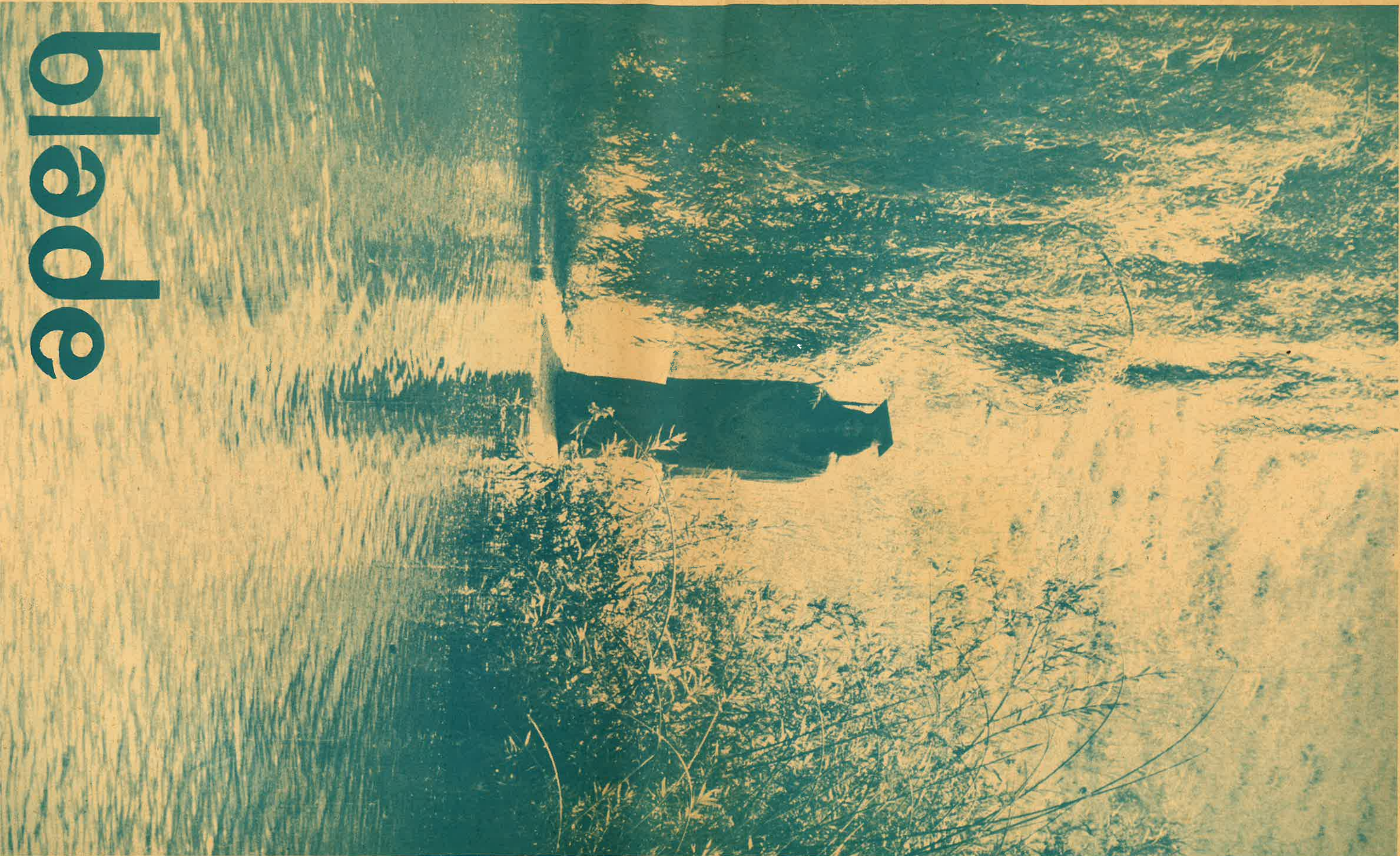


blade



Bryan Larson

Exploiting gift of gab

by bonita kato

There's a certain style found in the overpowering fervor of a crusading evangelist.

With this same characteristic approach, Bryan Larson, next year's ASB President, plans to lead his flock at BHS.

Utilizing his glib tongue, Larson (who is the number two impromptu speaker in the state), will attempt to generate support through projects which include: establishing a fund for a new gym floor, open cabinet meetings for student gripes, and a spring sports pep assembly.

Charisma is usually a key factor for a successful evangelist, and Larson admitted, "Maybe I lack the charm that a lot of people have, but," he pointed out, "I've always been a very vocal and aggressive speaker. And I think that it takes this kind of person to present ideas and get things done."

Already Bryan has assumed some of the duties of his office by appointing Sharon Lemas as ASB Treasurer on the recommendation of the Business Department. Although no plans for the

traditional collection plate have been made, Bryan announced, "We, the Cabinet, will be meeting to find directives, goals, plans, etc. The first of these will be planning the budget and freshman orientation."

However, Larson revealed, "I think that the coming year may be more difficult than others. I guess the main obstacle is personality static with other Cabinet members."

"But," he confidently added, "if we can pull together, I think that we can overcome it, and accomplish things."

In addition, student government won't be the only channel to carry the influence of the former director of Public Relations. Larson will be president of Key Club and a member of the track team along with being actively involved in the speech department.

But Bryan reassured "Priorities are priorities, and should these other things interfere with my duties as ASB President, I will delegate them. ASB president is my top priority."

"And," he added with a grin, "I am the President. Make no mistake about it!"

by heather mahood

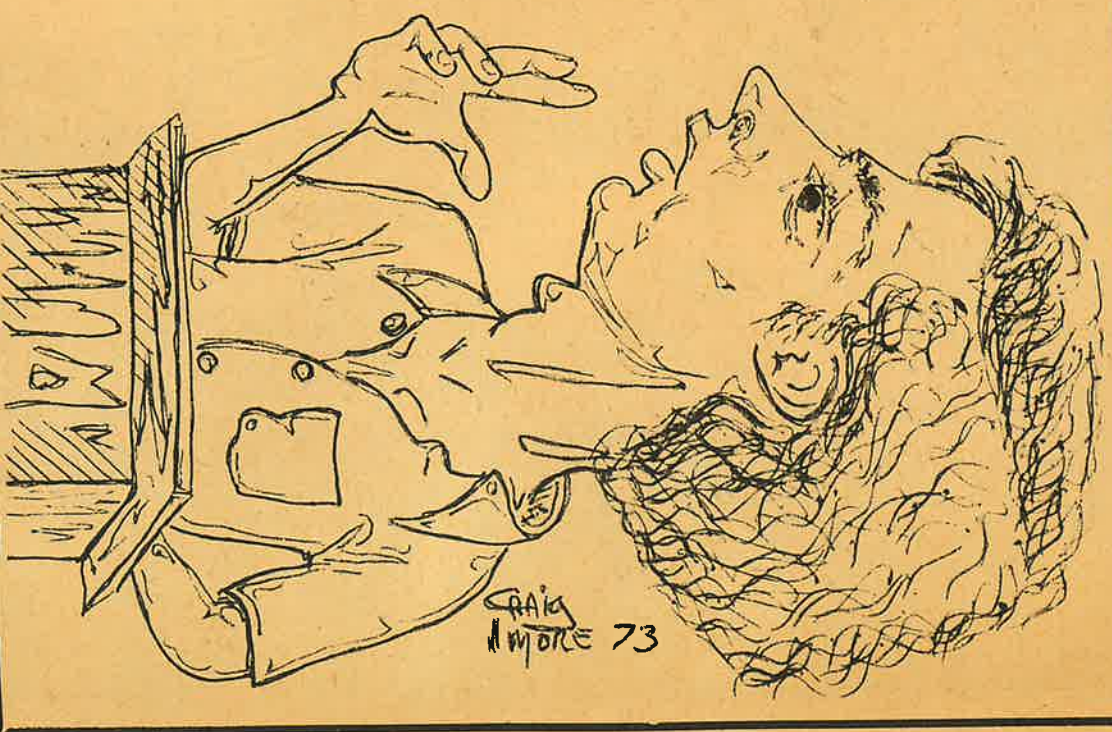
After completing its premiere year to mixed reviews, the quarter system will undergo a major overhaul before next fall's registration.

Although the present system of recording grades on a quarterly basis will continue next year, registration for courses will take place only twice a year. All classes will be either semester or year courses, with the exception of the English Department, which has opted to retain its quarter classes.

This return to semester programming was brought about to correct the flaws that were discovered in this year's quarter system.

"The teachers found it difficult to adjust to the quarter classes," explained Vice Principal Merwyn Smith. "And there was a tendency to try to fit a semester's worth of material into a quarter. There just wasn't enough time to allow them to adjust to teaching a whole course in nine weeks."

Nowhere was this situation more evident than in the Social Science Department, which found that the problems created by the quarter system far outweighed the benefits.



Class registration

changes scheduled

for upcoming year

BHS sweeps up in CB competition

by lech julius

In spite of the usual clutter and half hearted cleanup campaigns BHS has reclaimed the sweepstakes award in the campus beautification contest sponsored by Cerritos College.

However, the victory isn't really that surprising, according to Campus Beautification (CB) member Bryan Larson because, "Number One campus was cleaned up the day of the judging and Number Two developments such as the math lab, media center, child development center, student conference room and painting the gym were able to pull it through."

Also, Miss Barbara Douglass, CB sponsor stated, that getting the community involved in the school's activities helped to sway the decision in favor of BHS some examples are the Buc Boosters' donations to several school organizations, the Christmas tree sale and the carnival.

This combination of involvement and numerous improvements was responsible for the triumph announced Wednesday, May 23 at a luncheon in the Cerritos College Student Center.

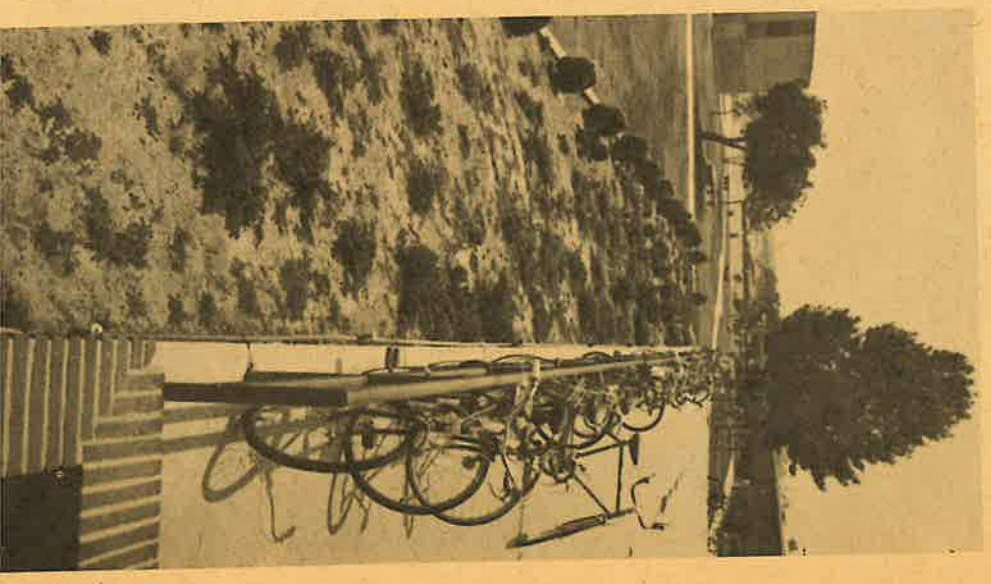
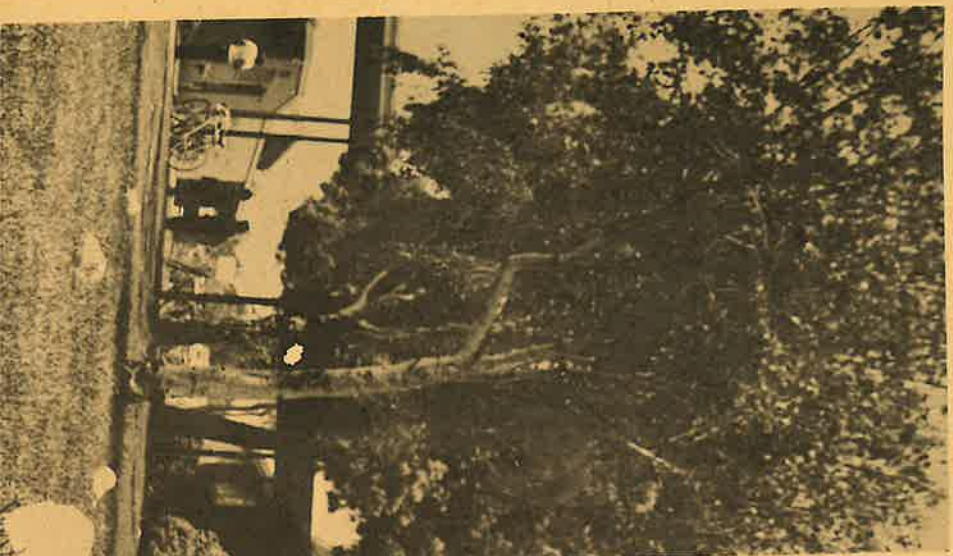
Although the trophy awarded to Bellflower is now on display in the library, it will only become the property of the school after three consecutive wins. Also competing were seven schools in the area, of which Excelsior took first runner up. Eldorado won

"The time didn't allow us to get any insight into our subjects," related Mrs. Betty Young, a teacher of many of the quarter courses. "We could only give the students a shallow, sketchy outline of the subject. Also, we never got to know the students as much as we wanted, so that made grading them pretty hard. They'd come in and out of our classes before we hardly learned their names."

Although the registration of classes is going to change, Mr. Smith contends that the quarter grading system has achieved its goal--improved attendance.

"Our attendance records," he explained, "show that absences were down 1-2% from last year. This may not sound like much, but when it is thought of in terms of students and money received from the government, these figures become important."

In making the switch from quarter programming to semester programming, while keeping the quarter grading system, the administration hopes to get the best from both systems. Having worked with both systems, they believe they have finally found one that will work best for Bellflower High.



Volleyball sets up interest for other sports

by mickey stokeley

Although slow to begin, intramural volleyball has been spiked to success by student enthusiasm and many hold high hopes of its return next year.

"It looks good," related ASB Director of Public Relations Bryan Larson. "We're (the Cabinet) pleased with it, and next year we hope to build on it." However, the venture's success did not come overnight.

"We first formulated the idea last September," related ASB President Scott Rozelle, "and we had some trouble getting it off the ground. Then there was Homecoming and WSF and there just wasn't time for it.

"Finally we got everything set up--our rules, the schedule and our sponsors, Mrs. (Betty) Young and Coach (Jim) Greenfield. Then the principal okayed it and we were on our way.

Tentative plans exist to extend intramurals throughout next year and to include such sports as softball, basketball, tennis, and badminton as well as volleyball.

"It's got a lot of potential," commented Larson. "There are any number of sports we could include and everything could be coed except the contact sports like flag football."

Partially intended to raise school spirit, intramurals are favored by the administration.

"From what I hear the students are really pleased with it," related Principal George Prince. "It's good--the students have something to get involved in, and apparently it's not causing any real problems.

"As far as I know now, I don't see any reason why there shouldn't be intramurals next year. I think spring is the best time, though, because the

weather is good and there isn't much going on."

Rozelle and Larson, however, feel the activity could be a success regardless of the season, provided enough effort is put into it.

"The first week's the key," Rozelle explained. "As long as that goes over, we've got half the battle. But each individual week has to work as well--we can't have any forfeits."

"We might get rained out occasionally," added Larson, "but with some fast thinking we could come up with another activity."

Students too are enthusiastic. "It's been great," grinned one team member. "There's nothing to do during the spring--everybody's just kind of apathetic--and this is really fun. I think it would be great to have it next year!"

Novel credit plan unveiled

by aliceherguson

"Foreign language classes will not be designated as Level I, II or III--but just by the name of the language. Therefore, a beginning or advanced student may register for a language class at any period it is offered."

"Each student will receive A, B or C grades for his foreign language class. No student will be punished by receiving a failing grade because he is

Teachers too fast, students too slow--an old complaint that the Foreign Language Department thinks it can solve next year with their new grading system initiated by Department Head Irene Willis. "The A-LM language books we use are divided into units or chapters," explained Spanish Teacher Candelaria Sanchez. "Students will be given $\frac{1}{4}$ credits for each unit they complete. This way an advanced student or a native speaker could earn up to 20 credits, instead of the usual 10, in one year."

Instead of being put in a class according to levels, students will be grouped by the language they take. This makes it possible for a first year student to be in a class with more advanced students, and still move at their own speed.

"I was a bit skeptical at first," admitted Mrs. Sanchez. "But I think once we train ourselves and the students to work independently it will be a much better system than the one we have now." Another advantage of the plan she revealed is that no failures will be given. A student must stay in a unit until he achieves a C grade.

"Failures have always been a problem," added Mrs. Sanchez. "But now no quarter grades will be below a C because the grade is the average of all units completed."

Mrs. Willis decided to try this system when she saw how well it worked at Mayfair High School. This is Bellflower's first attempt at letting the students work this way, but the foreign language instructors optimistically claim, "Many other schools are using this method and it seems to be working better for both the student and the teacher."

"We are hoping it will encourage more students to take a language by relieving the fear that they will get lost in a class that goes too fast or being stuck in a class that goes too slow."

"With this plan students could also take several languages throughout the year, by changing at the quarter. They wouldn't have to worry about coming in late in the year because the lessons are so individualized."

Graffiti replaced by 'Head Art'

by leah julius

Michelangelo, one of the most celebrated artists in history, spent years of tedious work to produce his most noted achievement, the 1,000 square yards of frescoes on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

Not unlike Michelangelo are several concerned students who are in the midst of devoting their time and talent to converting the drab, badly neglected restroom walls into a work of art.

Already artwork is on exhibit. According to Miss Barbara Douglass, Campus Beautification sponsor, "Several junior and senior girls have completed painting the 100 and 400 wing restrooms as their contribution to campus improvement."

Others taking on the challenge of mural painting will be a committee of freshmen boys who will show their artistic ability in the 100 wing restroom. Plans are also being made for all the other restrooms, informed Miss Douglass.

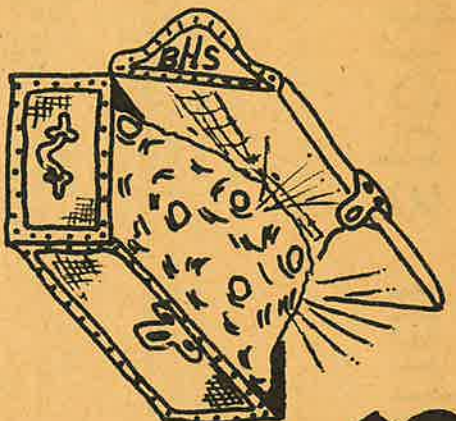
Moreover, after students offered to do the labor the district provided the paint and other materials for the project, Miss Douglass continued.

"Our problem now will be to preserve the state of these restrooms," related Miss Douglass, "so another committee is being formed to inspect the restrooms at least twice a day to keep track of their condition."

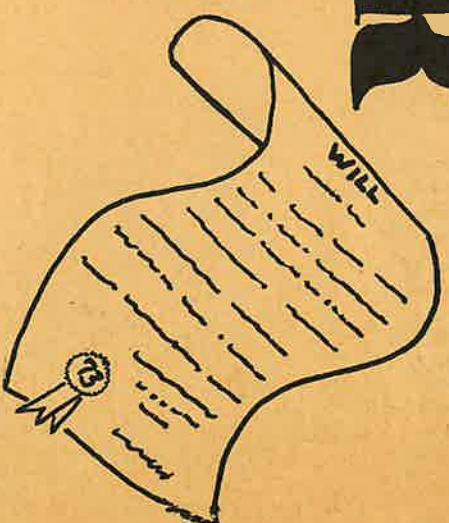


LeeAnn Park and Jim Modlin listen to Scott Rozelle (not pictured) as the three seniors go over their valedictorian speeches. Possessing the too

GAP's, the trio will speak at the commencement exercises on topics covering "Reflections," "The Challenge of Today," and "The Promise of Tomorrow."



SENIOR SWILLS 1973



I, PEGGY BUFFINGTON, being of sound mind and some body, do hereby bequeath to the following: Buc Band, thanks for good good years. Robyn, a french horn and the best of everything. John, four stars. Dennis, a band that works together and a great year. Band and Athletics; Dan and Tom in the hopes you can do something with them. Janet, a tree and an inner tube of your own. Randy, a metronome. Tom, first chair and a place on the V team. Dan, more 4.0's and a number 51. Toni and Frank, much happiness. Mr. Stitts, thanks for all your help and encouragement. Sorry I can't take your advice about teaching art. Mr. Adotta, a great annual staff, enough money and my thanks for a great year. All the custodians, a cleaner campus, less doors to open and one less Corvaire to push. Gerald, first chair, a varsity letter and the best of everything. Steve, everything you want in life. Mr. Matt, thank you for your encouragement. Bellflower High Students, the knowledge that you really do have a great school and facility.

I, BARBARA CIRIA, with somewhat sound mind and body hereby bequeath the following: To a.M., I have nothing to give but my best wishes, and one question, "How in the world did you ever make it?". To K.M., I leave all the fun and memories of when we were kids. To my cousin D.W., I leave two years at Bellflower High and any pictures I might find of M.F. and M.M. for my other cousin R.W., I leave one year at Bellflower High, and two dollars to get your hair cut. To Mrs. G. and Mrs. H., I leave the rest of the Bellflower High students to hassle. To B.C., I leave the memory of one year of P.E. together. To M.C., I leave my dirty gym clothes, and to M.S. I leave many dirty looks from C.H. Last but not least, to the rest of the students at Bellflower High. Take care of it!

I, STEVE HULEN, being of sound mind and body do hereby endanger my life by leaving the following: To Rod Stern, an autographed picture of Mr. Killen and the record "How Come a Loser Never Wins," by George McGovern. To Mr. Swett, a years supply of mustache wax and one large-sized knee brace. To Brian Kennedy, a free lesson in talking a lot without saying anything, and a large plastic foot to put in his mouth whenever he feels like it. To "Callamity Jane," Robinson the record "A Horse With No Name," and tickets to, "They Shoot Horses Don't They," and "A Man Called Horse." To next year's Track Team a league title, and to the student body, the patience and stami to stick it

I, MARY FARQUHAR, being of insane mind and not too short body (my feet touch the ground!) hereby leave the following: To Mr. Hester, I leave a big thanks for being a great teacher. To Mrs. Martin, I leave a play school with no Paul's and a big thank you. To Mr. Morgan...YEA MC GOVERN! To Greg and Pat one fetal pig and Biology (dig in!) Donna, Terri and Sheryl, I leave you the many great times we've had under our tree. All my love and luck to you. To Cathy B. I leave Joe, the Pep Squad and one more year of BHS. Make it a good one. To Mrs. Greer, I leave all the new programs to file and a weeks vacation to forget them. To the entire Space Crew, I leave a fireball machine, another kegger for queen and a lot more good times to come. To Rich, James, John and Greg, I leave you BHS a big hug, stay out of trouble, but have fun and good luck. For Jeanne, I leave the light board at the music center. Last but far from least, I leave to Dave the song, "Baby I'm Amazed", all my love and many more great times to come! BHS...PIDDOI!

I, JANICE HIPPLE, (a)ias Billie, being of great mind and not so great body, do leave the following: Darlene, I leave all the good times and the hope there are many more with Big M, plus a lot of sisterly love. To Robby, I leave all the hope of someday being a great senior and a lot of love. To Dave H., I leave all my nights on the Boulevard. To Wayne A., I leave the happiness with Linda. To Marla, I leave my old gym socks. To Melissa and Donna, I leave the old gym shoes I used to wear, plus a lot of luck in their senior year. To Laura, I leave the happiness with her man Lorin.. To Deni, I leave the memories of the good times we had and the hopes of tomorrow. To Bobbie, I leave the hope and love of the true friendship we have. To Debbie and Pauli, I leave the hope of someday finding the right guy, plus a lot of love through Jesus Christ. To Tim, I leave a lot of love and an up-side-down stamp. To the three guys I became so close to especially two, I leave the hope that we can hold on to that friendship, and thanks for letting me be your friend and sharing in the good times. To Mr. Edwards, I leave the happiness of not having me in your office everyday bugging you. To Wayne, I leave the memories of the good times and the time to forget the bad. To Bellflower High, I leave all the hopes I have hoped for you, and all the prayers I have prayed for you and a lot of love besides. To all the people that have been in my life the past four years, family, teachers, friends, I leave a lot of thanks and love

I, CHERYL GOODSELL, will to the following out of strong minded reality: to Miss Waltner, I will my slightly worn gym clothes since I know they will be of great value to your next years' classes. (Rips and all). To Mr. Hester, I will all the reality he can find in his classes without having to yell too much. To Mr. Matt, I will the appreciation of helping me making it through my job and helping me see how the future is going to be in other jobs. To Mr. Matt, I will an ugly face which he will have to keep because it is stuck to him. To Tim, I will as many sober weekends that he can get his hands on, memories of the Christmas Dance, which I hope to him are good ones, and hopes of understanding and friendship in the years to come. To Teddy, I will a good typewriter to finish his jobs on a tennis tournament that he was supposed to be in, and the luck to help him find a good job this summer. To Lee Ann, I will a date every once in a while when you can wear your long green avocado dress, and all the dreams of freedom with Rusty because you really deserve them. To Paula, I will a better friendship to come filled with honesty, the hopes that things will go for you when you plug holes, the thanks for letting us use Baker even if you weren't with us, and happiness of lots of summer fun for you and Bob. To Faye, I will a cool glass of ice tea and a ride home from school when Lee Ann is out to lunch. And to the people of Bellflower High I will the appreciation for teaching me a lot about life and for preparing me for the future world. To Danny, I will the Marine Corps if that is what you think you really want.

I, JOHN TEEL, being of screwed mind and firm bod, do hereby will to my faithful but rotten, crummy, (GENSOR), underclassmen, especially Mary and Anne, a lunch particularly made of pig and Theresa's toenails, kidneys, epididymis and to surround it all 2 hard palates. You love it Anne! Many happy burrps. To Mr. Boyle I leave the white tornado to clean out Cummings' mouth. And to Sugar Bear, all the tennis players that don't give a damn about anything especially about Bott. To Carol Kane I leave just that certain circumstance to screw up with her dumb brain. To Michelle I leave all the wonderful memories---Matt you're a lucky person. Mrs. Baker I leave new flowers and UH! I THINK I'M HOARSE!!! Plus bright shiny toys for her new addition. Keep on tickling those ivories, Mrs. Davis. To Mr. McCarroll I give him an evaluation of his rotten, stupid, boring, psychology class. Try it again Ruth, Kathy didn't wake up! To Sandy I leave my wet shoulder to cry on. To Susan Sm. I leave the urge and the toilet paper to get Mr. Morgan one of these week-

ends, also Mr. Morgan try not to pick out your pets so early in the year. Try again Mike Howard. To Bryan Larsen I leave the urge to hit the top but it seems you'll never make it. To Laura I leave all the broken hearts you've left behind. That is all the possessions I care to give to my greedy friends.

I, MICHAEL DI GIULIO, being of sound mind and appendaged body do hereby bequeath the following: I leave Rich "PSYCHO" Okimoto, a dead brain to philosophy and another to think with; I also leave you a new pair of telescope lens for your eye glasses. And for your "Tennis Shoulder" I leave you a Giesha for a massage. I leave Archambault, Rush and Morales, a couple gallons of "Di Giulio's Homemade Brew." I leave Phil Rogers, a trophy for loser of the year, and a "Clifford Ray Reverse Slammer" at Baker's house. To Gary Donar, goes a "White Owl Cigar" for all the upcoming poker parties; I also leave you the insurance on your tiny Toyota. To Scott "Rosewall" Rozelle, I leave you all the laughter we will face in CIF; I also wish you luck with the Chinese.....you'll need it. To Rod Stern, goes \$20.00 for a face lift and a nose job. To "Hyper Short Joe Bott," I leave the administrators and their administration. I also give you Paul and Perry two of the greatest, to carry the Buc squad next year. And finally, only honorable mention to the following: Bob Lemen, Randy Nathan, Bearno, Jim Modlin, Valachi, Shimoto, Warberwitz and all the rest of the bums.

I, MARK HARKWICK, being of craftsman-like hands and a well built bod leave first of all to my best friend Kenny Dale all the good times we've had drinking Colorado Kool-Aid and still more to come. I leave Corty one big thumb. To Connie G. I leave one more free pass to the midnight special at my place. To all the girls of "76" I leave three more happy years at BHS and one all expenses paid taxi ride to the clinic. To the '73 football team I leave one broken down Yugoslavian field goal kicker but don't worry you won't need him so turn him into a water boy. To Ray and Roger I leave the world's biggest joint. To Joe W. I leave his sensitive nose. To Coach Dunnam I leave all the made up pass patterns by Coach Odell during half time. I also leave you a communication kit made up of headphones, loud speakers, a 12 pack of flares and anything else that will help you get through to Coach Keenan. To Dave L. I leave all the good times at snack. To my brother Dana I leave all my skills in sports. And last but most important to Carol H. I leave all my love. To everyone else at BHS I leave the hope for an improved school district.

The Bellflower Blade

I, LEE ANN VLLIEGER, will these remnants and memories to the following: To Paula Baker and Cheryl Goodsell, all the great times we've shared together. I don't think any experience has much more to offer than what we have gained through friendship. To Ted Shimamoto, I leave the gasket I forgot to put on, along with all the other strange looking parts I could never figure out where to put. To Rod Stern, I leave enough crust and grease to ruin those lily white hands. To Nick Cirilincione, I leave the prune juice you never got at Norms, drink it in good health. Also, an optimistic wish for lots of luck through college and med-school. To Tim (Gross) Rush, I leave Emily Post. With all that class she can hardly be a pencil neck geek! Most important though, I leave you one life long membership to A.A. here's hoping you'll never need it. To Bob Lemen, I leave Paula, and an extra seat belt in the middle of the front seat of the "Heap." To Faye, I leave Bubber, you'll probably have to help carry his lunches next year. To you, I also leave enough individualism to be yourself no matter what the social rating. To Vickie Mecham, I leave all the fun times in P.E. and hopes for a happy summer with Ollie. To Mrs. Day, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Boyle, a special thank-you. To Mrs. Day, for teaching me there is more to life than an eight hour day to a forty hour work week. To Mr. Ward, for teaching me the engine as well as the timing order. To Mr. Boyle, for leaving me no alternative but to think. To Rusty Kane I leave one official "Buc" jacket, a paper lunch sack filled with monster food and me.

* * *

I, SCOTT ROZELLE, being of worn-out mind and wiped out body do hereby bequeath the following: To Rusty Kane, I leave a Christmas Tree Lot, since you never saw the last one we had, an administer-yourself, frostbite kit and a Walt Disney soundtrack to listen to every morning on the way to school (?) next year. To Big Mod...or should I say General Jim, I will gladly give you West Point, and respectfully give you the noose that never got either you or I during our four long years of competition. Tim Ribald Rush, receives the coveted GROSS award and also a maternity top..not because he's pregnant, but to accomodate your ever growing shall we say, "beverage belly." To my faithful friend Mike Dignault, I proudly will half of court #1, a matching gold medal, and a record board with two and only two names on it. On the other hand I leave Phil Rogers, just 97% of his league matches, and his very own blank record board, while Ted Shimamoto gets only a wall size poster of his idol--Phil Rogers. To the rest of the tennis team, I leave years number 12, 13, 14, 15...(eat your heart out Mr. Kekich). To Janna Vandenberg, I will a Quadra-sonic stereo to play her sob songs on, also she gets 1800 critique sheets, (one for each student at school), and 10 months of hard work, not to mention her gas money. To Patty Doctor and Janet Natalsky, a bright yellow conference room, an ASB President that can make them do just a little work, and a video-tape of Janna, to study her moves and pick up where she left off (boy, is that a rough job). Bob Lemen, will receive a defunct student court and a functioning Interact Club, while all Nick Cirilincione gets is his magic carpet that gave him his

Pizza, I leave I extra large unremovable button saying, "I want to make one thing perfectly clear---I AM MEHELY 'A' PRESIDENT", what the h____ can I say, Rick. To Mr. Bott, I leave the bueracracy wrapped around one hand and K and K* wrapped up in the other; I also leave the old man a ton of funny stories and sayings, and at least that many good times. To Mr. Kekich, I will one outdated Athletic Code, a staff of coaches 40% behind him, and a list of the 1972-'73 varsity championships personally autographed by the winning coach (es). Mr. Prince gets my book, "But We Love You, Mr. Prince," and a funny looking dog that rides around shooting at the Red

Baron. To Mr. JK, I happily leave 365 unpaid steak dinners bills, a Honeymoon that has never quit, and the copyright for his book, "I Know All of the Tricks---now will somebody please listen." I don't know what to give you, Mr. Li, but a million sincere thank-yous. To the school board, a puddle of tears that turned into paint on the gym walls, to each administrator new chair pads, to replace the worn out ones, and to Bellflower High as a whole I leave an ASB Tax, a Frisco Trip, Underclass Princesses, 7 eskimo queens, a rainy homecoming.... To next year's ASB President and cabinet, I will one extra large scoop shovel, to pick up all the B.S. that'll be thrown at you, round trip ticket for each time you get the run around and a muzzle to slap on any certain member if he/she continually talks agian next year. My faithful cabinet will receive only a pair (of spectacles since it'd be a real strain to read over a list of things that we have successfully done as a cabinet--really you all(?)did a great job and should be congratulated by every student, faculty and administrator at BHS. No, putting all kidding, (and that is what this has been), I would like to will to the entire school system my deepest thanks and appreciation for really making my four years here almost bearable, and I would lastly like to leave with the school my sincere hope that I have served you all well as your President, and the tremendous success that my cabinet has enjoyed this year can be passed on forever.

* * *

I, DAVE WIELENGA, having brought truth to the prophecies, salvation to this school and glory to the One that sent me, hereby record of my stay as I bequeath the following: To Lee Ann, memories of Ralph, our political disagreements, funny headlines, our superiority to everyone else, newspaper when it was "good", and the adventure on the roof of the International Hotel. To Springs, a new (un-stomped on) hat, a fixed gear bike and a behind-the-back, between-the-legs, underhanded racial slur. To Suzanne F., an early-morning ride to newspaper and a frown. To O'Brien, a bigger ring (to accomodate your growing needs), an isosceles triangle (choice of color), a gopher pelt jock, the hokey pokey, and the Unattached Club in case Bruin life doesn't go so well. To Dianne, a Joe Cocker concert and my apologies that things didn't work out better. To Rod, one scrapbook full of your "accomplishments" here and another one to fill with your deeds at UCLA. Give 'em h____! To Danny Thompson, a coke and a 5.25 mile (without trying).. To Bonita, the Cerritos Youth

stud, didn't you?), a lot of luck next year and the knowledge that you undererate yourself. And yes, I will miss someone, Bonita. To Fred, a shot at a 10 (but you've got to start somewhere), a lower case by-line some volka and OJ (for use at your discretion), a pocket kit for when you're "on the road" and the best we ever saw. To Mr. McDowell, my appreciation for my awards, my current employment, the chance to shake this school and my resultant hassles with coaches, teachers, administrators, cheerleaders, etc. You made them all possible. To Margie, a trip to the library. To Mr. Kekich and Co., a sports editor who believes that Buc Pride, "esprit de corps", and football are the most important things to a school. This one didn't. To Kosareff, a wimp, low-rider car, free scarfs at T.B., Elliotts, mirrors for your wall and an evening with Pedro. To Trautloff, the Marlon, Hindenberg, etc., good luck at Somerset, and welcome back to Monterey. To Willmore, the decathlon championship and some action. To Mr. Swett, the title of "honorary coach of the Un-attached Club, shin splints and thanks for a lot more things than I have room to mention. To Doyle, our do-nothing city council and school board, a Frank Vicencia potholder. the executive burnisher and good luck with newspaper next year. To the Cross country team, nothing. That's what I accomplished. To Paul, swivel hips, spray paint and other acts of destruction and a berth on the 1980 Olympic Walking Team. Lastly, to the hundreds of people at this school who have made me happy by acknowledging their contempt for me, I leave these thoughts: Everything I ever did here, I thought was right, I thought served a useful purpose, and I thought was a blast. Thanks for making these four years so great!

* * *

I, GARY "BRUNO" George, being of beer logged mind and ever willing body, hereby bequeath to the following. To the boys, Dirk, Corky and Jungle, I leave a front row seat to see Elvis, Salton Sea, Helens and last but not least, the sweet memories of 25 cases. To Dirk many, more bar room brawls at Helens. To Corky, I leave the great name, "2 can Cork", I six pak, (small Coors), and all the "jail baits" you can pick up on. To Jungle (R.S.), I leave all the "red heads" you can handle at the sea. To Magic (D.C.), I leave many a fine drunken time with hopes you'll make it up to them. To the 1972 Football team, I will us 5 points. To all the coaches, I leave a big thanks and good luck. To the 1973 Football team, I leave some type of senior leadership, I seasons supply of beer, (about I case since you're all light-weights), and the backroom key to B & R's, for the after game relief. To Mike Hite, I leave a miracle with hopes you'll be like your idle, Bo Larsen. To Rosie, I leave a muzzle so you'll keep your nose out of everybody elses business, and learn to keep your mouth shut. To Skeeter, (Terri R.), I leave a chest. To Coach Odell and Keenan, I leave Crusher Caldwell to take over Aye's line-backing position. To Ron Schnableggar, I leave a pair of knees, one case of Trojans, and if they don't work, a one way ticket to Australia. To Janie Taylor, I leave the warning, "Beware of Tyrone." To Mike Howard, I leave Barbara. To Joe Zenzola, I leave a spot on

Luke, I leave Stone's fever and part ownership with Burgies. To Lori V. P., I leave Dirk. To Andrea M., I leave a bucket to put over your head. To Mark Hardwick, I leave another year. To Carol G., I leave a calculator, so you can count all the "Spots" where ever they may be. To the weightroom, I leave the "Sea of Sweat" that has developed over the past 4 years. To Melvin, I leave a front row ticket to the Bobby Sherman-Osmond Bros. Concert. To Piz-za, or Don Juan, I leave a penicillin, shot and a Clark Gable mustache that looks halfway decent. To everyone else that I forgot, I leave you not a d____ thing.

* * *

I, STEVE HIGGINS, being of Triple X jock and having the strongest teeth in town do hereby leave the following to those who touch my "BUC PRIDE". To the administration, I leave all my phony excused absences and my drunken trip of my freshman year to National city... To the sexiest secretary of BHS (Bonnie), I leave my brother Mike and a Christmas party. To Mr. J. Killen, I leave 4,000 Christmas trees, to plant on BHS and a 5¢ beer to quench your thirst and last but not least to Mr. Killen I leave three band directors of which only one is deserving of the title. To Miss Mc Cormick who has the sexiest legs a teacher ever had I leave a two week trip to Mammoth and a ready made cast. To the coaches at BHS I leave a

2½ bottle of vaseline and to the MOST popular coach, "Key-ball" I leave his son Mike and all his bed-swapping. To Rick Niebarger, I leave Memoirs of "JOHN MERKOVSKY" your idol, Band Director's dream of dreams, and your "Favorite Baby-sitter", Robyn Lois Peek, and 100 cupcakes to deep your mind on things. To Robyn Peek; 100 lbs. of sunkissed prunes to further your career as far as prunes go, and a \$1,700 summer eating at the Plush Herse with a 1972 red Ranchero, and all the joyous babysitting with "DICE", and a magic eye to see hickies where you're not supposed to. To Peggy Buff. 700 lbs. of spaghetti and room in the Bellflower Wipe for your wedding announcement with the Polock at Grindle U. To Judy S. I leave first chair with Dennis S. in front of you, and some handsome Texan to sweep you off your feet. To Dennis Simmons, I leave Judy S. and Vicky if you want her. To Rhonda Ray Rowley I leave James Wright, her sweetheart. To Ron H. I leave loose hands for Pat, Debbie, and Difife, and a trip to Brainheat Utah in your Porsche with K2's on the back. To Mike Rhode I leave Brownies, Girlscouts and a couple of sweet Eagle Scouts with Loni Bruce at head of the pack.... To Sarah Jane, alumni I leave the Air Force and the wish that you get caught in the AVT whatever the ACT might be.... To Linda Pederson; may you never go flat and I only get two. To Denise and Brian I leave all the "Welfin" power there is. To David T. the stoned D.M. I leave all the luck there is to give... To Rich I leave all the poppies in the world-that should keep you off the streets for awhile. And most of all to my sweetheart Debbie, I give you all my love forever and ever a 14KT white gold ring that will bring you to me in two years six months from now. And I leave you last but not least me, four years at PCG, and the joy of serving Christ

Bellflower Blade

I, DIRK AXE, being of intellectual mind and somewhat manly body, bequeath the following things to the following people: To Rick, I leave Colorado River, Kernville, S.S., Cokers, and all the good times. To Gary, I leave all the foul mouth BHS. To Corky, I leave Denise, and all the Alpha Beta girls. To the 1973 Football Team, I leave a good luck, and I leave a THANKS to the coaches for all their help. To Coach Dunnam, I leave a 5th chance, but if that doesn't work I leave you the privilege to call me son. To Dan C., I leave all the great talks, and thanks for being a great friend, also one night of billiards. To Sherry S. I leave tyrone, and you know what I mean. To M. Howard, I leave a date with Magie, while you take out Magie I'll take car of Barbara. To crazy Armanian, Jim Janoian, I leave a shot put ring, and a one time wish to hit 35 feet. To Harry Red Head, who grows a mustach, I leave what I left Janoian. To Joe and Cathy, I leave you happiness and true love forever. To Karen, I leave a thank you for being my good friend. To myself, I leave a one time wish to become a farmer back in Kansas.

* *

I, CATHY BAKER, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Linda B., Rosie E. and Patty M., I leave one long and drawn out T-A-P-E. and a years supply of bamboo, and Carl's rings. To Loretta V. and Dee F., the joy of being able to have the best all-around athlete as a partner in P.E. To Debbie W., Rosie E., Dinah H., Bobbie B., and Cheryl S., I will two days, and one long night of fun at Huntington, in the hopes that it will never be relived. And to Linda B., one bottle of Excedrin, and a bottle of "STOP THAT ULCER." To Dinah M., I will that we'll have an ever-lasting friendship, and the thought that you will always have a friend if you need one, like I did. To my little sister Julie, and Terry W., I leave two more years at BHS, and hope you can make something of them like I did. To Brian Hale, I will one night of toaster woman and hopes that you succeed in anything you do because you deserve it. To Janet T., I leave all the hopes of some fantastic years in college, which I know you'll have. And, of course, to Vikki T., I leave Deryl R., undieing admiration and love, (he's not worth it). And to one of my nicest friends, Lynn McCluggage, I leave you (1) one ace, C.C. (92) one fox, H.M., (3) and some of the best times I ever had along withsome of the weirdest. To Peggy Rivers, I leave a friendship which will, I hope, last along time. You deserve the best of everything in life. I also will one messed up week called WSF. To Joyce P. and Jill S., I leave one more year of BHS., and the sad thought that I won't be there to steal your golf balls anymore.

To Jiamie C., I leave the hope that you'll always have for Cal Poly, I really hope you make it. I also leave a bunch of good times, you're really great. To Danny C., I will one year as class officers in hopes that everyone will forget one totally wrecked prom. I also leave you many happy years with Sherry. And to Mr. Newman's drama workshop I leave many more fun and exciting times, of course, I don't know without Harry B. how can you possible manage? To Albert E. and Darry S. three more years of student government and all the in-coming freshman girls, hope they're not too bad. Finally to Linda B., Rosie E., Patty M., Debbie W., and Loretta

V., I will one great week at Catalina and the rest of the summer to live it up. To Louie, I leave everything I've got including me. Now, where she belongs, at the bottom, we find Joann Hartman. There's a lot I can leave you, but I'll just leave you what you've always wanted, a red light for your porch and a sign that reads, Come and get it, boys!!!!

* *

I, BEVERLY SUE BOWERS, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following: To Deb P., a lot of luck and happiness with Big Chad and Little Chad. To Karen P., Laura, Ruby, Mark B., Mike J, Robin, Carol G., well some people are just plain nice, and this includes you; and I leave you many happy times in the future. To Debo, a years prescription to that well-known magazine, "How To Resist Other Girls' Boyfriends;" but don't forget the good-old days when we all stuck together. To My secret love, who I have admired from afar all year, I leave him a secret. To Norreen and Sue-ann, I leave all the times, good and bad, of the last four years, and a lasting friendship. To Roger Hansen, I leave his name, because he always wanted his name in the newspaper. To N.K., I leave my past, my present and my future. To Diana, I leave memories and lessons of J.M. and J.K., all the money we spent on food, all the happiness there is to find in the world, special thanks and a friendship that could last the world over. Last but not least, to Bellflower High the right to claim me when I am famous.

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I, CATHY FELIX Being of crazy mind and yecchi bod dobequeath the following: to JoAnn B. all the OH Henry bars you can get with free passes to the gas station inside. A pass to the A.A. All the Signs you can steal and the "BIGGEST" bag of French fries you can get a hold of. And a thanks for being such a good friend, which will last for a long time longer. To Debbie B. I leave a strawberry field so you can make all the wine and your little heart desires. A book on "How to say you sorry to the one you love" A congratulations kiss from Don M. (But, this time keep your mouth shut!) A drivers license, and all the great times we've shared together. To LeeAnn I leave you new pillows for your car, one last glass of Strawberry Hill, and all the good times we had "Goofin" around. And, all the success at Pepperdine University. To Cheryl K. I leave a nicer little sister, the memories of Paul (good or bad) all my wholly underarms. I leave you all the "girl talk" you wanted to know and our friendship which will last a lot longer. To Paul L. I leave a "57" Chevy all fixed up. All the free meat you can get a hold of, a helmet for you on your motor cycle, and a thank you for being such a good chauffeur and a great friend. To Ann J. I leave a big big bottle of tanning lotion, a big stick to keep your little brother "Lane" in line, a thank you for introducing me to my future husband, and a big "KISS" from Don. To Sarah C. a brand new arm with feeling in it, a bottle of Anniess Wine, and a bag of flour, a can of shaving cream and a dozen eggs to decorate the car of your dream. And, all the true confessions you can stand to hear. To Denise D. a way to the beach, all the ice cream you can eat, and all the parties you can get to. To Dean I leave a new drafting arm and a locker all to yourself. To Terry C. I

I leave you the memories of all the good times at JoAnn's house, a bigger gavel to keep the gov't class in line, and a big arm to hunch. To Ray F. I leave 3 years of BHS and hopes that you'll have better classes than we had. To Georgette G. I leave all of Mr. Hesters coloney and all the happiness with Tim. To Mr. Hester I leave a cup of coffee from Winchelle's, the nerve you need to keep Don in line, a marriage counselor's license and a thank you for being a friend first, then a teacher. To Mr. Gibson I leave a Cathy with no time outs, a bigger radio with louder volume and a thank you for the award. To Pan B. I leave a big box of Kleenex to wipe all your tears away, Cheryl's shoulder to cry on, (your second Mother) since you can't face things yourself. And I leave you a case of "Gain-Weights" so you won't have to say I won't let you be in my wedding cuz you're too skinny. To Mr. Edwards I leave a new phone since I wore yours out. To Joe J. I leave Melody Olson to do what you please with. A big sucker to keep your mouth occupied and 3 years of this school. To BHS I leave all my brothers and sisters to haunt you and a "THANKS" for these past four years. To Mr. Hester's first period class I leave a podium to do what you please with. You were a great class. And last but not least I leave Don Morris all my love, a nice mess of toilet paper to clean up on your Anniversary, a Ricky that doesn't hang on you, and a "Big" thank you for making my last two years of high school the best years of my life. And I leave you me to take care of and love like I love you. I DO!

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I, JEANNE FARQUHAR, being of strange mind and wierd, body do hereby bequeath the following: To Mr. Newman, I leave a hope for great times and my love for all the help you gave me in Stagecraft. To the crew, more great times, a play you can't get sick of, and a lot of love. To Rich, Richard, Steve and Chris, a big THANK YOU, you guys are really fantastic, thanks: Don't give Newman too hard a word of warning to substitutes, avoid this class. To Mrs. Def-fner and Mrs. Baker, happy healthy babies and come back soon. To Mr. Boyle and Mr. Gibson, my admiration, not only are you great teachers but fantastic people. To the ROS crew, beautiful times and more to come, a never ending replay, and old W.C. Fields movies. To Dave, I wish a life without any more tickets, a fireball machine and Mary. To Terri, I leave memories of a pink and purple van, a lot of love and a field of daisys. To Donna, my thanks for being just a good friend, and for the theatre...TAMS (yea crew) cget and crew parties. To R.D., a summer and a river that never runs out. To Mary, I leave the sidewalk and BHS far behind us, a future of kicking back, Laguna Beach, a book on child psychology and Dave. To Cheryl, a tan that will last all winter. To Rich, his own vineyard and a motorcycle that never breaks down. To Bev and Diane, I wish you all the best life has to offer. To Tonie and Nancy, thanks for making P.E. a better place, take care of yourselves. And to all the undergrads here's BHS.

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I, VICTORIA HERBST, being of momentarily sound mind, do hereby make my last will and testament to dispose of my belonging before I prepare to depart from this high school existence: To my special group of friends, I leave a thank-you for all the

things you have done for me and the hope that we may continue to strengthen each other. To Shelley H., I leave the strength of purpose to accomplish all the plans she has made. I also leave her a storehouse full of nutty ideas so she may never run out. To Connie, I leave more challenges to conquer, and a box of brownie mix, well knowing that she will use it to the best of her ability. (Just before grades come out.) To Jo I leave all the empty Dorito bags; "Beneficial" bottles, and malt balls that we share walking home from school, and a street full of bashed-in cars on which to practice driving like me. To Jo I also leave perfect timing, that she may always be coming home when the junior. highs are getting out of school. To Janice I leave the shared knowledge that 'once a fool, always a fool". I hope that maybe next year at Youth Conference she'll break the trend. I'll always listen when you want to talk. To Donna, I leave a calometer. (While I'm at it, I leave myself one too.) This calnometer should equalize our emotions so that we are not longer either super happy or super sad. To Laura I leave a good and profitable future. Also my respect and friendship. To Traci-May I give a thank-you for all the many times I've asked you to do things and you have. Traci also gets 3 more years at Bellflower. To Curtis, I give you patience for a year, and someone else to ask you to dance. To these and the rest of the 'Mormon Battalion' I give fond memories and the hope for many more. To my good friend Eva I leave all the Evie-Knevie jokes, friendship, and all the fun we're going to have in College. Oh Yeh, and the R&R Railroad. To Janet I leave one worn tennis racket, the hope that you made the right decision, and a lot more good times. To Dinah and Bobbi I leave good wishes and friendship. To Dinah I leave also the knowledge of all the destruction we've wrecked on our schools in 13 years. To the giggle-boxes in French, I leave the ability to always find something to laugh at. To my College Math class I leave the hope that they never approach their limits and someone else to make fun of. To Mr. Bott, I will the comforting knowledge that he totally destroyed at least one person, me. To David R. and Randy R. I leave all the times I've gotten yelled at when it was your fault. I also leave you 2 more years in high school hopefully, reform. To the guy with the fascinating right arm, I leave wisdom, good grades, and someone else to bug you. To BHS I leave by brother Kurt who'll be going here next year.

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I, CINDY CAOLE, do hereby bequeath the following: To Joanne, Lee Ann, Debbie, Cheryl, Don and Cathy, I leave a lot of fun and as many parties as you and handle. To Debbie, I leave Mike and a large supply of Strawberry Hill. To Don and Cathy, I leave a lot of love and an entire life time together. To Robyn, I leave a great career in music and an everlasting friendship. To Eva, I leave a nick in your locker, and a lot of luck at USC. To Mary, I leave Barry, and the 2 J. M.'s in your life. To Sandy, I leave what's-his-name, and Senior Square. To Kathy, Mary, Susan and Cynthia, I leave a far-out co-ed team, (which we never had). To John, I leave all my love, all our beautiful memories and the song, "Precious and Few", I hope that there will be many more moments. Finally, to all of my friends at BHS, I leave a wish for good luck and happiness always!

The Bellflower Blade

1. RICK (PIZZA) PORCARO, being of sound mind and stud of a body, do hereby leave to the following: To Karen Kane and Marilyn Smith, nothing, nothing! To My brother, I leave my dirty gym clothes and the name Pizza. To Cheryl Ray, I leave the memories of the "summer of 72." To Karen Ferre and Luann, I leave a big thank you for being my close friends, Karen Happy Birthday. To Mark, Kirk, Dave, Joe and Ken, I leave a party that can last forever. To the Blade, I leave a big bone for chopping peoples ideas before they get the story straight, (Frisco). To the "73" football team, I leave good luck. To the ASB Cabinet, I leave the times we had on Friday morning. To Scott, Remember I am "The President" and you are "A President." To the Senior Class Officers and sponsors, I leave a big thank you, and see you in 5 years for the planning of the Reunion. To everyone else that I could not get in my will, (because they only let you have 1 page typed), I'll always remember all the times we had together in the great year of "73." To Cheryl Barrett, I leave an Oh Shut Up, and hi Cheryl. Phil Lopez, number 63 is yours, there's a lot of hell that goes with that jersey, live up to it. And I save the best for last, to my favorite girl (Diane), I leave the memories we had and all the great times we're gonna have. I'll never forget you. And for the last, I leave you nothing but ME.

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1. PAM BOSCH, will to the following people: To my BABY SISTER Cathy and her crazy friends Tammy and Rhonda, I leave a life time trip to the dairy to see Doug Bentley. To John Gilbreth, I leave a 1/2 pound of sugar. To Melissa, Careena and Susan I leave many happy hours at BHS. To Lynda and Kim, I leave all the good luck with Mrs. Day, (You'll need it). To Cherri Finnegan, I leave a lifes supply of jokes. To Joann, good luck at Tastee Frizee and with guys, (except for One). To my best friend Cherli, I leave my favorite Teddy Bear Irving, the happy memories at BHS and all the good luck you can find with H.M.

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WE, DON KERR AND PEGGY CHULICH with our b----- bods, leave to Debbie Kerr, all the boys lockers in the school to write on, (and we wish her the best of luck to make it to the Prom during her two remaining years of BHS). To Mark and Bobby Chulich the guts and will power to stay in school more than a day in a row next year. To the 73-74 flag squad, many guys to choose from, other than the ones already taken. And to the Big "0" we would like to leave many more QB's with a capability of being someone, To the 73-74 football team, I hope you learn sooner than I did, that you can't believe everything you are told by your head coach. For the help I did receive, I leave my thanks to Mr. Dunnan, Mr. Keenan, and Mr. Kekich. To Miss Waltnier; many more volleyball teams like the past three. To Mr. Morgan, the great government instructor, a pair of new lovers to watch and hold your wall up next year. Mr. Killen, many thanks for helping me out through the year, and "good luck" with next year's pep squad. The memories of four years fo BHS, I leave with Patty McEwen, and many good times. Finally to all our friends at BHS, especially Dan, Sherry, Wally and Donna, we

1. THERISA A. W00, leave to my good friends Terri White, Donna Davison, Gerrie Allen, Dennis Hall. I leave to you my friendship, my name to think about (when you feel down and out) and to thank you for making my first year and my last year at Bellflower High kinda fun. It is kinda a drag to have to come to a school for the first time and almost everybody puts their nose up in the air. I know when I first came to this school it was a drag. I never knew there were so many groups of people in Bellflower High. Because where I came from nobody really had a table of their own (the lowriders, the heads, the roties and most of all the kids whose mommy's and daddy's always give them money oh of course I can't forget the active ones, the ones that become active and then thinks he or she is too good for the average student. But I guess that's how it goes.) Even though I am just a poor every day Mexican, Chinese student I am me so thanks.

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1. KIPP ARCHAMBAULT, being of sound mind and body leave the following possessions to the following people: To Emery A. I summarize all of his dreams by leaving him a picture of the rear end of a burro, who's none other than the cheerleader K.K., also to big "M" I leave play boys and vasoline. To Jaime I leave, "only" a two timing baby", also I leave him a couple lids to "to catch his dreams before they slip away". To Janna, alias hunk, I leave a long walk on the wild side. To the bookie Rick K. I leave the perfect way to make money, bet on the horses and cards. To Henry M. I leave the perfect girl, Lynn M., and hopes that he won't lose the best thing he ever had. Also I leave to Lynn and Henry a million cases of beer to last them a week. The last thing I leave Henry are his memories of behind the backstop at Flora Vista with Henretta. To Bill and Emery I leave the memories of their ups and downs at Bolsa Chica with Karen Hoffman and Nancy Franklin. Also to Bill I leave a book on "How to get a girl in a van." To Rita Y. I leave some growing pills so she can stop wearing baby clothes. Also Rita you were the best cheerleader by far. To coaches Jim and Lynn, I promise to pray for next years' team whenever I hear the word slaughter". To A.M. K.A. whenever. To Lorna M. and Carol K. great luck always. But more than anything on this page I leave the rest of my life to Carol Marie Brown.

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1. JIM MODLIN, being of twisted mind and not much better body do hereby bequeath the following as my last will and testament. To all the members of 3rd period college math, commonly known as the NTS Club, I leave the remembrance of all those long, sleepless nights of finishing their notebooks out of sheer dedication, desperation, and self preservation from the ever present threat that tomorrow will be: "Test today, notebooks due!" To the lunch bunch: Lambe, Terry, Byng and the rest, I leave a new set of vocal cords knowing, undoubtedly, that I will hear the ever "Buzzz" even where I'm going. To Sam "the Flying" Nunn, keeper of the convent, I leave a squad; ron of Navy jets to practice commanding for I'm sure, in time, this practice will pay off. However, I seriously question his choice of service.

picture fully knowing how pleased she will be in having it. To Scott Rozelle I leave a plane ticket to Taiwan, not as a hint, but to let him know what he's getting into when he goes to... to...Oh yes, Whitworth. Moreover, to Bob Lemen and Nick Cirilincione, I give my condolences for having to go to a college with 15,000 other anteat-ers, I hear the hills are full of them. To Mr. Bott, I leave nine passes, I believe that will take care of everything, to the Army-Navy game for this fall and my sincere thanks for all he has done for me, especially with the Math Field Day at Oxy; what a day! Furthermore, I leave to the only true BHS War Monger, Mr. Hester, the third edition of "Who Am I? A Question Unanswered", a book no behavioral scientist should be without. I also leave my deep gratitude for all his help this year with SCF. Lastly, to John, my little baby brother, I will the chance for him to gain all the fun and experiences I've had at BHS, truely an invaluable asset.

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1. LAURA HEIT, being of clean mind and long, tall body do bequeath the following: To Gail C. I leave all the R.O. and B.S. pictures on Johnnie's magazine rack. To Denise, I leave "Rick Sweetie" to make up for the guy she lost in the war in heaven. To Mary, I leave the assurance that I've always been her friend and all the "ant dances" she can do. To Shelley B. I leave three more years of BHS and someone new to wait on while Lorin is gone. To Jolene, Shelley, and Connie, I leave a new track of houses to spy on in the hopes that they'll never spy on mine again. Also, all the peanut butter and jelly sandwiches they can find in Deena's house. And also to Jo I leave a better "getaway" van. To Mrs. Olson, I leave the continuing story of "All My Children" and a bill amounting to \$4.34 for all my shorthand notebooks. To Gail and Deb I leave the hopes that there will be one in Arkansas. To Mr. Sienknecht, I leave the dirty-faced little kid he named "Claudia," (me). To Mr. Modlin, I leave a new dirt road to his cabin so the next time we go we can find it. To Brad, I leave a pair of B-r-i-e-f-s with red competition strips. To Donna, I leave the smile she lost and the hopes that she'll regain it. To Marilee, I leave M.L.H. in the hopes that it will work out, also that we can always be as close as sisters. To Vicky, I leave one tall basketball player to do with as she sees fit. To my brother, Dale, I leave JOL-E-N-E and a new "Irritator" for the one he almost wore out. To Cindy, I leave Glen to take care of, and to Glen, I leave a reserved seat in church in the hopes that someday he will fill it. To all my friends, I leave all the happiness in this world. To Lorin, I leave two years of success and "ME".

many more power slopes. To my painting class an Amy Vanderbilt book of etiquette. To Jim D., a can of Afro Sheena 8ft ube an lite big pass to the Rose Parade (and my sister). To the football players a one way ticket to Devil's Island where they all belong. To Bruce an Afghan Hound and many more P.V. at G.W. To L.B., deep having those parties! To L.F., some visits to Mark Edens Salons. To Cathy, Marge, Scott, my sisters and brothers, Good Luck, (You'll need all you can get at this school!) Bellflower High. To my friends at BHS you're all farout people, I'll never forget!!

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1. BOBBY BAIR, also know as Smokey or Boo-Boo, bestow the following: To Linda I leave lots of Chlorox, a bottle of Handy Dandy Hair Straightener, Randy, Oregon, and a box of Kleenex. To Dinah I leave Dudley Dought, the caveman's rabbit, the sex feen shepherd and my tennis shoe in one of Myria's great lakes, my striptease in her flimsy swim suit, Lake Mead, her magic cords that swam across the lake, a dip in Duck Creek and a night doing puzzles with that strange person, a chicken walk and an invisible rowboat, and everything else plus a nice young rancher or two to make her college days enjoyable. To Erica I leave the World Surfing Championship, the lead in Swan Lake, and a blessing to help her always to be happy. To Mr. Bott I will an autographed chapter on Logs from Smokey the Bear's Fire Fighting Manual. To Kathie I will my vote for the '74 Homecoming Queen and what remains of our dear friend Ham. To Mr. Hester I leave the Balboa Bay Club. To Tony I leave the german version of Master Bear's Birthday. To the Annual Staff I leave a st.ait jacket. To Wayne I leave lots of luck and my endorsement for her as next Year's editor. To Bobby I leave a fear of defensive ends. To K. I leave a third face. To M.M. I leave my respect. To "the girls" I leave the apartment, the weak bladder in the raft, and True Confessions. To Rosie I leave the ability to do jumping jacks under the influence of strawberries. And to the Sr. Powderpuff team I leave the expression "see them potles?".

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WE, WANDA JACKSON and DEBBIE VANDE BRAKE, being of warped minds and bulging bodies, do bequeath the following: to Aleta, memories of the Willy you never seen, a years subscription to your favorite magazine "Playboy" and glasses so you can check out everything to see what they have that you don't. Also, a years membership to the "Flavor of the Month" club so it might taste better. To Laurie, San Clemente and its memories, all your regrets, the wish that your dream may be fulfilled (requirements bring 9") and a one pound box of salt when you get ohe of your strong urges; also. RIVERSIDE COLLEGE. To Rick and Craig C., a mirror and a brush in the hopes they might help some! To M.B., a thank you for all the laughing and fun you gave us through our Soph.. and Jr. years by letting us embarrass you. To Mrs! Olson, I leave all those long hours of work done for you; and to Mr. Matt more classes with giddy girls and a can of black flag to help keep ants out of their pants. To Bellflower High School--a big GOOD-BYE, and may God bless you, you need

I, KEN SMITH, will to Mark Hardwick one plastic 3ft. rubber statue of Odell to kick. To the 173 football team a new head coach (Dunnam) To the class of 76 I leave a three year pack of birth control pills. To Connie Greshman a good time in the van. To Dana P. and Jan M. one 28in joint, a swimming pool and a wave machine. I will Rita Silver a Liz Beasley punching Bag. To Marj and Rita V. a case of Coors and Black Oak album. To Chris C. all the coming up freshman. I will Calvin S. a year's supply of obscene books.

I, SUSIE BOSSERT, being of sound body and not so sure mind, do hereby bequeath the following possessions: To Pat Bentley, I leave one cup of coffee and an order, (that's three pieces) of toast. Also the best viewing seat at Bob's. To Pat, I also leave one VW and one SMUTTS... Also Pat, I leave to you many more years of friendship, and a full tank of gas. Have Fun! To Jere Allen, I leave all the mornings that you slept through first period and one dirty Chevy Impala, with or without power steering, your choice. To Jere, I also leave Berry. Good luck to you and your sisters torn Wallabee. Oh, I almost forgot, ...also to you I leave one piece of CHICKEN. Far Out!!! To Mr. Matt, I leave one great big THANK YOU. Thank you for my job which I love very much and thank you for helping me with all my problems concerning it. Good luck with your new baby. To Mr. Hester, I leave two not one but two Herrnia's, that way you don't have to have tests back the same month your classes take the. Just go home and take a pain pill and forget about it, thanks for everything. To Miss Douglas I leave one oak tree, just kidding, the campus looks great. Also to Miss Douglas, I leave one paint brush and one screwed up pair of Levi's. To Denise Hall, I leave Miss Walther... just kidding niece. Good luck with the band and keep cool. To my little sister "Kimby M." I leave one set of mouse ears and all the bubble gum she can chew. Also to little sister, I leave Rogers...Har Har, but most of all to Kimby, I leave all the love and devotion one High School can give to a student. (what a joke.) Good Luck Kim and study hard. To the Bellflower High PEP Squad, I leave one broom to clean up the messes that they insist on making in the rec room, and when they finish with that, they can fly away! Far out! To my love John, I leave myself to live with for the rest of his natural life...Starting July 14, 1973...I Love You. Good-Bye Bellflower High, it was nice knowing ya.

I, FRANK GONZALES, of sound mind and soul train body do hereby will to the following: To S.S. and D.W., I will my bench in senior square. To bro. no. 88, I will the line, "Tell Em Who We Are," to say to anybody who wants to know who we were. To Mr. Whitz, I leave the call, "beano crack." To "Connie Hawkins," I leave all next years dances to cut the rug with? To "Eddie the Photo Man," I leave a deck of cards to play "doctor pepper" with. To Mr. Bott, I leave a big YGAD! To P.M., I leave all the happiness in the world. To Rosie, I leave the four years of influent spanish speaking between. To J.C., I leave my talent on the strings. To Serenade K."KIDDO"K. To L.M. I leave myself with all the love and happiness in the world. To

of ? they want. To "Chent," I leave four years to come and I hope you make it.

I, TED SHIMAMOTO, being of sound mind....do hereby decree this to be my last will and testament. To Phil, I leave one can of dead tennis balls, and a years subscription to "Pent-house", since you like to start at the top. To Joe Bott (my coach?) it's all been said. To Rod, a friend an enemy and an all around pain in the rear I leave a 240z and a dream. To Lee I leave fond memories of auto shop and a years supply of cookie dough. To Bob and Nick, I leave a bottle of blackberry brandy, a loud recording of elderberry wine, and two ice packs. (have fun). To Gary, I leave the music score from "Shaft" to play on his skin flute. To the teachers who have influenced me, I thank you, and to all the close friends I also thank you. And to all the people I have encountered during my years at BHS, it's been fun, but all things must pass.

I, EVA CUNNINGHAM, being of sound mind and body, (I think), do hereby will the following things to some of my favorite people? First of all, I leave for my little brother, Gary, my middle locker and all the books that go with it for all the fun classes that you can look forward to, and 2 whole years to wait before you can escape from BHS (I know that you hate it.) To one of my best friends Alice,

I leave a new you-know-what so you can live in comfort when you lift your arms up. (Only kidding!!!) I also leave you a lot of happiness and good times during your next 2 years at BHS, and last, but not least, give you a heap of good luck in the elections coming up and one rather cute, wrestler to keep you company and to practice wrestling with. To lovable Mr. Bott and the whole College Math Class, I leave all the fun you had teasing me about "Evie Knieve" and her big H.D., and also to Mr. Bott, I leave some one for you to tease next year

and ruin their reputation. To Vicky, I leave all the insanity that wore off on me from being around her too much and the hope that more of her insanity will wear off on me as we remain friends through college and the years to come; I also leave you the hope that you'll never get in another class like College Math where everyone picks on you. To Rhonda and Susan, I leave all the headaches of next year's drill team and also all the fun. Just remember Disneyland. To Sandy S. I leave you a whole year of relaxation with me and Cindy gone, but I also leave someone else to take our place to bug you. You're just too nice. To Cindy and Pam I leave you all the fun we had in Chemistry together, and to Cindy, I leave you your secret love that you have admired from afar. And last of all, and certainly' least, I leave the new 1973-74 Drill Team a can of deoderant for all the summer practices and hard work. Also there is all the chops you'll get from people for being on drill team, but none of that makes any difference because you'll have a lot of fun on it. I hope that hope, in some way, offended everyone in this will just a little bit because everyone knows that it's just a big joke. P.S. To Rita I leave you that

I, VICKI MOSIER, being of ludicrous mind and sensuous bod, hereby leave the following: To my brother Gary, I leave 1,000,000 dollars for he will need it for gas driving to school everyday. To Charlene McLaughlin and Alice Rippee, I leave a few hours at Whittier Police Station in hopes that we can burn it down. And to Linda Doyle, I leave two wonderful weeks at Sally's and a "Hi, you need any help." To Debbie C. and Gail H., who are a couple of nuts and I hope you guys stay that way. I leave the entire Bellflower Blvd. and all the foxes with it, so you guys can boogie forever. To Paula Baker, I leave my telephone number (944-1768) when you go down to Whittier please look me up. To Sharon Harrison, I leave the

graciousness and femininity you lack so desperately. along with a mirror to look in very closely before callin anyone else a dog. To all the teachers that I have had, I leave a big Thank-you for making Bellflower such an enjoyable school for me. And to Mrs. Depermen, I will nice things, (for being such a nice person), and appreciation of all the kindness you've shown. Last but not least Cheryl Oates, I leave all the happiness in the world with her marriage. And to Linda Billstrom, I leave two memorable years at BHS. Of all the parties and guys and some of the wildest things we have done, I will remember them always, and hope our friendship will never part. And of course now I will leave Bellflower High a good-bye.

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I PAT SPRINGS, being of casual mind and body, do hereby leave to Bill Kosareff no rift-raft, to Fred Budig Best Wishes in his desire to urah, a transitorized dual-taing finder, and a big box of "Cool Stuff" which must be shared with Tom Creswell, to whom I leave the "Vienna Boys Choir," To Mr. Murphy a shirt that was too small, shorts that had a hole in the crotch, and red sweats that were too big, to Dave Wielenga the unbroken 10 minute barrier, good luck as head coach of "The Uhattached Track Club," 3 Isosceles Tri-ang, s (assorted colors), and a disguise kit, to Ray Lechuga ? To Scott Rozeille "Coast Grain Co." cap, to Rod Stern bad luck ih what ever he does, to Gay Sudderth 4 fishing lures, because he loses so many to Bob O'Brien happy times with the "Merrymen" at "Royce Hall", a stamped self-addressed package so he can send me a UCLA track shirt, one isosceles triangle, an air tight car, and a girl-friend that is PGI To Craig Willmore a ticket to "Soul Train", to Danny Thompson trash falling out of the sky at the Alice Cooper concert, to Bonito Kato a Bonito, to Art Brevick a few tape tails, a radio that is too loud, and a lot of rift-raft to Lee Brice A fish net tank top that glows in the dark, and a big frankfurter, to Roy Sweet a track that blows away in the wind, a lot of appreciation, and a controversial water jump pit, To Neirbo Trebor a mouth full of "tatters", and Tom Twaitsk and last and least, to Alan McNamee I leave nothing.

I Patti Shirell being of just sound mind do hereby bequeath, the following: to good old BHS an empty locker all my old books my ripped gym clothes, smelly socks, and torn tennis shoes. To Mr. Thompson beds for everyone to sleep comfortably in. To Ms. Walther all the volleyball pro's she can handle, to Sharon Harrison and Debbie Fellows, Ms. Walther. To Joni DeVries another girl to take to school, To Chris Shipp, Tony Rick Crockett to straighten up or forget it, To Joann Hartman all the rotten things you can say about Diane, To Ann Johnson another friend, To Cathy Baker a good time with Louie, again to Debbie Fellows a free pass to Golden West every Thursday night for the next 10 years. To Mr. Laney a new typist, To Ron the Marc more girls to make goo goo eyes at yoo. To McNab street more cruisers. To Shirley and Linda all the parties you can find any night of the week. To Jerry Bring a Ford, and last but not least I leave Marty all my love and me. Goodbye BHS.

I, LARRY HARDIN, being of sound mind and body hereby leave: To my sister the best to her future life at BHS. To my brother, I leave him the brains to go to his classes, and quit cutting. To my friend Deeette Brewer, I leave Jeff Prentice forever or how long it lasts. To Katie Wise, I leave the best of luck combating (model airplanes) with Ralph. To Helen Panzacia, I leave the best of luck with my brother Terry. To Janet Volkmen, I leave doing it in the dirt. To Joyce Williams, I leave a plastic surgeon! To Donna Wise, I leave the best seat to Leon Russell and to have fun with Leroy Moore. To Kerry Myers, I leave Elvis Presley!! To Mr. Oddotta, (Addotta) I leave the best of luck with your students! To Mrs. Baker, I leave a happy future with your family. I,

Larry Hardink begin of sound mind and body, hereby end this will.

I, PATTY MCWEN, being of dumb founded mind and body do hereby bequeath to the following: To Rick Wilsoh, I leave a birthday kiss, a hand shake and my friendship. To Bobby Houser, a carton of yogurt, a cookie, (you geek) and an invisible scuba partner. To Joe Z. I leave an accented "Hey Baber" and Cathy. To Cathy, I leave our good times, two honks (waiter?) and another fun year year on Pep Squad. To Andy McSorrelly, I leave a thank you for your friendship, the Homecoming game and a cup of coffee you never had. To Debbie W., a couple of wrestling matches, a five hour drive to nowhere, our probs and a weekend where at least we won't get sick. To Shultz or Linda, I will our fun on Pep Squad, the back yard for some rays, some lovees, a can of bug-off and the future ahead. To Rosie, I leave a lemon, two routines, ourtalks, and a steady job. To Cathy Baker, or (Ta-p-e), I will good luck next year and have fun at College. To Rodney, I leave a duck, a mouse, otherwise known as me.

I, LEEANN PARK, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following, in order of priority. And, since it is engraved upon my brain that newspaper always comes first, so it shall. To Clayton Doyle, my inspiration and my pal in pessimism, I leave 1,000,001 new things to complain about, including your two favorite topics: Doug and Mickey (When in doubt, Doyle, go for her wanuts.) I also leave you a lifetime job as my ghost writer and someone new to share your byline with. To Bonita I leave all the courage, stamina and humor it takes to get through that last year of newspaper. (If that doesn't work--try tranquilizers). To Dave I leave the 'Go-' in 'Go-Editor', my respect, and a little less talk with a little more do. To our token Pollack, Mary, I leave an engraved invitation to our select wierd party (PARTY?) because you were the first one on our list (PARTY?). By the way did you hear the one about the Polish nose...? To Mickey Stokely, who worked like a dog for so long it's beginning to show, I leave a bag of walnut fertilizer (maybe you and Doug can develop together) and a crayon reproduction of the wise old saying "One trophy does not a writer make!" To your cohort, Dougee, I leave a dictionary since he obviously doesn't know the definition of such things as 'Photograph', 'Deadline' and 'Human'. To the both of you I leave two Mickey Mouse hats (with ears) and a lifetime membership in the Skip McDowell fan club (believe me you've earned it.) To Mr. McDowell I leave a deep gratitude for laying such a solid foundation for a successful career. I just hope it continues as well as it started, because you're some fantastic teacher--for a Zif salesman that is. Thank-you. And, to the many of the rest of the staff I leave a bucket to catch all your tears of self-pity, when you think you're overworked. Maybe if you try replacing pity with pride you might find it more rewarding. To Mr. King, who gets my vote for "Most Valuable Blade Staffer," I leave one hundred apologies for all the deadlines I never could make, an extra special thanks. And now, for very special friends, beginning with Joanne, to whom I leave the wrappers from a zillion OH

HENRY! bars in hopes that some day you can cash them in on what you really want. I won't leave you our friendship because that's something I hope I'll always have but I do leave you your share of our happy, sad, whacky and wierd memories. To Cheryl I leave an obscene phone call to Mrs. Fishwick, Pup 'N' Lobster and Wybie Wybenga (wherever he may be). I also leave you a car and enough gas to drive by 'his' house as much as you want and a handfull of kleenex for when you do. And lastly I leave you all the rights to our book 'I Was A One Night Stand' in hopes that someday it will have a happy ending. To Debbie B. I leave a wide-eyed HUH? and forgiveness for the night you dumped me in the middle of Compton Blvd. I also leave you the second show we never saw because the bag was full. To Cathy and Don I leave a thank you for sharing your happiness with all of us and I leave you only the happy memories of our friendship. And to BHS and the rest of my very good friends I leave thanks for four good years and best wishes for many more, just as good.

I, DENISE 'SOFTY' PLANT, being of deteriorating mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To next years Choir and Culmination, another Mrs. Baker and that all of you have as much fun in music as I have had. To Peach, two more fun years of sitting out in the cold at track meets to watch Mark run, isn't it worth it. Much happiness for you and Mark. To Karen, my half-used bottle of make-up and your nickname Helen Ma-To Deane B., Our imitation of Japanese and your short version of 'far-out.' To Rick B., a car that doesn't run out of gas and someone to poke you jumps as good as I do. To Debbie and Steve,--the patience to hang on for 2 more years, little choir room duties. (I hope you know what you're getting into), plus someone to scream in your ear for a change. Much luck and happiness next year. To Mrs. Davis, someone to turn your pages, and a congratulations on your license, and a big thank you for being there to listen and always having something nice to say. To Mrs. Baker, thank you for the good advise and good times, I leave you the scrapbook that Barb and I spent so many hours on and had so many arguments over; You're a wonderful person. To both you and Mrs. D, and Annual and a Free lunch at Loves To Mrs. Douglas-2 more people to drive you crazy since kobyn and I are leaving. To Robyn,--the nickname 'frenchie,' the pocket the pocket off of your gym blouse, the phrase 'I saw it first,' A jar of rib reducing cream and someone to understand you; I hope you reach all of your goals. To Barb-two Bellburgers and a Large Pepsi, every Tuesday and Thursday, the first two seats in the seventh row in the middle section, I.T.F., a pair of dancing Ken shoes, the phrases,--'Not in the knee,' 'Sure bet,' and 'I guess you would have to have been there,' also something or someone to fill up all the time you won't be spending around the choir room. I hope we have many more years of friendship. Lastly, I leave to Brian, a book of Dirty Polak jokes, a bronzed volleyball, my fingers, so that no matter where you are you can have a message and an open invitation to drop by for a game of 'cards' whenever the Mood strikes.

lutley corrupt and degenerate- mind and, thoroughly triple X rated bod, do hereby bequeath the following garbage to the following persons: To Mike Rohde I leave the thought of being commander of GDF camp 9, and our top secret fire plans. To Ron Hobbs, I leave shotgun position in the Malibu, 5 R5's with no forest fogs, an Oak Grove Hot Shots shirt, a 2 month vacation at Brian Head, a pair of Knessle's, a Porsche, and Patty, not necessarily in that order.. To Tom Hogan, I leave a membership in the JBS. To Mr Morgan, I leave another Hawk, a Zieg Hiel, and another diabolical plot, instigated by Nordo, in Danger--ous Parrell. To "The Group" (you know who you are!), I leave Bellflower Hotshot Crew No.1 Mabl'u, Route 2, Camp Angelus, Idylwild, and assorted other places you may or may not have been. To the Attendance Office, I leave a shovel, so you may properly dispose of all the B.S. I've given you for four years. To coach Dunnam, I leave an unwashed jock, lodged securely in your throat, for your 'mile a week' policy. To Dave (hows Brook) Traut, I leave a book entitled "1001 Ways to Flip off Your Friends" (its your bag), and the Amercanettes with all their 'silly savages'. To "The Reverend", I leave some great times atlover NH, especially Barone's, and girls from alllover your area for both of us; Pax. To R.B., I leave a chick at Gahr. To R.L., I leave a powder blue '66 Newport, and a new smog pump. To D.R. and C.W., I leave R.G. To my little sister, I leave John, 2 more years at BHS, and my 4 volume set of "Excuses For All High School Occassions". To Mr. Neighbarger, I leave a band worthy of the name Bellflower, and some decent drummers. To Steve Moran, I leave a couple of pizza's, and a free trip to the Dell of your choice. To all future generations who have yet to pass through the portals of BHS, I leave my abilities. B.S. my way out of any situation I could possible get into. And I could good BHS, I leave the hopes and aspirations of generations to come. Pax.

* * *

I, SANDY JORGENSEN, being of sound mind and body do hereby will the following: To Les: I leave her a life time of short-hand and typing. To Terry: I leave the embarrassing times of being president of "S" Club. To Eva Lou: I leave best wishes and all the luck she will need in college. To Mr. J.Z. Morgan: I leave a bottle of 409 and a hard working TA for the remaining years he will have at BHS. To all of the teachers who had to put up with me for three years, I leave them remembrance of me. To the 1972-73 Drill Team, I leave all the good times we had together and forget the bad. I also leave them all of the goofy things we did together. To the 1973-74 Drill Team, I leave as good a times as we had. Also a lot of boot polish. To the Captains of next years Drill Team, I leave good luck and be firm. To Jeany, I leave all of the fun times we've had together the past three years, and one more happy year at BHS. Enjoy it, it's your Senior year! To all of my friends, I leave good luck for the rest of your lives. To the keyettes, I leave you hard work and a fun time with all those wonderful guys. To Key Club and their sponsors, I leave another sweetheart as devoted as I was. Try a little harder next year. GOOD LUCK TO EVERYONE AT BHS and a big GOOD-BYE

I, MICHAEL NOAR, hereby, declare my will and forget that bit about mind and body. First, I will this will to the "Blade", so that they can use it as a filler to take up worthless space with worthless trash. To Mr. Bott, and the Tennis team, I leave, Fayoe. To my two brothers, I leave my left over carbon dioxide laser. I leave a gay time for Fred Budig, Rod Stern, and Sam Nunn, who will be living together at UCLA. To Bryan Larson I leave a rope so that he may continue his forensic hangings. To Dave Wielenga, I leave Wong. To Terry Garret, I leave a policeman to stop her from breaking into silver "Z's". To Bellflower High School, I leave "Buc Apathy?" To everyone I leave a bad day.

* * *

"Oceans", a dingleess surfboard
and a tan Porsche with a radio.
And finally to BHS we leave--
gladly.

* * *

Senior Willis

typed by: Sherry Berkowitz,
Joannes Boman
Suzanne Fernish

pasted-up by: Paula LaBocco
Suzan Smith

printed by: Mr. Ray King

[illegible]

KIWANIS CLUB OF
 BELLEFLOUWER SCHOLAR
 SHIP Scott Rozelle

ROTARY CLUB OF BELLFLOWER	Barbara Bair
SCHOLARSHIPS	LeeAnn Park
NAVY/MARINE COLLEGE	Peggy Traxel
SCHOLARSHIP.	Samuel Nunez

Barbara Bair
LeeAnn Park
Peggy Traxel

Samuel Niles

Linda Pederson
Peggy Buffington

Peggy Buffington

Tom Creswell
Peggy Rivers

Peggy Rivers

BELFLOWER PARENT-
TEACHER COUNCIL
SCHOLARSHIP

Robert Lemen

BELLFLOWER EDUCATION

FOR PROSPECTIVE TEACHER Eva Cunningham

WASHINGTON JUNIOR HIGH
SCHOOL PARENT-TEACHER
ASSOCIATION SCHOLARSHIP Robyn Peek

Robyn Peek

KAY MICHAELS BEAUTY
COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP

Kathy Costa

BELLFLOWER-PARAMOUNT
SCHOLARSHIP. Barbara Bair

Barbara Bair

BALIAN AWARD FOR

SERVICE AND CITIZENSHIP Nick Cirincione
 Barbara Bair
 CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND
 LOAN OUTSTANDING
 STUDENT AWARD James Modlin

James Modlin

DR. GERENE TORRES
MEMORIAL AWARD
PRESENTED TO.

Barbara Bair

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EARLE K. SMITH SERVICE
ABOVE SELF AWARDS:

Fine Arts Peggy Buffington

Peggy Buffington

Practical Arts Jeanne Farquhar

I, JOANNE BRIONES, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following: To Debbie B., the great times we've all had together, one last bottle of Strawberry Hill, (don't you think it's about time YOU joined A.A.), and a new birth certificate dated July 11, 1957. To Lee Ann P., many more Gary's, the males of Malibu and a few Vicencia signs. Your a great friend. To Cathy F., a lifetime membership in A.A., all the french fries you can eat, and a lifetime of love and happiness to you and Don. To Cheryl K., a full-proof way to graduate early, the title, "Pup n Lobster," and the hopes that some day you can match Mickey Stokley's walnuts. To Don M., a lifetime peace agreement between Paul L. and John K., remember there still your friends; and a ring bearer, good luck to you and Cathy. To Paul L., member, good friends are hard to come by, and all the time you wasted waiting for your car to get fixed then not wanting it. To Terry C., a few Vicencia signs. A party and a big GOOD LUCK. To Mike R., two brand new knees, a party and Debbie. To Margie K., one used varityper, and a years supply of ribbon. To Suzanne, Sherry and Joanne, an alarm clock to get you up at 6:00 to meet the 8:00 deadline, GOOD LUCK you guys.. To Sarah and Francis, I leave Strawberry Hill, guys and everything else that goes with a party. It's been great knowing you two. To Denise D., I leave YOUR slogan, "I'll do anything for a nickel," and a few guys with a lot of nickels. Now that prices are going up maybe yours should too. To Pam B., (Queen Cow), a bull-horn so when you've got something to brag about you won't have to strain your voice, a book entitled "How To Treat The Friends You Have," and at the rate your going you just may end up without any, and the next time you throw yourself at a guy's feet make sure you don't get stepped on. To Cheryl R., a summer's friendship, a book entitled, "How To Treat A Guy," and a love triangle that everyone knew about but you. To Mr. McDowell, a big THANK YOU. And to BHS four years of great times.

4th period. To Rick Porcaro, thanks for being such a nice guy, and one free lesson on "How To Park A Car The Correct Way." To Candi Campbell, the right to glance over my notebook as to what went on during 1st period when you weren't there, the "COURAGE" to ask Steve, the willpower to get your diploma, a car fast enough to catch "COOKIE DUSTER" going down South St, the secret spy metal, and friends always. To Katie Bartley, one case of ZUP, on me, boxing gloves for anyone who wishes to fight you, and two more years of BHS. To Mary Farquhar, an apology for leaving you in 6th period P.E., the 13 extra points we never got for being on court one at the end of the tournament, and good luck always. To Ron Hewitt, thanks for taking me to lunch, but I'm still hungry and still waiting. To Mrs. Harper, it was fun being your T.A., I'm sorry for not coming to see you and goodbye. To BHS I leave.... "gladly".

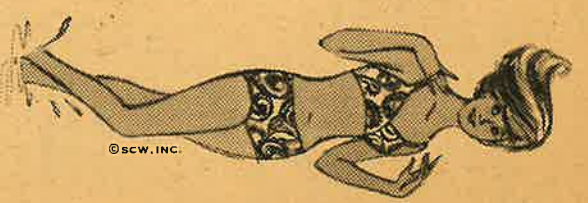
I, DEBORA GRANDIN, of a sound mind and body do hereby leave the following: To Waynette Asbury I leave you the best of luck in the future and may you always be happy with Mike. I hope we will still be the best of friends whatever may happen. To Amy Level I leave you Gary so you can have a happy future together, just remember Mrs. Martin will be watching both of you. To Debbie Barbour I leave you all my left over cuts, because I know you will like them best of all. Debbie I will always remember your smile and all those days that you couldn't stop smiling. To Colleen Oldenkamp I leave a speech book so you can learn some new words so you won't have to always have to use heaven sake all the time. To Sheryl Baird (now Mrs. Johnson) I wish you the best of luck, happiness and may you both have a happy future together, but remember don't hit Gary with the rolling pin. To the five nursery schoolers I leave M.M. you can do what you want to do with her. To Mr. Flood I leave you our bet that in 1976 s.c. will be number one in all sports. Just remember this when you are sad I will be in your mind saying S.C. and I also leave you your kids that they can grow up being S.C. fans. To Miss Menke I will you my uncle so you can have that date that I was telling you all about these years. I like to thank you for all your help all these years. To Mr. Apley I will you a year of peace because you really need it, I also leave you my friendship. I like to remind you that you still look like Claymore. To Mr. A.A. Spectrio I will you many years of happiness, we had some bad times together but we worked them out and had a wonderful time together so both of us can remember them the rest of our life. To Mr. Latham I leave you the best of everything in your future. To Mary Kay Brown (now

Mrs. Joy) I will you Sal so you can have a very happy future together. Just remember when you have your first baby you better tell me. To all my other friends I have, I say good luck and God bless you all the years of your life. To my parents I leave you love and happiness all the years of your lives. To my sister and brothers and brother in-law I leave you all the happiness in the world. To the rest of my family and relatives I leave happiness and may God bless your homes. To all my other teachers I say thank you for everything.

I, DIANA SMITH, being of dirty mind and clean body? do hereby bequeath the following: to Joe Wyatt I leave Jo Ann Hartman. I think you're the only guy she hasn't given herself to yet (but I wouldn't know.) To Rick Porcaro I leave another good feeling in Bruno's bathroom and a frizzy-haired freshman hippy girl for you to love. To D.A. G.G. and F.S. I leave a "rain-check". To David L. I leave some one-night stands (with someone else). To Chris C. and John C. I wish you both luck next year in running for Mr. Fox (you really are!) To Jill E. and Karen S. I leave a chorus in "I wish I were a fish" and many happy memories. To Janna V. I leave the big dream of becoming the first women president And now to the Big H. (or does it start with a "W"?) of course Joanne Hartman. To you I leave all the one night stands you can handle although won't be standing, and a book on how to make friends in one lesson! I also leave my appreciation to you for running after every guy that you found out I liked and a big laugh in you thinking they liked you. JoAnne I leave you my pity. To this year's Pep Squad, especially Song, I leave happy, sad, good and bad memories and a big apology for leaving so soon. It wasn't because of you, really! To Janet and little Lori I leave the hopes of a great year ahead and a big good luck to next years Pep Squad. (one of these days someone will understand what we're down there for.) To Linda, Cathy, Debbie, and Loretta I thank you for you're friendship and hope there are more good times to come. To Rosie I leave one sole-filled Chicano, more nights on Bellflower Blvd. and a true friend. To Vickie Roberts I leave great times, a thousand and one confidential secrets and a perfect friendship. Good luck always to

Cheryl S. I leave many more nights of looking for the parties that just aren't there but most of all a never ending friendship and many thanks for just being you. To Terrie and Margie I leave a happy Hi, two long-hairs, a dirt-free Rose Parade and the hopes that the good time will never end. To Terrie I also leave that saying "Ew, I knew Jew!" To my good friend Mrs. Betty Palmer, I leave you enough patience to last the rest of your time at Bellflower you've done a great job so far, and a handful of thanks for all your help and understanding, you're really a beautiful person! To all of those I leave behind, I say good-bye, it's been fun. God Bless you all.

I, SUSAN SMITH, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To LeeAnn I leave an 11 page paper with stories continued on page 12, and all the memories of a fine friendship over the years. To Clay, I leave someone who is understanding and patient enough to paste up your page. To Sherry and Suzanne, I leave a Varityper that will never need a ribbon change. To Mickey, I leave a centerfold of M.M.. and two more years of Newspaper. To Cheryl, I leave Bellflower Blvd. in hopes that everyone will want an ad. To Joanne I leave a car that uses gas like a sieve so it will always need filling up. To Cheryl, I leave H.M. and all the memories of the dairy. To Pam, I leave the Dairy. To Debbie, I leave a forged driver's license, and the hopes that some day you will get yours. To Mr. Bott, YGAD, What can I say after four years of math. To Nathaneal Randall and his gang, I leave a complete math notebook to copy from. To Vickie H., I leave enough time in a day to write Jana a letter, and many more math classes like ours has been To Eva, I leave the nickname Vroom Vroom, and the hopes that she will be careful on her Harley. To Jo Fenn, I leave the embarrassment of having a Singing Valentine sung to you. And last, but not least, to Gary, (Garraymond), I leave me, in the hopes that we shall be forever happy. And to BHS I leave four years that I will always remember, so long.



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I, BRIAN RATHBURN, the only, I, MICHAEL NOAR, hereby, de- bequeath the following to my clare my will and forget that friends and acquaintances: To bit about mind and body. First, the Buc Band I leave my pet duck I will this will to the "Blade" with it's golden door knob to so that they can use it as a symbolize the impossibleness of filler to take up worthless it all. To Boys' Chorus I leave space with worthless trash. To the magic serum that will turn Mr. Bott, and the Tennis team, them all into opera singers and leave, Fayoe. To my two broth- ers, I leave my, left over carbon rid them of their lockjaw. To dioxide laser. I leave a gay Mr. Hester and Mr. Stout I leave time for Fred Budig, Rod Stern, and Sam Nunn, who will be living together at UCLA. To Bryan Larson I leave a rope so that he may continue his forensic hang- ings. To Dave Wielenga, I leave Wong. To Terry Garret, I leave a policeman to stop her from breaking into silver "Z's". To Bellflower High School, I leave "Buc Apathy?" To everyone I leave a bad day.

* * *

WE, DENISE DAVIS AND JAN

CURTIS, being of surfer minds and bodys(?) do hereby bequeath the following: To Sheri W., one cake with a file in it (for Michael) a P. Noodle and a dog named Spot. To Jeri D. a life- time supply of doobers, a hevho, and some lost keys while shop- ping. To Petew M. a hot Manca and a Huzza. To Paul (Moso), many more surf movies, and an- chovie, Mr. Goody Good, a car door lock from Lon's car to do with as you please. And re- member, it's only September (get it). To Jimbo a week's paid vacation at Sally's cat house. To Chris G. the intestines from a pig and from Jan, all the fun we had working at B&R. To Bob H. a chocolate chip malt. To Patti D. a walk on the wild side, Southern comfort at

"Oceans", a dingleless surfboard and a tan Porsche with a radio. And finally to BHS we leave-- gladly.

* * *

Senior Wills

typed by: Sherry Berkowitz,
Joannes Boman
Suzanne Fernish

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Susan Smith

printed by: Mr. Ray King

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Science and Mathmetics . . . James Modlin
Fine Arts . . . Linda Pederson
Liberal Arts . . . LeeAnn Park
Vocational Arts . . . Peggy Taxel

Certificate Winners in:

Mathematics . . . Thomas Creswell
Laboratory Science . . . Michael Noar
Music . . . Thomas Creswell
Art . . . Peggy Bufington
Drama . . . Jeanne Farquhar
English . . . Barbara Bair
Social Science . . . Robert Lemen
Foreign Language . . . Vicki Herbst
Business . . . Debbie VandeBrake
Home Economics . . . Paulette Vanier
Industrial Arts . . . Edward Nauman
Liberal Arts . . . LeeAnn Park

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University of California,
Los Angeles: Irvine Corp.
Alumni Award . . . Scott Rozelle
United States Military
Academy, West Point . . . James Modlin
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Guard Academy . . . James Modlin
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California, Trustee Scholar . . . James Modlin
Pepperdine University,
Malibu . . . LeeAnn Park
Whitworth College . . . Scott Rozelle

CALIFORNIA STATE SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS:

Cynthia J. Caole Henry Morales
Marie C. Chabolla Robert J. O'Brien
Robertta Castro Mary Sue Owens
Eva L. Cunningham LeeAnn L. Park
Dinah L. Herron Linda K. Pederson
James M. Modlin David Wielenga

GEMCO FOUNDATION AWARD FOR SCHOLARSHIP . . . LeeAnn Park

MASONIC AWARD . . . LeeAnn Park

ROTARY CLUB OF BELLFLOWER SCHOLASTIC - ATHLETE OF THE YEAR . . . Steve Eades

BELLFLOWER HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETE OF THE YEAR . . . Bob O'Brien

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BELLFLOWER SCHOLAR
SHIP . . . Scott Rozelle

ROTARY CLUB OF BELLFLOWER
SCHOLARSHIPS . . . Barbara Bair
LeeAnn Park
Peggy Taxel
NAVY/MARINE COLLEGE
SCHOLARSHIP . . . Samuel Nunn

BELLFLOWER WOMEN'S
CLUB SCHOLARSHIPS . . . Linda Pederson
Peggy Bufington

BELLFLOWER HIGH SCHOOL
PARENT-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION
SCHOLARSHIPS . . . Tom Creswell
Peggy Rivers

BELLFLOWER PARENT-
TEACHER COUNCIL
SCHOLARSHIP . . . Robert Lemen

BELLFLOWER EDUCATION
ASSOCIATION SCHOLARSHIP
FOR PROSPECTIVE TEACHER . . . Eva Cunningham

WASHINGTON JUNIOR HIGH
SCHOOL PARENT-TEACHER
ASSOCIATION SCHOLARSHIP . . . Robyn Peek

KAY MICHAELS BEAUTY
COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP . . . Kathy Costa

THE EXCHANGE CLUB OF
BELLFLOWER-PARAMOUNT
SCHOLARSHIP . . . Barbara Bair

BALLAN AWARD FOR
SERVICE AND CITIZENSHIP . . . Nick Ciriluncione
Barbara Bair

CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND
LOAN OUTSTANDING
STUDENT AWARD . . . James Modlin

DR. GERENE TORRES
MEMORIAL AWARD
PRESENTED TO: . . . Barbara Bair

EARLE K. SMITH SERVICE ABOVE SELF AWARDS:

Fine Arts . . . Peggy Bufington
Practical Arts . . . Jeanne Farquhar
Citizenship . . . Robyn Peek

The Bellflower Blade

I, TIM RUSH, known better in social circles of Bellflower High as Gross, being of smashed mind and studly body, do hereby leave the following: To my brother Bob B., I leave the pipeline and a weed patch. To Wade J., 'The Shaker', I leave my barbells and four cases of 'Grow Pup' in hopes he'll develop. To Mr. Koch, I leave the 32 lbs. I lost, the 2,160 big screens I ran and the four chipped teeth I got in my three years of wrestling. To Rich Oki, I leave my deep respect and admiration.. To Don Kerr, I leave a 4x8 pane of glass, and a new house. To Dirk, Bruno and Rick, I leave the Olympia Brewery and three extra large jerseys. To Johnny Contreras, I leave the Gay Liberation and Eliots Gym. To Mr Bott, I leave another MIA class of suckers and my highest esteem as a great man. To Bill Kosareef, 'The Hulk', I leave a 3x3 blow up of Vasily Alexeyv and 12 lbs of Pb. To Fish Hansen, I leave Whittier Blvd., and a gold plated thumb with the inscription, 'Bultaco.' To Mr.. Boyle, I leave \$35.00 worth of broken test tubes, and a free pass to Rotary Luncheons. To Lee Ann F. I leave a copy of the book, 'How To Make The Most of Basketball Games', by Gross Rush. To Rod S., I leave a side of pork, cut wrapped and delivered to your door next Honakah, and a complementary plot ae the 'Paupers Cemetery.' To Ted S., I leave a complete set of the new Funk & Wagnals encyclopedia on gardening, and Bushmans Sporting goods store, so you can buy all the Addidas Tennis shoes you want, and play tennis till your arms fall off. To Fred B., 'Fuerd', I leave Carlsbad State Beach, and five flats of eggs for medicinal purposes. To Lynn M. and Debbie M., I leave one elephantine 10.0 BUUUURRRPPPI That will send them flailing in- to the nearest bathroom. To Jaime C., I leave a giant fiddle and a new pipe. To Jim-M., I leave 10 cases of chalk, and a copy of the new bestseller, 'The Sensuous War Mongor,' by James Modlin II. To Scott R., I leave 16 gold plated report cards all, the glory in the world, and two tons of jelly beans. To Henry M., I leave a case of the 'Olde English,' and a new smokestone. To Karen K., I leave one more year of Buc Pride, and a certain Dumb Football Player. To Big Joe Zl., 'you black _____', I leave a AAAHHHHRRRR and the best of luck. To Arletta G., I leave Senior Square in three more years, and a waffle iron to remove your curls. To Carol K., I leave four bare walls, and a crayon so you can do your thing for the next two yeaws. To Bob L., I leave Paula, good luck and 6" of beaters gold. To Crusty Rusty K., I leave a lifetime supply of basketballs, and two golden years at Gerritos Jr-High School, I mean Gerritos Jr. College, which I'm sure you'll love and cherish. And last but not least, to Nickeltwus Cirlin-cione, I leave 10 new sets of guitar strings, the Wankel engine Helen and a big fat colosal "PRANG"!!!!

* * *

I, DARLENE SMITH, being of not so sound mind and short body, do hereby leave the following: To my best friend Janice H., I leave many memories from four long years of high school, and a big thanks for listening to all my troubles; you always came up with a solution to them. To Marla W., I leave my special combination lock, with the numbers 54-66-9, to unlock it. To Melissa H. and Donna M., I leave a copy of

Seniors. To Joan O., (alias Callaway), I leave you the hope of a long and happy life with your hubby Richard. To Jill B., I hope you'll get that special graduation present from Tony. To Denni W., I leave also hope of forgetting the past, remembering the good times we've had at BHS., and good luck in the future. To Rob H., I leave a set of keys to my car; when I'm through with my car you can have that too. To Wayne A., I leave the nickname "Paulene," the song "I'll Never Fall in Love Again" and thank-you for all the needed advice. To Nick C., I leave a memory of July 4th, Summer of '69', and two months of unforgettable happiness. To Gary T., I leave all my old speech notes, and my written speeches from Comm. Skills. To David S., I leave a large pack of chewing gum. Chew it and think of the times you listened to me in Decision Making, talking about my boyfriends. To Paul L., I leave the memory of our senseless phone calls, our unused Sadie Hawkins ticket, and hope of seeing you this summer. To Mr. Edwards, I thank you for listening to my school problems, letting me use your phone so many times during snack, and for helping me through these past trying years at BHS. To all my teachers I had, whether it be good or bad, I thank-you for putting up with me. Last of all to good old BHS, I leave here with a prayer that you'll last another hundred years.

* * *

I, DINAH HERRON, hereby dedicate these memoirs to the following friends and/or heroes. To Marla, the last of the Lickety Spilts and my oldest friend, I leave memories of Mr. I., the Great Escape from Porters, Kiddo, and many moons of plucking season. To my foxy little Italian friend Nick (sorry Joe!) the hopes that I may find more of your kind (in a larger version) I leave Mr. Killen u sore back. And Cathy the "Last of the Originals" I will you a perfectly trained filly, no more you know whos to wreck your love affairs, Cal Poly a ranch and my thanks for a great friendship. To Red Eye and Tangle Foot I leave pineneedles in your beds forever. Well Boo Boo what can I leave you but an ugha muga, witch hazel mouth wash, a row boat, cheese on your leos, 100 cruises by the theater, a P.W. all of your own and my friendship forever if you can stand that! I would like to leave Miss Waltner the greatly needed womens liberation in the P.E. department and all the A's I deserved, but didn't get. I will to the Apartment girls more nerve to buy what they need for another true confession session and to that fantastic Powder-puff football team lots of bruises but even more glory (thanks to you Dave). Janet I think I'll leave you patience with Pat and all the joy and self satisfaction I know you'll receive for all your efforts. I also leave you one crazy roommate next year! And to Mike there's more to give than to leave. Like a growing fondness for Nitro (your gonna need it boy) a chance to share my wild adventures this summer and lots of love. To Randy N. I leave a tan and our dear little pig. I wish for Mrs. Hersek at least one healthy relative, Jim M. a great future, Mr. Morgan another Thomas Jefferson, finally to my favorite Mr. Bott I leave two more her-RONSI

* * *

I, Janet Thompson, soul inhabitant of okay bod and pro-

leave: To those of any importance I give something of temporary value. To Bryan L. I leave lots of hope for your future with the hope that you'll find your own world the way I found mine. To Sam, I leave the satisfaction of beating the system, and lots of luck next year at UCLA. To Janet C., I leave a nine year friendship and a lot of satisfaction that comes from knowing you. To Denise, I guess you know what I leave you, but if you don't, fifty cents will show you. Good Luck. You too, Jan. To Gary B., I leave my friendship and good times we had with B.K. Good Luck in boot. To Diane N., I leave nothing of importance to myself, because your not worth it. I do, however, leave a book "1,000 Ways to Express Hate, Spite, and Selfishness," your one way gets rather dull. I give you a double faced mirror to match your two facedness, and a grindstone to sharpen your cutting remarks. hey, too, are rather dull. I give you back any time we ever had together, because the memories, like your personality, have turned extremely putrid. Lastly, I leave you chained to the wall along with the others like you who are out on an ego trip, and drool for what they can never have. To Peter M., I leave you a hot huza in 508 and the ability to zap out of existence a cartoon fanatic of questionable credentials. To S.B., a thank you for what you have given to make it right. To Brian K., I leave my feelings all mixed up inside, and the hope that someday they'll be set right. I also give a lot of personal care and hope for your future wherever it might be. Last of all, I leave you with the memory of three drunk ladies at C.J.'s, and a little love spread around. To Marla, who thought by now that she was forgotten, I give just about everything a friend can give. I leave you with lots of memories of good times and bad. Times of fried chicken, "Kitty, what do you say", and unplanned vacations. I give you the entire Sears gas station, along with some decent fitting bras and a forty dollar bill here and there. God knows you earned it. I give you the power to say no when it comes to taking rides down snow covered slopes, and a chefs hat to wear when you think your an Italian cook. Last of all, I leave you all the luck and absence cards you can use in a years time, along with teachers who B.S. easily. Good Luck.

* * *

I, DEBBIE BENTON, being of unsound mind and bod, do hereby bequeath the following: To Don and Cathy, I leave each other, and a life time of Love and Happiness forever. To Joanne, I leave all the great memories that we've shared over the years. I also leave Henry, so you can do as you wish, when you wish. So watch out Henry, cause here she comes! To Love-Lorn Lee Ann, I leave all the boys in Malibu and a tape of Mission Impossible: starring, Terry the Turtle. To Cheryl, I leave a way out at the quarter, so you won't waste your time here. I also leave you a louder radio, so you won't have to put up with Lee Ann and Joanne's helpful hints while your driving. To all the gang, I leave many more parties, and many more good times together. To each of you, I leave a visitors pass to A.A., and a sip of Strawberry Hill when no one is looking! To Pam B., I leave a megaphone so you won't have to strain that squeaky little voice of yours in the hall anymore. To Pam and Cheryl I leave the dairy and

Court." I also leave a great big Mooooo! To that special guy, who I have liked for a long time, I leave a Saturday night party, a couple of empty bottles and Joanne yelling from the bathtub. I also leave an apology which you never received, because I never could bring myself to dial the last number; I leave you only good times, and I leave you my Love. And to all the people like: Cindy, Ruben, David, Leslie, John, Sarah and Frances, Scott, Terry, Paul and many more....I say later..... It's been a great four years, and I thank you all.

* * *

I, MICHAEL WAYNE BERG PARDO FAVORITE, being of Volkswagen riddled body and filth infested mind, do hereby bequeath the following to the following: To Paul Koumis, I leave the book entitled, "What Not To Say To A Fag When Hitch-Hiking." To Andy Alves, I give one (1) "Crazy Horse" sticker and four-hundred (400) gallons of gas for one thousand more trips to Sambo's and Eddie's Liquor. To Mike Hansen, I leave the title of president of the "Witty Witmeyer fan club. To B.J., I leave a bottle of Strawberry Hill, and two week's supply of turtleneck sweaters. To Denise Hall, I leave an infinite amount of soul, and a lesson on how to say "GET DOWN" forty different ways. To Doug Rich, a bumper sticker saying, "THIS IS A HOT CAR," just so everyone will know without you having to tell them. Also a pamphlet about how to borrow things tactfully and never return them. To Joe Adotta, I leave "The JoAnn Hartman, I love to B---- Book," so then maybe he can get his annual staff to make their deadlines. To Kim Disharoon, I leave a three month course in "HOW TO SMOKE WITHOUT CAUSING HARM TO THE PEOPLE AROUND YOU." To Mr. Killen I leave the next House of Representatives to ruin as he did this year's.... To Dinah I leave myself, as long as she will have me.

* * *

I, RITA YBARRA, being of clean mind and desert bod, hereby will the following: To Cindy Morris, I leave a new neck brace, your sweetheart? one pizza, all the fun times we had and a life long friendship. To the 72-73 yell squad, I leave my muscle legs (Marilyn). To the new pepsters, I leave my congratulations, Buc Pride, and all the fun time that come with being on yell. To Dave Hall's, I leave all the TLC you can handle, and a trip to the beach this summer. To Martin Kartchner and my little sister Becky, I leave each other, and also for Becky I leave a 42UD bra, and BEACH ST. To Denise Wildey, I will a bottle of shrinking pills, (if only you were a little shorter). One BOOBIE to Emery A. To Sandy Jorgensen, I leave a "stick it up a little higher", and happiness with Jim. To Charlotte Baty, I leave happiness with J.G. To John Garcia, I leave my place in fame cos you need all the help you can get. To Stan Weinburg, I leave a bottle of curl free. To Maureen Maxwell, a new pair of hot pants, go-go boots and some dentures. To Craig Wilmore, I leave all the girls at BHS. To Katina West, I leave some eyelashes one pound of rear and luck with Alan. To Carol Gunderson, I leave some spot remover. To Mr. Edwards, my phone bill. To Dary Shumaker, I will a razor. To the rest of

Bellflower Blade

I, BARB ENOCHS, being of poor mind and worse body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Denise P., one afternoon in a cold pool (I hope you're tired), and a book entitled "I Know It All, Just Ask Me", a trio, the alto part all to yourself, a song called "Up, Up and Away In My Beautiful _____", my old Driver's license and a big white caddy to go with it. And last, a dozen cold spoons, I sure hope they work. To Robyn P. a cold pool to share with me and Den, a 1000 piece symphony complete with triangles and cymbals, good 'ol I.T.F. and my Ken shoe, take good care of them, a gold plated hammer (ouch), hot flash- es, for a little excitement, a guy in a blue van, my hot summer house, and my wonderful green cords. To Flip Davis, a course on how to be rough and tough, a slip of the hand, tuna sandwiches in the mountains, and Calvin's irresistible qualities to get a girlfriend. Also a better church choir and the best of luck always. To Sam and Randy, someone else to make mean re- marks about. To Mary Brazil, a bunch of rides home, a year's supply of bulletin boards, per- fect attendance in P.E., the music library and all the work that goes with it. To Brian Rathburn, a new pair of foxy slippers. To Diane Newsom, a big monkey from the San Diego Zoo. To Karen Hale, a cure for that terrible virus on your neck. To Cindy Morris, a bunch of chewed up pencils left in my hair from last years choir. To Kim Coston, a handy place to park. To Lynda Ward, a date with DEAN. To show so much affection. To Mrs. Davis, a car wash, a chocolate donut, a job next year. Of course my ability to be sarcastic, tough nerves to put up with your sons and a rock for the door (sorry 'bout that). Also my thanks for all your help, support and encouragement, and thanks for your middle son! Also I leave you an annual and a free lunch on the last day of school. To Mrs. Baker, the whole messed up vocal library for you to fix up! Private 'how to present your- self on stage' lessons, I don't want them, an accurate account of my gas mileage, also, apol- ogies for all the trouble I gave you. And thanks for all your help in everything, and mostly for your trust at one particular time, also my wishes to you for a happy, healthy baby. Also to you I leave an annual and a lunch on the last day of school. To Ensemble I leave Debbie Roy, have fun. To all those people who make nice comments and remarks about Calvin and I at the beginning --kiss off. And last, to the vocal music department where I spent all my time, good luck with your new teacher, I hope you have alot of fun like I did.

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WE, TERRY GEORGE and LESLIE BREMER, being of sound minds and stable bodies, will to the following: Kathy C., we leave you certs and gum who never had them in 4th period. Twinkle Toes Clark, a few tennis balls to take out and hit around the tennis courts. Bette Clark, a few more clubs for you to get involved in. Vicki S., a new set of ear drums for the up coming football games. Mr. Richardson, a new batting brush to hit against the podium for kids like his first semester class. Mary Morrison, we give you Mrs. Martin's class. Cindy C., good luck in your nursery school. Debbie B., a little more coordination and longer hair. Mr. Matt, a lot of luck with Work Experience and better kids that come more often than we did. Mrs. Hinds, good luck with

more vocabulary words that she can use. Mr. Gottlieb, his baggies. Mrs. Martin, a better advisor for her Home Ec. Club. To Mickey, we will a lot more skits like Fancy. To Marie, Marlene and Faye, to be better Easter Bunnies on the Blvd. Cileen O., a lot of luck. Mr. Morgan a can of Ajax, paper towels, and more students to write on the desks. Mrs. Wynne, another "S" Club next year. Mr. Modlin, a little more hair up top and more kids like Les. Sam, a little more bounce to her pipe curls and a lot more cars to stall. Mrs. Olson, all the brief forms and dictation that Shortland 2 did. To Les, I leave her puppies. To Knobby Knees George, I leave her a bet- ter alarm clock. To George G., our gym socks. To Amber, a bet- ter attendance record in what- ever you do. Donna and Debbie, we leave the Drill Team. Jeannie, we leave her Mr. Good- bar. Caesar, we leave you pho- tography. Amy, Gary and Kim, we leave you a lot more practice in volleyball, and no more excuses like hurt fingers, and the six minutes that you had to do. Good Luck to all the students and teachers.

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I, ROBYN "Pecky Boo" PEEK be- ing of unappreciated mind and decrepit body, do hereby be- queath the following: To Peggy B., all the good times we've shared, the interesting year on Band Council, the sharing of your mom, love and happiness for you and Mike, and my moods, you're a wonderful friend. To Denise P., I leave our little escapade at Roy Rogers, "the flowers that bloom in the spring tra la", "oh moan", and all the other weird things we've done. I also leave you all the mar- golds your heart can hold. To Cindy C., our friendship for many more years to come. To Barb E., rug burns, the church bug, I.T.F. may he (it?) forever hang (droop) on your bulletin board, Calvin, and stay away from hammers, box lids, and dancing doll shoes. To Debbie R., if you need someone to talk to I'll be around somewhere. To Steve H., good luck at PCC, may you reach all your goals. To Brian R., a joke book containing 1000 dirty polock jokes, and of course "Softy". To Dennis S., I leave the phrase, "That could have been acid!", an untied apron string, a squirt with a wash bottle, a snap of the gog- gles, next year as Drum Major, and many happy times with Vickie. To Rick G., may you someday acquire all the class period band class, 10 million freshman to drive you all up the wall. To Randy R., the ability to play a time. To Craig Y., a rope to tie your hands and a gag for your mouth. To Ron H., the award for being the nicest, kindest person in the world, God Bless you always. To Mr. Neigharger, a button to push that will clean your office, another "dingy blonde" to annoy you, a wonderful life for you, Mrs. N. and Aaron, and a big thank you! To Lon B., I leave an "At Pius WE..", a "hi fag", and Monday nights at Tiny Nay- tor's. To Rod Matcham, a pinch on you own i!"#\$%&*". To Mrs. Baker, happiness for you, Mr. B., Sam, Claudine, Alfie, and your upcoming arrival. To Mrs. Davis, I leave you a page turner less nervous than me, and some- one else to ask you billions of piano questions, thank you! To Mary B., two more years in choir and culmination without the senior altos, and a new water heater that fills up faster than.....? To John A., instruc- tions on how to john a fr.....

To Judy S., I leave you a better year on Band Council, and the advice to stick with Pintos they're better than Rancheros! To Rhonda R., two more years in band, and remember someday you'll be "just a Senior"! To room 881 and it's future inhab- itants, I leave a cleaner li- brary, new paint and egg cartons and a director that's also pretty DINGY!!!!

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I, DEBBIE WILSON, being of slightly deranged mind, but solid bod, do hereby bestow the following things upon the fol- lowing people: To the "Apart- ment crew", I leave one un- forgettable night at Huntington Harbour and those midnight con- fessions in the summer of '72. To Dirk A., I leave a lifetime subscription to Farmer's Almanac a Kansas Wheatfield, and the best of everything to a great person. To Gary G., I leave one "Whaat's Happennng?", a box of colored toothpicks, and me, for your "Toots". To my "lit- tle" brother Ricky, I leave good luck for football and making the best of three more fun years at BHS. To Cathy B. I leave our debuts in Drama and my ex- cellent equestrian talents. To Patty M., I leave the sound of my horn, (may it always rule) your true-life story (lies), the na nana cheer, and next year's Falcon games. To Loretta V., I leave our mutual interest of the Lakewood vicinity, (well, as long as we're going that way. . .). To Linda B. (Liny, Charlee), I leave "Summer Breeze", Lovie and of course, Tarbo, the exquisitely exciting Bartel brothers, and a fine time while touring the European youth hostels this summer. To Rosie E., I leave "The Night" (which needs no further explanation, thank you). Also, shall I say, the many (mis) adventures of Elias and Wilson, and my unique counseling service. To Rick, I fondly leave, a certain green locker, the secret of celery, a red sweatshirt, "talking", my super-duper cougar call, the turtle in the park the contents of a small blue box, and every- thing else in between and be- yond. To "The Girls", I leave our lunatic laughter, our in- sane way of talking, our crazy conversations, but most of all, our many memories, a week in Catalina, and all of the good times to come. And finally, to each one I have mentioned I leave all my understanding and friendship forever, and I say simply "thank you", may every- one of you have the best of luck you deserve and all the happi- ness that life can bring you.

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I, PAT BENTLEY, being of sound mind and body, do hereby be- queath the following: To my little brother, Doug the Dog, take care of your self and stay in school because it is the best years of your life. Don't for- get my racks, mags, and tape player. To Susie, I leave morn- ings at Bob's Big Boy, going to the beach at 7:30 in the morn- ing, typing inventories, being Easter Bunnies, one 240-Z, and the closest friend I'll ever have. Good Luck and all the happiness with John. To Jerre, I leave a lot of memories of the good times we've had and the hope that you're dreams come true. To numb Nancy, I leave cruising the boulevard, egging Ronnie's "custom painted" van, all the fights we've gotten into when we've been drunk, 99 more years of friendship, a shoulder to cry on and all the foxes you can handle. To Christine Jor- gensen, I leave Bob Fields and his whip, driving to the river

friend you can always count on, me. To Bloody Bonnie, I leave a rainy night on Whittier Blvd., our Friday night dinners to- gether, my Black Sabbath tape, one month on our own thissummer and the best times any two friends can ever have. To Closed Colette, I leave eating eclairs at the bakery, getting bombed at the drive-in, going to Hawain Gardens for you know what, BLUE, Golden West, and all the happiness with Rick. Stay away from houseboats. To Mr. Hester, Mr. Matt, Miss Douglass and Miss Waitner, I leave all my thanks for making Bellflower worthwhile and for straitening me out on a lot of things. To Smuts, I leave one finger to do what ever you want with. To Bellflower High, good-bye and thank you for all the good times.

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I, WILLIAM RODNEY STE..N, of Bellflower, California, declare this to be my last will and re- voke all prior wills made by me. Having never married, I leave absolutely nothing to my wife. Therefore it is my last wish that my vast fortune be divided equally amongst my thirteen children (just kidding mom and dad). Realizing that there are things far more precious than money, I leave to our president, Richard M. Nixon (not Scott Rozelle), the far most precious of all, true friendship... friendship of America's finest citizens...men like Bob Haldeman and John whats-his-name. More important, to our own president (that's Rozelle, I leave Nixon's friends to handle the bugging of the Jew's headquarters when he runs for God? To his cohort in ASB (censored), Robert 'Bene- dict' Lemen, I relinquish ten per cent of everything, even though he ate his words (and his math grade) in that little cap- er. To ASBite Director of Pub- lic Relation (not a typograph- ical error) I leave the respect and admiration of those intel- ligent enough to understand you (too bad Einstein's dead...he made three). And to the entire ASB Cabinet (you power hungry mutahs) I will the official ASB stamp which your predecessors so gallantly misplaced during the ballot stuffing of 1971. To MS. TERRANCE GARRETT (I know you simply adore capitals) I leave the hope that some day you may find true happiness and a pleas- urable sex life. To Diane Clamer I leave the knowledge that there is a person named Richard Okimoto (that's all I can do Rich...the rest is up to you). Continuing with the fair- er sex, to Steve Eades I will the following advice in planning your Cerritos College training table--keep it down to 12 cigars and three cases of beer per day. To big Jim Modlin I leave a years supply of spit--get those shined, West Point don't mess around. And to little Jim (the math department head) I leave the thought that when big Jim goes back to the point, he prom- ised to give me his keys to the cabin. To Lee Viieger I leave a copy of, "10,001 everyday problems common to the Ford Mus- tang." And to Paula Baker I leave a copy of, "100,001 every- day problems common to Chevro- lets." To the Bellflower Blade and its staff I leave a Moti- vator booklet (for \$1.00), and to the Motivator staff I leave the award for being the top newspaper on campus. To all the good looking girls at Bellflower High (both of you) I leave my heart, soul and body for you a- lone. And finally, to Good ol' BHS I simply leave (here's, to life after death at UCLA). This

The Bellflower Blade

I, CHERYL RAY, being of sound body and mind, bequeath to the following: To Judy Kruse and Vickie Roberts, thanks for being such good friends all during high school. We had a lot of fun. I'll never forget the morning we got our class rings. To Janna Vandenburg, the question, "What color are they today," To Melvin, lots and lots of thanks for listening to all my problems. I'll never forget you. To Mando, the phrase, "Ya never know." To Melvin and Mando, a box of strawberries. To Myla Mazola, all the made up dates with Robert. To my sister Sandra, have fun in your last two years of high school, they go by fast; and a word of advice STOP being so picky. To all the senior officers, wasn't it fun? {ha-ha, Oh well, at least we made it through including all the problems. To Mrs. Young and Mr. Moore, you were both great sponsors. Mr. Killen and Mrs. Palmer, a BIG thank you, we never could have made it without you. To Patti Doktor, one night at Flora Vista Park, and luck with whatever or whoever you want. To Janet Nadalsky, one night going up and down curbs and a policeman. To Rick Porcaro, the strength to catch up with your age. Mr. Keenan, the phrase, "Been to the beach lately?" To Mr. Boyle, I leave a new typewriter to replace the one in the science office. To Steve Kekich, thanks, you're a GREAT listener, and the name Uncle Steve. To the Senior Square, I change your name to Junior Square. To Robert, a freshman basketball team, the phrase "But we don't have any chocolate," and ME. To everyone else at BHS, I leave you BHS.

I, DAVID HALLS, being of fractured frame and pickled protoplasm do hereby will the following: To Bellflower High, I leave my sister as a candidate for next years Homecoming Queen. To the math department, I leave a whole strain of us Halls' (for the next ten years) to mess up Math tests. To Mr. Bott especially (the great guy that he is) I leave an open man-hole to fall in, and one last "I hate that kid." To Mike and Ron, I gallon of gas to burn on the BLVD. To Rick, all the Blvd. Queens he "thinks" he can handle. Least and last I leave Olga to Kossy. To Janice, I leave all the guys her little heart desires, and another bottle of lighter. To Rita, I leave J.K. to have and to hold until she throws up. To Dreams I leave a one way trip to Comp-ton if she doesn't knock it off. Leonardo gets all the good times Bellflower can offer (its better that Downey, right!) I want to leave to (Guy) and friend all the happiness in the world, and a continuing friendship. To the teachers and friends important in my life, I leave my thanks for helping me make it through. Everyone! else gets the fickle finger of fate.

I, VICKIE ROBERTS, bequeath to the following people: To Judy Kruse, (even though you don't go to this school with us), I want to wish you and Dusty all the happiness in the world when you two get married. And I wish you'd hurry up so I can be in your wedding! Thanks for being such a wonderful friend all through high school. To Cheryl Ray, I also want to wish you one guy that will make you very happy. I hope he's a Mormon and I hope he has a great big long, bushy, thick BEARD! (Ha-Ha). It was really fun being such good

had a lot of good times and I'll always remember them! I want to wish you the best of luck in finding the right guy, but just remember, watch out for those it'sy, bity, teeny....By George I think you've got it!!! All in all to my three best girlfriends: It was a lot of fun running around in our leotards, clowning around in Modern Dance, getting our rings; just everything we've done I'll never forget them or you! To Terrie Roberts, my one and only sister, (thank GOD! I couldn't handle another one like her, as a matter of fact, I don't think anyone can really put up with her!) I will you the best of luck in your last year at BHS and one other thing, SE NICE! To Eddie Roberts, my little brother, I will you ten thousand surfboards, and a lifetime lasting "out-a-site" wave right in your backyard, so you won't bug me to take you to the beach at 4:00 in the morning and complain that there "ain't" any good waves! To Mary Ann Trout, I want to wish you all the happiness in the world, you deserve it because you're such a sweet person! Same goes for Carla! To all the junior girls, the best of luck on Homecoming Court next year, I'll be there to see who the lucky one will be. GOOD LUCK to you all! To Peach and Mark, a happy life together, you two are a perfect pair! To everybody remaining at Bellflower High, have a lot of fun and stay out of trouble! To the rest of my senior buddies, after graduation we won't be seeing much of one another, so, see ya at our ten year class reunion! Last of all, to Mark Trout, all my love always.

I, DIANE BARRETT, being of sound mind and body, do leave the following to these people: To my sister Cheryl, my help in finding her a guy like R.R. To Randy Reber, a good luck kiss for when you move to Riverside. To Dary S., I date, and my muscles to win Rick in arm wrestling. To Tom P., a "no big thing and an "OH shut up." To Barb E., my hopes that we'll always be friends, a 20 foot MICKY MOUSE, and much happiness with C.L.D. To Robyn and Denise, a spoon full of sugar, a silver bell and all the laughs we had in choir. To Mary B., thanks for being my friend, and I hope you will find you're laughing place. To Phil Davis, my hands to massage you're back for all the times I missed in choir, and a real kite. To Mrs. Davis, a big THANK YOU for helping us this year, and much happiness with you're grandchildren. To Mrs. Baker, I wish you will have the sweetest little sprit you can receive. To Bob H., a new watch. To all my other friends, good luck in all you do and have a neat summer. At last to Rick, I leave my heart.

I (we), BOB LEMEN, AND NICK CIRLINCIONE, being of expanded minds, shortened bodies, and having mutual feelings for our acquaintances, do hereby bequeath the following: To Coach Greenfield, we leave a pair of tweezers to pick out bench splinters, and a pat on the back for, "a nice try". To Sugar Bear Bott, we leave a shaft to rotate about his X-Y axis 360 degrees. To Mr. Mitchell, we leave a tape recording of his "there's no grade pressure in my class," for his future students. To Mr. Morgan we leave a throne to sit on during simulations, and to

together. To that sweet lady, Mrs. Baker, we leave 784,697 extra credit points which would be "very, very close to an A". To Mrs. Hersek, we leave ear plugs so her super-keen ears won't detect what we mumble under our breath. To Mr. Boyle and the Rotary advisors, I (Bob) leave a genuine thanks, my, interact jacket, and my ripping knife. To the administration, we leave all the "flakes" at B.H.S., as Mr. Prince puts it. To J.K., we leave a banner to hang in the new Leadership Conference room saying "Talk is cheap! We want action." To hop a long Eddie, a really great guy, we leave an unlimited supply of string to tie around his finger so he won't forget everything. To the tall Texan Lindley, we leave 100 free rides with Mr. Smith around the campus grounds in a janitor's jeep. To all our friends we leave all the happiness in the world along with the following. To Scott Rozelle we leave top billing in our will, and his picture on the cover of the Rolling Stone. To Jaime Carrillo and Henry Morales the two beans we leave Shankie and Honus (Made and Bob B.), and a brick. To Fred Budig, we leave a weekend in Carlsbad-W-I-N-O. To Phil Rogers and Ted Shimamoto, we leave a plaque which says "I never cheated in tennis." To "Big Jim" Modlin, we leave a hot babe for those cold West Point nights. To Carol Kane, we would like to TAKE four inches of her height. To Rod Stern, we leave a copy of the New Testament, an electric shaver for that shabby beard, and some gook poontang. To Susanne Van Horsen, we leave a spare rib from a fetal pig. To Rusty Kane, we leave a pillow to make the bench a little softer at Cerritos, and a spot on the Record Board for most turnovers in a career. And finally to our grossest friend, Tim Ribald Rush we leave a case of carbonated soda to belch to his hearts content, a coffin made of barrels, a plot under Eliott's Gym, and a trip to Tumwater, Washington to start his own brewery (if he doesn't drink up all his profits).

I, TOM CRESWELL, being of heavy enough mind to make up for the body, do will and bequeath to Roy Swett a 9.6 sprinter and a 4:20 miler (you can always hope). To OIB I leave M.K. and when you get bored, my little doll. To Pat I leave a year's supply of Dave Wottle caps. To Ken I leave Jeff English. To Fred and Dave I leave the thought that Lee Ann wasn't THAT bad. To The Little-Theatre-for Lunch bunch, I leave my frisbee in case you ever become throat-sore from yelling. To the BHS choir I leave (who else?) Mrs. Davis; and to Mrs. Baker, something to have and to hold: a baby with a wet diaper. To BHS, I leave Bryan Larson. You asked for it.

I, FRED BUDIG, ordain the following: To Dave-a wish for a plentiful portion of poonting in your porage; a pocket rating scale (from only 6-10), for long trips, to go with your first aide kit; innumerable thoughts, phrases, deeds and memories ("who looks at the mantlepiece when your poking the fire?"); and that hope that college hunting will restore the vitality sapped by the dogma of BHS. To Bob-a wild beast (is this the true "Wild Thing"?), outcry to echo through the dorms; Curtis Beck to finally give you someone

such as "They ain't people... they's animals"; an inverted isosceles (red); and, to keep your strength up, all the guavas and tters you can mouth-everything's proportional! To Pat S.-cool stuff, you big bumpkin; and Jay and Debbie to drive you crazy. To Bob L.-protection from your innermost desires. To Gross-a big blue pad (prang!) to stop your frenzied efforts towards a midnight swim; an anti-wasted pill to be taken, by you, an average of four to five times a week; and lastly and leastly, you simple existence (with Darryl's help.) To Big Hondo-the title of 'BH' and a secretary who can't type but has other impressive talents. To Rod-the promise of a program of the future to cleanse the world (it's presently being planned by the Fuhrer). To Teddy-white flesh to satisfy your primitive gook desires (scarf it down!). To Atlas-a vocabulary of obscenities; the award of "Rookie Ripper of the Year" (soph); and Pedro and Miersma to give you an interesting triangular reflection in the steamed-up mirrors of Eliott's. To Mike Lambe-a jug of apple cider. As for my most precious possession, the UHHHRRRAHH, I leave it to none, as none deserve it. And, to my sister, fame (most of the teachers can now pronounce Budig). To Blade.. no, that is BLADE staff-I leave a sports writer, never mind editor, who gets his stories on time and not in need of re-write; also, some rippers to back up Doyle. Also, Mickey Stokley (take care, Clayton and Bonita). Finally, to BHS-you've had the best years of your dull existence, form ballet stuffing to convention assassinations to the Motivator. Therefore, I leave the unavoidable let down of total boredom.

I, CINDY MORRIS, being of sound mind and body, bequeath the following: To Barb, Denise and Robyn, memories of Choir and Singing Valentines, and the practices we never really practiced at. Hope we can keep in touch. To Linda B., some of my natural curly hair, and the Korver boys, so you don't have to scream all the way home from Emmanuel. To Chris B., I leave Gibson To give a BIG snortley to tell 'em that's what I think of them. I also leave you my kids, Stinker, Garbagega, and Thrasher To Rosie, Loretta, Debbie, and Linda, memories of Catalina last summer, another bathroom in the house so Debbie can get in there to go pee in the toilet instead of Rosie's sleeping bag, and hopes that you guys will be faster getting ready this summer. To Becky Y. I leave the phrase, "I'm mature enough, but old enough." To Jayne, a locker all her own next year. To Bobby Hauser, my car to wash, anytime, and a great Senior year, you deserve it! To Mrs. Baker, thanks for all the fun in Choir for the past three years, and I hope you have much happiness with your husband and new baby. To Paula Baker, I leave the name Ernestine, and memories of "Hi, how are ya?" To Katrina three more happy years at BHS. To Suzanne, VH and myla M., a place in Choir next year, and a pair of earrings like Sandy Jinkins. (You know you love them you guys!) To Denise W., I leave your favorite girlfriend, Darlene, the Osmonds, and my friendship ever since Elementary School. And to Rita Y., I leave one greasy yell skirt, a medal to put back on your necklace so that you and N.C. will have something in com-

I, DENISE WILDEY, being of clean mind and clean body be-
neath the following: To my
good friend Laurie, I leave two
years of waiting in patience and
letting it be worth it in the
end, and Glen baby! To Dave, I
leave a 200 word essay, "Why
I'll never ride in a Cessna
again," and a head shrinker. To
Marilee, I leave lots of Grand-
land good times and my friend-
ship always. To Gail and Deb, I
leave 100 surfers wi... vans, and
no more hitch-hiking. To Cindy
and Rita, I leave lots of good
times and fun always. To Dar,
I leave some maturity you lack
so much, shattered dreams of the
never to be husband, Davis, and
torn broken fingers I was always
wrapped around. To Rick, I
leave all the good times we
never had. To Miss Walther I
leave all my bad grades that
should have been good. To Mr.
Hester, I leave a graven image
of yourself, and someone who
enjoys cutting down and embar-
rassing people in front of
others. To Dick, I leave a
book on Sadie Hawkins Dances,
which I read carefully. To Mr.
Edwards, I leave my brother Dale
with lots of luck. To Mary, I
leave the right kind of guy,
have fun and take good care of
B.H.S. To Bobbi, I leave that
guy Cox with the green Mustang.
To Debby and Donna, I leave you
guts, because I hate yours-
To Garnet Chappiass, I leave
life guard station 3 and a fag.
To Mr. Dunnam, I leave a lunch
at the Travelers Lodge for you
and your wife. To Carol, I
leave a Baptismal Certificate,
and a guy named Bob. Also to
Mary, I leave Bob and Richie's
car to go with him. To B.H.S.,
I leave my dirty gym clothes,
and my memories of you.

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I, BRUCE JACOBSON (JONES), of
perfectly sound mind and body
(I think), hereby leave all my
earthly belongings to the fol-
lowing: Mr. Hester, whom I have
grown very fond of, I leave my
pile of cut cards, and my dearest
brother Brian. To BHS, I leave
my family. The two that are
here and the three coming up.
To my dear brother Brian, I
leave my good old Dodge Dart
Wagon and auto shop class to fix
it with. (good luck you'll need
it). And Brenda, my loving
sister, I leave to you Crosby
Watson to love, hold and cherish
forever in your arms. To Mike
Chambers, my dear long lost
cousin, I leave to you my gym
clothes that have been washed
once in the past five years;
take good care of them. I know
you can never find your own. To
the Klu Klucks Klan, which we
will give the names of Cindy,
Barbara and Diane, I leave to
you all your long lost lovers
such as Tommy, Danny and Mike.
To Dear sweet Connie, I leave
my stack of history books in
hopes that you and Mr. Riggins
work something out about all
those English classes you had.
To Mr. Seinknecht, Edwards,
Riggins and Mrs. Clark I leave
to you one case of hall passes,
and a case of blank call slips
for you to use in the following
years, (they should only last
one semester with Mike, Brenda,
Brian, Connie and Wendy). To
Mr. Link, I leave all my broken
down cars and rusty tools, use
them in good faith. And Mr.
Brevick, I leave you a half of a
pack of stale smokes, one bottle
of moldy booze and your own
personal restroom in which to
drink and smoke. To Mr. Morgan,
I leave you with all the funk-
ies and my blank piece of paper
and empty pen. Thank you BHS
for all you have given me; and
all the knowledge I have acquired
from you.

The Bellflower Blade

I, STEVE KEKICH, being of no
mind and lots of body, bequeath
to the following: To Mike
Howard I leave four years of
great football and some base-
ball. To Brian, I leave a long
playing album of Midnight Ramb-
let and Do You Know What I Mean.
When Jerry Lee and Elvis team
up its all over. To Lori, I
leave you Brian (Good Luck).
To Art Haack, I leave a lot of
fun over the years and a book
entitled "How to Base Coach on
3 Easy Lessons." To Mark Hard-
wick, I leave you with the class
of 76, you know you're going to
love it. To most of the Senior
girls, I leave all the rubber,
love it. To most of the Senior
girls, I leave one pushed up
nose, commonly called the "big
Barona." To Patti McEwen, I
leave all the rubber band fights
during fifth period last year
and thanks for helping me eat
my lunch. To this years pep
squad, I leave an award for be-
ing this years "Top nothing Pep
Squad." To Kathy McNew, I lit-
erally leave you all the boys
from Bosco. So you know what
I mean? To Steve Fedes, I leave
you hot dogs, cheeseburgers and
a track spike through, you're
head. To Dave Ketcham, I leave
you the only jock in the world
that will stand up and walk home
by itself. To Cheryl Ray, I
leave one broken car door and a
great friendship. To all the
girls in my photo class, I say
stay out of dark places. To
Mike Hite and company, I leave
a win over Excelsior by a field
goal. To Gary Walsh, who is
supposed to take over my job
at corner, I leave you all the
student body specials, you can
eat. To my Dad, I leave a suc-
cessful baseball season, I know
you deserve it after these last
two years. To Coach Odell, I
leave a high school football
world series that was held my
junior year that I knew nothing
about. To Coach Dunnam, I leave
a record entitled, I Love you
Baby, but you just the wrong
color. You're really a great
coach. To Pam, I don't have to
leave you anything because you
already have it. To all the
students: at BHS, I leave you
next year.

* * *

I, RUSTY KANE (alias the Big
Hondo), being of sound body and
mind despite my four long years
at BHS, hereby leave all that I
have (for what it is worth) to
the following: To coach Bott,
I leave a few juniors and sen-
iors that will pass for soph-
mores. To Mrs. Young (the
lamey), I give permission for
her to find a new boyfriend.
Mr. Killeen's office I award
with five reams of memo pads
that should last maybe three
weeks. To Mrs. Palmer, I leave
a couple dirty paint brushes
and a big thank you for putting
up with all of us who were con-
stantly in the activities of-
fice. To Snobby, I leave all
the fun of another Christmas
Tree lot. To the big social
club on campus (alias the ASB
Cabinet), I remind you that the
honey-moon is definately over
and that talk is cheap. To
whoever is Sec. of Activities
next year, have fun. To Jana,
I leave a fully paid for
Christmas bid and to Pizze
(also the self acclaimed
'God's gift to women'), the
title of THE president. To
Kipp, I leave one lone 'D' for
last years report card. To
Vickie Herbst, I leave a math
teacher that understands her
and a straightjacket in case
she finds him. To Fred and
Dave, I leave my secretary
Jean. To the power hungry
editor, Lee Anne Parks I leave
a picture of thousands of in-
dians that are starving and a
\$10,000, gas eating dragster.
To Coach Greenfield I leave

you with a painted gym so that
you can put next year's team in
it and throw away the key until
next fall. To Bob Lemen, I
free you from my "psche" powers
so that you can play tennis a-
gain. To Tim, I leave a mouth
muffler and a straightened rim.
To Rod, a blank gun, 500 copies
of the Motivator, phony ballots
and credit for any other un-
solved wrongdoings in the last
four years and to Nick, three
inch soled shoes and my book
STAND TALL: THE LEW ALCINDOR
STORY. Also along with Scott a
night of raiding cabins fol-
lowed by proper chastisement.
To Scott, I leave the title of
'a president' and the end to
the arguement over which of us
two is overrated (you) and who
is underrated (me). To my sis-
ter Carol, I leave year with
Mr. Bott, and to Karen, frost-
bitten hands and her worst year
of high school. To Lee, I
leave a misplaced rod, a stol-
en spark plug, a greasy engine
and one nut (me!), do with me
as you will. To dear old BHS,
I leave another Kane (just when
you thought you were getting
rid of. But best of all I just
leave. END.

* * *

I, SAM NUNN, being of ulti-
mately developed mind and body,
do bequeath the following: To
the Noars, I leave an 800 watt
CB, \$200 to buy my camera and a
laser that works. To Pancha
R., I leave future experiments
that aren't as deadly to gold-
fish as the last one was, and a
taco. To Bonito K. and the
BLADE staff, I leave my best
wishes for next year, (I wish
that I had been able to help
this year, but I couldn't), and
a photographer. To Lee Ann, I
leave many things that are un-
printable here, and all of the
thousands of pics that didn't
turn out. To Janet T., I leave
the best of luck at San Luis,
and a strange year of Physics.
To Rich O., I leave all the
times you've tried to kill me in
chemistry, and a promise to do
the same for you some day. To
Connie H., I leave Lake Isabel-
la, and a busy summer, (I'll see
to that). To Dennis, my doubles
partner, I leave I more year of
BOTT, and about \$1200 for the
winter. To Mr. BOTT, I leave 50
straight years of championships,
and 1,000 lb. of cornuts. To
the Simmons', I leave the know-
ledge that your roadapple could
never beat the firebird. To
Paul M., I leave next summer,
mucho work and key club. To
Curtis M., I leave this past
year, and a good job during a
rough presidency. To my baby
sister, Tina, and her strange
friends, I leave nothing. To
the class of '74', I leave a
year without me. To Old-man
Hester, I leave another junior,
(or whatever), to bother him
almost as much as I have; and my
thanks for putting up with me.
To Mr. M. Morgan, I leave a
small book-making racket, and
someone to crucify Bryan on the
witness stand, since I didn't
have the chance to this year.
To Mr. Modlin, I will my baby
sister, (convince her to stay in
math), and a West Point grad for
a son. Also to you, I leave the
insurance for Jim's Mercedes in
4 years. To wild Bill K., I
leave my pilots license. To
Ann, Mary and Rosie, I leave
some good times, whether in
Biology, at Sizlers or other
places. To Mrs. Young I leave
our philosophical discussions,
and that even though my sym-
pathies were with the GOP in the
last election, I'm still a
Democrat at heart. Last, and
of course least, to Bryan, I
will good luck in whatever you
do, even though there are times
I'd like to kill you, you've
been a good friend for a long

I, RICK STRATTON, being of
unstable mind and overpowering
body, do hereby bequeath the
following: To Dirk I leave all
of our trips to the Kern, Color-
ado, and S&S even though they
were safari away. Plus a self
written book on 101 ways to get
to Kansas. To Bruno, alias
fidget I leave all the great
running the great 4 miles. To
Cork I leave three empty beer
cans. To Mike Howard, all the
great times we had playing next
each other for two years. To
Carol G., alias Munchkin, I
leave one magnifying glass to
count your spots plus one case
of spot remover. To the CRAZY
ARMANIAN, a record player play-
ing the ARMANIAN NATIONAL AN-
THEM. To Steve E., I leave the
one and only Belly Buddy drill
and the expression "are you
going on a trip." To Rosie, I
leave one all expenses paid
ticket ONE way to Tijuana. To
next year's Football team, all
the success and glory of play-
ing High School Football. To
Coach Koch, I leave some guts
to wrestle someone bigger then
98 lbs. To Linda B., I leave
all the great times we had in
our junior year going to all the
basketball games. To Patty, I
leave an everlasting friendship
to continue on. To Deb, I leave
a Spanish class Knot's Berry
Farm, a turtle, a Red V.W. and
all the great times we had going
everywhere. To Joe and Cathy
all the luck in the world and to
Joe a night out with the boys if
Cathy will let you. To Janie
Taylor, I leave two years to
mature in. (Maybe more). To
Rick W., I leave my old foot-
ball locker with my molded jock
& shoes. To Mid Hite, I leave
the "BONNIE" and all the Banzai
runs its been through. To Mark
B., I leave the Boob of the year
award. To Mark H., I leave all
the new teeny boppers of B.H.S.
next year along with all my
extra credits. To Ron S., I
leave all the skill I have on
catching the great bonita. And
to all the students at B.H.S.
I leave four great years of fun
and happiness. How's that for
an ending?

* * *

I, DON MORRIS, of sound mind
and bod, do bequeath the fol-
lowing: To Debbie B., I leave
the Kleenex I found in your
purse, and all the times I made
you cry because of your wet
green hair. To Joanne B., I
leave a hard dried up piece of
bubble gum that someone left in
a green van, and all the Oh
henrys you can eat. To Cheryl
K., I leave all the Strawberry
Hill you can chug at one time,
and all the good times we've
had. To Lee Ann, I leave all
the memories of all the Garys
in your life, and all the luck
at Pepperdine College. To Paul
L., I leave one "57" CHEVROLET
that never runs more than 3
days at a time, and a good
piece of Christy. To Skinny
Jeff, I leave whats left of
Sandy Smith, and all the twin-
kies and apples you can throw at
the janitors during lunch. To
Sandy S., I leave all the times
"YOU WEREN'T IN THE MOOD." To
Ann J., I leave a big hug in
front of you know who, and all
the thanks for introducing me to
my future wife, Cathy. To Mr.
Hester, I leave all the times I
was suppose to be in class, and
a thanks for helping me graduate
early. And being more then a
teacher, a good friend. To my
oney Cathy F., I leave all the
times that you had to say "no!"
to me at school, the greatest
year of my life, and the happi-
ness that we will have for the
rest of our lives. Lastly I
will you me and all the love
that goes with it. I LOVE YOU

Grad rules stifling

by terry garrett

Like the Edsel and the General Practitioner, early graduations are being phased out, due to a new ruling of the school board.

The new requirements were designed towards practicality. Keeping a student in school supplements the district budget. Also, furthering a student's education should, theoretically, cut down on the number of students leaving with no definite plans in mind.

But the new ruling doesn't have the foresight to deal with most students. For example, to graduate early, a student must now apply for mid-term status no later than one week after school begins. Unfortunately, most students have enough to do just getting adjusted the first week of school, and it's unrealistic to expect them to start worrying about graduation.

As for the proficiency tests, the administration has admitted that anyone with the required GPA can pass them, so why should a student be put through the redundancy of a test that won't tell them anymore than they already know?

Finally, the 3.0 GPA restriction proves rather strict for any student who wishes to graduate early to enter a trade school, or get a job.

To remedy the situation, why not re-design the requirements for the average student? Make it a "C" average, and eliminate the tests, since they are unnecessary with a set GPA. Give students the first quarter to apply, instead of the first week. And of course, students must meet the set graduation requirements in classes and credits.

In order to maintain as effective a system, rules must be designed with the average person in mind. This is the downfall of the new graduation requirements.

teacher lot and road by the incinerator) taboo.

And enforcement is not a polite warning from the narc: they've called in a Lakewood Sheriff to issue citations.

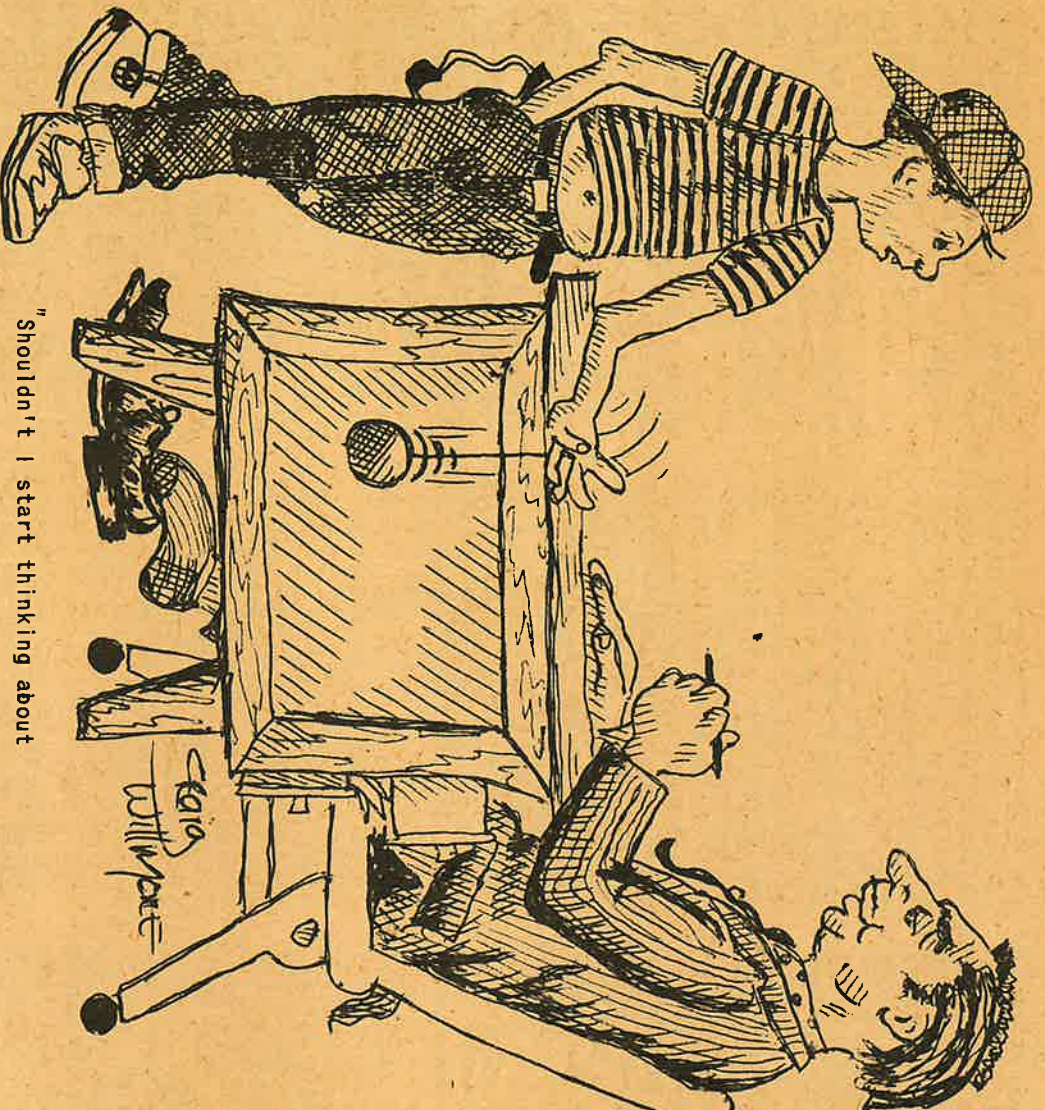
This of course, serves to compound the problems of those disgruntled persons who are unfortunate enough to live directly across the street from the high school.

Verbal confrontations between students and homeowners have become common, if ineffective. On occasion, some have even resulted to hosing down a student's car.

It may not be too long in fact, before some middle age housewife, in a fit of rage after walking a half mile from her car to her home, leads angry neighbors on a car burning rampage reminiscent of the Watts riots.

Or students, following the common example of the custodians, may take to parking on the campus lawns, causing massive traffic jams during passing periods.

It seems that unless students are soon provided with some safe and convenient places to park, this conflict will escalate into a full scale war.



Parking maneuvers

students into collision

course with neighbors

by cloy doyle

For the many fans who enjoyed last issues' election quiz, another question of a more self-descriptive nature is offered here.

BHS students should park their cars (check one): A) in the student parking lot B) wherever it's convenient C) "Not in front of my house!"

If you answered A, you are either an administrator or have never seen the student parking lot. And if your selection was C, you obviously live on Comp-ton Blvd.

The sharp difference of opinion between these three factions has caused Bellflower High's parking conflict to grow increasingly heated this year, and there is no end in sight.

Why many students have deserted the facilities accorded them is easy to understand. The lot appears to have been designed as a maze. It would be easier to park in a telephone booth. Of course it is convenient--if your only class is PE.

Administrators however, obviously feel that this is adequate, declaring the rest of the campus (particularly the

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cub staff

Semester wrap-up recognizes muffled campus success stories

by erica lansdown

As the BHS school year draws to a close, many individual and group contributions highlight the terminating semester.

Unfortunately, many times these events have gone unpublicized and virtually unnoticed.

Therefore it seems fitting that the years' end should bring them some recognition.

--For Mrs. Bettie Palmer, 11 years of service come to an end as the Student Activities Clerk retires this spring.

"They were the nicest 11 years I've ever spent working," Mrs. Palmer noted sincerely. "If I hadn't enjoyed it, I wouldn't have been here this long."

--The Soroptimist's "Mos-Distinguished Contribution to Music in Four Years" was one of many awards presented to Senior Tom Creswell. Recently he achieved a perfect score of 800 in the college entrance achievement test for the California Institute of Technology, where he has been accepted for the fall term. He was also awarded the "Mu Alpha Theta" plaque from Math Club.

--Under the direction of Mrs. Marcia Baker, the Choral Department staged several productions this year. Probably the most successful was their most recent presentation, "A Tribute to Walt Disney."

--When Bryan Larson talks, people listen. At least the judges heard him at the California State Speech contest. Speaking in the Impromptu division Bryan placed second in the state, a feat accomplished only once before in BHS history.

--Honoring the top scholars of the Class of '73 the annual seal-bearers reception was held May 12 at the Captain's Inn. Jim Modlin was presented the coveted Scholar of the Year Award, and trophies were presented to the top ten graduating seniors.

The Blade staff had an award-winning year as they walked away from the first annual Cerritos Jr. College Journalism contest with 21 of 27 awards. In the competition, which included nine separate categories, the Bellflower crew took nine first place awards as well as many second and their place honors. Bonita Kato, who has been named next year's Blade Editor, took home three first place awards herself, and was followed by Craig Willmore with two firsts and a second and Leann Park with two firsts and a third.

Dave Wielenga, Leann Park and Mickey Stokely also received honors as they took third and fifth place writing awards in the Journalism Education Association's Southern California Write-off.

O'Brien selection breaks near-tradition

Bellflower High's athletic department has brought truth to the often-heard statement that "history always repeats itself" with its announcement of running star Bob O'Brien as Athlete of the Year at Monday's awards ceremony.

One has to search into the virtual stone age of this school to find a year when a non-football player was accorded the honor.

Does "Ty Hadley" ring a bell? It's a name not known by many besides track athletes. However, Hadley was Bellflower's first Athlete of the Year and, until now, the only cross-country and track man ever recognized.

Then there's the immortal Al Maxman. Athlete of the Year for the 1954-55 school year, Maxman is unique because he brought an end to a short-lived era.

Al was the last non-football player in the past 17 years to receive the award, being chosen prowess.

The string was started by Chuck Yeyna in 1955-56, being selected for his football, basketball and baseball abilities, and ended last year with football, wrestling and track let-terman Louie Snow.

In between are sprinkled such well-remembered names as Phil Oram, Bill Perry, Ken Poelstra and Jerry Baloga. All undoubtedly deserving, but all, nonetheless, pigskinners.

It could have happened again this year. There were certainly a number of talented football players worthy of consideration.

What prevented it is O'Brien's staggering list of accomplishments that would make even the most grid-crazy coach swallow his football in astonishment.

Although only out for two sports, O'Brien has accumulated eight varsity letters. He's captured five individual San Gabriel Valley League crowns and

owns a number of school records, including the mile (4:08.8) and the two-mile (9:07.8).

In the past two cross country and track seasons, he has been beaten only once in SGVL competition, that by Excelsior's Jeff English.

Bob's CIF expeditions have been equally impressive.

He represented Bellflower in the 1320 as a freshman and a sophomore, and was edged out of the cross country finals by one place as a junior.

Later that year, he chopped the school record for the mile to 4:13.7 at CIF finals but missed a trip to the state meet in a photo finish with Lake-wood's Alan Browning.

This year O'Brien landed the CIF 3-A title in cross country, and during the off-season he lowered his own school record for the two mile to 9:12 in the Times Indoor Games.

It's not over yet.

After winning the SGVL in the mile and two-mile, Bob finished

second in the CIF 3-A mile to Lompoc's Terry Williams, setting the present school record in the process. He then, despite a heavy cold, earned a trip to last week's state meet by placing third at the CIF Masters Meet.

The results of the state meet were unavailable at press time, but, judging by O'Brien's past performances, it is certain that he didn't embarrass himself.

This unprecedented record of success which may very well stand unmatched in the history of Bellflower track, was a virtual mandate to the athletic department for O'Brien's selection as Athlete of the Year.

Even so, it appears as though the coaches gave in reluctantly.

Athletic Director Mike Kekich stubbornly refused to say a word about the matter.

That's all right, Mr. Kekich. O'Brien's record says it all.

Tennis, golf teams out Individual competition left

Although both the tennis and golf teams have been eliminated from CIF competition, each team has individual representatives in post league action.

So when the Buc tennis squad was defeated in first round action by Harvard High, 15-13, the netters nevertheless have four players in individual competition.

Doubles players Phil Rogers and Ted Shimamoto, along with the duo of Scott Rozelle and Mike Diguilio, have all advanced to the playoffs on June 8-9.

"Their chances of placing are really hinged on one variable—who they play in the early matches," evaluated coach Joe Bott. "If they go against a strong opponent right away, they'll have a tough time."

Poor seedings has been the deterrent of the past Buc team drives, as Bellflower has failed to take the CIF crown after each of its 11 consecutive SGVL titles.

This proved to once again be the cause of the netters' downfall in the defeat at the hands of highly ranked Harvard, seeded in the top five teams in the division.

However, despite the early loss, Bott expects to bounce back to CIF again next year.

"Although we'll have a young team in the upcoming season, we should be able to take the league championship again,"



Varsity golfer Frank Rodriguez (demonstrating swing) and teammate Ed Walker finished 2-3 in SGVL to qualify them for the CIF individual finals held yesterday.
Photo by Doug Love

Single-title sports year analyzed

Two years ago Bellflower High won 12 of 22 possible SGVL titles. This year, the tennis team hauled in the only crown of the season.

Has the SGVL improved greatly or has the actual athletic quality of BHS sports deteriorated?

Well, according to Athletic Director Mike Kekich, the coaches still work with essentially the same talent and the coaching hasn't changed that much. He believes the problem lies in shortened days.

"Students are no longer adhesive," he commented. "They've lost the Buc spirit."

Another contributing factor he cited was a drop in attendance from 2300 students 11 years ago compared to the present 1700, which means coaches now

In addition to this he also believes that since the Bees, Dees and Dees were reclassified into a single Freshman-Sophomore category, it has "taken away a place for the little guy."

Kekich doesn't see much change in the future either as long as minimum days are allowed. He thinks the only solution would be a restructured day in which students were present the full six periods.

The same question was posed to golf coach Tom Mitchell and his feelings were slightly different, but related to Kekich's.

Mitchell believes that since more students acquire jobs and buy cars now, they don't have time for, or simply aren't interested in sports.

In regards to spirit, he said he has seen bad times before, "but it's

Seniors: Where are you going after graduation? How about Hawaii, Spain, Australia, Italy, Japan or England. In the new

Navy you can still "Join the Navy and see the world." Besides travel, you also get more than of the best training in the world and more than \$340 a month after just four months.

If you qualify for the new Navy, call

There's a lot of world to see in the new Navy.

CLASS OF '73 CLASS OF '73 CLASS OF '73 CLASS OF '73

CLASS VALEDICTORIANS James Modlin
 LeeAnn Park
 Scott Rozelle

CALIFORNIA SCHOLARSHIP FEDERATION

Seal Bearer Awards:

Barbara Bair	Robert Lemen
Cesar Baldemor	James Modlin
Fred Budig	Randall Nathan
Peggy Bufington	Michael Noar
Nick Cirilncione	Samuel Nunn
Thomas Creswell	LeeAnn Park
Eva Cunningham	Linda Pederson
Victoria Herbst	Scott Rozelle
Dinah Herron	Susan Smith
Russell Kane	William Stern

Top ten averages in Senior Class:

James Modlin	Nick Cirilncione
LeeAnn Park	Dinah Herron
Scott Rozelle	Russell Kane
Barbara Bair	Eva Cunningham
Robert Lemen	Fred Budig

Phi Beta Kappa Awards:

Barbara Bair	Robert Lemen
Nick Cirilncione	James Modlin
Dinah Herron	LeeAnn Park
Russell Kane	Scott Rozelle

Scholar of the Year:
 (Faculty Selection) James Modlin

HONORS AT ENTRANCE

University of Southern
 California James Modlin
 California State University,
 Fullerton Barbara Bair
 Regents Scholar: University
 of California, Los Angeles Scott Rozelle

Perfect Attendance Awards:

Michael DiGiulio	Robert Lemen
------------------	--------------

THE CERITOS COLLEGE ANNUAL CAMPUS BEAUTIFICATION SCHOOL AWARD

Presented by Miss Barbara Douglass to Bellflower
 High School: Sweepstakes Winner

BELLFLOWER HIGH SCHOOL ACADEMIC AWARDS

BUSINESS EDUCATION:

Outstanding Business
 Student Award Debbie VandeBrake
 Business Education
 Medallion Award Cathy Norman
 Outstanding Achievement in
 Work Experience Education:
 Los Angeles County Chapter
 California Association of Work
 Experience Educators Peggy Rivers

MATHEMATICS:

Mu Alpha Theta Awards . . . Tom Creswell

SCIENCE:

Bausch and Lomb Award
 for Excellence Mike Noar
 Bellflower High School
 Science Club Scholar -
 Nick Cirilncione
 Bob Lemen

ENGLISH:

Honorable Mention Dave Wielenga

FINE ARTS:

International Thespian Society
 Certificate of Recognition for:
 "Outstanding Achievement in Theatre Arts"

Jeanne Farquhar

Art Award for Outstanding
 Service and Dedication . . . Anthony Alves

Annual Staff Award for
 Outstanding Service Barbara Bair

Annual Recognition:

Anthony Alves	Peggy Bufington
Barbara Bair	Dinah Herron
Cesar Baldemor	Jack Eyler

Senior Photographer
 of the Year Jack Eyler

MUSIC:

Soroptimist Club of Bellflower Plaque to
 Bellflower High School Music Department

Outstanding Student:
 Instrumental Robyn Peek
 David Trout

Outstanding Student:
 Vocal Barbara Enoch
 Tom Creswell

Girls Glee Denise Plant

Culmination John Teel

HOME ECONOMICS:

Betty Crockner "Homemaker
 of Tomorrow" Award Terry Cutright

L.A. County: Industry
 and Education Council
 Award in Home
 Economics Linda Pederson

Fashion and Design
 Excellence Award Linda Pederson

Sterling Silver
 Guild Award Lee Vlieger

All Around Home
 Economics Student Paulette Vanier

JOURNALISM:

Most Valuable Student
 Award LeeAnn Park

Best Writer Award Dave Wielenga

Special Recognition
 Award Fred Budig

NATIONAL FORENSICS LEAGUE AWARDS:

Degree of Distinction Michael Noar
 Degree of Excellence Steve Hulén
 William Stern

Degree of Honor John D. Teel
 INDUSTRIAL ARTS:
 KIWANIS OUTSTANDING
 STUDENT AWARD

Terry Cutright	Patrick Springs
Dennis DeZeuw	George Stratton
John Halma	Peggy Traxel
John Modglin	LeeAnn Vlieger
Edward Nauman	George Wagner
	Clark Wilson