

# senior wills

CLASS OF '77

I, JEANNE ALFRED, bequeath to Robin and Nancy a 4 x 4; to Squat, popstarts for all the good times; to Mom (Coach Ridgeway), extra ribbons and a great season next year; and finally to Jim, a year to play your guitar in peace.

I, KIM ANDERSON, bequeath to Jeanine and Rose all my secrets; to Elaine and Marylynn, one of Don Ouellette's thighs each; to Tim and Rob a lifetime of anonymous letters and "For Sale" signs; and to Kathi and Ellen many thanks, happiness and friendship. Thank you.

I, KATHI BECKER, bequeath to Michelle, memories; to Rick, a great senior year; to Ross, free dance lessons; to Bruce, happiness and a smile; to Joe, more lunch times at Marriott's; to Ellen and Kim, my friendship, forever.

I, LYNN BELCHER, bequeath to Nicki Dauphin, a free trip to Malibu Golf Course (WOO-WOO!); to Molly O'Hare, a yawn muffler; to Claudia-Ken, Mark, Jeff, Alan, Bob, Bill, and Dennis; to Janet Fairweather, another year in school; to Mr. Friedenber, a perfect game.

## wills

I, ELLEN BERNSTEIN, bequeath to Jeffers and Kelly my hindsight; Connie, Cindy, and both K. Hos. all the smiles and sparks they gave to me; Lisa and Vicki warm fuzzies; my teachers a student with a better attendance record; Mr. Rambis,

a guest appearance on Johnny Carson; Kathi and Kim, dreams come true.

I, DARRELL BERRY, bequeath to Phil, a years supply of left-over roaches for the crossroads; Bill, a marriage counselor along with my rolling machine, one pizza and two Burger King French fries just in case you get the munchies; to Teri J. a years subscription to High Times and Viva!

I, BILL BOHRINGER, bequeath to The First Street Gang, what's left of my '67 Chevy; to Blake, my good study habits; to the new girl, all my chemistry labs and a squirt from the H<sub>2</sub>O bottle; to Scott, all my music knowledge and three old guitar strings.

I, LISA BRENNAN, being of questionably sound mind and body leave to Dan, a successful year as pres. and a locker without roommates. Loretta, three full years of fun; my Mom, keys under "K", Tom and Vicki swimming lessons at Vasona; Scott, girls and gusto; Peterson, the Amphitheatre; TALLY-HO!

I, SHERRY BROWN, bequeath to Patti all the "FUN" things in life and a nice room at Agnew; to Lenita, a mustache better than Hitler's and a white mustang to follow; to Steve, one week at a smoke-aholic clinic and to the Current staff, their sanity.

I, DAWN BROZINICK, bequeath to my brother Roger the patience to withstand three more years of high school; to Laurie Pettford, the joys of being a senior; to all, the joy of life. Be happy!

I, CAROL BURDICK, bequeath to Allen, all the luck for the future classes; Mr. & Mrs. Hooper, all the happiness and good fortune; to Stacy, all my love.

I, VICKIE CALDWELL, bequeath to Debbie, the ability to play Jokari without getting "wrapped up" in it, and a million laughs a day; to Diane, a full gas tank, 100 dobermans, and a bathing suit that won't fall off; to Suzi, all the Schmollers she can drink.

I, MARY CANHAM, bequeath to Sarah Schroeder, two new non-elastic hands; Maureen, a halter bra; Mary #2, USF guys; Jenny, Cathy and Carrie I leave Joe, Greg and Sal; Trish, a g-string bikini for work; Tracey, patience, good luck, and friendship forever; Jeff, a kiss.

I, PATTI COOKMAN, bequeath to Sherry, custody of all my pictures, letters, and notes from four years; to Lenita, everything "fun," her own "duck," red hot, and a bib; to Donna, a voo-doo doll of MS, and all my newspaper layouts as examples for next year; to Andrea, all my possessions at Agnew and my "friends" at Raynor, and "Bizcochos de perros"; to Mrs. Vitanza, six inches to her height.

I, LAINER G. CRABBS, bequeath to Don and Mel "the method" for finding some falsies; to Wade, the biggest stack of pancakes he can stuff in his mouth; to Zambina, Zingers, potatoe chips, chuckles and chocolate.

I, CAROL CUMMINS, bequeath to Lamplighter, Hal's rusty truck, Nita's skinny body, Lisa's big



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mouth, Joe's flirtation (P.W.'s don't know any better). Have fun in school next year! If any of you need a locker when I'm gone, have mine....PLEASE!

I, TRISH CUNNINGHAM, bequeath to Mary E, gross sayings to save for next Lent; to Joni, fun at the drive-in; to Tana, a banana suit; to Mary C, my hobby horse; to Jannelle, a rotten swim team; and to the girls swim team, the water polo players.

I, KIM DAUPHIN, bequeath to Bo, my chemistry notebook and the new kid in town; to J2, I leave all my short dresses; to Julie Vaubel, all the memories of Mr. Marsh and Mr. Goodwin; to Nicki, many romantic evenings with Chris in Hawaii.

I, CLAUDIA DEWEY, bequeath to Linda, all the Ko-Rec-Type she can use and a couple of inches (Hee-Hee); to Mr. Baer, a good sandwich to eat in peace; to Uncle Freddy, a new cork and some better jokes; to Mark, a new golf tee.

I, NATALIE DOHERTY, bequeath to Mom, Lisa, Cawl and Cyndi, all the happiness the future holds; to Patti, "no-doze" for her nightmares; Winchell's and Italy-Holland for Katy; everlasting love for Sara and Scott; to Jeff, everything with all my love and more.

I, JENNY DUNN, bequeath to Mary Hile, a couple of old flings; to Susie Keyes, a big burrito; to Maureen Haniger, some see-through undies; Tracey and Mary Canham, a night out with the boys; to Marie Bossaert, a nice long shopping spree!!!

I, SHARLA EMBRY, bequeath to my brother David, three more happy years at Peterson; to the class of '78, success with their amphitheatre; to Lisa, a date to the dance of her choice; and to everyone else, happiness and success.

I, LORRAINE ENDOW, bequeath to Margy Moo, lot's a milk; to Shermie, an ear-flapping elephant in the wind; to Sue, bulges of muscles; to Tearedubs, a new trumpet, an old 510, and happiness; to Uncle Freddy, a golf course; to Lesli, sunshine.

I, ROB ESPINOZA, bequeath to all under classmen, my two fire extinguishers; to Jayne, Cathy, Cookie, Theresa, and Jennifer, a bus pass on the Santa Clara Public Transit to all future football games.

I, JANET FAIRWEATHER, bequeath to Nicki Dauphin, my boyfriend Dave Haines for 24 hours and a bottle of tequila to relive that "fateful" night; to Tina and Nicki, my "good" friends Ron, Mike, Rick, Robbie, Paul and Rich.

I, MARYLYNN FETTING, bequeath to Wally Wade, "cherry heartburn"; to Kim A, self control in the library; to Elaine, "thighs"; to Mr. Fredenberg, Peter Rabbit's carrots; to Scott Shields, a new pair of tiger striped pajama shorts; to Sharon and Theresa, Mr. B's body and three dozen Mai Tais at the Beachcomber; to Tim and Robby, luck in selling you house; to Jane, "BAA"; to you Mr. Bataglia, a well deserved "bye"

and also a chance to explain this to your wife and kids; to you Rose, my old Boz Scaggs album.

I, JAIME FLORES, bequeath to Karen a gallon of gin; to Terry, the kid, my tequila bottles; to James, the power to maintain Gilbert high times; to Furush, a poster of Bruce Lee; to Carl and John, a year supply of "hoochie"; Shirley and Becky, good times; Daryl, my jock; to Bill "potato head" the power to be nice for one day.

I, DEBBIE FRALEY, bequeath to Vickie, Mr. Julian's intelligence and the night at my house; to Suzie, Lake Tahoe, Shaver Lake, and our snowman; Diane, room 14 at 3-Pines; to Mark, me; to all of them I will all the snow in the world!

I, TERRY FURUSHO, bequeath to James, a fingertip; to Mr. Hardy, growth pills; to Marlana, some Trident; to Bobby B, my tickets.

I, SUEGAN, bequeath to Seri, a harthorny for all those lonely nights; to Kelly and Diane, the three B's; to Patty, happy dancing feet; to Beserkly, good luck next year; to Becky, gas money to Reno.

I, ROSE GARAGOZZO, bequeath to Byron J, one corny love scene; Ken W, keys to the "Motel 6"; Steph B, merrilee; Wade G, hoggins and cherries; Liz and Chris, many thanks for their encouragement; Mary F, a walrus; Jane G, a frozen lamb head; Dave D, my choir robe;



Papa Paris, you know what you get; to all my dear friends, all my love.

I, GENE GARCIA, bequeath to Linda Blair, a life size doll of me; to Jill Jackson, a picture of me she always wanted; to Raul, a carpenter's license for unwanted holes in walls; to the people who helped write this, my pen.

I, LORIE ANN GIFT, bequeath to Mrs. Johnson my great attendance record; to Tony, my great disposition; to Jay, \$3; to the Peterson Guard, a book of manners because they really are lacking in that area; to Miss Guardian, the strength to make it through another year without me.

I, SUE GILL, bequeath to Lee a wopper right before lunch; to Jay, those "dreams;" to Mr. Julian, I leave my brother, to Lynda, all my "greens;" to Barry, good memories; to Yolanda, much happiness; to Eric, two years of Baskin Robbin's shakes!

I, TIM GOLDEN, bequeath to all future CSF members Mr. Kim (keep him sober!); to Rose, Mary Lynn and Kim, a years supply of "For Sale" signs; and to Becky, my love.

I, SUZI GRANSEE, bequeath to Debbie, all the snow she can get her hands on, and the good times when my parents leave; Vickie, all the chocolate chip cookies she can eat, a ticket to the A's game, snow; Diane, my friendship, a smile; Phil, me!

I, KEITH HALLIDAY, bequeath to Joan Owen my reading skills,

to Brad Nelms my locker I never used, to Dave Fredenberg I leave my history major, and to Bill Mendenhall a free drink at Tinkers Damn.

I, MAUREEN HANIGAR, bequeath to Susie a supply of small boxes from Bill's Drugs, lock for your compartment. Mary, drinks for every home run, great times in U.S.F. dorms, Jenny, Joe and the lighthouse at Santa Cruz. Scott my love, Carrie, Mary C., Tracey and Cathy happiness and success.

I, SUSAN HANSEN, bequeath to Mr. Parsons many dreams in Physicsland skiing on frictionless ski slopes and to Jerry G. lots of fun with ??? Pretty good, huh?

I, SUE MAE HAUGEN, bequeath to Sharon, hope; Ruth, squashed ice cream; Evan, burnt resistors; JJ, come celery; Sheff, a pink tutu; Gustavo, a gold corvette (...) and the ability to pretend; Michael, eight future lives; main mugs, extra rowdiness; Ann, my locker; Mr. Baer, remember the eli...

I, MARY HILE, bequeath to Mo a see-through wardrobe and a punching bag so she won't have to hit me; Jenny a new mitt, Skeyes a new boyfriend so I can have Greg; and a winning season next year for Girls Basketball.

I, BOB HAUNER, bequeath to my brother Jim his own pair of roller skates, to his friend Gary a beautiful blond to do whats to do and to Mr. Loomis a new answer book.

I, CARRIE HUESBY, bequeath to Michelle and Heavelyn, A-men!! To Lisa I leave all the pecan pie a-la-mode she can handle and lots-a-luck! To the herfy gang a book on "How to succeed in business" and to both Mary and Moe a new finger.

I, BILL KENDRICK, bequeath to my brother Steve a pleasant stay in the senior lawn trash can and the power to keep his mouth shut. To Mr. Graves, a large bowl of low-cal jello.

I, SUSIE KEYES, bequeath to Macadoo a finished quilt and a year supply of ice-cream, Carrie a date with "Brian"; Tracey a strike-out; Mary C. a night out with the girls; Jenny, unperverted mind; Maureen happy times with Scott and a halter bra.

I, NANCY KLIER, bequeath to Melita, camping and 31 flavors, Sandy, a infinite keg, Sally 10-min. do-nut spree, John midnight lumber, Katie, wisdom "Boys are 1..&\$#..", Daryl, continued success with your famous "I've got an idea" and all my love and best wishes to take wherever you roam.

I, SHERYL LAMB, bequeath to Kelly Wagner my acceptance letter to UCD (see you there), to my brother my grades, to Bruce Meyers my promptness and competence in all areas, and to Mr. Baer all my love and appreciation.

I, SANDI LEONG, bequeath to Kathy S., a 211 line to "Underwear"; to Vickie Jo and Kathy Hampton, the dancing elephant; to Kathy, a bottle of wine, car-



amels and a little oui-oui; to the other 20, all the Spaniards and Frenchmen; to Allison, a barfbag; to Robin, banana balls and Bobby R., to Viola, #1,2,3,4, 5...; to Susan, one gram so you'll be even with me; to Sharon, all my veterinary knowledge; to Trip, a spiral staircase and a supply of Vin de Pays.

I, ROBIN LINDBERG, bequeath to Jeanne, lots and lots of scoops in Long Beach, Darren, eternal life for his snake, and a kiss. ... million dollar sailboat with a young crew. Sarah a truck load of doughnuts. John; my pillow case. The mascots; lots of luck!

I, JOE LUM, bequeath to Scott, a camera store, to Rick, cardigan sweaters and a haircut, to Sheryl, a penmanship book, to Kathi, my company (for all its worth) at breaktimes, to Amy, a mini golf lake to dive in, to ... 400 passionate french post cards with hickies on'em, to Donna, 2 black Corvettes and a fur-lined pimp car, to Duane, my perpetual ulcers, to Cal driving lessons, and to Lorrie, Me, Myself and I!

I, ARA MARDIROSIAN, bequeath to Mr. Phillips the encouragement to give Mr. Passantino HELL! Also, I bequeath my knowledge of accounting to Baggs (Mr. Bataglia), and my Ronco Wine Making Kit.

I, KEITH McCARTHY, bequeath to James another fingertip, to Sandy a mug for her kegs, to Mr. Hardy more growth pills and ten new KN's to Donna another UGH! And to Nancy some Rice Krispies.

## more senior wills

I, FRANKLIN R. MCCAY, bequeath to my brother Chuck, three more years. To Quimbis, I leave Judy's body and a million M&M's, and to Sandy, Janai, Jayma, and Tammy, three or two years of hello's and love.

I, JOHN MUNRO, bequeath to Harrison some bigger ears and a piece of gum, Noreen 5 min. away from Bob, Mr. Rambis and Hester better jokes, Tom some rug shampoo, Michelle a tail, Scott 1000 lies he will use then, Sally some clean blue sox.

I, MOLLY O'HARE, bequeath to Lynn and Claudia each copy of "Government, The American System", to Kim all the luck and best wishes in the world for the future, and to Mr. Paris my little sister with her faithful violin in hand.

I, LES OSBORNE, bequeath to Holly Harrison all my love.

I, DON OUELLETTE, bequeath to Drew and Colleen my favorite parking place in the Awalt darkness, to Ginanni, Lewers, Hill, Norris, Nill, Mole and Mikey my swaunce, to Mr. Kim my mustache and a few chest hairs and to Sally I give myself.

I, SHARON (SHERM) OZAKI, bequeath to Becky-bananas and skim milk (how yummy), to Donna poh and spaztic walking les-

sons, to Margie a cow leg. To Alley Barney's cocoa puffs, to Sandi a book on "Why you shouldn't talk to strangers," to Suzie Mae, a humongus plant to give to your next door neighbor, and to all the the "panerks" who made choir, happy singing.

I, ROSALVA PERALEZ, bequeath to freshman sister, Consuelo fun sharing a locker with our brother Roberto, Nati all the guys to talk to, Roberto all my dimes, Raul and Joe I leave my extra credits and Danny Aldana, all the extra money in my purse.

I, TED PHIPPS, bequeath to Rick Johnson, my vast store of musical talent, to Randy Solomon, all my bad jokes, and to Steve Wolff, my height.

WE, the 1976-77 PHYSICS class bequeath to Mr. Parsons, an unending supply of frictionless pucks to play with; a recording of your favorite student SH and her shrill "Mister PARSONS, but I don't understand!" A never ending physics party.

I, ALLISON PINOLI, bequeath to Sherm, a rabgit as beautiful as Amy; to Maggie, a nonmoveable desk in college; to Sandi, all the Roberts, Dears, and Jacks she can catch; to Viola, the best of luck this time around; to Barbara, a slap; to Susan, a pair of flat shoes.

I, NOREEN RAWSON, bequeath to Bob, all my love and happiness forever; Sue, a great friendship 'til we're "ol'biddy"; Terry, my thanks for being the person



she is; Song Girls, peanutbutter, prunes, grapes, MJB coffee, etc.

I, TERESA REVAGLIATI, bequeath to Juliana and Marlys many more great desert trips with the many desert cows; to Gail, a great 18th; to Ruth, watch out! To Tom, there is nothing I can give you but a "thank you" for being there at the right time.

I, ROSA ROBLES, bequeath to my brother Tony all the Chinas; Ray and Rudy, good luck; to Nati, my lip gloss; Elvia Rolando, Jesus Garcia two dozen girls; John R, the bottle we never got to drink and Joel E, all my extra credits.

I, DAVID ROMAN, bequeath to Ron Roman a pair of Nikes with no soles; to Jennifer Farro a smile; to Carol Martin, a Winchell's do-nut; to Denise Nakano, six more inches.

I, PATTY RUNSTADLER, bequeath to Diane and Sue, the three B's (Beach, Booze and Boys); to Kelley, the two D's; and Seri, a horthorney; to Kathy, good luck with Dennis and many happy years.

I, CHUCK SALAH, bequeath to all my teachers seven more students like me; to Ron Zalk, 55 cents and a few more curls; to Mestemacher, two wheels; to Fred Theime, an air bubble; to Lohmann, the entire Nazi party; to Vitanza, another "Añora Clase."

I, MICHAEL SAWI, bequeath to Denise Nakano, my sweet and innocence; Marlys Serra, my

shyness; Mr. Baer, a bit of trust and Mr. O, my cans of Spam from last year. The rest of Ridge, a peace of understanding and rowdiness.

I, SARAH SCHROEDER, bequeath to Roger, my car; Skip, a banana split; Jeff, 25 points each game next year; Colleen, food to feed Tiffany forever; Erica, some shrinking potion; Robin, Winchell's; Natalie, another Beach Boys concert; Katie, a second one; Scott, a map to First Court.

I, DUANE WILLIAM SHEWAGA, bequeath to Becky McLeod, the Current; to next year's newspaper staff and Mrs. Bidwell, a Shewagan joke book; to the new student government, my hopes and a S.A.B.E. pamphlet; to Mr. Kim, my Ronald Reagan fan club membership cards; to Mr. Passantino, my "Principal Rights Handbook: and back issues of Highs; to Mr. Buchser, my vandalized locker; to Amy Johnson, my body buried away in the time capsul; to the rest of Peterson I give them a snicker...look at what being an Editor-in-Chief can do for you...an 88 word will!!!

I, TONY SILVERA, bequeath to my brother my real and very new accumulated apathy; to Rick Johnson, the phrase "real and very new" to Mr. Fredenberg, real and very new conservatism; and to Mr. Kim, a real and very new copy of the Communist Manifesto.

I, RICHARD STEELE, bequeath to Lora all my love next year; to Rick Johnson, the privilege to spread the gospel of BDM; to Parsons, yet another real and

very new pair of glasses; to Paris, a real and very new bass to replace the irreplaceable.

I, SUSAN STOCKWELL, bequeath to Mark Nardini all my "revelations" and radical words; to Nancy Naughton all my cute boy friends; to Noreen and Bobby all my love and friendship forever.

I, RICK SEEGER, bequeath to Stever, her own car; to Stu, a keg of Michelob; to Rachel, a free lunch at Taco Bell; to J.R. M.III, a girl to add to his collection of 99; to Sue, good times with Letticia.

I, BOB SHATTUCK, bequeath to everyone the knowledge that they may one day say, "I knew him."

I, GARY SHEFFIELD, bequeath to Bill Pecota a ride to see Teddy; to Chuck Wright and John Tarabini my skills in slam dunking.

I, SCOTT SHIELDS, leave to the class of '78, '79, and '80 honest relationships and friendship on meaning; to the students who care, hope for the future; to John, a gir; to anyone who wants her, my sister!







I, MICHAEL SWALLEY, being of insane mind and unsound body, being totally incapable to possess, much less bequeath, my worldly goods, make the following divisions of my wealth; to Becky Motes, a de-jinxed locker; the Current staff, analysis; Scott, all my worldly knowledge and experience with the weaker sex; to Mr. Julian, H.A.L.; to Donna Thompson, peaceful deadlines; to Sue, a bus rout; easy entertainment, Hungry's, all my free time, and plenty of love. Being editor of these wills has its advantages. Imagine that, a 92 word will!!!!

I, CHRIS THOMPSON, bequeath to Ann my dirty screens; to Teresa a drunk Larry; to Larry, a load- to Geek, a belt in the mouth; to ... an Ulwell-ing voo-doo doll (complete with pins); to Peterson, nothing.

I, GLORIA VALDES, bequeath to Rosemary Tapia all the BAD Low-riders that come. I also leave Rosemary a locker all to herself; April, Gloria, Margarita, lots of fun in your junior and senior years; to all the Chicanos of Peterson, better luck with the club.

I, MICHELE J. VANREMORTEL, bequeath to Rose, my rear view mirror; to Steph, Seran wrap and self control; to D.J., whipped cream and donuts (YUM!!); to Mark and Lisa, watermelons and cantelopes; to Mr. Paris, my diets, my body and my love; to Elaine, LUSH!!! To Vicki and Tom, training wheels for their canoe. Tally ho, Lisa, I leave you Cardinal Huffs, Teenager Telephones and my love and friendship forever.

I, KAREN WHITE, bequeath to Tracy and Hooter our suggestion envelope; to Liza a quart of the bull; to Rich Thomas a can of Vegetarian Vegetable Soup; to Marianne a star; to Julie, anything I can; and to all, PARTY HARTY!

I, TRACEY WIDMER, bequeath to Mary a 6'4" basketball player; Maureen, 600 halter tops; to Jenny, a sunset at the beach; to Susie, a padlock for her glove compartment; to Cathy, a life supply of ice cream; to Mary, good times with Jeff and all the luck and happiness she deserves.

I, JUSTINE WILSON, bequeath to Gidget Harris a pair of 8" platforms so she'll be able to look at everyone at least face to shoulder; to Mr. Julian, a dozen pens for his students who insist on bringing pencils to class.

I, LESLI WILLIAMS, bequeath to Robin one deluxe set of Paul Newman and Robert Redford; my other half, two years and an A-frame; Uncle Fred, lots of appreciative gigglers to laugh at his jokes; to Lisa, lots of help; Robert, eternal boyhood; Peterson, I gladly leave.

I, GLEN WILLIAMSON, bequeath to Marybeth, two lost tennis balls; to Mr. Moghtader, my torn, ink-stained "stash bag" locker; to Mr. Graves, I leave the nonexistent drama department; to Mr. Hamm, my senior year; to Gay Lohmann, Peer's onion, Dysart's sharp chain, and Moritz' Marked Man. Thewy!

I, JUDEE WINDERS, bequeath to Barbara Ulmer, all of my info about Barry Manilow's needle-pointing friend and her brother;

to Lisa Essenmacher, five inches of height; to Frau Lohmann, all of my unpublished melodramatic stories; to Mr. Irvine, my sisie; to Mrs. Suzuki, my appreciation.

I, GARY WRIGHT, bequeath to James Hayner a pair of shoes with no laces to tie, to Gene Garcia a new Tonka Toy to drive with a booster seat. To Mr. Fredenberg a baby bronze golf tee to suck on.

I, MERRIANNE YEE, bequeath to Anna my banana tree and my litter of 20 cute adorable kittens to Denise, ankle insurance for her 6-inch clogs, to Cindy my 50-inch diameter lollipop and to the rest of my friends, the will to make it through school.

I, KELLEY YORK, bequeath to Sue, Diane, and Patty the 3 B's, to Seri, eternal hominess. To Terry and Daryl many nights of L.V. with R.S., To Donald love and happiness wherever he goes. To friends, memories of the good times.

I, FREEMAN L. YOUNG, bequeath to Debbie a moustache, to my brother Ernie, my M.B.R. tent and chemistry notebook to Mr. Baer, I leave my double player. And to anyone planning on taking Mr. Parsons... Good Luck!

I, RON L. ZALK (Baretto), bequeath to the parking lot and the field a public rolling machine and paper, ransid bong hits, to all the foxes at school my love and then some, and last but not least all my love to Vicki Fisher.

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 A MAD BOMBER PRODUCTION  
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