



CRAV



LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

I, Peter Back, do hereby bequeath to Chris Nielson my cruise schedule of four classes so that he may be able to catch the early afternoon rays at Avila Beach. To Julie Cardoza, my basketball autographed by the Lakers coach and to Coach Vegher, all of my sub-par rounds.

I, Kris Baker, do hereby bequeath to Sinsheimer pool a automatic push button pool cover putter on'ers and taker off'ers and all my early (very early) morning hours to Mr. Long. I leave my sympathy to any sophomore or junior who takes Mr. Long first period, you poor dreadful fool you. To Caryn Sankoff and Kathy Rathbun all our volleyball memories and the best of luck next year, V.B.K.A. To J.R. I leave my skis (take care of those babies) and the ski club in hopes that you'll do something with both of them. To Theodore Albers Wassel I leave my deepest apologies for not inviting you in that first night, also a rubber duck (named Albers) that squeaks for your orange bomb. To Lulu Couacaud all the Kahlua and dirty mouses (not that you need them) and ski photo guys in Aspen, Colo. and a big thanks for the good time. To Kim Markoff I leave all the California sunshine for you to take back to Michigan with you they need it. To Tami Hayek, my dedication and hard work on the swim team (FAKE). To Gnat, Wolffie, Fish, Little Hosh, Janet, Tam, Debbie, Deb, Lindsey, Motor, Neener, and all the rest, thanks for all the memories. Oh yes and to my dear sister who is a lucky one and has already graduated, I give her the car she left me last year, because it has caused me nothing but misery and money this year.

I, Scott Baldrige, of suppressed mind and undersized body, do hereby will and bequeath my President's desk, etc. to Tony Suchand in the hopes that he will do better as a leader for this school than I have. I leave my parking place to Kendall, my wrestling for Gene, and my undecipherable Calculus homework to Mr. Waterbury, (undecipherable because I don't understand).

I, Steven Kent Baldrige, being of expanded mind and diminished body, do hereby bequeath the advantages of having two lockers to whoever manages to get them; my severe case of Veghermonia to next year's unfortunate entrants to the Vegher School of Work Exhaustion; my seat at School Board meetings to Bill Tjaden, next year's ambassador may he be as outspoken as I have been; my ASB Weekly Schedules to anyone silly enough to read them, poor souls; my great and crazy times in ASB, Drama, Sports, Newspaper, class leadership and everything else to anyone willing to have fun and get involved. I leave my habit of procrastination to all those disgusting people who get everything done on time; my crutches to next year's SLOSH Spring Gimp; my side burns to Eric Harrison who could not grow any for himself; my 21 missing pens to those who "borrowed" them and my large stature to Stubita, who really needs it.

I, Jennifer Bassi, do hereby bequeath to Mimi Collie 10 gallons of gas (gasoline) for those times I didn't feel like driving. Also a manual on "The Art of keeping car door shut." To Joanna Karger and Julie Cardoza I leave a matching pair of crash helmets. No explanation necessary.

I, David Baur, do hereby bequeath to Rob Burke, the Green monster that always leaves you smiling, George, in the memory of the good times in Room 369. To Mike Ehrenberg I leave my old decreped locker, and many moons of hassles with Wally. To Wes Brown my empty bottle of clear eyes.

I, Andrew Becker, do hereby bequeath my theme song "Fool's Overture" and my Progressive taste in music to Eric Harrison, all my tranquilizers and immense denseness to Mike Dresp, all my smart remarks to Loni Nash, and the rest of my unfinished homework to Denise Paulson to do next year; this time free.

I, Cody Berry, do hereby bequeath all my Geometry notes to anyone who wants to be as confused as I was. I give my passport to James Shammes, he travels more than Alexander Haig. I leave my job as ICC Commissioner to poor Richard Hendricks, Good Luck, I hope you have more luck than I had. I give my lucky bowling ball to Roger Morganson, he needs it more than I do, remember you don't do the hop. I leave my Philadelphia 76er pennant to Mark Massengil, green shoes? I do hereby give my willingness to work and smarts to Duane Wattedet, are you sure you are going to graduate? By the way Duane, Tampa Bay SUCKS. Hey Roger, Dave W. for MPV, you like Keith who?

I, Clint Bidleman, do hereby bequeath my stomach to Matt Smith so he may be able to expand his enormous eating habits without the fear of popping.

I, Scott Bishop, do hereby bequeath all my worn out spikes to the few, the tall, the lanky; the distance machines that would be more than grateful to have the Mr. Sunkist, Mr. Arcadia and Mt. Sack spikes that have actually touched the track of these places named. The lucky distance machines will be Jason Hafemeister, the snake of the team. Tom Meinhold who furnishes parties and maybe Bob Burton if he gets smart enough to get back to the Oval.

I, John Bogesvang, do hereby bequeath my ability to get out of cuts to Eric Harrison although he doesn't cut now but when senioritis sets in.... I leave my somewhat mellow attitude to Rob Smet because of his somewhat excessive craziness (Rob, what about those pink leg-warmers?). Lastly, I do bequeath this type of questions to the next group of seniors.

I, Jane Boone, do hereby bequeath my tennis racket to Mimi Collie, because she's gonna be all alone next year, and my tennis uniform with the embarrassing snaps.

I, Deb Breidenbach, do hereby bequeath to Julie Cardoza all the sanity and wits you need to get through the following year. Good luck; to Kelly McBride a little finger puppet; to Jeff Webb a ton of newspapers; to Christopher an even exchange of my Birks and your Top Siders; to the South Pacific crew, Are you guys ready? to Arm, Brutus, and Buffy thanks for making the year fun and memorable; to Kelly Zimmerman thanks for being there; to Baker, Adler, and Binkele make the most of your weekends; to Teresa Tedone thanks for everything you've done for me;

to Nat, Wolfie, Oompa, Mote, Spank, Kel, Gabe, Kris, Janet, Tami, Deb, Fish, and everyone else thanks for all the fun times. (I think we need to have another Volleyball BBQ); to Marshal Harrow it's tied one to one we have break the tie; to the Attala's try not to be so stuck up; to Stevo thanks for deserting me and leaving me in the clutches of Lougie; and finally a very special thanks to the Tiger Varsity Baseball Team. You played an excellent season. You'll always be Number One.

I, Adrienne Bright, do hereby bequeath to Chrissy Ryan I leave my raisin business, a baby bottle in which she can take with her to all football games, and an oat field from Cal Poly. To Wanda Smithee I leave my empty shampoo bottles and hand lotion bottle. To Cheri Estrada I leave my camera, my job since she will need a new one. to Lisa Cork I leave my deck of cards, jewelry, etc, for her to carry on the tradition in Fresno.

I, Craig Broderick, do hereby bequeath all my golf scores and excellent putting skills to Garney Hall. Also I give all my Black Flag, Dead Kennedy and Germs tapes to Little Iverson and Steve Hoyt. To "Muff" I leave my Sanyo headphones with no batteries in them. To James Cannon I leave all my Led Zepplin LP's, tapes etc. I leave all my books, binders and Sid Lives to Mandi Shelby.

I, Rich Brown, do hereby bequeath my deviant behavior to Jason Hafemeister; my "I Like Ronnie" button to Mike Apfelberh; 2 feet of height to Oliver Sharp; a little puppy to Bob Burton; 2000 rhinos to next year's cross country team; and to Mr. Smith a slab of trail snacks.

I, JoAnn Bunya, do hereby bequeath to my younger sister all my school materials; to Annette Lewis the whole locker to herself for as long as she has to go to school; to Cathy Ahearn-platform shoes; to Annette Lascola her very own Ronald McDonald doll; to Lynn Juel-love and happiness with Danny, all her life; to my sissy (Candi Ungerank) about 20 pounds; and forever my love, to my sweetheart, Michael J. Ungerank.

I, Stacy Carlson, to hereby bequeath much success and happiness to those who graduate in June of 1982. The three years I have spent at SLOSH were filled with happy times, good friends and many memories that will remain in my heart forever. To Twila Bidleman, Dana Bowman, Kelly Russell, Karen Pottratz and Sheri Springer may our friendship last longer than life itself. I cherish the friendships of all those I have met these past few years. Look out for those ZoRBAs, and always stick with The Beat!! Good Deal?! And don't forget about those sprinkler heads. Good luck to all in your future, you deserve the best life has to offer.

I, Scott Chaves, do hereby bequeath all of my extra hair to any Junior punker who wants it.

I, Bruce Childers, do hereby bequeath my cowboy boots and hat to James Scott, I'm sure he could use them. I leave my sister to the Ag Dept. I leave unused utensils to Carlos Ramirez, all my Wranglers to Scott Stark, my Suzuki RM 250 to Jon Greenall and my YZ 125 to Steve Loy and good luck to both of you. I leave all my motorcycle T-shirts to Jay Woolpert. I leave my toolbox to Mr. Wines, my tools to Roland Neary and my Camero and \$700 a year insurance payments to anyone who will take care of it like I do.

I, Matt Clark, do hereby bequeath my acute sense of apathy and taste for strange music to Kory Firestine, my bottle of No-Doze to Chris Mullis and my Tricky Dicky Lamp to Doc Johnson. (If he wants it).

I, Paul Cocke, do hereby bequeath my room to Tim "Lord of the Jungle" Dewar, so he'll always have a place to go. To Nancy Mote and Linda Ozawa I leave a tape that has recorded the hours of their totally rude gum smacking so that they can hear themselves for once. To Bob Stockwell, a pair of earplugs so he doesn't have to hear Nancy and Linda's totally rude gum smacking. To Caryn I leave....

I, Jennifer Collie, do hereby bequeath my brother Frank to Halley Holmquist; I also leave her a whip and a chair. To Joanna Karger I leave those fun early morning workouts and those great see-through bathing suits we have.

I, Tracey Conway, do hereby bequeath the buttons from the shirt with the crooked stripe to the Quail Neck so he knows his crooked stripe isn't alone; the lessons from my underwater education to the sticky little freshmen who decide to try it in Nuss Pool; my report card to Mrs. Honeyman so she'll remember what she didn't do for my ego; my "punk" image to John Donahue so he can take over where I left off, along with a case of wine so he can survive; my bottle of blue nail polish to Steve Simas so he can paint his car blue rather than cherry red; and my depressing journal to Mr. Huttle and Mr. Jackson so that when I become rich and famous they can sell copies to make up for that "Gentlemen's Agreement" I wouldn't agree to.

I, Denise Craven, do hereby bequeath my goat string and my horse shoe prints on my arm to Stacey Sanderson. My Carl's Jr. attacks and one giant Pepsi to Carey. All my spacey and wild moods to Dan. All scary movie passes especially werewolf ones to Anne. My blue eyes to Scott Chaves. To Ingrid I leave a stopwatch so she will realize that we were never that late. All my Ann Landers problems to Scott Bryant. To all the new freshmen and sophmores I leave my stretching machine and crowded halls. To Eric, Ross and Dean I leave my ricky racing gloves. To Mr. Cook and Mr. Aiello I leave my headbands. To all the graduates, my best friends and undergraduates I wish you the best in the future! Enjoy life to its fullest and Oakie up dudes.

I, Dean Franklin Cully, do hereby bequeath my 11 year old brothers' AC DC and Ozzy Osbourne tapes to the abyssal depths of the Marianas Trench in the Pacific Ocean.

I, Leigh Ann Davenport, do hereby bequeath my long hair that I cut off to my sister, my wardrobe to Cathy Criner, my research paper to Mr. Huttle, and my band uniform to some student who is wise enough to tape it together again!

I, Cathy Davidson, do hereby bequeath my entire wardrobe of paint-stained clothing to Theatre 33. My "Biggest Sucker of the Year" trophy goes to next year's copy editor-my prayers are with you. My dirty B. Kliban calendar is given to Cecile, who loves it so much. To John, my souvenir champagne bottle with "Wellsley & Harvard acceptance" written on it. To Eric I leave my PC keyring, that is, until he can get one just like it. To Lisa, I leave my skills as a photographer. To Denise I leave a first edition, autographed copy of my new book, "A Drunkard's Guide to Elmer Ross State Beach." To Larry, I leave my share of Cecile's Monty Python record, a leading role (someday) and lots of fond, fun memories. To MaryAnne, a lifetime supply of poster materials, Carina I leave you my Bucknell sweatshirt-may you use it well! To Chris, I leave all my motivation-who know?-it couldn't hurt-and a machine gun. To M.A., Chris, Carina, Denise and Cecile I leave a cool lima bean and a hot cucumber, and all my love and appreciation. And, of course, to J.T., my body.

I, Anne Dempsey, do hereby bequeath great & happy times to the on-coming seniors, especially to my cousin, Lisa Cork. I hope everyone is fortunate enough to be able to meet & become friends with the foreign exchange students as I have with Karyn Munro from New Zealand. (Even though she is a wee bit weird) To Karyn I will a couple gorgeous California surfers and a hot tub, without these 2 things she will be at a loss in New Zealand. To Glenn Ringer I will a Ralph Lauren headband to replace his 7-up one. For smoother legs, a gillette shaver and (if I could) I will Glenn M.P. To my best, best friend, Ted Wassel I bequeath my mom's chocolate chip cookie recipe. Hence while at UC Davis he will be able to made and eat them by the dozens. I also will him a bottle of champagne since he's always celebrating something. I wish him the best of luck in Europe this summer. To next year's Senior Class President I will all the headaches, fun times and my pal, Mr. Barnhart. God Bless everyone and Good Luck!

I, Tim Dewar, so hereby bequeath to Gaby Dirkes my "stubbies" sticker for our trip. To Lenny Grant, next year's Veep, a set of keys to the one & only locking desk in ASB. To Ross Johnson, one large pipe cutter, 2 curb jacks and enough cardboard to make a stair-to heaven. To Phillip Grant, a artesion locker (1147, 21-0-32). To Lisa & Marina, my press pass. To Rick Cord, my rare copy of "Blue Suede Shoes" by Carl Perkins. To Eric Hansen, 1 gallon of diesel and a pick. To Dean Searles, zoetrope studids. To Debra Briedenbach, 2 Beatlemania tickets. To Carrie Staver, enough film to take a picture of the rest her life. To Jennifer Collie, a pair of shoelaces wrapped around a vase. To Paul Cocke, a Lady Remington, a new full refrigerator and a years supply of shaving cream. To all other full students, the best of luck. To Doc, the contents of my tacky corner and a hubcap. To Mr. Huttle, a snowman from Cuesta and a birthday party every year just for him. Finally, to all my teachers, a thank you and a round on the house.

I, Brad Dierks, do hereby bequeath my baseball glove and all the scoops it has left in it to Mark Elterman. My size 10 1/2 top ten basketball shoes to John Mudgett. All my shyness to Heidi Baker.

I, Stephen Donaldson, do hereby bequeath my great mathematical skills to my brother, David. Dan it is your turn on the sophmores.

I, Dan Donati, do hereby bequeath Ron Capps my fire extinguisher; Steve Cranford my old burnout tires; Dan Becker my great mathematical skills; Duane Grant I give my electric razor so he can clean his dirty lip; To the upcoming freshmen and sophmores I give all the great times I have had messing around in school.

I, Mike Donati, do hereby bequeath my old Texaco oil drums to Ron Capps, Duane Grant, and Ken Barnhill, so they can do it right and not get caught; my used checker cab to Steve Cranford so he can spin brodies on the grass; my wrecked truck, but not the 454, full race cam with ported heads and 6-71 GMC blower, to Fred Hoadley so he can have the baddest truck in town.

I, Nancy Duclos, do hereby will and bequeath to Kirsten Augsburgers all my cheat sheets and old re-admits so she can put them on her bedroom walls, living room walls, bathroom walls, etc. To Terri Hebrard my curling iron so she can give it to Sydney for her collection and Terri you can also have your fake ID back that I always use and never works. To Mr. Johnson I let you have my British flag bikini underwear for your corkboard in your classroom office (and don't let me see you wearing them at Avila in the summer!). To Kirk Endres I leave you my obscene software diskette so you can push the "F" button all you like.

I, Mark P. Duranty, so hereby bequeath Pee Wee Senate all my melt marks in the parking lot, because we all know his car will never do it. To Dan S. Rhoads I leave all my cuts, tardies and any other bad luck I may have had. I Murry Avila a gift certificate for a free hair style, so he can change his. To Connie Johnson and Blake Hillman all my power and persuasion to get you out of any and all classes so you can spend time alone together. To all the freshmen and sophmores that are too shy to do or say anything I leave my ability to say almost anything that is on my mind. To all my teachers I've had I leave my unboring personality to be in each and all classrooms. To Kelly Steadman I leave all my joy and happiness I've had here at SLOSH. I leave to all students who can't find any thing to do on weekends my ability to raise cain and get away with it! To Darren Norris I leave my 4 wheel drive unit for his Dodge pick-up and for when he gets his truck stuck, I leave my 1 inch thick tow rope. To Larry Boller I leave some of my weight to add to his bones. To Arnold Perrozi I leave a built 460 hemi & turbo 400 with a B&M Quick Click, that I never built in Mr. Villa's auto shop, so he can bolt it up to his wheel chair. To Gene Gay my weber carb & offenhauser manifold. To Farland Halsey and Tina Lamb I leave all the private spots in the school to be alone, For Bobo Wardee I leave all my worldly possessions: my empty bottles, common sense, and my one and only Captian Thrash record. To Kenny Barnhill all my micky mouse wiring capabilities. To Cherri Estrada all my dirty and rude jokes.

I, Tianna Dyson, do hereby bequeath to Cherie Loy, I leave you all the hyperactivity and lungs necessary for yelling at football and basketball games next year. Kathy Copeland, I leave my cheerleading locker next to yours. Could you please remove my smelly Converse tennies? Tom Duenow, I leave you Mr. Carl's desk, nice and warm the way you like it! I hope you don't have to spend as much time in it as I did! Stacey Sanderson I leave you my acute case of Senioritis (which I have had since 8th grade). Don't worry kid- do- you'll make it one more year-if I did anyone can! Wade McClave I leave the Calvin Klein jeans you wore in the fashion show-they were lookin' good! Kelly Zimmerman, I trust you to carry on the punk look in the next fashion show, you looked great in Fushia-striped hair! Kristi Flynn, I leave you my little brother, Polo. Take care of him, he's the only one I've got! Marco, my little brother, I leave you your nickname (Polo). I also leave you Mrs. Honeyman (I know how much you loved our Geometry class). I trust you to take care of your brother, Sarro! I also leave you all my love! You are the best brother ever! To Garney Hall, I leave you memories of some pretty bazaar times we've had, we still have to hit the slopes one of these days! I leave you the care of one of my best buddies, Kelly. I also leave you with all the affectionate nicknames I have given you. John Hett I leave you with some pictures! Finally, and you thought I forgot ... to the entire junior class I leave you lots of luck! Senioritis can be deadly!

I, Kirk Endres, being of some mind and the best body do hereby will and bequeath all of my left over extra credit points in PE to Justin Holland so he can use them to pass PE. To Darren Norris I leave what is left of my lip, so he doesn't have to drool in class. I leave my Police record to Kurt Webb for obvious reasons. To Mr. Belch I leave all my cuts so he doesn't run out for a few years. To Eric Jackson I leave my key to the gym so he can hide from Mr. Criner when he throws a bad pass. For Heidi Baker I leave my megaphone so people in China will be able to hear her. I leave my locker (complete with carpeting) to anyone who wants to hide from all the new 9th & 10th graders. For Javin I leave my truck so he has something to haul the kegs Richard left him. For Jon Hett I leave my mirror glasses for those long days looking at beach bunnies. I reserve a spot in the teachers parking lot for Garney Hall for his '48 Plymouth mafia staffcar. For Pat Chew I leave all my abilities in skiing so he won't feel like a fool on the mountain. Finally, for Mr. Duval and Mr. Barnhart I leave a whip and a '45 magnum so they can try and keep our graduation ceremony under control.

I, Julie Fenley, do hereby bequeath to Joy and Kristin Frank all my teachers and may they realize school is more work than play. Remember, where there is a will there is a way.

I, Stephanie Ann Flores, do hereby bequeath to Alaina memories of Buena Vista, bicycles and binoculars and Baby, you aint seen nothing yet Bu Bu Baby.... Tina you can have my swim suit top if you plan on making a visit like you did (remember?!) you can also have all the bottles we stored up in the sewer drain, Alaina can share them with you. To Paula, Shawna and Genna memories of CL Smith. What an experience that place was. P.S. Alaina you can use the binoculars on your weasel hunts, you know what I used them for.

I, Byron Foster, do hereby bequeath my bass trombone to any poor up and coming student who is able to tank up enough air to play the horn. My becoming voice to anyone who wants to be heard. My calculus book to a poor junior so he can have as much trouble with the class as I had. My body to any girl who might want a good laugh. My car to anyone who wants a Datsun (I'll take the highest bid). Last of all my high school days for someone who really wants great memories.

I, Carina Frantz, being of admittedly obscene mind and overly volumptuous body do hereby bequeath to Eric Harrison a year of bureaucratic paperwork and all my brown nosing techniques to use on Mr. Barnhart, may they finally work. To Butch Remington I leave my triple soled concrete combat boots, a noseplug and all the bad memories of high school that can sink with him. To Rich Brown I leave my black silk rose, to Mary Anne Talbott my disgusting filthy obscure poetry to drool over in the years to come. To Sammy Kolikant I leave my Marilyn Monroe costume and my platinum blonde wig to knock 'em dead with. To Holden Caufield I leave my philosophy on love and life: "There are other fish in the sea and none of them are riding bicycles." To Laura Cooper I leave my great Lauren Bacall impression complete with bobby pins and comb, to John Silva I leave my artistic ability, to Cecile Kresja I leave part of myself, to Chris Ray I leave enrollment in a 3 week weight redistribution program, to Emily Roske I leave all the chocolate kisses she desires and more discretion in picking restaurants (especially hole in the wall Chinese ones in Sacramento). To Dean Searles I leave my electric head vibrator because you can't knock something 'til you've tried it, to Cathy Davidson I leave my fetish for bizarre clothes so she won't fit in at Wellesly, to Leslie Rodman I leave my friendship and thanks for all the gossip and psychiatric help. And to Jill Souza I leave memories of some fantastic times and a hope of more to come, and of course all my love for years and years. Finally, but most importantly I leave all my lust and fantasies to Coach Jimmy Vegher and Yossarian, but of course by body to John Tellew. Now, very, very finally I leave Mr. Barnhart alone, but also my gratitude and appreciation for helping me through 3 years of high school.

I, Karen Gallion, do hereby bequeath my camera to all those friends out there who would like to smash it along with my flash. I turn over the Yearbook darkroom to anyone who will take it...please!

I, Michael Garner, do hereby bequeath my small locker at the bottom to some poor student and my government book to whoever wants it. Also all the problems next year's Seniors will have with the Juniors, Sophmores and Freshmen.

I, Natalee Garrison, do hereby bequeath my softball uniform to anyone that wants to waste their time. Our Lasagna in Senior Foods to Mrs. Richmond. Most of our friday and saturday nights spent driving around to Heidi, Annie, and Liz for next year. I hope they are more exciting for you than they were for us. I leave my car to my little brother if he can get it to run. Our class spirit to the up coming freshmen, Mock-Rock night to anyone that wants to have a great time next year. A new T-shirt for Nina Piccardo. Pat Mudgett keep smiling, you're such a cutie!

I, Tina Garvis, do hereby bequeath my "5 best friends" from Atas-cadero to Cyndi Laird, complete with a booklet of "do's" and "don'ts", to Steve, Cory and Pat advice: never eat a half jar of cookies while watching TV at Chris' house. To Liz Binkele, some curlers and makeup for modeling. I leave Dave Kurlach to Lisa Higgenbotham and to Eric Harrison, I leave my heart.

I, Kirsten Ann Gates, do hereby bequeath my shelf in Mr. Waterbury's room to Oliver, may he clutter it with care. To Patrick Wheeler I leave a smile, for he always has one for me. For Don Pressley I leave 2 years of ASB headaches that he so desires. To Mimi & Joanna I leave Y&G and pray their patience will endure. To Mimi alone I leave the thrill of a life-time "Girl's State", and for the man who made it all happen "Thank you...Mr. Carl." For all the yaggies I say "Oh say can you see...why I love Y&G?!" For Marc and Karyn a sad farewell to 2 very beautiful people, but never a good-bye. Glenn and Emily thanks so much for everything...to you I give my love and best wishes. In closing for a special someone who has helped me, "Keep passing the open windows."

I, Debbie Gomez, do hereby bequeath our nights of dice, pass-out, and twister to Heidi, Annie and Liz. All my fond memories and good times to Larry Nash, hoping he will have many more. Our school spirit to the up coming freshmen. Our radical mock-rock times to the years to come. All my paper to Mrs. Crume so she can make a book out of it. And my best wishes to the staff and students of SLOSH.

I, Phil Grant, do hereby bequeath to Steve Hoyt my good leadership, good judgement and dignity. I would also like to leave behind something that's very important to me and was to Steve, my illustrious, elusive and very profound, '80-'81, San Luis O.S.I.T.P. P.I.T. helmet.

I, Michael Green, do hereby bequeath all of my obnoxious questions and class disturbances to be continued by Oliver Sharp.

I, Jon Greenall, do hereby bequeath all my fun and exciting years at SLOSH to anyone who could believe that such rubbish could be possible. Also my worn out Pee-chees to the trash can and an uncomplete term paper to the nearest flame. To Gene Gay a shop project full of scrap sand paper or sawdust. To Mr. Ernstrom one last, "Noooo! Noooo! Help!! Mr. Ernstrom!! Stop it! You dumb cluck!!

I, Kathy Grosse, do hereby bequeath all my morning practices to my sister, Kristin, who loves them so much!

I, Eric Hansen, do hereby bequeath all of my unmistakable caucasioness to Scott Dierks who has drifted into his soul. To Mr. Sparling, my student teacher (I use that term loosely) in physics, I leave a one way plane ticket to Guam. I also bequeath my "touch" to Peter Back who obviously lost his in the weight room. I leave to anyone bright enough to take Mrs. Lee, all of my good times and my entire learning experience. To Wade McClave I leave my jump shot because he is a brickster. I also leave my calculus book to Julie Cardoza and Mimi Cardoza because it will take 2 of 'em to carry it. Lastly, I leave all my universal possessions in the universe to Jennifer Collie (for details, inquire within).

I, Chris Hawley, do hereby bequeath my Rubik's Cube to Loren Frederick (he needs a good one desperately), my vector bozons to Rich Brown, my Rush albums to Scott Kurth, my Led Zeppelin albums to Ripper, and the Halzeemobile to anyone willing to put oil in it.

I, Tami Hayek, do hereby bequeath all my fond memories and wild times to my brother, Mike. I leave all our class spirit to the upcoming freshmen. I leave all the excitement of driving around Friday and Saturday nights to Heidi, Annie and Liz, but to be nice I will leave them twister, pass-out, and string and spoons and hopefully they can liven up a party with them. To Cherie Loy I leave all my bad moods just in case she ever feels like being in one. To Mrs. Crume I leave all my binder paper for some lucky junior who happens to run out in one of your classes. To everybody that is attending SLOSH I leave for you all my best wishes for the best!

I, Mike Hebert, do hereby bequeath my locker to any fool who is dumb enough to take it. Whoever finds my government book please return it to Mr. Leonard, I think he wants it.

I, Kathy Hiltbrand, do hereby bequeath my crazy mind and shapeless body to Atascadero State and Calendar Girl. I leave my fancy hot-rod car to Beth Colby since she thinks it's such a fun cruiser, my perfect attendance record to Lisa Higgenbotham because she never goes to class. My sweaters and clothes to Lori Francisco, my hyperactive personality to Cherie Loy and Kristie Flynn who don't need any of it. I leave my poor, fat anatomy cat to Jennifer Wheeler who can continue dissecting it next year. I leave my position with the roll book in our 7 o'clock class to Gene Gay and Chris Cantera, so they can mark off their tardies and absences. I leave my parking space to the person who gets to school the earliest. To my brother, Rodney, I leave all the old tests and paper from many of the classes he's unfortunate enough to get that I had. I leave my bottom locker to some poor ninth grader who's about 4" tall and can squeeze his way through the crowds. To Stacey Sanderson and Kelly Zimmerman I leave all my Vogue and Cosmo magazines. To the sophmores I hope you have a fun junior year, but to the juniors you had better have a radical Senior year.

I, Julie Hochstetler, do hereby bequeath all of my absentees due to Y.A.M.'s to Julia Zevely, Mitzi Peters, Jodi Mello and Julie Ogden.

I, Louis Hsieh, do hereby bequeath to Chris Hawley I leave a can of oil for the Halzey mobile and my UC Berkeley shirt when I go to Stanford. To John Tellew I leave my Harvard shirts, a portca, showshoo and the best of luck at Harvard. To David Beymer, Oliver Sharp and David Warkentin I leave my 1520 SAT and Harvard, MIT and Berkeley acceptances (good luck guys). To the class of 1982, I wish you success in all your future endeavors.

I, Willard Hoser, do hereby bequeath my locker to any new 9th or 10th grader who dares to stick his nose inside. I would give my intelligence to someone but I don't think anyone could handle an IQ that high. All of my parties memories to the one person who might be able to handle it - myself, what do you think I am, crazy?

I, Pat Hutchison, do hereby bequeath my parking spot to all of the juniors who tried to snake it this year. I'll also be selling all of my essays and term papers at reasonable prices.

I, Dave Jacobson, do hereby bequeath my locker to whoever can figure out the combination.

I, Lisa Johns, do hereby bequeath Tony Orling and Ursela Smith to each other for as long as they can or until our 10 year class reunion, the United States to Julie Fenley (Grandma Fenley), she will be the first lady president, Katie Gilliam to a farm with a lot of animals (funny farm or other!), Annette Rogers to Cuesta College (they will need all the help they can get), Heidi Elkins to science (she has a warped brain, like me, after having "Bo-Bo" for Mythology!!), Mr. Huttle a good name for his unborn child, Bruce Smith the "Mr. Universe Pagent", Mr. Belch to Ann Landers and Judy Blume, John Fountain to pro baseball, Toni Foster and Donnell Cooper, L&L always, Mike Christiansen to his car, Sherri Arebalo transportation and a giant "ghetto blaster" with a lot of tapes to everyone in the "corner", the freshmen, sophmores, juniors and seniors to Mr. Duval (lotsa luck!!), Mrs. Phakalides, L&L always, and last but definately not least my brother, George, and all of his friends to next year's senior class, good luck you guys, you just might need it! Good luck to all of my friends, keep in touch!

I, Larry Kaml, do hereby bequeath nothing to no one. I'm turning everything into Traveler's Cheques and taking it with me.

I, Don Karshner, do hereby bequeath my shoe to Chuck Nunemaker and all my change to Darrell Voss. I leave what is left of my ankles to the gym floor. I leave all the funny tasting 7-up to Frank Collie.

I, Donna C. Keiller, do hereby bequeath to the first undersized dwarf of a sophomore, my bottom locker. To my best friend Ursula Smith, many laughs, many hopes, and many friday night specials. To Mr. Johnson; life, liberty and the pursuit of Elvira. To Mr. Adams, every *%\$\$! non-working adding machine, every *%&\$! mangled, misused, and generally unbalanced ledger and a whole lot of thanks. To my friends; plenty of space in my yearbook and of _____ (fill in you own). And last but not least to every substitute except Doc #II; thanks a lot!!!

I, Lynette Keyser, do hereby bequeath all my knowledge I learned in twelfth grade to Paul M. (cause I know he needs it) and what he doesn't want, he can give to Joy. To Cheri, I leave my locker and anything that will calm her down.

I, Kim Kodman, do hereby bequeath my height to Audrey Mills and my locker (complete with a picture of Miles O'Keefe) to any star-struck sophomore that wants it. I leave my desire to achieve, my ability to make people laugh and my never ending search for the unicorn to anyone who has enough guts to be different, but enough love to forgive those who do not understand.

I, Cecile M. Krejse, having rejected the superficial delusion that being of sound mind and body is a necessity when writing a will upon departure from high school; and, recognizing the fact that this yellow-walled institution (and those masses trapped within) are directly responsible for my present state, am hereby choosing to defy tradition and compose this testament:

To my sister Judy, a Publisher's Clearinghouse complementary copy of "The Repair and Maintenance of Your Virginity": To Joel Trollinger, an autographed copy of my new book, "Self Endurance and Darkroom Procedures" No offense of course.

On the brighter side, my failproof 10-pt. plan to assassinate Mr. Barnhart to Tony Suchand, my visual memory of Monty P. to Richard and Larry (they know all the words); and my body to John Tellew--he may collect in advance. Au revoir.

I, Loretta Lanigan, do hereby bequeath that when I die, someone place a framed pix of Rod Stewart autographed and all, on my grave instead of a gloomy tombstone.

I, Kevin Larkin, do hereby bequeath my very own writing utensils to the upcoming graduating classes, they will probably need the lead to chicken scratch all those notes in there last semester classes. I also bequeath to the next years Junior class, the ultimate attitude to hang in there for a couple more years. I hereby end my bequeathing and will be glad when I can self excuse myself from classes. This is a "Mega Gill" scene.

I, Sheri Lessi, do hereby bequeath to the 1982-83 Varsity Pep Squad all the fun and good times we had. Also, I leave all the dried up paint and stiff paint brushes to paint posters with to the song-leaders I leave those huge pom poms for all of your routines. To the head songleader I leave all of the bull you have to put up with and all the excuses also.

To my brother Darren I leave a big locker that no one has to share with him. To John Putnum I leave stud row and all the excitement at lunch.

I, Roy Loper, do hereby bequeath, leave, or give away to any lower class citizen (such as Freshman, Sophomore, or Junior); one mangled front left fender for a 65 'stang, my locker for any dork who can't remember combinations (no need for one on mine). To Steve Simas all my unused touch up paint, all my unused drugs to Jeff Humphrey, To Marie Bachman all my disrespectful attitudes and to SLOSH all the radical times of the three Hosers (Jim Clark, Anthony Reynolds, and I).

I, Steven Loy, do hereby bequeath my gonzo preppyness to Gene Gay and all my water skiing cuts and jumps to Kelly Zimmerman. I would like to leave my VW4 JAMN to someone who cuts school, drinks beer, gets girls pregnant, and plays space invaders, but I just can't find anyone in that category but myself. I would like to leave my Mr. Good Wrench manners to Mr. Villa's pinhead midnight auto supplies.

I, Brian Malady, do hereby bequeath to any football player of the upcoming season, 1982, my guts which I heaved so religiously after every game of the 1981 season. Other than that, I will, will nothing. I do though; send my best to coach Phil Prijatel.

I, Jack Manyak, do hereby bequeath and will by fantastic surfing ability to Pat Gleason (who needs it most). To Andy Rice I will leave Sig as a doubles partner. To Julie, hot summer nights! And to Coconut, memories I will never forget. Also, my great knowledge of computers (games) to Darrell Voss, may he play them everyday behind Mr. Longs back!!! Vic D. good luck!!!

I, Marcia Marion, do hereby bequeath all these wonderful years at high school to the new freshmen and sophomores. I don't envy them.

We, Patient Mary & Merry Patience, of airhead minds & dumb blonde bodies, do hereby bequeath to our crazy junior friends Cheryl Silva and Dawn Bolan our 69 shirts with Magnum P.I. on the back; to Rob Smet and Eric Harrison we leave our never-fail provisions for raccoon hunting, our blonde wigs for a disguise to get back into Bob's to see Elvira, and 2 keys-one to the Cal Poly porta-pits and one to our hearts.

To Bob Burton in our speech class we leave Darren West to forever carry on Rocky Horror Picture Show (...Let's do the time warp, yea!

To Ed Morrison & Audrey we leave Audrey's baby pictures & to Ed one free Casa resident (complete with a janitor and mop) for all the free tortilla chips!

To Julie Perkins-a book of every available guy in SLO that she doesn't already know (it's a short book!)

And to all the J.R.'s, we leave our phone numbers on the bathroom wall.

Signed- the 2 hoserettes who impersonate dumb blondes.

I, Mark Massengill, do hereby bequeath my words of wisdom: Take note- Firstly, looking at the shed design, note the base of 6x6 CCA pressure-treated sleepers, with 5 tools- an axe, a drawknife, a chisel- a shaving horse, and an auger- you can turn trees into chairs.

The standard Iron Duke Four has throttle-body fuel injection and delivers 90 hp at 4,000 RPM and 134 ft.-lbs. of torque at 2400 RPM.

Ethanol (ethyl alcohol) is made from wood or agricultural products. Silicon, the primary component of common sand, has become the very heart of the solid-state revolution that has brought us everything from digital watches to space-shuttle avionics.

"I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude": Henry David Thoreau from Walden.

I, Marina I. McDougall, do hereby bequeath my prestigious position as co-editor of the notorious "The Flash" to Bo, Nancy, and Amanda, my Presidential Classroom California button and trusty notebook to Holly and Wade, my "How to Make Orange Juice" and comparison/contrast paragraphs to Bo, Wade and Mr. Vegher, a full-sized empty locker complete with graffiti to Nitzie, my greasy kitty to Jennifer, and a complete 5,000 person mailing list to Nancy.

I, Genna McGary, do hereby bequeath my chocolate chip cookies to the JV baseball team. I leave all my fun times at the parties to my brother Gene and his friends. To Dale who's like another brother, I leave my purse and he knows why. Also, to Ed I leave a toothpick to suck on when he's playing ball or whenever he wants. But mostly to my brother. I leave all my teachers and the best of luck.

I, Bob McGillis, of JELL-O mind and gargantuan body, do hereby bequeath my calculus homework to any fool who takes that class next year, my awesome serve to Mr. Bettencourt, and this schools' intercom system to a prisoner camp in outer Mongolia along with the idiot who invented it.

I, Bill McLaughlin, do hereby bequeath that all juniors and sophomores who take over do not pour oil in the parking lot, do not do melts in front of faculty and that Mauree Avila take over as stud of the school. Also that Mr. Frick get his case of R.C. Cola and Mr. Villa get his brewery of Tab.

I, Dawn Mead, do hereby bequeath all my uncountable absence notices to some poor soul who develops an accute case of senior-itis such as I did.

I, Ted Mesa, do hereby bequeath to Cheryl Silva na Dawn Bolin all 69 ways to come home late and ditch school and not get caught, and all the 630's & K.O.M.E they can use. Also my permission to "scope" while I'm in Hawaii, 'cuz I will. And remember, "when all else fails, hug your Teddy!"

To Julie Perkins, my book on 69 ways to fall out of a Brown truck, downtown S.L.O. on a Saturday night. To the "69Gang" Have a great summer and to the juniors in the "69Gang" Have a great senior year.

I, Kathy Mickelson, do hereby bequeath my excellent locker position and my very own moped parking to anybody who wants them. My spot on the Ski Club so you can go to Squaw and stay up all night and then try to ski.

My position on the volleyball team to my bench buddy Kathi Rathbun!

To Darrell Voss I give my thrasher ski's and poles and he can read all the New Yorker jokes for me and write the best ones down!

I, Roger Morganson, do hereby bequeath my P.E. gym clothes to Duane Wattelet who will be here next year. I leave my basketball shoes to Cody Berry because he knows I be havin the moves. I leave a can of copenhagen to Ken "Skoal" Blakely and a bag of cement for Jamin' James, to start his Construction business.

I, Nancy Mote, do hereby bequeath my brown nose seat on the b.b court (next to Mr. B.) to: Betsy, Kim, Belin, Missy and Kath (if she returns) you guys will have to fight over it. I would also like to leave my position at 2nd base to the unlucky player that gets stuck there. To Monte, I leave the happy memories of an awesome 1 and 14 season (may you have better luck next year if you're dumb enough to try again!) To Jennifer Wheeler I leave my eating abilities-you can afford to have them! To Baker, Adler and Bink the memory of what could have been the beginning of our show business career-the Solid Black and Gold Dancers. Too bad we never got on stage! Also to you guys the memory of an awesome concert in L.A- JOURNEY! To Tony Suchand I wish good luck as next years' ASB pres. To Mr. Huttle I leave a hug for being a neat teacher-you too Mr. Carl! To B.O. I leave my awesome belching abilities, and I also leave you a bat to give to D. Davis! And to Mr. Cook I leave a can of whipped cream and a rope. And to all Juniors I leave the hope that your Sr. year will be your best yet!

I, Karyn Munro, do hereby bequeath all of New Zealand's 'kangaroos' to all Americans that want them. To Glenn I leave my red sweat pants, and to my crazy friend Anne, I leave the latest copy of the book called "A Woman Looks at Mens Buns". To Ted- I wish all the luck with the cute Frauleins overseas.

And finally to Jen Collie, who I'm sure will be just delighted to know that she's going to swim my journey home across the Pacific Ocean.

I, Roland Neary, do hereby bequeath that my size 14 boots be used as low income housing. I leave my bedroom key only if she brings the champagne and hot lotion.

I, Chris (Phred) Neumann, do hereby bequeath my comic book collection of 3,000 to my step-brother Rick Johnson. Let it be known that if he sells any of them I will come back to haunt him. I give my business card collection to Steve Simas for who knows what reason. I give my warped and demented mind to whom ever wants it. To Martin Shapiro I leave my little black address book to use in good health. To Rick Johnson I also leave my massive abdominals. To Rick Johnson I also say "Bite Bo Bo".

I, Kim Nichols, do hereby bequeath my stuffed teddy bear to J.R so he will have something to poke instead of me. To Lisa I leave all the baseball players coming up. (I know you love their little black outfits). To Gene & Dale I leave all the 9th and 10th grade girls. To Artina I leave the crowded halls and a bottom locker. Sorry you'll never be the youngest at the High School. To all my friends I leave the memory of all the great times we had these past three years.

I, Paula Nichols, do hereby bequeath a one way ticket to O.C. to Darren West. 2 cases of Lowie and my beach chair to Suzanne Price. To Tony Suchand a free ride everyday to work. 3 days of inebriated bliss to Racquel. 2 weeks on Northshore to Dan Pedley. To Joe Goldsmith a night on the town with me and Cindi.

I, Janet Marie O'Neill, do hereby bequeath my spot on the VB team and a lot of good times to my sister, Kelly. To next year's Sr. class secretary I leave all the hectic times, but also all the fun. To the new Ski Club officers I leave a words for the wise: "Work together!" To Mrs. Rodman I leave a complete book on diet pills so she can try them all (even though she doesn't need them) and a lot of thanks for everything you did for me this year (see ya on the slopes!). To Anne and Bob I leave all the memories the 3 of us created for our class, THE CLASS OF '82! For Glenn, Lisa and Marina at CAL; Kristin, Ted and Kirsten at Davis; for Anne at Sac. State and Michelle at Indian Valley an invitation to a party at my dorm at SMC on October 8, 1982. And to the only person who really knows who I am, my best friend, to you I give all my love and best wishes, with one last reminder that I will I will always be there. Thanks for everything.

I, Peggy O'Neill, do hereby bequeath to all the junior girls that will have boyfriends on the varsity baseball team next year my seat cushion and a lot of good times. To the Tiny Tiger pre-school I leave my love and best wishes.

I, Linda Ozawa, do hereby bequeath my entire wardrobe (which isn't much) to anyone who dares to claim it, my songleading uniform to Clint Bidleman (inside joke), my SPECIAL affection for the always awesome #1: football, basketball and baseball team. An extra special thank to Nancy Mote, Lindsey Ridgeway, Loretta Lanigan, Natalee Garrison and Steve Loy (Stevo) for making my last year one to remember....

I, Michelle Perry, do hereby bequeath to Lori Francisco all my tardies (which she really needs) and a life's supply of lip gloss. I also leave, being of an absolute case of drained mind, senioritis to all the antsy soon-to-be seniors.

I, Randy Pierce, do hereby bequeath all of my tremendous wrestling skills to Jess Barrios, my estounding muscular build to Gary Fordyce, and my perfect diving skills to Martin Shapiro.

I, Carlos Ramirez, do hereby bequeath all my cheat sheets to Maury Avila because that is his only hope. All my auto books and assignments for Daina Hayden because she is in desperate need for it. I leave all my smart remarks to Kenny Barnhill since he keeps using all of his over and over again. All my forged notes to Bob Warden so this time he won't have to spent 2 weeks in Opportunity Class. I also leave a drivers training manual to Kurt Webb that specializes in BMW's.

I, Chris Ray, of Italian mind and body, do hereby bequeath my wildest most wanton passions and everlasting lusts to Dave Baur and Kirk Endres along with a million (at least) extremely memorable daydreams. I also leave the stinking (and a bunch of other words they won't print here) job of Yearbook Editor-in-Chief to the sucker who gets it next year, same goes for my Publicity job, Yvette. For Phil Grant I predict an artesian-free life from here on out, maybe. To Deeds, Deneen, Marcom, Moter, Lindsey, Hannickel and all the other SLO bums I'll dedicate my life, soul and best efforts to making our Cuesta Tech. years survivable, somehow. To Sully I bequeath the use of my poor old bod as a dune climbing buddy for the fitness crazed months ahead. To the big bad beautiful baseball boys an appericiation party sometime soon for all the entertainment you gave us. How about it girls, does that sound good?? To MaryAnne, Cathy and Denise a million thanks and lots of love and luck. To the illustrious Ms. Deeds the same. To 7 people who know who they are DEATH WISH-not you Mr. Barnhart, don't worry and to dearest John Tellew, my body, no questions asked.

I, Ron Rehn, do hereby bequeath my hand pads to Mark Wall and my mouth piece complete with mold and fungas. To Jon Hett I leave you my mom's wig, you'll need it by the end of the year.

I, Anthony Reynolds, do hereby bequeath my crazy attitude to all the sophmore percussionists because they are one Big Drag! To Todd Tuttle a good space in the parking lot for a hot '67 Cougar. To Marie Bachman I hope someone makes your year as bad as Roy, Jim & I did. I just want to thank Roy Loper and Jim Clark for one awesome partying year.

I, Darren (Mr. Big Block) Rich, do hereby bequeath the quickness of my Chevelle to Steve Cranford. My many one night stands to Bob Warden. To Julie Scudder a years subscription to the "preppie" magazine of her choice. To Kurt Webb a book on "How to drive BMW's." To Mark Duranty a 100 gallon can of water soluable bondo. And to all the other little juniors and sophmores the memories of fast cars and hot women (and vice-versa). Later daze.

I, Amy Rickard, do hereby bequeath my locker to Ruth Pielenz because she never seems to have enough room in her own. Also to Ruth I leave my seat in Spanish because she will have to try to fill the void I know is going to occur when I leave. To Tony Rumore I leave all my lost book fines because I know he has plenty of money to throw around. To Mr. Vegher I leave a request to always leave the posters up. To Erika Swanson I leave a giant squirt gun so she can finally shoot "el pato sentando". To Lisa Westover I leave my perfect paper in Spanish, just in case she never gets one. To Mr. Belch I leave a cover for the clock so the bell really will determine when class is over. And last but certainly not least, to Richard Paul Montejano I leave a record collection to improve his repetiore of songs so when fans (such as myself) return to visit there will be a greater variety of music.

I, Lindsey Ridgeway, do hereby bequeath all of my bad jokes and knowledge to know better than to try-out for songleader again to Julie Cardoza. My dedication and loud yelling at games to Margaret Murray. All my Izod shirts, walking shorts, penny loafers, etc. to all the little preppy sophmores who try to act older than they are, and then end up getting themselves in trouble.

I, Steve Ronhovdee, do hereby bequeath the 5 gallons of diesel fuel I was going to burn the speed bumps down with. You can have my parking lot burnouts. I lastly leave you my brother, David, to help terroize the school.

I, Tom Rosenberg, do hereby bequeath my poor chemistry grades to my younger brother, Mark, so that he may right the family name. I also lave behind my used accounting adding machine tapes to anyone who believes that they will help balance their debits and credits. I leave to Curt Hansen my car keys in the hopes that he may drive himself one day. I leava the school board my old Family Liv/Con Ec notes in hopes that they may finally decide to use them in good faith. Finally, I leave to SLOSH my certified case of senioritis; may it echo in these stuffy, overcrowded halls forever.

I, Emily Roske, being of inquisitive mind and unwanted body, do hereby bequeath to Cecila, a lifetime supply of hair clips; to Mimi I leave all the luck for getting along without Baby Baa Baa; to Ollie, I can't leave anything for he's got it all; to Bobstein, my job(hope you get held up); to Jake, I leave a funfilled senior year; to Jeri W., good luck in trying to survive in the shadows; to Marc and Karyn, all the memories of SLO TOWN, USA (hope you had fun); to Ted, my punctuality uin Calculus; to Laura C., my Moped riding talents; to Glenn, my infinite wealth (have fun at Wilkes-Bashford); to Thomas R., thank you for everything (yaqqie); to Kirsten, my everlasting admiration and love; to Mr. Aiello, all my aluminum cans; to Mr. Huttle, all my thanks for your friendship; to Mr. Smith, my deepest apologies; to Mr. Carl, my enmity for Ronnie; and to Mr. Waterbury, thanks, I tried.

I, Lisa Roulis, do hereby bequeath and will to Mr. Durant our nickname "gigglettes", hoping he won't give it to anyone else; to Mr. Cook, all my composition papers that took me forever to write; and lastly to Clyde Post and my sister, Michelle, the hope that this school gets better for their last years here at SLOSH.

I, Robert Rowe, do hereby bequeath all of my empties to Willy Whitmer; all of my ag and auto cheat notes to Bobby Nicholson, all of my bad grades to my sister, Becki; Becki to whoever wants her

I, Monty Dean Roza, do hereby bequeath my hall locker with all the fake notes and pink slips to whoever may be so lucky. To Mrs. Lee I leave all my frustrations of not being able to complete my midterm because I was caught cheating in the library, but she still passed me, thanks.

I, Debbie Rumore, do hereby bequeath to a freshman or sophomore, my locker #126 which the ladies in the attendance office know the combination to by heart because off all the times I've forgotten and had to go ask them. To Joe Andre I leave a wonderful voice which can be used over the phone to trick people into thinking you are someone else and to totally mix up the poor sucker that calls. To my brother, Tony, I leave my classy car, complete with smashed bug collection on the front window, which he can use to burn rubber in the parking lot and impress absolutely no one. I also relieve Tony of numerous 25¢ debts which he owes me from bets he has pitifully lost. To Lisa Babcock especially, but also to all the other non-graduating FHA'ers, I leave my calm, cool and collected attitude concerning members of the opposite sex. And last and least (in height anyway) I leave my extra inch to Cathy Ahearn so that she too, will make it to five feet.

I, Tisha Salas, do hereby bequeath my homework habits to Elizabeth Binkele. My glass to Heidi Baker. Dan Harper I'll let keep my Rabbit convertible, as long as Mandy won't wreck it. Darane Grant can have all my tardies, and Beth Colby, my talent for a connoisseur. To everyone in the student body lots of luck. And along with Liz Binkele's new ear I wish Ann, Liz, Heidi and Linda lots more crazy times. (867-5309).

I, Saira Samari, do hereby bequeath all my school papers to my sister, Janann, my trig book along with the teacher to anyone who can put up with the torture of studying half the night to turn in one assignment the next day for a whole semester; the cat in anatomy that you're sure to see next year for the great dissection we did on it (more like mutilation) to Diane Zundel, Irrrma Pacheco and Cecile Kresja. Smiles to Patience Smith and Cara Bucle who made band a lot of fun. Gary Britton, I am leaving my muddy sneakers and the memory of sloshing in the mud during marching season. Memories of the good and bad (thanx for being great friends) To Delon Blackburn, Karen Gallion, John Melton, Chris Nielson, and Shauna Schneider, and to all those "fish"out there I leave my fins, gills, wholly swimlap, goggles-that don't work and my "darn I just missed CIF times" being so close to Dare Keech (good luck next year). I wish a good year (not blimp) to all those seniors who have to put up with all those ninth graders (poor souls) next year. Bye.

I, Earl Schlickeiser, do hereby bequeath my wet soaking stanky crusty jockstrap to coach Spoeneman whom I love and respect. Good luck. And to my little brother, John, my '68 Chevelle SS' so he can smoke his tires in front of Cal Poly narcs.

I, Dean Searles, do hereby bequeath my new edition of: 101 excuses to next years basketball team-they'll need it. All my "attaboys" to Mr. Hamilton to be disturbed next year. To Mr. Barnhart, Bengal Buddies. To whoever recieves my locker enjoy complete with shelf, legs and drafting tube holder. My complete set of Waylou and Willie albums-which includes their new release called "Tiger Troops." To Herb "Herbicide" "Truck" Johnson some body control so he will not foul out in two minutes To Dr. J., Mr. Huttle and Mr. Cook CONGRADULATIONS on a job well done. (ie. Rm. 29) To Coach Vegher the hope that he will one day get his big horse-6'8" To Carina Frantz a mail box full on notes.

I, James Shammas, do hereby bequeath Mr. Vegher to fail all the junior.. I leave Ken Blakely a can of Copenhagen. A party for Cody Berry before he goes to S.D.. To Roger Morganson a thank you for the bag of cement. To Duane Wattlet, all the luck in the world so he can graduate "next" year. To Scott Bishop my lucky jock so he will win the state mile championship. A bottle of Geritol for Mrs. Lee. Another class of dumb _____ for Mr. Prijatel.

I, Sheryl Sharp, do hereby bequeath to Jodi Mello and Julia Zeveryly I leave all my worn-out jazz shoes, smelly leotards, and stretched out leg warmers so that they might remember how much I enjoyed dancing with them, but mainly so they will have more smelly dance clothes. To Liz Binkele I leave my half of our locker so that she can have the priveledge of having it to her very own self. For Eric Jackson I leave the school so that he won't have any more headaches from my famous limpis.

I Lisa Silver, do hereby bequeath a brand new alarm clock to Nitsan, black honey lip gloss to shelly Stork, and an emergency brake to Frank Collie. To Mr. Waterbury I leave my little buddy, Ollie.

I, Ursula Smith, do hereby bequeath to Julie F. all the Joy. To Lisa J. I leave all the John's, Tim's, and Mike's of San Luis Obispo. To Donna, I leave all the laughter and Friday nights. To Mr. Huttle I leave my Ann Landers journal. To Mr. Adams I leave all our unbalanced ledgers. To Ziad I leave a lemon. To Katy and Melinda I leave my locker and whatever else may be in it. To Mr. Carl I leave all the laughter we shared in his class. To the gang in Rolling Hills I leave all the beer I could ever drink. To Mark W. I leave my good grades. To Tony I leave all my L. and lotta of L. to Lynette. To Katie I leave all the arcades. I leave the guy next door to Annette. I leave all the luck in the world to Slosh. Thanks for the memories and good times.

I, Jill Souza, of ailing mind and healing body do hereby bequeath all my typing, headaches and hard learned lessons of the position of ASB secretary to Julie Pearce (poor fool)! To Mr. Barnhart, my weekly schedules, action plans, cabinet minutes and all those other fun little forms. My slightly less than perfect British Lit. papers I leave to Tom Duenow so that maybe he can pass the second time around. To all the wonderful Drama clan, I leave my latex, gray hair and what acting talent I possess (at least a little of it). And to any devoted skier who happens to break their leg, I leave my decaying cast. To all, the thought, "Remember, it must be rough."

I, Lori Spreafico, do hereby bequeath all my thanks to Jane Olivera, for all the times you've stood by me and for all our good times. I leave my sympathy to my brother on attempting to get through the halls.

I, Sheri Springer, do hereby bequeath all my fun at this school to all the freshmen who will reach out and go for it! All my theatre experience to all those fun shy kids, who want to be more outgoing (I speak from experience it works!) To everyone outgoing that want to be more outgoing, just have a totally radical time!! I leave Cheryl, Dawn, Denise, Julie, Kim, Susan, Eric and Rob more fantastic times downtown and to Melissa Luna the ability to be aggressive.

I, Scott Stark, do hereby bequeath all my excuses for surfing bad to Todd Potter as he must be running out of them. To everyone else "I'm not going to miss you."

I, Carrie Staver, do hereby bequeath my assembly notebook to the next soul who is brave enough to take the job. I leave my slinky purple gown and my right leg to Eric Jackson and Gene Gay, my favorite Greek. I leave Christy Flynn my seats in Family Living and to Mr. Belch a role of masking tape because she talks more than me. To John Silva I leave all my excuses for not going to class so that if he has Mr. Long again he may not see him very often. To Sam I leave my hot tuna phone book and my training bra. To Dean I leave a purple poka dot wenic. To Tim Dewar a free head massage for his luscious curls. To Denise I leave ten new bottles of fingernail polish that I don't have. To Tianna I leave a penthouse in Hollywood (and don't fear the "raper" or the faggy roomates). To Julie Scuds I leave a trip to La Jolla with John and Jim. To Mr. Huttle I leave a box of enthusiasm for our trip and the biggest hug and kiss for giving me support through this year.

I, Clark Stewart, do hereby bequeath my locker to anybody that can figure out how to open it. I leave the sound system to any jerk that feels he can make everybody happy on Monday and Friday at lunch. I leave Mr. Barnhart's temper to Tony Suchand. I leave all my bad test scores to anybody that wants to stay in school for the rest of their life. And not last but least, the last second decisions of the ASB Cabinet that always put a bind on this humble soul.

I, Stacey "Cisco" Stipp, do hereby bequeath all my tardies and cuts from my sophomore, junior and senior years to my brother, Lee and his friend, Eric. My PE locker, my pack of sjarumas and a banana peel collection to Blin Jefferson (rico). To my little Bucky Boo I leave my book locker, my restaurant napkins, all the silverware we stole from Farm Boy and Farleys, my Jim Morrison poems and last but not least all the luck I can give and I hope you pass the Proficiency Exam so we can get out of here.

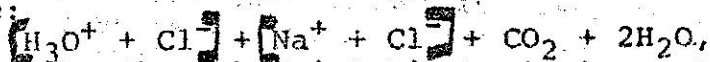
I, Raychel Stokes, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath my happiest times in this 4 year prison to my sister, Jane. To Bob Stockwell, his empty wallet after I've been through it. To Steffanee Adams and Toni Foster all my many, many men from SLOSR, to Lisa Borba a gift certificate for 5 free Farrah Fawcett haircuts; to Kathy Ahearn my old band uniform (hope it fits you better than it did me). To Judy Kresja all my old test papers (with hopes you don't get caught). To Heidi Baker and Marie Bachman my power of running back in Powderpuff football (sorry about the bruises); to Matt Taylor a box of band-aides for your bruised leg; to Judy Terill my book on "How to Catch Guys and Keep Them". To Carol Dancy and Darlene Garza all my rhythm talents of dancing etc. To Chris Ray my red flag, red hat, red cat, red etc. To Steffanne Adams my book on "How Not to be Bashful and Embarrassed". To Scott Bishop I leave my high-powered rollerskates to help him in running; to Delone Blackburn I leave my old swimming suit and my rubber ducky. To Denise Ahearn I leave my portable step ladder; to Stacey Sanderson my GQ magazine; to all my friends and closest friends I leave all my blessings for success after you're finished doing time.

I, Mary Anne Talbott, being of sordid mind and rancid body and due to the exorbitant generosity and magnanimosity of my spirit, do hereby bequeath the following stuff: To SLOSH in general, I leave a wretched puddle of all the blood, sweat and tears I shed in agony for your yearbook, and your publicity, as if you cared. To some of my dear sweet dedicated yearbook associates, I leave this warning: I know where you live. To Doc's future students of shakespeare, I leave all the useless information I collected about Elizabeth Vernacular, lusty wenches and codpieces. To John Tellow, I leave my heart (or the organ of his choice), and all the flesh surrounding it. To Sarah Pillow, I leave a bunch of plastic flowers to tie around her hip. To Chris Ray, I leave my stock in my grandfather's cucumber farm. Cathy, Denise, Cecile Jill, Laura, Kristine, Kirsten, Renee, etc. I leave you with fond regret: may your most lusty dreams come true. To J. Vegher, R. Huttel, and D. Johnson, I leave a kiss on the cheek for being all-around good guys. To the senior class of '82', I leave the motto: "Here we go down the razor blade of life" And now, with a sigh of relief, having completed this doligatory document, I leave.

I, Elaine Tanski, do hereby bequeath all my cures for senioritis to all the juniors for when it attacks, plus all my excuses for not going to class. My small, dingy locker to some poor freshmen. And last, the crowded halls to all the poor slobs that are left here after I leave.

I, Teresa Tedone, do hereby bequeath my job at Hill's to Caryn Sankoff since she's been so persistent. I will some sheepskin seat-covers to Randy so your life (and car - same thing) will be complete. And I also leave Gaby, Debra and Kelly lots of great times in the South Pacific.

I, John Tellew, being of olympic mind and Shakesperean body, do hereby bequeath a "no smoking" sign to the players of the SLO little Theatre, a complimentary bottle of 12M HCl to Mr. Aiello's lab table:



and my see-through painter's pants to someone with thin legs. To Bryan Sennett I leave my Schilke trumpet--may he have the chops of Maynard Ferguson and the style of Miles Davis; to Mr. Stubson I leave the Conn 8D French horn (thank you); and to anyone who needs energy I leave Albert Einstein ($E=mc^2$). In keeping with good taste, I do bequeath Farley's to Tom Waits, Harvard College to Louis Hsieh, my journals to Henry Thoreau, Ingrid Bergman to Humphrey Bogart, Juliet Capulet to Romeo Montague, Stevie Nicks to Tom Petty, "As Time Goes By" to Sarah, and my one year old dead from anatomy to necrophiliacs anonymous. To Laura I leave my Merriam-Webster Thesaurus, to Mr. Stubson I leave my band uniform and marching shoes, to Danny Tarwater I leave the band, and to Oliver Sharp I leave the integral calculus:

$$A = \int \sec^2 x \, dx = [\tan x] = 1.$$

I bequeath Walden Pond to Mr. Huttel and Mr. Johnson; Johann Sebastian Bach to anyone with enough taste to listen to his music; and Beethoven's ninth symphony, Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Philip Farkas, "Picture at an Exhibition," and Stanford University to Mitchell Howard Sokoloff. To Laura, Kris, and Sarah, I leave Bishop's Peak and all of the other beautiful hills of California until I get back.

I, Chip Tingle, do hereby bequeath any book or paper that has anything to do with math to all musicians who think math has anything to do with music (WRONG). My tall, uncrowded locker goes to anyone but a freshmen; they haven't suffered the crowded locker blues. My concert-promotion dreams go to Darrell Voss, someone who's got the brains and the ear to do it right. My reserved spot at the Pyramid goes to someone with a strong urge to consume mass quantities of liquids (what does that mean?) And finally, all the bills and money spent on my senior year go to all you rich juniors (you'd better have 3 Swiss bank accounts).

I, Joel R. Trollinger, in sound body and witfull mind, do hereby bequeath my locker, which I never used, do not know where it is, or what my combo is, to Eric Harrison. To the Yearbook staff of '82-'83 I leave my knowledge of the darkroom skills and a dirty darkroom. To Wes Brown I leave my open mind for him to see people as they are. To Mr. Huttel I leave my devoted thanks for his understanding. To Miss Carnell, my Braun coffee grinder. To Butch Remington I leave my friendly personality. Guy Kilikiski, I leave the knowledge of my open closet. To Teana Barr I leave a ticket to S.F. To John Donahue I leave my analyst. And to all the Preppies I leave my LL Bean, B² and Land's End Catalogues.

I, Neil Trout, do hereby bequeath all my worldly possessions to four people: Terri Duncan, Vince Cardenas, Ursela Smith and Carol. To Vince I leave my zoom lense which he might as well own (over my dead body). To Terri Duncan I leave my reassurance that I still feel the same way I did when we had that talk last year, yet in better mental shape. To Ursela Smith I leave the law firm of Jacoby and Meyer. To Carol I leave the rest of my life, which I give very willingly.

I, Paul C. Tuttle, do hereby bequeath my locker to my brother, Todd, so he can put his boots there, my grades to Paul Villa, my parking space to John Mudget, my black speedo to Mr. Ernstrom. To all the juniors, sophmores and freshmen I give you all the student teachers that don't know how to teach (not to mention any names but the one in wood shop!!)

I, Carey Vaughn, do hereby bequeath to Stacey Sanderson my seat in Mr. Belch's class and also my position on the rodeo team in hopes she'll do more with it than I did, because after-all Goat Tyers Need Love Too. To Scott Neill I leave my great automotive skill (Lord knows he needs it.) To Steve Lazzerini (and Debbie) I leave Pee-Wee, may he hook you guys as much as he did me. To Denise Craven I leave my thanks, for always being there. And to Scott Bryant, my friendship, in case he ever decides to use it again. And to Todd Juel and Dale Finegan I leave one final thought: WRANGLE!

I, Karen Wallwork, of ill shaped body and very distorted mind do hereby bequeath my position as center on the killer powderpuff football team. To all the new seniors I leave rope, chains and locks to tie up the new 9th graders (I feel sorry for you poor suckers). Last but not least I leave this school to all those poor students who aren't out yet.

I, Tina Warren, do hereby bequeath to Kathi Kyle the mail machine and my 13 drawers of checks. (aren't you done yet?!). To Scott Chaves a carton of chocolate milk to pour over my head you should have done it a long time ago. To Joel Neel a win! Thanks for all your support and friendship. To my brother the ASB presidency that I never had. I know that you will always accomplish your goals with the greatest of success. To Tom Wilder, Allyson, but only if I get the Kemper State boy. Also, all the elevators in D.C. To Rich Brown the great memories I have of D.C. and another dance at the Marriot. To Mr. Carl my deepest gratitude for making my trip to D.C. possible and for the knowledge I needed to put to use there. To Missy West, all my coolness (so then all of us can be cool), my knees (I am sure yours are gone by now), lots of thanks for calling the shots, the best of luck and old West, always remember, "Pitch 'em slow, pitch 'em fast...". To Jennifer Bassi a new haircut and a pinto! To Tony Suchand my notes from speech, you'll need them next year, and the letter that's on the kitchen table. To Rudy Bachman, my friendship always! To Roxanne our own table at the Yogurt Shop, all the great memories of the two muskateers and all the happiness in the world!! To Shawn, a vacation! To Mr. "Monte"jano the "situation", the book "How to put on a Tournament" by the Righetti Warriors, a tire pump for everytime you travel to Cabrillo, windsheimer, and of course my right arm, may you get as many games out of it as I did.

I, Ted Wassel, do hereby bequeath to Karyn (dumpling) Munro, my non-chipmunk cheeks, a bottle of Bacardi and all my luck in New Zealand. To Linda Porter I leave my cat, because her dog enjoys malling any prospective visitors. To Kris Baker I leave a pair of my best sweats. To Glenn Ringer I leave Madris walking shorts. At last, to "my best friend", Anne Dempsey, I leave chocolate chips, dice and my lasting friendship.

I, Duane Wattolet, do hereby bequeath my track spikes to Thor Austin who needs them because I certainly don't. My white shadow hat to Eathan Betrand. My buckeye socks to Cody "no mone" Berry as he knows if Kellog rules the courts it won't help him, but they look nice. My tires to Mauricio Perez, maybe they will help him go fast. I also leave my Geometry book to Dan Miller who will need it because he knows less than I do. I give Scott Bishop my new wave swim trunks that he can wear at every one of his future trackmeets and even to USSR, to freak the vodka freaks out.

I, Michelle Watts, do hereby bequeath Nancy Mote to say "hi" to me first then to Margaret and Laura. Everyone for putting up with me, like saying "excuse me" or looking at people weird, but hey, I was just messin'. Also Debbie Brickenback for me calling her "drobbles". You know why?

I, Jeff Webb, do hereby bequeath my ability to get decent grades to Chuck (Gonzo) Nunemaker (hopefully they will get him off restriction). I leave that certain fluorescent orange bathroom to Kim Vierra and all that baby talk to Julie Cardoza. I leave my ability to do embarrassing acts to Rob Zimmerman (keep them in good taste). I give to Liz Soto all the faith in the world. To Rick Ernstrom I leave all my wonderful Danny Tarwater impressions (Stop it! No-o-o! Jon Greenall's a twinkie!). To Coach Prijatel I leave my tasteless, rude and offensive comments (I know who enjoy them) and last but not least I leave my memories of high school to the class of '83 and '84.

I, Jack Weldon, do hereby bequeath my body to any girl who feels they could put it to a good use. All my ceramics requirements that are useless to me, go to good old Mr. Alberts. I'd also like to give my sincere thanks to those teachers who made my high school experience a pleasant one.

I, Craig Wensley, do hereby bequeath the remnants of the Varsity Baseball team to Was Brown (Trinidad Eyes) and Eric Jackson (Mr. April). Have fun with Coach Spoeneman, you're gonna need it!
TIGER BASEBALL RULES!!

I, Robyn Wiggins, do hereby bequeath all the great and crazy times to the new 1982-83 Varsity Pepsquad, also to my very good friends, Robyn Woods and Cherie Loy. I leave all the great memories we had, and hope there are more to come.

I, Thomas Yates Wilder, do hereby bequeath to Ward Wickert my position as chairman of the National Society for the Advancement of Tall People, to Trevor Clark the infamous "Wilder collection", and to Shawn Moore my size large swim team sweats, which he can grow into if he ever reaches puberty. Finally, affection, best wishes and a bottle of tranquilizers to Mary Hsu, without whom my senior year would have been terribly peaceful.

I, Linda Wolff, do hereby bequeath my great ability to forge mom's signature to my little brother, Charles. All the cute little freshman girls to Pat Mudgett. All my tardies to the next sucker who takes Mr. Long first period, the best of luck (and will-power not to party) to Caryn Sankoff and the rest of next years volleyball team. A big smile and thank you to Mr. Huttle for making my three years so much more enjoyable. To Army I leave my sister, Gabe, and to you, Gabe, I leave our wild laughing contests and my great ability to flip you off. To Gabe, Deb, Fish, Kris, Nat, Kelli, Deneen, Tami, Motor, Linda, Kathi, Janet, Debbie, Carol, Carrie, Theresa, Jenny, Robyn and all the rest, thanks for the memories....

I, Don Woodward, do hereby bequeath to Scott Dierks and Phil Papa, the best position and leading role on the football team, tight end. Hit with intensity, catch with grace. To Scott Dierks and Julie Cardoza, "Good friends you maybe but perfect mates you shall soon see." To Phil Papa my unretired jersey #87. To Mrs. Waterbury some experiences you thought you would never live though. To Gretchan and Cindy I give you all my senior ideas (ha,ha). Thanks to all that coached me (especially football coaches). Coach Criner, football is a means to an end (your right).

I, Jay Woolpert, do hereby bequeath all of my textbooks to Todd Buss so he can study and graduate in '86. Locker #1108 should go to somebody tall so they won't get their knees dirty on the ground by a bottom locker. He/she has my permission to knock out the adjacent locker's sidewall, so he/she could fit in a few pencils besides all the books they will have. I also leave my killer note system to Mike Ehrenberg so he can "jam" from school next year. I leave a little good luck to the '83 football team, and especially, "Gup", Britt and Ehrenberg. And also, a little bad luck for "Wally" C.

After the assembly May 21, at which a lot of time was spent giving recognition to various sports and art awards, we in the student government class were discussing it in review. While evaluating the assembly, the idea of giving recognition to those who deserve it became evident. Therefore I will use some of the space allotted to me as your ASB President to try to give some credit where credit is due.

Sports...athletics: a lot of recognition is given in this area, especially for certain sports. However, a review of this area is still warranted. People, students, athletes, work out for months; their bodies hurt, their grades spiral, and for what? This year we have shown what for. We have won honor and respect and San Luis Obispo has become known throughout California (partly due to our class efforts). The athletes of football, volleyball, basketball, waterpolo, swimming, baseball, track, softball, tennis, golf, diving, cross country and wrestling all deserve recognition.

Besides these there are many other people that deserve recognition. Such groups as FHA, FFA, Drama, Yearbook, ASB, Art, Music and the Flash, and do we give any credit to clubs and their teacher sponsors, or those teachers that made our sojourn though high school the least bit bearable? The list goes on.

Also, here, in my last words, I would like to voice my pride in having served this school, and you, and express some of my feelings as we approach Graduation.

Friendship is a prominent thought. After going to school for the last three years, friendships have begun, grown, faded, ended abruptly, or the one we look to as the best-solidified. It is true that after graduation many casual friendships die, but it is my hope that the closer relationships will be preserved, that at least some of our friendships will be lasting.

This graduation class, as all others, has great potential, but it is my feeling, when looking at what we have accomplished so far, that the individuals of our class will go farther and achieve more than any before. This can partly be attributed to the great amount of change and opportunity at this time in our society.

In closing I would like to quote Derek Crawford, who for once said something well:

"Be proud of who you are, Class of '82, what you stand for, what you have accomplished, and what you will accomplish in the future."

Scott Baldrige
ASB President 1982

COME SEPTEMBER...

ARIZONA AUTOMOTIVE INSTITUTE

Mark Duranty
Monty Roza

ARIZONA TRADE SCHOOL

Scott Stark

AZUSA PACIFIC UNIVERSITY

Raychel Stokes

CAL POLY

Peter Back
Jane Boone
Adrienne Bright
Bruce Childers
Denise Craven
Byron Foster
Scott Granamen
Michael Green
Kathy Grosse
Kathy Hiltbrand
Roy Loper
Bob McGillis
Linda Ozawa
Julie Scudder
Dean Searles
Sheryl Sharp
Jill Souza
MaryAnne Talbott
Teresa Tedone
Carey Vaughn
Tina Warren
Craig Wensley
Missy West
Diane Zundel

CUESTA

Jennifer Bassi
Deb Breidenbach
Craig Broderick
JoAnn Bunya
Stacey Carlson
Scott Chaves
Paul Cocke
Dean Cully
Yvette Dancy
Brad Dierks
Steve Donaldson
Dan Donati
Nancy Duclos

CUESTA CON'T

Julie Fenley
Vikki Fisher
Stephanie Flores
Karen Gallion
Michael Garner
Tina Garvis
Debbie Gomez
Phil Grant
Jon Greenall
Tami Hayek
Julie Hochstetler
Garry Holdgrafer
Willard Hoser
Pat Hutchison
Dave Jacobsen
Lisa Johns
Donna Keiller
Sheri Lessi
Jack Manyak
Marcia Marion
Genna McGary
Ted Mesa
Kathy Mickelson
Lori Misqueuz
Roger Morganson
Nancy Mote
Roland Neary
Kim Nichols
Paula Nichols
Peggy O'Neill
Randy Pierce
Chris Ray
Ron Rehn
Darren Rich
Amy Rickard
Lisa Roulis
Robert Rowe
Tisha Salas
Saira Samari
Ursela Smith
Sheri Springer
Carrie Staver
Clark Stewart
Neil Trout
Paul Tuttle
Karen Wallwork
Michelle Watts
Jack Weldon
Robyn Wiggins

EDNA UNIVERSITY

Tim Dewar

FASHION INSTITUTE OF
DESIGN & MERCHANDISING

Tianna Dyson

FRESNO STATE

Lisa Borba

Natalee Garrison

Brian Malady

INDIAN VALLEY COLLEGE

Michelle Perry

MILLS COLLEGE

Cecile Krejsa

OAKLAHOMA STATE UNIVERSITY

Mike Donati

PALOMAR COLLEGE

Cody Berry

POMONA/PITZER COLLEGES

Mark Massengill

PRINCETON

Rich Brown

RENO BUSINESS COLLEGE

Elaine Tanski

RICKS COLLEGE

Renee Miles

SACRAMENTO STATE

Anne Dempsey

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

Janet O'Neill

SAN DIEGO STATE

Don Karshner

Jeff Webb

SAN LUIS BEAUTY COLLEGE

Dawn Mead

SANTA CLARA UNIVERSITY

Bretta Nock

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Louis Hsieh

TULANE UNIVERSITY

Tom Rosenberg

UC BERKELEY

Chris Hawley

Marina McDougall

Glenn Ringer

Lisa Silver

UC DAVIS

Kris Baker

Kirsten Gates

Eric Hansen

Ted Wassel

UC LOS ANGELES

Emily Roske

UC SANTA BARBARA

Debbie Rumore

Kelly Russell

Linda Wolff

UC SANTA CRUZ

Laura Cooper

Kristine Longden

UNIVERSITY OF REDLANDS

Tracey Conway

UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Jennifer Collie

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

Don Woodward

WASHINGTON & LEE

Steve Baldrige

WELLESLEY COLLEGE

Cathy Davidson

Working

Scott Baldrige

Andrew Becker

Loretta Lanigan-in San Francisco

Nina Piccardo-Riley's

Lori Spreafico

Joel Tralinger-Automated Data Technician for IDA in San Francisco

Miscellaneous

Kim Kodman-married

Virginia Satie-I shall write a thrilling best-seller full of lust, greed and betrayal entitled On Higuera Street. With the record-shattering proceeds I make from this book's sales I shall retire and live in the Avila Beach hills, serving as unofficial elder statesman of San Luis Obispo County literature for the rest of my years.

This has been a unique senior class. The members of the class of '82 have been honored in a number of ways. We have a National Merit Scholarship winner, two National Merit semi-finalists, and four National Merit commended students. National Merit is a scholarship program that is in competition with students nation-wide. We also have 9 students who have received California Grants based on their GPA, and 4 who have been awarded the prestigious UC alumni scholarships.

Many of our students are leaving our area to enter various colleges throughout the nation. We have seniors who have been accepted to such campuses as: Wellesly, Harvard, Stanford, Cornell, Princeton, Washington & Lee, Bates, Berkeley, UCSB, UCSD, UCD, UC Santa Cruz, MIT, Santa Clara, Redlands, Azusa, among others.

In specific areas of expertise, we have several students who have qualified for Automotive technology schools, a student who has been accepted at the Fashion Institute of Design, a student accepted for nursing at University of San Francisco, and a boy who has won a \$950 a year scholarship to study Agriculture at Cal Poly. Also a student has qualified for the Nuclear Power Training Program, the most advanced training program offered by the U.S. Navy.

Many seniors are graduating into full-time jobs with such businesses as banks, law firms, construction contractors, automobile businesses; most have begun employment while they were still in high school.

This is just a small sampling of the achievements of the present senior class. There are many more that should be mentioned. I can sincerely say that I feel a justifiable pride and affection for the members of the class of '82.

Mrs. Marjorie Clark
Senior Class Counselor

BLACK & GOLD OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENTS

Scholarship Awards

Scott Baldrige
Steven Baldrige
Richelle Beiden
Twila Bidleman
Richard Brown
Tracey Conway
Denise Craven
Leigh Ann Davenport
Tim Dewar
Dora Drexler
Tianna Dyson

Denise Fisher
Carina Frantz
Michael Green
Scott Grinnell
Eric Hansen
Christopher Hawley
Louis Hsieh
Ross Johnson
Maria Karlovich
Steven Lessi
Marina McDougall

Kathy Mickelson
Janet O'Neill
Amy Rickard
Deborah Rumore
Tom Silva
Lisa Silver
Mary Anne Talbott
John Tellew
Chip Tingle
Diane Zundel
Amy Zwarg

Athletic Awards

Football: Robert Haworth
Water Polo: Wayne Goodrich
Wrestling: Chris Neuman
Basketball: Eric Hansen and Deneen Patti
Track: Scott Bishop and Jane Stokes
Tennis: Frank Collie and Mimi Collie
Golf: Jerry McCollum
Swimming: Wayne Goodrich and Julie Crum
Volleyball: Kris Baker
Softball: Deneen Patti
Cross Country: Rich Brown and Kath Brennan

-Special Recognition-

Ray Jensen Memorial: Don Woodward
K-SLY Good Guy: Brian Grogan
K-SLY Good Girl: Missy West
Borah Award: Outstanding Senior Female Athlete: Jennifer Collie
LeRoy Farrar: Outstanding Senior Male Athlete: Don Woodward
KVEC Booster of the Year: Rusty Duval
John Proud Memorial: Matt Taylor
John Farmer Memorial: John Fountain
Newell Nelson Memorial: Adam Nelson
Buzz Whitford Award: Brian Malady
Laurie Stechman Memorial: Teresa Perez
George Morris Memorial: Rich Brown

THE NOMINEES ARE . . . AND THE WINNER IS (*)

-MOST INTELLIGENT-

Rich Brown
John Tellew*
Louis Hsieh

Mary Anne Talbott
Marina McDougall
*Lisa Silver

-BEST TAN-

Paul Cocke
John Fountain
John Escóbedo*

*Julie Scudder
Colette Girard
Linda Ozawa

-SHYEST-

Dean Cully*
Rudy Bachman
Brad Dierks

Karen Bowden
*Leigh Davenport
Cindy Cota

-MOST CUDDLY-

Phil Grant
Brian Malady
George Snowdy*

*Jane Olivera
Karyn Munro
Linda Ozawa

-BIGGEST MOUTH-

Mike Donati
John Martin*
Roy Loper

Lulu Couacaud
Nina Piccardo
*Lindsey Ridgeway

-BEST PARTY GIVER-

Richard Shepp*
Phil Grant
Steve Loy

Julie Scudder
*Chris Ratcliffe
Tami Hayek

-MOST ATHLETIC-

Dave Baur
Eric Hansen
Sinclair Miles*

*Deneen Patti
Michelle Watts
Ellette Deeds

-WARMEST SMILE-

Mike Burke
Gregg Armstrong*
John Fountain

Debbie Gomez
Deb Breidenbach
*Michelle Perry

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-HARDEST WORKER-

Rich Brown
Tim Dewar*
Shawn Calloway

*Carina Frantz
Denise Campbell
Chris Ray

-BIGGEST EATER-

Peter Back*
Chris Frazier
Brian Malady

Erin Cooper
*Nancy Mote
Lindsey Ridgeway

-MOST ARTISTIC-

Paul Anderson
Brian Grogan
Colin Allen*

Karen Bowden
Marina McDougall
*Mary Anne Talbott

-BIGGEST BEACH BUM-

John Fountain
Erik Ulman*
Jack Manyak

*Lulu Couacaud
Sue Vincent
Colette Girard

-BEST PERSONALITY-

Brian Malady*
Scott Chaves
Bob Stockwell

Jennifer Collie
*Deb Breidenbach
Marina McDougall

-BIGGEST PUNK ROCKER-

Sean Anderson
Andrew Iverson*
Erik Ulman

*Loretta Lanigan
Tracey Conway
Paula Nichols

-MOST PREPPY-

Stan Clinton
Glenn Ringer*
Joel Tralinger

Julie Scudder
Lisa Silver
*Kirsten Gates

-BEST DRESSED-

Don Woodward*
Brad Dierks
Glenn Ringer

Kathy Hiltbrand
*Linda Ozawa
Julie Scudder

-MOST CONSERVATIVE-

Steve Baldrige
Tom Wilder*
Louis Hsieh

Denise Campbell
MaryAnne Talbott
*Richelle Beiden

-CLASS CLOWN-

Phil Grant*
Larry Kaml
Roy Loper

Michelle Watts
*Lindsey Ridgeway
Lulu Couacaud

-BIGGEST SKI BUM-

Paul Amato
Brad Dierks
Tim Meinhold*

*Kris Baker
Kathy Hiltbrand
Lulu Couacaud

-BIGGEST COMPLAINER-

Matt Taylor*
Jack Manyak
Joel Tralinger

Lindsey Ridgeway
Lulu Couacaud
*Erin Cooper

-MOST GULLIBLE-

Phil Grant
Eric Hansen*
Earl Schlickeiser

Gaby Dirkes
*Lisa Borba
Jennifer Collie

-MOST TARDIES-

Monty Roza
Robert Haworth
Ted Wassel*

*Kris Baker
Tianna Dyson
Lindsey Ridgeway

-BEST PARTIER-

Richard Shepp*
Kirk Endres
Phil Grant

Laurie Juel
*Chris Ratcliffe
Lulu Couacaud

-FRIENDLIEST-

Peter Back
George Snowdy*
Erik Ulman

Anne Dempsey
Deb Breidenbach
*Marina McDougall

-MOST WANTED TO BE STRANDED ON AN ISLAND WITH-

Erik Ulman
Brad Dierks*
John Fountain

*Deb Breidenbach
Julie Scudder
Sheri Lessi

-MOST LIKELY TO CUT-

Sean Anderson
Monty Roza
Sean McCune*

Chris Ratcliffe
*Chris Ray
Lindsey Ridgeway

-MOST CLASS LEADERSHIP-

Tim Dewar*
Phil Grant
Bob Stockwell

Carina Frantz
Marina McDougall
*Anne Dempsey

-MOST LIKELY TO CHEAT-

Rex Boller
Phil Grant*
Robert Haworth

*Bretta Nock
Michelle Watts
Sheri Lessi

-MOST SOPHISTICATED-

John Tellew
Derrick Rector
Bob Stockwell*

Lisa Silver
Tianna Dyson
*MaryAnne Talbott

-BIGGEST FLIRT-

Robert Haworth*
Erik Ulman
John Fountain

Tisha Salas
*Lulu Couacaud
Patience Smith

-MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

Rich Brown
Chip Tingle*
John Tellew

*Marina McDougall
Kirsten Gates
Lisa Silver

-CUTEST COUPLE (SPECIAL CATEGORY)-

*Marina McDougall and Lisa Silver
Brad Dierks and Don Woodward

-MOST IMPRESSIVE BODY-

Brian Malady
John Martin
Bob Stockwell*

*Sheri Lessi
Kathi Kyle
Colette Girard

-CUTEST DIMPLES-

Dave Baur
John Fountain*
Pat Gleason

Anne Dempsey
Linda Ozawa
*Lynn Juel

-BIGGEST TIGHTWAD-

Ted Mesa*
Ted Wassel
Chris Hawley

Missy West
*Patience Smith
Lulu Couacaud

-MOST LIBERAL-

Kirk Endres
John Tellew*
Tim Dewar

*Cathy Davidson
Sarah Pillow
Lisa Silver

-BEST DANCER-

Darrell Gardner*
Robert Haworth
Ted Mesa

Yvette Dancy
Julie Hochstetler
*Kandi Baldrige

-BIGGEST EGO-

Sinclair Miles
Robert Haworth
Don Woodward*

Sheri Lessi
*Tianna Dyson
Lulu Couacaud

-CUTEST COUPLE-

Garry Holdgrafer and Peggy O'Neill
*Brian Malady and Karen Bowden
Eric Hansen and Jennifer Collie

-MOST LIKELY TO BECOME A CENTERFOLD-

Bob Stockwell
Robert Haworth*
Don Woodward

*Sheri Lessi
Deb Breidenbach
Colette Girard

WHAT REALLY FROSTS YOU?

Peter Back: when Gregg Armstrong gets on a power trip and rams the basketball home

Kris Baker: mini skirts, knickers, and real vogueish clothes, leg warmers over jeans, wrong! teachers that give tardies when you're 5 seconds late and then try to put you in Opportunity Class, being in school when 5 feet of snow just fell in Tahoe

Scott Baldrige: people that steal calculators, when people do things even when they know it's wrong and asininity

Steve Baldrige: general lack of honesty in what people say and do

Jennifer Bassi: Jen C. when she snorts like a pig, just kidding, it's cute!

Andrew Becker: the new requirements for graduation

Cody Berry: knowing what is going to be on a test and knowing the information, but biting it when the test comes

Scott Bishop: when people start geting into the new delicacy, pickled embryos.

John Bogesvang: preppies, punkers, air heads, and thieves

Lisa Borba: girls who feel they have to compete

Deb Breidenbach: two-faced people

Adrienne Bright: having to go to class everyday when there is not always something to do and having to sit in class after you're through with your work, waiting for a bell

Craig Broderick: Opportunity Class

Rich Brown: No-nukers who don't know anything about nuclear power but still feel qualified to debate the issues

Stacey Carlson: when people aren't themselves

Scott Chaves: unfriendly people

Matt Clark: ding bats

Paul Cocke: girls who don't shave their legs

Tracey Conway: camper punks (pseudo-punk rockers, "fakers")

WHAT REALLY FROSTS YOU?

Denise Craven: crowded halls, friends that turn their back on you and melted ice cream

Leigh Davenport: marching in the mud!

Cathy Davidson: pretentious people

Anne Dempsey: packed hallways, crowded lockers, not enough smiling people, speedbumps, and hot, sunny weekdays - cold, stormy weekends

Tim Dewar: speed bumps, girl's talk, wimps, air heads and lack of respect

Steve Donaldson: my eyebrows always getting burned off during assemblies

Mark Duranty: having to get re-admits

Tianna Dyson: school, going to class everyday and busy work

Kirk Endres: Betty Crocker Quick Spread and Whirlpool freezers

Julie Fenley: people who think they are better than others

Vikki Fisher: sophomore girls going to parties and blowing it and people who bum off in the parking lot

Stephanie Flores: when somebody deliberately runs their fingernails down a chalkboard

Byron Foster: girls wearing knickers and when a person is out of tune while playing in a band and won't do anything about it

Karen Gallion: gossip and people talking behind mine and others backs all the time

Natalee Garrison: fake people, inch thick makeup, mini skirts, leg warmers over jeans when it's not even cold out, and gossip

Tina Garvis: having someone say something about you that isn't true

Kirsten Gates: calories

Debbie Gomez: girls with caked on makeup, people who blow it at parties, guys who think they're studly and people who sit on my feet

Scott Granamen: when people are too lazy to put a new roll of toilet paper on the dispenser

WHAT REALLY FROSTS YOU?

Phil Grant: "artisans", little people who have raided my locker over the past year, they have taken anything and everything out of my locker, only to leave behind a note saying that they have struck again and what locker they've placed it in, once leaving the wrong combination, they really made life rough when they stuck it by the SL on the hill, but what really frosts me is the 20 or more people who know who they are but won't tell me!

Michael Green: my brother trying to watch 5 TV channels at once

Jon Greenall: when people promise they will do something or go somewhere and are always late or don't show

Kathy Grosse: current "fashion" trends

Eric Hansen: having to go to school

Chris Hawley: when someone tries to be an authority on something they don't know anything about

Tami Hayek: people who look down and pick on other people who are different, fake people and gossip! inch thick makeup, guys who think they are studs and girls who think they are too good

Kathy Hiltbrand: phonies-people that can not be themselves, cliques and stereotyping

Julie Hochstetler: sophomore girls

Willard Hoser: cold weather

Louis Hsieh: parasitic people and losing

Pat Hutchison: speed bumps

Lisa Johns: people who don't try their hardest

Larry Kaml: people talking behind other people's backs and preppies

Don Karshner: waiting a long time for people

Donna Keiller: imitation punkers, people who try to be sophisticated, and teachers that don't want to be teaching

Kim Kodman: girls over 5'10" and under 120 pounds and the IRA

Cecile Krejsa: those ever-present, brown-nosing "intellectual" elitist snobs who worship the letter A, and will follow throughout their lives their bronze-plated 4.0's or lose infinite hours of sleep in the endeavor to do so

WHAT REALLY FROSTS YOU?

Loretta Lanigan: people who put down Rod Stewart

Kevin Larkin: the fact that I have to a note for missed classes

Sheri Lessi: big crowds of people standing in your way while trying to get to your locker, all the pushing and shoving and hitting while walking through the halls and gossip

Steve Loy: when you park in the teachers parking lot and get a \$10 ticket

Jack Manyak: wierd girls in designer jeans and speed bumps!

Marcia Marion: filing out this paper

Mark Massengill: an inaccurately kept Library Circulation Statistics Record Book

Marina McDougall: Betty Crocker Ready-To-Spread Frosting

Genna McGary: people who think they are better than others and people who aren't honest

Bob McGillis: the cafeteria's sorry excuse for french fries, the librarian interrupting my conversation to tell me "This is a study area" and this schools' heaters that work only during sahara desert-type conditions

Bill McLaughlin: the day we played in the snow on Cuesta Grade and brought it back to school

Dawn Mead: paper planes at assemblies

Ted Mesa: the speed bumps, the narks on campus and graduating at Cal Poly

Kathy Mickelson: leg warmers over jeans, gossip, fake people and fake high-pitched voices

Renee Miles: labeling and catagorizing people

Nancy Note: guys wearing mirror glasses, getting a cut for leaving class 6 minutes early, speed bumps, striking out (up at bat), chewing tabacco and teachers that don't erase the chalkboard all the way

Karyn Munro: lying and spitting on the ground

Kim Nichols: people who lie or keep secrets from me

WHAT REALLY FROSTS YOU?

Paula Nichols: freshmen in college that put you down because you are in high school

Jane Olivera: preppies and punk rockers

Janet O'Neill: advisors who don't advise

Peggy O'Neill: purple leg warmers and lompos

Linda Ozawa: when guys don't pull their socks up, when girls wear stagnant makeup or when you talk to someone with a real noticeable whitehead that you are dying to pop!!

Michelle Perry: unnecessary arguments, gossiping and people that hurt other people's feelings

Randy Pierce: airheads, preppies and punkers

Chris Ray: people who get into classes like Yearbook and ASB for a free ride - mainly because a few of us had to pay for them all year

Ron Rehn: girls who don't shave and tampon commercials

Amy Rickard: the fact that there are so many good people at this high school who never get any credit for what they do, they are not "socs" or "ins" but they put in a good effort and contribute a lot to this school but they go unnoticed, it seems a shame that the public get an impression of SLOSH from such a minute percentage of the students

Lindsey Ridgeway: girls with melvins, overly hairy chests, big egos

Steve Ronhovdee: those stupid worthless speed bumps

Tom Rosenberg: ignorance that certain newspapers have towards our high school

Emily Roske: purple leg warmers

Lisa Roulis: people who think they are better than they are

Robert Rowe: when I go out with someone and he or she takes off with someone else

Debbie Rumore: when I'm on a freeway on-ramp in my tin can toyota and some idiot in front of me is going 25 mph and there is a mac truck on the freeway going 80 mph in the slow lane also, the words "I dunno"

WHAT REALLY FROSTS YOU?

Tisha Salas: girls who are always competing, social cliques, vicious rumors and labeling

Saira Samari: alarm clocks and pushy people

Virginia Satie: AC/DC, greasy hair, Sully's Bar, Korb's, HBO, synthesizers, Fraternities, Sororities, self-righteous political radicals, People Generating Energy, self-righteous religious zealots, reading assigned books, makeup, shaving, drunk drivers, cigarettes, and up

Julie Scudder: people who lie

Dean Searles: answering stupid questionnaires and tourists trying to act like locals

Sheryl Sharp: speed bumps, sophmores standing around in my way, having to do work in classes and gossip

Lisa Silver: finding Gaby's oatmeal bowl i n my locker!

Ursela Smith: people who can't act natural and decide to be fake

Jill Souza: smoking!!!...(especially in restaurants!)

Lori Spreafico: people who are stuck-up or lie

Sheri Springer: losing things and fake people who put up a front!

Scott Stark: girls that wear leg warmers when it's 80 degrees outside and people who wear Levi 501's and alligator shirts

Carrie Staver: having a teacher who just had a sophomore class and is a grouch for your class

Clark Stewart: people that are stereotypes and fads

Raychel Stokes: when you try your best in a class, I mean really work hard, and you still don't get a high grade

MaryAnne Talbott: the relentless humiliation and mindless unjustified domination to which we are subjected daily at the hands of this institution, supposedly established for the betterment of our young people, and people who pick their teeth in public

Elaine Tanski: teachers putting a whole load of homework on us toward the end of school

Teresa Tedone: leg warmers and headbands

WHAT REALLY FROSTS YOU?

John Tellew: shoddy english usage, the cost of college and religious fundamentalists

Chip Tingle: watching sophmores trying to march in a Marching Band

Joel Tralinger: ignorant people, used kleenex in the ashtray, gauche words like "frosts", people who are tardy for dates, and red tape

Paul Tuttle: people that feel sorry for themselves and people who mess with my 64 1/2 Mustang

Carey Vaughn: people crunching ice, when people let past experiences come between friendship, and stupid off-the-wall questions

Karen Wallwork: junior and sophomore girls who pack on the makeup to make themselves look older

Tina Warren: Dodger fans!

Ted Wassel: a cramped locker area and tardies

Michelle Watts: When girls try to compete with each other, like clothes, they try to be the first to get the new clothes, when someone acts totally phonie, one minute they say Hi! and act all innocent then the next they are totally different and gossip

Jeff Webb: Peter Back when he comes over and eats all the food in my house

Jack Weldon: nothing really frosts me, but don't let anyone assume that I'm unfrostable

Missy West: when a guy spits chew in a cup and carries it around with him all day

Robyn Wiggins: fake people, leg warmers and people that don't mind their own business

Tom Wilder: designer camouflage, liberals and ground squirrels

Linda Wolff: when people have melvins and try to pull them out in the middle of the hall and when some tacky sophomore tries to pick his nose when no one is looking and smears it all over the nearest locker

Jay Woolpert: teachers and administration who always ask for and check up on your re-admits

Diane Zundel: people who are always complaining or are always negative

WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING TEN YEARS FROM NOW?

Peter Back: Hopefully have a degree from college, be rich and have a great family.

Kris Baker: Jumping out of a helicopter and skiing down the Bugaboos in Canada.

Steve Baldrige: I will be in my last year of law school preparing for the bar exam.

Jennifer Bassi: I'll be famous for finding a new source of energy.

Andrew Becker: Probably be serving four years in the White House as a butler.

Cody Berry: I will be a sportscaster, hopefully in San Diego. I hope to have a wife and family, but the main thing I want in ten years is to be happy with myself.

Scott Bishop: Running sub 3.5 minute miles on the U.S. Olympic Team.

John Bogesvang: Living in Alaska with my own snow plow business.

Jane Boone: Probably I will have a good job that I like and a good career. Maybe I will be married, who knows.

Lisa Borba: Living in Hollywood being an actress.

Adrienne Bright: Probably married, living on a ranch, raising cattle for commercial use along with some others.

Craig Broderick: I hope I will have my own gardening business.

Rich Brown: Working in product design for a large corporation or on skid row.

JoAnn Bunya: I will be married and running my own accounting business. I will probably move out of SLO, with my husband, in order to get more business. Maybe in a large city area in Indiana such as Michigan City, Indiana.

Stacey Carlson: I hope I will have graduated from a college with a degree. Be married, have started my career and possibly have started a family of my own.

Scott Chaves: Living in a condominium in Hawaii.

WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING TEN YEARS FROM NOW?

Bruce Childers: I will own my own ranch and will be working hard farming it. I will be happily married and have one, maybe 2 kids.

Matt Clark: Living on a 20 acre farm in Wales.

Tracey Conway: I will be driving a blue or purple Jaguar, living in a condo and making money. Hopefully I will be working for a magazine, traveling and writing articles and editorials. Naturally I will be dating a millionaire and taking tennis lessons in my spare time. My first book, a novel which will put me into the ranks of the "Great American Authors" will be in the process of publication.

Denise Craven: Living on the Riviera to escape State Penitentiary time for mistreatment of goats. Next I will leave the Riviera to race foreign cars in Brazil.

Dean Cully: Making money, I hope. Flying, scuba diving or photography or any combination thereof. No marriage, no children-not until I am rich (if ever). Maybe I will be a writer (journalist) to go along with my photography endeavors.

Yvette Dancy: I hope to have my career as a secretary or an accountant. I will be married to Robert Brown (I hope) and I will have two kids, a nice big house, a Mercedes Benz and just want to be a very happy person. I hope to travel to Paris, London, France and Hawaii. I plan to be rich and have everything in this world that I could possibly want and more. I will make the most for my kids and make sure they are heading in the right direction, I want my kids to have the best of everything and I want them to be smarter than me and I want them to do much better things than I did.

Leigh Davenport: I'll probably have a career working with children. I might be married, that would be nice, and soon to have my own children. Maybe I'll be on vacation and be traveling.

Cathy Davidson: Completing my fourth Master's degree-because I love the intellectual-elitist atmosphere of universities so much!

Anne Dempsey: Working as a high-paid nurse in an advanced hospital and possibly married and have children, living in a yellow house with a white picket fence and a big doggie in the yard and I will be driving race cars in Italy.

Tim Dewar: Running for ASB president.

Steve Donaldson: Rolling breakfast burritos at Speedy Burger.

WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING TEN YEARS FROM NOW?

Dan Donati: Skiing in Colorado and Utah, working at one of the resorts.

Mike Donati: Own my own business.

Nancy Duclos: I'll be married to my bronzed Aussie, living in Australia and loving every bit of it.

Mark Duranty: Be married with ten kids and still driving my Datsun 4 X 4 pickup!

Tianna Dyson: I'll probably be on a plane flying to Paris to meet with Perry Ellis or Valentino to discuss their new clothes lines and to choose what I will buy for my store! I will probably be sipping a Tom Collins and listening to the latest and hottest music group on the headphones while looking through a copy of Italian Vogue.

Kirk Endres: Living in a bomb shelter or six feet under.

Julie Fenley: Hopefully I will be either a Wildlife Resource Manager or a member of the board for a corporation.

Vikki Fisher: I will be married, living in a mansion, driving my porsche, kicking back by my pool, soaking up some rays.

Byron Foster: Hopefully I will be out of high school and maybe even out of college. With a lot of luck I will have a place of my own, and will own more than one vehicle.

Karen Gallion: A very famous advertisement photographer.

Michael Garner: I hope working and not going to school.

Natalee Garrison: Hopefully I will be married and I'll be enrolling a couple kids in nursery school. If not I'll be either in Europe or kicking back in Hawaii.

Kirsten Gates: I'll be paying off my college loans (the big question is how). I hope to be a child psychiatrist, but who knows.

Debbie Gomez: I will be happily married with two beautiful kids. Living in a redwood beach house, driving my Mercedes 450SL, kicking back on my own private beach.

Scott Granamen: Hopefully living.

Phil Grant: I'll be working in the Olympia beer factory, hunting down Artisans.

WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING TEN YEARS FROM NOW?

Michael Green: I will be spending my mega-bucks which I made from loan sharking my way through high school.

Jon Greenall: Hopefully, I'll have a nice little mansion, and a good family, a couple of kids, and be waterskiing, snow skiing or out in the desert riding on a bad motor scooter.

Kathy Grosse: I will have married a Peruvian monk and be pregnant with triplets.

Eric Hansen: Going to school.

Chris Hawley: Making big bucks fixing computer programs that other people botch up.

Tami Hayek: I'll be happily married with two beautiful children, kicking back on our sundeck looking over the ocean and catching some rays.

Mike Hebert: Married and a millionaire living in Paris.

Kathy Hiltbrand: I will probably be married and have kids. Hopefully graduated from college and maybe I'll have a Ph.D. in psychology. I'll be driving a 450SL convertible and live in a big house and up there in the millions.

Julie Hochstetler: I will be rich.

Willard Hoser: Working at San Luis Cyclery.

Louis Hsieh: After obtaining my M.S. from Stanford in electrical engineering and my M.B.A. from Harvard at age 24, I will be a manager for a major engineering firm at age 27, I will be traveling all over the world conducting business for the company and working on my own investments.

Pat Hutchison: Rolling in the dough.

Lisa Johns: I will be getting married and owning my own office.

Larry Kaml: a) Living in West End London, trying desperately to scrounge up a chorus role in some tacky musical at some rundown theatre. b) Leaving my huge mansion in Beverly Hills in my chauffeured 1938 Rolls Royce, wearing a tux, heading for the Academy Awards. c) Living in my split level house in the suburbs with my wife, my 2.47 kids, my German Shepherd and my station wagon, just about ready to head for the office to bring home the bacon.

WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING TEN YEARS FROM NOW?

Don Karshner: Owning a big house and a country club in Southern California.

Donna Keiller: Working and dreading every moment of it. Probably stagnated and set in my ways and completely different that I am now.

Kim Kodman: Babysitting Teri Sherwoods eight kids!

Cecile Krejsa: At the Massachusetts State Home for the Bewildered, or capatilizing on public lusts by writing smutty novels just loaded with misleading, unlikely epithets.

Loretta Lanigan: I will be a professional airline attendant for Continental.

Kevin Larkin: Being a ski patrol in the winter. Being a fisherman during Albacore season. Being a carpenter during the summer and fall.

Sheri Lessi: I'll be rich and famous, living in a mansion with a wonderful family. Having a Ferrari GTS308 parked in the driveway, and next to it a 911 SE Turbo Carrera.

Steve Loy: Working on my Ferrari 308 and drinking beer at the lake.

Jack Manyak: Traveling all over the world as a professional surfer, meeting a lot of people(girls), and making a lot of bucks!

Marcia Marion: Hopefully living.

Mark Massengill: I hope to be respected and remembered. Perhaps I will publish, perhaps not. I will learn of life and life will learn of me. Truth is found only in nature and nature bequeths life. I will be alone learning. Not alone in the sense that I will be lonely, though that I may, in the sense that I will learn of solitude and of friendship. Then I will emerge full and ready for life.

Marina McDougall: I will be a top executive for Esquire magazine, married to my own Robert Redford with two blonde children, a convertible Alpha Romeo and a villa on the Mediteranean. My best friend will be Lisa.

Genna McGary: I'll be working and married and maybe even have a family.

Bob McGillis: After the great earthquake that sends everything east of the San Andreas fault plunging into the Pacific Ocean I will move to Alaska and become an ice cream vendor. I'll marry an eskimo lady, have 48 kids and then die of a stroke.

WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING TEN YEARS FROM NOW?

Bill McLaughlin: Whatever I love most I guess or I won't be doing anything.

Dawn Mead: Marriage and a successful career in cosmetology.

Ted Mesa : Working for a law firm and making big bucks.

Kathy Mickelson: I will own my own business (restaurant), be married, wealthy, live in an excellent redwood house with a sunken living-room and a fireplace and maybe have a kid or two.

Renee Miles: Maybe married, maybe earning lots of money.

Lori Miguez: I'll be married with my million children living pretty well off in my two story condo. All my maids and servants will be taking care of me along with my husband and kids.

Roger Morganson: Working as an architect in SLO.

Nancy Mote: Working part-time as a secretary, changing diapers for my six or seven kids, and weighing about 187 pounds.

Karyn Munro: Visiting America for SLOSH 10 year reunion, with my millionaire husband.

Kim Nichols: I hope I will be alive first. Then I hope to be happily married and have enough money to travel to places I have never seen.

Paula Nichols: Going to a rehabilitation center for alcoholics.

Janet O'Neill: I will be pursuing my career in an attempt to reach my goals at that time. I will be working for the State Department.

Peggy O'Neill: I'll be married and hopefully a successful family counselor.

Linda Ozawa: Traveling for a year with my new GQ centerfold husband. We'll have been married a year or so. He'll be rich, so we'll be traveling around the world, without kids!

Michelle Perry: Living very happily.

Nina Piccardo: Married and working.

Randy Pierce: Having fun at Sully's.

Carlos Ramirez: Across the world, furthest from SLO.

WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING TEN YEARS FROM NOW?

Chris Ray: I'll be a suburban housewife with eight kids and an extramarital affair with my Rotorooterman--and if you believe that you will buy this watch! No, really, once I escape the confinement of this institution, I doubt I'll last very long--we're talking about the girl "Most likely to end up at the bottom of Lopez Lake wearing cement tennishoes!"

Ron Rehn: Managing Jose's Garage with hydraulic lift or I would like to own Speedy Burger with breakfast burritos.

Darren Rich: Building fast cars and hanging out in bars after work. Still playing the field.

Amy Rickard: I will be married, have one child and possibly be working part-time. Hopefully, I will have graduated from college with a degree in whatever I decide to major in.

Lindsey Ridgeway: Dancing somewhere in Vegas, or opening up my own dance studio in the heart of LA. Hopefully living on the beach in Malibu with Steve Sax! Sitting in box seats watching the Dodgers with all the other wives.

Tom Rosenberg: I plan to be working as an employee of Cash Wholesale Drugs, Inc. unless a better offer comes along. I plan to marry as well.

Emily Roske: Sipping champagne in front of a fireplace inside an all brick house with a cobblestone walkway with a Jaguar XKE in the garage. (The cocker spaniel is asleep on the hearth).

Lisa Roulis: I'll be married, have a career and have two kids.

Robert Rowe: Driving a truck and seeing the states.

Monty Roza: Watching my business take off and making millions.

Debbie Rumore: Establishing my own speech pathology business, collecting royalties on my best-seller books. Hiring a new maid and also a cute gardener who agrees to clean the pool every day.

Kelly Russell: vegging on the beach.

Tisha Salas: I'll be well off, living away from SLO and not married. Also I hope to be alive, and very happy.

Saira Samari: Medical research or surgery. Sitting on the beach on Acapulco.

WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING TEN YEARS FROM NOW?

Virginia Satie: I shall be retired and living in the Avila Beach hills serving my term as sage of SLO County literature and culture. I shall set the standards of SLO County society, shall have bought the Mozart Festival, and shall have singlehandedly established carbon tetrachloride as the drink of the 1990's.

Julie Scudder: A marketing executive for a large corporation.

Dean Searles: Running my architecture firm.

Sheryl Sharp: I'll be rich and famous and living in a beautiful home with a Ferrari in the driveway.

Lisa Silver: I will be living in the suburbs, mother of three lovely children and driving a Country Squire stationwagon. As president of the PTA, I will change the monthly newsletter's name to Flash II, and enlist Tim to write an expose on jungle jim safety. And Marina will be my best friend.

Ursela Smith: I will be a paralegal or lawyer, housewife and mother.

Jill Souza: I'll be a famous actress living in NY with a wonderful husband and possibly one child.

Lori Spreafico: Married, living on my own ranch up in the hill and hopefully rich.

Sheri Springer: I'll be finished with college, with some kind of degree. I'll be married and possibly have a couple kids. I'll have an interesting job that I will definitely enjoy.

Scott Stark: Living in Australia surfing my brains out.

Carrie Staver: I will be organizing fashion shows in New York. Brad Dierks will be my housekeeper. I will also be a photographer for Playgirl magazine.

Clark Stewart: Making more money than I can spend.

Stacey Stipp: I will own a health spa in France.

Raychel Stokes: I plan to be pursuing my career full speed. I will probably be married with one or two kids, I would have most likely finished my olympic things and coached someone else to go.

MaryAnne Talbott: Writing novels far superior to any we read in a high school literature course, or a big-time publisher/editor of my own magazine.

WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING TEN YEARS FROM NOW?

Elaine Tanski: Married with three kids, making a whole bunch of money from my computer business office.

Teresa Tedone: I'll be married with a family and a career.

John Tellew: I shall be doing any one of a number of things, the most likely of these being living by a pond and writing my journals, researching in medicine or biochemistry, mountain climbing and backpacking, and colonizing the moons of Saturn.

Chip Tingle: I will be reaping the profits of a successful music career playing in the Tonight Show band with my buddies Tommy and Doc.

Joel Tralinger: I will be in Paris drinking Cointreau overlooking the Left Bank at my apartment.

Neil Trout: I hope to be working for the SLO police department.

Paul Tuttle: accountant.

Carey Vaughn: If I am not dead and gone by then I'll probably be in an old folks home.

Karen Wallwork: Be happily married and have money to burn.

Tina Warren: I will be Nolan Ryan's pitching coach.

Ted Wassel: I will be involved with some field in the medical profession or swimming the channel.

Michelle Watts: I will be living in Hawaii maybe get a husband but no kids for awhile. I want to travel a lot before I really settle down and boogie down.

Jeff Webb: Traveling around the world with Ron Schmitt and his band. Kicking back in my 10 million dollar mansion in Beverly Hills.

Jack Weldon: I will have my own sporting goods store in Santa Barbara and doing the same old things.

Missy West: Coaching basketball.

Robyn Wiggins: Getting the kids ready for school.

Tom Wilder: Serving as a gunnery officer in the US Navy, firing shore bombardment off the coast of El Salvador or Argentina. Or, more likely, pushing daisies in Arlington National Cemetery.

WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING TEN YEARS FROM NOW?

Linda Wolff: Swimming with the dolphins in Hawaii.

Don Woodward: I will own a car dealership and mens clothing store, and I will still be single.

Jay Woolpert: I'll either be selling solar-powered cars or making moonshine in Alabama.

Diane Zundel: Living in some faraway, exotic place, working in some type of business of my own.

A Bulletin From the Prez.

What a glorious day June 18th will be!!! On this day graduation occurs, high school days will end, and the big and better things begin!!!

The Class of '82 is very individual. But while being as individual as we are we have grown as one. We have grown together in the past three years in love, strength, championship, victory and most of all friendship.

Many people think with the end of high school, friendships come to an end too. Bologna!! Graduation is a time of beginnings. Especially to new and stronger friendships.

I am grateful to serve and represent a group like you. Yes, the Class of '82 will be the future and it is up to each individual to do his best to achieve the most out of life. Thank you and good luck.

Anne Dempsey
Senior Class President

REMEMBER...

- when Tianna Dyson slid down the rails of the front steps and fell over backwards
- when we were sophomores and thought we would never be seniors
- when that seagull dropped his lunch on you
- when seniors did homework
- when getting up for a game was a spiritual thing
- when we had parties
- when Mr. Vegher put posters up in his room
- the junior-senior proms: "Hollywood" and "A Touch of Class"
- when Mr. Carl was Homecoming Grand Marshall
- when Carol Merrill came to an assembly
- when nobody liked the Go-Go's
- when ASB brought back the convention
- when it snowed on Cuesta Grade and Deb, Paul and Tim made the Telegram Tribune
- when the heating system worked
- when the volleyball team went to CIF for the first time and the beach bums were there to support them
- Mock Rock
- when the artesian struck Phil
- when we had a whole year to go until graduation
- when we togaed
- when we used to worry about cutting school or being tardy-- you know, before we were seniors
- when pizza hit the fan, after ASB celebrated Phil's birthday at Woodstock's
- when Matt Taylor and Pat Gleason hit back-to-back home runs

REMEMBER...

when the swim teams were Northern League champs three years
in a row

when Matt Taylor and Dave Baur hit back-to-back home runs
the three days at Squaw Valley

*** Special Thanks To: ***

The Faculty
Mr. Barnhart
Mrs. Rodman
Deb Breidenbach
Linda Wolff
Kris Baker
Carrie Baker
Anne Dempsey
Carina Frantz
Chris Ray
My Family
Andre, Morris & Buttery

The following information was obtained from the records of the
Department of Social Services, Office of the State Comptroller,
Albany, New York, on 11/10/01.
The records reflect that on 11/10/01, the following information was received:

- 1. Name of the individual: [illegible]
- 2. Date of birth: [illegible]
- 3. Address: [illegible]
- 4. City: [illegible]
- 5. State: [illegible]
- 6. Zip: [illegible]
- 7. Date of application: [illegible]
- 8. Date of decision: [illegible]
- 9. Name of the agency: [illegible]
- 10. Name of the official: [illegible]
- 11. Title of the official: [illegible]
- 12. Date of appointment: [illegible]
- 13. Date of termination: [illegible]
- 14. Date of resignation: [illegible]
- 15. Date of death: [illegible]
- 16. Date of withdrawal: [illegible]
- 17. Date of withdrawal of application: [illegible]
- 18. Date of withdrawal of appeal: [illegible]
- 19. Date of withdrawal of appeal from appeal: [illegible]
- 20. Date of withdrawal of appeal from appeal from appeal: [illegible]

