ty to play the part of Mada op-posite Lance. To Tony McIntyre I will a bottle of pearl drops. To Hawk I will a one way ticket to Red China. To Cindy and Lin-da Thompson I will all the nut-times we had in P.E.

1. CAROLYN HOLLY, being of sound mind (?) and having a poor excuse of a body, do hereby be-queath the following: To my "Bad Influence" I leave the past memo-ries of "pffftt" and O-l-2-3-4-5-6 in the hope that they will im-prove in the future. To "More-Ace" I leave her the benefit of my hospital insurance for the day that her Pollock jokes backfire. To C.L. I leave all the animal crackers she can eat within the next ten tear. To Mary I leave a cookbook on how to prepare foods of the world. To Leslie I leave her her middle name. To Sue I leave the book entitled "How to Make the Most of that Unwanted Giggle." To A.J. I leave all the lunch napkins I used in the past four years. To Da Lina I leave her an alarm clock to help wake her up in the morning and an ex-tra quantity of vitamin pills. To M.A. I leave a map for those weekend trips. To Rose I leave her the front seat right next to her old friend the bus driver and the juy she sat on. To Randee I leave my old uniform which was a size too big for me and the old memories of N.C. To B.S. I leave him nothing for nothing. To Gail I leave the rest of my brain for all the questioos she will have next year. To D.M. I leave her her dear, beloved Mr. T. To Holly I leave her a talking Polly. To Merk I leave a portable hotdog stand and two free dinners to Norm's. To Mrs. Harper I leave all those old noisey machines to put up with. To Mrs. Olson I leave all the "crazy" students who will have her next year to replace the ones she is losing this year. To Mrs. Douglass I leave a Brownie Button for the good job she did for Campus Beau-tification. To my brother Ray I leave a lifetime supply of carrot juice. To the Paterson twins I leave a name tag to pin on them-selves so them may tell them-selves apart. To the band members of next year, good luck. Also to D. and D. I leave a long, boring summer. To the under classmen I leave the advice of be proud of BHS and never put it down because in the end you will regret that you're leaving. To all my friends I leave the thanks of making these past four years unfor-getable and ones I will always remember.

* * *

As in most crises, the events surrounding Bellflower High School were a compound of fore-sight and foolishness, inno-cence and ignorance. Nearly everyone involved had moments of unaccountable stupidity. It is therefore impossible to write about the events without offending some of the partici-pants.

1. JAY SMITH being of sound mind and average body will thus and therefore to the following: To Bob Torrance I will "maturi-ty". This is between you and me for the last two years dude. To the coaches at BHS (football) I will a champion team which we just missed being by 10 points. To Darell and Danny the Mex I will and give "the toast" never to be forgotten. One day we will have that toast again. This friendship will never end. To Rick K. I will all of every-thing you can get in life. Your friendship means a lot to me, thanks. To Brenda I leave any-one you can get and to Lois I leave Sociology and peanut but-ter and ice cubes. To Mr. Hes-ter I leave the "knowledge" that you try to cludder stu-dents with. To Ron and Anita I say thank you from the very bottom of whatever is inside me I enjoyed you two. To Danny and Sherry I leave one compact mar-riage liscence so that you can

be apart more often, and have a few fights. To Carol G. I will the funky chicken and break-down. To my little brother I will happiness and a good four years at BHS if its possible. Remember don't argue with Odie and he'll love you. To Marilyn I will two more happy years at BHS and I know you'll have hap-pier ones after graduation. And last but not least I give all my love to Kris. I give you me and everything that comes with me. I will make you happy.

1. BARRY (BORIS) BENMALLACK, (pronounced Bin-nel-l-lick) being of lost mind, and let's don't mention the body, do be-stow my gratitude to the Appro-priate Administrators for fi-nally letting me into BHS after my second try during my junior year (after I got in I wanted to get out again.) To Little Jeeter Pierce I leave two more years of sawdust filled pockets chocolate covered algebra books Mr. Brevick, and BHS with all her little Bucanettes. To Floyd I leave one pair of shredded, greasy coveralls that are eith-er ready to be Bronzed, or washed. And also leaving a half doz. of slightly used costumes (about 15 years) to Mr. Newman for that one long production of THE NIGHT OF THE WEEK SNEETCHES HAPPY JOURNEY TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM OF A WALL TO WALL WAR. To Roscoe Gridtley, Fudt Colucci, Chance, JAY DAY, Dug Glus and all the fine folks of "D.W." who will be attending "Nairob" college next year, I sign off with the words: Adieu, Adieu, Pidoo.

* * *

1. DANIAL TAFT, will the fol-lowing: my locker to whoever's been breaking into it all year. all of my Police Science study guides to Sherry Sowder. my history papers to Ann Johnson, who will probably need them next year. my Welcome To The Monkey Housebook to Mrs Dewitt. all of my pencils and pens to Miss ADA in room 609. my brains to Miss Staggs, at the main desk. all of my worries and problems to c.Sharel Parish. my civilized mind to D.T. one free lesson in teaching to W.R. a cow bell to Mrs. White. my zero period book to Mrs. McCarthy, who every morning looked like she could use it. all of my appreciation to Mrs. Buchanan, who deserves it. my good moods to Miss J.M. my for-giveness to Kathy F. my love and devotion to Pam R. a lot of thanks to Mr. Edwards and Mrs. Clark, for helping me to gradu-ate a year early. And last but most certainly not least I leave one free lesson to Mr. R.T. on Teaching Without Lec-turing.

* * *

1. KIM KEKICH, being of dis-organized mind and undeveloped bod bequeath the following: To Tony M. a divorce, because hav-ing two wives just doesn't make it. To Bob Torrance I leave one slightly used pass to ride the horse whenever I wanted to. It was fun! To Brenda I leave a better idea and all my thanks for the fun and good times we've had. It was a real Licker. To Carol I leave BHS and a tru-ant officer to keep tails on you! Also I leave my friendship and happiness to a True Curler! To Jack E. I leave some more walks in the park and various other memories. To Gloria I leave the presidents spot of the CLG club and a jungle jim to play on. Mike Roberts to you I leave a field and a three old brother who has some bumble bees! To Christy I will that your name Crusty be enshrined forever. Oh if they could've heard the Squad! To Jeeter-Babe alias Monty I leave one Christy and a life of happiness. To Au known as Andy I leave the 19th of November that flew by and Minda Mouse, but to Minda I leave all the fun times we had in Choir. To Duane I leave a poke in the stomach, a big Come On! and my friendship. To Gay

G I leave one Rudolpho Gustal-pho Contreras. To Smokey, Cat-fish, etc. alias Rudy I leave some Smokey Robinson records and a TV to watch Soul Train. To Craig L. To you I leave a new wrestling hold and a saying lighten-Up! To Bizzy know as Debbie I leave many happy years and good memories! To Bruno, Dirk A, Rick S, and Corky I leaves ome upcoming Freshmen girls, and a vacant SENIOR SQUARE. To Darell G. I leave a party, a night and 2 hours and a little bluebox. Thanks for all the fun!! To Karen P. I

I leave Bob and happiness. To Mike Betke I leave my love and friendship. Don't get too red! happy New Year! To Lowanna I leave a place on P.S. To Melody I leave a 3am swim. To Debbie H I leave a bottle of Tanya. To Dana H. I leave a senior girl-friend to take my place. To Dave F. a slightly used Cobb Hat I leave you! To Pam I leave Steve. To Steve I leave a great football and baseball season and a scratched up redord of Do

You Know What I Mean. I also leave you Pam and the name Blue Moon Odom. To Dad I leave Steve and a better baseball season and all my good wishes for future good seasons. To Coach Barr I leave ONE BIG CRUSH and my true life story. To Coach Greenfield I leave Coach Barr and another great Basketball season. And to my second period PE class I leave much happiness and good times at BHS and to the rest of you people I leave BHS and Buc Pride!

* * *

1. BRENDA FORD, being of sound mind and solid bod, do hereby will to the following: To Debbie H., a new song uni-form for the one she shrunk and her big smile (hoping you never lose it); To MELODY-memories of the river where you became a new person and a bottle of Sweet and Sour. To DEBBIE TWEET one big good luck wish, hoping you make it through life OK. To KRIS ERICKSON-memories of our friendship (especially...out the window and over the fence.) Success and happiness forever. To KIM KEKICH-a help ad to stop jokes about 42 (even though you love it....) Lots of luck through your life. To DONNA-Wally...and another gross out time with everyone on Pep Squad. Also Willie-John. To PATTIE and PEGGY-luck with next year's Pep Squad. And to every-one else on Pep Squad-eat your Chonies for dinner. To CAROL G-a job teaching dancing lessons. Also memories of it all. when

it happened. To LOEY-memories of all those wild parties I had Always remember to think first, although it takes you awhile to catch on. And never forget Peg-Leg, even if I didn't get to see him. To WALLY-happiness and remember me...I'm the one that put you two together. To DANNY C-victories for 72-73 Football team and a lesson in "respec-ting your elders" To SHERRY- all the fun I've had in my senior year and one raw egg to throw at whoever you want....To Rudy- someone else to pick on in col-lege and lots of luck as a doc. To JAY-one big bone-ya. To DARELL-lots of good times (even if you won't admit it) To DIRK AXE-a meeting...in 2 years. To STEVE K-3 numbers to remember me by. To BRIAN H-one frog's leg and one pig's tail from Mrs. Hersek's biology class. To KRIS K-a set of binoculars, so she won't have to stare at people so long. To JIM G-a bet-ter idea, with your next high school crush. And to BHS-the good and bad times which will always make me wonder what makes you and your people tick!

The Bellflower Blade

I, MARCIA TIBBITTS, being of procastinating body and sluggish personality, leave BHS!! For Miss "Fool" Brenda Ford, I will my one and only picture of the 1969 Varsity Football team as a reminder of her many one-night stands. I do not leave her my new unlisted phone number, nor my shoulder to cry on next time she finds herself in a very awkward situation. Also, a gigantic bundle of nerve as I'm sure by now she's used all of hers up. To Waynette, I give much "Good Luck" and happiness with Mike M. To Dinah H., I thankfully give you "Jumping Johnny" and another English class with him next year in hopes that you can wiggle your way to graduation together. To Diane Smith, I leave you a sincere bit of appreciation for simply being you. Congratulations for making smg: you certainly deserve it: I also will you a big good luck forever. Mr. Hester, to you kind sir, I leave nothing but "Thanks," Also an empty bottle of Smirnoff, and the vivid memories of Joe and Sam. Mr. Morgan, my most memorable Government teacher, I leave "the twins," and although he may try he'll never find another pair quite like the original. To Miss Walther, I give you a big smile for being who you are and the enjoyable P.E. days I've had because of it. To the last of the teachers, but certainly not least, I leave you, Mr. Keenan, access to my phone number (you can get it from Don any time.) To Chrissy, I give you my good lucks and the hopes that someday Big B's son will come calling on you, I leave you love and a big wish that you make the very most of your life. And lastly, I leave you my "noo's" as I'm sure you'll know what to do with them. To Robby (the little giant) I leave you love. I also leave you a red and gold football uniform with the no. 66 on it. as I'm sure, given just a little give, you will someday fill it out! To the Attendance Office I leave a course in detecting the real from the phony. To our fantastic Security Department, I leave appreciation as you never could control our comings and goings. Now--to "Mimi". I leave you Joe, and a friendship forever. I give you a good, strong "Pierre" to help you along your way, my mother's green appliances, and a one way ticket to A.A. As a graduation present I give you my "Johnny" album in hopes that you will always have music to "bumba" by. I give you a record book to keep track of all the broken windows in the future and a party hat for Duncan. As your press agent I promise you a successful career in the Senate and "bluey", cause its all worn out. Lastly, I say thanks for all the good times we've had and for the ones yet to come. I wish you sincere Good Luck and the ability to always work up up to your fullest potential and never make-do, as I know, you'll go far (ha ha). Curse You!!!!

*

*

I, LINDA PEYTON, being of distorted mind and body do hereby bequeath the following-- to Fortunati Ambo I leave one of you French and Fish, and a dot of your very own, to the other I leave rolling eyes, a pocket full of marking pens and a nut cracker for your knuckles

numbers in your eyes (and someone to believe it besides me), strawberries on the hill and last but not least a Sparklets bottle full of potted parrots. To George Law I leave three inch chain and lock for your bike also a potter's wheel of your very own and a great social life (ha ha)* (I leave these things under the condition that you keep your beautiful black hair) To Paula Teague I leave a book case full of horoscope books that don't contradict themselves and a whole truck load of smooth rocks and 40 gallons of different colored paint. To Sue Presley I leave a pair of sky scraper high heel boots so you can look like you're at least a Freshman, and an elephant in hot pants (since you like them so well). To Jan Crocker. I leave all the warm clothes you can pack away (you'll need them where you're going) and a letter every other day from Bill. To Harry and Kerry (you know what they say about them) I leave a six foot wall, flowers, and John the Baptist. To Pat Case I leave a full set of leathers and Dreama (with curlers and a dress). To Mrs. Rogers I leave a tape recorder so she can just keep playing about "finished deadlines" over and over until the annual staff gets it through their heads. To Don McShane I leave your own set of keys and a full tank of gas (for the Cutlass) and a job you can always come back to at the Froster Freeze. To Matt Bonazola I leave a glove for the dying and enough jute to make 1000 guitar straps. (have fun). To Scott Neal I leave Fame and Fortune (and vegetable soup) To Donna F. I leave happiness with Larry. To John Teel I leave a big fat "B00" To the rest of you poor fools I leave you with these words GOOD LUCK!

*

*

I, HOLLY EVANS, hereby bequeath my most valued possessions to the following: To Carol Jansen I will \$1 worth of pennies, one mountain of bro-ken tees, two lucky golf balls, slightly cracked!! One flat tire, one weeks supply of greasy french-fries, one gallon fruit punch, and a roadmap of all surrounding areas. To Rosemary Henson I will one months supply of paper sacks, one large bottle of dill pickles, 18 melted candles, one rubber banded sock ball, and all memories of the "Pearsom Threesom." To Marcy Brammer I will a folder of all past call slips, a sketch pad, two shortand notebooks, a supply of taperaser, and a very large calendar. To Jenice Rogers I will all my stationery, four years worth of bowling scores, one particular gym blouse, and a QUACK!!, one pack of Googles, and a worn-out telephone. To Bev Alt I will a box of pencils (all with erasers), a file cabinet, and a new set of melted electric curlers. To Mrs. Palmer I will one automatic mail stuffer and change maker, and a stappler permanently chained to the desk an answering service, and lots of luck!!!

*

*

I, CHARLEY COLLUCCI, (head Moo-Bou), being of sound mind and Pidoo car, leave the following: To Mr. Newman I leave old scripts from four years of

Card" NAIR0B!! To Mike, I leave the classic song, "Nadalsky". To Chauncy, I leave an 8x10 glossy of Robbie, with the caption, "We don't need you, John-son!" To Scott N., I leave food for Stiggy. To Joyce, I leave "The Band." To Bill T., I leave a smirk. To the Rock, I leave three more years at this hole. To dear Ol' BHS--BONEYA! And last but not least, I leave myself to Debbie.*

*

*

I, TERESA BROWNING, being of no mind and lots of body do hereby bequeath the following. To Bellflower High I leave the three locks that were taken from my locker (All in one month). To Mrs. Harper I leave all the machines I never got finished with. To Mr. Modlin I leave the memory of the time I was going to quit. To Mr. Laney a technicolor Dreamcoat. And to Miss Douglass, the co-ed P.E. we never got to play, To Judy C leave the best volleyball team on court 3. To my sister Laura, I leave three more years and PS also an umbrella for protection from her friends the birds. To Debbie H. a box full of smiles so you can wear one everyday, some hot chocolate and some doughnuts. To Rita, Mary and Melanie I leave hopes that your tree will grow so you can all sit in the shade. To Sue W. I leave the memories of all the good (?) times in chemistry and office machines and the famous last words. "Don't beat me now" And last but not least, to PS I leave a little bit more courage She doesn't bite you know.*

*

*

*

I, JAN CROCKER, being of expanding body and questionably sound mind, hereby bequeath the following: To Cindy Narretta, one 'long' pair of sparkly-gold tights in hopes that someday you'll be able to stretch them up a bit past the top of your knees. To Nancy Jones, my undying friendship, long talks, secrets, a pen name that fits, and prayer. Also your very own military man (just like mine). To Mr. Matt, an in-depth course on creative writing, and someone who can write, spell and create, all at the same time. To Cliff Armstrong, a giant Red White and Blue full-length mirror so you can really see how wonderful you are. To Tom Graham, your very own Viet Nam War and 'Charlie' to put you out of your misery. To Jim Slover, the drive and ambition it took to get you through Government, in hopes it will help you obtain all your goals. God Bless You. To Gloria Jocius, Mr. Killen's office. To Sheri Prouty, 'him.' To Mr. Morgan, one years worth of fish bowl discussions, and a new registration with the Republican party, also TG. To the Jr. Modern Dancers. Mrs. Definer and the horrifying thought of next years dance show. To Mrs. Definer, the courage to go on. To Harrison Maurice Cason, "Our Town" and sleepless nights along with many more years of friendship, my torn-up leos, and many "lessons." To Linda Peyton (Klatti), a new name, a new life, and a whole new set of problems, I hope I can still help you with them. Most of all I love you. To Naomi, the aguga-man, a chair, CA, fishes and birds, and the blues. I know how you feel. To Skip McDowell, a case of moustache wax, a six pack of Coors, and a

*

*

*

I, NORMAN HAMADA, being of prolific mind and muscular body, do hereby bequeath to the following: To Mr. Boyle, a thank

you for being a great club adviser these past years. To Mitchell, my best wishes in the years to come, To Mr. Morgan, leave a Communist flag to use at fire kindling. To Larry Carter I leave my Dodger cap for his pro career. To Brian Kerns, leave Jamie Jepsen to cuddle to on cold nights. To Bob Lemmer my congratulations concerning his new relationship with Tim

Rush and my sincere hope he expects as Interact president. To Jaime Carrillok a one way ticket to Ensenada, Mexico. To Kevin Dart, a thank you for being one of the best guys around for so many years. To the Shimamoto brothers, I leave a geisha to fight over and a statement of fact--we are the master race! Wally Carlstrom, a may to Football High School. To Lukey, leave nothing To all those ab

normal Presbyterians, I leave shaving cream, toilet paper rotten eggs, and Mexican water for the long hot summer which lies ahead. To that ridiculous tennis team, I leave my condolences because next year without me you guys are going to get ripped by Warren. Also, you're going to have to find someone else to hit tennis balls at. To Richard Okimoto, my praise regarding your hard work in tennis

to San Diego, and another year on newspaper doing absoultly nothing. To Lee Ann, the Blah hoping you can do something it, and the 'bone'. To C Doyle, a city council and bunch of high-rise apartment buildings. To Don Hahn, Disneyland and all it entails, Knobby Farm, the "Mallards" a year and a half worth memories. May you find happiness in Burbank. To Dad (Fish) Trout, the "Apple Core Colonel Bole Apple, and a gallon of Boones Farm Apple Cider, who nobody knows except CN, and assorted others I leave my pen and paper and my undy love.*

*

*

*

I, MARYLOU WILLIS, being of dingy mind and squeaky body, hereby bequeath the following: To Kat I leave the hope that someday you'll decide what you want and not get talked out of it. To my "little" brother Steve; all the graham crackers and MILK your little heart desired, and some money to pay for the next time you breathe your little Torcinal To 'Dingy' I give a great big hug, and super big thank you for your friendship, which I hope will last for a long time to come, also give it to you four more teeth so you can chew your food instead of gummin' it! To Brian I give Senior Square (Whoppeee and also an already empty D Weinshnitzel cup to use as you will. To CB I give a very lo "hello-ho" also the offer to in your installation as WA. you'll have me! To Karen Dough I leave half the name 'Twin' a promise to keep in touch "same day, same year." And last but not least, To LIZARD leave the name "ROR" maybe someday you'll have another o in one of your classes.*

I, TOM GRAHAM, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave the following: all my George Wallace posters and buttons to Kevin Dart, to Darryl Hugi! a life time membership to the John Birch Society, Mark Johnson gets my entire collection of 51 Soliderman comic books, Mr. Marcus Morgan has the privilege of receiving my American Eagle key chain, Mr. Richard Hester gets my trusty compass, well better make that my rusty compass I forgot to dry it off last week, I leave a bag to be put over Bill Thompson's head to stop all of his Marx's propaganda and assassination attempts, John Kampstra gets my Nazi flag and Ku Klux Klan outfit, to Tom Hogan student teacher and Debbie Finnegan student who are Irish and Catholic I leave my Protestant power button, and last but not least the Bellflower High School library gets my entire collection of right-wing literature to enlighten ignorant students the threat of Communism.

I, CLIFF "The Biff" ARMSTRONG being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following: to Darrel Hugi! I leave Clark Center Bowl and Pardo. To Tim Meyers I leave a refrigerator, stocked. To Calvin Davis I leave the right time, the right place, and the right girl to have a good time. To Jack Easum I leave all the songs he can think of to write and play. To Craig Shea I leave a three month payed vacation to any beach house on any beach in the world. To boys glee I leave a sound like the boys glee 4 years ago. To Mrs. Baker I leave cooperative parents in the years to come. To the rock I leave a rope long enough to hang himself with. To BHS Musical Groups I leave fingernails so they can start from scratch because they'll have to. To Terry Dixon I leave a guitar that won't go flat. To Minda Fernish I leave two new hands, because she lost the ones she had from typing these wills. To Lauren Barrett I leave all the books she can read. To Karin Hudspeth I leave all the memories of the the rides home I gave you. And to next year's senior class I leave the guts so that you'll say and do what you want.

The Bellflower Blade
years supply of gas to go from his house to all the wild women's houses. To Calvin Davis I leave sympathy in hopes you'll get the courage to ask Paula out. To Mrs. Baker I leave a handkerchief to cry everytime she hears the tenor and bass section next year and our ability to cooperate in class. To my favorite girl Vickie I leave all my love, which is plenty. To the senior class, I say later, it's been great, thanks for everything.

I, THOMAS S. THWAITES, do hereby leave to my favorite girl Cheryl Bush my beautiful body so she can cherish it forever. To my little buddy Charlie Rulen I leave him all my skills and ability of being a hurdler. To Pizza I leave him all the girls to flirt with. To the 1972 football squad I leave them the best of luck and the number one ranking in CIF. To Cherry F, I leave her a picture of me so she can throw darts at it and remember the good times. And to Shannon Annesley I leave her a pair of boxing gloves so she can learn to fight.

I, BONNIE GILBERT being of unstable mind and somewhat of a body do bequeath the following: To Jeannette Anderson, lots of happy days and many more to come. To Mr. Hester a quiet class that he won't have to kick people out of. To Emily Iseminger lots more classes like Anthropology! To Grant tolleth I will the tree between the 200 and 300 wings so he can eat his lunch in peace. To Brian Miller a teacher who won't be bothered by his snide remarks. To Mr. Boyle a lab assistant who comes all the time and can do 20 things all at once. To Kim Knecht good luck all his life and somebody else for him to copy his history off of. To Scott Rozelle lots of happiness. To Mr Bott a good case of laryngitis. To Mr. Newman a class who can get a drama production together in two weeks or less and have it turn out perfect. To Bud Jones and Mike Park I will the Snap meet. To Harry Bigelow his own spotlight. To Kerry McCluggage a shirt nobody else will want. And to the junior class I leave behind lots of luck at BHS.

never come back. To the gang in Trig, I leave the assignment through 1000 every 3rd. To Mr Modlin I only wish you were 20 years younger. (Oh those big baby blue eyes). To Mr. Boyle I leave you all the frustrations you gave me in class. May all your students faint at once. HAI HAI! To Mrs. Clark I give you the biggest thanks any student can give a counselor. I hope you don't get my sister. To Mr. Morgan read between the lines! To Mo thanks for never taking my side in an argument and Linda, I leave you some smart pills to beat Mo in an argument. (you dummy) To BHS I leave you all the upcoming freshman.

I, EGGBERT SOOSE, being of bull-head and atlas body, do hereby, with deep sorrow, bequeath the following: To the sweetest teacher at BHS, Mrs. Dewitt, regrettably I leave my roll of electrician's tape to repair her electric smile and a jar of tranquilizers to ease her tension. To the witty Mr. Laney I will a class with higher foreheads for the purpose of intercepting those bullet quick jokes to Mr. "itchy" Mitchell, I leave memories of the best physics class he ever had and a roll of film to prove it. To Mr. Bott, another championship team (better be on the varsity level), a lot of deep-felt respect, and and the publication rights to his autobiography entitled "How a High School Coach Can Reach His Athletics." To Mr. Kekich, a little something for his ulcer-a winning baseball team, a big thank you for putting up with this year's team and a shortstop with a straight arm. To Senora Sanchez, a class to top her 1969 Spanish I Class, a little life in her students, and a Spanish lab that plays nothing but jokes and sound effects. And last but not least, Mrs. Martin. To her I leave my dark secret that I took meal prep. (to save me from embarrassment), a bowl of soggy noodles, an uneaten casserole left over from college, and a promise to visit her next year.

I, SCOTT BELLMAN, having been blessed with a sound mind and a stalwart and stallion ganglia do hereby bequeath the following: To Christi Day, a warm smile and a contented sigh; just knowing you have given me a good feeling. To Butcher, the in-crop of Frosh boys. Remember, practice makes perfect. To Pep squad (excluding Gloria) a large

box of supplies including Friskies a Sergeant's Collar, and money for licensing and shots. Also, someone to walk you around the bolck every night. To Neirob an Alan Browning Doll, a picture of the battle for fifth place in the mile at CIF Finals and a bus ticket to Orovillle so you can at least watch. To Rusty, otherwise known as The Big, I leave a 72-73 basketball team void of transfers from Paramount and good times with your backcourt mate and a fox. Give my best to JTM. To the Track Boosters, a set of leashes complete with choker chains. Wear 'em proudly. Bow-wow. To Mr. Dufault, a tea, of "league champs," sprinters with "black speed" and a box of ZIF soap with a spoon so you can EAT it! To Drill Team a computerized armada of robots complete with pasted smiles and stiff-limbed antics so you can spend all your time giggling and socializing since that seems to be the true purpose of your organization. To Doyle I leave the council, Bellflower BLVD., and all the trees cut down in this city over the past three years. Also, a new voice and a REAL letter. To Dirk, I leave the polls and a shot at the top ten. One by one. To the Big "M", someone to rescue you in times of need. Also NUMBER 1. To the Student Body of BHS, good luck.

I, SPYDER, being of spacecat mind and surfed tuned body do hereby bequeath the following array of paraphernalia to the following people. First of all a family size bottle of summer blonde to Goerge Hunsaker for those dark roots, and a complete set of modesty lessons. To Luf an organic nose hit so your totally screwed snoz will disintegrate peacefully! Good luck with Dick The Z. also a truce. To Woodie a transfer to a junior high to teach because that's your speed. And a dissected feline to eat. To Debbie C. a dude that will treat you right and a new cat. To my esteemed counselor Mrs. Trudy Clark for your extreme apathy a bagel To Johnny Zwiep the deep wide juicy hole you've been searching for. Also thanks to Sandy M. for them fast hands of yours. To Lisa Taylor happiness. To the slightly disoriented JR a chick. To Theresa, all the groovy gross jokes I'll ever think of. To John Connor more righteous curves in the sand. Go LSF again a fully paid in the etiquette of being socially sociable because you do a lousy imitation. Yeah and a Mark Eden Developer for a good set of firm lungs. To Lorella V a dress and to all the people I'm leaving take it easy and slow and let them good times roll!

Melissa Blaylock

Variety of talents over-takes Blade

The spicing of two distinctly different personalities into one capacity is what next year's Blade promises as the soft-spoken, demure LeeAnn Park and the opinionated, feisty Dave Wiefenga combine talents as co-Editors.

LeeAnn and Dave will collectively tend to the News and Sports pages next year, in lieu of past policies of having an individual editor for both of the pages. Fred Buddig and Scott Rozelle will be writing in the sports department again next year.

Backing up the dauntless duo will be veteran-staffer Clay Doyle taking over the controversial position of Editorial Editor. Clay, known for his voracious activity in any and all civic matters, promises "even more stimulating editorials."

Taking over LeeAnn's former position as Feature Editor will be Bonita Kato. Advertising will be controlled by the same team who produced this year's crop. Susan Smith and Jan Shumaker.

LeeAnn and Dave agree that a new editorial policy is needed and plan to write one before September. "The staff," LeeAnn revealed, "is also going to be much smaller and easier to work with."



Bucs get

'Snow job' again as

Louie named top jock

for 1972

The Bellflower Blade
Keeping with what has almost become a family tradition, Louie Snow, who accumulated eight varsity letters during four years of athletic competition, was named Athlete of the Year at the Senior Awards Presentation Tuesday night.

Snow's older brothers were both recipients of the title, Dave in 1968 and Tom in 1969. However, according to Athletic Director Mike Kekich, Louie's selection had nothing to do with the achievements of his brothers.

"It wouldn't have been fair to the other athletes if we had done that," Kekich explained. "But I think he got some of his incentive from his brothers and tried to follow their examples." The list of Snow's accomplishments is impressive. He collected varsity letters in football the past three years, two of which were SGVL championship seasons for the Bucs. This year he received all-league honors for both offense and defense, was named to the second-team all CIF for his work as a tackle and was picked for the upcoming "605" All Star game.

Snow garnered three more "block b's" for his service as a wrestler in the Heavyweight class and played a part in this season's upset over Norwalk as the matmen took the SGVL crown.

The versatile athlete was also awarded varsity recognition for his service to the track team as a shot putter.

"None of the roles Louie filled in sports were glamorous," said Kekich, "but he never complained and always did his job. His dedication and courage has paid off in the honors he has received."

"Snow deserves the award for his great attitude and his general contribution to athletics," interjected football coach Ray Odell. "He's the type of guy that you'd be proud to show to anyone as the Athlete of the Year."

"He's been a leader and has the respect of the other athletes," continued Kekich. "I think we should recognize these qualities no matter what his role."

Dave Wielenga

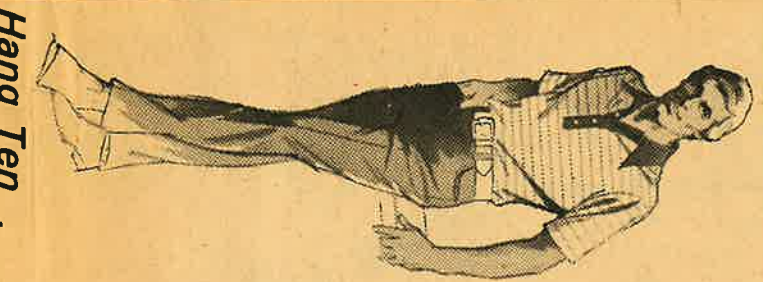
O'Brien good leader, better runner

"Timing is really the most important thing. If other than the power of a runner peaks too soon, he'll be hurting for the rest of the year, if he peaks too late, he'll never make it...it's luck, really."

Luck?

May 5--Bob O'Brien wins SGVL mile with time of 4:20.9. Luck?

May 13--Bob O'Brien wins third heat of CIF Prelims with a clocking of 4:22.8. Luck?



Hang Ten Levis

a great selection

A great combo

ACT-V

16538 So. Bellflower Blvd.

Phone 920-2310

May 19--Bob O'Brien is outleanned at the wire places second in CIF Semi Finals with a time of 4:15.9, breaking Bob Stogsdill's school record of 4:17.6. Luck?

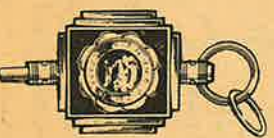
May 26--Bob O'Brien is outleanned at the wire and takes sixth at CIF Finals, falling short of berth on State Team. However, he resets his own record with a time of 4:13.7, the same clocking as the fifth place finisher.

Luck? Hardly. Something about the magnitude of these accomplishments suggests that O'Brien has



Premier track star Bob O'Brien is shown in full stride above. O'Brien, only a junior, holds the school record in both the mile and two-mile.

Lock up your memories with Senior Keys



Johnsons Jewelers

Come by and see what's happening at the Shoe Box. Bring your ASB card and receive a Special Discount.

Tennis' CIF dreams crushed by La Quinta

by scott rozelle

All the hopes and enthusiasms built up by the 1972 Buc tennis team's most successful season were shot down last Friday as the number two seeded La Quinta High defeated the Bellflower netters, 20-8, in the first round of CIF.

"We were just unlucky in our seeding," commented varsity coach Joe Bott. "In fact, we did quite well against a team that took third place in CIF."

So, now all that remains on this year's schedule is the individual CIF tournament slated for all this week.

The tournament will pit the two best singles and two best doubles in each of the Southern Section's leagues in a massive tourney to determine the best individuals in California.

Bellflower's four participants include Phil Rogers, (number one singles in the SGVL) Mike De Giulio (number two) and the league's second doubles team, Ted Shinamoto and Scott Rozelle.

Meanwhile, over in the baseball department, everything didn't come up quite so rosy as the horseholders could get only one team, the JVs into the winning column with an 8-6, 2nd place finish.

The varsity squad ended up with a 4-11 league total finally showing some life at the season's end, while the frosh finished in the cellar at 2-11-1.

Ever since the first of the year, varsity baseball coach Mike Kekich has labelled this season "uncertain." Admittedly it was a relatively inexperienced team but in looking ahead to next year he said, "We're going to be in a similar situation as only five players are returning so I can only hope we can

