



Jean Smyth



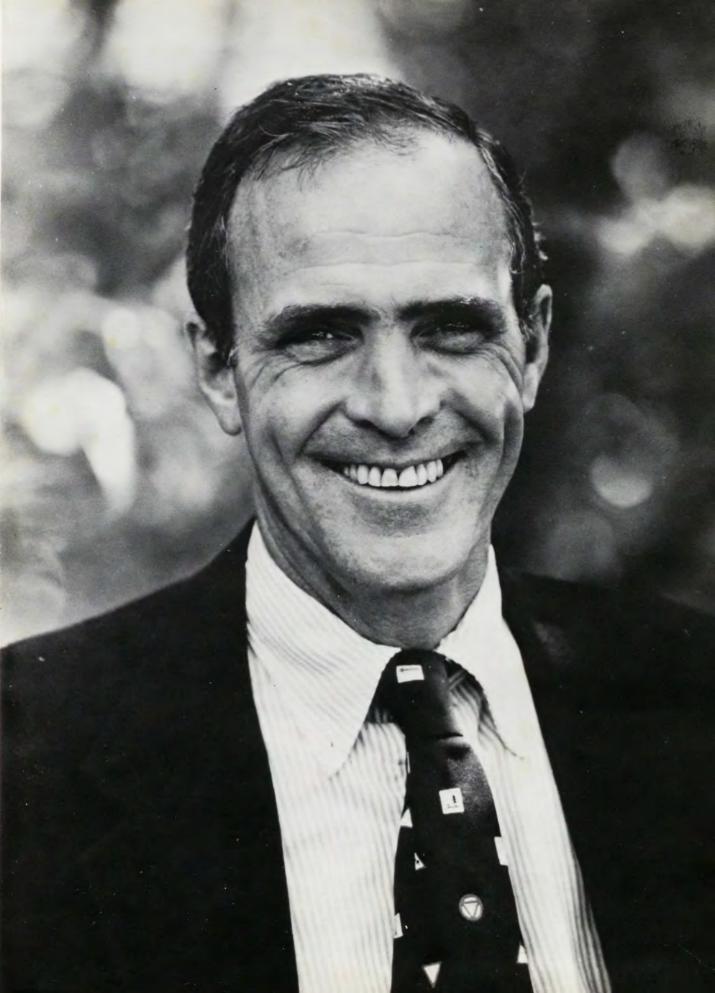
LINK '75

Marget Jacobus
Brad Marcus
Kathy Burks
Susi Vaughan
Chuck Segal
Yuki Moore
Grayson Ferrante
Marjie Williams
Dich Gordon
Janet Rassweiler
Gay Wilmerding
Anne Russell
Caron Cadle
Bob Denby
Phil van Dusen



Phil vanDusen

You knew the importance of a word of encouragement or praise for each, and you knew how to give it; you understood our need for realistic advice, and you gave it when it was asked; most of all, you saw in us what we didn't see in ourselves, and gave us the precious gift of self-esteem.



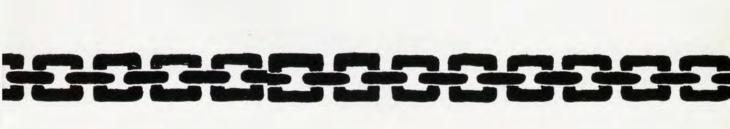








eesiniorsee







Shawn W. Ellsworth

I stood still and was a tree amid the wood, Knowing the truth of things unseen before; Of Daphne and the Laurel bow And that God-fearing couple old That grew elm-oak amid the wold. 'Twas not until the gods had been Kindly entreated, and been brought within Unto the hearth of their heart's home That they might do this wonder thing; Nathless I have been a tree amid the wood. And many a new thing understood That was rank folly to my head before.

Ezra Pound

Washington + Lec



Bill McClellan

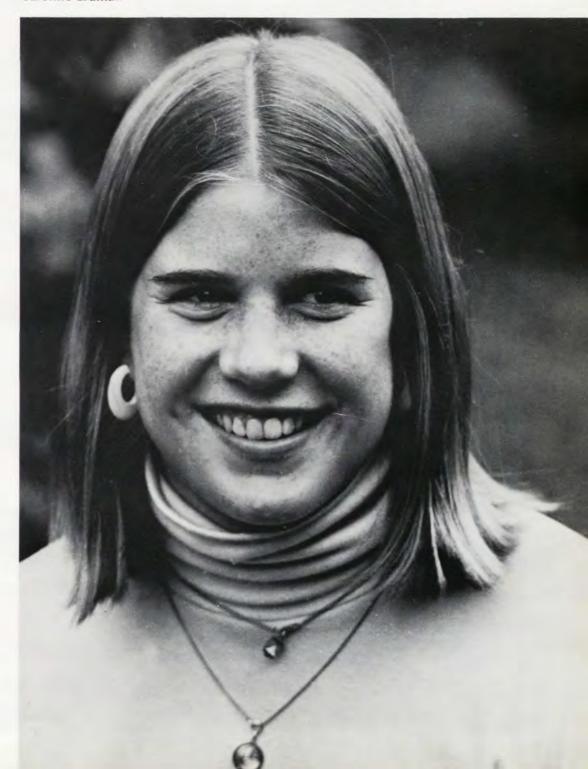
It was raining that night as I remember, I sat at the bar watching the tube, when all of a sudden the door swung open. A hush covered the place as the stranger rolled in. It was Billy Mac. He took off his shades and sat down. After a couple of brews the match would start. I let the Big Mac break. The balls flew in all different directions. A man stood in the way of Mac's shot, so Mac picked him up and threw him across the room. After a stunning victory at Billiards Big Mac drank with me for a while. We got the munchies a little later and headed for Gino's.

"Nice? It's the only thing," said the Water Rat solemnly, as he leant forward for his stroke. "Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats." "Simply messing" he went on dreamily: "messing-about-in—boats; messing—"

William Smith

Kenneth Grahame

Caroline Erdman



... and so ther ain't nothing more to write about and I am rotten glad of it, because if I'd 'a' knowed what a trouble it was to make a book I wouldn't 'a' tackled it, and ain't agoing to no more. But I reckon I got to light out for the territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize me, and I can't stand it. I been there before.

Mark Twain

Judith MacLean Goeke



Colorado



Dan Edward Eagle

The people dreamed and fought and slept as much as ever. And by habit they shortened their thoughts so that they would not wander out into the darkness beyond tomorrow.

Carson McCullers
The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter

Muhlenberg

Eddas Bennett

I often think of the day
When I could see
Everyday things
Like trees and cars and
Kids playing games.
When I could hear
The noise of rush hour
The baby cry or just
Another's voice.

or

Dorgmonth

When I could smell
Freshly cut grass and
The sweetness of spring rain.
When I could feel
The sun glowing
On my bare back or that
Someone loved me.

I often think of the day-



When I have
With a "Ten" in my hand
No place to go
No one to care
I shall return
Again and again
To stay for life!

Those baseball cards, they've all been flipped.
That fastball it's just lost its zip.

From A.B.C. to Cook A.A.
From Junior II to Princeton Day.
You did your work but never
tried.

You did just enough to get by.

Those blitzing time before each game.

I knew you had those hunger pains.

All the nights we had to hitch home.

Cursing all the drivers who were all alone.

And next year when you're at Rutgers U.

You'll miss those times and so will Moo.

Fingernails bit have all been shed.

Your future life yet to be read, could be mellow or could be dead, depends on what you'd die for.

So when you're not young but made all your gold and if I'm standing out in the freezing cold looking brash, looking bold "Just stone me into my soul"

Nicholas John Brady

Temple

Glen Russo



As the soft yield of water cleaves obstinate stone So to yield with life solves the insoluble: To yield, I have learned, is to come back again. But this unworded lesson, This easy example, Is lost upon men.

Bucknell

Livy Delafield





Marcia Judith Weiner

Don't let us look around. Don't let us search and press ourselves to discover **their** reasons until our brows are crinkled with new doubt. It is not cheap or dirty or ugly. It's beautiful. They don't know us. They don't understand us. But they will talk and their talk will hurt. The insecurity and guilt feelings will fade because we have looked into our minds' eye and discovered the truth. We have traveled far beyond them. It is society that has wronged us. We haven't wronged society. It is society that must change—not us. Let us float ahead, float away. Let us float to a land suffused in Shelley's azure light of love and intelligence. Let us forget the pointed eyes and the twisted smiles. Gliding upon our spaceplane of self-realization, we can see that they aren't important, aren't real—they don't matter. There is only you and me.



Doug Robinson

Doringer

Freedom is a hard-bought thing—A gift no man can give.
For some, a way of dying,
For most, a way to live.

Jessamyn West

Love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours, even in a poorhouse. The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the almshouse as brightly as from the rich man's abode.

Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads.

Sandra Jean Lamb



Pozzo: (who hasn't listened.) Ah yes! The night. (He raises his head.) But be a little more attentive, for pity's sake, otherwise we'll never get anywhere. (He looks at the sky.) Look! (All look at the sky except Lucky who is dozing off again. Pozzo jerks the rope.) Will you look at the sky, pig! (Lucky looks at the sky.) Good, that's enough. (They stop looking at the sky.) What is there so extraordinary about it? Qua sky. It is pale and luminous like any sky at this hour of the day. (Pause.) In these latitudes. (Pause.) When the weather is fine. (Lyrical.) An hour ago (he looks at his watch, prosaic) roughly (lyrical) after having poured forth even since (he hesitates, prosaic) say ten o'clock in the morning (lyrical) tirelessly torrents of red and white light it begins to lose its effulgence, to grow pale (gesture) pale, ever a little paler until (ample gesture) pppfff! finished! it comes to rest. But-(hand raised in admonition)-but behind this veil of gentleness and peace night is charging (vibrantly) and will burst upon us (snaps his fingers) pop! like that! (his inspiration leaves him) just when we least expect it. (Silence. Gloomily.) That's how it is on this bitch of an earth.

Samuel Beckett

Marita Sturken



Cars)



Colorado

Lilly Frey

i had a dream that the cook leaned & shook his fist over the balcony & said yes to the people ves the people & he said this to the people "I want four cups of stormtroopera tablespoon of catholic-five hideous paranoidssome water buffalo-a half-pound of communistsix cups of rebel-two cute atheistsa quart bottle of rabbi-one teaspoon of bitter liberal-some anti-birth tabletsthree-fourths black nationalistsome mogen david capitalists & and a whole lot of people with extra money" then the cook's helper appeared & cleared his throat & then he said to the people yes the people "also we'd like a mocking bird & some maids in milking-some college students & a drenched hentwo turtle doves & a partridge & a gin & a pear tree" i awoke from this dream in a state of fright-then jumped out of bed & ran for the kitchen-crashed thru the door & slammed on the light/fell on my bended knees & thanked God that there was nothing new in the ice-box

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

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance sun,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it.

Rudyard Kipling



Cindy Brooks





Anne Tate and Andy Williams - Phil, College of Cut

Parts of New Jersey, as you know, are under water, and other parts are under continual surveillance by the authorities. But here and there lie patches of garden country dotted with old-fashioned frame mansions, which have wide shady porches and a red swing on the lawn. And perhaps, on the widest and shadiest of the porches there is even a hammock left over from the hammock days, stirring gently in a Victorian wind.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

I do my thing and you do your thing
I am not in this world to live up to your expectations
and you are not in this world
to live up to mine.
You are you
and I am I
and if by chance we find each other—
IT'S BEAUTIFUL

Frederick S. Perls

Muhlenberg

Abigail Chilton





Thomas Toth

Harvard

Endurance of friendship does not depend Upon ourselves, but upon circumstance. But circumstance is not undetermined.

T.S. Eliot

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away,
While the faeries dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air:
For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
"When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
The lonely of heart is withered away!"

W.B. Yeats

Molly Moynahan





R.I. School of Design

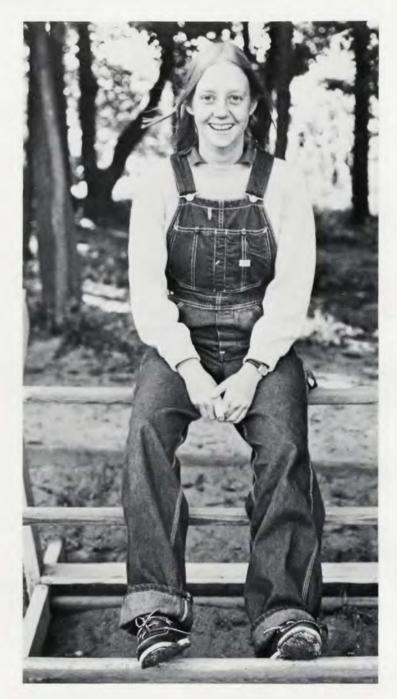
Lourie Savage

What happens when the answers they give you aren't good enough
What happens when it rains for eight days on your week off
You know you can't buy tomorrow—no

It's all a matter of opening up your eyes and looking around.

Cause it's all there—it's all there
I said takin' the sunshine in.

James Taylor



Molly Sword

Denison

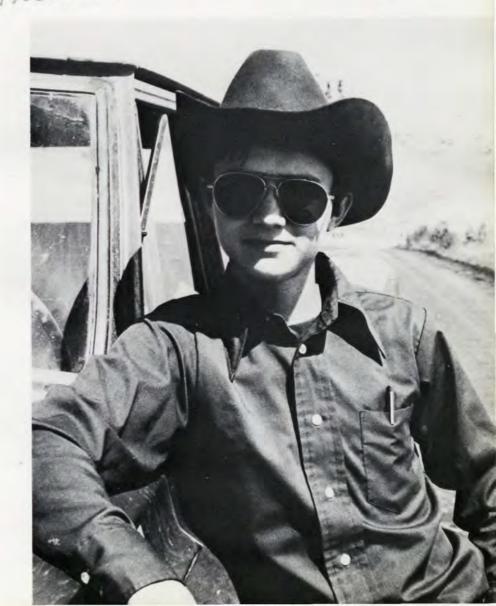
You've got to
Live a little, love a little
Cry a little, try a little
Harder and you'll find
It's not so hard loving me.

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever—
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet or whether we part
(For our ways are past our knowing),
A pledge from the heart to its fellow heart.
On the ways we all are going!
Here's luck!
For we know not where we are going.

Richard Hovey

Princiton

Jack Bonini



I saw a man pursuing the horizon; Round and round they sped. I was disturbed at this; I accosted the man. "It is futile", I said, "You can never—"

"You lie", he cried, And ran on.

Stephen Crane

Charlie Lifland



As long as I live
I shall always be
Myself—and no other.
Just me.

Walter de la Mare

Rollins



Tina Pritchard

After the raging tornado had flung the twirling house to the ground, the excited little munchkins crept timidly forward. Was what they expected really going to happen? Was their beloved leader finally returning? The silence was unbearable.

A minute later, the stillness was disrupted. The front door of the house was apparently jammed, because someone inside was wrestling madly with it. A muffled voice could be heard yelling,

"Okay gang, the joke's over, open up."

The little people gave puzzled looks to each other. That voice did not sound like the voice of their prince. For months, he had been off in the "other world" experiencing the strange, mysterious life of the big people. But perhaps he had changed. Could the inhabitants of the "other world" have caused his gentle voice to become carefree and higher pitched? Countless anxious munchkin eyes stared inquisitively at the rattling front door, but no one moved a muscle.

"I said, the joke's over! Ha-Ha very funny!! Would ya open the door ... please? Listen, this is enough, OPEN ..." Suddenly the door burst inwards and a loud crash could be heard from within the house. Then a small figure, who seemed to be composed entirely of ground length brown hair, rushed out of the door quite enraged.

"Ha Ha! Well, see I got out ..." Pushing her hair from her face, Suzanne glanced around her. Her disbelief caused her to crinkle up her brow in quite a comical fashion. For moments there was a suspenseful silence.

Days later, an infectuous laughter could be heard coming from a grand munchkin house. Around a little munchkin table, which was laid with little munchkin treats, sat the unexpected visitor and some high munchkin officials. The visitor's laughter caused all in munchkin land to be merry and forget their worries. Life had been light and happy since Suzanne had arrived. The big question of what she was

going to do was on the lips of all in the land. Would she take over the job of princess since their prince had vanished?

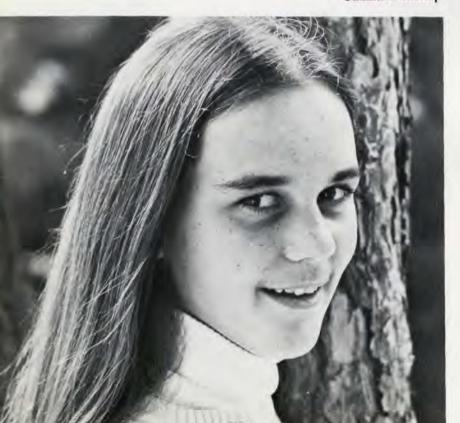
The laughter subsided, and Suzanne began to speak.

"Well even though I don't know how I got here, or where 'here' is-I like it around this place." She paused and everyone held their breath.

"And I think I'll stay!"

Demison

Suzanne Bishop





Anne Russell

Born with the gift of laughter and the sense that the world was mad.

Rafael Sabatini
Princeton

Those eyes the greenest of things blue The bluest of things gray.

Algernon Charles Swinburne

Roll: 15

Lisa Mittnacht





Ralph Brown

St. Lawrence

One wave, in the evening, larger than the others that had threatened all day—one such as sailors call "fine weather seas"—broke over the sloop fore and aft. It washed over me at the helm, the last that swept over the **Spray** off Cape Horn. It seemed to wash away old regrets. All my troubles were now astern; summer is ahead; all the world is again before me. The wind was even literally fair. My "trick" at the wheel was now up, and it was 5 p.m.

Joshua Slocum



William &

Susi Vaughan

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me As I gaze upon the sea! All the old romantic legends, All my dreams come back to me.

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I can see very well.
There's a boat on the reef with a broken back,
And I can see it very well.
There's a joke, and I know it very well,
It's one of those that I told you long ago.
Take my word I'm a madman don't you know.

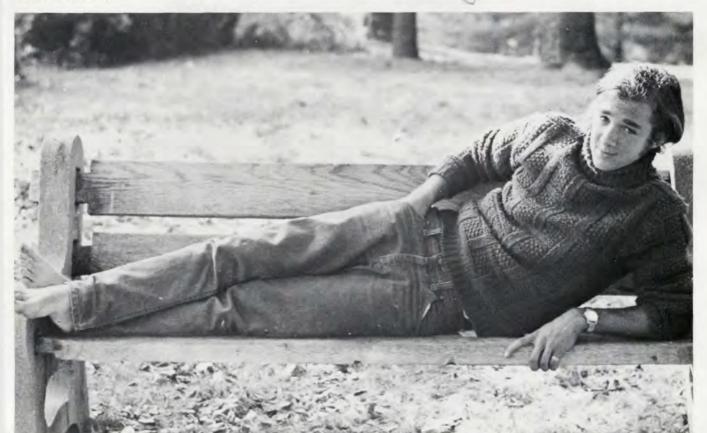
Once a fool had a good part in the play, If it's so would I still be here today? It's quite peculiar in a funny sort of way, They think it's very funny everything I say. Get a load of him, he's so insane You'd better get your coat, dear It looks like rain.

We'll come again next Thursday afternoon.
The inlaws hope they'll see you very soon.
But is it in your conscience that you're after
Another glimpse of the Madman Across the Water?

Bernie Taupin

Trinity

David Beckwith





Carlleen Miller

Pennsylvania

Whenever I go there everything is changed

The stamps on the bandages the titles Of the professors of water

The portrait of Glare the reasons for The white mourning

In new rocks new insects are sitting
With the lights off
And once more I remember that the beginning

Is broken

No wonder the addresses are torn

To which I make my way eating the silence of animals Offering snow the darkness

Today belongs to few and tomorrow to no one

W.S. Merwin

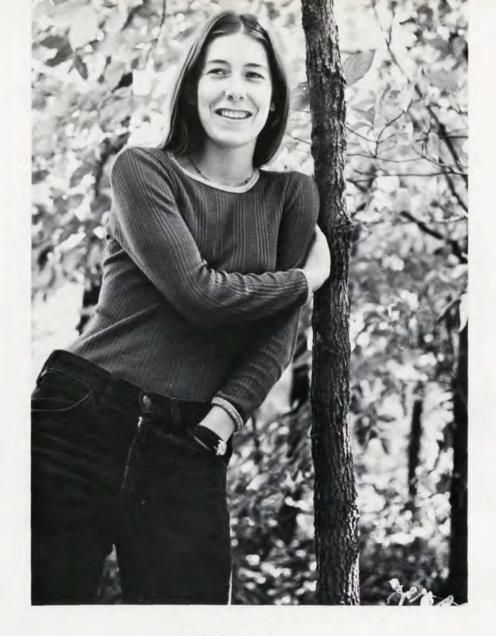
It is youth's felicity as well as its insufficiency that it can never live in the present, but must always be measuring up the day against its own radiantly imagined future—flower and gold, girls and stars, they are only prefigurations and prophecies of that incomparable, unattainable young dream.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Princeton

Mary Kuser Lane





Elizabeth Dowey

What are you doing in the chimney with your hat on watching night slay the dragon

Elaine Schwager

Music is playing inside my head Over and over and over again My friend there's no end to the music Ah, summer is over But the music keeps playing And won't let the cold get me down.

Carole King

Occidental

Elliot Pilshaw





On ne voit bien qu'avec le coeur. L'essentiel est invisible pour les yeux.

Antoine de Saint-Exupery

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined" is my motto, whether there's any dance to dance or any joy to unconfine.

Mark Twain

connecticut

Amy Stover



Hark, the voice of a pheasant Has swallowed the wide field At a gulp

Yamei

Bard

Eve Cagen





Ken Yamamoto

AFS

April come she will when streams are ripe and swelled with rain, May she will stay resting in my arms again.

June she'll change her tune in restless walk she'll prowl the night, July she will fly and give no warning to her flight.

August die she must the autumn winds blow chilly and cold, September I'll remember a love once new has now grown old.

Paul Simon

When something amused her, she smiled easily. Life was good. She could hardly wait to see what was going to happen next.

apologies to Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

Ellen Albert





Prenenton

Kathy Burks

The sun was shining as brightly as ever and a soft breeze swept gently across the pink Bermuda sands. A small girl with strawberry blonde hair and freckles skipped along the beach, occasionally stopping to pick up an unusually pretty shell that caught her eye. The softness of the sand cushioned her feet as she ran toward the ocean's edge and jumped lightly over a breaking wave. The water cooled her feet and the waves bounced playfully against her body. She turned briefly to look at the beach and then skipped joyfully into the waves, her blonde hair shining in the sunlight and her blue eyes sparkling as she laughed.



Vassar

Chris Cragg

Mere life is a luxury, and the color of the grass, of the flowers, of the sky, the wind in the trees, the outlines of the horizon, the forms of clouds, all give a pleasure as exquisite as the sweetest music to the ear famishing for it.

Twain and Warner

Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with ever-growing insistency . . .

Daniel H. Burnham

Carnegu- Mellon

Tim Fabian





Marjorie Williams

Radelike

Four be the things I am wiser to know: Idleness, sorrow, a friend and a foe. Four be the things I'd been better without: Love, curiosity, freckles and doubt.

Dorothy Parker

Rochester Inst. of Tech.

This is the famous Budweiser beer. We know of no brand produced by any other brewer which costs so much to brew and age. Our exclusive Beechwood Aging produces a taste, a smoothness and a drinkability you will find in no other beer at any price.

Dich Gordon





Nancy Paine

Washington I sit not alone, but with my closest friend. I listen quietly as the peaceful hum of its moving body Glides gently towards me and swirls about my hands and feet. But for a few seconds it is bubbling, white.

And then it glides gently away Leaving me there in amazement with its natural beauty. As quickly as it had gone,

It came back to me.

Such a loyal one is my friend.

Vassar

Every man is more than just himself; he also represents the unique, the very special and always significant and remarkable point at which the world's phenomena intersect, only once in this way and never again.

Hermann Hesse

Alexandra M.R. Lehmann



Walk together, Talk together.

Sayonara

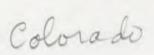
Radclife

Yuki Moore





Sally Wright



The true harvest of my daily life is somewhat as intangible and indescribable as the tints of morning or evening. It is a little stardust caught, a segment of the rainbow which I have clutched.

Thoreau

What might have been is an abstraction Remaining a perpetual possibility Only is a world of speculation. What might have been and what has been Point to one end, which is always present ...

Descend lower, descend only
Into the world of perpetual solitude,
World not world, but that which is not world,
Internal darkness, deprivation
And destitution of all property,
Dessication of the world of sense,
Evaluation of the world of fancy,
Inoperancy of the world of spirit;
This is the one way, and the other
Is the same, not in movement
But absention from movement; while the world moves
In appetency, on its metalled ways
Of time past and time future.

T.S. Eliot

M. I.T.

Lars Selberg





Tthaca

John E. Brinster

J. Brin. sat in the cellar with the Mets on TV. Although the batter had just hit a home run, he was too engrossed in his game of gin rummy to notice. As he sipped his frozen Whisky Sour he could hear the clash of the pool balls hitting each other, and loud swearing afterwards. He knew no balls had gone in, and he laughed! There was a knock on the door and he reluctantly got up to answer it. It was the gang; they were inquiring into his absence from school that day. The people at the poker table leaped to their feet and the pool balls stopped clashing. J. Brin. just laughed and said, "I thought it was Saturday."

Eldorado

Gaily belight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—
'Shadow', said he,
'Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?'

'Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride',
The shade replied,—
'If you seek for Eldorado.'

Edgar Allan Poe



Jeff Streed

Stonford



Carl Briscoe

Dartmouth

You've Got A Friend
When you're down and troubled
And you need a helping hand,
Close your eyes and think of me
And soon I will be there to
Brighten up even your darkest night
You just call out my name
Winter, spring, summer, or fall
All you have to do is call
And I'll be there. You've Got A FRIEND.

Carole King

Smile Please
A smiling face is an earthlike star . . .
Don't mess up your face with bitter tears
'Cause life is going to be what it is.
We've had hard times and good times;
These were brighter days and there are brighter days ahead.
Please smile for me . . .

It was fun spending money in the sunlight of the foreign city, with healthy bodies under them that sent streams of color up to their faces; with arms and hands, legs and ankles that they stretched out confidently; reaching or stepping with the confidence of lovely women.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

arisona

Dawn Proctor





William Plapinger

Stanford

The time has come, I must be gone. It is time to leave the circus and circus days, The admissions, the menagerie, the drums, Excitements of disappointment and praise. In a suburb of the spirit I shall seize The steady and exalted light of the sun And live there, out of the tension that decays Until I become a man alone of noon.

John Berryman



Gay Wilmerding

Smile

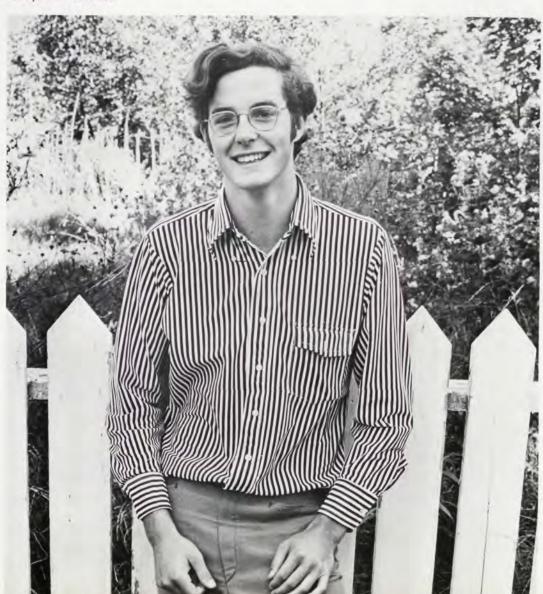
If people bring so much courage to this world the world has to kill them, so of course it kills them. The world breaks every one and afterward many are strong at the broken places. But those that will not break it kills. It kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially. If you are none of these you can be sure it will kill you too but there will be no special hurry.

Let us so to live that when we die even the undertaker will be sorry.

Mark Twain

Colorado

Grayson Ferrante



All over the world, people must meet and part, There's someone like me feeling the pain in their heart. Some may meet again under the same bright star It may be some night you come back from afar, Who cares if tonight I don't know where you are.

Simon Mok





Alison Hughes

Princeton

I am a sick man... I am a spiteful man. I am an unattractive man. I believe my liver is diseased.

Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Ilhaca

Moo Young

And we stumbled from the Alley, we tumbled down the walk. Towards the old blue chevy when He began to talk.

He said, "My name is Young and I'm mighty, but you can call me Moo. We're headed for the Elephant cause it don't close till two.

So we hung a left at Nassau, to the beat of boogie down. Then he roared right through a red light in the heart of town.

When he saw those red lights flashing he reached under the seat. Then passed around some glad bags and told us all to eat.

Well the squad car pulled us over and they gazed in the window at Moo. The first thing that the officer said was "What the hell are you?"

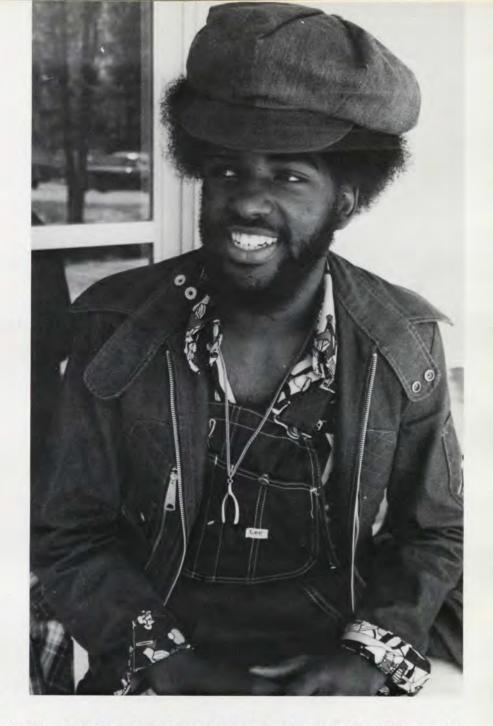
So he answered. "For what implies a neuter a better word is who. But if you are still wondering, most people call me Moo."

Well the officer he retreated and said that we could go. Moo just turned and smiled while rolling up his window.

And the moon shone on the spectra of the booze upon the floor. Moo reached down and passed it back to John and said "You look like you could use some more."

Nicholas John Brady





Keith André Thomas

Sophistication embedded in a mind of liberalistic thought. It shows, his thought, his actions, his will to do what you might not accept, but trust—show some respect. His stride, his glide, that air, his hair. His want to make, his destiny to do, Koolness from him descending upon you. Are you hearing what he's saying, jive thats him, but he's not playing his mood his thoughts are buried deep inside—his feelings aren't very well defined. His sometime sureness isn't out of conceit. He believes in himself and won't be downed or beat, and once again before he leaves, his comments are, "Walk softly, carry a big stick and let's have a little order please".

Hilary Winter

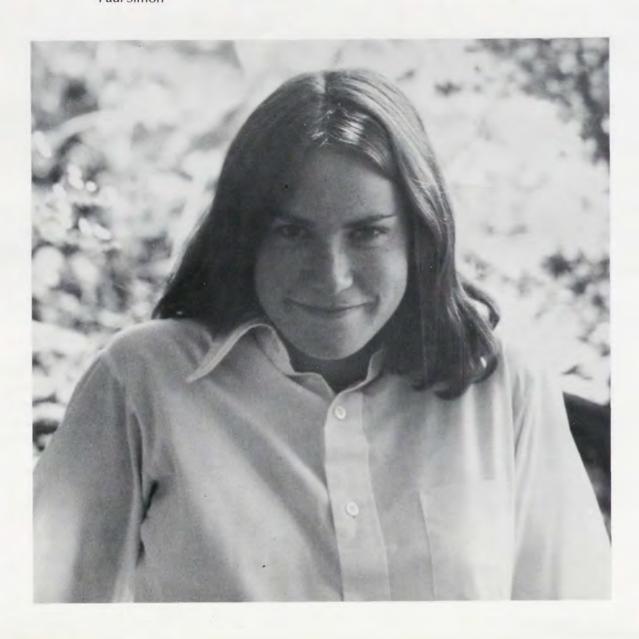
I'm nobody! Who are you? Are you nobody, too? How dreary to be somebody! How public, like a frog To tell your name the livelong day To an admiring bog!

Emily Dickinson

Time it was, And what a time it was.

Paul Simon







Julie Browder

I lit on a blade of grass. A tiny tiger with a flower between my teeth, in the land where everything that should be small, is big, and everthing that should be big, is small. And I've been here happily ever since. Where mushrooms are bigger than trees, where everyone is just himself, even me, a frivolous, tiny tiger in the grass. Where everything is turned around, and nothing is the way it should be, or the way it once was.

The car glided along Interstate 25 South toward Casper. It left the Interstate outside of Kaycee and followed a dirt road. After ten miles of dusty traveling, the car stopped. The driver got out and said, "So this is Hole in the Wall."

Clark

Bill Graff



Don't bother me now, I'm having a good time, and there's no beer in heaven.



Jody Myer

Crizona



Steve Mantell

Washington, D.C.—Presidential candidate Felix Mantell, at a press conference here made clear his stand on the controversial issues of this campaign. "I know I for one have been saddened by the terrible cost increases of ginger snaps. This means that we Americans will have to stop eating them. I know my dog, Menalaius, suffers, just like my wife Thelma and little Felix, too. The most crucial issues of this campaign as I see them are as follows: improving the quality of our professional and college football teams, relaxing the arms embargo against South Dakota, and helping to fight the rising cost of ginger snaps." After polls showed him to have a 34% lead over his nearest opponent, he was asked about what he would do when he moved into the White House. "Well," he said, "we really must do something about the pigeons who've been messing up the Executive Wing." Then without even bothering to say good-bye, he walked from the podium, kissed a few babies, and followed by his entourage, proceeded to their limousine.

I met a traveller from an antique land Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone Stand in the desert ... Near them, on the sand, Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown, And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command, Tell that its sculptor well those passions read Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things, The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed: And on the pedastal these words appear: 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: Look on my works, ye Mighty and despair!' Nothing beside remains. Round the decay Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Shelley

Northwestern

Chris Miller





Harvey Wiener

"... SCALPLE... BLOT... CLAMP... SUTURE... Nurse, don't sleep! This is the first complete cardiac arterial transplant ever performed on a human."

The chief surgeon is very tense. He is one of the best cardio-vascular surgeons in the world, also one of the youngest. Still, with each operation, no matter how many times he's done or thought about it, he is as tense as if he would be doing it for the first time.

"All right, doctors, thus far the operation has been a success. Let's close him up and call it a day."

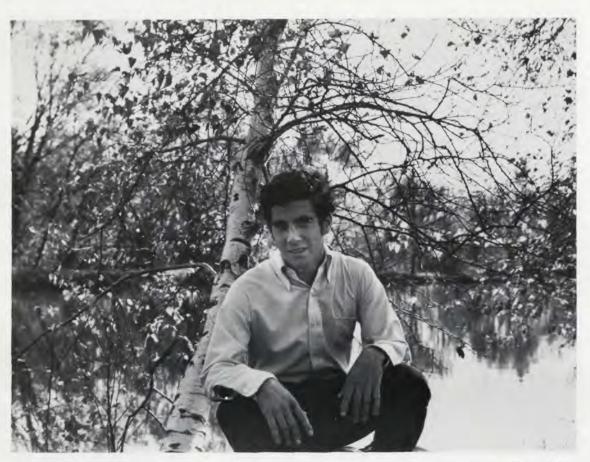
The patient is closed, and wheeled into the Intensive Care Unit. The doctors arrive in the scrub room, clean up, and change after their grueling nine-and-a-half hour operation. The chief surgeon is congratulated by doctors and nurses as he walks out of the hospital, ready for a night on the town.

There is a very delicate balance in life. To find it, we must be true to ourselves, but open to new perspectives. Live for yourself, but be candid and able to accept the ideas of others.

george Washington

Shelley Gordon





Gary Salup

"Gary, Gary, goddamit, where is that redheaded Salup kid?", said Captain Beefheart to his first mate. "He probably knows he's in trouble, sir" said the first mate. "Well" said Captain Beefheart, "The more I can't find him, the more I'll have to say to him when I see him". "There's that carrot top now" said the first mate to the captain. The captain said, "Salup, I want to talk to you now. I want you to get your hair cut and do your deck-swabbing duties tomorrow." But it was too late, Big Red was already through the hatch and on his way to town on his red rubber raft. He hadn't heard a word the captain said. When he came back from town the captain was ready with the Military Police. They put Salup under arrest. Red said, "But sir, I have permission from the Vice Admiral." Salup gave the captain the note and he was off again. The captain didn't even bother to read it or to chase the redheaded wanderer. I saw Salup later and I looked into his glistening eyes; the strange thing was, I knew he was trying to suppress a smile.

The skin he's in. The clothes he wears; the things people dare him to do. Oh! If he could do it all over again—but he doesn't because of the realization that he may never win. He's his own person, unable to adhere to your philosophy—telling his story fast, not letting his inevitable come to pass.

His mind like a balance, cradling his thoughts before transcending into his nowhere land of decision. Contemplating his every move he seeks to exhibit an air of sureness, not wanting even the slightest incident to cause suspicion to his ego.

Respect him and he'll respect you. Don't stab him in the back—he's all that he is, no more can he be. Every facet to his life is as thine are to thee.

Very well, have to know him like I know him, very well—hope that you get to know him, very well. Only then can you deal with everything going through his head.

Keith Thomas

Brad Devin Marcus



whether it is better to spend a life not knowing what you want or to spend a life knowing exactly what you want and that you will never have it

one of my hands was born in this kingdom and one in the other

Richard Shelton

Pennsylvania

Janet Quigley





James B. Meigs

It was a large hole. The sort of thing an animal about the size of a fox might have made.

James knelt down in front of it and poked his head and shoulders inside.

He crawled in:

"This isn't just a hole", he thought excitedly. "It's a tunnel!"

The tunnel was damp and murky, and all around him there was the curious, bittersweet smell of fresh peach. The floor was soggy under his knees, the walls were wet and sticky, and peach juice was dripping from the ceiling. James opened his mouth and caught some of it on his tongue. It tasted delicious.

He was crawling uphill now, as though the tunnel were leading straight toward the very center of the gigantic fruit. Every few seconds he paused and took a bite out of the wall. The peach flesh was sweet and juicy, and marvelously refreshing.

He crawled on for several more yards, and then suddenly—bang—the top of his head bumped into something extremely hard blocking his way.

"Good heavens!" he said, "I've come to the stone in the middle of the peach!"

Then he noticed that there was a small door cut into the face of the peach stone. He gave a push. It swung open. He crawled through it, and before he had time to glance up and see where he was, he heard a voice saying "Look who's here!" and another one said "We've been waiting for you!"

Upon the banks of the Nile at eventide, a hyena met a crocodile and they stopped and greeted one another.

The hyena spoke and said "How goes the day with you, sir?"

And the crocodile answered, saying "It goes badly with me. Sometimes in my pain and sorrow I weep, and then the creatures always say 'they are but crocodile tears!' And this wounds me beyond all telling".

Then the hyena said "You speak of your pain and sorrow, but think of me also, for a moment. I gaze at the beauty of the world, its wonders and its miracles, and out of sheer joy I laugh even as the day laughs. And then the people of the jungle say 'It is but the laughter of a hyena'".

Cathy Calcerano





Linda Jean Farlow

Let a smile be your umbrella and you'll enjoy getting soaking wet.

U. Wisconsin

Sorry my hut's so small; but you are free To do your jumping practice, Mr. Flea.

Issa

Smith

Janet Rassweiler





Emory

Paul Goldman

We squirmed along a narrow ledge called the Crawl and looked down through swirling clouds to tops of pine trees four thousand feet below. Driving pitons in meager cracks for rope protection, we walked along an outward-sloping edge called the Catwalk. Below us was an abyss filled with blowing snow and wind-torn clouds. There were no hand-holds so we had to stand upright and lean out against the wind for balance, to keep our felt-soled shoes clinging to the icy surface. We turned again toward the final pitch with more chimneys and more ledges.

Then suddenly we were above the clouds in the bright sunlight. We unroped and wallowed through the last snow-covered boulders. Clouds were flowing over the passes, milling around lesser peaks below, the wind was howling and frost crystals were growing out of the rocks. But we had made it and were standing on top of the world, warm, comfortable, and victorious.



Shidmore Shidmore

there she is walking alone along the twilight shore she used to walk with him now she holds hands with yesterday exchanges feather soft kisses with a Hunter's moon and rests her ear against the collar of the wind listening to it whisper about carefree days stirring warm memories that comfort her loneliness

Fred Bauer

in just spring when the world is mudluscious the little lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddieandbill come running from marbles and piracies and it's spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer old balloonman whistles

far and wee and bettyandisbal come dancing

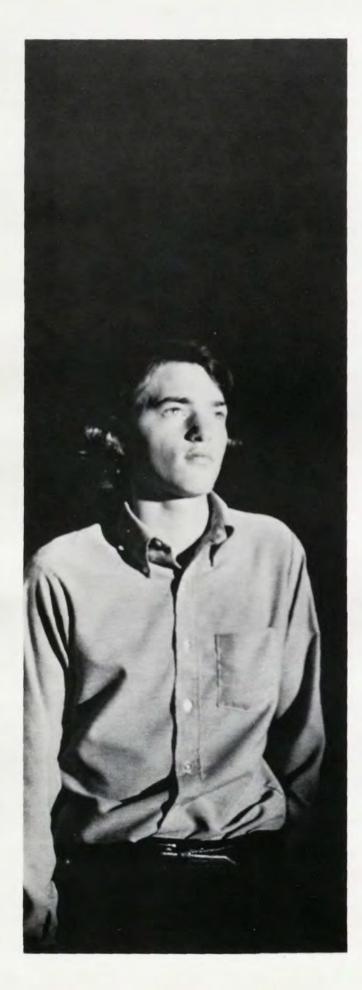
from hop-scotch and jump-rope and it's spring and the goat-footed balloon Man whistles far and wee

e.e. cummings

Brown

Ruth Barach





Midrigan

Robert Gordenker

Somebody said that it couldn't be done, But he with a chuckle replied That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.



Stephanie Mezey

Listen. It is night in the chill, squat chapel, hymning in bonnet and brooch and bambazine black, butterfly choker and bootlace bow, coughing like nanny goats, sucking mintoes, fortywinking hallelujah; It is tonight in Donkey Street, trotting silent, with seaweed on its hooves along cockled, past curtained fernpot, text and trinket, harmonium, holy dresser, watercolours done by hand, china dog and rosey tin teacaddy. It is

night

reddying among snuggeries of babies.

Dylan Thomas



Sandi Davies

Serison

The only limit to life is time. The man who wastes it worrying about the future, accomplishes little in the present. If you plan your future, you will only be disappointed when you fail to live up to your expectations.

Be a child. Try to get everthing you can lay your hands on. When you get a strong hold on something good, don't lose your grip trying to reach the stars; you will surely miss and fall back where you started. Instead, have the best time you can with what you have, and wait until something a bit better comes within easy reaching distance. Then snatch it, before it passes you by.

words (always silently loudly) speak on the yellowed pages

I am fascinated.

Emerging serene from the shroud of time they murmur quietly. Let us listen ... The 1975 Plymouth all new improved Curity tape-tabs soak up 15% more moisture please don't squeeze the Charmin ...

... to the intriguing philosophies and thoughts of the mysterious long ago and unknown now Which sit ignored.

Be quiet, World! you will miss them

shhhh ...

Bryn Hawr

Nadine Sobolevitch





Amy Ahrens

In the desert
I saw a creature, naked, bestial,
Who, squatting upon the ground,
Held his heart in his hands,
And ate of it.
I said, "Is it good, friend?"
"It is bitter—bitter," he answered;
"But I like it
Because it is bitter,
And because it is my heart."

Stephen Crane

Putting one's head under the focusing cloth is a thrill . . . To pivot the camera slowly around Watching the image change on the ground glass is a revelation, One becomes a discoverer . . . and finally the complete image is there . . .

Edward Weston

Wesleyan

Chuck Segal



Many seek happiness higher than man; others beneath him. But happiness is the same height as man.

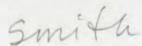
Confucius Radeli He

Alison Hopfield





Marget Jacobus



Press On

Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education alone will not; the world is full of educated derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent.



John Joyce

Every man should be outstanding in his own field.

Come In

As I came to the edge of the woods, Thrush music—hark! Now if it was dusk outside, Inside it was dark.

Too dark in the woods for a bird By sleight of wing To better its perch for the night, Though it still could sing.

The last of the light of the sun That had died in the west Still lived for one song more In a thrush's breast.

Far in the pillared dark
Thrush music went—
Almost like a call to come in
To the dark and lament.

But no, I was out for stars: I would not come in. I meant not even if asked, And I hadn't been.

Robert Frost

Kirkland

Sally Schluter



if the end brings me out alright, what is said against me won't amount to anything Lincoln

Floridae

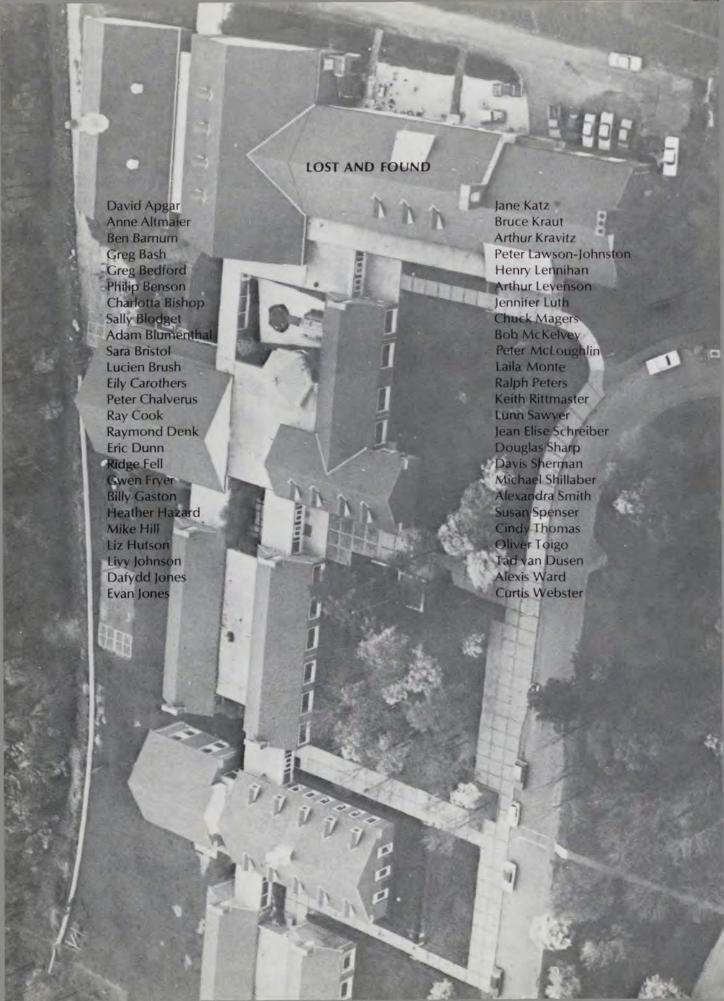
Lucy Gorelli





Pink sand motor bikes Mermaid Beach BERMUDA hehigh

Alexandra Shoemaker



Remember ...

Kindergarten in the basement at Miss Fine's, Mrs. Finch with her pilot and co-pilot, Mrs. Kane and her Cuisenair Rods for math, then starting late in an unfinished school, Mrs. Jansen spanking Rusty, Grayson's shorts, even for skating, milk and cookies, parties for any occasion in Mrs. Jansen's class with Marjie's spice cake, Thanksgiving assembly in the theatre, Hallowe'en parade, class trip to Philadelphia, 4 by IV. Graduation from lower school to Mr. Merle-Smith and Mrs. Peck and "dress down" days, pink slips to go anywhere, discovering the power of charging at the bookstore, "Chop Chin and the Golden Dragon", in which the bed collapsed on Chris, who dissolved into hysterics; to Mrs. Conroy and her fanatic gestures ("where on God's green earth did you get that answer"), gym southern style with Miss Penny, Love and Sex in Plain Language with Mrs. Stricker and Mr. Hillman, "tapestries" with Miss Drane, Mr. Fifer and his music tests, Gymkhana, all the girls trying to have the same handwriting; to Lars' petition, switching names on Mr. Hoyt, Sally Schluter: "Two times two times two? ... Uh ... two!" Gettysburg, seventh grade capture-the-flag, the treasure hunt; to Mrs. Vogt, who read "Evangeline" and "Bernice Bobs Her Hair", and told us how to sit like ladies, "The Drunkard", IPS, where Eric and Livy made bombs and fire extinguishers, "Ye Gods", in which Billy Plapinger had all the good entrances and the boys had to wear funny little tunics, eighth grade dance, ski trip where Bill Graff broke his leg. And finally into Upper School, with Mr. Buttenheim and his extensions, Cloud nine, Tad in the dining hall telling us to SHUT UP, Godspell, "Bible" with Mr. Reimers and Mr. Conway, English journals, disaster drill; with the bomb scare, Sunfish Pond and our luck for rainy trips, Alison getting picked for Skylab, patchwork pillows, paper flowers, Jeff drowning Mr. Cool, tenth grade dance, Mr. Jones' class with tenpointers and "trixie", the first time with Project USE; with Blairstown and more rain, Spam and Tuna Helper, psat's, initiation with Mr. Gregory, Junior prom, beach parties at Susi's, flea market, Mr. Pav., lunch cuts, Yuki: "I'm selling ads for the Link . . .", applications, April 15, "I know it's going to rain on commencement night" ...

	Found	Evokes	Wears	Lost Without	Consumes	Bête Noire
Suzanne		a little fox	sweaters and aponytail	to laugh at!	lemon drops	pajamas i vegetables
Ellen	alittlecrazy	the Good Witch of the North	cordurous	her telephone	licorice	being disorganized
Gary	testifying	the "Big Red" Brillo Pad	funky clothes	his license	gasoline	occifers
Anne	on the field	clumsiness	cordurays	something to laugh af!	peak-freens	dieting
Linda	most everywhere	u singing sparrow	booties to bed	bangles	Brandy Alexandar	popauizzes
Glen	in the attic	Sandy Koufax	asmile	goalie net	baked ziti	Devito
Caron	typing the Observer	amother hen	her German Army medals	books and Eaton's Corrasable Bond	wild boar	mayonnaise and "content"
Cindy	in the Learning Center	Heavy Traffic	cruddy dogs		Marcia's broccoli rasberry ice cream	Glee Club
Chris C.	with a joke	laughter	overalls	4711	nothing	Pickles
Abi	at the shore	root canal	jewelry that Danny made	fireman's pole	raisins	Gyongyi's condition
John B.	in Marquand	disorganization	baggy pants	his hat	Winstons	Mr. Packard
Dan	notalways	ascarecrow	frye boots	Good-Time Charlie's	very little	gorillas
Tina	in the Second Grade	a toy poodle	the latest fashions	her whistle	coffee cakes	bruised ankles
David	flexing with Grayson		disgusting shoes	weekend trips	Sunday mornings	stereotypes
Judith	out in the stix	Gloria Steinem	foxy clothes	jewelry	saltmes	Hyde School
Sandy La.	in the Math Dept.	and hellos	a Danish ring	books	Baby Food	snobism
Elliot	schlepping	nonchalance	big shoes	piano	tequila sun rises	Jocks
Gay	onher bicycle	a ding-a-ling	addidas	Robin, Olivia, Alice et al.	모모모모!!!	short guys
Cathy	in Burger Land	insanity	beat-up wallabies	Mr. Cragg	BUD	soceer practice
Amy S.	feeding the lizzards	eccentricity	cowboy boots	Chris Cragg	her fingernails	hercrooked
Dich	at 19 Maple St.	Jack Thomas	munchkinshæs	L.L. Bean's	Budweiser	Larries
marita	wearing	Barbra Streisand	big sweaters	"The Duster"	stoned wheat thins	hassles
Nancy	in the senior sitting room	sanity	the latest	her opal	ice cream	Stuart
Nadine	in the hearning	Nadine	styles crocheted shaws	her brain	too much	Bill Uhl
Paul	in the parking lot	prep	greaser boots	hiscontact lens	Heineken	Vito's Mondays
Carlleen	nm would'ent you like to know	Pocahantus	big earrings	Steve	steak sandwiches	cos20+sin20=1
Yuki	in the office	efficiency	yellow clogs	her rapidograph pen	7-up and munchos	Yuk Yuk
Kathy	TAPing	Heidi	braids and Knee socks	her laugh	carrots and barbeque sauce	Women's Lib
Molly M.	under the table	intelletual confusion	Patchouilli	asoceer ball	vegetables	male chauvinists
Jane	fruit caking	Chink eyes	white Jack Purcells	chesse pixies	beer & pretzels	being ousted
Tim	ravely	stern measures		contrary opinion	plausible excuses	cricket
Amy A.	reeling	the District Attorney	blacksneakers	her car	stoned wheat thins	Edguin
Jack	under things	sympathy	wallabies, cowboy hats, shades	his wit	ice cream	spinach
Marjie	at Carson Rd.	articulacyness	Chanel 019	TAB	attention	Bripkins
Janet Q.	crocheting	an illusion	sweatshirts	toys	Yodels	Fat Americans
Jim	at the Wooden Nickel	Perry White	Crampons	his harp	arguments	undecided
Mike	at the Alley	Archie Bunker	unlaced	his beard	J&B and water	movement
Shawn	the Brady Bunch	the Cowardly Lion	Pat Boone shoes	Mr. Lott's caustic remarks	everthing in sight	football practice

people	HAS FANCES	" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	1	+200	to a transfer to the state of t
" those good	11/10	thing	(2/0.7000	001	a female T
old times		7		6	Lloyd Write
every thing	hair cuts	Nice	green	hitch hiking	irried to an Ar
Par	acrosse	in a sense	Preps	graceful	Greyhound bus
Cathy	R.R.	any hoo!	leather pockets	acting normal	cootchy dancer
Marjie	Joe Cocker	You Turkey!	good question!	straight	a plumber
Marcia's procrastination	World Wars	I'm really Po'd !!!	the world	not helping people	in the Senate
Fred Sanford	Tony Bennett	Bump your	Mordechai	No	god-mother of
absolutely every thing	Mrs.	Freddy, we've not	Mrs. Shehadi-isms	without asense of humor	Bethy Grable's
, U.S. Y.	Dibs	Come On!	Mr. Pears	non-orthodox	Mardecai's
people	Yes	Shut up, bitch!	11#16	correct	a furniture mover
Bing spies	German é Mr. Franz	Absolutely	frogs	in hot pants	a sheik
Parry		Comeon, you guys!	the West	in messy clothes	a cowboy's wife
every thing STUPID!	Michelob	on ma I	himself	modest?	an intellectual
Bing spies	Ilea markets	what ???	Dr. Feelgood	huge?	a masseuse
Gwen	show and sledding	Smile	animals	an animal hunter	a zoologist
Allison	Carole King	· oy vay	Evelyn	a ballet dancer	in apiano bar
homework	dressage	I'd love to!	oldermen	a safe driver	a Smithy
> Ш	Large leaves	Git Down	David M.	straight	as a nun
any thing	Errol Flynn	Gamal!	foreign cars	graceful	a burlesque queen
Jack	Bogart	Boy, am Igreat	Chanel 99	a basketball player	abud weiser label
her father	wine	"Well, I can't helpit!"	musicians	with a shag	at Neuro in peace
every thing	raking leaves	Check-mate !!	N.J. Dept of Motor Vehides	messy	Clean
herself	Farbulation	not mad, merely Prussian	anything	flunking anything	on Sesame Street
Frankie K	poker	use're, outa here	hot pants	Intelligent	shot
hard work	men	"Well, bump you"	chemistry	belly dancer	happy
Sally	Dave Ampufo	My God !!	streets of San Francisco	disorganized	a bug exterminator
Everything	Sweafpants	hey babes	proms?	without her freckles	chairman of the P.T.A.
PDS Preps	infatuations	I understand	Maine boys	content	In Ireland at peace
Amy	Mrs. Shepherd	Well, Idon't Know	good eggs	without a cough	Susie Homemaker
Elliot's interpretations	wouldn't you,	Reallyis	satire	courth	a rabbi
Big Ed	D.A.	"Hollywoodd"	who knows	a debutante	in the Casbah
Dich	Montana	How's it Hanging	Jeeps	TALL	advertisement for Tender Vitles
The Observer	Fred Astaire	U.m	new clothes	a prostitute	chief justice
Jeffrey Streed	Tumbleweds	enimininemi etc.	musicians	wanting to conform	a hippie
The Spokesman	economics	"Ohr come on"	Butterfield	silent	on Everest
Pears	Carlos	Cold Beer here	Marvin	exerting himself	at the Alley
Norman's puns	Social Service	up like a tree	Scarlet	Sane	a multi-millionaire

	Found	Evokes.	Wears	Lost Without	Consumes	Bête Noire
Caroline	in the little	a Norwegian	men's bathing suits	musicil	TAB, cheese and pumper nickle	spiders
Anne T.	on someone's lap	Anne Tate	an air of sophistication	AA+K	coffee	irresponsible ushers
Robert	biking	pseudo	cordurous	Livy	computer paper	PDS snobs
Bill G.	in history	an Italian	T-shirts	a cut for Marcia	ring-dings	the painters
Molly S.	in Math class	orange V.W.	overalls	her music	grilled cheese	French IV
Tom	working	work	collared shirts	jungle thick vegatation	peanut MiM's	Mrs. Michaels
Sandy he	in perfect order	personality	espadrilles ! scarves	a porsche	Drakes coffee cakes	It's different every day
hars	you can't get there from here	the elite	clogs	the Hammond and Leslie	bitter lemon	proletariat
Dawn	flat on her face	cat eyes	and platforms		potato chips fonion dip	hanging up crothes
Marget	flustered	the hefty type	a sailor shirt	Link problems	peppers	the name "Margot"
Bill Mc.	with Annie	Harpo	Flannel shirts	a drink	box lunches	stubborness
Lourie	complaining	brown eyes	baggy pants	her dad's Viceroy's		too many questions
Ralph	silent	#	blue & green	his hockeystick	twinkies	essays
Janet R.	with Peter	anelf	sneakers	Chris	homemade bread	fat
Alex	in the picklejar	innocence	fair-isles	her horse	butterscatch sun	weight
Charlie	not too often	jazz	astupid grin	his piano	Michelob	Bluegrass
Eve	parked on sidewalks	Mr. Magoo	her hair up	hernotes	and cream cheese	anyone over five feet
John J.	on the farm	Paul Bunyan	his boots	histractor	peanuts	senior charts
Susi	behind a sand dune	a cheerleader	red pants	Tommy	boys	clumsy
Ruth	on the go	sweetness	Kilts	perfection	time	full-backs dieting i
Hilary	seldom	Maureen	clothes	a giggle		costuming mr.
	at		Lily		waffles animal	Frothingham
Mary	Princeton University	Class	Pulifzer	Sandi	crackers & M!M's	math
Harvey	in Philly	stuffed turkey an English	tuxedo	Gray's Anadomy	ice cream i	silly people
Grayson		school boy	shorts	etiquette	spaghetti'	deadlines
Eddas	in Chile	a giraffe	abigsmile	older guys	sandwiches	her huge feet
Shelley	at the club	pickles	nostockings	Peter and "Pamps"	doublement	phony people
Sally W.	in the art room	an all- american girl	colored scarfs	silver jewelry	popcorn and	not knowing the sender of Bob's count
Chris M.	on the courts	Tran the Terrible	white shoes	Sabu	tunafish and jelly	indignities
Elizabeth	in the streets	a fawn	a pony-tail	some tales from topographic oceans	swiss cheese; sunflower seeds	4 yrs. of highschool
Carl	with a camera	soul	velvet pants	his tape player	film	ski boots
Lucy	sleeping	laughter	purple shades	her t-bird	ice-cream sandwiches	Drakes Corner Rd.
Simon	in the lunchroom	grins	purple pants	his glasses	class	Doc
Sally S.	in little pieces	passion!	small wallabees	her dog	it all	meatball sandwiches
Ken	on the soccer field	noise	hundoshi	his JapEng.	Noobles	history papers
Steve	shaking babies	albert Beveridge	disarming grin	Nixon	republicans	Martha Mitchel
Stephanie		plenty	exotic jewelry	sun	applesance	preppies
Andy	withauman	casanova	a pony tail	his knapsack	yogurt	being on time
Bill P	at Dunham's	Stirling Moss	big shoes	his tanque	bagles	The Observer

Peter M.	Edgartown	what are we going to do this weekend?	skiing	midwife	a ski bum
men	Tech.	But, um	hippies	untogether?	married
derivatives	the AV room	Shut-up!?	Pioneer	stupid?	abroad
Mr. Pears	Senãra	you guys	Gatsby's cars	with straight hair	of Rand - Mc Nally
the big boss	Nassoons	"That's ridiculous"	Prospects	in the voller derby	with the most ess
Senora	unsigned editorials	it's disaster	sleep	hysterical	at Harvard
preppies	sophistication traveling	write lem off	high society	a swiss miss	around the world
J. Brin	and T. R.C.	Absurd	nis intellect	a pimp?	Diplomacy grand-master
people getting hurt	151	where did I put my keys?	Jaguars VIZ's	No	married rich
her toe socks	cats	FSPHEW!	the Motor Vehicle people	unable to cope	as a driver at ITI
himself	Annie	goosh	vanDusen	jewish	a chef at the ritz
ner tack of answers	soul music	Oh, God	freedom	a physics major	on candid camera
John	3+2	Hi, there	strange	talkative	at New York Life
Chuck	Van Gogh	dorguesse	cheese	a majorette	alive
trivia	hunters	um, what's it called	food	a junkie	a champion at the Garden
Lavs	formless jazz	That's absurd!	Miles	on time for anything	
every thing	corn muffins	That's discusting	salted pretzels	a wrestler	lady in the circus
funny things	agriculture	Hello	pigs	Mick Jagger	President
Marx brothers	starbursts	I love you, too	junior boys	single	a school marm
Kip	Charlton Heston	" um"	pots	fat?l	Jewish mother
everyone!	Bach ! St G records	"That's rave"	Pickles	a professor	a math teacher
this chart!	tennis	Yea, really	good times	DRUNKELL	another Billie Jean King
jewish jokes	med school	Farm-m-m out	his girl	a nurse	a doctor
Bethwick!	equations	Absolutely ridiculous	'good life'	pizza pie maker	pope
Lucy	being different	Hablo Español	Chile	without a guy?	single
quite a lot	soap operas	I beg to differ	Robert	wrong!!	at the Club
everything	R.R.	Oh, geez!	any male w/blonde hair	sane	a ski bunny in Colorado
Lars' clogs	tennis	"how crude"	slavery	not cynical?	in control
Groucho	open spaces	the thing about it is	Indians	screaming	a pottery teacher i
very little	chocolate milk shakes and skiing	Is anyone interested In having a ski trip?	Stevie wonder	heavy again	rich and famous
Jody	cross-country	"I don't want to do"	horses	on time	great track star
Doc	Chemistry	"Is it?"	American	Chemistry teacher	the Statler Hilton
mitt and Dich	Wilmert	- sigh-	Casablanca	stable?	own bowling ball
Gay	drums	Stupid Shat!	Devito	fluent in Spanish	in a bar
Bea	politics	Would I he to you?	our voice	an Ivy Leaguer	Dick Cavett Show
everything	making Juna fish	@!!*190@@	Colorado	other people's clothes	dead
Allson	Aretha	well, I don't know	marilyn Monroe	buying clothes at Barneys?	with a havem
Eamon	running	I can't believe you did that	BMW's	poor	a tadin teacher

	Found	Evokes	Wears	Lost Without	Consumes	Bête Noire
Lisa	bathing	Gumby	her brothers under wear	good music	jelly beans	unmatching eyes
Livy	in the Aviary	a concert pianist	reliably	Gordenker	iced tea	computer freaks
Jody	in adaze	a headless chicken	the same thing every day	the Comper	Jane's kitchen	schedules.
Brad	where?	an eagle	clogs	his grand mother		going to court
Julie	lost	164 chevy	Mr. Bing	un excuse	a little bit of everything	have-krishnas
Alison Ha	in France	sanity	clamdiggers	music	cheese	alarm clocks
Chuck	in the dark room	Boris Karloff	h.h. Bean	acamera	macadamia nuts	spearmint chewing gum
Lily	joy riding	flowers	looking shades	from Mr. Lott	New ports	book reports
Marcia	In the Learning Center everywhere he shouldn't be	hysteria	little shoes	her star of pavid	non-existant salads	David W.
Keith	he shouldn't be	charisma	foxey clothes	his cane	time	C.C.
Jeff	gardening	weirdness	Greek sailor hat	his immodesty	edibles	Joe Feller
Kip	dancing at the Pub, the Scupper, Charlies	the wicked witch of the west	a black cape	facial expressions	anything quasinutritional	egotistical men
Alison Hu		insomnia	red clogs from Minneapolis	an audience	ice cream sandwich	bangs i arrogance
Doug	sleeping	professor	penny loafers	a car	gas	American
Sandi	tap dancing	creme puff	askirts	weekends	rice crackers and ice tea	candled sweet potatoes
CLASS	in school	a Senior class	clothes	directions	food	bad things















Laughs at	Passion	Favorite Expression	Intrigued by	Can you imagine him	er Will probably end in
Dich	Robert Redford	nobody's business	older people	sane	in the New York Rangers
Phil	music	what?!	moog	alive?	a famous
Fools	her VW	I don't understand	beach bums	not neurotic	lost in the woods
Don Rickles	baseball	"Malaka"	Taback	a vabbi	a pool hustler
Anne Elk	Mick Jaggar	you just won't believe	players	calm	a missionary
French drivers	movies	"It's true"	Astronomy	a have krishna	a professor
sick things	Fred Astaire	So	clouds	a midget	famous
Judith	sleep	Well, you know	cool Southern men		a track star
racial slurs	yiddish	eat sh *t and die	eyes	a Christian	Phylis Dyler's understudy
Mr. Bing	clothes	Well, you know how it is	women	an old man	in the White House
chuck Billy Chris	hinda Blair	fool!	his brother; related activities	a Sumo Wrestler	an unwed Father
mr. Bing's humor	collège cuts	Ha Ha Hee Hee Ho Ha Ha Ha Hee SI!	college men	yes	Fred Astaire's partner
adversity	Humphrey Bogart		disgust	calm	in a nightclub.
crude jokes	lacrosse	uh	chemistry	a star of Philie	in snake River Canyon
crazy people	pink tights	How absurd!	Beach Boys	6'5", 195 lbs.	Betty Crocker Award
jokes	sex	Hi there!	Interesting things	No	dead

























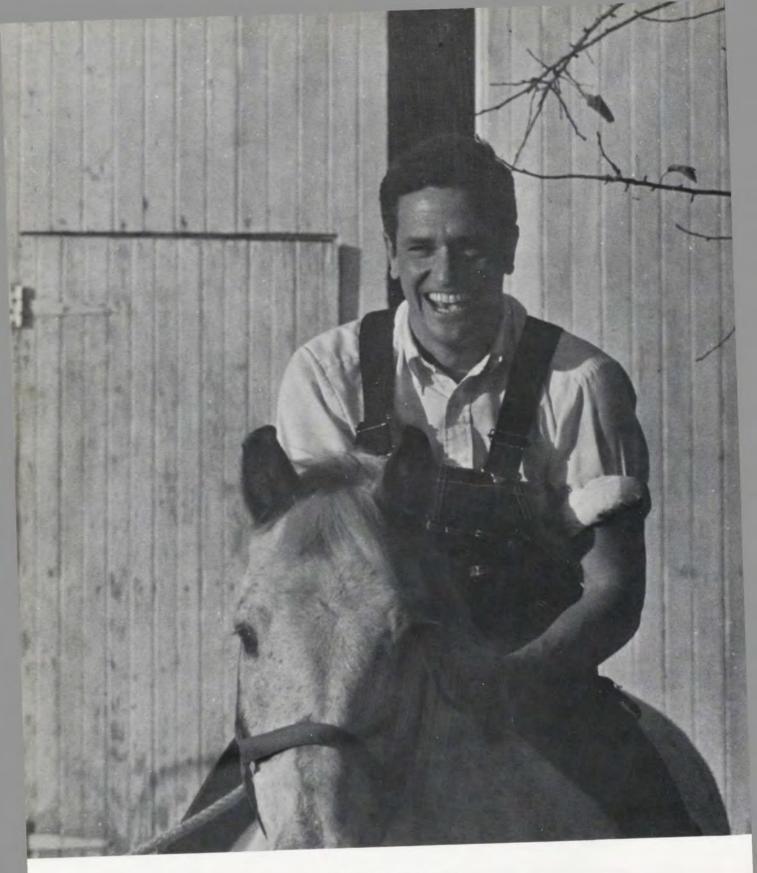






HEERIACULTY





Headmaster: Doug McClure



Administration: David Frothingham, Phil Van Dusen, Sandy Bing, Joan Baker, Huson Gregory, Doug McClure. (Missing: Wes McCaughan, Carl Storey, Bev Williams.)







Languages: Quinn McCord, Elizabeth Fine, Dan Skvir, Marie-Loise Noel, Pierre Mali, Francois Rieumaihol, Nora Cuesta, Marcelo Cuesta, Chantal Callan, Dick Poole. (Missing from picture: Pat Echeverria, Pat Fuchs).









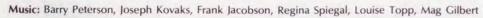
History: John Boneparth, Eamon Downey, Mike Merle-Smith, Lois Dowey, Ann Rothrock, Bob Denby, Gary Lott, Dan Skvir, Doug McClure, Bud Tibbals, Wes McCaughan, Bob Miller



Photography: Bob Denby



Industrial Arts: Jeff Simmons, Bob Whitlock, Andreas Franz









Finee Arts Artleenee Smit









Business and Development: Marianne Vaughan, Marge Shelton, Rab Jones, Mickie Shriver, Ginny Taylor.



English: Judy Michaels, Barbara Howarth, Sally Gilbert, Anne Sheperd, Lois Dowey, Whitney Eager, Sally Denby, Mike Merle-Smith, Dale Griffee, Donald Roberts, Bob Miller, Huson Gregory, Clare Lockhart, Steve Lawrence, (Missing from picture: John Boneparth, Bob Denby, Lucy Haagen, Chuck Simpson).

Religion: Clint Wilkins, Carl Reimers.





Maintenance: Richard Lenz, Antonio Procaccino, Alberto Petrella, Barry Worthy, Steve Sydorko



Kitchen: Clarice Hill, Juanita Green, Marie Kennedy, Kay Voohees, Terry Wackley

Office: Pat Osander, Pat Hoad, Lois Ogden, Susie Wandelt, Jean Smyth, Blanche Waters, Trudy Brophy. (Missing from Picture: Marge Claghorn).





Dance: Anna Paskevska



Athletic Department: Pamela Frothingham Alan Taback Bobbie Blama Tom DeVito Jan Baker





Lower School Faculty: Madeline Weigel, Karen Engleman, Molly Houston, Patty Ledyard, Comfort Halsey, Nancy Miller, Steve Gilbert, Sarah Schweibert, Brenda Philip, Ginny Stein, Nna Francomano, Dorrit Pfeiffer, Jean Jansen, Barbara Roberts, Mag Gilbert.

Psychologist: Ginny Stein

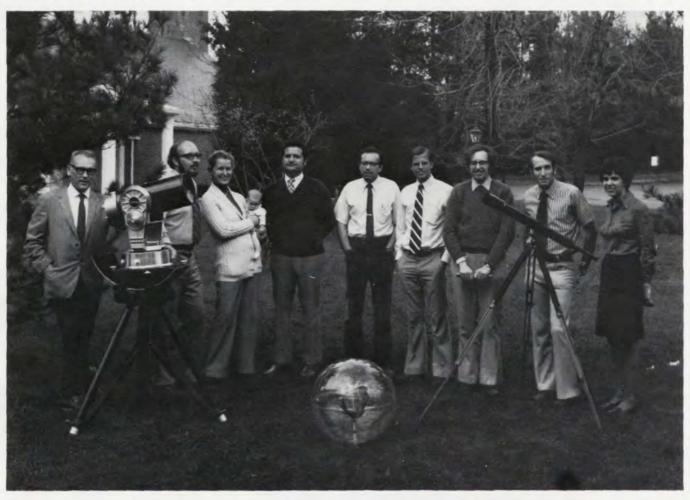




Bookstore Manager: Helen Hill

Library: Virginia Reynolds Barbara Cragg Bunny Webb





Science: Stu Robson, John Jameson, Marita Meins, Sandy Bing, John Ross, Dan Bailey, Norm Sperling, Frank Walter, Ruth Kolman.





Math: Rudy Carchidi, David Frothingham, Larry Kuser, Rob Hoffman, Tom Pears, Graham Cragg, Scot MacGregor, John Wagenseil, Alison Shehadi, John Howe.



















HOEESCHOOMS



Class of 1976: (1st row) Liz Dowey, Eleanor Barnes, Shelby Phillips, Caren Ludmer, Chris Bullitt, Donna Bauer, Eve Cagan, Holly Friedman, Carol Bundy, Nan Giancola, Anne Wittke. (2nd row) Sheila Newsome, Kim Cunningham, Patti Slee, Eileen Mayzell, Cree Duncan, Cintra Eglin, Isabelle Frank, Jon Stein, Ricky Turner, Lee Hale, Gabriella Kiss, Jennifer Walsh, Chris Johnson. (3rd row) Sally Silk, Liz Partridge, Debbie Fath, Molly Murdoch, John Segal, Greta Hutchinson, Mark Blaxill, Phyllis Gore, Chris Souter. (4th row) Eleanor Kuser, Sandy Shaw, Rhoda Jaffin, Susie Pratt, Cory Fischer, Peter Taggart, David O'Connor, Ralph Adams, Jon Eckstein, Joanna Kind, Murray Wilmerding, Jeb Burns, Billy Erdman, Julie Stabler, Ann McClure, Bill Uhl, Gwyneth Hamel, Scott Ware, Frank Konstantynowicz, Phil Thompson, Bill Martin, Mike Mantell, Carl Spataro, Leonard Williams, Jay Trubee, Steve Baicker, Dan Abelson, Tim Frey, Judy Glogau, Jim Daubert, Joe Feller, Tom Moore, Steve Judge, Marc Greco.



Class of 1977: First row: Marc Burrows, Jim Morgan, Keith Usiskin, Matt Chambers, Rob McClellan, Sandra Benson, Matt Roberts, Barbara Russell, Carol Katz, Karen Morganstern, Kenny Cain. Second row: John Hickling, Roark Howard, Julia Penick, Lisa Stone, Sabrina Plante, Jennifer Mezey, Thomas Ettinghausen, Jennifer Carpi, Lee Faden, Tammy Pachter, Andrea Avery, Alegra Smith. Third row: Daniel Drorbaugh, Jill Migliori, Lisa Yokana, Susan Paine, Lisa Powers, Celia Spanel, Ann Walcott. Fourth row: Russell Haitch, Christy Black, Hope Blackburn, Nancy Bonini, Liz Carmody, Harold Tanner, George Zoukee, Monty Brower. Fifth row: Holly Burks, Melisa Leach, Rachel Ableson, Alan Johnson, Jennifer Wies, Mark Zawadsky, Maria Jansen, Bebet Mills. Sixth row: Don Quigle, Skip Gueran, Chris Johnson, Clooie Sherman, Livia Wong, Alex Zaininger, Ann Dennison, Andrew Hildick-Smith, Becky Haiftz, Mike Patterson, David Mottley, David Mali, David Sheffer, Randy Melville, Tim Brush, Ted Stabler, Chris Russo, Andy Atkin, Steve Farr



Class of 1978: First row: Betsy Murdoch, Susan Raffialli, Patricia Metzger, Tim Johnson, Ken Trach, Jeff Swisher, Maggie Gordon, Cecilia Manning, Karrie Fadien, Heather Dembert, Meg Baily, Jordon Sand, Sabrina Barton. Second row: Melene Thompson, Jeff Nunes, John Wallace, Stephen Cragg, Jeff Ritter, Liz Westergard, Alice Lee, Ann Hunter, Allison Ijams, Howard Granik, Jeff Paterson, Jon Fabian, Will Kain, Beverly Banks, Gail Reeder, Lucy Englander. Third row: Loring McAlpen, Don Gips, Rob Olson, John Rodgers, Chris Winham, Peter Morgan, Lucky Pine, Mike Walters, Scott McClelland, Freddy Woodbridge, Liz Mason, Robin Otton, Susan Packard, Nancy Chen, Liz Schluter, Hughie Jacobus, Suzanne Vine, Laura Tate, Nancy Hollander, Leslie Nickleson, Barbara Griffen, Liza Constable. Fourth row: Dicky Rassweiler, Lee Lichtenstein, Frank Piccolella, Ron Harrower, Rob Whitlock, Doug Fitton, David Hamel, Chria Bundy, Bob Katome, Anthony Daverton, Roger Fried, Carol Shasanberg, Sarah Nelson, Tracy Jennings, Siri Huntoon, Nora Cuesta, Tim Thomas, Barry Smith, Will Stackpole, Rob Proctor, Lee Ross, Jim Jeffers, Jinny Chandler, Barbie Vaughan, Katherine Ferrante. Fifth row: Wells Coalfleet, Jay Stcoroity, Gregg More, Frank Conard, Mike Kolman, Andy Sanford, John Spiegal, Todd Miller, Brian Trubee, Alice Bishop, Sue Frennar, Patrick deMaynadier, Colen Carpi, Morgan Freight, Keith Baker, Marc Moran.



Class of 1979: 1st row: Michelle Broadway, Jennifer Hamel, Linda Eglin, Drew Rosenberg, Caroline Hartshorne, Laura Farina, Anne Nevius, Cynthia Tregoe, Lisa Borie, Karen Albert, Muna Shehadi, Laurie Habgood, Laurie Knowlton, Vivienne Pellettieri, Vicki Howard, Delia Smith, Lisa Hurowitz, Diane Barry, Erica Frank. 2nd row: Harriette Brainard, Teresa Lane, Allison Duncan, Sarah Woodworth, Leslie Macleod, Cathie White, Martha Hicks, Ann Gillespie, Betsy Stephens, Jane Henderson, Anne Meerrick, Cory Powers, Betsy Mayer, Katie Jeffers, Gay Barnett, Karen Polcer, Alison, Lockwood, Mrs. Gilbert, Nicky Donath. 3rd row: Sam Bryan, David Weuber, John Hollister, Gerard Leo, John Sweeney, Scott Green, Chuck Blake, David Blaxill, Jeff Sussna, Hazard Zenzie, Vance Camisa, Eric Reichard, Evan Press, David Edelman, Chuck Kohli, Ralph Ross, Ned Foley, Austin Wilmerding, Andy Gerb. 4th row: Mike Shannon, Jim Bennett, Mr. Downey, Ben Dubrovsky, Bill Jacobus, Richard Sacks-Wilner, Mr. Kuser, Jacob Bardin, David Lifland, Alan Brody, Jay Rorty, Alan Balcomb, David Mantell, Flip Ruben, Dory Harrower, Doug Fein, David Fitton, Nick Russo, Ed Bialis, Jay Pyne, Grant Dewey. (Missing from picture: John Ager, Judith Brainerd, Emily Brower, Andy Erdman, Kathy Litz, Sam Martinuizzi, David Quigley.)



Class of 1980: First row: Kathy Harwood, Sharon Pachter, Treby McLaughlin, Liz Cagan, Carla Ruben, Leslie Straut, Ethin Crimmins, Johnathan Peter, Karen Fein, Cara Swisher, Jim Burke, Tom von Oehsen, Jim Laughlin, Mindy Gottlieb, Diane Edelmann, Sylvia Heisel. Second row: Ross Kolman, Amy Stackpole, Doug Patterson, Adam Barton, Sara Cooper, Emily Spanel, David Carpi, Scott Bevensee, Albert Barclay, David Harrower, Peter Davies, James Varney, Barney Mezey, Steve Katzenbach. Third row: Mr. Franz, Jay Marcus, Chris Wallace, Andy Hafitz, Doug Matthews, Jeff Rednor, Joe Kearns, Brian Walker, Tim Murdoch, Jon Woolfe, John Sacks-Wilner, Billy Haynes, Liz Wexler, Wendy Mitchell, Amos Levy, Porter Gillespie, Suzy Rabb. Fourth row: Hillary Bennett, Chuck Jones, Abby Stackpole, Laura Dennison, Josh Ernamtrout, Gay Gilbert, Stefan Gorsch, Suzanne Usiskin, Liz Segal, Doug Atkin, John Imbrie, Tom Borden, Chris Kuenne, Mr. Howe. Fifth row: Lee Barclay, Mr. Jameson, Mrs. Echeveria, Tim Thomas, Robert Jordan, John Scott, Larry Stabler, Dana Stewardson, Mr. Wagenseil; (Missing from picture: Jennifer Dutton, Robin Hauben, John Hochman, Joy Power, Carl Reimers, William Ross.)



Class of 1981: 1st Row: James Bonini, Lawerence Shannon, Eric Sanders, Amy Lonergan, Janet McAlpin, Kitty Ager, Lisa Cohan, Cynthia Griffin, Sarah Sword. 2nd Row: Mark Goodman, Vicky Rubin, Laura Jacobus, Micheal Karin, Brad Dewey, Gregg Fischer, Glenn Barnes, Philip Ferrante, Catherine Edelemann, Linda Littell, Debbie Burks, Kristine Anastasio, Jane Gerb, Linda Yuan, Hilary Bing, Liz Tregoe, Ian Rothrock, Mark Akselrad. 3rd Row: Mr. Boneparth, Ed Barr, Micheal Surowiez, Mark Fletcher, Joshua Weiner, J.B. Stocovaz, Mark Zaininger, Gail Nicholson, Leslie Olcott, Tara Lynch, Camie Carrington, Maggie Nunes, Sam Borden, Tim Rahr, Stephen Thomas, Doug Bailey, Lee Eppel, Simon Barnett, Asam Seesel, Mark Sweeney, Peter Fong, Lisa Carpi, Charlotte Erdman, Rob Esposito, Doug Hamel, Julie Rodgers.



Class of 1982: First row: Drew Morgan, Trey Anastasio, Eli Horowitz, Greg Herenchak, Marc Plante, Bill Rossmassler, Peter Freid, Chris Angshire, Clinton Johnson, Greg Sanders, Lisa Ruben, Suzanne Glueck, Wendy Donath, Ruth Edelman, Hilary Illick. Second row: Kristin Branson, Cecilia Trolle, Christian Naumann, Charlie Shehadi, Barry Lamb, Gregg Harrowbech, Cam Johnson, Kip Thomas, Dan Beskin, David Swisher, Margaret Petrella, Wendy Marshall, John Jacobus, Bree Ermentrout, Kitty Ijams, Joanne Gottlieb, Rachel Kolman, Lindsey McCord, Ann Varney, Lauren Goodyear, Michele Hautan, Molly Frantz. Third row: Louis Goldberg, Stefan Schirber, Thomas Eglard, Peter Cottene, Ben Alexander, Jonathan Rabb, Stephanie Bordes, Emily Bennett, Kate Murdoch, Meg Tellow, Suzie Haynes, Anne Gilbert, Doug McClure. Fourth row: Mr. Simpson, George Galup, Mrs. Conroy, April Barry, David Abrahams, Robbie Bowen, Carolyn Kuerne

Class Of 1983

Miss Pfeiffer: 1st Row: Holly Hegener, Janet Zawadsky, Peg Stabler, Miss Pfeiffer, Rena Whitehouse, Susan Carmody, Sarah Kuser, Jos Alexander. 2nd row: Chris laRiche, Peter Hatfield, Stuart von Oehsen, Eric Hatke, Erik Schwiebert, Micheal Rothe, Daniel Lockwood. (Missing from picture; Kathy Lonergan, Kelly Lambert, Bruno Bastien)





Mrs. Roberts: Nicky Stember, Mary Rodgers, Abby Hurowitz, Liza Gregory, Katie Barrows, Jill Marder, Franklin Howard, Kenny Menken. 2nd row: Samantha Crimmins, Karrie Bowen, Carrie Stewardson, Michael Packard, Jody Mclaughlin, Jack Stephenson. (Missing from picture; Dan Goldman, Louise Matthews)

Mrs. Ledyard: 1st row: Susi Davidson, Meg Merle-Smith, Rita Sweeney, Beth Berman, Sarah Cragg, Chris Franz, Vanca Showalter, Katya Fagles, Beatrice Zenzie, Amy Sibeud, Dan Browder, Andrew Thornton, Leonard Tena, Marc Knowlton, Jerry Webster, Peter Stabler, John Erdman.



Class of 1987: First row: Marion Daughtery, Claire McEwan, Brad Batcha, Shelia Mackay, Jameel Talwani. Second row: Petra Neues, Christopher Frothingham, Katie Memken, Lisa Blackburn, Dominique Callan, Danny Spanel, Katie vanHeuven, Randy Walter. Third row: Leif Torkelsen, Thomas Cottone, Michael Rassweiler, Peter Pritchard (Missing from picture: Jody Fulmer, Steve Napen)



Class of 1986

Mrs. Paterson, Mrs. Schweibert: First row: Marcie Kreinces, Anne Miller, Leslie Elmore, Russel Matthews, Sam Lambert, Susie Franz, Liz White. Second row: Tim Leddy, Whip Burks, John Gregory, Bill Ferguson, Aaron Bruce.

Mrs. Francomano: First row: Chris McCabe, Yvette Pellettieri. Second row: Tommy Thompson, Cathy Jones, Beth Morrison. Third row: Cary Paik. Fourth row: Alexandra Kucznski, David Carmody, Steve Anderson, Missy Whitehouse, Monica Massaro, Elspeth Knill, Tommy Rossmassler





Class of 1985: Mrs. Houston, Miss Miller: Kim Thorton, Elizabeth O'leary, Samantha Levine, Veronica Fedorov, Jennifer Taback. Second row: Tanya Elmore, Marissa Petrella, Peter Paik, Lora Bennet, Nancy Pritchard, Patrick Courtney. Third row: Boyd Morrison, Peter Merle-Smith, Joe Leddy, Salvatore Fier, Kevin Cragg, Chris McDonagh, Chris Alexander, John Henderson, Lynn Erdman, Peter McClure, Karen Callaway, Chanda Willis.



Class of 1984

Mrs. Jansen: 1st Row: Graham Barnett, Brain Sanders, David Anderson, John Nicolai, Twila Driggins, J.B. Hillier, Johnny Johnson, Andrew Bing, Lawerance Tena, Wendy White, Meredith Eppel, Karen Hamel, Melinda Bowen. (Missing from picture: Megan Nape, Janny Dawes.)

Miss Halsey: 1st row: Freddy Haitch, John Shepard, Matthew Carmody, Brian Johnson, Eric Hastings, Dan Rosenbloom, 2nd row: Shelley Straut, Andrew Naumann, Doug Holmes, Piep Van Heuven, Hilleary Thomas, Gwen Williams, Edith Spanel. (Missing from picture: Lynn Faden)





Social Service: First Row: Liz Schluter, Tracy Jennings, Cary Bachelder. Second Row: Abi Chilton, Shawn Ellsworth, Ann Walcott, Tina Pritchard

Key Club: First row: Amy Stover, Cintra Eglin, Ellen Albert, Yuki Moore, Leslie Ring, Anne Russell, Second row: Nora Cuesta, Ann Hunter, Susan Pratt, Suzanne Raffaelli, Ricky Turner, Janet Rassweiler, Bill Graff, Geoffrey Nunes, Bill Plapinger, Chuck Segal. (Missing from picture: Jody Myer, Sally Wright, Jane Farley, Annabelle Brainard, Julie Stabler, Shelley Gordon, Hilary Winter, Sally Silk, Abi Chilton, Shawn Ellsworth, Suzanne Usiskin, Russell Haitch.)





Upper School Council: First Row: Will Stackpole, Caron Cadle, Monty Brower, Carol Katz, Sandy Shaw, Tammy Pachter. Second Row: Jack Bonini, Carl Briscoe, Jay Itzkowitz, Shawn Ellsworth, Heather Dembert, Bob Denby. Third Row: Alison Shehadi, Chris Miller, Quinn McCord, Suzanne Bishop, Mary Murdoch, Mike Mantell, Keith Thomas, Holly Friedman, Frank Konstantynowicz, Bill McClellan.

Middle School Council: Kim Hillier, Kara Swisher, Liz Cagan, David Swisher, Eli Hurowitz, Carl Wegner, Margaret Petrella Kristan Elmore, Catherine Ettleman, Laura Dennison, Ralph Ross, Kathy White.





AFS Club: First row: Creigh Duncan, Kathy Burks, Gay Wilmerding, Ken Yamamoto, Anne Russell, Greta Hutchinson, Yuki Moore, Allison Barlow, Mrs. Joan Baker; Second row: Barbara Mills, Patricia Metzger, Gail Reeder, Sally Wright; Third row: Sally Schluter, Cintra Eglin, Cory Fischer, Elizabeth Partridge, Caren Ludmer, Ricky Turner, Ann Wittke, Hope Blackburn, Barbara Russell, Susan Pratt, Julie Stabler.

Drama Club: First row: Cary Bachelder, Sally Schluter, Kathy Burks, Kip Herrick, Gay Wilmerding, Hilary Winter, Bill Uhl; Second row: Dich Gordon, Marjorie Williams, Susi Vaughan, John Brinster, Phil Thompson, Ruth Barach, Ellen Albert, Tina Pritchard, Chris Cragg, Janet Rassweiler, Mr. Herbert McAneny, Ann McClure.





Spokesman: First row: Holly Burks, Nancy Bonini, Carol Katz, Kathy Burks, Shelly Gordon, Sandi Davies; Second row: Ruth Barach, Claire Treves; Third row: Jack Bonini, Russell Haitch, Don Roberts, Bill Plapinger, Ellen Albert, Patricia Metzger, Sue Fineman, Molly Sword; Fourth row: Tom Toth, Jeff Streed, Bill Graff, Hilary Winter, Rick Turner, Jennifer Chandler, Mary Lane. (Missing from picture: Sally Silk, Leslie Ring, Molly Moynahan, Marjie Williams, David Beckwith, Anne Russell, Steve Judge, Bill Baggitt.)



Cymbals: Front row: Dich Gordon, Isabelle Frank, Mark Moran, Elizabeth Partridge; Second row: Sarah Strickler, Patty Slee, John Eckstein, Alison Hughes, Cecelia Manning, Don Quigley, Simeon Hutner, Steve Lawrence. (Missing from picture: Marita Sturken, Sally Schluter)



Observer: First row: Jim Meigs, Mike Mantell, Mark Blaxill, Bill von Oehsen; Second row: Steve Baiker, Marc Moran, Jay Itzkowitz, Keith Baiker; Third row: Judith Goeke, Yuki Moore, Molly Moynahan, Chris Miller, Beth Scarbrough, Janet Quigley, Caron Cadle; (Missing from picture: Grayson Ferrante.)



Madrigals: Linda Farlow, Rhoda Jaffin, Betsy Murdoch, Alison Barlow, Hope Blackburn. Rachel Abelson, Sandra Benson, Jeff Patterson, Patty Metzger, Beth Scarbrough, Davis Yokana, Elliot Pilshaw, Mark Blaxill, Tom Ettinghausen, Charlie Lifland.

Glee Club: Ix—Susan Blaxill, Cynthia Brixton, Kerry Faden, Sue Fineman, Roger Fried, Liz Mason, Scott McClelland, Patty Metzger, Betsy Murdoch, Sarah Nelson, Jeff Patterson, Suzanne Pritchard, Liz Schluter, Jon Spiegal, Robin Ultan. X—Rachel Ableson, Sandra Benson, Hope Blackburn, Monte Brower, Elizabeth Carmody, Melissa Leach, Gina Martinuzzi, Susan Paine, Don Quigley, Harold Tanner. XI—Mark Blaxill, Jeb Burns, Creigh Duncan, Cintra Eglin, Joe Feller, Gwen Hamel, Rhoda Jaffin, Molly Murdoch, Beth Scarbrough, Sandy Shaw, XIII—Caron Cadle, Chris Cragg, Linda Farlow, Charlie Lifland, Yuki Moore, Nancy Paine, Elliot Pilshaw, Janet Rassweiler, Molly Sword, Marcia Weiner, Hilary Winter, Sally Wright, Ken Yamamoto



Orchestra: IX-Keith Baiker (trumpet), Sabrina Barton (cello), Nancy Chen (violin), Mark Kolman (clarinet), Liz Mason (flute), Patty Metzger (flute), Carol Schoenberg (clarinet), Bethlin Thompson (flute), Melanie Thompson (cello), Tim Thorne (violin), Suzanne Vine (violin) X-Rachel Ableson (bassoon), Ken Cain (viola), Tom Ettinghausen (French Horn), Susan Paine (violin), Celia Spanel (flute), Keith Usiskin (trumpet), XI-Eleanor Barnes (violin), Mark Blaxill (alto saxophone), Mary Cook (oboe), Isabelle Frank (clarinet), Davis Yokana (string bass), XII-Dan Eagle (trombone), Charlie Lifland (trumpet), Lars Selberg (timpani), Rob Gordenker (flute), Ken Yamamoto (snare)





A.A.
Bill Baggitt
Randy Simington
Tom Toth
Jack Bonini
Sandi Davies
Caroline Erdman
Carl Briscoe
Robert Olsson
Tommy Moore
Holly Burks
Suzanne Bishop
(Missing from
picture: Maggie
Gordon, Virgie
Rodgers)

Middle School Library Council:

First row: Kristin Branson, Margret Pettrela, Maggie Westerguard, Lisa Ruben, Second row: Louis Goldberg, Diane Barry, Alison Lockwood, Gay Gilbert, Abby Stackpole, Charlie Shehadi, Muna Shehadi, Cory Powers, Emily Spanel, Susie Rabb, Suzanne Usiskin.



CCCCCCAR



Matthew Morgan VI

Matthew Carmody III

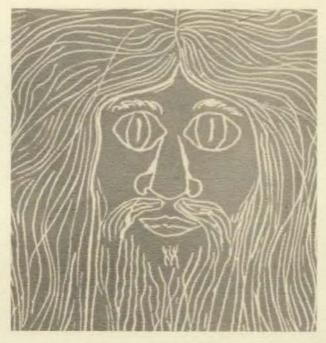


Mary and the Bunny

Once there was a girl. She wanted a bunny. Her name is Mary. She goes to school. One morning on her way to school she found a bunny. When she got to school, she was late. Mary was frightened. Mary had never been late before. she was hiding the bunny. Then she took the bunny out from behind her back. The teacher said "no pets allowed." Mary said "But I always wanted a bunny and I wish you would let my bunny come in." "I won't let your bunny in because all the children will play with your bunny, and I want the children to work." "Well if I put the bunny outside then it will hop away and I don't want it to hop away because if it hops away then I won't have a bunny and I want a bunny and if I don't have a bunny then I will have to look for another and I do not want to look for another bunny." "But I am afraid you'll have to because I want the children to work, and you too." Mary went to her desk and sat down and started to work, but before she went to work she got up and let the bunny free.

The End

Samantha Lavine II



John Wallace IX

Marget Jacobus XII

The Two Trees

One day an old tree said to his little girl, "I am old. Soon a man is going to come and chop me down. When you are old, that's what they do." That day a man came and said to his son, "Look at that tree" and that day, when the little girl was sleeping, the man chopped the old tree.

Chanda Willis II

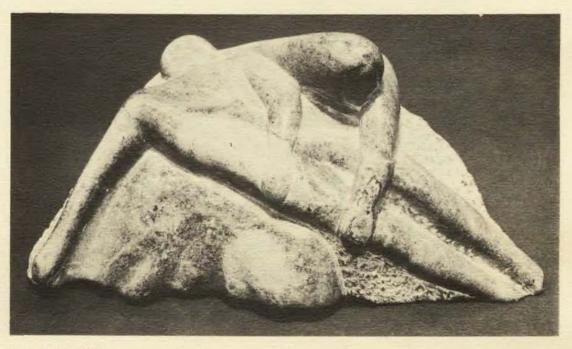




Eleanor Kuser XI

Images images of you have become rooted in my thoughts growing like weeds that flower only pale yellows. they are growing over and through the soil of my mind. congesting my thoughtsto remind me that you have gone. that you have left me here to feed them with my hopes and romances and lies. Do you know? Can you? I can't see through the thick brambles to find you among the misleading vines. so I wait here watching this suffocating greenery crawl upwards-I wait for your return to let me find you in the tangled garden of my mind.

Marita Sturken XII



John Lifland X

Gay Wilmerding XII





Ruth Barach XII

far far away

on the steps of St. Peter's

sits the blind man with the bashed tin cup to whom I gave my last Italian coin. and even further away, in my memory,

two minutes through the Mont-Blanc tunnel,

I turned around and went back.

sadly Cinzano is Italia.

My best Italian friend married a Greek and got a divorce, Mexican style,

They're both orthodox Catholics.

Funny to enshrine yourself and even funnier that all I can remember of things Italian is beggars and divorcees, and churches with

venerable layers of pigeon dung.

amid the pigeon dung

is the rest of Italy.

Kings of Nowhereland, went to Harvard. danced at the debutantes ball, held keys to the Sigma XI fraternity. wore varsity letters in crew. were captains of obscure polo teams. Millions of ermined rulers. graduated from their blackrobed ranks, and went out on the tedious quest of finding a kingdom. A man's home is his castle. On 33rd and Hamilton Lives King Harold Warbuton but two hundred well-guarded, white-fenced yards of yard from King Clarence Adams. Pictures of old classmates. doctoral diplomas. Kings of Nowehereland, on special state occasions, Hang on their ROTC medals: officer candidate, two years in the reserves grumble as they slide their old uniforms over their paunches for the Veterans' Day Parade,

Caron Cadle XII



and take their tailored wives to visit

on Reunion Day.



Ricky Turner XI
Sally Schluter XII

Two Voices

1st voice: My eyes are grim and solemnly brood, Setting the world in an eerie mood. Dark and deep in my furrowed face Staring out, searching space, Hoping to find an empty soul. Black and blind as a shrivelled mole Slipping in under the skin, Deftly they move and quickly begin Forcing their way down inside, Travelling in beneath the hide. Away from myself I try to leap. Into another I quickly seep Hoping to reach a friendly heat, The warming hearth, an empty seat.



On a fairy breeze my love, A blockmoth masked as turtle-dove Sailing, soaring down the sky Searching far, searching high, Finds her peace in a blackjack oak Whose buds her velvet wings do choke Till, in moistened green unfold The precious leaves, nature's gold. Fairy frail they shine so bright Casting round a violet light. Gently gliding through the trees Smooth as an evening breeze, Taking with them part of me As pollen travels with a bee.

Like night my mind lies bare Without a thought, the slightest care. Alone I'm lost forever poor. My body ages grim and sore. I need a sponge, a lion's mane To soak me up and hold the rein, Lead me out and loose my scowl. Free at last to scream and howl, Dance and jump, my heart does leap From shining eyes my tears do seep. Running out through the dark Into the damn and gentle lark, It is the light, its golden glow Which from my cave, I long to know. 2nd voice:

Though my love is a gentle bird Whose woeful song is ever heard, Gently gliding, she leaves her niche Flying out with the slightest twitch Settling in and around my soul Filling me in like an empty hole. In through my pores she begins to seep, Moving downward into the deep, Heavy and wet as a chilling bog As thick and as grim as the grueling bog. Her weight is a burden I can't quite hold Or I shall grow grey, tired and old, For youth is my glory and I must be free To regain my sight and joyfully see.

1st voice:

What escapes my eyes I sense In this forest thick and dense. close my eyes-cool their fire and think of you in muck and mire. his night close in around plackness in which joys abound;the darkness I quickly crawl, ky smoothness I rudely maul. elsmoothness lifts and disappears Maning room for all my fears, mg for safety I can't quite reach— parish moss, and juicy peach. he whip is lifted, I know it will crash h lam waiting, I don't feel the lash.

2nd voice: In the eve when long shadows fall, On the slow night breeze, the swallow's call, Gurgle of the frothy brine, Light on the foam white shine. The owl sounds a hollow shriek. While I like a baby meek With a slivered moon do sleep Deep in the damp of a grassy steep, Between the fawn and mother deer, Forgetting all but the very near. Yet you like a creeping mist pervade, Capturing all as I try to evade. Caught by your tentacles I respond To curiously seal the bond.



Kip Herrick XII

ATHENA

O gray-eyed Athena you, who sprang from Zeus' head fully armed. you, who are so wise ...

the goddess of battle.

I hear the enemy closer now

I hear how their horses' hoofs are pounding.
I cannot look but I must

O Athena, I was never meant to die in battle I am but a shepherd boy,

content to lie in the fields and watch my sheep They are much closer . . .

They are so great and we, so small.

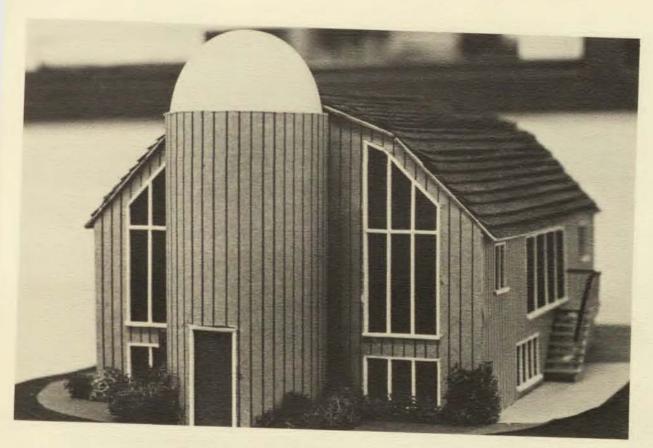
I must be brave yet see how I tremble,

O Athena

they are upon us.

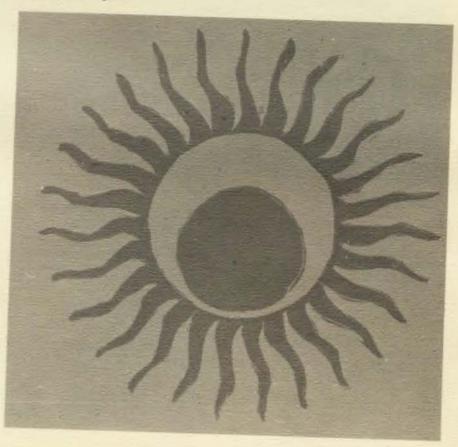
And so he prayed the youth on the battlefield . . . the first to go.

Muna Shehadi VIII



John Lifland X

Dan Drorbaugh X





Isabelle Frank XI

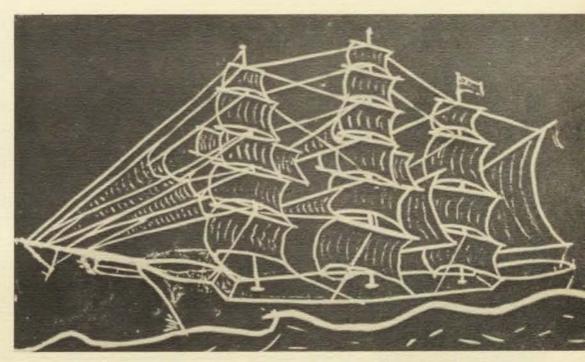


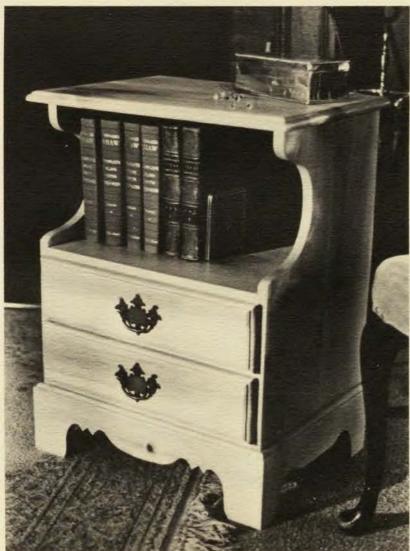
Suzi Davidson IV

She has ethylene glycol Feelings Anti Freeze as blood; Never breaks down, boils over, loses her cool.

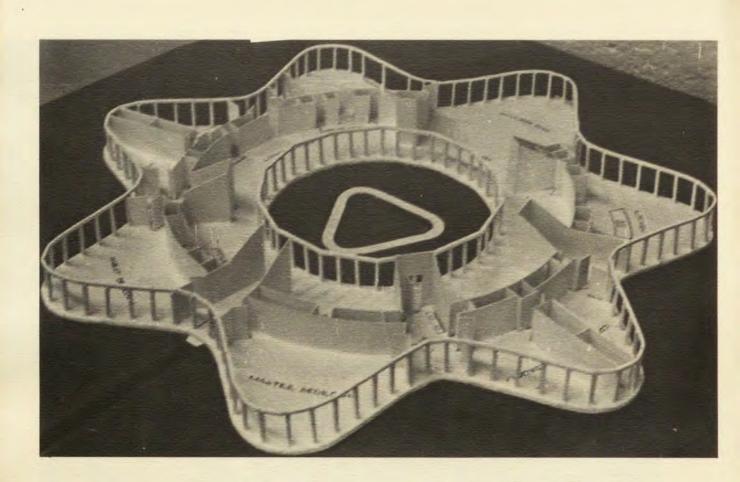
The sky is ringing
Strange creatures knocking to get in;
But she won't let them
She is deep blue granite;
Embarassing the chisel.

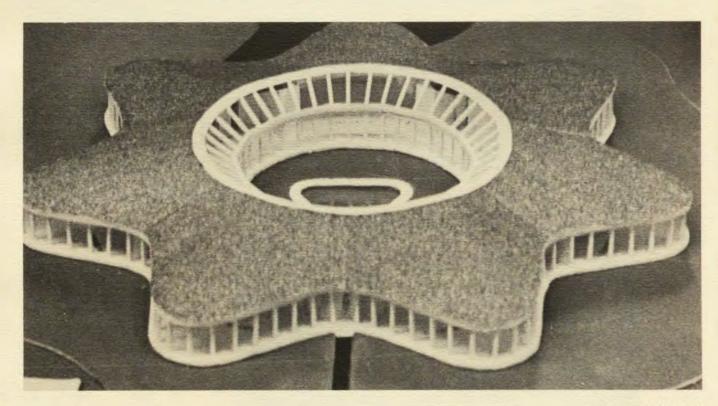
Jonathan Eckstein XI





Freddy Woodbridge IX Marget Jacobus XII





Jennifer Carpi X



Carri Stewardson IV

The pumpkin glows at night
The shine of his yellowy eyes
And his yellowy mouth—
Seems to gleem at night
The wind blows as hard as he can
How mean a pumpkin can look—

Lynne Erdman II

Vinca Showaltzer III





Ruth Barach XII



Sandy Lehmann XII

Of all froms of expression, photography is the only one which siezes the instant in its flight. We look for the evanescent, the irreplaceable; this is our constant concern, and therefore one of the characteristics of our craft . . . Approach the subject on tiptoe, even if it is a still life. Let your steps be velvet but your eye keen; a good fisherman does not stir up the water before he starts to fish.

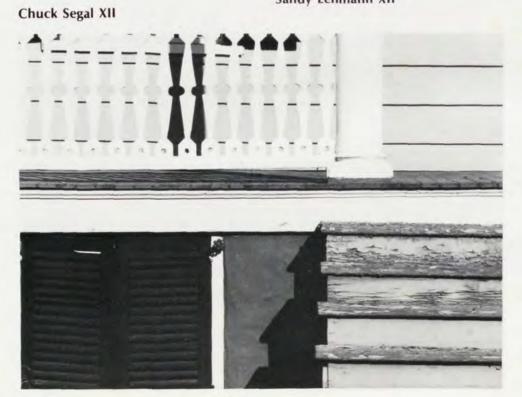
Henri Cartier-Bresson



Chuck Segal XII



Sandy Lehmann XII





Sandy Lehmann XII

Chuck Segal XII



Vandergelder	Charles Segal
Cornelius Hackl	Lars Selberg
Barnaby Tucker	Monty Brower
Malachi Stack	
Ambrose Kemper	
Joe Scanlon	
Rudolph	Jay Itzkowitz
August	
Cabman	
Dolly Levi	Chris Cragg
Irene Molloy	
Minnie Fay	
Ermengrade	
Gertrude	
Flora	
Cook	Molly Murdoch

The Matchmaker Fall 1974



















Brigadoon Winter 1975

TOMMY ALBRIGHT	Mark Blaxill
JEFF DOUGLAS	John Brinster
SANDY DEAN	David O'Conner
MEG BROCKIE	Molly Sword
ARCHIE BEATON	Jeb Burns
HARRY BEATON	Montgomery Brower
ANDREW MacLAREN	Charles Lifland
FIONA MacLAREN	Linda Farlow
JEAN MacLAREN	Cintra Eglin
ANGUS MacGUFFIE	Jon Spiegel
CHARLIE DALRYMPLE	John Lifland
MAGGIE ANDERSEN	Kip Herrick
MR. LUNDIE	Elliot Pilshaw
STUART DALRYMPLE	Davis Yokana
FRANK	
JANE ASHTON	Clarissa Bullitt











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and
Always there when needed.







HOCCOPATHLE

TICSEEEEEE







Girls' J.V. and Varsity Lacrosse; Front row: Anne Dennison, Sarah Rothrock, Liz Penick, Alison Barlow, Jennifer Mezey, Alexis Arlett, Tina Pritchard, Leslie Ring, Susi Vaughn, Holly Burks, Second row: Wylie Willson, Annabelle Brainard, Marjorie Williams, Molly Sword, Kip Herrick, Cathy Cipolla, Tammy Pachter, Beth Johnson, Caroline Erdman, Kathy Burks, Barbara Russell, Jessica Barton, Sandy Shaw, Third row: Pam Frothingham (coach), Ev Turner (captain), Anne Russell, Fifi Laughlin, Claire Treves, Mary Chapin Carpenter, Virgie Rodgers, Eleanor Kuser, Rhoda Jaffin, Jane Farley, Anne Williams (captain), Libby Hicks, Alice Rodgers, Suzanne Bishop, Ann Wittke, Philip Benson (manager).

Var. W-3 L-5 T-0 First place on advanced field at the North Jersey Women's Lacrosse Association Playday. JV. W-5 L-2 T-0



Boys Varsity Tennis: First row: David Straut, Evan Bash, Zander Lamar, Second row; Chris Miller, Grayson Ferrante, Greg Bash, Bud Tibbals (coach).

Var. W-8 L-2 T-0 J.V. W-6 L-1 T-0 Penn.—Jersey Champions.



Girls Varsity Tennis: First row: Shelly Gorden, Ellen Albert, Nancy Kendall; Second row: Susie Pratt, Lourie Savage, Eilie Cruthers, Jill Migliori.

Var. W-3 L-4 T-0 J.V. W-4 L-3 T-0



Girls' Softball: Michael Packard, second row: Ann Walcott, Sandy Lamb, Lee Hale Becky Hafitz, Christy Black, Jennifer Walsh, Sabrina Plante, Lisa Stone, Martha Tattersall, third row: Cynthia Packard, Chris Cragg, Melinda Cragg, Sarah Williams, Gail Abbotts, Gwyneth Hamel, Marget Jacobus.

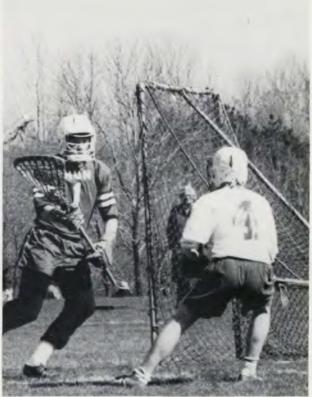
Var. W-8 L-6 T-0



Baseball: back row: Robert Russo (ass't coach), Cathy Calcerano, Carl Spataro, Nick Brady, Bill Baggitt, Frank Konstantynowitz, Brad Marcus, Tom Devito (coach), front row: Chris Szuter, Glen Russo, Rick Fein, Terry Ward, Ted Brown, Gary Salup, Mark Blaxill.

Var. W-3 L-6 T-0







Boys Lacrosse: Front row: Skip Guerin, Dich Gordon, Tim Hamid, Ted Dowey, Cam Ferrante (captain), John Bragg, second row: David O'Connor, Greg Matthews, Mark Zawadsky, Jim Daubert, Peter Taggart, Jeb Burns, Jack Bonini, Tom Moore, Ralph Adams, Phil Billington, Doug Boone, Janet Rasweiler, (manager), Jill Goldman (manager), third row: Billy Erdman, Jay Trubee, Rich Olsson, John Segal, Billy Martin, Stephen Packard, Chuck Segal, Leonard Williams, Doug Robinson, Shaun Kennedy, back row: Chuck Simpson (coach), Steve Judge, Phil van Dusen (coach).

Var. W-6 L-6 T-0



Girl's Field Hockey: 1st row: Annabelle Brainard, Holly Burks, Claire Treves, Anne Russell (captain), Marjorie Williams, Suzanne Bishop, Sally Schluter (J.V. captain); 2nd row: Liza Constable, Ann McClure, Lisa Mittacht, Barbara Russell, Caroline Erdman, Michelle Plante, Kathy Kehoe, Susie Vaughan, Babette Mills, Tammy Pachter, Sandy Shaw, Ann Wittke, Cory Fischer, Barbara Griffin, Catherine Ferrante. (missing from picture: Kathy Burks)

Var. W-3 L-4 T-1 J.V. W-6 L-1 T-1









Girls Soccer: 1st row: Heather Dembert, Liz Schluter, Clooie Sherman, Molly Moynahan, Janet Rassweiler, Abi Chilton (captain), Marget Jacobus, Tina Pritchard, Bev Banks, Meg Bailey, 2nd row: Sabrina Barton, Allison Ijams, Nancy Hollendonner, Sandra Benson, Livia Wong, Andrea Avery, Sabrina Plante, Lisa Stone, 3rd row: Jennifer Walsh, Johanna Kind, Leslie Nicholson, Sarah Rothrock, Julia Penick, Molly Sword, Karen Morganstern, Christy Black, Nan Gincola, Lee Hale.

Var. W-4 L-4 T-1 JV. W-2 L-0 T-1







Varsity Football: First row: Jay Trubee, Carl Briscoe, Billy Martin, Shawn Ellsworth, Moo Young, Ralph Brown, Scott Ware; Second row: Jim Daubert, Phil Bellington, Denny Williams, Mark Blaxill, Bill Olson, Steve Judge, Thomas Ettinghausen, Mark Zawadsk, Don Quigley; Third row: Jeff Nunes, Don Gips, Doug Fitton, Rob Harrower, John Segal, Todd Miller, Greg Morea, Doug Patterson; Fourth row: Bill Baggitt, David Mottley, Frank Konstantynowicz, Keith Thomas, Brian Trubee, Lee Schley, Ralph Adams; Fifth row: Rob Hoffman, Malcomb Long, John Boneparth.



Var. W-5 L-2 T-0 Prep "B" Champions





Varsity Soccer: First row: Grayson Ferrante, Glen Russo, Bill McClellan, Paul Goldman; Second row: Jack Bonini, Tim Fabian, Tommy Moore, David Beckwith, Ken Yamamoto; Third row: Mr. Tom DeVito, Quinn McCord, John Hickling, Chris Russo, David Mali, Tony Knott, Mike Walters.

Var. W-8 L-4 T-2 JV. W-2 L-5 T-2









W-9 L-5 T-0 Prep."B" Champions

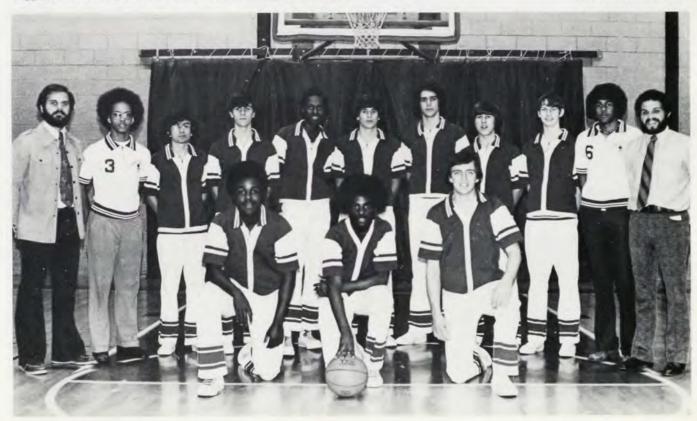
Cross—Country; First row: Eamon Downey (coach), Andrew Hildick—Smith, Billy Plapinger (captain), Peter Taggart, Mark Grecco, Bill Graff (manager), Second row: Bill Von Oehsen, Gina Martinuzzi, Jay Itzkowitz, Barr von Oehsen, (missing from picture: Lucy Gorelli).





Basketball: Billy Martin (co-captain), Keith Thomas (co-captain), Frank Konstantynowicz (co-captain), Bob Hoffman, Ralph Adams, Chris Szuter, Steve Baiker, Randy Melville, Paul Goldman, Bill Baggitt, Mike Walters, Bill von Oehsen, David Mottley, Allan Taback.

As of Feb. 13 Var. W-12 L-5 T-0 J.V. W-5 L-4 T-0 Cub W-2 L-6 T-0





Girls' Ice Hockey: First row: Marget Jacobus, Suzanne Bishop, Sally Lincoln, Anne Russell, Caroline Erdman, Susi Vaughan, Kathy Burks, Nan Giancola, Gwyneth Hamel; Second row: Lisa Mittnacht, Virgie Rodgers, Dich Gordon (ass't. Coach), Janet Rassweiler, Eleanor Kuser, Rhoda Jaffin, Gay Wilmerding, Sandy Shaw, Susan Pratt, Ann Wittke, Molly Murdoch, Allison Whistler, Maggie Gordon, Hilary Winter, Aubrey Huston (coach).

As of Feb. 13 Var. W-0 L-1 T-0







Boy's Ice Hockey: First row: Rick Olsen, Mike Young, Bill McClellan (captain), Ralph Brown (captain), Jim Daubert, Dich Gordon,; Second row: Aubrey Huston (coach), David O'Connor, Mark Zawadski, Jebbie Burns, Tom Moore, Steve Judge, Bill Erdman, Murray Wilmerding, Mark Blaxill, Tim Brush, Peter Taggart (manager).

As of Feb. 13 Var. W-6 L-7 T-0 J.V. W-6 L-3 T-0





Volleyball: first row: Leslie Nicholson, Annabelle Brainard, Becky Hafitz, Susan Paine, Kathy Kehoe, Ann McClure, Lee Hale; second row: Pamela Frothingham (coach), Carol Katz, Cory Fischer, Susan Pratt, Amy Stover (captain), Gwyneth Hamel, Sandy Shaw, Anne Russell, Jennifer Mezey (manager).

As of Feb. 13 Var. W-2 L-1 T-0 J.V. W-2 L-0 T-0







As of Feb. 13 Var. W-6 L-1 T-0 J.V. W-5 L-1 T-0



Girl's Basketball: First Row; Claire Treves, Lisa Stone, Sarah Strickler, Jill Migliori, Ann Wittke, (captain), Livia Wong, Barbara Russel, Anne Dennison; Second Row; Sabrina Plante, Barbara Griffin, Liza Constable, Holly Burks; Third Row; Catherine Ferrante, Susan Blaxill, Lucy Englander, Sabrina Barton; Michele Plante.

Squash: Bob Denby, Alex Zaininger, Chuck Segal, Andy Atkin, Andrew Hildick-Smith, Mel Farr, Grayson Ferrante, David Beckwith, Kenya Yamamoto.





Cub Basketball: John Jamison, (coach), Rob Whitlock, Bar von Oehson, Keith Baicker, Jeff Patterson, Frank Picolella, Amos Sanford (captain), Todd Miller, Doug Filton, Ken Trock, Rob Cottone, Barry Smith,

J.V. Basketball: First Row; Bill von Oehson, Chris Szuter, Doc Rocc (coach), John Hickling, Tony Knot; Second Row; Mike Mantell, Steve Baicker, Alan Johnson, Mike Walters, Don Quigley, Carl Spitaro.





Cub Soccer: First row: Loring McAlpin, Lee Ross, Colin Carpi, Anthony Dworking, Roger Fried, Dick Rassweiler, Fred Woodbridge; Second row: Chris Bundy, Jeff Ritter, John Rodgers, John Brett-Smith, John Wallace, Steven Cragg, Keith Baiker; Third row: Mr. Larry Kuser, Andy Sandford, Mark Kolman, Rob Whitlock, Will Kain, Wells Coalfleet.

J.V. Soccer: First Row; Matt Chambers, Andy Atkin, Peter Morgan, Will Stackpole, Jeff Paterson; Second Row; Joe Feller, Simeon Huttner, Randy Symington; Third Row; Scott MacGregor, (coach), Steve Baicker, Skip Guerin, Mike Mantell, David O'Conner, Rob McClellan, Dan Drorbaugh, Lucky Pyne, Monty Brower, Steve Farr, John Lifland, Jim Jeffers, Lars Anderson.





J.V. Tennis: First row: Sheryl Graff, Mary Lane (captain); Second row: Abi Chilton, Alison Hopfield, Jennifer Carpi, Cory Fisher, (missing from picture: Cary Bacheldor, Sandi Davies, manager)

















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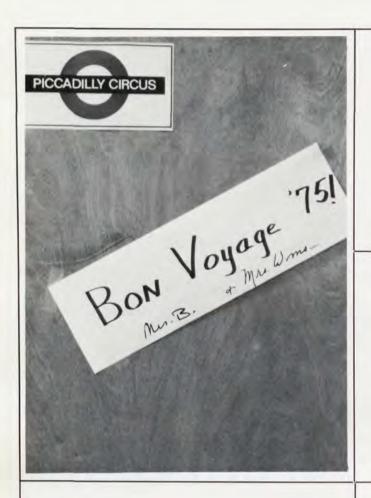
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Peter

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Congratulations to the Senior Class

Mr. & Mrs. Morton J. Goldman

Marget—
Congratulations and much love.
John
Laura
Bill
Hughie
David
Claire

Bob,

Thanks for everything.

Ruth, Sandy, Chuck

Congratulations & Best Wishes to Tom Toth—Annie Russell Glen Russo—Marjie Williams

Dave Beckwith-Lars Selberg Suzanne Bishop (WHEW!) from your weary advisor

Something wonderful came in a small package

Love & Hugs, Mother & Daddy



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Mrs. Thurber • Rev. J. Whittimore • Mrs. Sayen • Mrs. R. Bishop • Mrs. Sturken
Mrs. Wilmerding • Mrs. Bullitt • Mrs. Jacobus • Mrs. Tregoe



To Abi, Alison, Charlotta, Gay, Marget, Marita, Sally and all my friends: It's been fun, laughs, anger, silence and crazy! You are all part of me that I will never let go. Thanks for being you.

Sayonara



Yuki



THANK YOU 有養食 MADASI CMACUGO THANK YOU



Thanks:

- To Mom & Dad: for putting up with 18 years of me. There's more to come.
- To Mr. vanDusen: for being my supporter, my friend.
- To Mr. Lott: the best (and craziest) teacher I've ever had.
- To Billy: for being a good friend.
- To the Wabash boys: for the greatest of weekends!
- To Bill's friends at P'ton: I hope I can call you mine too.
- To Allen & Hugh: for being next door, I hope for always.
- To Rick Alampi: for good advice, and great fortunes.
- To Cards and Wildman: for being my brothers.
- To Sarah: for being the best of Boozles.
- To Raider: for ten great years together.



HINKSON'S

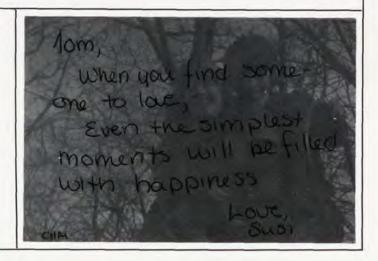
Princeton, New Jersey 08540 Phone (609) 924-0112

Dear Susi,

"It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is less difficult to know that it has begun." And it has begun...

Never let it end, for "... the light of a whole life dies when love is done."

Love, Tom

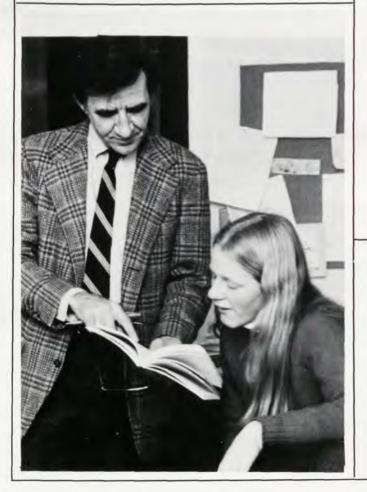


To the Students, Alumni, Parents, Friends and Faculty; We all have a great school. Enjoy it and be proud of it. Parent's Association And yet letting our grown up pride hide all the need inside—Acting more like children than children.

Kathy, Sally, Suzanne, Molly
Annie, Annabelle, Cory
I wish I could say all the things
I should say-say 'em loud-say 'em clear
For the whole world to hear.
Too fast to live
Too young to die

Bye Bye

Russ





Best wishes to Yuki from,

C.M.B.

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MAIN OFFICE 1891 NORTH OLDEN AVENUE TRENTON, N. J. 08638 Members of the Ivy Club salute the graduating class

Alison,

Thanks for what's been. The memories will always exist, especially the days surrounding your "rocking the boat". Remember the day your picture was taken. Parts of it (not that last exam) still rate among my finest. You've meant a lot not only to me but to all that ever knew you even half as well.

Here's to you

Forever, Tom

Good luck and best wishes to the Class of '75

With the compliments of

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What can I say?
Phil
M & D
Doug
Kay
Carl
Andy

Thank You

I know how

To my family, friends and teachers,

No words can express the appreciation and gratitude I have for you and for the help and understanding you've given me

> Many thanks to you all, Kathy



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WE PRINT-IT IN A MIN-IT'

Instant Printing Center

Building B Research Park 1101 State Road Princeton, N.J. 08540 Steph-

I was going to place a traditional ad for my graduating sister with some profound quote which would sum up the 15 year relationship that we have shared.

But I couldn't find anything that expressed what I wanted to say

So, I hope you'll settle for a short but sincere statement.

I love you,
And I never doubt the ability within you.
(I hope you don't either)
Jenny



Sports & Things

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"Making friends for the world to see,

Let the people know you got what you need;

With a friend at hand you will see the light

If your friends are there, then everything's alright."

Elton John

Many Thanks Love, Mary Sales and Service

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Dreams full of promises

Hopes for the future—I've had many
Dreams I can't remember now

Hopes that I've forgotten faded

memories.

Still I love to see the sun go down

And the world go around.

All my love to my parents—two people who understood me at a time when I didn't understand myself—





199 Nassau St. 921-6456 And special love to

Kath, Car, Sun, Caron, Marcia, Syd, Cathy, Jill, The Campbell Soup Kid, Markette, Puff, Jenny and of course, Mr. McCord.

Cree

Mr. Bing,

A sudden thought strikes me, let us swear an eternal Friendship

George Canning

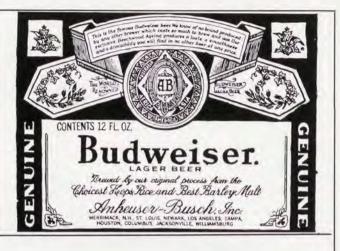
With all my love-

Abigail

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Congratulations Class of '75

Anne,
Be like the bird, who
Halting in his flight
On limb too slight
Feels it give way beneath him,
Yet sings
Knowing he hath wings.

Mom, Dad, and Barbara

Par

it all began

Sir Tristram shield, arriving at Lavenham Court in the wintry dusk, was informed at the door that his great-uncle was very weak, not expected to live many more days out. He received this tiding without comment and betrayed no emotion in his steel grey eyes.

And look what you started

Russ

To Mr. and Mrs. Bear, Bonce, Fan, Marmie, Murry, and of course Dona

One happy lot in all the life of men-and she laughed a meaningless laugh just being happy-Thanks

Annie





To Princess

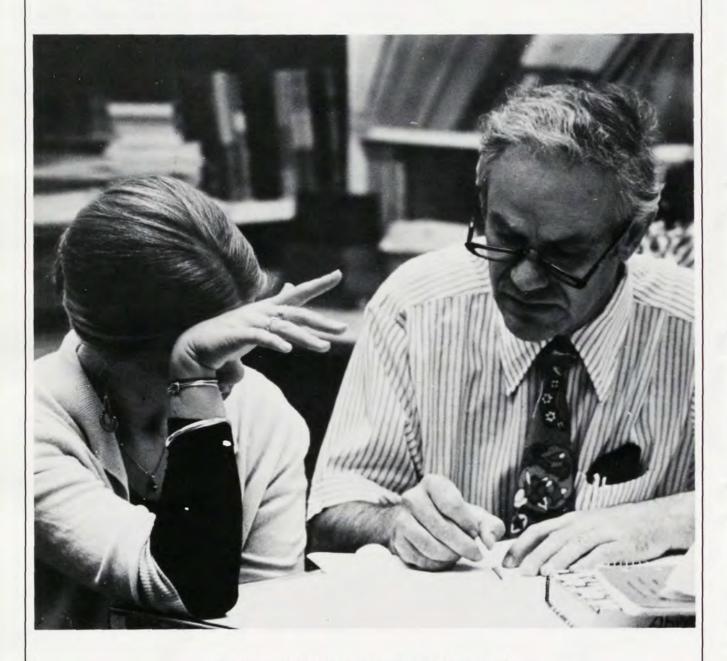








To Mr. Cragg,



Thank you for so patiently helping us all.

The Class of 1975

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Mr. MacGregor,

... Arithmetic is numbers you squeeze from your head to your hand to your pencil to your paper til you get the answer.

... Arithmetic is where the answer is right and everything is nice and you can look out of the window and see the blue sky—or the answer is wrong and you have to start all over and try again and see how it comes out this time.

If you take a number and double it and double it again and then double it a few more times, the number gets bigger and bigger and goes higher and higher and only arithmetic can tell you what the number is when you decide to quit doubling ...

Carl Sandburg

Thank You

Nan, Sally, Sheila, Gabriella, Patty, Elizabeth, Ann, Ann, Gwen, Eleanor, Peter, Mark, Rhoda, Jay, Jebby, Leslie.

Yuki-Chan:

Arigato,

for the

Memories.

Much love-

Mother





SWEET SUCCESS, SUPER SALLY!

CHUCK,
TO A REALLY SUPER (flu-ous) COACH
DICH DOUGHIE CHUCKIE JACKO



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Phone: (609) 924-9340

Just to say "thanks"
To you! ... Yes you, Miss Lockhart
for being a great friend and advisor.
Mr. Jones, thank you for being such a
great second-father. You were always there.
Dad, I know how you feel and I so
love you too.
Mom, you've always been there for better
or for worse (sounds like we're married!)
and you've always had an extra shoulder available.

And you, Mr. Lott, are a very funny man, a great teacher, and a fabulous friend. Janet, Sue, Billy, Nancy, Peter.—you've made my seventeen years—great!

Thanks Tina

Fashions for Children The Clothes Line 53 Palmer Square Best Wishes

to the Class of 1975

from

Dr. & Mrs. Douglas H. Robinson

Three years ago all of you -- an irresistable force -- stepped off Cloud Nine and met an old, immovable object -- me. Thanks for asking me along ever since: I wouldn't trade the Class of 1975 or the last three years for anything. You are just great, and I'll miss you all,

god dammit!

Phil van Diser



For the Class of 1975-

O voyagers, O seamen,

You who come to port, and you whose bodies will suffer the trial and judgement of the sea, Or whatever event, this is your real destination." So Krishna, as when he admonished Arjuna On the field of battle.

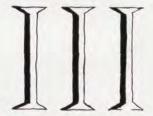
Not fare well,

But fare forward, voyagers

T.S.Eliot "The Dry Salvages"

H.M.L.&J.

Mr. Franz,



Thank You Kathy, Molly, Dich, John, Robert, Anne, Gay, Marget, Caroline, Tina, Bill, Jack.

Best Wishes From '77 Mr. McAneny,



Thank You

Shelley London Kip Herrick Sarah relson Leslie Ring Mora Cuesta Kathy Burks Sally Schluter Chro Cragg Sande Davies Beth scarbieugh Any Wilmerding Molly Murdoch gamet Rasswerler Jaro Bedull Sardy San Bullet Hilly Wills Dark today! lammy pett. dia stone Xora wong Bill ahl Andy action Ellen Albert Suzanne Bishop Becky Datel Suce Vaughan Hope Blackburn Barbara Russell Dely Friedman and moceuse John Lefland Charles C. Lifla Mayou William Carol Katy Elliret Pilshaw Caly Backelder molti Wal Therell father Dabrina Hante Sandy Tehmann Janot Quigley Sally Sell Church Degal se japan Sue Biaxill Betsy Murdoch Linda Factor Cintra Eglin Caren Ludmer

Kathy,
Remember the good times
And keep laughing.

Congratulations and love, Holly To Mrs. Fine,

I can not express it fully; all I can say is Thank You so much for everything.

Marget

Jenny, Olice, Hoven, But

oh ,who do you love ,poorAngus when Christine's left the moor

Ah then Sir thats the only time

I feel I'm really poor."

Jeff! Allison, Catherine

To Mr. Whitlock and Mr. Franz,

Thank You seems so shallow in return for all you have given me.

Marget

Town Shop
OF PRINCETON, N. J.
67 PALMER SQUARE

Marcia, Remember . . .

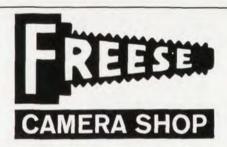
Roller skating, Marvin Gaye, Gary Lott, Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?, Bio-lab note books, Mrs Shehadi's Oh My's, Candide, The beans in Blazing Saddles, Igor in Young Frankenstien, Slave emancipation, broccoli-rasberry ice cream, Imperalism, the Annex, finding Shawn's car in the lot while it rained (holding up my dress), your fall in field hockey, Eddie Kendricks, Parties at Caron's with Jim, Tony Evboogieing in a '64 Pontiac, your little shoes, the horse you call a dog, the muggers on John St., quotas for minorities in colleges, ethnic food, racial slurs, Dimbo/Nimbo, Woots/Toots, Summers away from Princeton, Christian/Michel (both in France), your \$ shopping trips to N.Y., Grotto's roaches, cover girls, Star Trek . . . and how much I'll miss you, Toots.

Woots



Suzanne and Caroline,
"Happy people never count hours as they pass."
May all that happiness brings be yours.

Love, Tammy



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To the Class of 1975-

"Over and beyond the eating and the sleeping, the mere living and dying one after another, the spirit adds, invents, creates what is better than what was before."

Robert Redfield

Thanks and good fortune to all of you.

Douglas O. McClure

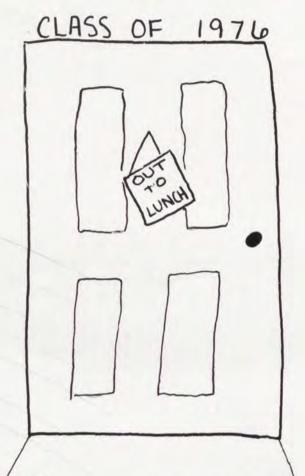


To Ken,

Best Wishes and Good Luck

AFS





I don't know what a moron is,

And I don't give a damn.

I'm thankful that I am not one -

My God! Perhaps I am.

(Henry Pratt Fairchild)

OUR DEEPEST APPRECIATION TO HARVEY'S TEACHERS, FOR THE INTEREST AND CONCERN THEY HAVE SHOWN HIM, THROUGHOUT THE YEARS HE WAS A STUDENT AT P.D.S. THEIR CARE IS CERTAINLY EVIDENT NOW.

MR. & MRS. SAMUEL WIENER

Bill.

I do my thing and you do you thing,
I'm not in this world to live up to
your expectations
And you are not in this world to
live up to mine
You are you and I am I
And if by chance we find each other,
it's beautiful.

XX

TO HARVEY,
WE ARE PROUD OF YOU!
WE WISH YOU THE ACHIEVEMENT OF YOUR
GOALS—AND LASTING JOY FOR YOUR FUTURE.
CONGRATULATIONS,
MOM. DAD AND SUSAN



Class of 1970 1975 1973 Miss Fine's PCD PDS FAREWELL

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To Tina—
"And you know who your friends are
By looking in their eyes
And you know so you smile
But they never realize
What goes on inside, every me and you
Keeps on a-rolling on."
Love, Molly





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Robert Salup, Mgr.

Shelley:

there is a space between us which we cross to touch each other softly and so make up our loss some things take so long to learn no matter how we try still we try and keep it open and we get by

good luck

Love, Becky

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To Mr. Mac.

Thank you for the years and experience. Fred Powell, David Kingsley, Peter Santard, Henry Abbott, Malachi Stack, Cornelius Hackl, Jeff Douglass, and two bartenders.

Coaches-Players-Spectators

One Super Year!

(Good Luck '75)

Girl's P.E.

THANKS TO ALL— J.B.

To Felix and John-

I sure missed you bums

in Greek this year.



love, Mom

Molly, remember the good times. tears, cokes, lunches, laughs, late movies, grilled cheese sandwhiches, whiskey sours, Harry's—the usual please, little eensy—weensy tomatoes, satire, soul train, J.P. & E.W., music and songs, plans that never made it, you're always there,

luv, Tina P,S. Good Luck (you'll need it)

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Love, Andy and Bobby

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Always Leave Them Laughing When You Say Goodbye (Cohan)

Thanks, and Congrat's!

Leslie & Sandy

To M.M.

In the times we've known
When we each are a part of one another.
we've lost as much as we have won.
And as our lives have grown,
we have found that it only brings us pain
to hang on to the things that we have done.
Still I've loved the times you've come.
Jackson Browne

love, M.S.



To Cindy,

Our daughter, whom we love dearly. A fantastic human being. May God's Blessing forever be her **crown**.

Laura and Wilbert Brooks

To Class X, Et monere et moneri proprium est verae amicitiae.

Quinn R. McCord



75,
"It is better to be alone than in bad company"
G. Washington
Good luck you meatballs!!

R.N.McC. '77

The Kick-out Queens, The Dynamic Duo, The Terrible Two, the Originators of "Ching", or just "Those Two", have worked very hard to keep up our standard of cheerful noisy laughter up and down the halls of PDS—Although half of us has been gone the past few weeks, don't worry, we'll be laughing again next year. Thanks to everybody, and to those of you who may never see us again, it's a long way to Wobeloosco . . . Hope we all get there . . .

To Mrs. Shepherd

... I believe You're ... quite a personage. A personage and a personality are quite different—I wonder if you can figure the difference. Peter the Hermit, Joan of Arc, Cousin Tom, Mark Antony and Bonnie Prince Charlie were personalities. You and Cardinal Newman and Julius Ceasar and Elizabeth Barrett Browning and myself and Mme. de Stael were personages. Does the distinction begin to glimmer on you? Personality may vanish at a sickness. a personage is hurt more by a worldly set-back.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

With Love The Class of 1975

To Miss Lockhart, and all my friends and teachers, Thanks for everything Carl To: Ellen, Amy, Ruth, David, Eddas, Suzanne, Jack, John, Julie, Syd, Ralph, Kathy, Caron, Cathy, Abi, Chris, Sandi, Livy, Dan, Shawn, Caroline, Tim, Jane, Linda, Grey, Lilly, Judith, Paul, Rob, Shelley, Dich, Lucy, Bill, Kip, Alison, Marget, Alison, John, Sandy, Mary, Alex, Sandy, Brad, Bill, Jim, Carlleen, Chris, Lisa, Simon, Yuki, Molly, Jody, Nancy, Elliot, Bill, Tina, Dawn, Janet, Janet, Doug, Anne, Glen, Gary, Lourie, Sally, Chuck, Nadine, Lars, Amy, Jeff, Marita, Molly, Keith, Tom, Susi, Marcia, Margie, Andy, Gay, Hilary, Sally, Ken and Moo

Best Wishes and Good Luck Carl To: Brin, Ralph, Paul, Brad, Billy Mc., Big Ru, Gary, Kat, and Moody,

Good luck next year, wherever you are. Remember all the good times and the bad. All our wins and losses and be thankful we're still alive.

> Later Fellows, Frankie "K"

Princeton Book Mart 11 Palmer Square West



Congratulations to the class of 1975 Best Wishes and Good Luck

The Segals



In Princeton, it's HARRY'S Luncheonette 16½ Witherspoon Street Princeton, N.J.

Tim and Cathy,

The halls will be empty without you.

Marya and Dave



200 NASSAU ST., PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY Phone: 924-0058

5735

To Melucine, Ms. Cadle, Cathy & Abs,

The more you love, the more you can love—and the more intensely you love. Nor is there any limit on how many you can love. If a person had time enough, he could love all of that majority who are decent and just. (Lazarus Long)

Love, your shlemiel, lazy bum, procrastinator, nut, lunatic and utter incompetent

To the little girl whom I met for the first time in Biology, four years ago --- Minmize your therbligs until it becomes automatic; this doubles your effective lifetime-- and thereby gives time to enjoy butterfies and kittens and rainbows. (Lazarus Long)

I love you, Syd,

M.J.W (woots)

p.s. hey, when are we going to go rollarskating?

Mrs. Shehadi,

(May the Lord bless you and protect you; may the Lord countenance you and be gracious to you; may the Lord favor you and grant you peace.

Morn. Service, 6:24-26)

(Til we meet again,) Marcia



Here's looking at you kids-

Love.

the Fanman

From Friends With Up With People

To all concerned—a year of fun, hard work and a job well done.
Sincere Congratulations from
The Burks'



Enfant Stupide:

Et puis regarde! Tu vois, lá-bas, les champs de blé? ... Le ble pour moi est inutile. Les champs de blé ne me rapellent rien. Et ca, c'est triste! Mais tu as des cheveux couleur d'or. Alors ce sera merveilleux ... Le blé, qui est doré, me fera souvenir de toi. Et j'aimerai le bruit du vent dans le blé ...

Votre ami, Enfant Terrible

To Ann:

Pure white needs some grey.

Goosh

We all love you Mrs. Blama-

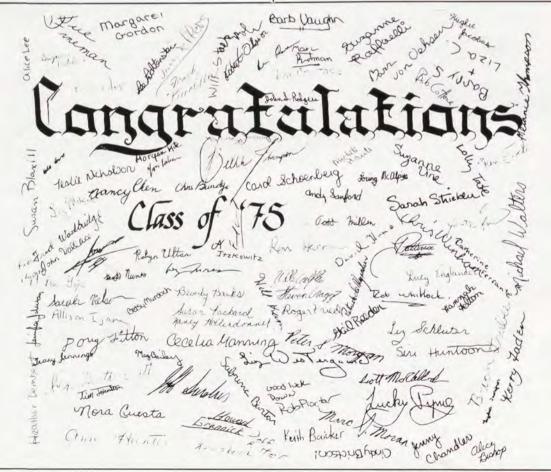
Lisa, Tina, Nan, Sarah, Clooie, Lee, Jennifer, Marget, Molly, Bena, Livia, Sandra, Janet, Abi, Molly, Heather, Meg, Joanne, Bev, Julia, Andrea, Nancy, Alison, Leslie, Karin, Christie.



THE THORNE PHARMACY

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E.E. Campbell, R.P.





Dear Majorie, Hell if our revels have ended or not. I dont think I will analg you with anything. So I will be forced to remember you forever. Imagine, one pair of ugly (LaaaAAAh) earrings did this. Let us marry tru minds and things of that nature. So even if you go, what you have left me is worth it. Hit me again. I am very proud of you. Lady: when you are near, I am smiling. Damn the niggers and full speed ahead. My uncle the Admiral said that. He did not really, I made it up. I do not beleive in short and concise, this will all go down in the book. I am glad to know you.

love dich

To the

Class Parents

and to the

Parents of the Class

Thanks for everything,

The Class of '75

Best Wishes, Mrs. Dickason





To Mrs. Fine,

In our opinion the FINAL AUTHORITY on everything. There is no other member of the faculty for whom we have greater respect and admiration. You've taught us so much more than just classics.

> Chris Jeff Bill

To Annie Russ, Dave, Mitt, Charlie, Felix, and Chris:

"A friend may be reckoned the masterpiece of Nature."

Love Marj

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Thanks to Mrs. Sheperd, Mr. Lott, Mr. McClure, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Packard:

"Educational relations make the strongest tie"

And to Mr. Carchidi, Mr. VanDusen, Mrs. Baker, Mr. Bing:

You helped with the heat in the kitchen.

Majorie Williams



Congratulations to the Class of 1975 and heartfelt thanks to the special people at PDS who give so much of themselves to develop and inspire others

The Cadle Family

Do you remember when . . .

two boys straked down the front hall in ski masks and jock straps . . . there was no girls' ice hockey team . . . Mr. McAneny, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Vogt and Mr. Merle-Smith ran the school . . . there were periods instead of mods . . . the Megapenny pennies were stolen a group of students cleaned the school daily ... milk was free ... it rained at PDS Fair ... parents threatened to walk out on the Rev. Coffin's speech at graduation ... the police came to school to investigate the Bomb Scare ... you could hear a pin drop in the library ... Mr. McClure lived in Colross ... the boy's soccer team went to England ... no art work hung in the school ... the second grade was in two separate rooms ... girls wore dresses and boys wore jackets and ties . . . all the boys' teams were managed only by boys . . . you had to get a little pink slip to go anywhere in the school . . . there were no small rooms without windows . . . there was no Daily Bulletin . . . used books could be returned for money and bought for less at the Book Store . . . the darkroom was in the Lower School area . . . there was no skating rink . . . buses did not provide transportation to the school . . . there was a quiet place in the school to sit . . . the first graduating classes were only girls . . . the Middle School was in the North Commons and the Upper School in South Commons ... going to the DQ was the fad ... the Spokesman was the only news supplier in the school . . . cheerleaders in blue and white flanked the sidelines . . . the only way to PDS was via The Great Road . . . the Drama Club imported P.U. boys for the plays ... co-ed classes in 5th and 6th grades were non-existent ... the Learning Center was filled with lockers ... the class of '75 started the tradition of a Middle School Final Assembly ... Sally, Francoise, Helen, Eliana, Reiko, Anne, Karin, Mikael, Feliciano, Werner and Ken were part of the PDS community ... Mr. Wade was the Drama Club director ... the Link was in debt ... Sexy Sharon Stricker taught sex education ... jacks tournaments and clackers ... Mr. McClure declared heat day ... scribble pads were "in" Fluffy and Nassau roamed the school . . . the drug questionnaire came out ("Have you ever turned on with your mother?") . . . "What in God's green earth" . . . senior Prank Day . . . Miss Weigel was Head of Lower School . . . balloon day . . . the Music Department was involved in the . . . mini-council dress code meetings . . . we sang hymns in the morning . . . elections were held at the beginning of each year . . . Mrs. Shepherd explained how to impose clump A on clump B . . . there was no Head of Upper School . . . Mr. Sperling had his sideburns shaved . . . girls' competitive sports had no place here ... PDS was still on the drawing aboard?



Miss Fine's-75

PCD-50

PDS-10





