

# The Moment Has Arrived - For the Class of '65



Landon's last Senior Class Officers: Howard Coker, Pat Errico, Barby Wales, Jon French, and Mr. Wood bid farewell to Landon.

Landon High School will have its 38th, and last, graduation. This will be the last of many things. Mr. George Wood, our principal, will retire after many honorable years of service to Landon. The school will be converted to a junior high school in September. The ceremony will be held at the Civic Auditorium, 8:00 P.M., on June 7th. The speaker will be Mr. Nathan, superintendent of the Jacksonville Recreation Department. Baccalaureate services will be held on May 30th, 4:00 P.M., at the Southside Baptist Church.

Many of our seniors have been outstanding in the fields of leadership, scholarship, and athletics. Susan Cahoon and Jimmy Slater were named as National Merit Finalists. This is quite a boast for a "discredited" school. Richard Edwards and Jimmy Slater will attend Princeton University, and Jeff Bootzin and Mary Ellen Grizzard have won scholarships to Vanderbilt University. Phyllis Chamison will be on scholarship at Emory, and Mike Burton has been awarded an Alumni scholarship for the University of Florida.

Landon's clubs have been outstanding in competition with other clubs throughout the state. The French Club and the Junior Classical League have done an admir-

able job at the recent state conventions.

Our athletic seniors were magnificent in their performances. For the first time Landon can boast of an All American swimmer—Steve Macri, soon to attend the University of Florida on a swimming scholarship. Mike Burton has been granted a track scholarship to Florida, and Richard McEvoy, all-state basketball player, will attend Stetson University on a grant-in-aid.

Yes, this final year has been remarkable. No one will ever forget winning a few football games, the outstanding basketball team, and the fine spring sports teams. We have an enormous group of brilliant students, and a wonderful senior class.

Landon will open its doors as a junior high school next September. Of course, it will be far from empty—or will it? The halls will never again echo with the conversations and greeting of our upper classmen. Gone will be the girls clad in the letter sweaters of their steady boy friends. Vanished will be the seniors, knowing their importance, and maybe just a little proud of their accomplishments. That's right, at the sound of the 3:00 bell, no (Continued on Page 2)

ALL  
GOOD  
THINGS



MUST  
END!

Vol. XX, No. 15

LANDON HIGH SCHOOL—JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

June 3, 1965

## The Editor's Good-bye

by Mary Carson

I just can't believe that another year, a final year, has passed for the **LION'S ROAR**, the seniors, and **LANDON**. Well, wasn't it only yesterday that we seniors were entering Landon as seventh graders? And how we were fascinated by the cheerleaders, the pep rallies, and those **BIG SENIORS**—how we admired Edmund Johnson, Hugh Chappell, Janet Wales, and the many other Landon leaders!

Only yesterday the **Lion's Roar** staffers were meeting to make plans for the last and best year of the newspaper. We have striven to make each and every issue of this '64-'65 year both of service to Landon and of enjoyment to the student body. I believe we have succeeded in our endeavors.

Even though this has been a tough year (financially, that is,) for the **Lion's Roar**, we staff members have kept a 'go in; I for one will always remember the sad times and most of all the **GLAD** times of the **Lion's Roar**. How will I ever forget that Thursday morning when the **Lion's Roar** patiently in the hall for the news-

## A Vote of Thanks

by Elaine Linsey

As Landon's final year as a Senior High School comes to an end, it is only fitting to pay tribute to the controlling factor which has made Landon the fine school that it is, our faculty. It hasn't been the school building of Landon that has built her fine reputation, but the people within that building. It has been the administration and faculty of Landon, a group of hard-working, dedicated people, who have had leading roles in upholding Landon's honors.

For 37 years the Landon faculty has endeavored to mold students into men and women ready to assume the responsibilities of an everchanging world. It has been under their leadership and guidance that Landon has produced her worthy graduates.

To the present and past administrators and teachers of Landon, we, the student body, would like to express our appreciation. You have given your efforts and yourselves relentlessly to Landon and her student body. We would like to take this opportunity to give you a great big **THANKS**.

representatives were waiting paper — and where were the newspapers? A certain someone had forgotten to pick them up!

But when I think back to this and other calamities, I will just smile — for our good times together in the pub and the fun we have had were worth every bit of the toil! I will never forget glitter throws with Donnie, ice throws with H. C., and even book throws with Klausner! But peaceful times did come to the pub, es-

pecially on deadline days! Some of the editors did not darken the pub door on these D-Days! ! Donnie Safer, our sports editor (who did not have **QUITE** enough copy), and our advertising agency, consisting of Susan Davis and Angela Jansen (they didn't have **QUITE** enough ads), seemed to find the balcony of the auditorium more comfortable on D-Days! But peace did not prevail for long

(Continued on Page 2)

## Tills Vi Ses Igen (Until we meet again.)

I remember myself standing in front of the Landon faculty, an early Monday-morning in September 1964, reading my little autobiography. Oh, I can still feel how my knees were vibrating. I feel like it was just a week ago. I remember the first school party after my arrival. I felt that I was liked only because of being a foreign exchange student and not because of myself. I felt put aside. But now, I know you and I have some real friends who always will remain that way. Now I think of all the wonderful football and basketball games, the school spirit, the halls filled with friends saying "Hi". I have so much appreciation for all the teachers, friends, everybody connected with Landon in one way or another—all these are unforgettable.

I guess that this moment, having to say "Fare-well" to all of you, whom I love so much, has been a time I have never wanted to come. But I know what I am here for—to get to know you and understand your way of living and to tell you about mine. By getting to know each other we

find the beauty in each nation and its people. Our nations join together, understand and help each other and constantly work for all humanity's goal—world peace. I respect you and your country and I will bring all my impressions home.

Even good things must come to an end, a sad one. That's how I feel about this great year here; but the same time, you have taught me how to fight. I'll fight my "Fare-well" from you it will be very hard and tell of my experiences to everybody, who hasn't had this marvelous chance. I want my people to know what a wonderful people and nation you are.

I thank you at Landon, my wonderful family, the Barnert's, the American Field Service, and everyone who made this year possible, from the bottom of my heart. May you all have God's blessings and stay as sweet, friendly, and great as you are now. My memories here will always remain close, and one day we may meet again.

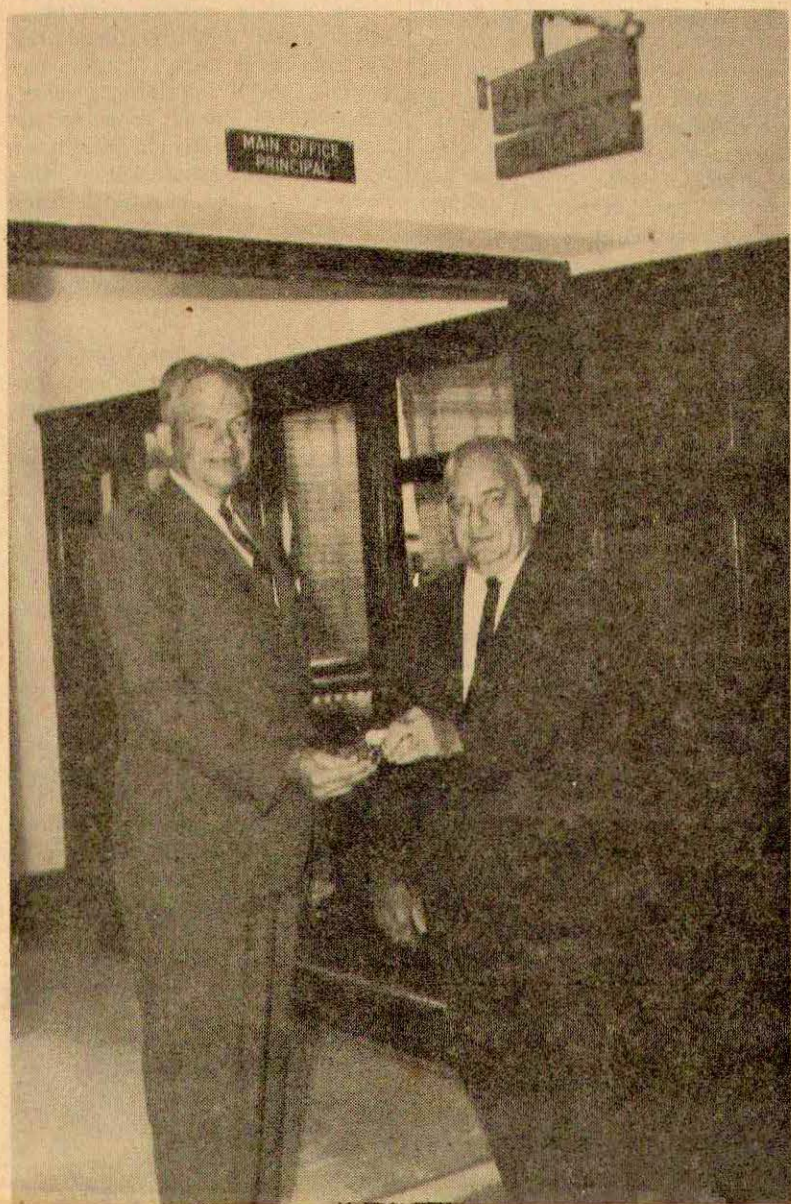
Thanks again and remember to look me up when you visit Sweden and we will meet again.

Love, is not enough,  
Vivi-Anne





# Let Us Now Praise Famous Men



## THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

After a long, commendable term of office as Landon's Principal, Mr. George Wood will retire as Landon loses its senior high status. Mr. Robert Warner, Asst. Principal and former coach will take command. The Lion's Roar joins the entire student body in wishing Mr. Warner good luck in his new job.

## WE HAIL THEE, ALMA MATER

Anonymous

In September, 1959, I entered Landon High School, a school whose traditions were as sacred to its students as patriotism is to our government. Landon had carved its name out of a seemingly wilderness of a world. She was 32 years old then and could have used some physical improvements. But the spirit was still there.

I have been at Landon for six years now and I have seen the buildings grow worse as compared to other schools. But the spirit has never died. Next year, Landon will be a Junior High School, and no longer will it be able to boast of a varsity football, basketball, or any other team. But her spirit will still be there. For you see, whatever would become of Landon, or whatever its name might be changed to, Landon's spirit would never die.

I am proud to graduate with the last class of Landon High School, for you see I have become a part of her tradition. I will always be proud of my alma mater for what she has done for me. She has prepared me — not only for college, but also for adult life. I have made a lot of good friends at Landon, and I will not forget them. And as long as there are any of us around, her name will never die. We hail our alma mater, and we praise her. HER STANDARDS and HER HONOR will live on thru time to be. What Landon has taught us is more than just high school ethics; she has taught us to be honest in all our dealings, to be DUTIFUL to our country and our fellow-man, to be courteous, for if we are not how can we expect others to be, and to be Loyal to that to which we are devoted.

Those of us who are graduating this year hold the "orange and black" very dear to us and will ever strive to see that our banner will always fly. And we will try to live our lives accordingly, so that the "name of dear old LANDON will never, never, die."

## What Will You Remember ??

by Donna Peacock

*As you know it is Landon's last,  
For everything big and small,  
From the Jr. Sr.'s biggest prom,  
To just walking down the hall.*

*As Seniors you may remember,  
Mrs. Perkins and her ways,  
The fondest type of memories,  
Of Landon's last 'ole days.*

*As Juniors you may remember,  
Looking forward to,  
The things you have anticipated,  
And then not gotten to do.*

*But seeing new doors, new faces,  
You'll remember best of all,  
The pattern and the pace you'll set  
For Wolfson High School hall.*

*As sophomores you will think to yourself,  
I've got two years to go,  
I better make the best of them,  
They'll be gone before I know!*

*As Junior High, you'll look to,  
The year that's coming near,  
When you will be the "big stuff"  
It's good your year is here.*

*As teachers, who does know,  
Just what you will remember !!  
It could be friends or work or tears,  
Or a life-time P.T.A. member . . .*

*We hope that you remember though,  
The foundations you have laid,  
How can we ever thank you,  
There's no way you could be paid.*

*No matter just how far you are,  
Up life's long, hard ladder,  
Smart or dumb, old or young,  
It really doesn't matter.*

*'Cause you'll remember special things,  
Just special things you do,  
And no one might remember them,  
Except for maybe you.*

*It's fine to remember Landon,  
But remember, too, horizons lie,  
And one thing that will always live —  
THE SPIRIT OF LANDON HIGH !!!*

## Odds and Ends

by Richard Edwards

This past year has been a long and wonderful one; for us as seniors and LANDON, our last. The memoirs of '65 will linger on for many years as we look back to our high school days.

The seniors will always remember the apprehension about A-C and English IV. Who didn't think of Mrs. Perkins as the senior tyrant? As the year went by our fears diminished and our brains overflowed with titles and authors, characters and memory work. Mr. McCorkle and Mr. Fletcher taught us all the evils of "nasty" Communism; now everyone knows Lenin was a "bad-guy".

Many of us had Mrs. Crutchfield for trig-solid-analytic?? don't you see? The latest tally breaks last year's record of 84,932 "Don't you see's" by 2,635.

Then, of course, there were term papers. Some were really produced in record time — mine in eight days is a '65 record. As I'm writing this we're still all waiting to see how Mrs. Perkins rated them.

(Continued on Page 16)

## EDITOR'S GOOD BYE

(Continued from Page 1)

To whom do we, the Nucleus Staff members, owe our gratitude for a job well done? First of all, to our printers, the Colemans. Much too often, I'm afraid, we unconsciously tested their patience — and how patient they proved to be! We also extend our appreciation to our sponsor, Mr. Reeves, whose understanding strengthened us throughout the year. A sincere "thank you" is due to each staff member who gathered the facts. Even a heartier "thanks" goes to you, Landon, for your co-operation and support! Last, but not least, we thank our Pub Room Mascots, for helping maintain peace in the pub! It just would not have been the same without Frank Norris, Howard Coker, Wayne Webb, Jimmy Slater, Rozie Goldstein, David Poucher, and Howard Marshall Rosenblatt! !! We were also frequently honored by the visits of Chuck Slott, Christy Davidson, Sharon Wells, Fred Gaudios, Pat Andreu, Jim White, and Nancy Burkhardt.

As we entered Landon only yesterday, it seems, in several days we seniors shall leave Landon. We have walked our paths together for twelve years, but now we have reached the end of our road. For we will be going our separate ways, in striving to attain our personal goals! We cannot turn back, but we can always reminisce over the cherished memories which we now share together. These memories are too deep to be erased, too rewarding to be forgotten, and too proud to leave behind. We carry a glimmering past; we look ahead to the future with hope and courage.

## LIBRARY COUNCIL HOLDS BREAKFAST

The Library Council held its annual breakfast at Uncle John's Pancake House Saturday, May 8th. Service pins were awarded to the following students in recognition of their service to the school library: Cheryl Scott, Mary Wilson, John Davenport, Clarence Prince, Charlene Moye, Jane Jenkins, Pam Hendrix, and Ross Goodall.

Special guests were two former Landon library aides, Vickie White and Daisy Lowe, who will become school librarians next fall after their graduation from FSU.

## THE MOMENT . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

more students will zoom off in their T-birds, Corvettes, GTO's and assorted jalopies. The boys will no longer hustle to practice on the football field, the track, or the swimming pool.

All this is now part of the past, Landon, we're going to miss you.

## A New-Promising Year

The end of the year is here, and with it comes the excitement of choosing cheerleaders. For Landon and duPont it wasn't the same, but a whole new beginning of choosing cheerleaders originated.

On Wednesday, May 19, eleven junior girls were selected on their cheering ability to be Wolfson High School's first cheerleaders. They are Jo Anne Burr and Angela Jansen from Landon; Trina Reed, Pam Palazzini, Lori Streifel, Peggy Powell, Judy Stevens, Julie Overfield, Sandy Roland, Ginny Hardage, and Ginger Houser from duPont.

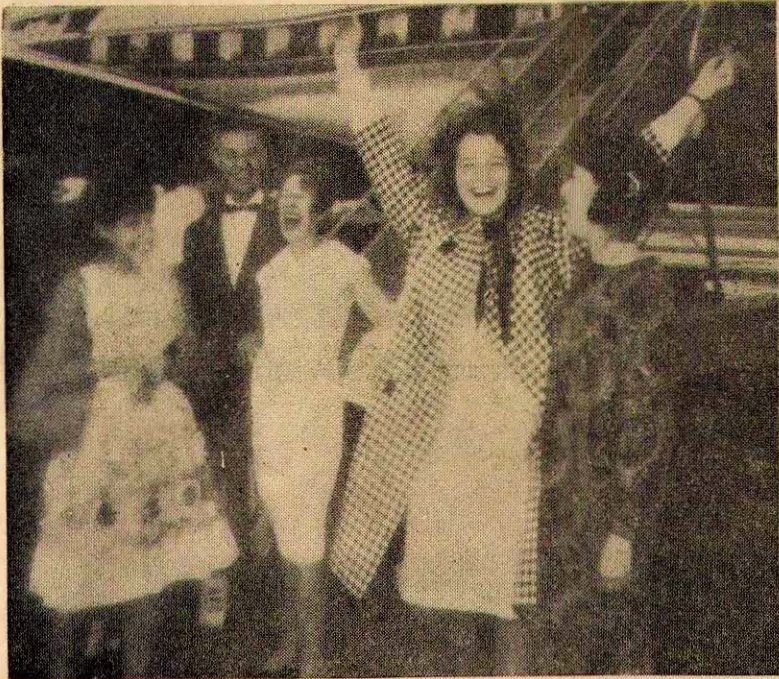
It is an honor to be a cheerleader, but as one group of former Landon cheerleaders said: "The glory of this title does not come from name only. The spirited response at a pep rally, the enthusiasm of the crowd at a game, the pride created in students for their school, and the joy or tears shared with the team over victory or defeat are some of the factors which go together to make up a cheerleaders reward. This is all the glory a cheerleader wants and expects, for nothing else can give her the feeling that she belongs to her school, and her school to her."

For our present cheerleaders: Anne, Phyllis, Evelyn, Madelyn, Diane, Linda, Judy, Becky, and Jane and the present duPont cheerleaders, it's an honor for them to be their school's last, but for the new Wolfson cheerleaders, a whole year is ahead of them—a promising year of a new and successful school.



We, the Lion's Roar Staff  
present to you — a picture summary  
of the year !

# All Good Things Must End . . .



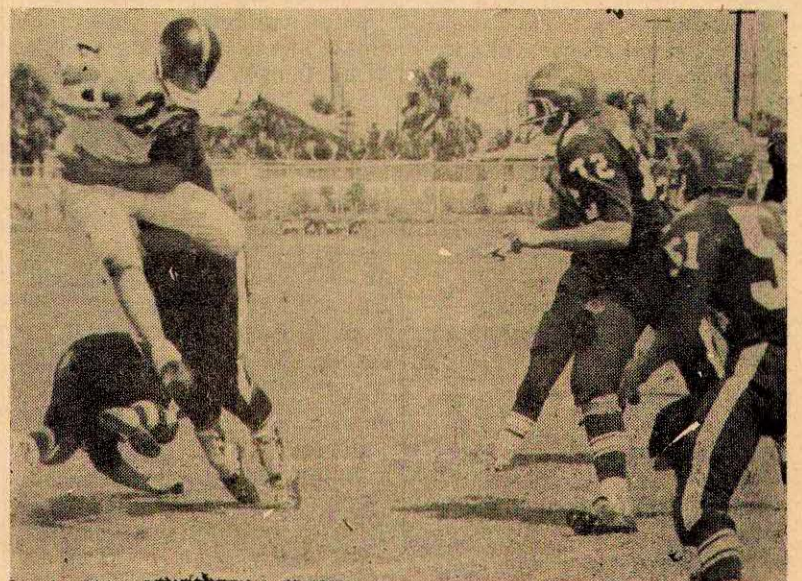
The world is good and the people  
are good.  
And we're all good fellows together.

Always ready and willing to do.



They have a way both bright and gay.

Ability — Energy — Strength—  
These are the qualities of our team.





# IT HAS BEEN A

**JANE ABERCROMBIE** will work some day,  
After to Salem College she has traveled away.  
Her ultimate wish is to be some boy's bride,  
Who's the lucky boy — she'll have to decide.

Just to be happy throughout life,  
Without settling down to be a wife.  
Besides this what would **NANCY ABDULLAH** like to do?  
Work at the Prudential and never be blue.

**RUTH ANN ADAMS** has the same ambition,  
As many girls in her position,  
She hopes to marry when he appears,  
And raise a family in a few years.

**TOMMIE ADKINS**, to the U. of Tampa he goes,  
He will not marry 'till the right girl shows.  
To be a lawyer is what he wants to do,  
Good luck, Tommie, we wish to you.

**MARLI ALBRIGHT**—Landon's Most Talented Girl,  
Is sure to make a hit in the world,  
Don't be surprised if you ever see—  
Marli with the lead in a comedy!

**VICKI ANDERSON** would make a fine dental hygiene,  
At the U. of F. she will be seen,  
After college she'll be a beautiful wife,  
And is sure to be happy all of her life.

**MIKE ANDERSON** would like to be a family man,  
But the Peace Corps is his first plan.  
To be satisfied, a lovely wife he'll need,  
For together a happy life they'll lead.

To be a good coach is the field,  
To which **PAT ANDREU'S** talents will yield,  
He plans to be in the social whirl—  
But never to be captured by any girl.

**PATTY JO ANGEL** would like to be,  
A help to others in the field of beauty,  
But first with the Prudential she'll settle down,  
Until her Air Force man is found.

**LYN ARNOLD** will study law,  
To become a politician like his pa,  
At Stetson U. he'll get his degree,  
For a carefree bachelor he will be.

**HELEN ASHMEAD**, to the U. of F. will go,  
For the field of art she'd like to know.  
Then Helen will marry an M. D.  
And a good-looking housewife she will be.

**HOWARD ASPINALL** has no plan as of yet,  
But to be a good citizen is the goal he has set.  
Marriage isn't in his creed,  
For the life of a bachelor he will lead.

**BARBARA BAKER** will attend Brevard,  
According to her, life won't be hard.  
For soon she'll marry a millionaire,  
Be happy, gay, and debonaire.

For **PATTY BARDON** things will be swell,  
Cause in December she'll marry Ray Parnell.  
Before they marry she will work,  
In the position of office clerk.

**LAURIE BARNERT** would like to dance on Broadway,  
But first the U. of F. will come her way.  
She hopes one day to become a bride,  
But who's the groom, she can't decide.

At St. Johns College, **BECKY BARNES** will learn to teach,  
For third grade students she'd like to reach.  
She'll marry Doug cause he's her guy,  
And they'll be happy 'till they die.

**DONALD BARRETT**, a DCT man,  
Will go to college and do what he can,  
First he'll study at JU,  
As life for him will never be blue.

**BOBBY BARRY** will go to St. Johns for a year or two,  
Then study Business Administration at FSU,  
In six years he'll find a wife,  
And live a happy, successful life.

**RONNY BARUCH**, a Georgia Southern man,  
Will find psychology in his life plan,  
After college he'll marry B. G.,  
And a great life for them it will be.

**CLAUS BERTELS**, a naval aviator will be,  
But first he'll study at U. of S. C.  
He plans to marry some far off day,  
We wish him luck in every way.

**BRUCE BECK**, at Abraham Baldwin Agricultural College,  
Will study forestry and gain lots of knowledge,  
After college what's his plan?  
To settle down and marry Anne.

**CHERYL BEASLEY** will be working steady,  
At Bell Telephone Company 'till she's ready,  
To marry a guy that's "great and nice"  
Then her job she'll sacrifice.

At the Atlantic National Bank will find **LINDA BLAKE**,  
For she'll marry in 2 years sake.  
A good wife she claims she'll be,  
And her kids will number three.

What's in store for **MARTIN BLUE**,  
A life of leisure at JU,  
As for marriage plans — they're none,  
Just being rich and having fun.

**HARRIET BOATWRIGHT**, our petite majorette,  
Would like to study to be a vet.,  
At the U. of F. she'll achieve her goal,  
And from there marriage will take its role.

**MARKA BOOHER** is sure to succeed,  
If beauty is what you need!  
At the University of South Florida she'll get her degree,  
Then she'll marry Anthony.

Now we see **JEFF BOOTZIN** standing at the bar,  
Defending the famous, both near and far,  
A Rolls in the garage — a yacht in the bay,  
He's always ready for adventure and play.

**RAYMOND BURKE** would like to sail,  
For around the world he'll leave his trail,  
After the Navy what will he do,  
He'd like to buy a yacht or two.

What would **NANCY BURKHART** like to do?  
Major in psychology at FSU,  
After that she's sure to land,  
Some nice, wealthy, good looking man.

What's in the life of **BILL BRIDIER**?  
He's gonna be a mechanical engineer.  
First to St. John's College he'll go.  
Then he'll make lots of dough.

**LINDA BRIDIER**, what will she be?  
Work at Prudential for about years three,  
Then as an airline stewardess she'll fly,  
Until she meets the right guy!

A draftsman is the career for **JIMMY BUSCH**,  
And a good one he will be.  
But "Girls, girls, girls" is Jimmy's cry,  
And this, my friend, is no lie.

Secondary Education is **MARY CARSON'S** goal  
And study she will at South Florida, I'm told.  
English and Journalism are her favorites.  
And with these she will surely go far you can bet.

A legal secretary is the job for **PAMELA CHAFIN** soon.  
The piano and organ are a few of her hobbies,  
And a wife, a mother, she plans to be.

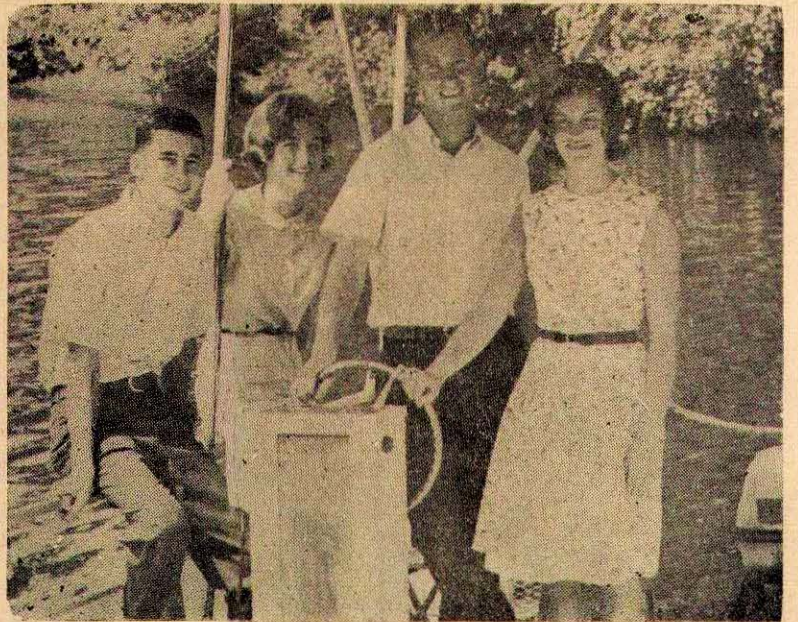
Mathematical research is a tough career,  
But it is the one for **PHYLLIS CHAMISON**.  
This she'll obtain at the University of Pennsylvania,  
And later a wife to become.

To become successful in life is **RICK CLARK'S** delight.  
Cars and art are a few of his hobbies,  
And good luck and good fortune go with him.

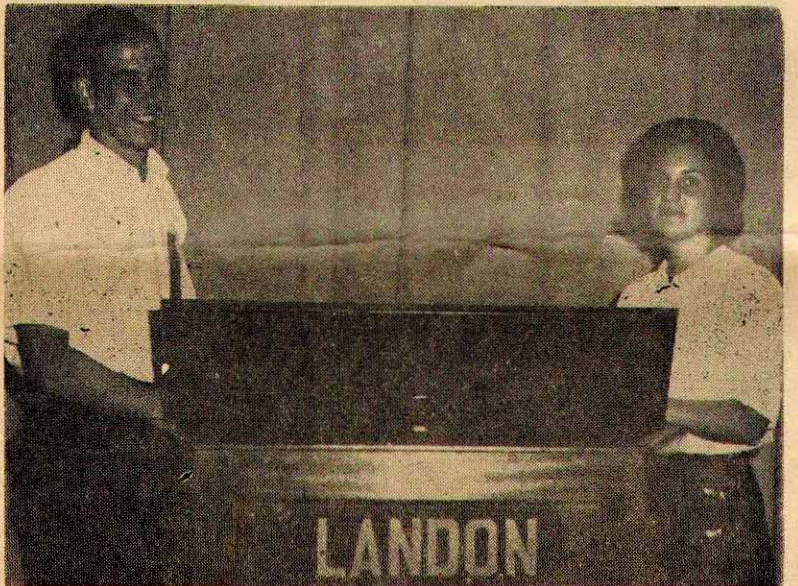
**JANICE CONE** — now isn't she silly —  
Seems to be "courting" a boy named Billy!  
But she'll further her knowledge At St. John's River Junior College!

**BOBBY COWART** will play it cool,  
At St. Johns College he'll go to school.  
He will be there with the rest,  
But we know he'll be the best.  
The A. C. L. Building will have the pleasure  
Of having the help of **GEORGE COTTAVE**;  
A commercial artist he wants to be,  
But fun all the way he'll surely see.

Awaiting graduation is **STEVE DANESE**,  
But what senior isn't, Steve?  
At FSU he'll strive for his ambition  
In hopes of becoming a politician.  
To St. Johns College **JOHN DAVENPORT** will go soon.  
A mechanical engineer he wants to be,  
And be one he will, successfully!



Their equals would be hard to find.



They've made their days at Landon  
A success for all to see  
Jack and Jane will claim their place  
In the future that's to be.



Climb high, climb far,  
Your goal the sky, your aim the stars.



# GREAT YEAR ...



They were proud to represent our team.



Gallantly they reigned in a royal manner.



Their smiles are so full of jewels  
They make your crowns look dull.

I, Nancy Lee Abdullah, do hereby will my sister Jackie my last year's diving letter that Miss Dobson forgot to give me. To Margo Olcott my beautiful year-around tan and to Susan Davis my typing eraser.

I, Andrea Jane Abercrombie, do hereby will a ball to the girls' swimming team; two more "attractive" falls to Sheri Lee; to Peggy Mizell, the car every weekend next year; to the Junior High, the ability to clean out the court fountain and have nobody notice it; to Angela Jansen, dear old Mrs. Howard; to Landon "thanks" for a part in her victories and her defeats; and to Jack, I leave from April, to April, to April . . .

I, Ruth Anne Adams, do hereby will my left tennis shoe to my sister Melanie, my right shoe to my sister Doris, my good grade in A/C to Perry Weems, my messy notebook to Judy Blackwell, my ability to make A's & B's in chorus to Becky Smith, and my ability to get in so many problems to Kent Newberry.

I, Tommie Earl Adkins, do hereby will to my brother, Jimmie, my outstanding football ability; to Mike Smith, ten broken hurdles; to Coach Guido, some more stories to tell, his other ones are getting old; to my sister Marilyn, some passing grades; to Angela Jansen, somebody; to Wolfson, eleven starters from the Landon football team; and to George Suarez, a hit.

I, Marli Caryl Albright, do hereby will to Troy Rahn, the ability to stay on best terms with Mrs. Dobrin and still make C's; to David P., Buddy M., and Robert P. my lasting friendship and any guidance they may need; to Gay Rush, my phone number in case of an emergency; to Bunny H. free "jerk" lessons; to Romalie my acting ability; and to the Senior High Classes all my cherished memories and thoughts of Landon.

I, Mike Anderson, do hereby will to Coach Guido my old track shoes. To Margaret Davis my ability to swim the mile in two minutes and my old gym suit. To Gary Ross all my parking places. To Mrs. Dobrin my talented voice. To Mr. Barnes my report card.

I, Vicki Marie Anderson, do hereby will to Nancy Pratt "my" rocking chair in Mrs. Thompson's office and my good pal, Mrs. Thompson; to Linda R. and Nancy B. all the memories we've accumulated; to Chris Hebert all my old teachers and the ability to survive the next 5 years; to Bruce C. my A/C notes and some of my good times; and, to my brother, I will Landon.

I, Patrick Charles Andreu, do hereby will Rick Copps my ability to give a 100% at all times in football practice; to Doug Smith to get D's in P.E. for no reason, and to Bob Hammersla, my head-hunters helmet.

I, Patricia Jo Angel, do hereby will to Carol Huggins the ability to blow bubbles in the bath tub and the ability to sit home on the weekends and not mind; to Nancy Brown, I will the ability to make A's in chorus and not being able to sing a note!; to Bob Aberly I will the ability to pass A/C the first time; and to all my friends I will the ability to have a great senior year.

I, Lynwood Frederick Arnold, II, do hereby will to next year's senior math class, the greatest mercy on their soul; to my sister, Pam, my great ability to study Spanish all night and then forget it on the test; to Candy, a great time next year at Wolfson, especially with the duPont boys.

I, Helen Susan Ashmead, do hereby will to Ginger and Marlan my trying, but invaluable years in high school; to Jody Jenkins the crayons I used in art; to Peggy Mizell and Cheryl my ability to make a dress in home ec.; to Richard Turner my philosophy of life; to Linda Rembert two good jokes; to Lauren Ritchie, a friend who will leave class with her 15 go to the cafeteria; and to Steve Kaufman at duPont good luck and happiness.

I, Howard John Aspinall, do hereby will Nick Gardner, one slightly used yellow gant; to Nancy Godwin I leave all the happiness in the world; I leave my Beep Beep to Mrs. Kestler; to Fian and Caryl, both a happy life; to Mr. Johnson, my esteem, A/C notes and theories; to George Aspinall, one Time Bomb; to all my friends, A.A.A. summer; and to Landon High School another fifty years of spirit.

I, Barbara Irene Baker, do hereby will to Martelle the ability to find help at a dead end street; to Lynn Tragler, all my empty bottles of Perma-strate; to Leslie Edwards, one pair of boxing gloves; to Troy Rahn, the ability to wait three months for a certain phone call; and to a certain eighth grader another senior girl to win the dance contest with in gym next year??!!

I, Patricia Joan Bardon, do hereby will to my sister, Cathy, the ability to learn something new everyday; to all students the memory of Landon and what it's done for each of them; to Patsy Cothren, the ability to think logically as Ray always has been able to do; and to Donna Turner, I will a certain double date she would have had to suffer through.

I, Lauren Evan Barnert, do hereby will my cousin Terri to Mike Knox and all the luck in the world; my loyal seat in the bleachers at every basketball game to Mark Hampton, in hope that he will make a "hellacious effort" to use it; to Braxton Grizzard, a hex to hog-tie evil hair-cutters; to Mrs. Perkins, the strength to teach brother Cy and survive; and to "THE TRIBE", runnin' wild, all my love.



# MEMORIES, MEMORIES,

**RICK DE LONGIS**, a Landon actor,  
Will go on to St. Johns College.  
Electrical engineering will be his work,  
This is for sure — he'll be no jerk!

To make plenty of money  
Is **WAYNE DE NAZARIE'S** dream.  
We're all sure his dreams will come true—  
Good luck Wayne—from us to you!

**THOMAS DENMARK** will go to JU.  
To be an engineer.  
No marriage plans are anywhere near,  
But maybe in his senior year!  
Jacksonville University will be the place  
For **DAVID DEVENBURG** to go.  
Yet uncertain is his ambition  
While dear ole' Landon he'll miss, we know.

Brevard is the school  
Where **SUSAN DINER** will go;  
But later she hopes to marry happily  
And raise a wonderful family.

The Prudential will find  
**SUSAN DOTY** at work,  
And soon she will be  
A great secretary.

**NORMAN DOUECK** will study at Florida State,  
And study is what he'll have to do;  
For a physicist is what he has chosen to be  
And see the sights there are to see.  
First a secretary, then a housewife,  
These are the wishes **DENA EDENFIELD** has in life;  
At Florida Technical College she will learn  
To spend the money that she has earned.

**RICHARD EDWARDS**, our helpful photographer,  
Is hoping on going to Princeton.  
He wishes for success, as we all do,  
And we're sure his wish will come true.

**RONNIE ELLISON**, the "Jolly Green Giant,"  
Will go on to St. Johns College.  
There he will study (?) and work very hard (?)  
And his interest in sports he will guard.

It's on to Stetson for **PAT ERRICO**,  
Where she will study to teach.  
With her 1st grade, 2nd grade, 3rd, 4th, or 5th,  
We're sure success she will reach.

Marriage plans are in the future for **CANDY EVANS** and Billy.  
But this is after a little while,  
And good luck is wished them both.

The University of South Florida is **SHEILA FAGES'** choice.  
She'll teach what she has learned.  
And then spend the money that she has earned.

To be an electrical engineer is **FRED FOX'S** dream.  
And St. Johns Jr. College is where he'll go, it seems.

**SANDI GAMCE** has marriage hopes,  
But not for a couple of years.  
At the hospital she'll study now,  
To be a Lab Technician is her vow.

Because of his interest in sports, **MIKE GARDNER** would like to teach them.  
But first in life is his own education,  
We're sure he'll be a great sensation.

University of Oklahoma—here she comes,  
That girl named **DOTTY GARTEN**.  
Marriage plans are hopeful ones,  
She'll become a wife with lots of sons.

Success and wealth are wanted by many,  
And **FRANK GAUDIOS** is no exception.  
Quite talented is he in basketball,  
And he'll surely answer success's call.

**FRED GAUDIOS**, he's our man—  
Yes this guy is really grand.  
Off to Daytona after graduation—  
Whatever he does, he'll be a real sensation.

**MIKE GOETTEE**—we will see  
Attending Florida Southern University.  
Although his further goals aren't sure—  
You'll find him surfin' in his leisure.

A dental hygienist is **EVELYN GOLDSTEIN'S** aim.  
University of Pennsylvania is where she'll gain her fame.  
As Landon High School's prettiest girl—  
She's sure to make a hit in this world.

Off to St. Johns, **HARVEY GOLDSTEIN** will go  
As a coach he'll be a success, we know  
Marriage plans? Nothing has been revealed  
As for Harvey, he's just "playing the field."

**ROZIE GOLDSTEIN**, a success she'll be  
At U. of F. just wait and see  
Marriage comes for her at the age of 20  
And settle down with a family of plenty.

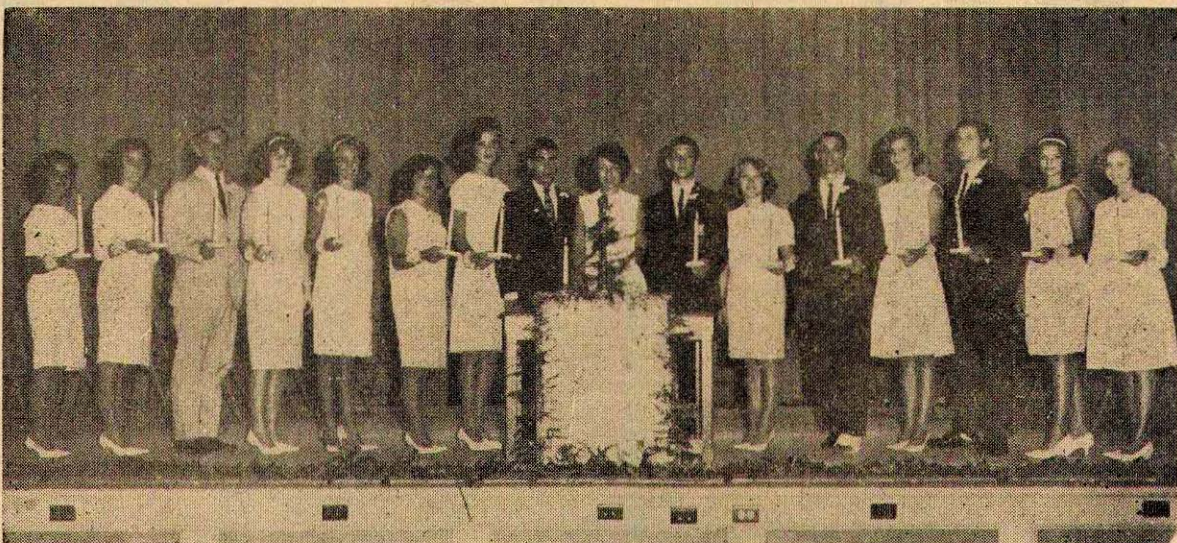
**MICHEAL GOODFRIEND** to St. Johns will go,  
She'll be a hit we all know.  
With an ambition to find her man  
She'll get married as soon as she can.

To be an elementary teacher is **SHARON GRAVESEN'S** aim—  
We all know she'll gain much fame.  
She'll be off to Europe to live for a year—  
Wherever she goes she'll bring good cheer.

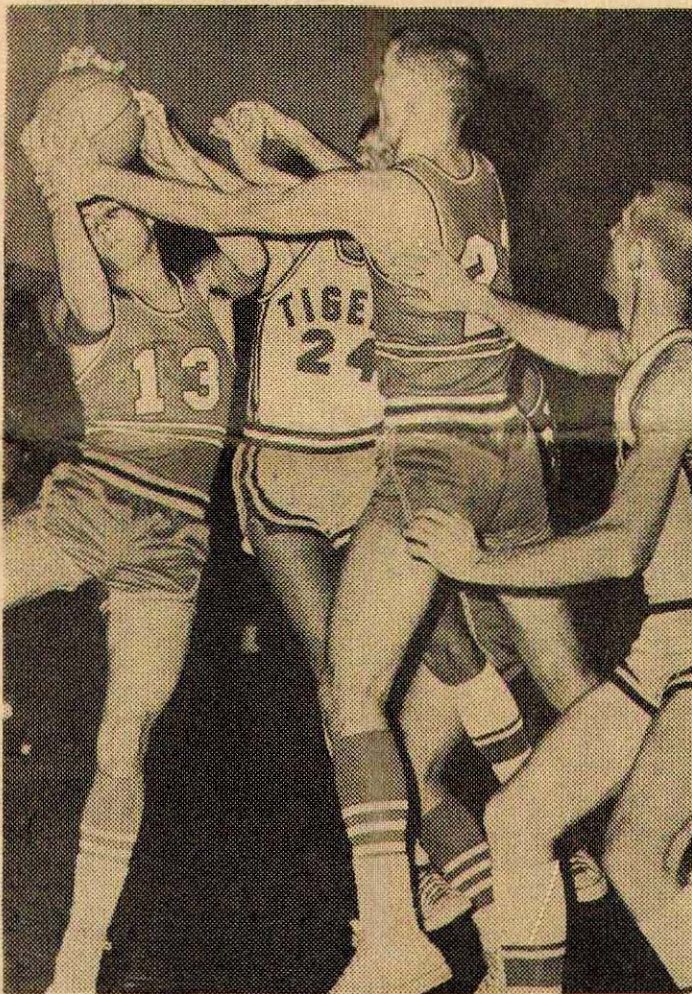
**DIANE GREGORY**—"Miss All Around"—  
will go to a junior college—then she's LSU bound  
Afterwards a teacher she will be—  
Then settle down with a family.

**FAUSTA GUILLEN**—our "sports" gal—  
will be an X-ray Technician in Baptist Hospital.  
She surely would be good in this field—  
If first to marriage she does not yield.

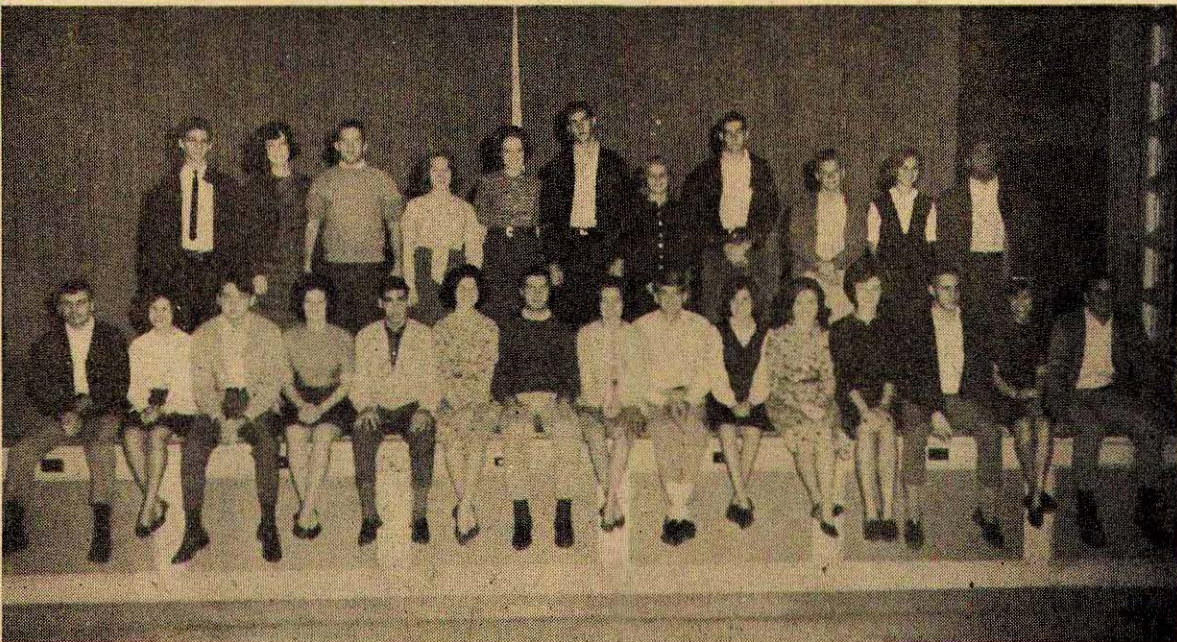
**KAREN GUSTAVSON**, I'm sure you all know,  
In September to JU she will go.  
To marry Danny and be a loving wife  
Is her greatest ambition in life.



Knowledge is the greatest of all virtues.



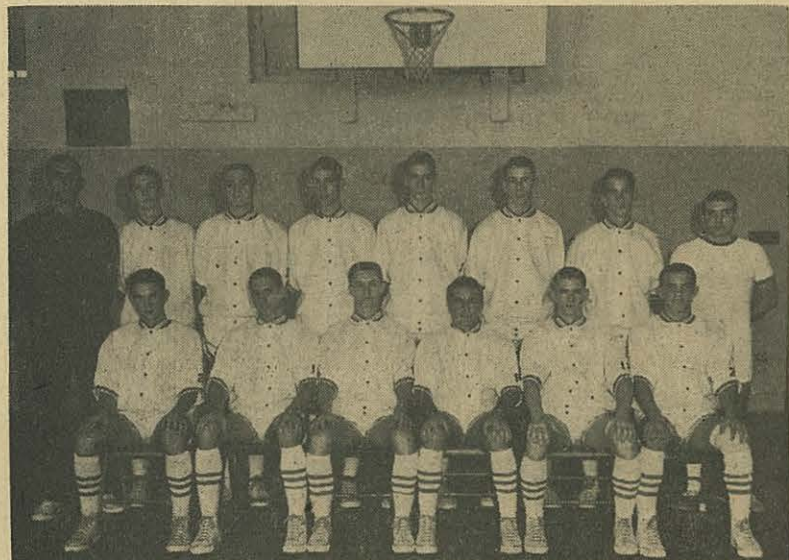
It's not whether you win or lose, but how you played the game.



The Sr. Class was great we know  
But still a few stood out  
And here are the ones that we all know  
Are tops without a doubt.



# MEMORIES, MEMORIES...



These athletes have a possession  
That is worth much more than gold  
They show good sportsmanship — win or lose  
This quality they shall always hold.



A smile, good looks, a winning way.



They spread happiness wherever they go.

I, Mary Rebecca Barnes, do hereby will to Doug, the will-power to fight off all the girls; the ability to find the thousand dollars; the ability to remember to turn off his lights when he gets out of the car; the ability to keep on loving me; the ability to keep his tongue untied instead of saying, "What did you do for that — uh?"; and last but not least, my love and our fondest memories to keep him well and safe while I'm gone.

I, Donald Barrett, do hereby will my biology grades to anyone; my ability to look like I'm studying to Jack Whitehouse; and everything else I have, which is nothing, to Ray Burke.

I, Robert Sattler Barry, do hereby will all my re-admits and tardy slips to Stan Hilton and Russell Brooke; my track shoes and my ability to run the mile to Tim Romydy; and to Englewood, Bobby Cowart, and to everybody—Mrs. Perkins.

I, Ronald M. Baruch, do hereby will to Glenn C., all my luck on algebra tests; to Michael W., my ability to get along with teachers (?); to the Spanish Club of Wolfson, the hope of a successful year; and to Barbara, I leave all my love and hopes for a bright future.

I, Cheryl Cecilia Beasley, do hereby will to Sandi Dunn all my A/C notes and the good grades I made in there; to Melanie, I leave one of the most wonderful years of high school, my senior year; to Billy, I leave my history notes in great hopes that he will be able to read them; and to Howard Seitz, I leave all my art works which I completed under the excellent training of Mrs. Grant.

I, Bruce Engle Beck, do hereby will to Freddie Floyd, my ability to give a true and honest croak; to "SPIDER", I will all my chewing gum for the price already set; to Benny, my marvelous ability to get along with all science teachers; to Danny Graham, my exceptional mathematics ability; and to Anne, me.

I, Claus Ernest Bertels, Jr., do hereby will all of my broken pencils and unprintable exclamations that have accumulated in Trig., to anyone who might need them next year; my great knowledge of a certain science class to those who don't know what it feels like to get an extra hour of sleep each day; and last but far from least, my "prizes" that I have found in my lunches to the cooks, the L.F.W., and all of my friends.

I, Linda Dale Blake, do hereby will Barry Friedman my ability to graduate, Karen Quigg and Kathy Mayo, my first place ribbon in ping-pong, Bill Thompson, my ability to stay awake in English, to Nancy Brown, my ability to find a true-blue boy, to Bernice Carson, my eleventh grade English credit, and to Jane, Darlene, and Sharon, my gym suits, shoes, and socks, and all the best of luck in their senior year.

I, Marka F. Booher, do hereby will to Bunny Hicklin, a senior year as great as mine even though . . . ; to Glenn Cohen, my "Beauty" secret; to Anthony, his senior year and my junior year and all the years to come, and to Landon, a bright future.

I, Martin Ronald Blue, do hereby will all my worldly possessions of which I have no more use for; my skill in bookkeeping to Jane Brown in the hope that she might learn to appreciate Mr. Sexton's fine teaching; to Elliot Borkson, all my gants and weejuns because he cannot afford his own; to Benny Frisch, I will a life of complete unhappiness; my brain to science; and my corvair to the bum that sold it to me.

I, Harriett Arlene Boatwright, do hereby will to my brother, Mitchell, my fabulous years at Landon; to the future majorettes, the ability to sock a band director in the lip with a baton; to the future Senior Fellows' Cheerleaders, loads of fun; to Jolly Green, my shin splints; to Ricky, good ole Gus; and to Gil, my deepest respect and admiration, the ability to honk a horn, and the song, "Tired of Waiting."

I, Jeffrey Alan Bootzin, do hereby will to Steve Klausner and Kathy Mayo, another year with Mabel; to Howard Coker, my book, 100 Ways To Cut People; to Gail Milford and Susan Davis, one year's supply of quiet pills; to Leonard Selber, Mike Wilensky, and Gilbert Betz, a complete translation of Vergil; to Elliott Borkson, my amazing study habits and my ability to have two study halls my senior year and give one up; to Mr. Johnson, Howard Rosenblatt; and to anyone foolish enough to want, my Pub Room period.

I, William Bridier, Jr., do hereby will to Nancy Pratt, my empty (?) key chain and my ability to pass time writings with only 5 mistakes!!; and to Susan Pitt, my car to drive whenever she wants.

I, Linda Kay Bridier, do hereby will to Nancy Pratt, all my wonderful cheering abilities; to Wayne Smith, all of the darling (?) freshman girls; to Susan Davis, the ability to make all A's and B's in typing next year; to Gary Ross, the ability to stick and stay with one girl; to Terry Smith, all the girls that are 32-A; to Jerry Barsh, all the cute girls at Wolfson, and to everybody in Landon, all my school spirit!

I, Raymond Patrick Burke, do hereby will David Busch (Mother Goose) one deck of marked cards so he can cheat better; to Steven Henderson, one can of blue paint for his side panels; and to "Kippy" Wolfe, my red book.

I, Nancy Lea Burkhart, do hereby will to Cynthia Smoak, my gym shoes and socks which are the envy of every senior girl; to David Patten, my co-ordination in typing; to Steve Danese and Linda Rowland, four wild years

with me at F.S.U.; to Gilbert Betz, my smile in hopes that he will use it; to Jane Dux, my ability to be organized; and to Mose, Phyllis P., Hugo, Phyllis C., and Steve, I leave the memories of the 2nd period office staffs.

I, James Walter Busch, do hereby will to my brother my fiat key; to Bob Edenfield, my ability to find shark's teeth and also a wig; to Tim Williams, my mechanical drawing ability; to Edward Coker, a date with Linda M.; and to Marli, I leave Thursdays.

I, Mary Elaine Carson, do hereby will to Peggy Mizell, Burger Baby and a "weekly" article in the Journal; to Barb, Steve, and the rest of the staff, another "well-organized" year on the Wolfson newspaper staff; to Steve Cheatwood and Mike Binford, my A's in American history which they really don't need; to Gail Milford, a book on creative writing; to Bob Cosby, my A/C notes; to Don Safer, a jar of glitter and ink to use on someone besides me; to Mike Knox, Goose O'Neal, Dale Duke, Nancy Chappell, and the other juniors, the best of luck in organizing the Wolfson Senior Class; and to the faculty of Landon, a huge "Thank You" for six years of wonderful memories.

I, Pamela Francine Chafin, do hereby will to Beverly Roach, one slightly used shorthand notebook and a wonderful senior year; to Janet Crossley, a book entitled, "How To Take 'Takes'"; and to Connie Parnaby, the chorus' piano bench which was so generously willed to me 3 years ago.

I, Phyllis Jean Chamison, do hereby will the ability to get into Pennsylvania without worrying to Jack and Leonard; that good ole' SEFTY spirit to Linda C.; a chauffeur's license to Julian; a stack of neatly typed translations to Howard and Mosie; the solution to his problem, to Richard M.; and their rightful share of my wonderful memories of high school and true friendship to the Tribe.

I, Richard F. Clark, do hereby will all my tools to Mike. I leave my car to David; my boat goes to Gergs; the contents of my work shop goes to my good friend, David; and my ability to make people mad and still smile goes to Coach Leake.

I, Howard Coleman Coker, do hereby will Edward, my basketball ability which he has surpassed; Jeanne, two cases of diet pills; Mrs. Perkins, stone henge; Cottave, a good right hand; Goose, my ability to be in more elections and lose; Susan Davis, the book, "Silence Is Golden"; Steve Klausner, "The Legend of Mau-rauder"; Rosenblatt, three free dancing lessons; Donnie Safer, my ability to cut Mary; to Jeff Bootzin, my brain which he doesn't need; Rich McEvoy, my friends; Slater, my ice chest; Ellison, my height; and to Fran, all my love and hopes for happiness.



# And Now Landon Closes Her

**MICHEAL R. HAMPTON**, better known as "Pig"  
At U of SF his success will be big.  
To be a business executive is his aim  
We all are sure he'll gain his fame.

**DANNY HAGEN** may go Lake-land's way  
To attend Florida Southern some day.  
He'll surely be a great sensation  
And go into a church vocation.

The University of Georgia is the college—  
where **SHARON HARRIS** will gain her knowledge.  
A medical technician is her style—  
As for marriage Sharon says "not for a while!"

**LARRY HEBERT** I'm sure you all know—  
Off to St. Johns he will go.  
Lots of marriage plans are in store for this guy—  
Could it be Miss Beckie Paille??

**JOE HENDERSON** into the Navy he'll go—  
After that—college life he'll know.  
To be an artist is his life's goal—  
Success is sure to come before he's old.

**PAM HENDRIX**, a grad to be—  
will go to work in the vicinity.  
Pam's already found that certain "him"—  
She'll get married and be a good wife to Jim.

**THOMAS HODGE** is on his way—  
To become an accountant someday.  
At Central Florida he will learn—  
How to make the money he's gonna earn.

**SHELDON HORNBuckle's** off to FSU  
when his high school days are through.  
Politics or economics—which will it be??  
Maybe someday we will see.

**JUDY HOROVITZ** is Gainesville bound  
U. of F. is where she can be found  
Marriage plans—when she finds the one  
But first in life is to have fun!

**RANDY HOUSER** will really go far—  
Maybe one day as a trapeze star  
As a member of Landon's football team—  
He proved himself to be on the beam.

Jones Business College will be this fall—  
the place where **VICKIE HUTCHINSON** learns all  
As a model—she'd like to be  
I'm sure one day this we'll see.

**CHUCK HYATT**—a man on his way—  
Is sure to be a success someday  
With interest in sports and girls—  
He's sure to make a hit in this world.

**LINDA INGRAM** is Gainesville bound  
University of Fla., is where she can be found  
After studying medicine she'll be a good wife—  
And settle down to a happy life.

Says **PAUL ISAACS**—"St. John's Jr. College is the one for me—I'll have a good time and be as happy as can be"  
As for marriage—NEVER say's Paul  
"I'll be a playboy and have a ball."

St. John's Jr. College is **TOMMY JEFFRIES** destination—  
I'm sure he'll be a great sensation!  
He'll be rich—just wait and see—  
His ambition is to own an XKE

**LINDA JOHNS** will go to college—  
She's not just sure where she'll increase her knowledge.  
A secretary is what she wants to be  
As for true happiness she holds the key.

**DIANNE JONES** wants a certain dream to come true—  
And with Dianne's winning way—I'm sure it will too.  
A cute Senior guy—her husband will be  
They'll live a long life and be married happily.

**MIKE JORDAN** is headin' Gainesville way  
For a visit to the University he'll pay.  
He wants to learn to enjoy work—we know he will.  
And as for a husband he'll fill the bill.

**THOMAS JORDAN**—a photographer to be  
Will be a great success someday—you'll see.  
As for marriage plans—Thomas has none  
But we're all sure he'll find someone!

Stetson has a surprise in sight  
For next year they'll have **JUDY KNIGHT**.  
Of psychology; there she'll gain much knowledge,  
And marry later after college

**KATHY KELLY**, a swimmer true,  
At U. of F. will not be blue.  
A teacher is what she plans to be.  
Marriage? we'll have to wait and see.

Our worldly **ANN KLEIN** next year will go  
To the University of Florida and her talents show.  
For she plans to major in elementary education,  
And of course she'll be the best in the nation.

At Cornell, **MARILYN KLEPPER** couldn't be finer  
Learning to be a fashion designer.  
About marriage this is what she said,  
"I'd better not be an old maid."

**TAMARA KNIGHT'S** a secretary to be,  
In the Letterettes she sings with glee.  
Her marriage plans are not near,  
But her singing will please your ear.

**KIT KOREY** is Stetson bound.  
There he'll make a lawyer sound.  
For marriage plans there are none,  
And of Key Clubbers, he is one.

**VIVI ANN KIVICK** from Sweden came.  
Being a teacher is her first aim.  
She'll go to college back in Sweden,  
She'll be the best, and I'm not kiddin'.

**LINDA LOU LAMBERT** you will see  
In nursing school or a secretary.  
She wants to get married and raise a family  
And very successful we know she'll be.

South Georgia College is proud to enlist  
As one of their students, **PAT LANDIS**.  
After teaching school awhile she'll marry and have children  
Mostly boys, and that will be fun.

National Honor Society's **DEBBI LEDERMAN**  
At U. of F. will take her stand.  
She wants to teach school or be a speech therapist  
Then marry, "But after college" she insists.

**CYNTHIA LE GRAND** to North Carolina will go  
To attend Peace College so  
That she can be an elementary school teacher  
And someday maybe visit the preacher.

**MADELYN LEVIN**, our lively cheerleader,  
At the U. of F. next year we'll see her.  
She's undecided about what she'll be,  
And of marriage she says, "No rush! Please!"

Of **CHARLET LIND** I am told  
Georgia Southern is her goal.  
Later at work we will find her  
Being a wife or a social worker.

**KATHY LIVINGSTON**, one of our majorettes  
A wedding date has already set.  
In California is where she'll be  
And have a wonderful family.

University of South Florida has a surprise in store  
For that's where we're sending **RANDY LORD**.  
If you ask this superlative he'll say  
He wants to be a C. P. A.

Teaching elementary school is the goal  
Of **DAWN LOWERY**, this we know.  
Winthrop College is where she'll go  
And she'll be good cause she told me so.

Our one and only Key Club Pres., **JULIAN MACK** leads the rest.  
He'll be going to the U. of Florida  
There he plans to become a lawyer.

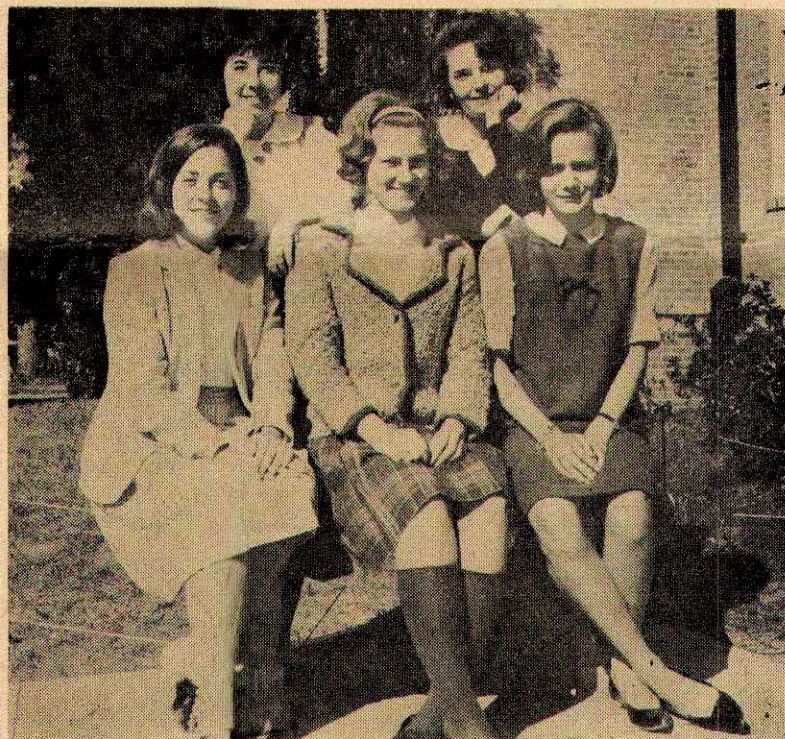
**STEVE MACRI** says that he sorta  
Wants to go to the U. of Florida.  
His interest and activity is swimming.  
Of marriage he says, "Are you kidding?"

**SUSAN MARON**, a dental hygienist to be  
Will attend the University of Tennessee  
She'll marry if she finds the right man  
And be a good wife and mother if she can.

Our popular folk singer, **GEORGE MASSEY**  
Is known for his talents throughout the county.  
St. John's River College is his destination,  
And whatever he does, he'll be a sensation.



Their laughter and their gaiety  
are heard down every hall.



Leadership, Ability, and Knowledge, were  
factors in the choosing.



Their voices so sweet, their rhythm keen.



# Doors With Great Pride



Attractiveness is the best letter of introduction.



The theater is their love.



## THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT



**Frisch's  
Big Boy**  
BEACH BLVD.  
at  
UNIVERSITY

I, Janice Cone, do hereby will to Teresa Carter, all my good times being a senior and a bottle of Soaky Shampoo; to Jo-Ann Burr, a bottle of Loving Care Hair Rinse; to Carol Huggins, the ability to blow bubbles like Patti Jo; and to Judy Edwards, my ability to write letters to a certain boy at F.S.U.

I, George A. Cottave, Jr., do hereby will Bob Edenfield a hair rinse so as not to have brown hair in his senior year; Bill Doyle, my ability to stay up on a slalom; my most prize possession goes to all of next year's senior boys—to prove that blondes (Terry Parker Jr. & Sr. Girls) do have more fun; and to the junior high students, dear ole Landon.

I, Stephen Philip Danese, do hereby will to John Tomberlin, my place in N.H.S.?? To Randy Houser, my ability for the trapeze. To Bobby Arnold, my ability to surf. To Nancy Burkhart, my ability to sneak in the movies without bumping my head. To T. A., the other two-thirds. To Rusty Houser, my ability to grease a flag.

I, John Frederick Davenport, to hereby will all the friendship Coach Leake has bestowed upon me to the next Locker Room Executive, and all of my intelligence to Clarence Prince, who needs it in a bad way.

I, Nicholas Richard DeLongis, do hereby will my ability to get out of doing work in gym to Gary Ross. To Rick Rosenblatt, an old tire in which he can practice getting stuck. To Doug Haskins my ability with women. To Bob Pugh I will my bedwaggon. To the senior girls I will Bruce Docheck.

I, Wayne de Nazarie, do hereby will to Craig Cowart Mrs. Crutchfield's class, to Jo Ann Burr I leave Craig Cowart and promise not to bother them, to Leslie Edwards, due to circumstances, I leave nothing, to Kathleen Winter I leave the water fountain, and finally I leave!!!!

I, Thomas Edwin Denmark, do hereby will all my A/C notes to Jim Rawlings, a new rule book on FCC rules and regulations to Jack Whitehouse, my English notes to Mike Devenburg. To Mr. Sexton I leave the hope of having another sixth period study hall like this year's, to Coach Guido, a new pair of clippers, a can of greasy kid's stuff to Coach Leake and to Coach Maricich, some Jiffy Popcorn.

I, David Charles Devenburg, do hereby will my superb times in track to Jim Rawlings, my very complete and detailed English notes to Jack Whitehouse. My A's and B's in Chemistry to Billy Doyle, my ability to endure the hardships imposed by Coach Leake to all of the unfortunate students next year, and my honor roll report card to my brother, Mike.

I, Susan Marlene Diner, do hereby will to Donna Edenfield my power to put a curse on someone and have it really work, to Stacy Wolf I leave a king-size jar of Noxzema for another day at the beach, to Leon Yergin, an Avon catalogue for Thespians, to Nancy Cooner and Anne Rentz, a free pass to the new Town House for next years New York trip, to Wendy Klein a pair of (???) sunglasses, and to some poor soul named Diane Diner, I leave Mrs. Bacon.

I, Elizabeth Susan Doty, do hereby will to my sister Judy, one extra large gym suit, a pair of socks that don't match, and my ability to make good grades(?). To Nancy Godwin I leave my valuable A/C notes. To Sandy Dunn I will one box of slightly used crayons and my position as treasurer.

I, Norman Bruce Doueck, do hereby will the trip to New York to Donnie Safer, the ability to snow 69% of the girls to Charles Lancaster, an "A" in Physics to whoever wants it, to Teresa Carter the ability to get Mrs. Dunn for three years, driving ability to Donnie Safer, a bean gun to Linda Gerbert, and to Martha Goldstein I leave 6th period study hall.

I, Dena Edenfield, do hereby will to my brother, Bob, my fifteen minutes on the phone at night so he can talk to three girls and a roll of yellow tissue paper. To Gene, I will myself.

I, Richard Charles Edwards, being of sound mind and body, do hereby will my term paper writing techniques to all future seniors, to Diane Gregory my mathematical ability, one gross of eggs to Julian Mack, one beat up Speed Graphic press camera to Nancy Colvin, to Claus Bertels one bottle of Solarcaine, French accent to Anne Lamberson, to the Landonian staff, the 3,069 scratched negatives I've accumulated, the secret police back to Linda, my many trig and solid tests to those in distress, to Mary Carson, the many trips I made to Coleman Printers, my ability to consume four hours in the taking of one picture to next year's photographer, my physics problems to "E", my fifth period pub-room to Jack Mizrahi, and to my sister another year at Landon.

I, Ronnie Woodrow Ellison, do hereby will to Moo Moo my fine basketball shoes, to Mrs. Dorbin my great ability to sing, and to all the boys at Landon I give my success with all the girls, to Mrs. Grant I will my ability to draw, and to Coach Leake my basketball letter.

I, Patricia Errico, do hereby will to Bunny Hicklin my ABC gum, to Lisa Sloat my great gym talent, to anyone, my ability to get out of class and never get in trouble, to Larry Smith, backstage during the Christmas pageant, to Terry S. a BIG bruise, to Karen Holger, as much fun in her next two years as I had, to "Thump", Landon to take care of for another year, and to all of those leaving, a fond memory of Landon.

**Patronize  
Our  
Advertisers**



**CHUCK NEWMAN** wants to get married  
At age 27 and make  
Bridges with lots of match sticks  
Oh, Chuck, go jump in the lake!  
(Just kidding, Chuck)

Good ole **J. FRANK NORRIS**  
Will go to the U. of F.  
Frank, you're such a good ole  
guy  
We hate to see you left (I mean  
leave!)

**CHARLES NOWLIN, JR.** will go  
To the University of Florida, too.  
But he's undecided as  
To what he wants to do.

**SUSAN O'NEAL** maybe an air-  
line stewardess  
What a pretty one she will be.  
She says she has no marriage  
plans,  
But we will wait and see!

**LINDA DELL OVERSTREET**  
will get married  
In June of '66  
And also be a stenographer,  
You think these two will mix?

You hope it will be 2½ years  
Before you marry, don't lie!  
Or is this the honest truth  
Just tell us, **BECKIE PAILE!**

**PHYLLIS PAPPAS** was a cheer-  
leader  
She'll now go to college and be  
A psychologist maybe or maybe  
not  
Before too long we'll see.

Sweet **ANNE PARKS** wants to  
see the world.  
She'll go to Brenau  
We hope she'll stay as sweet,  
As she is right now.

**FRAN PEACOCK** will teach  
little ones  
And hopes to marry someday.  
We hope the best of everything  
Fran, will come your way.

**PATRICK C. REESE**, President  
of D. C. T.  
On the school board, he hopes to  
be,  
Good luck Pat, we know you'll  
succeed,  
And into success you will proceed.

Dartmouth College is the place,  
Which soon will see a brand new  
face.

**KEYS RHODES** is the bright  
young man,  
To never stop learning is his plan.

FSU — Don't be so blue,  
'Cause **ANNE RICE** is coming to  
you.  
A major in Home Ec, is on the  
way,  
And a millionaire husband she  
will marry someday.

Good-bye is what we'll have to  
say,  
Since **BETTY ANN RIDGEWAY**  
is moving away.  
Marriage plans are coming soon,  
A happy bride she will become in  
June.

**LARRY RITCHIE** will stay in  
town,  
Jacksonville University is where  
he'll be found.  
To become a dentist is his  
ambition  
And we're sure he'll make a  
success of his mission.

**SHARON ROSENBERG** plans to  
work awhile,  
Then off to college with a smile.  
Marriage plans will come some  
day.  
And a happy life will be on the  
way.

To **HOWARD MARSHALL**  
**ROSENBLATT** we say goodbye,  
We'll really miss this infamous  
guy.  
The U. of F. is where he'll attend  
Where he'll defend his opinions  
to the end.

**PATRICIA JEAN ROWELL**  
has plans to be  
A cosmetician at Ossi's Apothe-  
cary.  
Up the aisle she will march very  
soon,  
Since she'll become a bride in  
June.

**LINDA ROWLAND** will go to  
FSU  
Where she'll have lots of studying  
to do.  
When she finally obtains her  
degree  
An English teacher she will be.

**JOE SAPORTAS** won't be  
around  
Since he's U. of South Florida  
bound.  
We'll really miss this funny guy  
When he gives college a great  
big try.

**SANDY SCHILD** gave us the clue  
That she'll really like going to JU.  
A degree in psychology is on the  
way,  
To a very successful life someday.

At **CYNTHIA SCOTT**, we're all  
looking,  
'Cause she's going into the  
school of nursing.  
As a nurse she'll be a great  
success,  
Since she'll give it her very best.

**SHERYL SCOTT**, who likes to  
have fun,  
Will go to work when school is  
done.  
As a typist she will pave the way,  
For marriage plans to come some  
day.

**VEEDA MATHIS** has told us that  
later  
She wants to be an I.B.M. opera-  
tor.  
In five years or so she'll be  
married,  
And around a home she will tarry.

**CAROLYN McALISTER**, who is  
always so gay,  
At college for awhile will stay.  
Then a buyer for a department  
store,  
And she'll be happy forever more.

Florida Technical College next  
year will find  
**THOMAS McCAUGHEY** has  
thoughts on his mind  
About working with I.B.M.  
machines.  
But getting married is his dream.

**RICHARD McEVOY**, this next  
season,  
Has a basketball scholarship to  
Stetson.  
To be a dentist is his ambition  
And for marriage someday he's  
wishin'.

Our very much liked **MOSE**  
**MEIDE**  
At Wofford College next year  
we'll see.  
And you can be certain as sure  
as you're you  
That he'll be successful in what-  
ever he'll do.

**ULLA MELART'S** great ambition  
is this  
To be an airline stewardess.  
Until then she'll probably work  
at May Cohens  
And hopes for marriage she'll be  
showin'.

Mercer has a treat in store  
When **RODGER MERRIAM**  
opens their door.  
In the State Department some  
day he'll work  
And there we know he'll never  
shirk.

Athletic **DAVE MERRICK** is no  
fool  
He'll be at West Point after  
prep-school.  
He hopes to live 20 and from  
West Point graduate  
And then a pretty little wife  
he'll take.

**KATHERINE ANN MILLER** will  
go to college  
She'll be a legal secretary.  
She'll go to Florida Tech College  
To get her desired degree.

Anyone seen a 40' scoop  
Floating anywhere around?  
If you have seen **CHIC** today  
Mr. **MEYER'S** Stetson bound.

**JACK MIZELL'S** one you all  
know  
To Wofford College he will go,  
He'll marry after college  
After some lucky girl to snow.

**JIM MONTGOMERY** doesn't  
have any ambition,  
Interests, hobbies, or a marriage  
plan.  
He will attend U. of South Florida  
Then who knows about this man!

**AGNES MORRISON** will be a  
nurse  
What a good one she will be!  
She has a good bedside manner  
And makes everyone very happy!

**CHERYL MORSE** will go to U. of  
Tenn.  
And maybe be a psychologist.  
And when the right one comes  
along  
She'll change her name from Miss.

Anyone need a dentist?  
**FRANK MOSS** will soon be one.  
The University of South Florida  
is where he'll go  
His marriage plans are none.

**WILLIAM MOTES** will go to  
South Georgia  
To be an engineer.  
His hobby's stamp collecting,  
The best of luck next year.

**COLIN MYERSON** wants to be  
a ranger!  
He'll go to Lake City after now  
But please, Colin, spare us,  
Don't turn out like Ranger Hal.

St. John's Junior College,  
Here comes **MADELYN**  
**NEIFELD**.  
She'll be a social worker someday,  
Her career is almost sealed.

To University of Florida  
**BEVERLY SETZER** will go,  
Where we're sure she'll never  
have a foe.  
As a Landon singer she has won  
fame,  
A M. R. S. degree is her life's aim.

**WAYNE WEBB** just wants  
success  
At Ga. Tech he'll do his best  
He'll make good, for that's his  
wish in life  
And maybe someday take a wife.

**BARBY WALES**, our Sr. class  
veep  
A date with Mary Baldwin  
College next fall will keep  
As for her field, she doesn't know  
what kind  
But she'll not get married for a  
long time.

**SUSAN VAN BRUNT** will go to  
F. S. U.  
Teaching is what she'd like to do  
She surely will be good in this  
field  
If first to marriage she does not  
yield.

**FAYE WATKINS** is on her way  
To become a nurse one fine day  
A nursing school in Ga. she'll  
attend  
And always have a lot of friends.

**MIMI SUGGS** is her name  
And at Jones Business College  
she'll attain her fame  
To become a secretary is her goal  
Until the right man comes to her  
soul.

**PAT SHANNON** will attend  
Gordon Military College  
And an engineer become with  
all his knowledge  
As for marriage plans he's very  
sure  
Wonder who's the lucky girl!!!!

**HAROLD SUTTON** is Tampa  
bound  
The University of South Fla. is  
where he can be found  
After graduation he'll start a new  
life  
And pick some girl to become his  
wife.

Off to Baptist Christian College  
School  
Goes **SHARON WELLS** 'cause  
she's no fool  
Marriage plans are far away  
Until the right guy comes along  
that day.

Auburn University will be this  
fall  
The place where **TOMMY VAN**  
**BRUNT** learns all  
An engineer he'd like to be  
I'm sure one day this we'll see.

Off to Florida goes a guy  
That's Senior Class President of  
Landon High  
**HOWARD COKER** will become a  
doctor and cure us all  
And then he'll marry and have  
a ball.

To be happy, gay, and debonaire,  
at St. Johns River Jr. College  
**ROBERT TITUS** will take in  
knowledge  
There he will learn, an architect  
to be  
And with the world, he'll be  
free.

**WALT STRAHAN** is on his way  
To become a writer some day  
St. Johns River Jr. College holds  
life's goal  
Success some day he will hold.

**DAVID STONE** is on his way  
To become a head designer at  
Ford Motor Company  
At St. Johns River Jr. College  
he will learn  
To make the money he's going to  
earn.

**WARREN D. WILLIAMS**, one of  
our seniors,  
Will not linger, but go to St.  
Johns River Jr. College,  
And while he's there I'll make  
a wager,  
That he'll be a business major.

**GAIL WILSON** will not tary,  
For she's going to be a medical  
secretary,  
She plans to attend Jones, right  
here in Jax.  
And then get married and relax.

**MARY WILSON** our librarian,  
At her office work will be tarry-  
in',  
After she has worked awhile  
She'll get married with a smile.

**TAMP WILSON**, DCT's chaplain,  
To be a bachelor is his ambition,  
Western Electric is where he'll  
have a job,  
And later on go into business  
where he'll find success in  
gobs.

Off to Judson goes **CANDACE**  
**WITHINGTON**,  
Where she'll be seen having  
loads of fun,  
She has a strong will,  
Which is to marry Bill.

**FRED WRIGHT** is his name,  
To be a success is his aim,  
A clerical position is now at  
hand,  
Where he'll make a very good  
stand.

KATHY SANDY  
HARRIET  
BECKY BELLE  
MAJORETTES  
Wish you a  
Happy Summer

**LES WING** has given us the  
clue,  
That he plans to attend J.U.  
He wants to become a teacher  
or musician  
For this is to be his ambition.

**LINDA WHITE** says with a smile  
She'd like to get married after  
a while  
To South Georgia College she  
will go and I'll make a wager,  
That someday she'll be an  
English major.

**DOROTHY PERKINS** will be in  
cap and gown  
Not only at graduation  
But she wants to learn nursing  
And make it her occupation.

She'll be a good mother someday  
Yes, **SANDRA PERRONE** will.  
She'll be a good legal secretary,  
Any job she will fulfill.

**PAM PERRY** would like to lose  
weight  
Then she'll go to JU.  
She plans to marry at 23  
Now Pam, what funny things you  
want to do.

**BILL PETTY** you all know  
He was a B-Ball star.  
He plans to go to Stetson,  
We know he will go far.

**LINDA PHILLIPS** enjoys  
swimming  
She's in Senior Girls and G.A.A.  
She wants to be a teacher  
She'll be a good one someday.

**EILEEN POIRRIER** will go to  
school  
F.S.U. to be exact.  
She'll teach Biology or mathe-  
matics  
Now is this a fact?

**BOB PUGH** will be a rich  
bachelor  
But he has no marriage in sight  
Bet if some pretty girl makes  
eyes at you  
You won't put up a fight!

**JEAN RATTEREE** will work as  
secretary  
For Prudential Company.  
She'll someday marry and raise  
A happy family.

**HARRY SHUMNES**, a future  
Navy man,  
Life stores for him a rewarding  
plan.  
In all his ambition he will  
persist.  
In his work as a pharmacist.

To be **REBECCA STEWART**  
And work in a bank  
You have to be great  
And have a high rank

**CONNIE STEVENS**, a wiz at art  
At the end of the summer, she  
will depart,  
To start her life at F.S.U.  
All the girls there she will out  
do.

**SANDY SHMUNES**, who plays  
the organ well  
In all her achievement she will  
excel.  
She likes to relax and enjoy life,  
too.  
And this year to Landon she  
will bid her adieu.

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I, Candice Jane Evans, do hereby will to my sister, Debbie, my ability to fail 10th grade English and go on to the 11th, to Charlotte Reagon I will my oversized non-rot gym shoes, to Barbara Bennet I will my ability to pass Biology without really studying, I will to others the ability to graduate before an older sister, I hope, and to everyone who ever attends Landon I will my happiness and fun I've ever had here.

I, Sheila Fay Fages, do hereby will to Jack Mizrahi a suitcase, a box of macaroons, and all of my solid tests; to Gilbert Betz, a bottle of (??) and a glove with three fingers; to Stacy Wolf my egg shells and a used ticket to the drive-in; to Leonard Selber, a pair of wings to play airplane with; to Wendy Klein, a job and a used bottle of suntan oil; to Hardy Fletcher, my bangs; and to my brother, Sheldon, the car if Malcolm doesn't take it back first.

I, Fred David Fox, do hereby will to Elliot Borkson my great card playing ability, to Benny Frisch my complete set of English notes, to Dicky Parker my speed and stamina in track, to Norman Sullivan my great swimming ability and a full set of A/C notes and my ability to make an A in solid to whoever wants it.

I, Sandra Carol Gamce, do hereby will my ability to write good letters to Michele Zavon; my sandal gym shoes to Troy Rahn and Lynn Tragler; my ability to get kissed on the forehead to Maria Reed; I will to Jean Hudnall, my study hall; to Jerry Barsh, my intellectual ability; to Buddy Macarages, my biology test answers; and last but not least, I will to Ronnie, me!!!

I, Marion Elmo Gardner, Jr., do hereby will to Bobby Edenfield my ability to out run the dogs; one roll of yellow paper to whoever needs Christmas decorations; to my brother Nick, the "green bomb"; to Nancy G. I leave one can of tennis balls; to all the juniors I leave the ever charming and popular A/C class, to Sandy Manson one lunch pass to Morrison's Cafeteria; to Coach Guido I leave 40 yards of asphalt track.

I, Dorothy Elaine Garten, do hereby will to Sharon Hackel, Laurie Usden, and Jill Anderson my great ability in athletics; to Marilyn Shapiro, 50 packs of typewriter paper; to Bev Hart, a bottle of hair dye, bleach, straightener, and a permanent so that she may become a frizzy, bleached, bald. To Dee Kramer, the ability to fall off of a camp bunk wearing clothes; to Veronica Mauck, my old gymsuit; to Wendy Klein, my curly hair; to my brother, Barry, many happy days at Landon and Wolfson, and last but not least, I will all of my love to Mark.

I, Frank Leroy Gaudios, do hereby will to Rory Jenkins 601 pieces of bread to feed the ducks; 1 fountain that works and an ELROIT - ONF - LEOCVEISNEG; to Bill Evans an automatic transmission and a broken surf-skate; to Mike Smith, one broken orange shoe lace and my black lace jump rope; and to Moo Moo Patten, 1 new T-shirt; and to Greg, St. Petersburg to come to Jacksonville.

I, Frederick Gaudios, do hereby will to the Senior Girls of the class of '66 to be friendly to the Senior Fellows; to Mike O'Neal my ability to play six straight games and not take a shot and not be fouled; to Bob Edenfield, a good looking blond; to Bill Evans my ability to drive a clutch car; to Doug Smith the hope of playing a full season (in anything).

I, Michael J. Goettee, do hereby will to my brother, my complete A/C notes; to John Deblieux, my expert ability to talk my way out of a situation; to anyone who'll take it, the French club scrapbook; 100 dollars reward to the person who can return my term paper notes; and to Norm Sullivan, my gym sandals.

I, Evelyn Marcia Goldstein, do hereby will my mathematical genius to Lenny Selber and Ricky Kramer hoping that they will use it to the best of their ability to finish their tests on time; to my sister, Martha, I leave my driver's license so that she may take the car legally; to Bruce Terry, my fantastic ability to play dots and win; to Craig Cowart I leave my empty seat in his corvette; to Bobby Hammersla, a "62" and a "45"; to Rick Copps, a course teaching a certain girl how to write love letters; to the future cheerleaders, I leave a wonderful experience and a course on "How to Get Along With Others"; to the New Key Club sweetheart, I leave wishes that she may have as wonderful a club and as great boys as I have had; and I leave with Landon all the fond memories and good times of my Senior year.

I, Harvey Lee Goldstein, do hereby will to Martelle Thomas many "thanks" for the change; to Kathy Winter, my passing (?) grade in History; to David Patten, my athletic ability in all sports; to Tom Walker a tall boingahoo; to Sandra Carraway, my History notebook; to Coach Guido my slightly used tennis shoes to be gold plated and put in the Coliseum showcase; and last and best of all I leave!!!!

I, Rozie Goldstein, do hereby will to Donnie Safer, another year of advanced mathematics (in hopes he can do the tests alone!!!), to my brother, Ricky, I will a new set of doctor's excuses for the coaches at Wolfson; to Rochelle Kluglose, another year of study hall with Mr. Bailey, to Al Lancaster, my A/C notes, which he craves, and last, but not least, I leave to Susan Davis, a daily Pub room visitor for next year at Wolfson.

I, Michael Goodfriend, do hereby will to Susan Goodfriend all of the fun of a Senior year, all of my Senior teachers and all of my notes, to Hilda and Gilda Goldman, I leave my brains and all of the fun of a Junior year.

I, Tanya Goss, do hereby will to Jean Ring, "Sunbeam," to Nancy Godwin, my grubby, gross, beat-up, scurvy, dilapidated, nasty, and very deteriorated gym shoes, to Charlotte all of my crummy optimism, to Nancy Cooner and Ann Rentz my fantastic ability to stay with the crowd; to David Graybeal one more long year; to Dorothy I will my sympathetic shoulder, to Beverly Hart, 1/2 of my height; to Carlton Powers I will my ability to get through typing.

I, Sharon Graveson, do hereby will Beverly Hart my uncompleted English notes and all of the plums she can eat, to David my chemistry grades, and to my brother, Andy, my mathematical ability which I hope he has better luck with than I have had.

I, Carol Diane Gregory, do hereby will to Peggy Mizell, Y-teens, Martha Goldstein, my Bolles Cheerleading letters, to Johnny Mullarkey my ability to dance, to Mitch Owens, the basketball tournament, to Troy Rahn, one whiplash, to Martelle Thomas, all beach parties and taxi cab rides, to Lynn Tragler one airplane ride, to Arlene, all Bolles boys, to Debbie Sweeting, my new (??) car, to Jo Ann Burr, my chorus outfit, to David Patten my fifth period class, and to Craig Cowart, my surfing ability.

I, Mary Ellen Grizzard, do hereby will my place at Nolan's barre, two more festivals, a chocolate eclair, the Jax. LRY, and one slightly smashed VW to Noel; a decent barber, 4 wonderful years at St. John's, and a Beatle album to Braxton; the knob from my VW stick shift to Benny Welch; my heart and soul to Julian; Johnny to Phyllis and Bill to Laurie; and myself to Jeff Bootzin for the next four years, in hopes that we may pass.

I, Fausta I. Guillen, do hereby will to leave Jean Maxwell my ability to keep 5th position in the tennis team; to Lucy Moody, my ability to get along with people that dislike me and my ability to play softball???? To Patsy Strickland my E's in Junior English; to Dorris Tappen my ability to play volley ball; my love to all of the athletic 9th graders and MaMa B.

I, Karen Lynn Gustavson, do hereby will all my muscles to Kent Newberry since he is so small and weak; to Janice Newberry, all my wonderful years at Landon; to Doris Tappen, Virgil and Cicero if she'll have them; to Danny, ME!

I, Daniel Lee Hagen, do hereby will to Kathy Winter, my ability to run out of gas at a J-notes dance after midnight; to Donna Edenfield, two footprints on the ceiling; to Bryan Dowling, one car radio knob and my ability to get a job without really trying; to Tommy Inman, seven cokes and twenty-four straws; to Allen Greene, one slightly used gut-bucket and to John Deblieux, a free Monday night and a stuck horn.

I, Gailyer June Hale, do hereby will to Judy Lambert, my duPont class ring in exchange for this certain ID bracelet she found; to Marilyn Atkins, one last look at Bobby Barry before I take him away; to Carol Huggins, another Teddy Bear; to Stanley Hilton and Russell Brook, all of my lunch trays left in the cafeteria; to my brother, Wayne, I leave the ability to be a snowman someday like my favorite pain reliever B.C.

I, Michael R. Hampton, do hereby will to Wade Steffen, the ability to get things done with no effort; to Mark Hampton, the notebook that I've used for the past five years and having the luck of never eating in the cafeteria; to Sherry and Martelle, another day at the beach; and to Coach Guido, my track shoes.

I, Sharon Renee Harris, do hereby will my favorite word to Charlie Holt with the hope that he will use it correctly; to Jack Minge, my ability to make straight A's in Solid; to Gil Betz, Fred Floyd and Romalie Roesch, the talent of never having to ride a city bus anywhere at anytime; and to each and every junior, the best of luck in the coming year.

I, Larry Edward Hebert, do hereby will my drivers license to Mitch Owens so he can take Sue out next year; I will a can of white paint and a paintbrush to Doug Smith; keep up the hearts on the tree, Doug; and to Coach Guido, the wheat germ he wanted me to try (you can have it, coach!)

I, Joseph Lee Henderson, do hereby will that all my speeding tickets go to Bob Edris, who I know well deserves them and also I will tell him all of my good fortune with old cars to which we have plenty; to all of the underclassmen I will that they do good at Wolfson and enjoy their next years in high school; I also leave to John N. a big BLUP!

I, Pamela Ann Hendrix, do hereby will my "accurate" A/C notes, which have Jim written all over them, to Barbara Bennett; to Charlotte Reagan, I will my A/C grades which will shock her; I will my worn gym suit to Donna Turner; and to my two brothers I will all of the fun that I have had throughout my high school days.

I, Tommie Hodge, do hereby will my X mark on Happy T and Richard B.; my pole to Coach Guido; Cheryl to Bobby; my car to Marsha Kay; my manuscript to Donnie; my heart to B. S.; Connie to Chuck; my boxing gloves to Margie J.; my hair to Coach Leake; my tan to Bobby C.; my punch to Donna Rodgers; my life and love to Cindy E.

I, John Sheldon Hornbuckle, do hereby will to John Graham the privilege of taking two semesters of study hall without phys. ed. in your senior year; to Donald Wing, one solid geometry book with answers written in it; to Marty, I will the ability to move to Jacksonville and graduate on a 9-week A/C course.

I, Judith Horovitz, do hereby will to Jack Mizrahi a letter from the University of Pennsylvania and my fantastic gym grades in order that he might get into NHS; and to Leonard Selber, \$67 of sweat shirt money and memories of our deeply inspiring and intellectual conversations on Saturday mornings.

I, Floyd Houser, do hereby will to Landon High school, one pair of worn out gym shorts, one slightly used brain, one giant sized bucket of sweat; to the infamous "stage coach" one gallon of gas so that T. A. and John (to whom I will my shotgun position) won't be late more than three or four times a week; to Mr. Sexton and his cherished study hall privileges, baloney!!!

I, Steven Randolph Houser, do hereby will one slightly used Lipton tea bag to Paulette Boorack; to Tommy Arnold my uncanny ability to get caught at everything I do; to Linda Herrington my sleep inducing desk in Mrs. Arnett's class; to my brother, Philip, I give my front seat position in the "stagecoach" on the way to school and with that I Get out of here!!!!

I, Vickie Carlene Hutchinson, do hereby will to Debbie Varn one of my wragged gym shoes and the other show to Laure Tanner; I will all of my books to the juniors and the junior high Landon.

I, Chuck H. Hyatt, do hereby will my blond hair and blue eyes to Kathy H.; to Jeanne S. I will my natural scholastic ability to make straight A's without really trying, hardly! P.S. If you're real good I might take you to the drive-in next week, Jean! To Buddy M. I will my hands and ability to win the "hands" award. Good luck with my hands, Buddy!

I, Linda Ruth Ingram, do hereby will my ability to graduate to all of the juniors and sophomores; to Bonnie Clark my seat in chorus; and good luck in school to anyone who needs it; to Tim Romyedy my ability to get along with most teachers, and to Gary Perkins the best of luck in Latin.

I, Paul Isaac, do hereby will to Jerry Stewart, one hatchet for chopping down trees in Brier Wood and one new right door for his car; to the Lancaster brothers, my ability to make straight A's all through my senior year; to Alson Lancaster, one door handle for the big "E" and to Charles, a black leather jacket with "Leader of the Pack" monogrammed on the back.

I, Thomas Henry Jefferies Jr., do hereby will to my sister, my unique ability to be absent from school occasionally and never be sick; to the swimming team, my incomparable swimming talents; to Donnie Safer, one used Tampa Jewel; to Clark Williams, a much needed lesson in safe driving; to anyone who wants it, the Center Pool; to me, the privilege of being able to drive the car again; and to Pat Williams, I will myself.

I, Linda Lorene Johns, do hereby will to Charlene R. my brains and ability to graduate after only 12 years of hard work; to Chubby P., the hamburger at Howard Johnson's; to Gail and ? the happiness that B. B. B. and I have; and lastly to B. B. B. I will all of my love until. . .

I, Lois Dianne Jones, do hereby will to Martelle Thomas my ability to trick her into saying things that are very secret; to Lynn Tragler a "new" burnt place on her furniture; to Troy Rahn the ability to put up with Tommy as long as I have with David; to Fran Michael and Sandra Carroway a can of "beatle powder"; to Howard Seitz the ability to draw as well as I do; and to Billy Seitz a black lace hair net.

I, James Michael Jordan, do hereby will to all underclassmen my wondrous ability to attain a "C" average in Physical Education the second semester without attending a class; to David Walter Hopkins, my stripped-out oil drain-plug for his Honda in the hope that he will be unable to remove it and will never again be burdened with the trouble and expense of changing his oil.

I, Thomas Edward Jordan, do hereby will to Nancy Godwin, my ability to listen; to Stuart Hecht, snort like a pig in American History; to Jack Whitehouse, my ability to get out of the morning D.C.T. class; to Jim Goodwin, all the ice cream he can eat.



I, Kathryn Coke Kelly, do hereby will to Carlton Powers—one gag; to Cheryl Powers the ability to keep from fighting with a special Bolles boy; to Barbara, Peggy, Angela, Susan, Donnie, and Steve a great "peaceful"?? time in Pub Room; to Kathy Hankins, my ragged tank suit; to Bill Barnett, a date in 3 months; to Arlene the ability to stay friends with the Senior Girls; to Donna Edenfield, all our fun times; to Kathy Winters, a reform badge; to Harold, a ride home; and to Stacy Wolfe, a wonderful senior year.

I, Ann Elyse Klein, do hereby will my A/C notes to my sister Wendy; my gym shoes to the lost and found dept.; my French poem to Mike Knox to say it in the Congress next year; my English notes to Beverly Hart; to Jerry Rubenstein a ride to school everyday next year; my typing race car to Susan Davis; my safety-pockets to the maids for their dustcloths; and my ridiculous sense of humor to anyone who can stand it.

I, Marilyn Gail Klepper, do hereby will to my sister, Ronnie, my T.V., my 2nd period pub room and an available car, and all the fun I've had; to next year's fashion columnist, subscriptions to 2,496 magazines; to Arlene Kramer, the chance to work on project during school and never be accused of skipping; to all Wolfson students, especially Wade Steffen—Mr. Reeves; and to anyone—my abilities to "think like a man" or to cancel the prom without knowing it.

I, Judy Maxwell Knight, do hereby will to Bunny Hicklin, my ability to think staying home on week-ends is fun? and one multi-colored bottom; to my sister, Anne, the telephone on Sunday nights and one slightly used basketball court; to next year's eighth graders, a wonderful year of "Perkinsology"; to the next cheerleaders, one indescribably wonderful year; and to Landon, my thanks for putting up with me for these past 6 years.

I, Tamara Priscilla Knight, do hereby will my wonderful singing voice to Judy McKee; my great talent to make an apron in Home Ec. to Jody Jenkins; my AC notes to John Graham; to Don Londerre, my PAD notes; my well written senior theme to Tommy Inman; to Harriett Isenberg, I leave my favorite seat on the bus and to Kathy Mayo my curly hair which she needs.

I, Robert Kit Korey, do hereby will to anyone taking senior math next year, a greatly used but very little understood trig book; to any deserving senior the teppe Evy and I used this year along with a worn out buffalo rug; to my sister, Susan, my wonderful exceptional ability to study; to anyone crazy enough to take it, Landon High School.

I, Vivi-Anne Elizabeth Kvick, do hereby will my luck in getting to travel to anyone with parted front teeth; a scary ferris-wheel-ride to K-nox; my front seat in daddy's car to George Turbow; my mathematical mind to Elliott Borkson; to Mr. McCorkle—a lifetime supply of Johnson's Wax to keep his gleam in his shiny eyes; the power to out vote other chaperones on a New York trip to Mrs. McLaugh-

lin; a midnight mass to Noel Grizzard; and all my love to EVERYONE . . .

I, Linda Lou Lambert, do hereby will all my A's in English and Biology to my sister Judy; my ability to go out every night and not study and still make A's and B's to Carol Huggins; my luck to get sick or sprain my ankle to Dale, Pat, Jean, or Amelia; my great ability to sing to all of the singers next year; and my senior project in Business English to any junior who would accept such a work of art.

I, Patricia Elaine Landis, do hereby will to Linda E., Linda A., Mary Jane N., and Susan T. 1 complete set of passes, readmits, etc.; to Jimmy Sorrell, a dating permit when he turns 15; to Nutmeg one paper tiger and one shark's tooth; to Anderson, one 64 "V"; to Sharon, one deaf landlady; to Fausta, one used cut out of Yogi Bear; to C.M., one empty pink candy dish; and to M.P., I leave myself.

I, Dorothy Carolyn Lanier, do hereby will to Donald Londree, my unique method of rolling yards; to Nancy, my Johnson's Baby Powder and many more of our "Dear Abby" sessions; to Tommy Inman, my little brother, my ability to run the 100 yd. dash in 10.30; and to Connie Parnaby my little brother.

I, Deborah Lederman, do hereby will my ability to stay in National Honor Society to Linda Cohn; all the World History notes I didn't take to Gilda; my ability to make B's in Solid to anyone who needs it; my ability to pronounce Spanish to Charles Shore; and last but not least, six of the best years of my life to Landon.

I, Cynthia Ellen LeGrand, do hereby will to Cheryl Heipt and Judy Deiffenbecker my southern accent and hope that it will remind them of me when I have gone; I also will to Cheryl Heipt, my mixed up English notes and hope that she will have better success with them than I did.

I, Madelyn Rona Levin, do hereby will to Bunny Hicklin, Mrs. Dunn's Landonian envelope; to Rick Copps, peace and quiet in Chemistry; to Anne Knight, the ability to have fun in AC; to Margaret Davis, I leave bleach; to next year's cheerleaders, a great big "Good Luck"; and to Landon, a thanks for a great six years.

I, Charlet Lind, do hereby will my first period gym spot to Jill Anderson, Laurie Usdin, and Sharon Hackel; to Veronica, my wish that she loses no more gym suits; to all the juniors, many happy memories of AC with the master basketball dribbler, Mr. McCorkle; to Dottie, my best wishes for a Mrs. from Mark; last but not least, I leave my love and fondest memories of my years in the halls of Landon to the junior high.

I, Kathy Elaine Livingston, do hereby will my ability to make A's in English to my cousin, Sharon; my love for band to Becky; my ability to do my own homework to R. M.; to Sandy and Don, I leave a wonderful senior year; and to some lucky girl, I leave my position in the majorette formation, so that she may get stamped.

I, Randall Wayne Lord, do hereby will Steve Edenfield, a permanent position in the "Travelers", my guitar pick to play his bass with, and the ability to ad-lib on a rockin' song; to my little sister, Sharon, my ability to make good grades through high school without studying; and to Cynthia Horton, a life long memory of the past.

I, Dawn Marie Lowery, do hereby will to Michele Zavon, the privilege of being Jean Ratteree's chauffeur next year; to Sandy, my great typing ability; to Maria Reed, I leave Fran and Honey; to Jean, I leave a dateless week end and to Ann and Cynthia, I leave my ability to make A's and B's and never study.

I, Julian Sidney Mack, do hereby will to Anne Knight, my football uniform; to Steve Cheatwood, my basketball ability; to Margaret Davis, my chewing gum; and to Mike Knox, I leave my ability to run an orderly Key Club meeting.

I, Stephen Scott Macri, do hereby will to Terry Smith, the ability to miss swimming practices and still be able to swim in the meets; to the senior girls, the ability for them to change from "High School Babies" to "College Women"; and to myself all the luck that I'll need to pass the first semester.

I, George Grist Massey, do hereby will Judy Edwards my ability to make straight A's in English IV; to Craig Cowart 3 dirty guitar picks; Mrs. Dobrin, and the Chorus letter I should have gotten; to L. M. leave my old electric razor; to Judy I will Charley (take care of him).

I, Veeda Mae Mathis, do hereby will my ambition to play the violin to the first-violinist, in the Landon Orchestra; to Harriett Isenburg.

I, Thomas Owen McCaughey, do hereby will Steve Edenfield, the right to buy back his littered "Bug" and a life time position in the "Travelers"; to Doug Evans, one city block of Ford convertibles; to Diane McDonald, me forever; to Bonnie Rains, Steve and a red bug full of people; and to David Goette, footnotes.

I, Carolyn Leone McAllister, do hereby will to Cynthia Horton, my car; to Amelia, mimeographed goodbyes to boys; to David, a bottle of vanilla extract; to T. A., a watch to get to class on time; Gary, my car keys; Jane, an alligator and a tree; John, my football jersey; Mr. Sexton, my diary on Arthur; to Shelia, a certain senior boy; to Connie, nice compliments; and to my brother, a little bit of sense.

I, John Richard McEvoy, do hereby will to the coaching staff 6 jillion miles of tape for what they used on my ankles; to David Mathews a brain; to Glen Cohen my basketball ability; to "E" my arm; to Rick Copps a J-Note Dance; to Mrs. Crutchfield a class work with 198 problems on it; to Mr. Warner a bag of popcorn; to Goose my "power mower"; to Wolfson's boys, duPont's girls; to Mr. McCorkle a quiet class going to lunch.

I, Mose Meide, Jr., do hereby will to the Senior Class of '65 the best of luck always; and to Robert Padgett and Buddy Macarages my ability to collect dirty cotton socks and . . .

I, Ulla Christina Melart, do hereby will Bob Aberly my ability to solve my love problems; to Harold Noble I will my luck of having only three wrecks a year; to all the future D.C.T. students, I wish them our luck of being excused a little early for coffee breaks.

I, Roger Dean Merriam, do hereby will one broken reed to John De Blieux, my saxophone ability to Steve Moore; my Trig. and Solid ability to Drano and Mr. Cherry, best of luck in the future.

I, David Merrick, do hereby will to Connie Parnaby my ability to grow; to anyone who wants it, a book on how not to lose your temper???; to Chuck Hyatt my hands; to Amelia Edwards my memory and my wristwatch which is set one hour fast so she'll be on time for a date at least once; also to Amelia I will my long wool socks so her feet won't get cold at the Drive-Ins and one and a half Howard Johnson's Chocolate Chip ice cream cones.

I, Susan Harriet Maron, do hereby will to my sister Debbie, my volumes of English notes from Mrs. Perkins and the ability to get in "memory work" on time; to my brother David the good fortune to get a variety of things done in Chemistry; to Marilyn Shapiro my AC notes; to Cheryl Adkinson, the ability to pass any pop test in AC; to Jeff in Tennessee a box of stationery; to everyone not mentioned whatever they want willed to them.

I, Cheryl Lynn Morse, do hereby will the ability to get out of gym and go to Stand 'n Snack to Gail P.; to Fred G. a seat by someone smart who knows the answer; to Wendy K. my trips to conventions and the ability to hit a tennis ball; to Susan G. a way to decide who to go out with on the same night; to Jack M. the ability to get more people to do things for him; to Stacy W. sun-tan lotion and a trip to the beach; to the next recording section of Thespians the ability to be at a morning meeting late and still be the first one there.

I, Frank Bernard Moss, do hereby will all my wordly possessions to my brother, Sheldon; I bequeath my over-modest, fluorescent orange speedo to Pam Colbert who really likes it; to Smith another try next year at the system which could have made us rich; to Melanie, Christie, Patsy, and Kathy good luck next year and our wild times together at Landon.

I, William Harold Motes, do hereby will my ability to skip and never get caught to Bill Smith; my influence to David Green.

I, Madelyn Neifeld, do hereby will to Cathy Payne my automobile insurance and my ability as a great athlete; to Susan Pitt all of my I.O.U.'s; to Nancy Pratt my ability to never be in history and still make C's; to Harold Ponsell and Gilbert Betz peace and quite; to Carol Hall, I leave Mrs. Smith; and to Mr. Sexton a new pencil sharpener.

I, Kingston Charles Newman, Jr., do hereby will all my Trig. knowledge to Mrs. Crutchfield; my "good guy" award to Mr. Sexton; one "hida bo" award to Jon French and Mike Burton and one dollar for steak, potatoes, salad, bread; award to Jon French and Tods; one great award to Chuck Slott; all my Physics knowledge

to Mr. Palmer; one "Rinky" award to Jane Abercrombie and all my thanks to Landon High School.

I, Frank Norris Jr., do hereby will the AFS to Dale Duke, the ability to swim four years and never do anything worthwhile; my artistic way of dressing to anybody who wants to look sloppy; AC to Mr. M. and Mr. J.; Landon to the Jr. High.

I, Charles Nowlin Jr., do hereby will Sharon my back to scratch; and to Howard my place in Mrs. Dobrin's bass section.

I, Charles Henry Meyer Jr., do hereby will to my sister, Cheryl, my car keys; to Bob Cosby my great luck at fishing (all bad); and to Jeanne Simmons I will one slightly torn picture of herself; to the Senior Girls I will Altheia (my pet skunk); and to the rest of the underclassmen I will the good times I've had at Landon and the hope that Wolfson will be as great to them as Landon has been to me.

I, Katherine Ann Miller, do hereby will to my brother, Tommy and Joe, my ability to make good grades (?); to Jeanne Byrd my AC notes; and most of all, to anyone taking Consumer Math next year, tips on "How To Be A Consumer In One Easy Lesson."

I, Jackson Mizell Jr., do hereby will my brother, Bobby, four more years in school; my sister, Peggy, a new school; to Bobby Edenfield, a new spleen; to Bill Strickland and David Patten better luck in next year's outdoor basketball tournament; and to Bobby Hammersla twenty days of fifteen minutes in a locked room with Gardener.

I, James I. Montgomery, do hereby will to my sister, Gail, my outstanding Latin ability; to Skip Murray my sweet smelling gym clothes; and the best of luck to the Senior Class next year.

I, Agnes Irene Morrison, do hereby will to my brother John, my electric shaver and sister Joanne, her gym suit and "tweet-sie"; to Candy T., my place in the lunch line; to Doris T. and Linda W., the cross-country with love and blisters; to Mary B. one C.D. manual; to Susan R. one used sewing scrap; and to Landon a place in my heart forever.

I, Susan Carol O'Neal, do hereby will Mike my ability to make B's in AC; my teaching skills to Mrs. Dobrin; my terrific grades to Debbie and Nancy; my gymnastic talents to "Little Lana"; and my unfailing attendance at the basketball games to the students at Wolfson.

I, Linda Dell Overstreet, do hereby will Sherry Kestler and Terry Rannow my Biology notes; David Collum, my chewing gym sessions and fun at chorus rehearsals; Leslie Edwards, my old record to Bobby; Carol Huggins, my stool at the drugstore; Marilyn Adkins, one last look at Bobby before Gail takes him away; and Russell Brooke, all my art work and jobs in second period; and last of all, my lunch trays.

I, Beckie Marie Paille, do hereby will to Kathy Winter, as much fun with Dean as I've had with Larry, and my pink dress for the Christmas Dance; to Karen LeMoine, one Christmas present; to Sue Lindley, my watch (always 5 minutes fast) so she will always be on time for Mitch, and someone to gossip with; to Michele Zavon, my ability to be a "firebug"; and to Chris Hebert, another girl to hold "my place" in the family next year.



I, Phyllis Diane Pappas do hereby will Robert Padgett, a key chain for his car keys; David Paten, twenty free basketball lessons; Barbara Gefen, someone else to tutor in math next year and a year's supply of Geometry and Algebra II homework; Glenn Cohen, the ability to refrain from asking people their grades on algebra tests; and to Doug Smith, the ability to lie and not (?) get caught.

I, Frances Anne Parks, do hereby will to Bunny Hicklin, as good a gym buddy as I had; plenty of patience to next year's cheerleaders (whoever they may be); another year with Mr. Reeves for the "Triumvirate" (especially Goose); a padlock that stays locked for the next year's annual staff; plenty of spirit to next year's Senior Class; to Landon I will my memories and unforgettable experiences; and a little common sense to the Senior Boys (MEN)!

I, Mary Fran Peacock, do hereby will my sister, Donna, an empty clothes closet and my room (if you can talk Mom and Dad into letting you move into it); to Bob Cosby, my ability to harmonize Tumbala-lika; to Edward, I will my ability to recognize voices over the phone so well; to Jeanne, I will 1000 rubber bands so that she will wear her hair up, and to Howard, the hope and prayer we make it.

I, Dorothy Marie Perkins, do hereby will to my brother, Gary, my ability to make it through twelve years of school and hardly ever study; to Linda Rembert, all of my unfinished work in the main office; to John T., my A/C notes and last but not least to my little Rainbow sister, Susie Shurtleff, my wonderful grades?? and loads of luck in her future years of high school.

I, Sandra Marie Perrone, do hereby will Mrs. Dobrin, the luck of getting another student like me; to Libby Hatch, my A/C notes; to Cathy Payne, the ability to find a parking space 10 minutes before the bell; to Jo-Ann Burr, the ability to be as fine an athlete as I was; to Bunny Hicklin, my gym shoe laces; to Veronica Mauck, my term paper; and to Nancy Pratt, I will the Dean's Staff third period.

I, Pamela Lynn Perry, do hereby will to Scott, my brother, all my luck in passing history courses; to my sister, Angela, all the fun I had in Jr. High; to Susan Rhodes, future success as a first clarinet player in the band; the fun (?) of handing out uniforms to anyone who wants it; and to Landon High, all my wonderful experiences during the last four years.

I, William H. Petty III, do hereby will Susan "Cheerleader" to anyone who wants her; my three year batting average to Mitch Owens; the new wonderful Wolfson High School, to Chris Brannam, also to Chris, one big sign; to Jimmy Busch, the "Red Raider II"; and to Bo Smith, 180 pieces of gum.

I, Linda Lou Phillips, do hereby will to all seniors next year, a packaged trip to New York, which should include a New Town House, one gypsy-fortune teller, 1211, a package of salami; to my brother, Greg, two years of fun at Landon Jr. High; and to Sandra Carraway, Sandy Eggers, and Pam Copeland, two slightly worn gym suits to fight over.

I, Eileen Marie Poirrier, do will my ability to play tennis to Gail Price; my excellent French grades to Stacy; to any junior girl, the physic parties so much enjoyed by the fellows and me, and my sympathy for not being able to have Mrs. Perkins as a teacher; for those taking French IV next year my best wishes; to Lee Cobb, I leave my outstanding memory; to Allen Green, my ability to always arrive on time. Bye.

I, Charles Robert Pugh, do hereby will my shoes to Doug Haskins and Rick DeLongis that I have worn out walking with them before school; one of my faded shirts to Frank Gaudios because he needs it; every girl at Landon to anyone who can stand them; all my old plates to my brother, Mike; my motorcycle to Marka Booher; my bath tub to Debbie Mann; and many happy years to Mr. Wood.

I, Jean Ratteree, do hereby will to Michele Zavon the ability to find someone else to talk on the phone for five hours with; to Pam Colbert, a psychiatrist to help solve "all" of her problems and the ability to be true to the next one; and to Sandy Eggers, another double for the Christmas Dance.

I, Patrick Coleman Reese, do hereby will to Donnie Hodge, all my books, grades, and ability to learn; to Vickie Hodge, all my brains, DCT Building, my records in the office; to Bob Aberly, I leave my ability to repair typewriters, Ditto, A-B dick, IBM, and any other office machines which need repairing; and to Mr. Blois, my friendship.

I, Marshall Keys Rhodes, do hereby will to my sister, Susan, my A/C notes; to Mrs. Holcombe and Miss Blair, all my thanks for their guidance; to my teachers, stamina to bear next year's brats; to Pat Andreu, all the pleasure he can derive from any Peter, Paul, and Mary song; to every classmate, a happy and fun-filled life; and to Mike Jordan, another year in school, it did me a world of good.

I, Anne Royall Rice, do hereby will to my sister, Adrienne, my lovely seventh grade gymsuit and a one-way ticket to South Carolina; to Cheryl Powers, my ability to get my picture in the Bolles Annual; to Beverly Hart, my ability to lead a gym class; to Stacy Wolf, my long-distance phone calls from North Carolina; to Steve, the phone bill; to Wade Steffen, my Virgil translations because he never does his; and to Gary Ross, my place on Mrs. Thompson's office staff because he is always in there.

I, Betty Ann Ridgeway, do hereby will to Jean Whaley, my ability not to have to do DCT homework and my ability to cry for Mr. B. in order to pass and also my ability to park a car.

I, Jack Lawrence Ritchie, do hereby will my driver's license and car to Wayne deNazarie; to Allan Jones, one bottle of Mr. Clean so that he may scrub his beachhouse in the future; and to Leslie Edwards, I leave my brilliant knowledge of Spanish II.

I, Howard Marshall Rosenblatt, do hereby will to Steven Klausner, my notes for Mrs. Perkins; to my brother, Ricky, my notes for A/C; to Barbara, Susan, and Peggy, my ability to write articles that are censored from the paper and my athletic ability; to Bob Glenn, my Virgil Vocabulary Book; to Donnie Safer, my Moliere costume in the Senior Class Play; for future reference, I leave to Mary Carson, my ability to edit a newspaper; and to the non-graduating students of Landon High School, my memories of Landon, five years of the greatest happiness a boy could enjoy.

I, Sharon Lynn Rosenberg, do hereby will to Rita Carriker my ability to stay on a strict diet for one week, not loose one pound, and still make the fashion show; to Joe Hayes, all my ribbons and bows; to Maria Reed, Winnie's pooh with compliments; to Jean Hudnall, my boundball champ's blue ribbon for beating her team; to Robert Padgett, my full length three-way mirror; to Teddy Mazo and Nancy Godwin, my typing ability; and to my brother, Arnold, the ability to become a good football player.

I, Patricia Jean Rowell, do hereby will to my cousins Linda Rowell, Janis Blocker, and Debbie Sweeting, the ability to enjoy their high school days as much as I have enjoyed mine.

I, Sheryl Lauren Scott, do hereby will to Bill, my brother, all my A/C notes, good grades, and the pleasure of driving to school without me; to Mr. Sexton, the ability to conduct class without me interrupting; to Becky McDonald, I will the privilege of

fighting with Sandra Dunn every day in band; to Connie Hibbs, I will Mr. Sexton for the second time around; and to Ricky Remley, the ability to date a certain sophomore girl without my brother knowing about it.

I, Beverly Setzer, do hereby will Bonnie Clark my ability to talk and not get in trouble, to Nancy Cooner my voice so one day she may also make B's in Chorus, to Carlton Powers my Youth Council card so he may get into the convention next year, to Ronnie Klepper all my old love comics, to Wendy Klein a one-way ticket to Miami, to Norman Sullivan the twelfth grade so he may pass it.

I, Patrick Joseph Shannon, do hereby will to Gary Ross, my ability to pass English without having two periods to study it. To Steve Danese, my ability to get away with murder; . . . To Nancy and Steve my ability to get along with Mr. Warner and Mrs. Thompson. To Linda, that the next four years will go by very fast.

I, Linda Jean Rowland, do hereby will Mike Wilensky my seat in Latin; Nancy Burkhardt, half of a room at F.S.U.; Carolyn McAlister, a muffler for the trunk and water for her radiator; Linda Crowder, a map of Atlantic Boulevard; Vicki Anderson, a small package received in the mail; Steve Danese and Nancy Burkhardt, a key to the trunk of my car in case they decide to go the drive-in; and to Pat Shannon, Me.

I, Joe Saportas, do hereby will to the "gym rats", my socks and secrets of running track. To Allen and "Crazy Norman" oyster remover. To Bill, my secret of straight A's in A 11. And to Carlton, a permanent excuse to leave school after third period track. Oops, I forgot! To Christy, a flat tire. And by unanimous desire of the Landon faculty, I leave.

I, Sandra Schild, do hereby will to Rita and Cheryl my superb knowledge in mathematics ( $2+2=5$ ) and to John my surfing ability! I would like to will to Steve an "Emily Post's" book of etiquette and a monopoly card that says "Go directly to jail". To Jon I leave three guitar strings, two hundred stubs from movie tickets and a lot of great memories. Last but not least, I would like to will a great senior year to Beverly.

I, Cynthia Anita Scott, do hereby will to Jennifer Jordan the cafeteria; to Mr. Cherry my jet propelled plume, and to Susan Worgan my ability to speak the English language blightly slackwards.

I, Sandra Leah Shmunes, do hereby will to my brother, Neil, four happy, air conditioned school years at Wolfson; to Al Lancaster, more trips to the alley??; to Michelle Zavon, a few more strawberries and another yard of material; to Bobby Titus, Leslie; to Pam Colbert, the ability to get one boy at a time; and to Gay Rush, the ability to control her drag-racing.

I, Lauren Silverberg, do hereby will to Randy my wild Thursday nights, my school books with the instructions, "open once a month", and my ability to roast marshmallows over the Bunsen burners in Chemistry; to Leonard, one aged set of notes, one box of flea and tick powder, and many thanks; to Paul, one slightly damaged surfboard; to Skippy, a dead fish; to Maxine, an i.d. bracelet with all the letters of the alphabet; to Howie, a salami sandwich and me.

I, James M. Simmons, do hereby will my lost Algebra books to Ogelthorpe Cowart; to Johnny Garcia, "Flo"; to Ed Coker, I will the rubber stoppers in Physics class; to Al Lancaster, I will my never ending supply of gym clothes; to all the greasers, I will 10 gallons of axle grease; and to all the juniors, I will the air conditioners at Wolfson.

I, Nancy Carol Skelly, do hereby will to Paul Cheshire, the ability to give out ten dollars when needed; to Jean Hudnall, the ability to steal a man while one's out of town; to Maria Reed, the ability to skip school without getting caught; to Lynn Tragler and "Tail" Thomas, Ortega and the incredible ability of getting into a certain boy's house to steal his picture of me.

I, James Edwards Slater, do hereby will to Goose O'Neal the greatest outside shot in basketball; to Edward Coker, my superior classwork scores in trig.; to Rick Copps, a sprained shoulder, a broken nose, a rusty church key, and my position of center on the football team; to David Matthews, my blazing speed, a pack of clorets, and my National Honor Society pin; and to H. C. a pair of elevator shoes; to Do-Check, a Jonezy roll-up and the law of cosing.

\*\*\*\*\*

Thank you

Senior Fellows,

LINDA

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I, Harry I. Shmunes, do hereby will to Marilyn Shapiro my A/C notes with a lien on them to Robert Spear. I will my ability to borrow cars to Debbie Maron; to Susan Davis I will my Algebra test papers; Susan Maron, the laundry bill; Bob Wolfson, a pair of scissors to be used for "cutting"; Robert Doolittle, my diet.

I, Charlotte Leslie Smotherman, do hereby will to Nancy Cooner and Ann Rentz a trip to New York City with a week's vacation afterwards; to Maria Reed, one slightly used shorthand book; to Lynn Tragler, one empty diet pill bottle; to Martelle Thomas, my ability to always get caught doing the wrong thing; to Kathy Winter, all my good times as a senior.

I, Linda Sue Stefani, do hereby will all the wonderful experiences with my eight sisters to the new cheerleaders; another fun filled year to the future mascot of Senion Fellows; a quiet fourth period study hall; my corny jokes and pillow I use to drive to Rita; French-fries with custard to "Cuz"; size 5½ bee-bops and my red uniform to anyone who want them; all five feet of myself to Jim; and a million thanks to Landon for six great years.

I, Joanne Steiner, do hereby will my expert driving ability and the cop at the Krystal to Gail Price; to Wendy Klein, all the Georgia Tech fraternity parties; to Stacy Wolf, the ability to always be in the right place at the wrong times and all the Kenny boys; to Leonard Selber, my ability to look tuff; to Beverly Hart, a library card and many great times we had; all the Frisch's bills he can collect; and to Jack Mizrahi, a passport out of the country.

I, Connie Stevens, do hereby will to Greg D. my driver's license so he can become president next year; to Cathy D., my great math ability; and to Ross G., better luck next year.

I, Rebecca Anne Stewart, do hereby will to Steve Haskins, my wonderful ability to never hand in French homework and get away with it; to "Junior", all my cat's kittens; to Danny, my ability to talk in study hall without being caught; and to S.B., me.

I, Sharon Gaye Stewart, do hereby will to Jeanne Byrd, my ability to escape the perils of gym in her senior year; to Judy McKee, my place in Mrs. Dobrin's heart; and to any unsuspecting eighth grader my right to the community locker of the third floor.

I, David Brock Stone, do hereby will my seat in Mrs. Perkins' room to anyone who will have it; to Carol Shirley, my ability to pass math tests without studying; to David Clapp, I leave my ability to make a B in AC.

I, Walter Sperring Strahan, do hereby will to Carlton Powers, my old tennis shoes; to Al Lancaster, my "Fruit of the Loom" gym shorts; and my 1955 Chevy to anybody that will go to Puerto Rico to get it.

I, Mimi Suggs, do hereby will to Harold Ponsell, my flying typing eraser; to Bobby Cowart, G.H.; to Mary and Kathy, the ability to make cat calls in class; to Gary Gordon, all of my happiness and fun during my senior year; to Mary Carson, a new Chevy and a good looking boy; and to Bobby Barry, my cold hands and a warm heart.

I, Harold Sutton, do hereby will to Donald Safer, the ability to take courses in my senior year which he took in the tenth grade; to Steven Margol, between 6 and 9 extra horse powers so that I will not be embarrassed to accept a race with his lowly car; to Jerry Rubenstein, I leave my ability to get a girl and my bean gun; and to Linda, my deepest love and devotion.

I, Robert Earl Titus, do hereby will Leslie Edwards, my ability to keep promises; to Al Lancaster, the ability to keep the Big "E" from blowing up; to Leonard Selber, the ability to hide in the bushes I hid in; to Terry Smith, the ability to keep away from traffic court; to Leon Yergin, my ability to get the girl I wanted; to Charles Lancaster, one windshield; to Carlton Powers, the ability to help in the downfall of Wolfson High.

I, Francine Trager, do hereby will to Ed Minge and Kathy Mayo my ability in solid geometry and one final "Don't you see?"; to Stacy Wolf, a birthday cake from WMBR; to Gilbert Betz, a bottle; to Wendy Klein, a "Pick 'N' Save" smock; to Jack Mizrahi and Leonard Selber, cans of macaroons and U.S.Y.—they can have it; and to all the juniors, a good year at Wolfson.

I, Susan Calvert Van Brunt, do hereby will to the Junior Class, a term paper; to Angela, my tank cap, which she uses anyway, and Indiana; to Terry Smith, his sister's English and A/C notes; to the Landon Girls' Swimming Team, the ability to swim for Miss Howard next year and enjoy it; and to Jeanne Simmons, the experience of being pushed by an ambulance again.

I, Tommy Harris Van Brunt, do hereby will to Howard Rosenblatt, the ability to lead an interesting and logical discussion in A/C; to Mary Ellen Grizzard, my Goldwater in '64 stickers.

I, Barbara Dale Wales, do hereby will to Daphne, my orange jeepster in hopes that she'll make it to school safely; to Donna Peacock, my "holy" tank suit to hit fabulous times in the fly; to Sheri and Bobby, peace; to Nancy Chapell, car keys; to Glenda Jochum, my great ability to hustle in swimming practice; to Judy Edwards, French; to all the swimmers, a wonderful?? year with Miss Howard; and to Miss Dobson, many young ambitious swimmers from Landon.

I, Alta Faye Watkins, do hereby will to Patsy Strickland, my ability to become "Most Athletic" and deserve it; to Lucy Moody, my ability to be the best softball player at Landon; to Doris Tapen, my ability to foul out during the most important basketball game, and to the gym teachers, junior high girls filled with "vigor".

I, Wayne S. Webb, do hereby will to D. Safer, my spot at Bono's on Saturday night, all unused eggs for next year's egging parties; to Stephen Klausner, my ability to swim the farthest underwater than anyone else on the swimming team; to Mr. Bailey, another third period study hall; a better looking figure to Christy Davidson; and the deepest sympathy to all Juniors.

I, Sharon Elaine Wells, do hereby will to my sister, Bobbie, the ability to get through high school with hardly any sleep and my old gym suit and gym shoes; to Cheryl Morgan, another chance to make the girls' basketball team, and many wishes of good luck in the future; to Cheryl Meyer and Connie Parnaby, my ability to fake my way through a math course; and to all my buddies from Mrs. Thompson's office, a swell and happy future.

I, Linda White, do hereby will to Lynn Tragler, my prescription of diet pills; to Cynthia Smoak, my ability to procrastinate and always get by; to Kit Bunch, my ability to climb a rope; to Martelle Thomas, a "Deluxe Funkmobile"; to Bruce Terry, my ability to skip gym and never get caught; to Linda East, my right gym shoe; to Pat Errico, a little brown jug for summer from Maine; to Troy Rahn, permission to come through the wrong door; and to Maria Reed, my "Silly Rabbit."

I, Warren Dale Williams, do hereby will to Norman Sullivan, next year's trip to New York; to Sherry K. and Martelle T., a bottle of Coppertone; to Pat Davis, Mr. Sexton and another good sixth period study hall; to Wolfson High, Do-Check's whole family; to Lancaster, a go-cart; to Mrs. Dobrin, the fine chorus candy; to Craig Cowart, Jo Ann; and to all the Junior Class, another great year.

I, Gail Copeland Wilson, do hereby will to Harriett Isenberg, one calendar with the thirtieth circled on each month, also my ability to forget my house key when I've come home late after a date; to Connie Parnaby, my ability to lie and always get caught, and my ability to always have to use the "telephone" at Frisch's; to my brother, Keith, my ability to graduate without studying.

I, Mary Wilson, do hereby will Michele Dobrin, my A/C notes and half my car; the other half I will to Glenda Jochum; to Darlene Paradeau, all my good grades on the biology tests; and to Grant Anderson, I will the ability not to fall out of a window when pushed.

I, Tamp Wilson, do hereby will to Harold Noble, all the fun I had in A/C and my notes if he can find the ashes.

I, Les Wing, do hereby will to Lee Nelson, all my used reeds, my contest solo, and the Bari-Sax (for no reason); to Randy Basset, the Bass-Sax (same reason); to Bill Calcagni, I leave a Major Ninth, flat five; and to Drano, I leave my X-Q35 Space Nodulator.

I, Candace Lee Withington, do hereby will 5-day vacations to anyone lucky enough to get them; the sand-dunes to Jean Hudnall and Linnea Hood; "Nonie-Pantonie" to Maria Reed; "Pagondie Time" to Nancy Skelly; the "C. G." to Linda White; the bomb to B. H. with luv; and finally to anyone deserving, the ability to get caught at everything and anything you do!

I, Fred Wright, do hereby will to George A., my job as chaplain; to Troy R., the best of luck with Mrs. Dobrin next year; my good times in music class to Shelia; all my seventh periods to some poor soul; some red roses for a blue lady to Mrs. Stalknaker; my phone calls to S.G.—S.R.—and S.C.—to anyone who needs support; and good luck from the entire class to the incoming Senior Class.

To see the world is NANCY SKELLY's plan, This great big earth she'd like to skan. Nancy's trying for 8 kids, that's a lot! Her home will be full, I kid you not.

To the University of South Florida, JIMMY SIMMONS will go. When his talents are known To honors will flow

Her hobbies are Letterettes and chorus, With a voice that is most stupendous! SHARON STEWART aspires to Georgia Southwestern College, Where in biology she give much knowledge.

When LAUREN SILVERBERG goes to the U. of F. In elementary education she'll major She'll be a success in all she does From her fabulous Landon record, I'll wager!

A lover of sports is JOHN SMTH Who's a lot of fun to be with! To the University of Florida, by heck, He will study to be an architect!

CHARLOTTE SMOTHERMAN, an actress at heart, Has a definite plan in life to chart First she will win laurels on the stage; Then marriage, at a later age!

LINDA STEFANI is a girl who's the most fun! Many are the honors she has won. To Georgia Southern College she will go, Where, we dare say, she will win a beau!

JOANNE STEINER who loves to dance Has many ideas to advance! First, the University of South Florida she will attend; Then, to the stage she will ascend.

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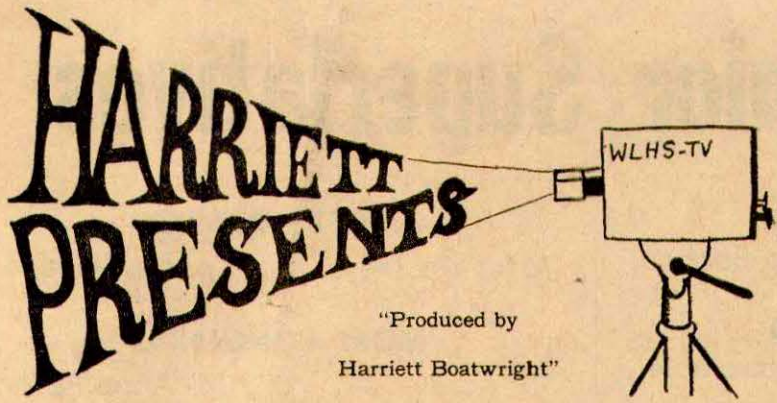


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Pictured above is Landon's President of A. F. S. Frank Norris is one of the finest swimmers on the team this year. He is also a member of the Key Club and Senior Fellows.

Frank's favorites in sports of course include swimming and baseball. Frank could be found this year at almost every basketball game cheering our team to victory.

Frank has his own opinion when it comes to likes and dislikes. He is quite an individual. His favorite color is green and his favorite food is steak.

When it comes to dating, Frank prefers girls with long, blond hair and blue eyes. He prefers casual dating, especially the drive-in. Like most teenagers, he dislikes people who act, as he put it, "put-on-ish."

Next year, Frank will be heading to the University of Florida where he hopes to major in medicine. It is very rare to find a boy who's opinion can be respected, and Frank is, by all means, one.

The girl pictured above could never be mistaken—it is our own Swedish ambassador from across the seas, Vivi-Anne Kvick. Vivi has a personality which will never be forgotten by any Landon student. She is very active in A. F. S., sweetheart of Key Club, member of Historical Society, and among others, French and Spanish Club.

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# BYE BYE BE-BOPS

How do you say goodbye to the most wonderful year of your life? Being a Landon cheerleader is more than we could ever express in words. Our goodbye is a different one from that of Landon's past cheerleaders, for this year Landon is leaving with us. Somehow, seeing a "new nine" take our place would make this easier, but this is the end.

It doesn't seem so long ago since we were only dreaming of being a cheerleader and now, our year as cheerleaders is over—but what a year!

Our recollections go back to May 29th when nine silver megaphones were placed around our necks. That was the beginning of a new way of life—the life of a cheerleader.

Our summer was filled with shin splints, sore backs, slumber parties, and sweat. We'll never forget our "fines" for being late, which we never paid, "you can vote the way you want to, but you'll loose anyway," Stefani's root beer filled car, and cheering at the beach. Just before the beginning of school, we gave a party for all the cheerleaders in the city. This was our contribution to city wide school spirit (we muffed it!)

The first week of school brought not only plans for the first pep rally, but also hurricane Dora. Although school was called off for the safety of the students, we still attended. Twice a day Stefani and Becky rowed in from the "sticks" and we practiced, and practiced. . . But, it was all worth it, we got to do three whole cheers in the first pep rally! However, the thrill of running down the aisle and the students body standing on the chairs, was worth every hour of our summer of practicing.

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Landon has been blessed with the presence of a really grand student this year. And right now, I would like to take this opportunity to say, "THANK YOU" from "all of us" for helping make Landon's final hour the finest.

Hurricane Dora also did her best to ruin the plans for our first football game, but the Landon spirit was undaunted. The Fletcher cheerleaders gave us our first lesson on "How to Decorate Goal Posts" and a wonderful breakfast. Not many cheerleaders get a sunburn at their first game, but we did! Our boys showed themselves to be a real team—we were all so proud of them!

We especially remember the Kenny game. Our burnt bonfire; then, the courteous Kenny cheerleaders all made it an unforgettable evening. We've often defended Landon's honor, but this is the first time we defended it physically!

The rest of the season was filled with defeats, wins, the Punta Gorda trip, cartwheels in the mud, homecoming, Irving Eagle, and the tailless lion. The spirit Landon showed at the mass du-pont pep rally has never been equaled—we were a school completely behind our plan, a team we will always be proud of.

Basketball season began with an exciting opener with Bolles. We were so excited about our orange basketball signs. We were nervous wrecks as we went into overtime, but the team came on strong and won. At the Kenny games "Let's Go" seemed to be the favorite cheer—wonder why?

To us basketball will always mean—rolled-down socks, hiked up tights, roll-call, "garbage can," Anne, the leader of the line-up, our huddles. . . pray along with Mitch, sitting on the floor, technicals, cutting the referees, the flying towel, episodes at Frisch's, the centennial mark, close games, our gym—the sweat box, but most of all, our team.

But the nicest thing all year was spending the weekend with our "sisters-nine"—we couldn't

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see the team! Adventures in Daytona. . . the suite, swimming at dawn — 51 degrees isn't cold!, making signs in the room, the jaycee pep rally, cheering for Daytona in the band shell, "come out of the lobby of the Summit Motel," and the visitors. The Daytona trip brought to a close our wonderful experiences as cheerleaders.

When you read this article, the last pep rally will be over and the history of all Landon cheerleaders will be brought to a close. As we write this article we can't imagine how we'll feel as, for the last time, the Landon cheerleaders run down the aisle.

We know that often this year we've failed, but we want you, Landon to know that we've loved cheering for you. Landon will always be a part of us, and she'll always live within our hearts. All of us, Diane, Evy, Pappy, Mad, Judi, Stefani, Beck, and the two-tail-ends, Anne and Jane, say thank you and good-bye.

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We'll Remember You Always  
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WE'LL MISS YOU SENIORS !!  
from  
THE JUNIOR CLASS



# fashion forecast

by marilyn  
klepper



The recent Lion's Roar banquet was one of those rare occasions when the fact that I'm a senior hits home. It seems only yesterday that I attended my first Lion's Roar banquet and sat there nervously awaiting the announcement of the staffs and columnists. I'll never forget my joy when I heard that I was to be the fashion columnist. Now I wonder how I ever got mixed up with this mess. I'm just kidding!

However I will admit that writing this column had its bad points as well as its good points. If I wanted someone to be nice to me, I would mention him in my column. If I didn't like some one all I needed was a word from Gwendolyn to slaughter him (if not in my column then in Bev's Babble) . . . "the pen is mightier than the sword." On the other hand, I found out the hard way that "writing (should make) an exact man." More than once I made an idiot of myself by putting the wrong information in my column, but thank heavens I always had Gwendolyn to blame for my mistakes. Which reminds me . . . It seems that Gwendolyn gave me some false info concerning surfing. If you didn't catch it, then I won't apologize (for Gwendolyn — that is!) However, for those of you who did notice my "slight" blunder — I've been

checking up on surfing and I promise never to make that mistake again. At least you had something to laugh about for a week or two.

It's now time for my final forecast:

In my crystal ball I see a great year ahead for you who will start at Wolfson. I drove by Wolfson recently — and it's tough as heck! I was seriously considering failing this year and graduating from Wolfson (this wasn't by choice, but chance — especially considering my final English exams) but my parents vetoed that idea. Good luck to all of you!

P. S. I wish I could say a good word for the person who will write this column next year, but since she's anonymous I'll simply say Good Luck to whoever takes my place. I hope you can type!

## ODDS AND ENDS . . .

(Continued from Page 2)

Hurricane Donna will long be remembered by all—a glorious 5 day holiday for cleaning yards and removing fallen trees.

The basketball season with its spirit, victories, and defeats contains many memories. Who will ever forget our victory over Cocoa, the anonymous "state" signs, the groups and district tournaments, all-State McEvoy?

For many seniors the best event of the year was the trip to New York. Mrs. McLaughlin and Mrs. Dowling proved to be excellent chaperones. Do-Check, anyone?

Many Landon traditions ended with a bang as the Homecoming, Christmas Dance, Prom, and Senior Class Play. The Landonian staff certainly produced an excellent yearbook to mark the end of an era.

When School is out for the summer, meet your friends at Putt Putt. They will be there.

How about you?

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Mose Meide Linda Stefani

## MOST ATHLETIC

Richard McEvoy Faye Watkins

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Chuck Slott Marilyn Klepper

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Mike Goetee Connie Stevens

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Kit Korey Anne Parks

## BEST DRESSED

Wayne Webb Fran Peacock

## BEST DANCER

Steve Macri Laurie Barnert

## BEST ACTOR

Warren Williams

## BEST ACTRESS

Lauren Silverberg

## MOST GALLANT

Jon French

## SWEETEST

Harriet Boatwright

## FRIENDLIEST

Vivi-Anne Kwick

A few new traditions were initiated this year as Dipper Dan's the Jongleur, and Dallas Thomas Park. Then there's all the confusion and excitement about going to Wolfson next year.

The *Lion's Roar*, as usual, managed to stay in debt all year, but thanks to the end-of-the-year snowball sales, we're finally getting our heads above water.

I guess I rambled long enough. For each of us this has been our

I'll miss you next year.

**RONNY**

Barbara

final year at Landon. I know it can be said, "This was her final and finest hour".

Have a GREAT summer

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**ALLAN**

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It's been great!

Love,  
Nancy

**Thank You LANDON For A Wonderful Year !!**

Anne — Phyllis — Evelyn

Madelyn — Diane — Linda

Judy — Becky — Jane