Creigh Duncan
Sheila Newsome
Peter Taggart
Julie Stabler
Gwyneth Hamel
Jeb Burns
Bill Baggit
John Segal
Rick Turner
Elizabeth Partridge
Sally Silk
Eleanor Kuser
Tom Moore
Phil VanDusen
Bob Denby
Sandy Bing

We came to know you as Freshmen, misunderstood you as Sophomores, came to admire you as Juniors. You taught us the value of working together as a class, while at the same time you showed us our worth as individuals. You did not hold past mistakes against us, but encouraged us to learn from them and to start anew. Whether we have known you as teacher or advisor during the last four years, as Seniors, we have come to regard you as our friend.

For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him that has the eyes to see them.
TRIBUTES
It had just stopped raining and the sun was trying to break through. I looked through the trees and saw colors alone and together that made a mixture so beautiful and real. In the clearing I could see it was a rainbow, trying to complete its spectrum.

A rainbow — many different colors combining to make one.

One color — maintaining its individuality but still being a part of so many others.

Different tones — accented by the others such as Education, Athletics, Art, Music and Community, togetherness of life.

Rainbows could also be little things, such as eating an apple pie, enjoying the friendship of a young lady or even a good win in a pickup basketball or softball game.

Even though a rainbow comes and goes quickly, it still has a complete spectrum. Maybe someday I’ll complete my spectrum.

Frank Konstantynowitcz

Tom DeVito
Everything was made ready on the set. The huge lights and cameras were all moved into place. The director yelled for quiet and everyone responded. The signal was given. The lights were turned on and the stagehand clapped the board shouting, “take one.” The cameras rolled and Baggs appeared, saying, “There's only one thing I like better than Pop-corn...”

F.K.

Bill Baggitt
Rhoda Jaffin

Nobody ever had the rainbow baby, until he had the rain.

Jim Croce
Entre los sauces
donde la luz de la
luna brilla su sendero
en el agua que siempre esta pacifica,
puedo reflexionar de los tiempos buenos.

Los recuerdos nunca se mueren,
solamente parecen perderse en la neblina.

Eleanor Kuser
You said “keep on the sunny side,”
That “life is just a rainbow ride,
A silver-studded surf board glide
On the winding waves that keep you high.”
It will bring you down below the tides.
Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day
You fritter and waste the hours in an off hand way
Kicking around on a piece of ground in your home town
Waiting for someone or something to show you the way

Tired of lying in the sunshine staying home to watch the rain
You are young and life is long and there is time to kill today
And then one day you find ten years have got behind you
No one told you when to run, you missed the starting gun

And you run and you run to catch up with the sun, but it's sinking
And racing around to come up behind you again
The sun is the same in the relative way, but you're older
And shorter of breath and one day closer to death

Every year is getting shorter, never seem to find the time
Plans that either come to naught or half a page of scribbled lines
Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way
The time is gone the song is over, thought I'd something more to say

Pink Floyd

Rich Olsson
Run a silent path to nowhere, everything is all
You could have a pleasant life if Summer had no Fall
Treat yourself so gently though the task is often hard
Man is not a God it seems, who holds the final card
Close your eyes and feel the darkness, speak and hear the sound,
We only catch a glimpse of all the life around.
The man is not alive who knows the value of his soul,
And when our lives are pulled away, there's more to fill the hole

I wonder what you'd think if all the changes didn't come,
For growing old is only going back to where you're from

Far beyond our senseless thoughts there lies a core of gold
Where essence of the newborn child is waiting in the old,
The Master Plan is well conceived, it's there for all to see
And each day that is spent in thought, is living Harmony
Reach into the depths of being, pass beyond the years,
Time is lost in stillness, where there are no hopes and fears,
Linger in the void, and like a beacon in the night
Purity will fill your soul with ever-present light

Everything you seek is waiting patiently within
For growing old is only going back to where you've been.

words by Kerry Livgren of "Kansas"
yo solo quiero mirar los campos; yo solo quiero cantar mi canto.
Pero no quiero cantar solita; yo quiero un coro de pajaritos.
Quiero llevar este canto amigo a quien lo pueda necesitar.
Quiero tener un millon de amigos y asi mas fuerte poder cantar.
Yo solo quiero un viento fuerte; llevar mi barco con rumbo norte. Quiero tener un hogar sin muro; quiero a mis hijos pisando firme, cantando alto y sonriendo libres.
Quiero amor siempre en esta vida, sentir el calor de una mano amiga.
Ver a mi hermano sonriendo libre; verlo llorar pero de contento.

Venga conmigo cantar mi canto y lleve este canto amigo a quien lo pueda necesitar.

I only want to see the fields; I only want to sing my song. But I don't want to sing alone; I want to have a chorus of birds. I want to give this song to my friend and to all who need it. I want to have a million friends and sing my heart to the world. I only want a strong wind; to drive my ship to the north. I want to have a home without walls; I want my children to tread on firm ground, singing high and smiling freely. I want love always in this life; to feel the warmth of a friend's hand. To see my brother smiling freely; see him crying but only from happiness. Come with me and sing my song and give this song to whoever needs it.

Popular song from South America
I stood upon a high place,
And saw, below, many devils
Running, leaping,
And carousing in sin.
One looked up, grinning,
And said, “Comrade! Brother!”

Aileen Mayzell
Stephen Crane
Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Matthew Arnold
In your blue eyes, o reckless child
I saw today many little wild wishes
Eager as the great morning

Sandburg
Two men sat in a bar. One said to the other, “Do you like Americans?” and
the second answered vigorously, “No”.
“Do you like Frenchmen?” asked the first.
“No,” came the answer with equal vigor.
“Englishmen?”
“No.”
“Russians?”
“No.”
“Germans?”
“No.”
There was a pause and the first man, raising his glass, asked, “Well, who do
you like?”
Without hesitation the second man answered, “I like my friends.”

Remarque

Ann Wittke
Unfortunately it was raining when we arrived at Red Boathouse dock, the flashlight beaming through the darkness to guide his rocking boat to a safe landing. A rather dreary welcoming from the beautiful St Lawrence; however, it really made little difference; He'd gone through it many times before. This could never ruin the sunny autumn weekend ahead of him. I had been many weeks since Tom had last been there. Nevertheless everything was the same. "A nice break from the heat of Princeton" he thought.

"Gotta remember to photograph the sunsets." Far ahead lay rest and relaxation, north winds, and sticky gingerbread. It was a return to happiness.

"Friends who'll be kind
Like me 'cause I don't really mind,
Where you're going or what you've been through,
And I'll pull you out through love and kindness
If that's what I need to do,
Or give you places to begin,
And I'll stick by you through thick and thin
Give you comfort, be your friend
I've got lots of love throughout my soul
A lot of heart that won't turn cold"

Liv Taylor

Tom Moore
In the quiet town of Mayberry, Opie was getting ready to go out to a party, but was sidetracked by his father, the cautious commissioner of the town.

"Hey Ope, wher ya going?"
"Out to a party, pa."
"Drive carefully, Ope. You know how people are when they drink too much. And don't you drink too much."
"Don't worry pa, I won't."
"Okay son, I just wanted to be sure."
"Sure pa. See you later."
"Don't be too late . . ."

Opie was already on his way to the party. He was dreaming of the summer to come, and how great it was going to be when he could sail again. He drove up in his bright red "Fire Engine". As he was late to the party, people questioned him.

"Where ya been, Erd?"
"Been in Philly again Ope?"
"Bdtheuh! Figure it out!"
"Life's rough, isn't it Ope?"
"Yeah, really rough," he said, making a monkey-like face.

Yes — summer was near, and he longed for his house and boats on the Vineyard. And although he loved the sea, he loved his friends much more than they would ever know . . .
So take me by the hand,
And guide me out of here.
Take me out into your sunny meadows.
Well I got to get away for just awhile
I want to learn to live again,
I want to learn to smile —

S. W.
It was just after sunrise
And down by the sea
Down on the sand flats
Where nothing will grow
Come running and footsteps
Like out of a dream
Where the golden green waters come in
Just nine lucky soldiers had come
Throughout the night
Half of them wounded
And barely alive
Just nine out of twenty were headed for home
With eleven sad stories to tell
I remember quite clearly when I got
Out of bed
I said, "Oh, good morning what
A beautiful day."

James Taylor
A breeze in the pines and sun
and bright moonlight, lazin' in
The sunlight, yes indeed —

Greatful Dead

If you're not happy don't
bitch get off your butt and
do something about it.

John Wayne

Lissa Thomas

O black cat, ancient sign of pharaohs,
steal across time's flowing sand
And make Good Luck my close companion —
shadow to shadow, hand to hand.
The sun beat down upon the dusty, weather beaten road. A figure appeared from within a cloud of dust. As the red haired kid approached the house, the sun shone brighter and seemed to reflect off the kid's open smile.

Dave took a bandana from his pocket, wiped his brow, smiled, and then began laughing intensely.

"I can't believe I'm actually in Idaho."
"C'mon Dave let's go get a pizza."
"Yeah, I'm psyched."

Dave strolled into the tavern, tipped his hat to the ladies, and they all responded with smiles. The boys all turned on the bar-room stools and all at once called out;

"Hey it's PRETTY BOY DAVE."
"Oh good! C'mon guys, give me a break."

Dave finished a couple of beers, put on his hat, and headed for the door. His last words were:

"Later guys."

Dave got in his green V.W. and drove off, accompanied by the tunes of J. T.
The man in the wilderness asked of me
How many strawberries grow in the sea.
I answered him as I thought good
“As many as red herrings grown in the wood.”

Lucy D’Agostino
Imagine if each day a man must try to kill the moon, he thought. The moon runs away. But imagine if a man each day should have to try to kill the sun? We were born lucky, he thought.

Then he was sorry for the great fish that had nothing to eat and his determination to kill him never relaxed in his sorrow for him. How many people will he feed, he thought. But are they worthy to eat him? No, of course not. There is no one worthy of eating him from the manner of his behavior and his great dignity.

I do not understand these things, he thought. But it is good that we do not have to try to kill the sun or the moon or the stars. It is enough to live on the sea and kill our true brothers.

Hemingway
I exist as I am, that is enough,
If no other in the world be aware I sit content,
And if each and all be aware that I sit content,
One world is aware and by far the largest to me,
and that is myself.
Walt Whitman

Long Live
Languages

S. V. B. E. V.
J'aime les visages
rayonnant.
Andiamo Adesso ? No voglio, forse dopo.

Nada se queda logico, consistente.
Cambio, mudanza son los ritmos de la vida.
Ten que depender de su propia consecuencia.
Se firme dentro del remolino zumbando.
Nymph, nymph what are your beads?  
Green glass, goblin. Why do you ask  
Give them me.  
   No  
Then I will howl all night in the reeds,  
Lie in the mud and howl for them.  

Goblin why do you love them so?  
They are better than stars or water,  
Better than voices of winds that sung,  
Better than any man's fair daughter,  
Your green glass beads on a silver ring.  
Hush, I stole them out of the moon.  
Give me your beads, I desire them.  
   No  
I will howl in a deep lagoon  
For your green glass beads, I love them so.  
Give them me. Give them.  
   No  

Harold Monroe  

Dana Miller
He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.

Steve Judge

Emily Dickinson
We teach the past, we see further backward into time than any race before us, but we stop at the present or, at best, we project far into the future idealized versions of ourselves as the culmination and the end and, if we do indeed consider our passing, we think that sunlight will go with us and the earth will be dark. We are the end. For us continents rose and fell, for us the waters and the air were mastered, for us the great living web has pulsated and grown more intricate. To deny this, a man once told me, is to deny God.

*Man & Superman* . . . George Bernard Shaw
On a sheep-cropped knoll under a clump of elms we ate the strawberries and drank the wine — as Sebastian promised, they were delicious together — and we lit fat, Turkish cigarettes and lay on our backs, Sebastian's eyes on the leaves above him, mine on his profile, while the blue-grey smoke rose, untroubled by any wind, to the blue-green shadows of the foliage, and the sweet scent of the tobacco merged with the sweet summer scents around us and the fumes of the sweet, golden wine seemed to lift us a finger's breadth above the turf and hold us suspended.

"Just the place to bury a crock of gold," said Sebastian. "I should like to bury something precious in every place where I've been happy and then, when I was old and ugly and miserable, I could come back and dig it up and remember."

Evelyn Waugh
Natasha: Is anything new?
Feodor: No. I’m very happy. But things aren’t the way they used to be.
Natasha: How do you mean?
Feodor: Everyone has grown old. I used to play duets with my cousin Masha. She could do everything. She could read, write and even speak Latin with some degree of fluency. She knew how to decline third declension neuter nouns and understood indirect statement. While the peasants worked the fields she would stand among them and recite lyric poetry — not that the peasants understood Latin.
Natasha: Look, here comes Masha. She’s so charming and pleasant,
Feodor: Yes. She is grown up now, and the lead ballerina with the Vladivostok Ballet. She’s just returned from New York where she appeared in “Rumpelstiltskin” with Nureyev. Hello Maasha.
Masha: I have just finished reading your latest book, Professor. It is marvelous.
Feodor: You flatter me.
Masha: What?
Natasha: He has never written a book.
Feodor: Yes, but I was once a professor. I remember walking among the magnolia trees at the university, reading Indonesian love poems to my secretary. I used to know how all the poems went. There was one —
If the mountain will not come to Mohammed,
then those who drink beer will think beer.
Six of one and half a dozen of the other,
There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.
Natasha: Thank you for that, Feodor. But I ought to remind you that you were never a professor.
Feodor: Yes, but it’s nice to think so, isn’t it?

— excerpted from “Two Thousand and One Russian Playwrights” a chapter in the anthology The World’s Worst Literature.
The international jumping class at Madison Square Garden:
The U.S. was having a tough go of it with one rider out and a new girl filling in. All was quiet when she rode into the ring. The crowd groaned when they realized she was riding a pony! She picked up a cantor and headed for the first jump; tension mounted as she cleared each fence. As she completed the course the crowd went berserk. Photographers rushed toward the small figure, hoping to snap a picture. Reporters pelted her with questions; “weren’t you worried?” “how did you feel?” “what’s your name?” The girl gave them a puzzled look, and said, “what’s my name? Alison – Alison Singer. No that’s not right.”

J. G.
And now it's time to say good bye
as the sun sets on its western sky.
Dancing rain drops on the lake.
You fooled them all, make no mistake.
Scarlet night impress with stars,
You stayed ahead, you will go far.
Leaves scatter against the old brick wall
You always schemed big, you never thought small.
The cracked, red, walk covered with grass,
You shatter deep silence like a rock through stained glass.
Was it you making trouble? No one really knows
The trips down to Woodville, the rips in your sheets, I recall immense triumphs or shall I say feats.
With outrageous wit; cunning and zeal.
We would lift, borrow, but never would we steal.
Rainbows creased with diamond studs.
Now their heads are stuck in the mud.
As I think goodbye and I think the end, I'd like to do the whole goddam thing over again.
But I know we can't so they can breathe a sigh, cause now it's time to say "good bye".

N. J. Brady

Jay Trubee
Scot Ware

While experiencing happiness, we have difficulty in being conscious of it. Only when the happiness is past and we look back on it, do we suddenly realize how happy we had been.

Nikus Kzantzakis
This time, like all times, is a good one, if we but know what to do with it.

Emerson

Kim Cunningham
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got
Till it's gone

Joni Mitchell
It was a picture of a boa constrictor in the act of swallowing an animal. Here is a copy of the drawing.

The Little Prince

Lee Hale
ON FUTURE'S DREAM

Today I dream of dreams to separate future from past
in hopes of finding a key for happiness to last.
Oh Past, thy swelleth in me of which
I cannot separate —
is this then the lock that seals my fate?

I cannot endure the hardships of pain that the past has brought.
That is why I dream for dreams on future's thought.
Must I lie amiss and no progress make,
or can I dream of dreams and my past forsake?

Yet in dreams of future my past I can only see.
Then has my quest for future dreams forsaken me?
Though all is not cloudy I cannot see as if a blindness has come over me.
The same as a cloudy day when birds fail to sing —
yet they have a quest and a longing for Spring
and I, only a dream for what the future may bring.

Efton Gregory
The chess board of the world; the pieces are the phenomena of the universe; the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance.

Thomas Henry Huxley
Energy is eternal delight.

Blake

Nan Giancola
Business? It's quite simple. It's other people's money.

Alexandre Dumas
To be in a Passion you Good may do,  
But no Good if a Passion is in you.  

William Blake

The force that through the green fuse drives the flower  
Drives my green age; that blasts the roots of trees  
Is my destroyer.  
And I am dumb to tell the crooked rose  
My youth is bent by the same wintry fever.  

Dylan Thomas
The greatest use of life is to spend it for something that will outlast it.

William James

Phyllis Gore

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were — I have not seen
As others saw — I could not bring
My passions from a common spring —
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow — I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same

tone —
And all I loved — I loved alone —
Then — in my childhood, in the dawn
Of a most stormy life — was drawn
From every depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds me still —
From the torrent, or the fountain —
From the red cliff of the mountain —
From the sun that round me rolled
In its autumn tint of gold —
From the lightening in the sky
As it passed me flying by —
From the thunder and the storm —
And the cloud that took the form
When the rest of Heaven was blue
Of a demon in my view.

Edgar Allen Poe
See the curtains hanging in the window
In the evening on a Friday night
A little light-a-shinin' through the window
Lets me know everything's all right.
Summer breeze makes me feel fine
Blowin' through the jasmine in my mind
Blowin' through the jasmine in my mind
See the paper layin' on the sidewalk
A little music from the house next door
So I walk up to the door step
Through the screen and across the floor
Summer breeze makes me feel fine
Blowin' through the jasmine in my mind
Blowin' through the jasmine in my mind
Sweet days of summer — the jasmine's in bloom
July is dressed up and playing her tune
When I come home from a hard days work
And you're waitin' there
Not a care in the world
See the smile awaitin' in the kitchen
Food cookin' and the plates for two
Feel the arms reach out to hold me
In the evening when the day is through.
Summer breeze makes me feel fine
Blowin' through the jasmine in my mind
Blowin' through the jasmine in my mind

James Seals and Dash Crofts

Jonathan Stein
If I could save Time in a bottle
The first thing that I’d like to do
Is to save every day
Till Eternity passes away
Just to spend them with you

If I could make days last forever
If words could make wishes come true
I’d save every day like a treasure and then,
Again, I would spend them with you

But there never seems to be enough time
To do the things you want to do
Once you find them
I’ve looked around enough to know
That you’re the one I want to go
Through time with

If I had a box just for wishes
And dreams that had never come true
The box would be empty
Except for the memory
Of how they were answered by you

But there never seems to be enough time
To do the things you want to do
Once you find them
I’ve looked around enough to know
That you’re the one I want to go
Through time with

Jim Croce
Gather ye Rosebuds while ye may,
    Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today
    Tomorrow will be dying.

Robert Herrick
Kindness is a language which the deaf can hear and the blind can read

Mark Twain

Martha Borie
I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself, than to be crowded on a velvet cushion.

Henry David Thoreau
Dear Sir or Madam, will you read my book?
It took me years to write. Will you take a look?
It’s based on a novel by a man named Lear,
And I need a job, so I want to be paperback writer,
Paperback writer.

It’s the dirty story of a dirty man,
And his clinging wife doesn’t understand.
Their son is working for the Daily Mail;
It’s a steady job, but he wants to be a paperback writer,
Paperback writer.

It’s a thousand pages, give or take a few —
I’ll be writing more in a week or two;
I can make it longer if you like the style,
I can change it ’round, and I want to be a paperback writer,
Paperback writer.

If you really like it you can have the rights;
It can make a million for you overnight.
If you return it, you can send it here,
But I need a break, and I want to be a paperback writer,
Paperback writer.

Lennon & McCartney

Eleanor Jennifer Barnes
Cintra Eglin

Into my heart's treasury
I slipped a coin
That time cannot take
Nor a thief purloin, —
Oh, better than the minting
Of a gold — crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory
Of a lovely thing.

Sara Teasdale
plato told
him: he couldn't
believe it (jesus
told him; he
wouldn't believe
it) lao
tsze
certainly told
him, and general
(yes
mam)
sherman;
and even
(believe it
or
not) you
told him: i told
him; we told him
(he didn't believe it, no
sir) it took
a nipponized bit of
the old sixth
avenue
el; in the top of his head: to tell
him

e. e. cummings
“Soon the Laughing Man had amassed the largest personal fortune in the world. Most of it he contributed anonymously to the monks of a local monastery — humble ascetics who had dedicated their lives to raising German police dogs. What was left of his fortune, the Laughing Man converted into diamonds, which he lowered casually, in emerald vaults, into the Black Sea. His personal wants were few.”

J. D. Salinger
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

Jennifer Walsh
Can’t you see that I’m just doing what I want to do,  
Nothing more and nothing less than you.  
Read no thought I didn’t think myself,  
Just the same as anybody else.  

— “Gentle Giant”  

Jonathan Eckstein
In view of a recent tendency to identify characters in fiction with real people, it seems proper to state that there are no real people in this volume: both the characters and their names are fictitious. If the name of any living person has been used, the use was purely accidental.
Go and catch a falling star,
    Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
    Or who cleft the devil’s foot,
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
    Or to keep off envy’s stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

John Donne

Isabelle Frank
I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure; that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance.

William Faulkner
“... Only a moment; a moment of strength, of romance, of glamour — of youth! ... A flick of sunshine upon a strange shore, the time to remember, the time for a sigh, and — good-bye! — Night — Good-bye ... !”

Joseph Conrad
I have to say the things I feel
I have to feel the things I say.
You must live till you die,
You must fight to survive,
You must live till you die,
You must feel to be alive.

Emitt Rhodes

Greta Hutchinson
You can't be too much of a wanderer — you might get lost.

D. B.

Alison Barlow
I do the very best I know how, the very best I can and I mean to keep doing so till the end; if the end brings me out all right what is said against me won't amount to anything . . .

Abraham Lincoln

Joseph M. Feller
... And a painting book in which I could make the grass, the trees, the sea and the animals any color I pleased, and still the dazzling sky-blue sheep are grazing in the red field under the rainbow—billed and pea-green birds.

Hardboileds, toffee, fudge and allsorts, crunches, cracknels, humbugs, glaciers, marzipan, and butterwelsh for the Welsh. And troops of bright tin soldiers who, if they could not fight, could always run.

And Snakes — and — Families and Happy Ladders. And easy Hobbi-Games for Little Engineers, complete with instructions. Oh, easy for Leonardo!

Dylan Thomas
A Child's Christmas In Wales
Simon says that now your mind desires a vacation
Free it to join in fun and plenty recreation
There awaits you a ticket at "Please Have a Gool Time Station"
'Cause what is gonna stay
Till ole Father Time decides to change.

Simon says that your mind is requesting furlough
Let it find the answers to things that you've always wanted to go
And to me that sure sounds best
'Cause it means happiness for you.

Stevie Wonder
You've gotta shake your fist at lightning now
You've gotta roar like forest fire
You've gotta spread your light like blazes
All across the sky —
They're gonna aim the hoses on you
Show 'em you won't expire
Not 'til you burn up every passion
Not even when you die —
C'mon now — you've gotta try —
If you're feeling comtempt
Well then you tell it —
If you're tired of the silent night
JESUS well then you yell it —
Condemned to wires & hammers
Strike every chord that you feel
That broken trees & elephant worries
conceal —

Joni Mitchell
Yesterday a morning came
A smile upon your face
Snydley’s Palace, Morning Glory
Silly human, silly human race
On the sailing ship to nowhere
Leaving anyplace
If the summer changed to winter
Yours is no, yours is no disgrace
Battleships Confide in me
Come show me where you are
Shining, flying, purple woman
Come show me where you are
Lost in summer, born in winter
That’s just where you are

Regrets to YES

Baird Winham
Out of Trenton, into Princeton, Billy Martin came to town,
And he ran in with a football in his hands,
And the runs that were so fine made him a legend in his time,
And we all soon knew a winner had been found.

Well he started his career with a team not far from here,
And before each game they always kept him hid,
Then his speed and his size would take opponents by surprise,
And the word soon spread about “Billy the Kid.”

He never followed blockers and he always ran alone,
And he soon put many better teams to shame.
Never was he selfish and he wasn’t really known,
But the players and the coaches knew his name.

Billy ran in his own way since he came to Princeton Day,
And opponents could not seem to track him down,
And it served his legend well, ‘cause the folks they love to tell,
About the time “Billy the Kid” came into town.

N. J. Brady

Billy Martin
Twenty men stand watching the muckers.
   Stabbing the sides of the ditch
   Where the clay gleams yellow,
   Driving the blades of their shovels
   Deeper and deeper for the new gas mains
   Wiping sweat off their faces
       With red bandanas.
   The muckers work on . . . pausing . . . to pull
   Their boots out of suckholes where they slosh.

   Of the twenty looking on
Ten murmur, "O, it's a hell of a job,"
Ten others, "Jesus, I wish I had the job."

Carl Sandburg
Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter — tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther . . . And one morning —

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Scurrying up and down the halls,
Constantly on your way somewhere;
Constantly in search of an elusive horizon,
One that only you know the road to

Though working hard, you still have friends;
Younger, older, however they come doesn't matter.
The one thing that matters most is your time that you give
To keep and maintain the friendships you've formed
Maybe it's another part of your goal.

You seem determined to succeed,
And you direct your energies to that end.
With your determination and boundless energy.
Maybe your elusive goal isn't so elusive after all.

A. J.
Well, do you ever get the feeling that the Story's too damn real and in the present tense? Or that everybody's on the stage, and it seems like you're the only person sitting in the audience. Skating Away on the Thin Ice of the New Day.

Ian Anderson
The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

Carl Sandburg
"You're on in five minutes," came the emotionless voice from beyond the dressing room door. Sandy Astaire, the tap dancing queen of the United States, was putting on her last touches of make-up and sitting for a few minutes, gazing at the flowers and especially the champagne that had been sent by some well-to-do admirer. She hummed a few bars from some forgotten song, then strolled over to the closet and retrieved her deluxe gold and blue taps. Sandy slipped them on and headed for the door; she hesitated, eyeing the champagne, then walked out into the spotlight...
Carl W. Spataro

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
Judy Glogau

Judy walked to the parking lot. She took out her keys and unlocked the door to Herbie the Wonder Falcon — it was a wonder he was still running! She gave him the gas and sped out of the lot. Soon she and Herbie were cruising down the Great Rd. Judy started humming to herself (as Herbie didn't have a radio) and reached for a button below the cigarette lighter. In a few minutes, Judy and Herbie were flying, high off to the land of Deja Vu.

Ann Wittke
Be like the bird
That, pausing in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
feels them give way.
Beneath her and yet sings.
Knowing she hath wings.

Victor Hugo
When sorrows are shared, they are halved
When joys are shared, they are doubled.

Isabelle Richirt
"Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?"
"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.
"I don't much care where —" said Alice.
"Then it doesn't matter which way you go," said the Cat.
"— so long as I get somewhere," Alice added as an explanation.
"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough."

Lewis Carroll

Julie Stabler
This is just to say

I have eaten
the plums
that were in
the icebox

and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast.

Forgive me
they were delicious
so sweet
and so cold.

W. C. Williams
I heard time
ticking away today
in the silence
of my thoughts
alone
in my room
only the clock
was moving, breathing.
And in the silence
I thought I heard it say:
  Your eternity is short
  Don't let it fly away.
I'd rather learn from one bird how to sing than teach ten thousand stars how not to dance.

e. e. cummings

Donna Bauer
She dances because she is full of the joy of life. She dances because the waves are dancing before her eyes, because the winds are dancing, because she can feel, the rhythm of the dance throughout the whole of nature.

Isadora Duncan

Holly Friedman
Out of doubt, out of dark, to the day's rising
he rode singing in the sun, sword unsheathing.
Hope he rekindled, and in hope ended;
over death, over dread, over doom lifted
out of loss, out of life, unto long glory.

J.R.R. Tolkien
O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beautious mankind is! O brave new world
That has such people in it!

Shakespeare
“Hello Eeyore,” said Christopher Robin, as he opened the door and came out. “How are you?”
“It’s snowing still,” said Eeyore gloomily.
“So it is.”
“AND freezing.”
“Is it?”
“Yes,” said Eeyore. “However,” he said, brightening up a little, “we haven’t had an earthquake lately.”

The House at Pooh Corner

Creigh Duncan

Riding on the tapestry of all there is to see,
So many ways and oh, so many things.
Rejoicing in the differences – there’s no one just like me.
Yet as different as we are, we’re still the same.

And oh, I love the life within me,
I feel a part of everything I see.
And oh, I love the life around me,
A part of everything is here in me.
A part of everything is here in me.

John Denver
Ralph Adams

Loyal when the sun shines bright,
You're always contented with other's ways;
You're splendid when one is quite alone,
But only follow with the rays.

Walking among amber grasses
When evil clouds darkened the ground,
Then my friend, my faithful friend
Was nowhere to be found.

C.T.
Leonard Williams

Sliding from group to group, clique to clique,
You show your versatility for getting along with people.
You form many friendships in your ramblings from here to there,
And although it is an effort to from a relationship with another,
You always seem to stop to make the effort.

Always quick with a joke or comment,
You help to erase tensions and make people at ease.
Always ready to listen to a problem and give advice when asked,
You have a quality in you, which allows others to confide in you.
You hold a realistic view of life and your goals are realistic too,
Maybe your goals will be realized soon.
From classroom to playground, you make the effort to bring about your goals,
Maybe soon you will be successful.

A.J.
Sally Lincoln

Straight is the gate and narrow is
The way which leadeth unto life.

Matthew 7: 14
A Young Man’s Epigram on Existence

A senseless school, where we must give
Our lives that we may learn to live!
A dolt is he who memorizes
Lessons that leave no time for prizes.

Thomas Hardy

Bill Uhl

Phillip Thompson

“Mere purposive rationality unaided by such phenomena as art, religion, dream, and the like, is necessarily pathogenic and destructive of life; its virulence springs specifically from the circumstance that life depends upon interlocking CIRCUITS of contingency, while consciousness can only see such short arcs as human purpose may direct.”

Stewart Brand
I was walking, one afternoon in August, along a riverbank, thinking the same thoughts that I always think when I walk along a riverbank in August. As I was walking, I was thinking now it is August and I am walking along a riverbank. I should have been thinking of what I should have been but I was thinking only of what I was doing then and it was all right.

Dylan Thomas

Dru Leslie Ring
"WILMA!!"
Jeb was walking towards his single-level suburban Bedrock house. He was not happy. Last night had been a long one down at the Water Buffalo Lodge, his foot still ached from when Barney dropped his bowling ball on it, and Mr. Slate had bawled him out at work today at the Quarry. His leopard skin, blue tie, and mass of thick black hair were slightly disheveled as usual.
The door slammed shut.
"Is that you dear?" inquired Wilma from her room,
"Hurry up and get ready, we're going out with the Rubbles, remember?"
"You're so wrong" Jeb mumbled.
There once was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead
And when she was good

She was very, very good
But when she was bad
She was horrid.

Orren Beth Weisberg
Everybody needs a change,
A chance to check out the new
But you're the only one who sees
The changes you take yourself through.

Stevie Wonder

I'm gonna teach you how to sing it out,
Come on let me show you what it's all about

Jackson Five
... shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school.

William Shakespeare
In Memory of
Stu Wilson

The sky
is the forehead of the morning
passing the sun along the day,
distributing the clouds
that move above us
and ride with us till nightfall.

And your eyes
are the bottom of the day
set on fire by words,
made to move by sighs
and the rustling of the trees.

We'll go to the hills then,
take our time.
Climb until we find one
closest to the sky.

Rod McKuen
Do you remember?

Cintra, Creigh, Susie, Kathy and Davis started Kindergarten in the basement of Miss Fine's with Miss Weigel and Mrs. Sutcliffe . . . First Grade . . . Mrs. Patterson downstairs and Mrs. Gulick upstairs . . . the Mexican festival . . . dancing around the maypole on May Day . . . Red Rover and jump-over-the-brook with Mrs. Cobb . . . THE BIG MOVE . . . second grade in the new school . . . studying Sharp Ears the Whale with Mrs. Finch and Mrs. Kane . . . the operetta, "King March" . . . Davis falling off the throne . . . Mrs. Kane putting tape over Alison Barlow's mouth . . . Mrs. Barclay's Wide Awakes . . . the Haiku party . . . "The Letter" . . . the trip to the Philadelphia Zoo . . . the Christmas Pageant . . . Final Assembly . . . the Graduating Class! . . . Middle School . . . jackets and ties for the boys, dresses for the girls . . . changing classes . . . Drane's Dirty Dozen . . . warnings . . . mythology with Mrs. Peck . . . Mr. Ivors and Miss Harris getting "married" . . . all the girls had crushes on Mr. Saladino . . . exams in January and June . . . King Arthur . . . floor hockey . . . Mrs. Conroy throwing chalk . . . lockers where the learning center is now . . . sex education with Mrs. Bannon . . . Bonjour Line . . . Mr. Hahn's Math class . . . Blue and White competition . . . Mother Vogt and "Evangeline" . . . Mr. Wilkins trying to teach history to seventh grade girls . . . spit balls in French class . . . Normy and Shermy . . . camping trips with Mr. Saladino . . . deadly Capture the Flag games . . . the trip to Gettysburg . . . Mrs. Levy kicking the trash can in Math . . . "1776" trip . . . treasure hunt with the prizes being "Sweet Baby James" . . . the ice-cream robbery . . . the eighth grade plays . . . Julie Stabler in gold hot pants . . . Emily Rothrock's pants popping . . . the pudding fight between Jeb and Doc . . . the ski trip . . . Make room for Eddie . . . the lemon experiment in IPS with Mr. Gilbert . . . Time and Again . . . water pistols . . . beach trip . . . Upper School . . . the invasion of the Trenton Jocks . . . asking Mr. Conway stupid questions . . . Mr. Reimers' Bible class with Eleanor Forman . . . Ancient History Bees (for one dot or two x's) . . . "Godspell" . . . the infamous trip to Blairstown . . . eggs thrown at Norman's car . . . "This class will never come back here" . . . J.V. Hockey Alcoholic Expedition . . . Mr. Sears and IS . . . classes in Colross . . . ten-pointers and rugby matches with Mr. Jones . . . Szuter's fall from grace — a nine on a ten-pointer . . . Dick Warren's letter de cachet for Mr. Jones . . . Project U.S.E. . . . Wildcat Mountain . . . no more class trips . . . streakers at P.D.S. . . . finding that the class treasury contained a grand total of $0.00 . . . '76 buttons . . . Mr. Gregory's college scare talks (if you think it's rough now, wait till next year) . . . record breaking enthusiasm at class election time . . . the big Junior year . . . PSAT's . . . oh well, better luck next time . . . SAT's . . . hey, what happened to the 'better luck next time' routine? . . . the Prom . . . "Brigadoon" . . . one more year to Graduation . . . Seniors! . . . college cuts . . . Senior LINK pictures . . . Commencement Committee (let's try for Woody Allen) . . . Doc dropping things in Physics . . . "Ten Little Indians" . . . those god-awful yearbook deadlines . . . our last Candlelight . . . "How can I enjoy vacation with all those January 1st deadlines?" . . . waiting for early evaluation . . . "What do I do for my Senior project?" . . . rejecting the senior sitting room for the front hall . . . the phenomenal football team . . . the phenomenal basketball team . . . "Oklahoma" . . . Commencement's getting closer . . . "in a little while we'll be alumnae! . . .
Lost and Found

Julie Allen
Dan Amarel
Mike Barren
Michel Barry
Bobby Bennett
Sinclair Berdan
Andy Besser
Susan Billington
Nick Brady
Mitchell Brock
David Buchanan
Mary Chapin Carpenter
Ben Cart
George Claffey
Carl Erdman
Audrey Fears
Janet Flemer
Larry Fong
Eleanor Forman
Leslie Geer
Lawrence Godolphin
Julian Gorelli
John Gulick
Barbara Hayes
Daryl Hicks
Scott Houston
Casilda Huber
Carol Johnson
Julie Johnson
Ann Joyce
Donald Keyser
Gary Kraut
Nat Krieger
Jon Krosnick
Susan Lambiris
Joanna Lewis
Catherine Livingston
Robert Livingston
Scott MacDonald
Johnathan Macy

Charles Magers
Lee Martin
Mark Massad
Greg Matthews
Mark Megonigal
Michael Mendlovitz
Johnny Meredith
Peter Miller
Rusty Miller
Ann Minott
Miguel Monte
Jim Mulryan
John Nawn
Bebe Neuwirth
Alyssa Oxley
Cynthia Packard
Barky Penick
Shelby Phillips
Austin Rednor
Anne Reynolds
Clarissa Roberts
Ollie Roberts
Kim Robinson
Emily Rothrock
Ed Rowland
Gila Sand
Beth Scarbrough
Lee Schley
Jonathan Schuss
Jill Shaffer
Leslie Smith
Gerry Thomas
Pamela Tipton
Kevin Walsh
Richard Warren
Bradley Weeden
Randall White
Robert Whittemore
Dwight Wilson
Duke Wiser
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>FOUND</th>
<th>EUKES</th>
<th>WEARS</th>
<th>LOST WITHOUT</th>
<th>PASSION</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>PHIL</td>
<td>IN THE ATTIC</td>
<td>A MATHEMATICAL GENIUS</td>
<td>LOAFERS</td>
<td>BILL</td>
<td>BEUER NOIRE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AILEEN</td>
<td>ROAMING THE HALLS</td>
<td>A YOUNG LADY</td>
<td>GLASSES WHEN DRIVING</td>
<td>A BOYFRIEND</td>
<td>BACKSEATS OF CARS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LESLIE O.</td>
<td>BEFORE EYE OPEN</td>
<td>TINKERBELL</td>
<td>DRUNKEN SHIRTS &amp; BANGS</td>
<td>A RIDE</td>
<td>SUDDEN NOISES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOÑIA</td>
<td>WITH HER DICTIONARY</td>
<td>A SEÑORITA</td>
<td>HIGH WAIST PANTS &amp; SCARVES</td>
<td>FERNANDO</td>
<td>DRUNKEN MEN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANNIE M.</td>
<td>CROWING</td>
<td>REBECCA OF SUNDAY FARM</td>
<td>LAYERS</td>
<td>HER LAUGH</td>
<td>PROMS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHRIST J.</td>
<td>ON HIS SUZUKI</td>
<td>CHRISTEN</td>
<td>LEATHER &amp; BOOTS</td>
<td>HIS WEEZER</td>
<td>HEAT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RHODA</td>
<td>GABBING</td>
<td>A SWISS MISS</td>
<td>SHIRKED TURKISH</td>
<td>ERNST</td>
<td>NOISY HELICOPTERS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LENNY</td>
<td>WITH MOTLEY</td>
<td>CHARLIE ROYDE</td>
<td>DOUBLE KNITS &amp; PLATFORMS</td>
<td>BIG AL</td>
<td>CONDITIONING</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JULIE</td>
<td>BEHIND YOU</td>
<td>GIGGLES</td>
<td>TURTLENECKS</td>
<td>THE DENTED YELLOW TANK</td>
<td>GIB OLEK LOK SS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KATHY K.</td>
<td>IN HER GREEN M. C.</td>
<td>T.D.K.</td>
<td>HER SHADES</td>
<td>JON</td>
<td>GIB OLEK LOK SS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ISABELLE F.</td>
<td>IN THE ART ROOM</td>
<td>A GYPSY</td>
<td>SCARVES &amp; HEADBANDS</td>
<td>RUSSIAN III</td>
<td>LIFE DRAWING</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOM T.</td>
<td>DRINKING BEER</td>
<td>MARK BLAYELL</td>
<td>TOPSIDERS &amp; CORDS</td>
<td>THUMBELLINA</td>
<td>FRANCE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LISSA</td>
<td>TALKING DURING FREE TIME</td>
<td>CHESIRE CAT</td>
<td>GLASSES</td>
<td>HER SPECS</td>
<td>GIB OLEK LOK SS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JEB</td>
<td>AT THE SCUTTER</td>
<td>A BOWLING BALL</td>
<td>A BROWN MOP</td>
<td>HIS WHEELS</td>
<td>GIB OLEK LOK SS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DEBBIE</td>
<td>WITH A SPECIAL PERSON</td>
<td>ANYTHING BUT A TYPICAL POKER</td>
<td>THAT FUNNY KNOT ON HER HEAD</td>
<td>CARY &amp; HER CAMRA</td>
<td>SCULFERED</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOLLY</td>
<td>FRANTIC</td>
<td>MARY TYLER MOORE</td>
<td>WRAP SKIRTS &amp; LEOTARDS</td>
<td>HER HANDS</td>
<td>SCRUNKED EYES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JON S.</td>
<td>WITH KATHY</td>
<td>GREEN EYES</td>
<td>A SMUG LOOK</td>
<td>KATHY</td>
<td>GIB OLEK LOK SS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DONNA</td>
<td>AT STOVES DISCO</td>
<td>A SIAMASE CAT</td>
<td>LONG FINGERNAILS</td>
<td>CREIGHTS &quot;GIN REMARKS&quot;</td>
<td>KATHY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CINTRA</td>
<td>AT BEACH PARTY AT WATCH HILL</td>
<td>A DEBUTANTE</td>
<td>LACOSTE SHIRTS</td>
<td>HER PREP SCHOOL BEAUX</td>
<td>&quot;GIB OLEK LOK SS&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOE</td>
<td>BEING HIMSELF</td>
<td>KUNG FU</td>
<td>BELL BOTTOMS</td>
<td>HIS STEREO</td>
<td>PREPPIES &quot;YES&quot; MUSIC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PETER</td>
<td>WANDERING AIMLESSLY</td>
<td>A NOMAD</td>
<td>SHIRTS WITH ROLLED SLEEVES</td>
<td>A CAR</td>
<td>LINK DELLING</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BILLY E.</td>
<td>MAKING FACES IN THE MIRROR</td>
<td>OAPIE OF MAYBERRY</td>
<td>TRUCKERS</td>
<td>TOMMY, DOG CARL</td>
<td>DRIVING THE SOUTH CARR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHRIS B.</td>
<td>WITHOUT SHOES</td>
<td>JONI MITCHEL</td>
<td>A BELL</td>
<td>A GUITAR</td>
<td>JOE REED</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LUCY</td>
<td>DREAMING WITH THE TRENTONIAN</td>
<td>A SMILE</td>
<td>LONG BLOND HAIR &quot;GIB OLEK LOK SS&quot;</td>
<td>HATS</td>
<td>STRIKING OUT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FRANK</td>
<td>WITH THE TRENTONIAN</td>
<td>B.M.O.C.</td>
<td>CITY THREADS</td>
<td>SEÑOR THE PONTIAC</td>
<td>LOU REED</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ELEANOR K</td>
<td>AVOIDING</td>
<td>SOUTHERN BELL</td>
<td>WALLABIES</td>
<td>HER AUDI</td>
<td>HORSES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALLISON W.</td>
<td>ON A HORSE</td>
<td>AIRBORNE</td>
<td>SILVER BRACELETS</td>
<td>HER ASTHMA PILLS</td>
<td>COACH BONES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TIM</td>
<td>UPSIDE DOWN (N.H S. AUDI)</td>
<td>TEDDY BEAR</td>
<td>WALLABIES</td>
<td>HIS DOWN JACKET</td>
<td>PARALLEL PARKING</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANN W.</td>
<td>AT J.J.S. WITH JUDY &amp; ANNIE</td>
<td>WIT</td>
<td>GREEN EYES</td>
<td>THE LAMBERTS</td>
<td>FRENCH &quot;THE NAME CRAG&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CREIGH</td>
<td>RIDING AT NIGHT</td>
<td>WITTY THE POOH</td>
<td>HOLEY TOPSIDERS</td>
<td>STAR + BEAR</td>
<td>THE NAME CRAG</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KIM C.</td>
<td>ON THE PASSENGERS SIDE OF M. G.</td>
<td>BISQUIT</td>
<td>A LOOK OF CONTENT</td>
<td>SCOT</td>
<td>BOUNCERS AT CHARLES BROTH</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DAVIS</td>
<td>SHORT</td>
<td>A WAR HAWK</td>
<td>NIXON BUTTONS</td>
<td>ELEVATOR SHOES</td>
<td>ALL LIBERALS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BILL B.</td>
<td>TABS' OFFICE</td>
<td>WILT CHAMBERLUND</td>
<td>PRO KEDS</td>
<td>HIS BABY BROTHER</td>
<td>ESP CHRISS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARK</td>
<td>NOWHERE</td>
<td>&quot;ALL AMERICAN BOY&quot;</td>
<td>TOPSIDERS AND CORDS</td>
<td>A RIDE TO PARTIES</td>
<td>LARRIES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>PEOPLE WHO MISUNDERSTAND</td>
<td>FOOTBALL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FAVORITE EXPRESSION</td>
<td>INTERESTED IN</td>
<td>ENJOY LISTENING TO</td>
<td>CONSUMES</td>
<td>LAUGHTS AT</td>
<td>WILL PROBABLY END UP</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>---------------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>----------</td>
<td>------------</td>
<td>----------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHERE'S BILL</td>
<td>COMPUTERS</td>
<td>AN ENGLISH MAJOR</td>
<td>ELECTRONICS</td>
<td>JOANNE</td>
<td>A JANITOR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LIKE YOU KNOW</td>
<td>HER BROTHERS</td>
<td>A WOMAN'S LIBRARY</td>
<td>CHOCOLATE</td>
<td>FATHER'S CORNY JOKES SOMETIMES</td>
<td>A SUBURBAN HOUSEWIFE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OH NO!</td>
<td>RABBIT HUTCH</td>
<td>A BASKETBALL PLAYER</td>
<td>PENNS</td>
<td>LEARNING TO TELL TIME</td>
<td>MODELING CHILDREN'S CLOTHES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHAT?</td>
<td>FIELD HOCKEY</td>
<td>BLOND HAIR</td>
<td>NOTHING FATENNING</td>
<td>HER ENGLISH</td>
<td>A DOCTOR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WELL...</td>
<td>PLAID BOXERS</td>
<td>QUIT</td>
<td>FOOD BY THE TON</td>
<td>STOP SIGNS</td>
<td>STARRING IN HER OWN SOAP OPERA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GASP!</td>
<td>BIKES</td>
<td>THINKING</td>
<td>DAUBERT</td>
<td>DEGENERATES OUTSIDE THE LIVING ROOM</td>
<td>RUNNING OVER HISSELF</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HEARTBREAK HOTEL!</td>
<td>FRESHMAN WEEK AT PU.</td>
<td>ORGANISED WITH HIS MOUTH SHUT</td>
<td>YODELS</td>
<td>LOOTS</td>
<td>LOST AT THE AN ALP</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HEY CHUMP</td>
<td>&quot;THEM HONKIES&quot;</td>
<td>ACTUALLY DRUNK</td>
<td>CHOCOLATE MILK</td>
<td>DOC ROSS</td>
<td>AN O.T.B. OFFICIAL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHAT'D YOU SAY?</td>
<td>REUNIONS</td>
<td>TUNA ON RYE</td>
<td>EVERYTHING</td>
<td>CARL &amp; CARE</td>
<td>A CASHIER AT WOOLWORTHS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YOU LOSE</td>
<td>JUDAISM</td>
<td>EVERYTHING</td>
<td>ICE CREAM</td>
<td>DANA</td>
<td>WASHING PLAID BOXERS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I KNOW... BUT...</td>
<td>FRENCH MEN</td>
<td>EVERYTHING</td>
<td>HER KAGI TEACHER</td>
<td>MARRIED</td>
<td>IN PLAID BOXERS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GOOD VIBRATIONS</td>
<td>HUSBAND &amp; BEACH BOYS</td>
<td>SMOKING POT IN A CONVENT</td>
<td>ICED TEA</td>
<td>CARL</td>
<td>MRS. CHARLES EDWARD IN III</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OH, I KNOW!</td>
<td>IDIOTS</td>
<td>TALKING NON-STOP</td>
<td>ANYTHING WITH GREEN OLIVES</td>
<td>P.B. &amp; J ON WHOLE WHEAT</td>
<td>OWN HIS OWN PREP SHOP</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OH WOW, YOU'RE SO WRONG</td>
<td>SUNNY DAYS</td>
<td>WITHOUT SOMETHING TO SAY</td>
<td>N.Y. FISH &amp; GRAPEFRUIT</td>
<td>OLD TIMES</td>
<td>MARRIED BEACH MILLIONAIRE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HONESTLY!</td>
<td>MR. GILBERT</td>
<td>CLUMSY</td>
<td>HAMBURGERS &amp; TAB</td>
<td>LLU BEACH</td>
<td>\</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BUM CITY!</td>
<td>M.GAS</td>
<td>WITHOUT A DENT</td>
<td>N.Y. FISH &amp; GRAPEFRUIT</td>
<td>OLD TIMES</td>
<td>MARRIED BEACH MILLIONAIRE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE SETUP IS...</td>
<td>E.E. CUMMINGS</td>
<td>BEING ON THE WAGON</td>
<td>BEING MEAN</td>
<td>LLU BEACH</td>
<td>MARRIED BEACH MILLIONAIRE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOMORROW NIGHT, ER?</td>
<td>BEING THE WAGON</td>
<td>BEING MEAN</td>
<td>LLU BEACH</td>
<td>MARRIED BEACH MILLIONAIRE</td>
<td>MARRIED BEACH MILLIONAIRE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YEAH, REALLY!</td>
<td>THE OPPOSITE SEX</td>
<td>TALL</td>
<td>HEINEKEN</td>
<td>MR. REIMERS</td>
<td>RICH AT 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REALLY DEFINITELY</td>
<td>TRUCKS</td>
<td>WORKING ON HIS JEEP</td>
<td>CHERRY MR. MISTY'S</td>
<td>CROSS COUNTRY</td>
<td>IN THE GUTTER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GIR!</td>
<td>PAM</td>
<td>HAUNTING TWINS</td>
<td>DOG TOBOS &amp; COKE</td>
<td>COUSIN CARL</td>
<td>LIKE HIS DAD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YEAH, YA</td>
<td>EVERYTHING SCHOOL TEACHERS</td>
<td>CONVENTIONAL MOODY</td>
<td>RICE CAKES</td>
<td>ALISON BARLOW</td>
<td>WITH LUV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO KNOW IF YOU DON'T?</td>
<td>HARRY O.</td>
<td>DANCING A WALTZ</td>
<td>ALOT</td>
<td>DINKS</td>
<td>LLIAN MARRIED TO BIG D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GOOD STUFF!</td>
<td>SPAIN</td>
<td>WITH 700 SATS</td>
<td>LIQUIDS IN HER GRUNGE NUG</td>
<td>RHODA</td>
<td>A GASOGUE ATTENDANT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I HAVE TO READ A WHOLE BOOK...</td>
<td>SPACE</td>
<td>IN SCHOOL FOR A WHOLE DAY</td>
<td>ICE CREAM</td>
<td>ANYTHING</td>
<td>A HEAVY WEIGHT PRIZE FIGHTER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I FORGET</td>
<td>BE READY TO GO</td>
<td>SPEEDY</td>
<td>CARS</td>
<td>MR. SPERLING</td>
<td>FLUNKING OUT OF MED SCHOOL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 BE READY TO GO</td>
<td>BEN CASEY</td>
<td>WARMING A BENCH</td>
<td>BROWNIES &amp; CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES</td>
<td>MISS BAKER</td>
<td>THAT'S RIGHT!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THIS IS THE PITS!</td>
<td>SAT. NIGHTS</td>
<td>NOT GETTING INVOLVED</td>
<td>SCHNITZ</td>
<td>SHEILA, KATHY, TOMMY, EVERY ONE</td>
<td>ON THE U.S.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THOSE'S SO TACKY!</td>
<td>MISSING LINKS</td>
<td>NOT DRIVING HER M.G.</td>
<td>UGLY</td>
<td>BURGANDY</td>
<td>SHEILA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FIDDLESTICKS</td>
<td>SCOT DRIVING HER M.G.</td>
<td>NOT GETTING INVOLVED</td>
<td>MOTHER</td>
<td>BURGANDY</td>
<td>A MOTHER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHEERS</td>
<td>THE NAVY</td>
<td>UGLY A COMMUNIST</td>
<td>STATE SANDWICHES</td>
<td>POLITICAL PRISONERS</td>
<td>AN S.L.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THAT'S REALLY WEAK!</td>
<td>NEW OLD GIRLS</td>
<td>SHORT &amp; FAT</td>
<td>&quot;LITE&quot;</td>
<td>FRANKIE K.</td>
<td>WORKING AT VARSITY SPORTS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YEAH YEAH THAT'S LIGHT!</td>
<td>BILL JEB FRANK</td>
<td>A JUNKIE</td>
<td>PRETZELS &amp; HILLER LITE</td>
<td>RADICALS</td>
<td>ON &quot;SKID ROW&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>FOUND</td>
<td>EVOKES</td>
<td>WEARS</td>
<td>LOST WITHOUT</td>
<td>PASSION</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------</td>
<td>---------------</td>
<td>------------------------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sarah</td>
<td>ANYWHERE BUT SCHOOL</td>
<td>COVER GIRL</td>
<td>PLATFORMS</td>
<td>HER</td>
<td>GUY'S UNDER 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Susie</td>
<td>Lying in the Sun</td>
<td>The Copertone Kid</td>
<td>HULITS</td>
<td>Drivers Genie</td>
<td>BAT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill U.</td>
<td>In the a.v.</td>
<td>A ZOMBIE</td>
<td>ARMY COAT AND BOOTS</td>
<td>Cape Cod Summers</td>
<td>BAT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sandy</td>
<td>On Booze-Cruises</td>
<td>GLANDA OF THE NORTH</td>
<td>TAP SHOES &amp; SAFARI HAT</td>
<td>Weekend Nights</td>
<td>DENBY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caren</td>
<td>Chewing Gum</td>
<td>A LITTLE ITALIAN SURFER</td>
<td>ALLIGATOR TSHIRTS</td>
<td>New Prospects</td>
<td>FRIENDLY GESTURES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jon E.</td>
<td>On a &quot;Condor&quot;</td>
<td>THE MISLED INTELLECT</td>
<td>COMPUTER TAPES</td>
<td>A Blue Flair</td>
<td>SPACED-OUT PROFESSORS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laurie</td>
<td>On the Road</td>
<td>A N.Y.FARM GIRL</td>
<td>GOLD</td>
<td>HEALTHY HAIR</td>
<td>GUYS FROM FLEMINGTON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nan</td>
<td>In the Electric</td>
<td>STRING BEAN</td>
<td>UNMATCHING CLOTHES</td>
<td>ENERGY</td>
<td>JOCKS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ricky</td>
<td>Entering Art Contests</td>
<td>INCREDIBLE EFFICIENCY</td>
<td>SNEAKERS</td>
<td>A UGTA</td>
<td>WAKING UP IN THE A.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gwyneth</td>
<td>At Great Adventure</td>
<td>A CLOWN</td>
<td>ILLEGAL JEANS &amp; TIGHT SHIRTS</td>
<td>GUILLE &amp; PUD BOYS</td>
<td>BORING WEEKENDS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elizabeth</td>
<td>At the Anney</td>
<td>P.O. EASTERN BEAUTY</td>
<td>BOYSCOUT KNIFE</td>
<td>CAPE COD</td>
<td>BREAKFAST ENGLISH</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steve J.</td>
<td>Making Weird Sounds</td>
<td>HUGH HEFNER</td>
<td>&quot;Z&quot;</td>
<td>PAPER</td>
<td>PAPERS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amos</td>
<td>In the Senior Sitting Room</td>
<td>A BEACHBOY</td>
<td>SNEAKERS</td>
<td>HIS CAMERA</td>
<td>OBNOBIOUS GILRS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patty</td>
<td>In the Art Room</td>
<td>SUSI HOMEMAKER</td>
<td>OUT MRS. SMITH</td>
<td>HER MUG</td>
<td>SUMMERS IN TRENTON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dan</td>
<td>Drumming</td>
<td>STRENGTH</td>
<td>BOYS SCOUT KNIFE</td>
<td>&quot;LA BELLE&quot;</td>
<td>RIDING THE BUS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David O'C.</td>
<td>At Every-Bodies Knives</td>
<td>A CARROT</td>
<td>BAGGY CORDS</td>
<td>PARTIES WITH THE GANG</td>
<td>TALL GIRLS WHAT THINK THEY'RE FUNNY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baird</td>
<td>Not Yet</td>
<td>GREGALLMAN</td>
<td>CLOTHES</td>
<td>A PIANO</td>
<td>SOCIETY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dana</td>
<td>Prancing</td>
<td>THE DANCING BEAR</td>
<td>BOOTS</td>
<td>A WAY OUT</td>
<td>SENIOR CHARTS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allison B.</td>
<td>Flashing her Baby Blue</td>
<td>A SECRETARY</td>
<td>PINK &amp; BABY BLUE</td>
<td>HER EYELASHES</td>
<td>DRINKING MILK FROM CARTONS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill Uno.</td>
<td>At Home Sketch</td>
<td>LONG ANSWERS TO DUMB QUESTION</td>
<td>A JOY T-SHIRT</td>
<td>A TREE TO HUG</td>
<td>AM. MUSIC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virgie</td>
<td>Sleeping</td>
<td>BASSET HOUND</td>
<td>UNLACED BOOTS</td>
<td>AN EXCUSE</td>
<td>MONDAY AM</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lee</td>
<td>In the Art Room</td>
<td>A FROG PRINCESS</td>
<td>BEIGE PANTS</td>
<td>GAB'S K.</td>
<td>HER FLAT JOKES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murray</td>
<td>On His Bikes</td>
<td>TOUSLED HAIR</td>
<td>NOTHING OF NOTE</td>
<td>A CAR TO TRAVEL</td>
<td>MONDAY AM</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rocky</td>
<td>In the Front Hall</td>
<td>SUGAR BEAR</td>
<td>SWEAT SOCKS</td>
<td>HIS PRO</td>
<td>HUFF'S BONES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cory</td>
<td>Tripping over her feet</td>
<td>A PIGEON</td>
<td>TOPSIDERS</td>
<td>HER BLOND HAIR</td>
<td>DIRTY HAIR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martha</td>
<td>In the Carrots</td>
<td>AN ARTIST</td>
<td>BOYS CORDS</td>
<td>INDIA IMPORTS</td>
<td>PORTFOLIOS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steve B.</td>
<td>Driving in the Wrong Lane</td>
<td>A CABBAGE</td>
<td>SOCKS THAT MATCH HIS PANTS</td>
<td>A BUDGET ARTICLE</td>
<td>CURLY HAIR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Or Ren</td>
<td>Asking dumb questions in</td>
<td>CUNGSTY</td>
<td>LLE BEAN MOC</td>
<td>HER HANDS</td>
<td>REDUCTIO AD ABSURBUM</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carl S.</td>
<td>down the street</td>
<td>MAGILLA GORILLA</td>
<td>HOLY SOCKS</td>
<td>HIS ITALIAN CHARM</td>
<td>GRAHAM NASH</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gabriella</td>
<td>In the Art Room</td>
<td>GRACE</td>
<td>FINE CLOTHES</td>
<td>E L E</td>
<td>MONDAY AM, &quot;DEBBIE&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beth</td>
<td>On the bench in front hall</td>
<td>DR. ARMSTRONG</td>
<td>PANTS</td>
<td>LONG</td>
<td>DANCING</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mike</td>
<td>Talking</td>
<td>A TALK-SHOW HOST</td>
<td>WALLABEES</td>
<td>EINGERNAILS</td>
<td>CLARK GABLE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chris S.</td>
<td>Studying (luck)</td>
<td>A TEDDY BEAR</td>
<td>THE OBSERVER</td>
<td>WORK</td>
<td>H.G.S &amp; CHOCICE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ray</td>
<td>In the universal</td>
<td>RUDOLPH HESS</td>
<td>GIRLS CLOTHING</td>
<td>BROWNIES</td>
<td>CREAM</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>**</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FAVORITE EXPRESSION</td>
<td>INTRIGUED BY</td>
<td>CAN YOU IMAGINE HIM/HER</td>
<td>CONSUMES</td>
<td>LATHS AT</td>
<td>WILL PROBABLY END UP</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THAT'S INTENSE</td>
<td>HANGGLIDING TOGETHER</td>
<td>A JOCK</td>
<td>HARVEY WALTZ BANGERS</td>
<td>SARAHMS</td>
<td>MARRY A RICH NANA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'LL DO IT LATER...</td>
<td>NEIGHBORS...</td>
<td>PALE</td>
<td>X APPLES</td>
<td>CORY</td>
<td>A FARMER'S WIFE ON HEE-HAW</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TELL PHIL</td>
<td>DECADENCE</td>
<td>STRAIGHT</td>
<td>WITHOUT CREISH GILL, KATHY...</td>
<td>SPEAKING ENGLISH</td>
<td>ELECTRICUTED</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OUT TO LUNCH</td>
<td>MIDDLEBURY</td>
<td>SMALL</td>
<td>TRIDENT &amp; FRESCA</td>
<td>LIQUID WRENCH</td>
<td>OVER THE RAINBOW</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!</td>
<td>YOUNGER NERD IN GENERAL</td>
<td>WITHOUT CREISH, KATHY...</td>
<td>LIQUID WRENCH</td>
<td>EVERYBODY EXCEPT BING</td>
<td>MARRIED TO A JEWISH BOY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BURN THE GROOVE TO DEATH</td>
<td>OLDER MEN</td>
<td>MEEK</td>
<td>RITZ CRACKERS</td>
<td>TOM DEVITO</td>
<td>A WRESTLER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I DON'T BELIEVE IT</td>
<td>MR. LOTI</td>
<td>QUIET</td>
<td>CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES</td>
<td>MR. CARCHIDI</td>
<td>MADISON SQ. GARDEN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THAT'S A CLASSIC!</td>
<td>COLD CASH</td>
<td>TENNIS PRO</td>
<td>FAT &amp; FISH</td>
<td>HUMAN BEHAVIOR</td>
<td>THE FAT LADY IN A CIRCUS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YOU'RE GOT TO KIDDING WING, WING, HEY?</td>
<td>SUMMER SONGS</td>
<td>UNHAPPY</td>
<td>CREEP</td>
<td>CREETH</td>
<td>A TORTILLA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BLEEH...</td>
<td>FEMALES</td>
<td>SPEEDY</td>
<td>CAPEST</td>
<td>SHEILA</td>
<td>IN A PEAR TREE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hi BEAUTIFUL LES JERKS SONS FAITS</td>
<td>THE BIG GUYS</td>
<td>IN THE AUDIENCE</td>
<td>WACKY WEED</td>
<td>SCOT</td>
<td>OWN HIS OWN BROTHER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YOU'RE THERE</td>
<td>SLENDER PEOPLE</td>
<td>BEING SERIOUS</td>
<td>RAUNCHY PIZZA</td>
<td>BILLY E.</td>
<td>EDITOR OF PSYCHOLOGY TODAY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THAT'S DEFINATELY KEY</td>
<td>PING</td>
<td>A PREPPY</td>
<td>MUNCHIES</td>
<td>MR. JONES</td>
<td>A LADY BUS DRIVER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOMAN...</td>
<td>SHORT, CUTE ONES</td>
<td>BEING IN DIRTY CLUMSY</td>
<td>JOE JONES</td>
<td>A BANKER</td>
<td>NO. 1 THEATRICAL TECHNICIAN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>UMM...</td>
<td>STEINWAY &amp; SONS</td>
<td>IN DIRTY OVERALLS</td>
<td>CHOSUS</td>
<td>WITH TEN BROKEN TOES</td>
<td>IN SOMEONE'S GARDEN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN</td>
<td>BOSCO NUNAN</td>
<td>WITH LONG HAIR</td>
<td>TOYOUTH</td>
<td>A WIDE-MOUTH FROG</td>
<td>A BARMAID</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THERE'S NO SUCH THING INTELLIGENCE</td>
<td>PRECIOUS</td>
<td>LIKE NAN</td>
<td>THE FUNKIES</td>
<td>A RUSSIAN HISTORY TEACHER</td>
<td>ON THE RANGE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ZZZZZ</td>
<td>PU. WEIRDOS</td>
<td>ANGRY WITH BLACK HAIR</td>
<td>SLOWLY</td>
<td>ON THE RANGER</td>
<td>A WIDE-MOUTH FROG</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SCRUNCH BOTTOM</td>
<td>ICE HOCKEY</td>
<td>ANGERED</td>
<td>COFFEE</td>
<td>HER JOKES</td>
<td>WITH A TEN BROKEN TOES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LET'S GO OUT TO LUNCH</td>
<td>WING, GREEN PEOPLE</td>
<td>A TEACHER</td>
<td>TEA</td>
<td>ALISON W.</td>
<td>A BARMAID</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CAN'T GET NOOK SUPER SUGAR CRISP</td>
<td>DISCOTEQUES</td>
<td>MONEY</td>
<td>THE FUNKIES</td>
<td>JAY'S PHYSICS</td>
<td>BARTENDING</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT</td>
<td>A LARRY...</td>
<td>TALKATIVE</td>
<td>PRETZELS</td>
<td>LENNY</td>
<td>HERM IT ON MT. MITTANI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HI!</td>
<td>LETTERS FROM GUNFIRE</td>
<td>4 '9&quot;</td>
<td>COFFEE ICE CREAM</td>
<td>SUSIE</td>
<td>A SAILING TEACHER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING INTERESTING</td>
<td>COUSINS IN IUV LEAGUES</td>
<td>NASTY</td>
<td>SANDWICHES</td>
<td>PETE B.</td>
<td>A FAMOUS ARTIST</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LIKE...</td>
<td>A BAR ROOM BOUNCER</td>
<td>4'9&quot;</td>
<td>BUBBLEGUM</td>
<td>A STUNT DRIVER</td>
<td>ON THE BROADWAY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AW, COME ON</td>
<td>SHY</td>
<td>EVERYTHING</td>
<td>HARD BOILED EGGS &amp; FRITOS</td>
<td>ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING</td>
<td>A P.D.S. GRAD.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>APPARENTLY...</td>
<td>A CREW CUT MARINE</td>
<td>HOT TEA AND NOT ENOUGH</td>
<td>TERRORIZED CAR PASSENGERS</td>
<td>JOHN LIFFLAND</td>
<td>AN ARTIST</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KATHY'S BEEN VERY HONEST WITH US</td>
<td>GUYS AT BROWN</td>
<td>FOOD</td>
<td>AND WITH DONNA</td>
<td>AN ARTIST</td>
<td>IN THE SALVATION ARMY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YOU'RE KIDDING</td>
<td>ANGRY</td>
<td>ORREN</td>
<td>ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING</td>
<td>A YOUNG REPUBLIC</td>
<td>A YOUNG REPUBLIC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE ANSWER IS</td>
<td>A FOREST RANGE</td>
<td>ARTICHOKE</td>
<td>PEOPLE WITH PHYSICS QUESTIONS</td>
<td>IGNORANT</td>
<td>DEAD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALL RIGHTEE</td>
<td>CONSERVATIVE</td>
<td>&quot;10 POINTERS!&quot;</td>
<td>REFUGEES &amp; AMPUTES</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MACK'S SECRETARY</td>
<td>A RADICAL</td>
<td>A LOT OF CONSUME</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MACK'S SECRETARY</td>
<td>A TRANSVESTITE</td>
<td>OF CONSUME</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ACQUITE EXPRESSION</td>
<td>INTRIGUED BY</td>
<td>LINE HIM/HER TO CONSUMES</td>
<td>LAUGHS AT</td>
<td>END UP</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>--------------------------</td>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>--------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHUT UP YOU DUMMY!</td>
<td>STUPID SNEAKY PEOPLE</td>
<td>IN A SKIRT</td>
<td>CHEESESTEAKS</td>
<td>MR. ROBERTS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IMPRESSIVE KIDS</td>
<td>YARDLEY, PA</td>
<td>WEARING DOUBLE-KNITS</td>
<td>P. B. &amp; J.S</td>
<td>A DOCTOR</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HI KIDS</td>
<td>ROBERT CLEARY</td>
<td>POETRY</td>
<td>BREW</td>
<td>A MENTAL GIANT</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOW'S THE WEATHER?</td>
<td>THE VINEYARD</td>
<td>WITHOUT ANNABELLE</td>
<td>PATTYS GRAPES TAB &amp; PRETZELS</td>
<td>MARRIED TO THE TIDY-BOWL MAN</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INTENSE</td>
<td>JAPAN</td>
<td>NOT &quot;BUILT&quot;</td>
<td>APPLESAUCE</td>
<td>A COMMON CAUSE VOLUNTEER</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OH. BECAUSE</td>
<td>SAUSAGE BEASTS</td>
<td>MARRIED WITH 10 CHILDREN</td>
<td>MOCHA FROSTING</td>
<td>ON STAGE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WULL...</td>
<td>MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS</td>
<td>EDITOR OF READERS DIGEST</td>
<td>WORDS &amp; FLINGINS</td>
<td>A KNEE SURGEON</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LATER...</td>
<td>TIC TACOS</td>
<td>NOT SMILING</td>
<td>BAGELS WITH GRAPE JELLY</td>
<td>ED. OF NEW YORK TIMES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DON'T WANT TO GET INVOLVED</td>
<td>DONNA</td>
<td>NOT INVOLVED</td>
<td>DAN</td>
<td>PLAYING DOCTOR</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'M NOT SURE...</td>
<td>BLACK LIGHT</td>
<td>IN HOMEROOM</td>
<td>UHL</td>
<td>WORKING AT CAKE BAKES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RIGHT...</td>
<td>GEORGE ZOULIE</td>
<td>ANYTHING BUT EX</td>
<td>CAFETERIA FOOD</td>
<td>WORKING AT LEO'S</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOCIAL SERVICE</td>
<td>RICKY</td>
<td>A QUIET PERSON</td>
<td>LUNCH</td>
<td>ON &quot;CAN YOU TOP THIS&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IS HAVING A...</td>
<td>BIG CITIES</td>
<td>WITHOUT A SMILE</td>
<td>THIN-SLICED BREAD</td>
<td>SINGING SINGLE &amp; FREE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'M A MAN!</td>
<td>WOMEN</td>
<td>NOT PLAYING ATHLETICS</td>
<td>STARBORST + PISTACHIOS</td>
<td>A N.Y. CAB DRIVER</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IF YOU CAN'T</td>
<td>CRAZY'S</td>
<td>DOWN TO EARTH</td>
<td>PIZZA</td>
<td>RICH</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TAKE A JOKE...</td>
<td>STATE CHAMPIONS</td>
<td>WHITE</td>
<td>ALMOST ANYTHING</td>
<td>IN THE INDY 500</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DUH-DUH, DUH</td>
<td>SUN SETS</td>
<td>WITH A PH.D. IN PHYSICS</td>
<td>5 SKIN MILKS</td>
<td>IN THE SUPER BOWL</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OH BOTHER!</td>
<td>J.M.K.</td>
<td>AT A PARTY</td>
<td>HOBIT MUSHROOM PUDDING + BUNUGA</td>
<td>AT SADDLEBACK JR.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OOH-OOH</td>
<td>PERU</td>
<td>SPEAKING FLUENT FRENCH</td>
<td>CEREAL + MILK</td>
<td>THE LIFE OF THE PARTY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHAT'S GOING ON THIS WEEKEND</td>
<td>PARTIES</td>
<td>ON A CLASS TRIP</td>
<td>N.Y. MAGAZINE</td>
<td>LIVING IN THE MATH OFFICE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>BACK NEXT YEAR</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
SCHOOL


1st Grade: 1st row: Mathew Kronam, Katie Menken, Randy Walter, Stephen Nape, Lisa Blackburn, Katie vanHeuven, Petra Neues, Christopher Frothingham, Cheryl Taylor, Kitty Greenberg, Brad Batcha, 2nd row: Sophia Xethalis, Jameel Talwani, John Hammer, Thomas Cottone, Leif Torkelson, Jody Faller, Peter Pritchard, Fina Saunders, Donamari D'Andrea, Sheila MacKay, Amy Shaw, Danny Spanel
Kindergarten — 1st row — Edward Eglin, David Bivins, B. J. Matelson, Justin Mraz, Sandy Osborne, Stephen Fulmer, 2nd row — Clelia Johnson, Emily Francomano, Lambros Xethalis, Christine Grounds, Althea Miller, Brent Eaton, 3rd row — Jason Reagan, Peter Sienkiewicz, Winnie Roberts, Elizabeth Hare, Courtney Shannon, Jason Barcelo.


Observer: 1st row: Mike Mantell, David Mantell, Steve Baicker, Andrew Hildick-Smith, 2nd row: Bill VonOehson, Simeon Hutner, Jay Itzkowitz, Alex Zaininger, 3rd row: Steve Farr (Missing from picture: John Segal)


Key Club: Creigh Duncan, Leslie Ring, Cintra Eglin, Amos Harris, Caren Ludmer, Leslie Osborne.

Social Service: 1st Row: Joanne Kind, Sabrina Plante, Sally Silk, Cary Bachelder, Karry Faden, Erica Frank 2nd Row: Ricky Turner, Ann Walcott, Melanie Thompson

Orchestra: Rachel Abelson, Eleanor Barnes, Sabrina Barton, Keith Baiker, Hope Blackburn, Mark Blaxill, Ken Cain, Nancy Chen, Donny Harrower, Victoria Howard, Jeanette Jacobson, Marc Kolman, David Mantell, Elizabeth Mason, Sheila Mehta, Patricia Metzger, Judith Michaels, Sarah Nelson, Jake Nunes, Susan Paine, Cory Powers, Delia Smith, Celia Spanel, Regina Spiegel, Bethlin Thompson, Melanie Thompson, Louise Topp, Keith Usiskin, Suzanne Vine, Susan Weiner, Davis Yokana


Middle School Orchestra

Middle School Chorus
Language Department: 1st row: Dick Poole, Nora Cuesta, Pierre Mali 2nd row: Marcelo Cuesta, Dan Skvir (Missing from picture: Noelle Arnold, Chantal Callan, Pat Echeverria, Elizabeth Fine, Patricia Fuchs, Quinn McCord, Marie-Louis Noel)
Science Department: Stu Robson, John Jameson, Marita Meins, Erica Meins, Sandy Bing, John Ross, Dan Bailey, Norman Sperling, Frank Walters, Ruth Kolman (apologies to Miss Jane Grigger, Doc's moustache and Sandy's crop job)

Religion Department: Dan Skvir, Carl Reimers

Math: Harry Rulon-Miller, John Wagenseil, Tom Pears, Rudy Carchidi, Irene Conroy, John Howe, Rob Hoffman, Larry Kuser
Headmaster: Douglas O. McClure
Administration: Sitting: Sanford Bing, Douglas McClure, David Frothingham
Standing: Phil Van Dusen, Beverly Williams, Huson Gregory, Joan Baker, Wes McCaughan
**Lower School Faculty:** 1st Row: Ginny Stein, Steve Gilbert, Molly Houston, Barbara Roberts, 2nd Row: Nancy Miller, Comfort Halsey, Madeleine Weigel, Catherine Francomano, Sarah Schweibert

**Psychologist:**
Ginny Stein

**Athletic Department:**
Jan Baker, Alan Taback, Pamela Frothingham, Tom Devito, Sandi Bartlett
**Industrial Arts:** Ronald Meldrum, Robert Whitlock, Andrew Franz

**Art:** Eileen Hohmuth

**Crafts:** Jean Duff

**Photography:** Bob Denby

**Fine Arts:** Arlene Smith
Bookstore Manager: Helen Hill
**Kitchen Staff:** Marie Kennedy, Terry Wackley, Nippy Wells, Kay Voories, Clarisse Hill, Kathy Jedynak
Office:
Merni Sears
Pat Osander
Jean Smythe
Marge Claghorn
Suzy Wandelt
Trudy Brophy

Business and Development:
Marge Shelton
Mickie Shriver
Phyllis Ward
Rad Jones
Ginnie Taylor
Music Department:
Louis Topp
Regina Spiegel
Mag Gilbert
Frank Jacobson

Library:
Virginia Reynolds
Barbara Cragg
Bunny Webb
LATE SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Late Saturday afternoon,
Conscious of Salzman,
All in green went
My love riding
With Lily Hirschorn
Along Riverside Drive
Into the silver dawn.

Pausing by the Italian,
He made a short speech
On the wonder of American films.
“Men do not become tyrants
In order to keep out the cold,”
He stated. “Send us a boy,
And we’ll send you
A cowboy.”

He walked around,
Watching the strangers.
Observe the ass, for instance;
His character is almost perfect;
He is the clearest spirit
Among the humbler. Men
Do not become tyrants
In order to keep out the cold.

They wear the gold hat –
For that will move her;
And if you can bounce high,
Bounce for her, too,
Till she cry, “Lover, gold-hatted,
High-bouncing lover,
I must have the
Catastrophe of success!”

Yet see what ridicule
Has brought her to?

And after that he came
Thus sad away,
On a great horse of gold
Into the silverdawn.

Donna Bauer XII

Table: Bill Martin XII

Soapstone: Patty Slee XII
The lone Indian walks
Noiselessly through the forest.
A shot rings out and the Indian
falls shapeless to the ground.

A cabin surrounded
A war cry spreads the fear.
Flames leap high into the night
The white men lie dead and dying.

A treaty broken.
Man and women die fighting
For what they believe;
For words misunderstood.

New words, new treaties.
Peace for a brief time.
A lone Indian, A tiny cabin
Will never understand.

Doug Bailey VII
Solo

There is a loon
In the middle of the lake
Crying that he is alone.
His wail beseeches the unheeding night.
If I but knew how,
I would tell him,
“You are not alone, friend,
I’m here too”

Geoff Nunes X

Sand Painting: Cecelia Manning X
Mr. Teakettle

Hello there people I’m a teakettle,  
What I’m made of is hollow metal.  
I whistle loud when your tea is done,  
I am proud cause it is fun.  
One day I whistled very loud.  
No one was home, I was not proud.  
All my water boiled away,  
That’s what happened that terrible day.  
I got burnt, oh me, oh my,  
All I did was cry, cry, cry.  
My master came home and scrubbed me out,  
I was proud. I stood real big and stout.

J. B. Hillier IV
Scratch Drawing: Lee Hale XII

Clocks

The clock on the wall goes tic.
The clock on my wrist goes dit-dit-dit.
The alarm clock on my table goes tic-toc.
The clock in the tower goes dong-dong-dong.
That's what they all say; but one day they will all stop because we forgot to wind them.
Or maybe they break, then they stop, and we have to have them fixed.
Or maybe they can't be fixed; then we end their lives by throwing them away and replacing them.
Then the new ones start their new lives.
Maybe they will end the same.
I don't yet; they just started the game.

Cecilia Trolle VI
Trees

Trees are tall
I've never seen the biggest one of all.
But the biggest one I saw
Is the biggest one of all!

Monica Massaro II

Nature Drawing: Martha Borie XII
Soapstone: Murray Wilmerding XII

song

come, lover, with me, and we'll swim in the sea
we'll be fish together, we two, you and i;
come cunningly gliding and slippingly sliding
and surface to find naught about us but sky.

you are perfect, my love, as the heavens above,
a child of the sun and the moon and the stars
come along to the sea; hold my hand, follow me
and we'll find joy cavorting amongst the sandbars.

you're as lovely as daybreak, as sleek as the hart,
a soft hand concealed in a castiron glove;
take my hand, follow me, and i'm sure you will see
all the glories that lie in both friendship and love.

in no time you will find, if you look in your mind
that all traces of leeriness soon disappear;
come along to the sea, and you'll know you are free
and that somebody loves you and guards you from fear.

come, lover, with me, and we'll swim in the sea
and laugh as the other fish go slipping by;
we'll go gallantly splashing and daringly dashing
and rise with a kiss that's as soft as a sigh

Eleanor Barnes XII
The Ballad of Valley Forge

The winter of '77 was harsh.  
The men could endure no more.  
After defeat at Germantown,  
Their faith was broken down.  
  Many cried and many died  
  From sickness and starvation  
  But all were brave and dignified  
  Inspite of desperation.

The snow came down and whirled about.  
The soldiers had little food.  
Washington watched from his redoubt  
And pitied his helpless troops.

  Many cried and many died  
  From sickness and starvation,  
  But all were brave and dignified  
  In their humiliation.

The army lived in small crude huts  
That they had built in haste,  
The British made merry and laughed aloud,  
For they had protection and warmth.

  Many cried and many died  
  From sickness and starvation  
  But all were brave and dignified  
  Inspite of deprivation.

The icy wind destroyed their will  
To fight against King George,  
But bitter wintry days crawled by  
As hope filled Valley Forge.

  Many cried and many died  
  From sickness and starvation  
  But all were brave and dignified  
  And prayed for their salvation.

The Continental Army cheered  
To find the French had come  
To help them win that hated war  
With hope and faith and guns.

  Many cried and many died  
  From sickness and starvation,  
  But all were brave and dignified  
  To form this mighty nation.

Tony Vince VII
Panther

Stealthy panther full of secret
How you stare with steadfast eyes.
You lie there hidden out of sight,
Stalking prey that might pass by.
Waiting, waiting, all of night.

When you spring it's silent, yes,
A flowing movement silhouetted in the
  pitch black night
Darker than the darkest night.
With pride you show Silky coat, unapproachable.

Lucas Fernandez VII
Pride

Pride waits impatiently in the back of your head,

In a shining suit of armor. Alert for its moment of destiny,

And finally it happens . . . A good job has been done!

Pride bursts cut from hiding And explodes in pleasure.

Cameron Johnson VI

Nature drawing: Maggie Gordon X
The Cheshire Cat always Grins
While rain is spattering against Mrs.
Zuckerman's Windows, I muse here.

The more it snows
  Tiddley Pom
The more it goes
  Tiddley Pom

Pom
  Tiddley what? says
Piglet, thumping the top of the gate with pieces
of stick at the proper places to Pooh's
Rhythm. Hallo Tigger, Hallo Eeyore, Hallo Christopher
Robin.

The more it goes
  Tiddley Pom
  On snowing
Though my horizons are always changing,
This is real life for me, silly boyish amusement,
Vanishing suddenly into the covers of childhood;
Gripping things with a gurgle, then leaving them
With a laugh.

Pooh today, then up and off with someone else
Tommorow.

New places, Change, Excitement
Society and all that sort of thing.
I'd rather sit at a mad teaparty with company
Who offer wine, but don't have it.

Others may think, stop! stop! this is too much.
I would say that's where you're wrong
My friend, my friend.
When life is boring for you, mine is all
A-shackle, and a shiver, glints and gleams
Rustle, bubble, and chatter.

Oh, nobody knows
  Tiddley Pom
How cold my toes
  Tiddley Pom
How could my toes
  Tiddley Pom
Are growing.

Claire Treves XI
There's emptiness where I stand,
Something gone, something at hand.
I'm all alone since she is gone
The task: to find where I belong.
*And now my world seems desolate,*
Torn is my sanctuary, torn is my root.
The nights are still long, the days never end.
I cry not for a lover! I cry for a friend.

_Cory Powers IX_
Nature Drawing: Murray Wilmerding XII

Life Drawing: John Lifland XI

Wooden Bowl: Albert Barklay VIII
Petrov took a deep breath and adjusted his cap. He felt his pockets for matches and gloves. Yes, they were there. The men at the pulley were waiting. He took another breath and nodded. Slowly they lowered him down into the mine. The ropes were tight and worn, and the pulley creaked against his weight.

Petrov squinted as his eyes adjusted to darkness. A sudden chill made him fold his arms up against his chest, but he knew that the coldness wouldn't last. Today they were sending him far into the mine. It would be hot. Petrov hated heat.

Tipping his head back, he watched the circle of light above his head fade away to a speck. The temperature was rising. Petrov moaned and wished that the men above would stop the ropes. He knew that the farther down he went, the hotter it would get.

Finally the ropes slowed and the wooden board where Petrov stood hit the dirt. He squatted and lit the lantern. Then he unclamped the pick that was attached to one of the ropes and inspected the point. It was black with coal dust but still quite sharp. He wiped his mouth against the back of his hand and began work. All day he dreamed of the moment when he'd see the dim light of evening fill his eyes. Yes, the ropes would creak. Evening would come.

Lucy D'Agostino XII

Soapstone: Jennifer Walsh XII

Life Drawing: Gabriella Kiss XII
Varsity Football: 1st Row: Jim Daubert, Ralph Adams, Steve Judge, Billy Martin (co-Captain), Mark Blaxill (co-Captain), Bill Baggitt, Jay Trubee, Leonard Williams; 2nd Row: Jeb Burns, Chris Jensen, Ron Harrower, Mark Zawadsky, David Mottley, Rob Olssen, Don Gips; 3rd Row: John Boneparth (coach), Dave Barondess, Doug Finton, Patrick De Maynadier, Tim Dill, Jack Smart, Brad Clippinger, Brian Trubee, Rob Hoffman (coach)

Record 5-2-0
Prep "B" Co-Champions
PDS 22 Chestnut Hill 3
PDS 6 Englewood 0
PDS 32 Montclair Academy 14
PDS 26 Morristown-Beard 14
PDS 28 Gill St. Bernard's 7
Wardlaw 14 PDS 6
Hun 12 PDS 6

Bill Martin rushed for 1049 yards.
Bill Baggitt — Passing
Attempts Comp. %
75 34 46%
Steve Judge — 17 receptions
Most Improved — Dave Mottley
Panther Award — Mark Blaxill

Varsity Football 1975
This year's varsity football team looked as if it was on its way to an undefeated season, winning the first five games quite handily. However, much to the dismay of coaches Boneparth and Hoffman, the monsoon rains came, forcing the Panthers to play in the mud. As it had been previously demonstrated, P.D.S. football players hate to get dirty, causing them to lose to a fired up Wardlaw team. The following week the Panthers faced a strong Hun team, out played them, but lost due to a few errors. Their final record of 5-2 equaled the school's best ever and brought them a share of the State B Prep Championship.

Record 6-5-3
Runner-up in Prep "B" Championship
Lawrence H.S. 7 PDS 0
PDS 1 George 1
PDS 7 Delbarton
PDS 1 Montclair Academy 0
Hun 3 PDS 1
PDS 2 Peddie 0
PDS 6 Rutgers Prep 3
Newark Academy 4 PDS 1
PDS 3 St. Anthony’s 3
PDS 2 Wardlaw 1
PDS 1 Lawrenceville 1
PDS 5 Pennington 0
Semi-Finals PDS 2 Moorestown 1
Finals Wardlaw 1 PDS 0

Most Improved — Andy Sanford
Most Valuable — Tom Moore
Best Defensive Player — Dave Mali and Tony Knott
Best Offensive Player — Mike Walters

Varsity soccer played some up and down games, but they pulled through in the necessary games, i.e. Lawrenceville and St. Anthony’s. We enjoyed our season, but lost some key players to injuries. This enabled the “warmers” to have a little action. Some of these guys really tried hard, some succeeded. The team was a good bunch of guys, and they really enjoyed the season, always working hard. Unfortunately we lost the State Finals to a strong Wardlaw team. Either team could have won, but they capitalized on their chance. (Our hero choked) The best part of the season was having our great coach, Tom Devito, and those two crazy captains, Tom and Doc.
This year, the girl’s varsity field hockey team had one of the most successful seasons in the school’s history. There were two high scorers for the season: junior and captain-elect Barbie Russell and freshman Linda Eglin. This year’s team was one of the fastest ever; They played their best against Princeton High which ended in a tie, 1-1. The high spot of the season was the annual faculty game. The coordination of some of the teachers is simply amazing! There were plenty of laughs and falls throughout the game. The game ended with the girl’s hockey teams winning 2-1. The varsity should again be strong next year with only four seniors graduating.

Varsity 7-1-2
PDS 2 George School 2
PDS 3 Newark Academy 1
PDS 7 Stuart 0
PDS 1 Moorestown F.S. 0
PDS 1 Princeton H.S. 1
Tired Mothers 3 PDS 0
Kent Place 2 PDS 1
PDS 3 Stuart 0
PDS 1 Northern Burlington 0
PDS 2 Germantown Academy 0
PDS 1 Blair Academy 0
PDS 2 Faculty 2
Most Valuable Player — Kathy Kehoe
High Scorers — Linda Eglin and Barbie Russell

J.V. 6-2-0
PDS 2 George School 1
PDS 1 Moorestown F.S. 0
Princeton H.S. 3 PDS 1
Tired Mothers 4 PDS 1
PDS 4 Kent Place 0
PDS 3 Stuart 0
PDS 4 Northern Burlington 2
Germantown Academy 1 PDS 0
PDS 2 Blair Academy 0

Cross Country: 1st Row: Bethlin Thompson, Lindsey Osborne, Siri Huntoon, Katy Jeffers, Ann Hunter, Patty Metzger; 2nd Row: Barr VonOehson, Colin Carpi, Jay Itzkowitz, Ted Stabler, Jim Jeffers, Matt Roberts, Mark Greco (co-Captain), Peter Taggart (co-Captain), Bill VonOehson (co-Captain), Ward Taggart, Jeff Swisher, Eamon Downey (coach)

Boy's Cross Country
Record 4-7-0

Peter Taggart — Prep "B" State Champion
Most Valuable — Peter Taggart
Most Improved — Mark Greco

Varsity Prep "B" State Champions
J.V. Runner-up in Prep "B" State Championships

Girls Cross Country
Captain — Bethlin Thompson
Record — 1-0
State Champions

Bethlin Thompson — Prep "B" State Champion

Since the arrival of head coach Eamon Downey four years ago, the Princeton Day School Cross Country team has undergone vast improvement. From a team which lacked spirit and esteem, Eamon Downey has developed a squad with enthusiasm and perseverance. Princeton Day School Cross Country has come a long way and the horizons look promising.
**Girl's Varsity Soccer**: 1st row: Jennifer Walsh, Ann McAlpin, Caroline Hartshorne, Livia Wong, Nan Giancola (Captain), Alexis Arlett, Drew Rosenberg, Andrea Avery, 2nd row: Phyllis Gore, Karen Morgenstern, Liza Constable, Leslie Ring, Susan Paine, Sandra Benson, Julia Penick, Clooie Sherman, Alan Taback

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Varsity 3-6-1</th>
<th>PDS 1 Montgomery 0</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Princeton H.S.</td>
<td>4 PDS 2</td>
<td>Princeton H.S. 5 PDS 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>4 J.P. Stevens 0</td>
<td>Hillside 2 PDS 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Union</td>
<td>2 PDS 0</td>
<td>Montgomery 2 PDS 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edison</td>
<td>2 PDS 1</td>
<td>PDS 0 Union 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>5 J.P. Stevens 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Most Valuable Player – Clooie Sherman

While the Girl's Varsity Soccer Team's record would not appear to be impressive at first glance, there was more to the young team's achievements than meets the eye. The 1975 season was a building year. A bevy of potentially superb players will be on the firing line come next season. Coach Alan Taback has his players indoctrinated and on the path to winning ways.


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>3rd team: 5-2-1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>4th team: 1-3-2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| 3rd team: 5-2-1 | 4th team: 1-3-2 |
J.V. Soccer: 1st Row: Jeff Patterson (co-Captain), Doug Fein (co-Captain); 2nd Row: Jeff Sussna, Ralph Ross, Amos Harris, Jay Neuseblatt, Evan Press, Eric Haring, Joe Cavuto; 3rd Row: John Jameson (coach), Marc Kolman, John Brett-Smith, Wells Coalfleet, Tom Gates, John Rodgers, David McCord, Geoff George, Bill Neunenschwander, Mark Beskind (manager)

Boy’s J.V. Soccer: 4-7-0
Lawrence H.S. 2 PDS 0
George School 4 PDS 0
PDS 1 Delbarton 0
PDS 6 Montclair 0
Hun 1 PDS 0
Peddie 4 PDS 3
Rutgers Prep 3 PDS 1
PDS 2 Newark Academy 1
Wardlaw 3 PDS 2
Lawrenceville 3 PDS 0
PDS 3 Pennington 0

Girl’s J.V. Soccer: 5-2-1
Princeton H.S. 1 PDS 0
PDS 2 J.P. Stevens 1
PDS 1 Edison 0
PDS 3 Union 0
PDS 2 J.P. Stevens 1
Princeton H.S. 1 PDS 0
PDS 1 Montgomery 1
PDS 1 Union 0

This year's senior dominated varsity basketball team was the best ever to perform at PDS. With eight returning lettermen, coach Alan Taback compiled a challenging schedule. The Panthers proved themselves ready for the challenge and completed the season with the best, won-loss, percentage in PDS history. Some key highlights of the season were the Panthers sweeping of the Peddie and Hightstown tournaments, two victories over Hun, and wins over mercer county powers St. Anthony's and Princeton High Schools.
Against one of its toughest regular season schedules in its history, the P.D.S. Varsity Hockey Team went through a frustrating January. Coming up with only three wins in ten encounters, while six of the losses were one goal decisions, was a dismaying beginning for an experienced hockey team. February saw things turn around and what had been a disastrous season turned out to be the first winning season in three years.

Record as of 1/15/76: 6-7-0
PDS 8 Rye 1
Milton 6 PDS 5
PDS 5 Peddie 1
Hill 2 PDS 1
Trinity-Pawling 4 PDS 2
L'ville 4 PDS 3
Taft 11 PDS 1
PDS 4 South Kent 2
Hill 4 PDS 2
L'ville 5 PDS 4
PDS 12 Chatham 0
PDS 19 Rye 2
PDS 7 Wissahicken 1

**Varsity Hockey:** First row: Mark Beskind, Bill Erdman (assistant captain), Dave O'Connor (captain), Steve Judge (assistant captain), Jim Daubert, Rich Olsson. Second row: Tom Moore, Harry Rulon-Miller (coach), Mark Blaxill, Murry Wilmerding, Rob Olsson, Tim Brush, John Haroldson, Skip Guerin, Jeb Burns.
We opened our “heavy season”, (6 games), with two home games against the “Larriettes”, (alias Stuart), in front of a large crowd consisting of 75% Larries. After our T.V. debut on Chanel 52, we moved to “shorter” competition in a pee-wee size outdoor rink against the Rockettes, (not those of NYC). The opportunity to try out for the team, this year, was given to all the upper school girls, so we acquired many new and valuable players. Our star center, Buff Woodworth, who skates better than any J.V. boy has helped the team on to many victories with her boy-like speed and excellent stick-handling. The 7:00 – 8:00 am practices proved to be a struggle, as it showed on everyone’s faces, especially Aubrey’s, who deserves special thanks for his patience and endurance.

**Record:** 2-0-1 (as of 2/15/76)
- PDS 2 Stuart 2
- PDS 3 Stuart 2
- PDS 4 South Orange 2

Girls Varsity Basketball: 1st Row: Anne Dennison (Captain), Beth Selby; 2nd Row: Laura Farina, Drew Rosenberg, Ann Gillespie, Catherine Ferrante, Charles Farina (coach), Sabrina Barton, Michelle Broadway, Linda Eglin, Jill Migliori

This year the Girls Varsity Basketball team had the best season ever and the J.V. had a chance to do equally as well. Girl's Basketball has come a long way since its start at PDS in 1967. With only one senior leaving us this year we expect another super season next year.

Record as of 2/15/76: 5-2-0
Moorestown Friends 56 PDS 31
PDS 53 Gill St. Bernard's 20
PDS 40 Stuart 17
PDS 32 Newark Academy 24
PDS 66 George School 17
PDS 50 Hun 44
Stuart 40 PDS 38

Girls Varsity Volleyball: 1st Row: Hope Blackburn, Caroline Hartshorne, Katrina Jannen, Suzanne Vine, Susan Paine, Michele Plante; 2nd Row: Nancy Rosenberg, Karin Morgenstein, Becky Hafitz, Kathy Kehoe, Sandy Shaw (Captain), Barbara Russel, Leslie Nicholson, Pam Frothingham (coach)

Push-ups, sit-ups, stretches, a flash of bloomers and a squad of girls running laps, touching each net on the way (basketball coaches look on enviously): Girls Volleyball practice has begun. Our team has had its share of wins and losses. We've depended a lot on psyche: when it was off, so were we, but when it was on, we clicked and proved very tough to beat. Our 1975-76 team says a good deal for the growth that volleyball has seen since it began as a competitive sport at Princeton Day School four years ago.
**Squash:** Jennifer Carpi, Annabelle Brainard, Andy Atkin, Amos Harris, Steve Farr, Alex Zaininger, Andrew Hildick-Smith, Pete Buck, Bob Denby.

Record 1-3-0 (as of 2/15/76)
- Germantown Academy 6
- PDS 0
- Germantown Academy 6
- PDS 0
- Princeton University Women 4
- PDS 3
- PDS 4
- Pretty Brook Women 2

**Boys J.V. Basketball:** Dave Barondess, Tim Dill, Rob Whitlock, Keith Baicker, John Ross (coach), Colin Carpi, Chris Price; missing from picture: Tony Knott (Captain), Jack Smart, Andy Sanford

Record: 2-10-0 (as of 2/15/76)
Girls J.V. Basketball: 1st Row: Cintra Eglin, Meg Bailey, Martha Hicks; 2nd Row: Anne Nevius, Cinthia Tregoe, Debby Ford, Lucy Englander, Leslie Macleod, Martha Tanner, Harriette Brainard

J.V. Hockey: 1st Row: Jeff Johnson, Mike Shannon, Jay Pyne, Grant Dewey, Jeff Horrigan, Ward Taggart, John Sweeney, Mike Patterson; 2nd Row: Bill Breckenridge (coach), Dave Mali (Captain), Geoff Nunes, Bill Neuenschweinder, Will Kain, Tom Gates, Don Gips, Brad Clippinger, Lucky Pyne, Ted Stabler, Austin Wilmerding, Geoff George

Record: 4-3-0 (as of 2/15/76)

Record: 7-5-0 (as of 2/15/76)
TEN LITTLE INDIANS

NOV. 21, 22, 26
8:30

THE DRAMA CLUB OF PRINCETON DAY SCHOOL
CAST

CATHY RODGERS ............................................................... Jennifer Chandler
MOLLY MONROE ............................................................. Betsy Murdoch
FRED NARRACOTT ......................................................... Jay Itzkowitz
VALERIE CLAY ............................................................. Clarissa Bullitt
PHIL LOMBARD ............................................................. Phil Glouchevitch
TONY MARSTON ............................................................ Mark Blaxill
BETSY BLORE ............................................................... Ibby Carothers
KEN MACKENZIE ........................................................... David O'Connor
EMILY BRENT ............................................................... Lise Thompson
BENTON WARGRAVE ...................................................... Steve Cragg
DR. LORAINE ARMSTRONG ............................................. Beth Selby
Directed by
Jack Osander
Designed by
Mimi Gregory

Technical Direction by
Bill Uhl

Assistant Director
Herbert McAneny

Assistant to the Director
Tom Rawls

Lighting by
Phil Thompson
CREWS

Scenery  JEB BURNS, DAVID O’CONNOR, MARK BESKIND, Don Quigley, Frank Konstantynowicz, Bill Uhl, Phil Glouchevitch, John Hickling, Jay Trubee
Costumes  ANN McClure, SALLY SILK, Babette Mills, John Haroldson
Make-Up  SANDY SHAW, Livia Wong, Diane Barry, Kerry Faden, Tammy Pachter, Alice Lee
Props  BETSY MURDOCH and the cast
Lighting  GREG MOREA, ALEX ZAININGER
Sound  GEOFF NUNES

Tickets  JULIE STABLER, BECKY HAFITZ, Susie Pratt, Aileen Mayzell, Suzanne Vine, Jill Migliori, Anne Dennison, Laurie Knowlton, Jake Nunes
Stage Crew  CREIGH DUNCAN, SALLY SILK
House  LESLIE RING, Annabelle Brainard, Harriet Brainard, Linda Eglin, Cory Fischer, Caren Ludmer, Cintra Eglin, Anne Dennison, Allison Ijams, Jenny Johnson, Eleanor Kuser, Tom Moore, Susie Pratt
Program  CREIGH DUNCAN
Publicity  MARK BLAXILL, JOHN LIFLAND
CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES
TO THE SENIOR CLASS
FROM THE 593 GODSPELL GRADUATES
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
Thanks for four incredible years

Billy

Bags

Frank

TABS
To Mademoiselle Noel and Mr. Skvir,
  Merci beaucoup and Cpaceebo bolshoi.
    Sally

| Ye-Olde Baker         | Many Thanks, |
|                       | Susie and Cory |

| Krohnick,             | Our good times together are endless. From the times with the treeclimber, to our debut. On the grass courts, to our occasional arrivals on time. Who knows when every facet of my personality will again find expression, taking fun as simply fun, and earnestness in earnest. It will be hard next year without a mirrored image of myself to keep me going. |
|                       | Kraut |

| Lee:                  | No more time for snack, frogs, toes, and all the rest. Keep it up, kid, and maybe I'll meet you in the Amazon jungle some day. Until then, I will miss your noises. I am very happy to know you. |
|                       | Love, |
| Gabriella            | Gabriella |

| Mrs. Smith, Mr. Bing, and Mr. Skvir: A very big thank-you for everything. |

| bon appetit fine foods | of princeton inc. |
|                       | princeton shopping center |
|                       | princeton new jersey 08540 |
|                       | (609) 924-7755 |

| To T.P. |
| From mountains — from waves |
| You are as I am. |
| The sea is never calm |
| We have no control of the storm |
| Churning — boiling |
| Forever |
| Thank God |
| C.B. |

"For fun and adventure in your Gourmet Food Shopping"
To a fine bunch of kids: Kimmy, Scotty-bear, Dan, Cru, Carlos Kath, Jin – Thanks for everything
To the rest of you children: Annie, Wit, Rita-dendron, D.B., Big "O" Loggins & Messina, Kid, Buff, Toof – Goodbye
To: Mr. Bing, Mr. Van Dusen, and Mr. Gregory – The end does justify the means.
Be good and behave yourselves – all of you
love,
Aunt Noose

Elegance in Linens and Gifts

STONE'S LINEN SHOP
20 Nassau St. Princeton 924-4381

Wine & Game Shop

Finest Imported and American
WINES and LIQUORS

6 Nassau Street
924-2468 Free Delivery

Peter –
love is the voice under all silences,
the hope which has no opposite in fear;
the strength so strong mere force is feebleness:
the truth more first than sun more last than star
(e.e. cummings)
Janet
Jeb –
"one that hath friends must shew himself friendly:
and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

"The bad are many and worthless
But few are good and worthy of high respect."

love,
Leslie

To: Frank, Sandy, Eleanor, Billy Baggs Jeb, Leslie, Annie M., Tommy, Billy Erds, Julie, Annie Wit, David And Mark

In climbing to your peaks of accomplishment remember:
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 tried.
So he buckled right down with the trace
of a grin on his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Edgar A. Guest

With congratulations, a tear, and much love,
Tammy

Marcette: "Old days, days I will remember —
Fun days, filled with simple pleasures."

Chicago

Jill: See you in Watch Hill at the Beach Club Dance!
Creigh and Kath: Kids, let's meet in ten years at the classic Annex for a heavy tete about Wheat, Jeremy, Sports, and Bed.
Pistol Pete (Will): You made our year complete —

Alan: With your risque comments and wandering cane,
How crazy you are,
But we're all insane.

Thanks to: Mrs. Shepherd – an advisor, teacher, and friend since eighth grade. Mr. Jones – our social advisor and sympathizer,
Mlle: "Tant pis pour nous de partir de vous."
"Well I been thinkin' bout
All the places we surfed and danced an'
All the faces we miss, so let's git
Back together an' DO IT AGAIN!"
– The Beach Boys

Caren 1976 Cintra

To P. Osander:
Carpe Diem Quam Minimum Credula Postero

Anyone who can survive the class of '76 deserves special commendation.
Of course, We still don't know whether you've made it.

The Mafia

my friends –
Kim + Scott good-luck in the future.
Sheila – just remember Carlos.
Kathy – I'm always here, remember all the phone calls.
Jon – Remember the time.——
Tim – Drive-ins, no heat, girls, pizza.
Jojo – Our A.V. room talks.
To a special someone who was always there when I was in the middle school. The ones I left out "sorry", but thank you.

CARL S.
THE THORNE PHARMACY

168 Nassau St.
Princeton, N.J.
924-0077

E.E. Campbell, R.P.

To the A.V.
Bill, Phil, and the rest —
I got more education in that little room then any other place in the school —
Thank You
Love
Joanne

To the two people who always seemed to have the time to help me out. I just want to let you know it didn't go unnoticed.
I'll miss you both.
Thanks
Frankie K.

Miss Baker,
The lights were on ... So? ... The lights you fool ... Oh! ... one, two, bizz ... bizz, buzz ... you fool, drink ... I remember that mailbox ... where ... The Gulf station ... wet ... my Pumas, my watch, my smokes ... drip, slosh, drip ... You missed your appointment for a college appointment ... What? ... I don't know any Fred Johnson ... birthday parties ... why don't you own a Die-Hard? ... Tell Sylvia we'll be quiet. T-E-A-M ... Love, love, love.
Annie, Wit, & Judy

Orren,
What can I say — there's so much, so many memories. Remember them all — I love them all and you — forever me Ceil — It all started with woodhill, sounds really queer, but that's the way it goes. I know you can remember the good times, (god, so many) as well as I can — We've come a long way, and sarge hasn't put me in front of a firing squad yet! So I'm sure we can make it for good love always.

Love or hate

DB
Isabelle and Sonia
Bonne Chance Buena Suertes
We’ll miss you!

The A.F.S. Club and P.D.S.

Compliments to:
Frank (imagine cleaning up my act for you!), Leslie R. (girls night out), Alison W. (no more tequila and lemonade for a while), Rhoda ("The Romantic age was one of great importance"), Anne Wittke (whose driving is totally unique), Lars (if you’re abstract and complex, it’s the best way to be)!
May whatever you endeavor meet up to your expectations.

Be good and behave,
Lex

Mum and Dad: Thanks for your hard work, Sincere efforts, and for sending me to the finest school around.
To Mrs. Shepherd, Mr. Lott, Mr. Bonebparth, Mlle. Noel, Mr. Jones, Mr. McCaughn, Mr. Bing, Mr. McClure, Miss Baker go my affection and my admiration and gratitude for what you’ve taught me, which I’ll always remember.

Susie, Cory, Lud, Parch, Creigh, Kath —

Plans that never made it, but the ones that did were GREAT! Good times and laughs —

“’It’s been a long time comin’”
— Poco

“Dream on . . .”
— Aerosmith

Later!

Lots of love,
Cintra

CONGRATULATIONS
CLASS 1976
THE RINGS
THE DRAMA CLUB

of

PRINCETON DAY SCHOOL

would like to express its sincere thanks to

Mr. Herbert McAneny

Mrs. Mimi Gregory

Mr. Jack Osander

Mr. Frank Jacobson
Jon:
"... quietly, in a contained imagination neither perfect nor in disorder. An effort of selection in its process; he forms an eye to look at the natural world."

John Ciardi
Love and congratulations
Mom and Dad

To Baggs, Doc, Jeb, Mark, Steve, Tommy, Erd, and Billy Martin:

Good Friends are for keeps...
Frankie K.

Lud - It's kind of funny to think that motor-mouth-Mig could be out of words - but... What do you say to someone who you love like a big sister? Good-bye? No - that is for lovers. Thanks? Of course, thanks; but no - because we will continue giving to each other.

Remain? Yes, remain is the word. Stay my big sis, stay my confidante, stay happy and interested in athletics, tho you go for priss sport and I go for dirty mean ones
I have to be in my first Jewish wedding and you in your first Italian.
Love always, Jill

For '76
"Our life runs down in sending up the clock. The brook runs down in sending up our life. The sun runs down in sending up the brook. And there is something sending up the sun. It is this backward motion toward the source, Against the stream, that most we see ourselves in,
The tribute of the current to the source."

Robert Frost
We'll remember many days. H. M. L. & J.

Remember Creigh -
"A man said to the universe:
"Sir, I exist"
"However," replied the universe,
"The fact has not created in me
"A sense of obligation."

J.W.

To Lisa:
With all the best wishes
much love,
Mother

Witt -
Thanks... thanks fo' everythin'
... fo' wha? Well... thanks fo'
taken me skaten' round Judy's back yard, an' talken some damn good sense into ma ol' dumb head!

Love, Karin
P.S. gonna miss ya!!
To Mom (I'm so perplexed), Dad, Aunt Sue (let's play plantation), sister Cree (need I say more), Daughter Car (Keed), Daughter Cin (bod), Godfather Carl (the best wop of all), and my husband (beloved forever) — You're the best damned family a girl could want. Thanks for being there when the bottom dropped out.

To Jo-Jo, Annie, Shikke, Billvo, Chris, Rock, Tim, Jude, Mike, Frankie K., Sandy, Donne, Peter and Mark — I'm proud to call you friends. Thanks for the memories.

To Skeeter, Norm, Pam, Phil, Sandy, Ed Mc and George P — Never underestimate your influence. You've done more than you know.

To Roge, Bill, Poops, Ellie, Gerry and Michelle — It's a long hard road but with good friends and a lot of love I know I can make it.

To Mom and Dad — I wish you could see me now. Somehow I know you'd be proud.

I love you all — and don't you forget it!

Kath

Moores,
When time got rough and I needed you most you were there; and for that I can never thank you enough!
I will never ever forget.

Oapy

To One KCK,
A lot of times were ours;
They are not to be forgotten;
Nor, are they to be belittled.

Love,

Jon

Sonia —
We love you, and will always remember the warm happy times we shared with you.

Andrea, Paul, Alicia, John, Mom & Dad
Precious thoughts
like the magic you
have added to our
lives, fond
memories of a little
girl at play,
watching dreams
fulfilled and
happiness ever
after.

granmere,
mere, pere

To Creigh (or should I say Sis)
Remember years and years of war (my horse is
better than yours), moments of peace, “How
in God's name can anybody smoke?”, “What's
the matter with those two anyhow - God
have they changed?”, Robin (for the hundredth
time I'm not getting back with him!"), bowling
the wrong way and getting lost in Trenton,
“He's just no good for you", “I can't take this
any more!”, squash with Davie, countless lec-
tures, your riding, two-thirty in the morning...
God damn it I love you in a way I love no one
else. Last one to Princeton is a rotten egg!

Love,
Kath

Donna,
I could write a couple of memories
And say 'Remember When'
But when I think of our Friendship
I think of Now - Instead of then.
There was “Saturday Night is a Saturday Night
...”
And the trauma of “getting involved”
But they're really only song titles
compared to all the problems we've solved.
You know what — I think if it
Was me and you against the world
(or Princeton for that matter)
We could take it on with no problem. I love you
(And I am going to cry)

Me

Dear Kuze, Rhoda, Annie, Gwyneth, Wit, and
Bert,
“We have triumphed: this achievement
turns the bane to antidote,
Unsuccess to success;
Many a thought-worn eves and morrows
to a morrow free of thought”

Thomas Hardy

Much Love,
Loots

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

Donna,
I could write a couple of memories
And say 'Remember When'
But when I think of our Friendship
I think of Now — Instead of then.
There was “Saturday Night is a Saturday Night
...”
And the trauma of “getting involved”
But they're really only song titles
compared to all the problems we've solved.
You know what — I think if it
Was me and you against the world
(or Princeton for that matter)
We could take it on with no problem. I love you
(And I am going to cry)

Me

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

Dear Kuze, Rhoda, Annie, Gwyneth, Wit, and
Bert,
“We have triumphed: this achievement
turns the bane to antidote,
Unsuccess to success;
Many a thought-worn eves and morrows
to a morrow free of thought”

Thomas Hardy

Much Love,
Loots
THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES.

To '76
From '78
To all my teachers, advisors and administrative friends during my seven years at P.D.S. I would like to say thank you.

Quiero dar gracias a Señor y Señora Cuesta:

Muchas gracias por hacer mis últimos años en P.D.S. muy agradables. Cuando tuve algunas preguntas o problemas, pude traerlos a ustedes. En muchos aspectos uds. han sido como mis padres en P.D.S. Hace tres años, cuando fui a España, no les conocía bien. Dos años más tarde, cuando fui rechazado en la A.F.S. uds. quedaron a mi lado. Inmediatamente uds. me ayudaron a hallar otro programa internacional. Tengo mucho que decir pero es muy difícil escribir todo lo que siento. Por favor, sigan siendo las gentes buenas que son.

Rick Turner “76”

COMPLIMENTS OF THE
IRON FRAUDITOR

Nan —
Scupperparties-electra “lexlightmeaciga rette”
Firestonemacaroniandcheesetabwhiterussia nsoccer
Tab’sGoodtimes (wenevercouldgetin) Front hall
“do a little dance” and you’ll always get along
Later girl,
Lex

To Miss Lockhart —
I came into the upper school not knowing what to expect. Ninth grade English with you. Tenth grade English and you as an advisor. Three years of English with you. Helping me find colleges, senior year. No matter where I am in a few months just remember you have played a big part in it.
Thank you so very much,
CARL S.

Ricchard’s
150 NASSAU STREET
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY 08540

Dear Circa and Laran,
I realize that you have to go away, and I suppose become the people you want to be. I’ll still miss you and love you.

To BARR
DAVID F.
MARC B.

We made it again! Dave, grab the shotgun! We’ll all sit here and kill some bugs, wishing Barr.
You’re gonna go far, fly high, they’re gonna love you.

Marc A. Moran
CONGRATULATIONS AND GOOD LUCK
TO THE CLASS OF 1976
THE SEGALS

To Orren — here’s to madrigals
To Leslie R. — here’s to Glee Club
To Rhoda — here’s to Oklahoma
and to Eleanor too
   Congratulations!
   Good Luck!
   And be sure to write
   Ibby

long live DISTANT FLIGHT
A special thanks to those "BIG GUYS" who make life a lot easier and a lot more fun; DAVID, MARK, FRANKY K., BILL, BILLY, TOMMY, JIM, AND STEVE.
Also HUSON, SANDY, and DOUG. JEB

Loots, Kuze, Annie, Nan, Lars Becky, Livia, Rob, Sandy, Pis, Great to have you as really good friends. Wherever we all end up, remember to keep in touch. Susie, Patty, Beth, Chris Bundy (?!), Fried-bomb, Ces, Lisa, Boop and all you guys ... Thanks ....
Gwyneth

Juan —
There is too much ever to forget. May our friendship never die, and may your memories of me be half so strong and half so fond as my love for you is and always will be I.L.Y.M.T.Y.L.M. (and I know in my heart that you do.)
Love always,
Babz

Sarah,
You make me smile, You make me sing, You make me feel good as everything, You bring me up when I've been down, This only happens when you're around, And I can't go on this way .... With it stronger everyday ... But being too shy to say .... That I really love you ....
love,
Stevie Wonder
Jenny

From the depths of despair to the heights of Quixote dreams and all the steps in between — that's life and we've shared it. Always I will believe in, be proud of and thankful for that wonderous gift from life to me — my daughter.
Mom

You are the sunshine of our lives ... 
Friedman and Friends
To the Class of 1976

"... if you actually see a Dragon, check carefully which reality you have been living in
To do so may be very much to your advantage."

John Ciardi
Congratulations from the Steins

Steve, Bill, Frank, Mark
Billy, Tommy, Doc, Jebby
Memories of the good times past will always keep us together.
Have fun and best of luck to all you guys.
Love,
Kathy B.

PENVEST COMPANY
REGISTERED INVESTMENT ADVISOR
TO INSTITUTIONS AND INDIVIDUALS

1 PALMER SQUARE

(609) 921-8833
PRINCETON, N.J. 08540
Dad and Sandy,
There is nothing — absolutely nothing — half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats.
(Kenneth Grahame)
I love you,
Annie

Lucy, Donna, Howard, Lorie L., Gail, Jay N., Mark B., Aileen, Ruth, Carl S., Dave M., Marya, Caren, Leslie O., Mark G., Ellie, Mattieu, Gina and Jon S.
— “The gift of your friendship I shall never forget!”

All of my teachers, advisors, coaches and Mrs. Stein
— Thank you for your guiding light.

The Administration
— Working with you has been an extremely rewarding experience. Thank you for your cooperation.

All of you are beautiful people. Thanks for sharing some of your love with me.

Joe Feller
Last but not least — To Julie: who I love.

Dear Jeb,
Thank for being such a good friend all these years. You told the best stories of anyone I ever knew, I used to love to hear about your escapades out west, or about the chevy and I used to love to watch you play hockey, I always felt so proud. So have a good time at school, your soon to be friends are really lucky to have you.
Lisa


HINKSON’S

STATIONERY – OFFICE SUPPLY

82 NASSAU STREET
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY 08540

TELEPHONE
(609) 924-0112

Tabs,
Basically we’re Outa-here
Thanks and “later”
Frank & Baggs
FROM THE 9TH GRADE TO THE SENIORS

EXIT
ONE WAY
GO
SPEED LIMIT 225
KEEP GOING
THIS WAY OUT

"SORRY TO SEE YOU LEAVE!"
This ad cost me $18.
Lee Bullitt

Francis Aliwissious Konstantynowicz,
What trenton makes the world takes?
What Trenton makes Princeton Day takes!!!
Good luck at Harvard or Dartmouth or MCCC
Baggs

Judy and Annie,

Three of us afloat ...
... Where shall we adventure, to-day that we're afloat,
Wary by the weather and steering by a star?
Shall it be to Africa, a steering of the boat,
To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?
(R. L. Stevenson)
I love you,
Annie

Nan, Sandy, Julie, Mark Z, Steve, Tommy, Billy,
Sheila, Mrs. Froth, Billy Bags, Elizabeth, Billy M,
Lisa, Allison, Jeb, Rock, Jay, Jim, Rob, Tammy —
Thanks for the fondues, spaghetti, dances,
carrots, parties, help, laughs, starbursts, rides,
good times . . .
take care and good luck
love you all — Annie Wit

Thank you all for your four years of precious time.
We would have rather been in Vietnam.
Truly yours,
Jay and Steve
TO THE CLASS OF 1976 —
Thank you, so many of you, for making my first year back at PDS so special when you were in grade VIII. I have felt very happy to be able to continue to know and to work with some of you since then. I have regretted that I haven’t been able to have more time with more of you.
I hope that you will come back and say hello and tell me where you have been and where you are going — when you have the time. I hope that you will be so busy and happy that you won’t have much of that kind of time.
"Life is what happens to you while you are planning something else." — Millar.
Steven Gilbert (& Sally & Nathaniel)

Nan, Tommy, Billy, Piglet, Doc, Bags, Toof, Buff, Judy, Tammy, Orren, Frankie K., Z, Steve, Lise, Jebby, Rob, Mr. Denby, Virgie, Tush, Livia, Becky, Jennifer W. and (last and least) Ted —
Thanks. You’ve made it all tolerable and I’ll miss you all.
Love,
Loots

YOU’VE COME A LONG WAY BABY

HOORAY FOR LISS
MOM AND HAY DAD
Linda —
After fifteen years with the average eighth-grader and escapades in Palm Beach (you've learned a good, cheap lesson) Watch Hill (you're off the wall!) and Larry-Town, I must say, it's been a blast.
Thanks and love,
Cintra
P.S. I promise I'll drop a ski this summer

Mrs. Shehadi —
You were there — you cared — you made so much possible.
Carl — No one knows how serious or real you are.
To those who have been there and have cared —
Sheila — Kim — Tim — Rocky — Chris —
Mr. Lott — Mr. Bing
Mr. & Mrs. Cuesta
Jon

Doc,
What will you do now that all your star advisees have made it through without being expelled?
Probably faint!
Thanks for everything,
Len, Frank, Baggs, Billy

Mom and Dad
Can you believe that it has been 17 years of Wrangie Talk (How can one dog be so ugly?) ... it was good, it wasn't great, but it was good ... what? too much sex makes you deaf. what? ... don't worry about it ... why couldn't you have been a ballerina? ... don't sit down in those dirty chaps ... what is it, J. Francis, a turtle? ... I'm sleepy bear ... oh, hey, that's nice ... Jolly Jowls and Bolie Bear (does she want to be college puppy?) ... I wish there was more I could say to show you how much I love you ... how often we've laughed and how much you've shown me ...

Creigh

Dad and Sandy,
There is nothing — absolutely nothing — half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats.
(Kenneth Grahame)
I love you,
Annie
Leslie,

"A faithful friend is a strong defense and he that findeth such, findeth a treasure. A faithful friend is beyond price, and there is no weighing of his goodness. A faithful friend is the medicine of life."

"A good friend is my nearest relation."

LOVE,

JEB

Thank You Mrs. Smith
with love
Patty, John, Gabriella, Martha, Isabelle, Jennifer, Ricky, Lee, Carol, Gwyneth

Annie, Judy, Sarah and Caroline —
I'm so glad I got to know all of you this year. You all made life bearable and fun. I could depend on you for a smile, some sympathy and a good laugh or two — I will never forget you. Parting is such sweet sorrow as some guy said.

Ann and Jude — don't forget the beers and tears, parties, cars and fun.

Buff and Toof — the laughs and gas, jokes and goofing around
I'm coming back to see you all — so be ready! (fall on your knees!)

I love all of you,
Annie Witt

Zanne and Nick

Susie, you're the greatest.

Rho,

Was it in kindergarten or before? At any rate it was way back then in "the good 'ole days," and it's been US ever since. Beginning with the J.K. Products, you planning to marry a cabbage-nose, J.P. days, fighting to sit next to Mrs. VanNess because she smelled nice, temporary separation in 2nd and 3rd by external forces, a note passing string between our houses? teachers pets with Miss Jenkins, teasing P. Whipple (Flippintine), crushes, fights (never lasting for more than 24 hours), bangs, canoing and learning to paddle, (still ain't mastered the steering technique yet!), the big Middle School and separated again, I.P.S., algebra? history with Mr. Holpp, our first mixer at Upper, Cataloochee and 'gimmee a "lil' suga'" and "git up thar gal!", split again in 9th, PDS, PHS, VERMONT and what night? Dippety doo to you! (musta had too many fritos), Friday night at Coles Pond Dancing Casino, together again in 10th, ten times a day I'd hear, "I was SO embarrassed!", L-Ville parties, 11th grade and "when am I ever going to use algebra in my future life?, first Girls' Ice Hockey team, featuring MBBB and girls with pots on their heads, FLORIDA and that "goddam crab" (that was a sting ray), ray catching, binoculars and the handsome construction workers, SAT's cruising in the green bomb, (the best for bump jumping), finally SENIORS, (and finally) Rhoda on the road, Ice Hockey co-captains . . . college? . . .

love and miss you always,
elmer, pres, eek, eggbeater, egg, kuzy
Mr. Downey:
"A slow sort of country!" said the Queen. "Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!"

Lewis Carroll
Peter, Mark, Bill

Class XI
How do I say thank you without sounding corny?

Quinn R. McCord

Mom & Dad: You’ve given me all I could ask for. You’ve always been around. I’ve had the best years of my life, and you’ve prepared me for the long haul ahead. I hope that someday I can repay you, somehow

Love, Tom

Portnoy & Jumbo: The mosquitoie pulls through, helped by you.

Love, Minnow

Billy: We’ve done so much, starting from age 1. Nursery school, JP, army, Pee Wee hockey, bantams, Black Power, RIVER, Nova Scotia, Edgartown, camping, guns, NOLS-OB, LAX, jokes, cars, life . . . Don’t want to get sentimental, but you’re like a brother. SOUL!

Tom

SteveDocJebFrankBags and all the rest, guys and gals: We finally got ourselves together and had a good time. Thanks for being you – crazy, serious, funny.

Tom

Tom DeVito: Thanks for everything. You’ve done so much for me.

Tom

Bing, Gregory, Ross – You’re alright.

Tom

Cin (Poop, Kid, Gremi, Flint, Repeat, Cinaitre) – “We’ve been friends now for so many years. We’ve been together through the good times and the tears.” (Brian Wilson) and it’s been a blast! I don’t know what I would have done sans vous. Restez groove and risquee toujors, cherie!

Jill — From Bio to Psycho, From the 8th Grade play to the Fall play. from Des to Brian to Sports, from Dirt to Dirt, from “come allie with me” to 409, from “imagine a scene” to “Reassure me”, from Lud’s luck to a ray of hope, from Watch Hill to Hiltonia to the Berg, we’ve had some great times. I’ll always remember treasure. Promise me you’ll keep an eye on Sports. I hope your ray becomes the sun.

Kath — You’ve been a devoted mother. I promise I’ll convert if you keep that Christmas present blue.

Creigh — Oh Duncan, in between your lectures about my risquee behaviour, you have been a good friend. See you next year. Parch — Oh Chiquita, will it be Macy’s the orig, Paul or Bob? You will always have that Face. Remember to be agressive. Andy — Even though you never did take me to Aruba, and you are the J.A.P., I’ll forgive you, considering you put up with my driving and my demands.

Endless thanks to my wonderful family, who has given me everything, my teachers and my friends.

Love Always, Caren
Cinty —
If you “catch a wave” You’ll be “sittin’ on top of the world”
Good luck, 
Lyn

Kathy,
I have this image of you and me, thirty years from now, on one of those T.V. commercials about long distance phone calls between best friends ... you’ll have 2.3 children and I’ll be driving a Ford station wagon ... don’t forget the endless talks, the tears, the laughter ... x and y recessives ... and how much I love you ... 

Friend — I will remember you
Think of you, pray for you
And when another day is through —
I’ll still be friends with you.

Creigh

Friend — I will remember you
Think of you, pray for you
And when another day is through —
I’ll still be friends with you.

John Denver

STEWARDSON — DOUGHERTY
Real Estate Associates
OVER 25 YEARS EXPERIENCE INC

TOWN & COUNTRY HOUSES
FARMS & ESTATES

Phone: 921-7784
366 Nassau Street, Princeton

Robert E. Doughtery
Anne H. Cresson
Julie Douglas
Georgia H. Graham
James B. Laughlin
Leighton Laughlin Jr.
Fritzie Moore
Betsy Stewardson Ford
William E. Stewardson (1935-1972)
OUR BEST TO ALL AT PDS

THE SPIRIT OF ’76
— A GREAT YEAR
— A GREAT CLASS
CONGRATULATIONS

Abe, Bags, Donna, Luce, Crew, Tim, Jude, M. Loggins & P. Messina, Kath, Joanne, Frankie, Noose, Spating, Jon, Orren, Al ... Thanks for the good times we’ve had together.
Kim & Scot
Congratulations to the class of '76
LaVake Jewelers

Congratulations Ricky
When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill;
When the funds are low and debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit —
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a fellow turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out.
Don't give up though the pace seems slow —
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man;
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup;
And he learned too late when the night came down,
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out —
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit, —
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

Author Unknown

To Miss Lockhart and Mrs. Shepherd,
Poetry is the art of uniting instruction
with pleasure.

Samuel Johnson
Dear Creigh,
  Wit and high spirits,
  Gentleness and understanding,
  All your gifts so richly given,
  And so gratefully enjoyed—
  Love,
  Mom and Dad

Dear Mark,
  Everyone knows of your many successes and achievements, yet only we know how lucky we were to have you as our older brother, and that we love you.
  Love,
  Susan, Dave, Mikey

Annie and Witt and Sandy:
  Things that really count
  "Henry Rackmeyer, you tell what is important."
  "A shaft of sunlight at the end of a dark afternoon, a note in music, and the way the back of a baby's neck smells if it's mother keeps it tidy," answered Henry.
  "Correct," said Stuart. "These are the important things."

E.B. White
  Stuart Little

Thanks you guys from Judy and Herbie

The Last of the Moores . . .

Good Luck Tom

Chris,
Thanks for being there when we needed you the most.

TABS
CONGRATULATIONS SENIORS

Frank, Bill B., Mark, Bill M., Steve, Tommy, Bill E., David, Jeb and all the rest —
For the games won, for the games lost —
Thanks for all your efforts, we'll miss you.
The Burks

Mom:
"That I must do is all that concerns me, whatever people think, you'll always find those who think they know what's your life better then you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion. It is easy in solitude to live after our own, but the great man is the one who in the midst of the crowd keep with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

Jennifer:
"Don't believe what our eyes are telling, all they show is limitations. Look with your understanding, find out what you already know and you'll see the way to fly."

Dad:
"I must be myself, I can not break myself any longer for you. If you love me for what I am we shall be the happier, if you can not I will still see to deserve that you should. I must be myself."

To Aileen and Laurie:
If I was sure of thee, Sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles.
I am not very wise, My moods are quite attainable, I respect thy genius. High thanks I owe you Who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts.

Love, Sarah

Car and Cin — despite the Wheats, Sports and Mals, we've had some "classic times".
Leigh and Cory — without you two, I would have forgotten English Superstars and tacky Freshmen (who always need a ride, mice and all).
Jen — to think it all started on a trail ride with Joy and Bear and continued in Biology practicing euthanasia on one-eyed bugs.
Noose, Peter Loggins, Jeb, Bill, Eleanor, Loots, John, Gwyneth, Ricky, Tommy, Elizabeth, Sally — can you believe we pulled this whole thing together?
Mr. van Dusen, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Lott, Mr. McCord, Mr. Bing — Thanks so much

Creigh

"Hey 'ville, whadaya say?"
"Let's do it anyway!"
Thanks Guys

C are for us in our old age!
I mbide minimaly.
N ever leave town!
T ake naps.
R eturn home often.
A nd eat!
This is a picture of Rachel and Rebecca Etz, and Donna.

To the Class of '76
Our thanks, congratulations, and best wishes. You have contributed something very special to our home and to PDS.
Kay & Doug McClure

Dear Sheila,
Congratulations and Best Wishes Always.
With Love from Pam,
Cy, Mom, Dad, The Hornes and The Newsomes
CAST OF CHARACTERS

AUNT ELLER ......................................................... Orren Weisberg (Fri. and Sun.)
                                      Rachel Abelson (Sat.)
CURLY ................................................................................. Mark Blaxill
LAUREY............................................................. Rhoda Jaffin (Fri. and Sun.)
                                      Hope Blackburn (Sat.)
WILL PARKER................................................................ Jeff Patterson
JUD FRY .......................................................... Jeb Burns
ADO ANNIE CARNES................................... Ibby Carothers (Fri. and Sun.)
                                      Sandra Benson (Sat.)
ALI HAKIM ............................................................................. David Lifland
GERTIE CUMMINGS ............................................. Jenny Chandler
ANDREW CARNES...................................................... John Lifland
IKE........................................................................... Andy Atkin
FRED ........................................................................... David O'Connor
CORD ELAM .................................................................. Phil Glouchevitch
SKIDMORE........................................................................ Tom Moore
SLIM.......................................................... Bill Baggitt
Chorus: Cintra Eglin, Caren Ludmer, Leslie Ring, Holly Friedman, Dana Miller, Gwyneth Hamel, Sue Eggleston, Lise Thompson, Stephanie Cohen, Sarah Rothrock, Susan Blaxill, Nora Cuesta, Karry Faden, Patty Metzger, Betsy Murdoch, Sarah Nelson, Suzanne Pritchard, Cory Powers, Drew Rosenberg, John Haroldson, Jon Spiegel, John Wallace, Jeff Hudgins, Jake Nunes, John Sweeney
Direction by
Herbert McAneny

Choreography by
Mimi Suarez
Assisted by
Holly Friedman and Dana Miller

Musical Direction by
Frank Jacobson

Set Design by
Mimi Gregory

Technical Direction by
Bill Uhl

CREWS
Stage Manager ................................................................................. Greta Hutchinson
Assistants .......................................................................................... Debbie Fath
Scenery ............................................................................................... Mark Beskind
Lighting ............................................................................................... Phil Thompson
Sound ................................................................................................. Geoff Nunes
Costumes ............................................................................................ Ann McClure
Make-Up .............................................................................................. Sandy Shaw
Props ..................................................................................................... Katie Jeffers
Tickets .................................................................................................. Julie Stabler
House.................................................................................................... Becky Hafitz
Stage Crew .......................................................................................... Leslie Ring
Publicity ............................................................................................... Creigh Duncan
Program ............................................................................................. Bill Uhl

CREWS
Stage Manager ................................................................................. Greta Hutchinson
Assistants .......................................................................................... Debbie Fath
Scenery ............................................................................................... Mark Beskind
Lighting ............................................................................................... Phil Thompson
Sound ................................................................................................. Geoff Nunes
Costumes ............................................................................................ Ann McClure
Make-Up .............................................................................................. Sandy Shaw
Props ..................................................................................................... Katie Jeffers
Tickets .................................................................................................. Julie Stabler
House.................................................................................................... Becky Hafitz
Stage Crew .......................................................................................... Leslie Ring
Publicity ............................................................................................... Creigh Duncan
Program ............................................................................................. Bill Uhl
FINAL RESULTS OF VARSITY WINTER SPORTS

**Varsity Basketball:** Final Record — 20-3

Prep B Champions
Rutgers Prep 88 PDS 75
State Tournament Finals:
PDS 80 Wardlaw 59
PDS 41 Pennington 39
Most Valuable Players — Frank Konstantynowicz
Randy Melville
Most Improved — Chris Szuter
All-Prep Trentonian:
1st Team — Randy Melville
2nd Team — Frank Konstantynowicz, Bill Baggitt
3rd Team — Bill Martin
Honorable Mention — Mike Walters

**Varsity Hockey:** Final Record — 10-7-0
1st Place — Princeton Day School Tournament
PDS 8 Wissahicken 0
PDS 14 Peddie 0
PDS 4 Williston 2
PDS 4 Lawrenceville 2
Most Improved Player — Mark Blaxill

**Girl's Ice Hockey:** Final Record: 4-0-2
Most Valuable Player — Sarah (Buff) Woodworth
PDS 3 Penn 2
PDS 1 Stuart 1
PDS 2 Princeton 1

**Girl's Varsity Basketball:**
Final record: 6-3-0
PDS 40 Kent Place 17
Newark Academy 49 PDS 30

**Girl's Varsity Volleyball:** Final Record: 4-3-0
Varsity Lacrosse: 1st row: Jay Trubee, David O'Connor (co-captain), Bill Erdman, Rich Olsson (co-captain), Tom Moore (co-captain), Jim Daubert, John Segal. 2nd row: Steve Judge, Bob Kreuger (coach), Mark Zawadski, John Haroldson, Rob Olsson, John Sweeney, Pete Buck, Jim Jeffers, Jay Itzkowitz, Tim Brush, Chris Jensen.

Record 13-2-0

Champions All State “B”
PDS 9 Edison 4
PDS 19 Newton High 5
PDS 6 Blair 4
Clark 8 PDS 3
PDS 8 PHS 5
PDS 8 Montville 2
Peddie 8 PDS 2

PDS 1 Essex Catholic 0 (forfeit)
PDS 8 Pingrey 7
PDS 15 George School 5
PDS 7 Rutger’s Prep. 3
PDS 16 Hun School 1
PDS 15 St. Joseph’s 2
PDS 9 Blair 3
PDS 12 Edison 0

All State Prep “B”
1st Team: Def. Jay Trubee
            Mid. Rob Olsson, Bill Erdman
            Att. Dave O’Connor, Mark Zawadsky
Honorable Mention: Goalie Rich Olsson
            Def. John Segal
            Mid. Tom Moore
Honorary: Steve Judge
League’s Nomination for All-American: Rob Olsson
Records:  
Varsity: 10-1-0  
Junior Varsity: 7-0-1  
Third Team: 6-0-0

Most Valuable Player — Ann Wittke  
Most Improved Player - Maggie Gordon  
N.J.W.L.A. Schoolgirl Playday — tied for first place with P.H.S.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Germantown Academy</td>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>5-4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>Moorestown High</td>
<td>12-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>George School</td>
<td>5-3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>Choate Rosemary Hall</td>
<td>18-3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>Taft</td>
<td>10-3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>Stuart</td>
<td>9-4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>PHS</td>
<td>10-7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>Dwight-Englewood</td>
<td>12-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>Moorestown High</td>
<td>11-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>Kent Place</td>
<td>9-1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Record: V-8-3

Mercer County Tennis Tournament
Winner of girl's singles — Jill Migliori
Winners of girl's doubles — Melanie Thompson .. Susie Pratt
N.J.I.S.W.A.A. — Winner of girl's singles — Jill Migliori
Most Valuable Player — Susie Pratt

Girl's Varsity Tennis: kneeling: Susie Pratt (captain), Jill Migliori standing: Claire Treves, Jennifer Horton, Melanie Thompson, Cory Fischer, Cary Bachelder

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Score 1</th>
<th>Score 2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>George School 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Moorestown Friends 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Choate-Rosemary Hall</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>PDS 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Princeton High 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Hopewell Valley 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newark Academy</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>PDS 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Pingry 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Hun 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Dwight 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PDS</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>George School 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kent Place</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>PDS 2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Varsity Baseball: 1st row: Jay Nusblatt, Chris Szuter, Frank Konstantynowicz, Scot Ware, Bill Baggitt, John Hickling, Evan Press. 2nd row: Tom Devito (coach), Mike Walters, Frand Peccolella, Steve Baicker, Dave Barondess, Brad Clippinger, Tony Knott, Alan Johnson, Mark Blaxill, Bob Bruschi (asst coach)

Record 8-8-0
Rutgers Prep 3 PDS 2
Hun 16 PDS 4
Blair 3 PDS 0
PDS 8 Montclair Academy 3
Delbarton 10 PDS 5
Pennington 3 PDS 2
PDS 5 Gill-St. Bernard’s 3
Pingry 1 PDS 0

PDS 6 George 4
Wardlaw 6 PDS 2
PDS 8 Lawrenceville 7
Newark 6 PDS 1
Peddie 4 PDS 1
PDS 13 Morristown Beard 7
Allentown 4 PDS 2
PDS 4 Trenton High 3

Most Valuable – Frank Konstantynowicz
Most Improved – Mike Walters

Golf: John Boneparth, Roger Fried, Jon Spiegel, Bob Denby, Jeff Patterson, Michael Patterson, Bill Neuenschwander

Record: 1-2-1
**Boy's Varsity Tennis:** 1st row: Simeon Hutner, Keith Usiskin, Ken Cain, Jeff Swisher. 2nd row: David Mottley, Andrew Hildick-Smith, Ted Stabler, Bud Tibbals.

Record: 3-7-0
Blair Academy 36  PDS 8
HUN 19  PDS 11
Somerset 20 PDS 22
Pennington Prep 19 PDS 18
North Burlington 23 PDS 19
Pingry 13  PDS 5
PDS 27 Dwight Englewood 26
PDS 17 Somerset 11
Hun 17  PDS 17
Most Valuable Player – Gwyneth Hamel

**Girl's Softball:** 1st row: Sabrina Plante, Susan Paine, Christie Black, Sue Fineman, Sheila Mehta, Phyllis Gore, Diane Barry. 2nd row: Jane Crigger, Debbie Ford, Sue Wiener, Becky Hafitz, Bev Banks, Gwyneth Hamel. 3rd row: Hope Blackburn, Clooe Sherman, Bethlin Thompson, Ann Nevios, Standing: Jennifer Walsh (co-captain), Lee Hale (co-captain).

**Girl's Junior Varsity Tennis:** Cintra Eglin, Livia Wong, Jennifer Carpi, Ibby Carothers, Alison Ijams

Record: 6-1