

THE SENIOR



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M.D. COLLINS HIGH SCHOOL

MAY 1978

Farewell from Shawn

Well, as another school year draws quickly to a close, we can begin to look back in retrospect. We can remember the joy, the sadness, the triumphs, and the defeats. Some of you went through this year preparing for college or a career, while most of you spent the year looking forward to another year at Collins. Hopefully, all of you had an enriching and enjoyable year. As they say, "These are the best years of our lives."

When I was elected president of Student Council, I knew I had a difficult job ahead of me. I am thankful for your trust in me. I also knew that for Student Council to be successful, I would have to work hard and do my best. Luckily, this task was made easier by the other hard-working members of the executive Council. They, along with Mrs. Zehnpennig, helped me immensely, without them, it would have been impossible. Of course, the Executive Council can not run the Student Council on their own. They must have the total support of the student council. While it sometimes seemed we lacked the support and cooperation of the Student Council as a whole, there was the same group of dedicated

members who were always willing to give their time and effort. This often made us wonder what the intentions of some of the members were when they ran for office. On behalf of the Executive Council, I wish to give the members of that dedicated "group" our sincere appreciation for their hard work and sense of responsibility (you all know who you are.)

When thinking about the performance of the Student Council, I have mixed emotions. We did much better in some aspects than in others. Fiscally, we were plagued with problems. A deficit budget in the beginning, enormous "Coke" bills, and the county-wide closing of the stores during lunch all combined to hinder us financially. Although money was short, we sponsored several beneficial activities. The Homecoming dance, the Valentine's, the Empty Stocking Fund, the Cancer Drive, and two blood drives were some of the events made possible by Student Council.

While speaking of activities, such as dances, let me say that if you want to have more, we must have your support. Student participation is the single most important

requirement for the continued sponsoring of such functions. For example, we can't hold many dances when no one attends them. I ask you to please give Student Council your support by attending dances, blood drives, and meetings.

In closing, I want to wish Craig Evans and the rest of the Executive Council the best of luck next year. You have a rocky climb ahead, but I feel confident that you can handle it. I would also like to extend a challenge to all other students. If you sincerely want to help Collins be a successful school next year, I challenge you to accept the responsibility and run for office. Note the use of the word "sincerely." Don't run for office unless you really want to work; elections are not meant to be popularity contests. I have great optimism in the future of the school because I know many people having great potential as good leaders. I give my thanks to everyone that helped me and my fond farewells to the people of Collins. Good luck and good bye.

Why Senior Superlatives?

In today's fast-paced society where many things have become old-fashioned, numerous people have arrived at the conclusion that the selection of Senior Superlatives should also be buried in that graveyard of "fads of a bygone era." "Senior Superlatives," they say, "are nothing but a popularity contest for students who really don't have the abilities to make rational judgements about their fellow students and they are just 'a thing of the past'."

But we of the *Lair* staff think a bit differently about this particular method of honoring the graduating seniors of Collins High School.

We have selected what we feel to be the ten most significant categories, and we feel that the seniors do honestly and consciously attempt to select those students who best symbolize the categories.

Old-fashioned? Perhaps. But we feel that the senior class of Collins deserves the chance to bestow honors upon themselves.



New National Honor Society. Left to Right: Jann Parrish, Pearl Johnson, Daniel Peppers, Alison Britts, Katherine Williams, Dede Underset, Kim Feldhaus, Debbie Bowen, Kathy Vaughn, Linda Morris, Lisa Baggett.

Freedom: by Karen Thompson

Freedom? From what, might I ask? What really happens when a high school senior finally reaches that milestone in life called "graduation"?

After completing five years of high school education, one must begin to make very important decisions concerning his future. People have told the graduate he is now on his own, independent, free. Given the independence from parents and school, he must be his own judge and make decisions without the help of anyone else.

It is difficult to realize how much a person's perspective of life changes when he begins planning for the future. Now, instead of living day by day,

only being concerned with the present occurrences, he has to look at life, seriously considering whether he will pursue a career immediately or go on to further his education. Life seems a lot bigger and faster than he imagined. There is a society out there of which his small circle of friends and associates are just a fraction.

The graduate is often asked questions about his future plans, the most frequent inquirer being himself. He must grow in character, and he will mature in thinking.

There is a well-known poem by Rudyard Kipling which gives excellent advice to young people. I believe that this sums everything up quite well.

If

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, not talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em with worn out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your begin at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve you long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold On!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

Farewell, Collins' graduating Class of 1979.
God bless you.

Earl Says Goodbye

Yes, Class of '79, it is that time in our lives which comes to all of us who have been fortunate enough to finish high school. To some it was slow getting here; but to others like me, I could do it over again. I think graduation really hit us when we didn't have to pre-register for next quarter. It was like a knock on the head.

It seems like only yesterday when I walked into homeroom A-2. High school was such a change from elementary school, but once I figured my way around, met a few older people, and realized that there was no pool on top of the school, nor was there an elevator, and that pep rallies were free, things began to fall in place.

The years have passed by, and now you find yourself about to leave the place that has been your second home for the past five years. Being a part of football games, pep

rallies, and dances are now events that will only be alive in your memories. Sure, we can come back and attend some of these events, but it will never be the same.

To some of us, high school has been a burden. If you find yourself as one of these people, I feel sorry for you; it was all here for you to take advantage of. I hope that most everyone can walk out of M.D. Collins and say that he or she learned something from high school. Where as it might not be math or English, but maybe how to get along with others, or that special something or someone, which might help them in their later life.

I wish everyone the best of luck in whatever you do, and I look forward to meeting everyone again one day. I will never forget M.D. Collins; the people, the places will always be on my mind. To the great Class of '79 I bid farewell.

Senior Last Wills and Testaments

I, Melissa Alley, being of sound mind and body, do hereby will to my parents a big "I Love You Both." To G.A., one more sport to participate in. (I'm proud of you. Keep it up) To M.A., some advice: Don't try out for cheerleading so your high school years will be the best. To B.W., fruitflies, hot ones, brownies, and a golf course. To Ralphie, a booming goat business at the Big Six Ranch. To B.B. and R.B., my friendship. To K.V., a green Adidas T-shirt. To B.L., my nickname Missy-Sue, and many memories. To D.B., a flock of sheep. To B.W., the color green. To B.G., a shrimp dinner. To D.B., a pair of gymshorts. To J.R., a bullfrog. To E.J., my nickname "Ma". To T.P. and J.R., a trip downtown, leaving my rabbit coat at home. To T.F., a postcard. To all my friends not mentioned, I'll always remember the good times. I have mixed emotions about saying good-bye, but I leave carrying many cherished memories and friendships with me.

I, Ken Bishop, being of deteriorating mind and not much better off body, do hereby leave to certain people (whose names I've forgotten how to spell) one dozen guitar picks to make it a little easier. To Paige K., I leave all my love and friendship and hopes that maybe she'll be able to drive next year. To Trayce L., a big hug so she doesn't ever have to again. Lisa F., a '68 VW in trade for her car. To Miss Collins, a new car bumper and a date to the prom. To T. Lipscomb, a Swedish handheld vibrator with instructions. To Mrs. Rovin, two new notes to sing to get the class quiet. Ms. Brice, lotsa love and hopes that you won't forget King Henry VIII, and Thomas, and all the other good times. To Melanie E., a new van and two parking spaces, also the picture on my chorus folder.

I, Edwin Alexander Bryant, being of uncertain physique, bequeath the following to my brother: two years of worrying about schools, wandering the halls, and putting up with teachers. To my friends, nothing. To the school, I leave a white cloud of smoke in the circle, all my books in my locker, and rubber from the bottom of my shoes as I leave. And finally to the Lair, more space to print other's Last Wills and Testaments.

I, Mark Captino, being devoid of mind and likewise of body, do now make this Last Will and Testament. To Chris, my brother, I leave my ability to listen to teachers yet never learn anything, and two more years of secondary education. To Mark and Sue Reid, I leave them their own company, outrageous fights, and the following books: "How to Win

at UNO," "The Chess Tutor," and the "Mark Captino Book of Scrabble." To Mr. Lorton, I leave the solitary right to confiscate those books. To Chris Larson, I leave a tube of permabond to keep your head together next soccer season against Marist. I bequeath to Mike Farley the complete book "Hit and Run" to improve his auto tactics on Marty. To Marty, I leave a little of my coordination so that he can get out of Mike's way. To Shemp, the wood elf, I leave complete domain of his domain. To Jay Rogers, I leave my common sense. To Nancy Swanson, I leave the patience to put up with S.N., J.S., M.A., and M.R.

I, David Caruso, being of insane mind and loose body, leave the following: To Coach Nichols, I leave a big thank you for helping me develop my talents and all the support he gave me. To Andy Haglar, I leave a lot of good memories and great partying, and I leave you a great senior year and good luck with D.R. To Ken Bishop, I leave a very true friend. To Paige Keaton, my love. I leave lots of very happy memories. Good luck and love always. To Kenny Haydon, I leave some wild party times. You're a good friend. I leave you a custom Chevy truck. To Miss A.S. Brice, I leave a big thank you for being the person that you are. This school needs more teachers like you—teachers who care!!! To all my other friends, I leave a big thank you...for being my friends.

I, Cathy Cason, being of unstable mind and overabundant body, do hereby bequeath to Karen D. "Little" Debbie's entire supply and a bathtub chain bracelet. To "Nette," I leave all of next year's basketball games and one dinner. Ms. Lynch and Ms. Davis—Thanks! Ms. Melear, you're my star teacher this year. To Coach Mac, Ms. Allen, Ms. Lee, Ms. Crowe, Ms. Blanton, Ms. Ross, Ms. Ricketts, you guys were the best! Ms. Duke, it's a good class; don't let up. "Rainbow," good luck!!!! To "Kid," thanks, you got me through with "Rainbow." To my "Crazy," I leave the memories of the walks in the park, the discos, the moonlit nights listening to Boz, the warm glow of the fireplace, Ziggy, and most of all, "I love you."

Being of unsound mind and body, I, Kathy Childs, leave M.D. Collins with few regrets. To Mr. Wucher, I leave a great marching season. To the entire band, good luck at festival—next year straight I's. To my flute section, a section leader who does not yell. To Karen D., Kaye G., and Linda M., I leave a trip to P.C. Florida. To Kay G., I leave a life long pass to the Cafeteria's coffee machine. To K. Davis, I

leave Chuck. To Cheryl and Tracey, I leave lots of good luck in the future. To Mrs. Snyder, a great Close-up trip next year. To A. Smith, good luck at Annapolis. To D. Heath, my love. To S. Greenwood and B. Griffin, a Wednesday night phone call which caused us a lot of laughs. To Linda M., a peaceful math class without any questions. To Mark and Patti, I leave my bedroom when I leave for college. To my family, my love.

I, Kathy Cochran, otherwise known as K.C. or P.Q., do hereby leave the following: To my sister, she hopes that you won't get into too much trouble after I'm gone and lots of love so we can always be as close as we are now. To Earl, the memories of the friendship we had and a book entitled "69 Different Ways to Feed Your Monkey." Cynthia, Debbie, and Erin, I leave the good times we've had, and four outfits exactly alike. (Cynthia, I can't wait till Fla.) Jose, a Big apology, and a clean shirt! Greg, the memories of the night after the basketball game in Ken's car. (I forgive you.) Jimmy, an order of large fries. Shawn, a pair of DARK eyebrows. Craig, an "on time" newsletter. Brandi, a female fuzzy. Greg G., one last wag of the tail. Leah, the cartwheels that I could never do. To John, I give my love forever and always along with a degree in nursing, and to all my friends (the ones I've mentioned and have not), I just want to say thanks for letting me be your friend. You've let me enjoy school much more! I'm gonna miss ya'll! Bye.

I, Dennis Coffey, being of loosened mind and fat, green, fuzzy body, hereby bequeath the following: To K.T., I leave the hopes that she and N.N keep it together. To Duck, I leave just a little bit more coordination for you when you're backstage. To Mrs. Rovin, I leave our good old-time Rock 'n Roll. Miss Brice, you may come and get your two free passes to a concert by the "Deadboys!" (Billy Joel might even be there!) To Shelly, I leave a loud laugh at the lunch table. To Ken, I leave my "green, fuzzy feet." I leave Eloina a Bleacher Creature hug and a raspberry to shoot at Coach Conklin. I leave the thanks due to most of my teachers for trying to steer me in the right direction. Ms. Lynch and Mr. Vaughn, thanks for your guidance. Finally, I leave my seat outside of Mrs. Brown's office to anyone who will take it.

I, Johnny Coleman, being of unfound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: To Mark Evans, I leave a new handle for his van door, and a rained out trip to "Red Wine."

To David Gross, I leave an extra 20 minutes on his time card one Saturday morning. To Cathie Caruso, I leave a rough time at the drive-through window at McDonald's, and some unanswered questions about her. To Dianne Vitale, I leave a few more jobs she will keep for a longer period of time. To John Kimberly, I leave an uncompleted laser. To Jerome Road, I leave a new mailbox, fire hydrant, and gas line post. To the rest of Collins, I leave.

I, Pete Curry, being almost normal, do hereby leave these things to future seniors: I leave dirty test tubes to future chemistry students, along with the plans for building a 200 proof still. To my sister Colleen, I leave the straight A's I never got. To all new annual staffers, I leave one hundred unfinished I.D.'s. I grant Nick Sowinski all the Thousand Island dressing his shirt can take, including crushed milk cartons. I would also like to leave a cougar on the cover. To Mr. Ross, I leave boards without splinters. To the rest of the teachers, I leave relief. I also leave some things to some '79 seniors. To Earl Johnson, I leave my peeping Tom job in Athens. To Ken Bishop, I leave another Bruce Lee movie. To Lamar Cannon, I leave a barrel of liver pills. Last, but not least, to Terry Jordan, I leave a rusty paint can.

I, Greg Derick, being of not much mind and a short body, hereby leave the following: To Robin Covington, I leave three free skiing lessons (You need it). To Ms. Tingle, I leave an aide without a boyfriend. To Sue R., I leave a tight T-shirt. To Kathy C., I leave a leash to put on her monkey to control it. To Shelly, I leave two teaspoons. To Earl, I leave a case of PBR. To J.R., a new dash. To Richard, I leave Lucy

at the G.R. To Al and Jose, I leave Ruth. To Shawn T., I leave an XJ1659-U5 stereo. To Perez, I leave a book on how to keep up with your bills. I leave to Leslie my love forever. Leslie, I love you.

I, Shelly Dobbs, being of no face, twisted mind, and sensual body, do hereby leave the following: to Brandi, I leave a life-time supply of strawberries to eat while walking through "a forest." To Lisa M., I leave the hope of becoming her future sister-in-

law, if she doesn't mind. To Lesa and Audrey, I leave good luck and happy times with cheerleading. To the 1979-1980 Flag Corps, I leave a big "GOOD LUCK," and to the 1978-1979 Flag Corps, I leave wishing I could have done even more. To Elaine and Deb, I leave a big thanks for teaching me how to crop pictures. To Shawn, I leave hair dye so that we can match and the hope of finding his special someone. To Earl, I leave the joke "what did he call you?" To the Catalus, I leave saying "bye you 'byoyos' and 'sic peaches!'" To Greg, a big thanks for being my friend and making me smile. To Leslie, a doctor's degree. To all faculty members, especially B. Jackson and Tingle, thanks for teaching me well. To all my friends, a big thanks for being there. To Jose, who is my very special friend, I leave the hope that we can always stay in touch and be forever friends. I just want ya to know I'm here 'cause "That's what friends are for." I love ya. To Trent, who is so special to me that words cannot describe, I leave my whole life with the hope that it will be spent with him. I LOVE YOU, TRENT.

I, Mark Evans, being of perverted mind and willing body, do hereby leave the following: to Ken Bishop, a guided tour of Georgia. To David Gross, to do it yourself manual entitled, "African Engineered Van Customizing." To Johnny Coleman, a couple of Pintos. To, Jimmy, Ronnie, and Al, a SALE! To David Caruso, a P.A. system to all the department stores in Atlanta. To Mr. Nuss and Mr. Meoff, I leave D. Caruso. To Lamar Cannon, a box of cough drops. To Melanie, my sister, I leave no more rides. To next year's soccer team...oh well. To Mr. Nichols, who has to be the best soccer coach I'll ever play for, I leave all the luck and many thanks. To Craig Evans, a name to cherish (not Craig). To Tony "Kong" Perez, I leave Florida and a 40 yard throw that can't be beat. To Shelly Dobbs, a flower. To Joel Eason, a waterslide, a case, and years of fun. To Miss Collins, a nice rear end. To Miss Brice and Goldberry, I leave lots of love and, despite all obvious rumors, some people in Georgia really did appreciate a great thing when we had you. Good-bye and

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good luck. To Chris Larson, I leave the fact that he will always be a goalie. To any female that meets my requirements, and dares, I leave the key to my van. And finally, I leave Collins with thousands of great memories and hopefully, a diploma.

I, Judith Anne Fessel, being of devious mind and transformed body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Tim Lee, hope that you still aren't feeling guilty about the call to grandma. To Cynthia H., thanks for your words of wisdom and take care of my big brother. To Earl J., I leave a case of hairspray. To Mark Reid, good luck always. To Mike Farley, keep up my reputation. To Karent T., all the salad you can eat—thanks for everything. To Mr. Lorton, I leave 5½ inches—use it well. To Dede, sweet dreams. To Angela J., a law book! To Cheryl W., I leave a maternity top—thanks for being such a good friend. To Angela S., I leave a Banana Split. To next year's Lair staff, Good Luck! To Derrick, I leave my Black Belt in Karate in hope that you will never have to use it. To my sister, I leave the fun and happiness I have found at Collins—Good Luck! And to the Senior class, I leave the memories of the good times and best wishes for the future.

I, Becky Forsyth, being of little mind and less body, do hereby leave the following: to Randy T. and Greg W., 10,000 gallons and a purple world. Keith T., a new car to swim under and a golf course closer to home. To Jan and Lori, somewhere else to spend the night during Paul's parties. To the 79-80 Flag Corps, good luck and 1st place at camp. To Janet, someone new to look for at lunch. To "MAC" and "WITT," someone else to yell for you. To "Bake", "Ratz", and McDonald, fond memories of Fla., if you remember. To "Wuch", many thanks and a new group of C.P.'s. To Bert P., hope you find a job before the baby comes—best play?? Finally, to John S., lotsa love

and memories. Hope you find someone to make your senior year as great as you've made mine—Love you. Thanks, Collins, for five great years.

I, Mark Gasper, being of exhausted mind and ailing body, do hereby leave Collins with enjoyable memories. To the faculty, sincere thanks for making this year the best year ever. To Ms. Martin, the thought that if I'm arrested for embezzlement, with my knowledge of law, I'll get the electric chair. To Angela J., who'll prosecute my case, I leave a baseball bat to use on the eighth graders. To Sherry, smile! To Linda, all her trees. To Pat, the movie "Animal House."

I, Rhonda ("Muffin"), (bloat) Gast, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave Marci, Berta, and Mary many bouncing memories. To Brett, a girl he'll be satisfied with. To Toni, I leave a dark blue Camero, and a lot of fun in the future. To the new Drill team, lots of luck. To Bubba and Mike, thanks for the new name. To J.T., you still go that PB! To Donald B., it's a "Yes." To Elizabeth, I leave a clean room and thanks! To James, two tickets to the next 20 Queen concerts. To Bobby, just call me when you need your car parked. To Coach Conklin, good luck finding a replacement for me! And finally to Keith, more Sundays and Wednesdays in the future, and my love forever!

I, Joe Geist do hereby unwillingly leave the following things behind: To little Bill, I leave the hope that he will enjoy Collins as much as I did, and the will to do as well as he can in everything he tries. Big Bob and Vic, I leave a new lab partner. To Joel, I leave the will to narrow his "friends" to one. To Matt, I leave a pair of dark glasses. To Elaine, I leave a lecture. To Earl, I leave the memories of Paris and the reminder that we are the last of the Prehomologues. To Shawn, I leave the fourth dimension. To

Jose, I leave the memories of the Foreigner concert. To double "K", I leave all my love and the hope you succeed in all you face. To Collins I say Good-bye.

I, Sally Greenwood, being of corroded mind and questionable body, do hereby regretfully leave to Terry Helms, a spastic. To Becky Forsyth, I leave 4th period lunches. To Karen and Kay, an empty locker. To Bruce and Cheryl, I leave a lot of long, bad curves. Also, to Cheryl, a book on learning to be a spy. To Cheryl and Tracey, I leave good luck forever. Also, to Tracy, I leave one 1965 Mustang to put out of its misery. To Lisa, I leave mud and leaves underneath a mag. To Cynthia, our Thursday night dance sessions. To Barbara, I leave a direct telephone service, a new screen, and George and Henry. To Kathy, I leave a Cadillac bumper and lots of luck forever. To Ellen and Rena, someone else to call Myrtle. To Tom, my friendship forever. To others I didn't mention, good luck forever in whatever you do.

I, Barbara Griffin, being of corrupted mind and corroded body, do hereby leave the following: To Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Vaughn, a counselor's aide who's always there. To Elaine, the baseball game that wasn't there. To Mrs. Walker, the quietest typist ever to invade Collins. To David, a business card. To Roddie, a crane to Earl, Tony, Ronnie, Jose, thanks for moving my car back. To Sallie, a long wore, the bill for a screen, McDonald's lunches, and especially the night with George and Henry! To everyone else, good luck in all you do.

I, David Gross, being of questionable mind, and abused body, leave the following things: To Mrs. Jenkins, I just leave, with a promise to send a copy of my upcoming book, *Absorbing Algebra While You Sleep*. To Mr. Wucher, a pair of elevator shoes, some more disgusting jokes, all the iron you can handle, and thanks for a fantastic year. To the band, lot so luck in the future. To Mark Evans, the words to "King Tut," a copy of L.A. Woman, a voodoo doll of J.B. Jackson, and the guy in the brown Malibu, and many more midnight hours with jigsaw and drill in hand. To Cindy Young, thanks for one of the most enjoyable naps of my life. To Tracy Lipscomb, all the girls at Headland. To Karen Thompson, a lot of great memories and a gold plawd whistle, and last and certainly not least, the rest of Collins, I leave.

Being of no mind and wrecked body, I, Gina Harris leave the following: To Keith Colquitt, I leave the DECA

Gavel to beat Mrs. Callender. To Mrs. Callender, I leave a suit of armor so she won't feel the pain. To Mavis Roberts, I leave my Spanish seat in hopes she will pass her classes next year. To Fred Stroud, I leave two gallons of air freshener to fumigate his car. To Cassandra Jones, I leave my enthusiasm for the Beta Club to make it better next year. To Mrs. Snyder, I leave a collection of wigs to use when she finishes cutting her hair off. To Mrs. Bonau, I leave one day out of every week that she doesn't have to yell at someone. To Mrs. Jenkins, I leave a dozen birthday cards since I forgot it on her birthday. To the underclassmen, I leave M.D. Collins because I surely don't want it.

I, Amby Heath, being of sound mind and body, do hereby write my Last Will and Testament. I'd like to start off by saying that I'm glad that this is my last year, but I'll admit, I'll miss it. To my brother Randy, I leave this school with its good and bad points. I only wish there weren't any bad points. I leave him some of the great teachers that I had. Last, I leave him all the luck that he needs, and boy, does he need it. To Chris Larson, I leave the

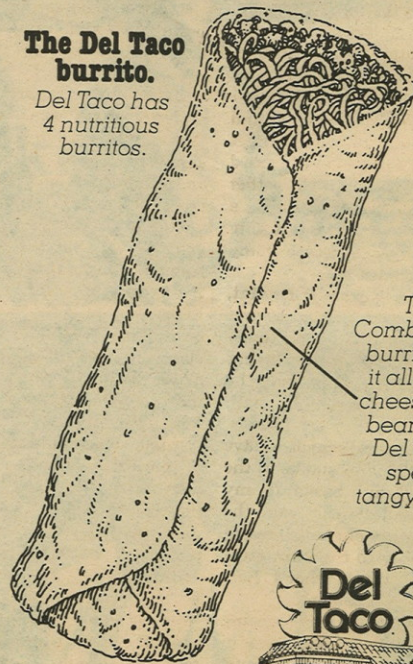
hope that the soccer team is great next year. I also with Chris all of the love and prayer for him and Terry that they become a hot number. Good luck, Chris. To all my other friends, as well as teachers, I just want to say thanks for everything, and I leave you all.

I, Cynthia Hoffman, being of slow mind and warped body, do hereby leave the following: To Sue R. and Angela R., 100 pickles. To Tony P., Pampers with instructions. To Dede, all the tacos you can eat, and a great senior year! To Craig E., "two of the three Pick Ladies." To Susan, the keys to my car! (?) Only three more years; make them the best! To Jimmy R., bicycle! Lisa B., "keep smiling!" (Even though you have a brother like Jimmy.) To Jose, custody of "Hosie." To Cindy Z. and Mary S., "Sudden Tan." To Craig, I give you my love and a special "Thanks" for being the wonderful person that you are! "Hey Shelly, how many more days?" To Shawn, a runaway hub cap. To Debbie, a "new" place to go out to eat (if you haven't already been there). Remember, things go better with Coke. To Earl, one "lousy" rolled tree, a silent whistle, and a pack of

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Best Personality

Earl Johnson Shelly Dobbs



Wittiest

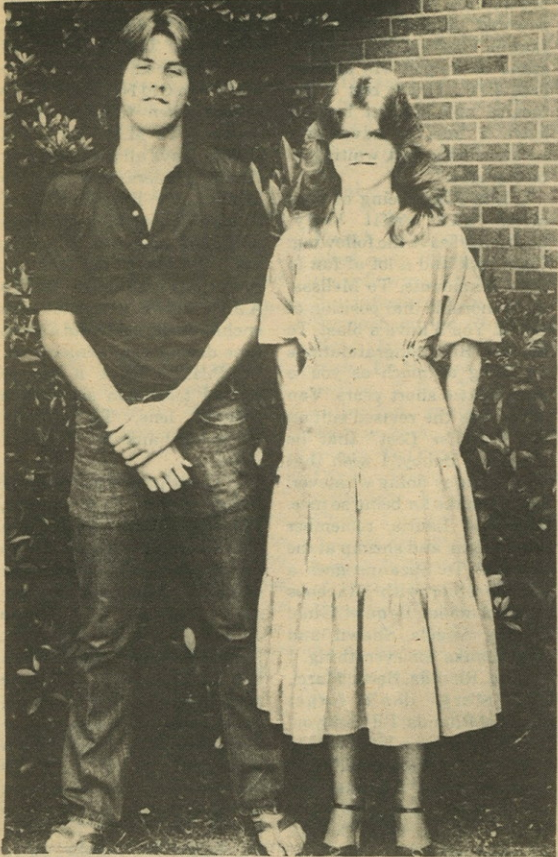
David McGrew

Suzanne Erickson



Best Dressed

Bob Lamode Debbie Flynn



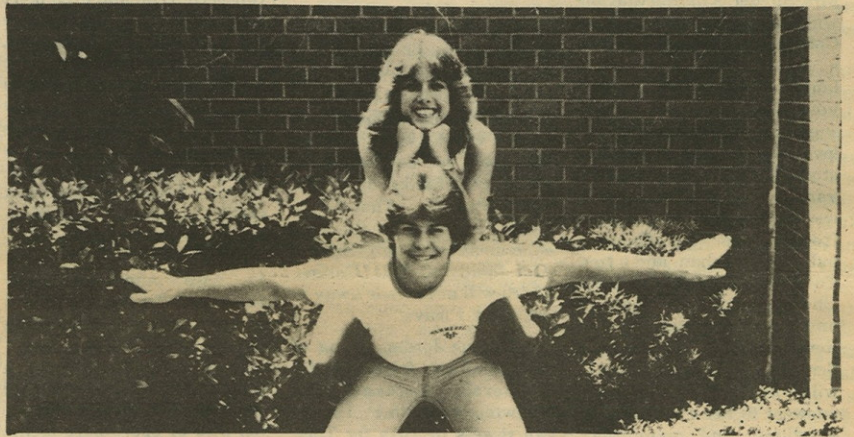
Most Intellectual

Mark Gasper Cheryl Wingate



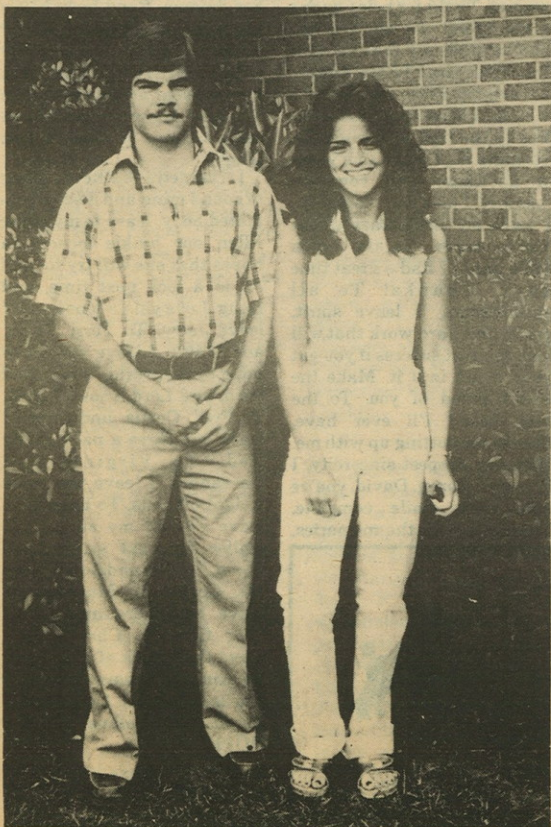
Most School Spirit

Joey Geist Kathy Cochran



Best Looking

Lamar Cannon Carla Sigmon



Most Likely to Succeed

Shawn Turk Kim King



cigarettes for Mrs. Dawson. To Kathy, a life with Jonathan Winters' son, and a plastic canoe oar. To Erin, "Thirsty Boots," and a "Knight in Shining Armor" when you start "Daytona." I'll miss you! To Greg D., a cooler with "JUST" melted ice. To Marci, A Ga. Bulldog? To Brandy, 80 boxes of doughnuts. To Mrs. Jenkins, 34 "twerpolas" (12-03). To Sallie, dance lessons, and to Dr. Martin, a bomb shelter. I would now like to say "Thank-you" to everyone (especially D.F., K.C., E.M., and E.J.) who has placed a specila memory in my mind and in my heart-never to forget, but to recall when we meet again. So now I leave M.D. Collins with a tear in my eye, but a smile on my face! Good-Bye!

I, Earl (F.E.-Huge) Johnson, being of slightly obese body and totally demented mind, do hereby leave the following: To all the teams at Collins, I leave—many hard hours of work. Make the best of it. To Mrs. Snyder, a hairdo that she will be satisfied with. To Miss Collins, an embarrassing joke, a stupid face, and many laughs. To Miss Brice, I hope you find a place where everyone will appreciate, and love you as much as the students do. To Joey Geist, a yard to sled in without trees; we are the last of the Prix-Homologues. To Erin, a bulletproof turban, and a tree. To Bobby Ragsdale, a State Championship. To Shannon and Lisa, a picture of Jeff Renner's room. To Dede, a Scrabble tournament that I will win. To Cynthia, stupid answers to her even stupider questions, and many good times; you're a great friend. To Debbie, a new joke book so she can tell new jokes at work; thanks for all the tickets. To Ronnie and Al, an innertube so we can pull the snake, and many football games in the yard. To Crow, a driving license for boats especially in shallow water. To Jimmy (R-E-N-N-E-R), same way backward) a long distance phone call from Carrolton and many good times. To Elaine, many triplicates; thanks for being so patient. To Phil, can of Taco Dip turned upside down on the carpet. To Debbie Terry, a dress to wear on certain occasions. To Jose, a Southern accent, an immigration card, and a pair of skates so he can represent Mexico in the Olympics. To my good pal Craig, many late night talks

after student council meetings, many mice, and many good times had and yet to come. To Mac, a notepad so she can write all her notes during class. To K.V., all the luck in the world, have a good time next year; it will fly by. To Brooks, a room at the Holiday Inn in Lannett, Ala. To Turk, a stereo system that has all the components. To Shell Shell, a bushel of okra to get high on. To Naspinski, the Booger Picking Championship. To Mary, a joke that she won't understand, but will tell her parents anyway. To Marci, a passport so she can visit all Steve's relatives in Mexico. To Susan, I leave you your own gossip column. To both of the Cochrans who I am very fond of, I leave the following: To Kelly, many good times in High School, stay out of trouble, and make these years the best of your life, also a bra. To my best friend K.C., whose friendship means a lot to me, I leave a light yellow stained T-shirt, many long talks, fun times, and even more memories. I hope that your reign as "P.Q." will never end; and even more I hope our friendship will never end, THANKS. As I write this final farewell about to burst into tears, I wonder what it will be like not to see everyone everyday. Thanks to all the administration. Thanks to sports for giving me the most enjoyment in High School. And finally to M.D. Collins, which will never fade away in my mind, I leave.

I, Donine Jordan, being of dirty mind and freckled body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Keith P., I leave two tickets to Toys for Tots, and enough luck to stay out of trouble so you can go! To the boy who has everything, Lee Atkins, I leave someone who wants to be his friend. (We made a vow we'd always be friends, how could we know that promises end?) To Mrs. Snyder, a pocketbook of stale french fries. To Mrs. Jenkins and Mr. Jackson, a million thanks for helping me through math. To Mark, my brother, a hairdo everyone will envy, a younger K.A. and four more years at Collins. These next years are perhaps the best and most important years of your life, good luck! I'm proud of you. To say I have not learned would be a living lie, for you cannot experience a lifetime of laughter and tears and simply walk. To my best friends, I love you, I'll celebrate you, and

most of all, I'll never forget you! To the halls of Collins, I leave the echo of my Footsteps, because all the memories go with me.

I, Roddy Kelly, being of deranged mind and staggering body, leave Karen Lacks with the ability to keep Greg Beshers from going so wild. To John Sunderland, I leave my favorite stall in the gym bathroom. To Candy Masson, I leave all my dirty P.E. clothes. To Kathy McLean, Bambi Wineland, and all the '79-'80 Varsity cheerleaders, I leave the good times at Pizza Inn. To Marie Jackson, I leave remembrances of all the good times we have shared. To Mrs. Bates, I leave all those loving little eighth graders. To all the graduating seniors, I leave hopes for a happy and successful life. To my brother, Tim Kelly, I leave my car. To all the friends I leave behind, I must say it sure has been fun being crazy with you. See ya, bye.

I, Ken Kilgore, being of confused mind and even more confused body, do hereby state my Last Will and Testament, however meaningless it may be. To Mr. Jack Jackson, I leave a green and white polkadot bow tie. To Mr. Bill Jackson, I leave a new chalkholder to start the year off right next fall. To Mrs. Jenkins, I leave my hope that she'll not confuse herself so much while teaching Calculus, and say to her "peache, be wise, and continually function." To Mr. Nichols, I leave a pair of intersecting parallel lines. To Mrs. Tingle, I leave a stack of term papers a mile high for her to grade all summer. To Mrs. Rovin, ten sets of spare keys to the chorus room and wish her good luck replacing my voice in our sparsely populated tenor section. To Miss Brice, I leave one old and soon-to-be tattered shoe for Goldberry compliments of the "Dead Boys." Finally, to my dearest sweet Sheila Carol, I leave my heart and whatever else is left of me when I leave this madhouse.

I, John Kimberly, being of fatigued body and bewildered mind, do wish to leave the following priceless possessions to the friends I have had the pleasure of knowing these past five years: To Mrs. Snyder, I leave my entire collection of "Books to Boggle the Mind," especially yours! To Ms. Duke, I leave my step-by-step instructions on how to blow up the chemistry lab. To Mr.

Nichols, I leave all of my math books that teach "parallel lines do not intersect." To Mr. Neal, I leave the peace of knowing at least one of the crazies is leaving, FINALLY!!! To Mr. Williford, I leave the preliminary plans to a "people powered airplane." To Mr. Lorton, I leave a Coke crate to stand on so you will at least look 4'11". To the rest of the faculty and student body, I leave a host of adventures in knowledge just waiting to be explored.

I, Kim King, being of tired mind and unfit body, hesitantly leave the following: Good luck and a lot of fun to the Catamounts. To Melissa, the honorable (ha) position of 1st Lt. You'll have a blast. To brother Bill, congratulations for doing as much as you've done in two short years. Van (Eve) gets the revised edition of "Paradise Lost" that he made up. Bobby, I wish that you're happy doing whatever! Matt, thanks for being so nice. Joel and Laurie, remember champagne and shrimp at the drive-in! To Suzanne goes a sample order with jalapenos and anchovies. Be quiet, Gina! Debbie, Angela, Shawn, and Jos, thanks for everything. I love ya. Rhonda, Berta, Marci, and Mary, don't forget Florida! Rhonda, I'll miss you! To Joey I leave a lot of love to take to UT. I know you'll have a great time! Thanks and goodbye to the teachers and administration. M.D. Collins, I'll miss you.

I, Debbie Knepper, being of red-headed mind and hyper body, do tearfully leave a part of me that I hope will live in Collins' archives forever. To Mrs. Tingle, I extend my deepest appreciation, love and respect. Thanks for being such a great friend. To Mr. Wucher, you've made my dreams come true! (Hee-Hee.) To Mr. Lorton, I leave my Disco Deb feet. To Kim K., I leave that first smile. You're the best of friends. To Suzanne E., I leave five years of goofiness and complete insanity. I love you. To Shelly, I leave all those crazy times. You're super. To the lunch table gang, I had a great time guys. Thanks! To all cheerleaders, I leave spirit, pride, and hard work that will lead to great success if you put your heart into it. Make the school proud of you. To the best friend I'll ever have, thanks for putting up with me. With my deepest sincerity, I love you, Karen. David, you've made my smile complete. Thanks for all the memories,

Collins!

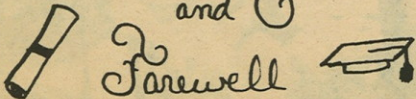
I, Jill Leavell, being of sound mind and uncoordinated body, do hereby leave M.D. Collins High School with many happy memories never to be forgotten. To K.R. and S.G., I leave all the fun the next year's I.O.P. class, and a great senior year. To A.O., M.A., and C.C., I leave all the cruisin' up and down Old National before school when they get their licenses. To M.M., L.P., and H.W., I leave all the upcoming eighth graders. Ha! Ha! To M.W.L., my little brother, I leave a school of good times and good memories to come, and the best of luck at everything you do in life. To A.J., I leave a Dorito with enchilada dip on it, and a great time during your senior year. To P.H., I leave a remote control television set with a zoom-in lens. To all my teachers, thanks for 4½ great years.

I, Timothy R. Lee, being of filthy mind, fast hands, skinny body, and an overwhelmingly big mouth, do hereby bequeath the following valuable memories to my select friends: To Donine Jordan, I leave the sign at Six Flags she never took down, a box of stationery for some more juicy letters, more tennis games, free dance lessons, and a big thanks for being such a wonderful friend. To Sallie Greenwood, I leave an elevated footstool so that she can be any size for any man. To Renee S., thanks for a wonderful Jr.-Sr., and many apologies for afterwards. To Diane Vitale, I leave a new fire extinguisher. Have fun! To Suzanne Erickson, I leave a trip to Fantasy Island in hopes that she finds the spaceman of her dreams. Good luck, I love ya, and lots of space to ya! Finally, to my WILD AND CRAZY SISTER, I hope that her last year at Collins will be her best! Have fun while you can, because it doesn't last long!

I, Donnetta Mathews, being of sound mind and discombobulated body, leave to my sister Ellen our junkie lockers in hopes that she will try to hold on to a lock next time, and Doug. Love ya! To Monica S., I leave Jerry. To Terri, Togie, and Mavis, I leave you all the hope in the world, 'cause God tried, and Lord Knows I tried. To Fred, Curtis, and Capri, I leave you three a pack of Big Red. To Virginia and Cassandra, I leave you some weight-off pills. To Latricia, I leave you all my snaps and smiles for next year's Drill Team. To Kim and Doll, I leave Mr. Cosby. To Ms. Gary, I leave better organization of your files. To Cheryl W., I leave the upsets of next year. To Kim S., I leave hopes for Carlton. To Carl, I leave radio sounds. To Collins, I leave HOPE!

I, David McGrew, being of "Vegged out" mind and tormented body, hereby leave


*Good Luck
and
Farewell*



*Cheryl, Judy, Karen, Angela, and Mark
with Love from the Fair*

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DARCY WHIPPLE

the following to the following persons: To Chris Larson, I leave the responsibility for carrying on the tradition of "The Veg," and all the "veggie" characters. To Craig Evans, I leave an officially endorsed, Dun Chow Ping table tennis paddle. To Gary Holiday I leave my whistle so she can try to keep noisy cast members quiet. To Mr. Wucher I leave a candle and a one-way ticket to Cincinnati. To Ms. Collins I leave Orville Reddenbacher's Gourmet Cook Book: 101 Ways to Make Filet Mignon with Popcorn. To Goldberry I leave Oscar. To Ms. Brice I leave a photo of Conrad Veggie and all my love and best wishes.

I, Erin Maguire, being of sound mind and short body, do hereby leave to: Melissa A., homeroom talks, and life-time friendship. Tony P., his own shining star, a "happy Face." David K., "One Last Kiss." Dede and Susan, Chipawa Forest and my parents to watch while I'm away. '78-79 V. Cheerleaders, thank's for the fun. Ms. Collins, thanks for just being you. Ms. Brice, all the good luck she can handle and deserves. Mr. Lorton, someone else to use his Irish accent on. Shawn T., a million fun times, a friend whenever he needs one. Earl, a book to translate Vietnamese into English. Jose, someone to meet that's as nice as he is. Debbie F., our own direct phone line. Cynthia H., a Munch Bar. Kathy E., perfect cartwheels. To the three above and a few more, an endless number of letters and thanks for being the greatest.

I, Laurie McKee, being of little mind and twice as little body, do hereby leave the following: To Angela Jones, I leave one of Miss Martin's terrific court cases. To Kim and Joey, I leave a day at Six Flags where no one gets mad. To David McGrew, I leave an alto sax that doesn't play since he can't anyway. To Mark Evans, I leave Fiat tracks on his blue carpet. To Mrs. Bonau, I leave on big "choochie." To the librarians, I leave one day with no overdue notices. To Mrs. Paul, I leave on of Cheryl's sneezes during shorthand dictation. To my sister Kathy, I leave my locker fur and mirror, and hope that hse has as much fun as I did. To Joel, I leave all my love, but he knows that, and he's leaving with me. To all my friends, I leave my love.

I, Toni Newsome, hereby Danny W. and Derrick W. a new P.E. aide to bother. A kiss to Mike Sullivan, Brett Martin, and John Wicker. A new best friend to K.V. I also leave the Varsity cheerleaders hoping they'll have a great time, like I did. And to the football team! Thanks for beating Lakeshore! To Julie, Deneese, Bambi, I leave a new set of pom poms, red and gold

shoestrings, and a hug for all the good times. To Melanie, Lisa and Brandi, I leave a six-pack of beer and the Falcon football team. Go get 'em. To Ronnie Blanton, I leave my locker in hopes that I can see you more often. To Forrest and Jo, good luck. To Kathy Mac, I leave a new big brother, so you can leave Mike alone. To Phil and Craig, I leave a new sister to pick on. To Robert W., I'm sorry. I hope we can be friends. To anybody I left out, I'm sorry. To all my friends, thanks! I'll miss y'all.

I, Tony Perez, having French mind and fast food-filled body, hereby bequeath the following: To Mrs. Rovin, the infamous "Lie on Your Stomach on the Chairs with Head Hanging and Sing" trick. To Howard Glass, the entire T.D. Tony book collection, including T.D. Tony's book of open field moves. To Chris L., my entire Dixie Dregs tape/record collection. Keep the faith, Chris. To next year's Exec. Council, lots of luck and lots of money. To D. McGrew, a copy of that hit disco smash, "Ahh, Vege-Out!" To Erin Maguire, a one way ticket to the Big Apple. To next year's Drama people, remember, the show will go on, no matter who opposes you. Finally, Miss Brice, the person who taught me more in one year of class than I learned in five years of high school. I leave a school where the administration accepts her for what she is, a beautiful person.

Being of sound body and questionable mind, I, Rob Perrin, leave to all my good friends the best year of high school, their senior year. And to all my enemies that hate me, I leave the same feeling of hatred. To almost all the teachers, my great appreciation for all your help and understanding. I can't mention everybody I want to. To Coach Fussel, I leave a set of Champion Spark Plugs for his truck and a box to buy it in. To Katherine Williams, I leave my locker decoration and lots of luck in the future. To Maureen Boemker and Debbie Miller, I leave a red vet, if you know what I mean. To Shortie, I leave a pair of platform shoes. Some people sya they hate M.D. Collins, but this school is the best in Fulton County.

I, Joyce Pressley, being of sound mind and all body, leave to Kathy B. and Jan P. all the fun I have had at M.D. Collins. To Beth H., I leave all the Martys in the world! To Jack P., I leave all the suspension notices in the principal's office. To my friends, I leave the English bathroom. To Jeri A., I leave the will to come to school and stay a full day! To Melanie S., I leave you-know-who. To Tammy C., I leave a notebook for Mr. B's class. To the class of 1980, I leave all the fun the

class of 1979 has had in their senior year. To Wendy W., I leave James B. To Mrs. Whitworth and Mrs. Jolif, I leave the Reading Center and the pleasure of training all the new aides. To Mr. Brigman, I leave his dumb circles.

I, Jose Ramirez, alias "Paco", being of crazy mind and questionable—body?—do hereby leave the following meager possessions: To Shelly D., my friend, I leave totake with her my deepest love and friendship. Thanks for always being there. I'll always carry you in my heart. To Earl, a life-time supply. To K.D., the van's ice bucket. To Erin, I leave "Ervin." To Nas., a season pass to the G.R. To Turk, luck and the book "How to Succeed with Women." To Audrey, my honey, lots of love and a date to go bowling. To Bruce, flavor for his ice cream. To Mike H., a lunch menu. To Gerbil, someone else to get her out of trouble. To F.R.E., Methuselah. To Miss C., another secret pal. To Miss Brice, THANKS. I love you. To Greg, good luck and everlasting friendship. To K.C. Jr., a senior ring. To Howard, good luck—keep playing. To Marci and Sue, muscles. To everybody else in Collins, I didn't forget you, I never will. Good luck.

I, Mary Seeber, know everybody has their own preference of friends, their own way of behavior and I consider each individual student and teacher my friend. but, I only can leave many of you a thanks for all the fun, laughs, and happiness. I could not have a better 1979 class to be with at Collins. I would like to leave Earl Johnson a

bedpan to keep all the secrets he knows about me, and don't let them out, Earl! B.W., R.G., and M.W., we are still going to have some bouncing times together. To Jerry Stanford, I leave my telephone number. Jimmy Renner, a picture. Brandi Williams, a wong. Van Vincent, a girl who won't make up excuses. Lamar, Brooks, and Donald, an entry to Mr. Muscles Contest. Craig Evans, my pinky and a track so we can "jog" again. Bruce Seeber, my gold Chevy and good friends. E.M., K.C., C.H., and D.F., the best of luck because ya'll deserve it. The majorettes, a million thanks. Lisa and Melanie, a motel without roaches, and all the couples here a motel key. I'll always cherish and remember each and every one of you.

I, Carol Seeger, being of demented mind and diminishing body, do hereby leave Collins, and in keeping with tradition, I leave my loved, meager possessions to those whom I am leaving. To Lee H., I leave the theater to love and dedicate time, energy, and concern. To Mrs. Whitworth, I leave the new staff, some copy to rewrite, and lots of love! To Elaine, I leave a first aid handbook. To Lisa I leave many, many thanks and a big hug! To Jody, I leave loads of love and good memories. To the faculty and administration of Collins, I leave one thought: Apathy and lack of school spirit should not be thrown off on the students. Dedication and concern are the only qualities that can revive school spirit. It is the responsibility of everyone who has anything to do with

Collins to make it something to be proud of.

I, Angela Maria Gabrielle "Tree" Smith, being of exceedingly lengthened name and body, but totally annihilated mental faculties, hereby bequeath what I feel like bequeathing. First off, to my little brother Richard, the fun of high school and the absence of any strife, plus my love. To the up and coming students at Collins, I leave a desire to see Collins out of the path of apathy. To the athletes, especially female, I leave the desire to always do your best no matter who says what. To Coaches Bonner and Hanson, I leave someone else to hang on to when you cheat in scrimmages; to Davis, another spiker; to Williford, another "un-player," and to Fussel, another Region champ, shotputing, seafood eater. To the teachers I've encountered, if not run smack into, I leave a ready answer, if not entirely correct (or even close), and a few "underdue" magazines from the library. I take with me the desire to learn because I'll need it. Last of all, I leave a little more love to everyone at Collins.

I, Elaine Smith, of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: To Bird, my sympathy, best wishes, and a broken desk for next year. To the Catalus Staff, lots of luck, a 4¢ tax, and many creative ideas. To Aunt Stephe, a great thanks for an easy 1st period and your support throughout the year. To the GVD team, hope that ya'll have a good season. To Coach, thanks for a good season. To Gunner, Slew, and Liser, Coach Hanson's

Pleasant Hill Beach

opening for summer

June 2



Diving Dock



Jumbo Slide



Lifeguards



Picnic Grounds

practices, lines, stories, and driving hints. To Brandilion, a starting center position, a couple of "where's my van", and a good water skiing trip. To Betsy and Cathy, lots of fun. To Kim, all the books in the library to shelve. To KV all the Crow meetings. To Jann, Phil, and David, I leave Robin to take care of. And now with great joy, I leave.

I, Sierra Stegall, being of sound mind (I hope), and all body, will to: Jeri A., the ability to find the right guy: Debra A., the ability to eat as much as I do and not get fat: To Mrs. Walker, her boring typing class (just joking), Ha, Ha! To Sharon M., my locker and friendship. To my sister Yanda, my seat in Mr. Williford's class, my place as a senior, and most all, my love. Love ya!! To Karen D., my friendship. To Latricia, my seat on the school bus. To Cassandra, my personality. To Virgina G. M.D. Collins. To Mrs. Gwen, the ability to find an aide as good as I am. I will to the 1980 class to have fun because we didn't. I will to Mrs. Brown, the ability not to suspend too many people.

I, Debbie Terry, being of warped mind and sensitive body do hereby leave the following: To Bryan Kleese, a motor for your brain. To the next Annual Staff, one photographer without a date to take pictures at the Prom. To Karen V., I do not leave you the orchestra. To Karen T., THANKS!! To Carol, one can of beans. Gas is getting higher each day. To Elaine, I leave 65¢ to buy something at camp. Have fun at the steps by the stadium. To Miss Duke, next year's Annual Staff. P.S.—Please return the knives you stole from the cafeteria. To Mr. Wucher, my seat in the closet vacant. To Shell Shell, "woke up this morning, what did I see..." To Shawn, many thanks!! For everything. To Earl, I leave, asking for my present. Keep your eyes on those dresses.

I, Karen Hope Thompson, being of totally innocent heart and very serious mind (completely unaffected by my reputed "C.P." status), will the following memories and possessions to some very special people. To Shannon and Terri W., all the joy of being in music, and much happiness in the years ahead. To Deb T., "bird theed," much love, and a big thank. To Deb K., What can I say? You're the greatest. I love you. To Kim (John and Tommy's sister), I leave the best and worst year of your life. Hold the fort down and always keep some chains in handy. Lot's of love and good luck! Two of my dearest friends in the world, Mr. D.L. and Mr. J.W., I leave with tears. I couldn't have climbed the mountains and survived the "lows" that I did without you. I will more than sincerely miss you. Thank you for sharing your vast knowledge and understanding

of life with me. I love you both more than words can express. Also, to Judy, I leave a towel to dry her shoulder and a world of happiness. To Johnny, my beautiful car. To Mark, Chris, Chris, and Mike, a soundproof gameroom. Thanks, Mrs. Tingle and Mrs. Paul! Success and love to the band and Lair (and a little perversion, too.)

I, Toni Tolbert, being of an unexplainable mind and rather questionable body, leave to: Kim D., all the mirrors to primp in. Mindy Z., just "one" bottle of beer. Sherri W., PLEASE take my advice, "go buy a car." Andy H., I leave a grateful smile for being so sweet. Tim A., all the kisses and hugs when Tim F. isn't around. Elizabeth R., I hope you and Mike have lot's of little soccer players! (oh) That's after you get married. A special thanks for you know who, "The Kid." He's just what I've always wanted, and I don't ever want to let 'm go. It's hard to find a best friend and sweetheart all in one, so please keep an eye on my "Green Eyes" and tell me if they ever turn RED 'cause I love him. Mrs. Paul, Mrs. Tingle, Miss Gary, and Mr. Vaughn, you all have my friendship forever! It's a shame that we don't have more teachers like ya'll. Now I must say, Good-bye M.D. Collins. Take care!

I, Shawn Haden Turk, being of lustful mind and svelte body, do hereby bequeath the following meager possessions: To Bill Nichols, a pair of converging parallel lines and another "Elite Few" to try his patience. To Danny Lorton, a season's pass to "Six Flags Over Hiroshima" (ask Mr. Nichols). To Bill Jackson and Miriam Tingle, my great appreciation for my first understanding of mathematics and grammar, respectively. To Suzanne Brice, a dead Norwegian parrot and a very bizarre rendition of Mr. Macafee. To John Brockstein, a mouse-powered weed-eater. To Jay Wucher, the "Golden Balls Award" for never letting me beat him in Ping-Pong. To Earl Johnson, a Phase Linear Stereo System complete with a record store (In your dreams!). To Shelly Dobbs, a targroa with sores on it and some red eyebrow dye. To David McGrew, a berth in the "Conrad Veggie Table Tennis Tournament" (your mother and a deformed emu!) To Tony Perez, a "Stanley Clark Big Note Bass Book," and the belief that he can play. To Jel Eason, a pair of blow-proof sumarian cobalt tweeters, and a partner to help destroy Mercer. To Kathy Cochran, a couple of hours in a shower (dreamy...eh, P.Q.?) To Debbie Terry, a go in Richway's lot. To Elaine Smith, a slow, but innovative features section. To Suzanne Erickson, lotts a love for being such a beautiful person, and lotts a luck at B.Y. Zoo. To Jose Ramirez, a place

to buy "Methuselah," and "Gracias" for all those rides and cheesecakes (comer gatico, Poo!). To Chris Larson, Miki's book, "The Art and Science of Gran Prix Driving" in hopes that he can avoid garages. To Jann Parrish, love and thanks for all your valuable help. To Lisa Towler, my Macon address, a date with "You-Know-Who," and a proposal of marriage. To Sue Reid, a permanently adjusted pH (I.L.T.G.N.S.O.T.E.M.). To Craig Evans, a deficit budget, and the small harem that Dennis left me last year. To Toni Babb, a mink cover for the "Pony," a date to next year's Jr.-Sr., someone else to call "Dummy," and the courage to hold your head up. Also, sincerest love, and thanks for our friendship; I hope it will continue. Lastly, but certainly not leastly, to all my friends and teachers, thanks for friendship, support, knowledge, good times, and good memories. It has been a great five years. All of you will not be forgotten. Shalom!

I, Julie Vest, being of questionable mind and intolerable body, do hereby bequeath my priceless belongings to these people: To Jeff Caruso, a bronzed soccer ball so he may improve his game. To Melanie Evans, I leave her own fold-a-bed psychiatrist's couch so she can help other deranged students throughout her high school years. To Gail Whitmire, a Barbie doll to take my place as he baby. To Danny Wilcox, four dozen suspension letters to add to his already thriving collection. To Forrest Jackson, a revised edition of "Bambi Meets Godzilla." To Paige Keaton, a free pass on the Dating Game so she can keep herself busy. To Candy Ratzman, her own port-a-phone so she can talk to Leif wherever she is. To Ronnie Blanton, I leave whatever it was he wanted. And to all the teachers, I leave apologies for all my stupid questions, and to everyone else, all my love and best wishes for life.

I, Vickie Vincent, being of messed-up mind, leave all the hassles of this school to all my friends! To my brother Van, I leave someone else to give him all the money he needs, and the best of luck in football and baseball. To Grace G., I leave looney Toddy! I hope you make it. Karen L. and Greg B., all the great times before during and after school! Dee, some of the best times ever (and we'll have lots more!). Lisa M., DON'T ever tell Mrs. K. about you-know-what! Mrs. Ruark and the students, good luck always. To Matt Karol, I leave my thanks for the best times of my life and for being by my side through everything, and you know I'll never leave yours. Muffin and Keith, good luck always!

I, Berta (Reba) Weber, who couldn't have spent any happier times than I spent with all my friends at Collins,

want to say thanks. I hereby leave the new Drill team all the fun and hard work. A.B., all the green M. & M.'s you can handle at one time. C.C. and V.D., a first placer ribbon at one time. C.C. and V.D., a first place ribbon to fight over. A.D., another new partner. S.B., C.R., S.F., all the happiness with S.H., L.H., J.B. (Hope I'm invited on the special day.) K.K., a carload of kids to take to the movies. M.A., happiness with my brover. D.B., another shot of silicone. B.W., M.M., L.M., a bed to pounce on. Mary Seeber, the best of all the bouncing times, and luck with Craig J. Rhonda and Marci, a lesson on what a real john looks like. B.P. another car to wash at the car wash. Mark Lanza, all the good times, and hope there is more.

I, Cathy Weed, being of unsound mind and questionable body, hereby leave the following: To my brother Danny, I leave two more fun-filled years. To Paul and Jeff, I another way to and from school. To Kathy Mac, I leave another year to raise "it." To my two favorite teachers, Mrs. Ruark (Tass) and Mrs. Bates, I leave my many thanks and gratitude for always helping me to achieve higher goals, and also to Tass, I leave my share of the turkey sandwiches and cookies! Although I leave behind many fond memories and good times, I leave Collins happily and willingly!

I, Rena Weems, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following things: To Ellen, all the great times that I had as senior. To Mrs. Smith, lots of luck with the new Rifle team, and to Paige and Grace, all the pains and gripes of being captain. Good luck! To Mrs. Jenkins, all of my old Algebra tests. And to Mrs. West, I leave someone else to do her work and find her mistakes. To Mrs. Lynch, and Mr. Vaughn, thanks for all of the advice you gave me. Love Ya! To Mr. Wucher, I leave a hard time. To Mindy, I leave more great times, and two cups. To Mary Mc, two oranges. To Lee, I leave someone else to knock on your door at 10:00. To Kay, I leave all the fun times I had. And last, but not least, I leave.

I, Marci "Munchkin" Williford, do hereby leave to Carrie C. and Mike D., the loft to themselves. Carrie, take care of yourself. Bobby R., a kiss on the cheek. David S., I'm gald we've both got the right person. V.D., more chemistry, and a blond-headed person in my place. Angela and Dede, make 'em good. Ronnie B., glad I found out. Craig E., a tape recorder to buy my car. My little sister, all the fun I had. I'm proud of you. Cynthia, more trips to U.G.A. Berta, Rhonda, and Kim, three great years. Rhonda and Berta, a private bathroom

behind a building. Earl, my "machine-gun" laugh. Mary, a great marching season, more all night talks, and making latchhook pillows. Thanks for being the best friend I've had. Dad, thanks for all your patience and support, "Coach!" And to my friends, an invitation to come and see me at U.G.A.! Bye Collins.

I, Cheryl Wingate, being of evaporated mind and condensed body, bequeath the following: To Judy Fessel, a lifetime supply of Ayds. To Eric Hutton, his own pen. To Tony Perez, his massuese. To Mark Gasper, confidence in himself, and yearly report on the number of children I have. To my brother Steve, Industrial Strength 409 for our bathroom. To Chris Larson, a lynching by the NAACP. To Mr. Williford, a sneeze to set his watch by. To Coach Rew, fruitflies, To Mr. Lorton, some dirt so he can plant himself and grow. To Mrs. Paul, c-o-n-v-e-n-i-e-n-c-e. To Angela Smith, someone to look up to as I look up to her. To Laurie McKee, a love that is hidden beneath my insults. To my other friends and those remaining at Collins, good luck and a thought that love and friendship have no colors, yet they are beautiful to look upon.

I, Cindy Young, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave Larry Young a walk down the aisle with his little sister, and a bottle of rum afterwards. To Craig Young, I leave all the great years of high school that are ahead of him, and he may have as much fun as I did. To Debbie Miller, I leave all the patience and guts it is gonna take to be captain next year. You'll be great, Debbie. Good luck!! To Donine and Gale, I leave the great times we've had and will have in daytona this summer. To Becky Forsyth, I leave the memories of the fantastic times we had in the past. To Scott Elzey, I leave my friendship with the hope that we will be friends forever. To everyone else, I leave Collins to you to enjoy and learn as much as I did.

I, Larry Young, being of questionable mind, hereby write my Last Will and Testament. I hereby leave Craig Young, my little brother my locker, four years more in school, all the books I never used, and all the luck in the world. To Jamie Bazemore, I leave my little brother Craig to keep 4-ever, please!! To Jo Johnson, I leave one ride home from school. To Dana Persall, I leave my Science book, and the lock off my locer. To Robert Wyatt, I leave all the luck in the world for Tawny and him. To all the teachers that taught me here at M.D. Collins, I leave the memory of the nice things I did. To next year's seniors, stick with it and graduate. In closing, I leave all my friends the best of luck, and live your life to its fullest.