Philip Glouchevitch  
Jennifer Weiss  
Andrew Hildick-Smith  
Anne Dennison  
John Lifland  
Quinn McCord  
Tim Brush  
Becky Hafitz  
Pete Buck  
Claire Treves  
Tammy Pachter  

Advisors:  
Virginia Reynolds  
Barbara Cragg  
Bob Denby  
Judith Michaels  

LINK '77  
Princeton Day School  
Princeton, N.J.
Jean, Thanks for keeping me humble, just when we felt we were perfect, and for making me laugh, when I needed it. Much Love, Rudy Carunchia.
We misunderstood, as we laughed and shouted during those mornings in homeroom, and we never would have guessed the depth of your guidance and friendship. For this, and those crazy mornings, we thank you.

... etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis, asperitatis et invidiae corrector et irae; recte facta refert, orientia tempora notis instruit exemplis, inopem solatur et aegrum.


He fashions the heart by friendly precepts, He is a corrector of rudeness, envy, and anger. He tells of good deeds, and trains the rising generation By familiar examples, and comforts the weak and the discouraged.
When Princeton University at its Commencement in 1967 made awards to four New Jersey secondary school teachers for distinguished service to education, it was no surprise to those who knew her that one of the four was Anne Shepherd.

From the day she came to Miss Fine's School in 1949 as Head of the English and History Departments to her retirement from Princeton Day School in 1977, Mrs. Shepherd's contributions to both schools have been such as to inspire love, respect and amazement.

Amazement: at the number of activities she manages to crowd into more 24-hour days. Besides being a full-time teacher and working member of many committees, she has been faculty adviser to the school newspaper, the literary magazine and the yearbook, often more than one at a time. Department head, Senior class adviser, costumer whenever a school play needed one, organizer of the Poetry Reading contest (and never too busy to drive our school's candidate to New Brunswick for the statewide finals), patron saint of Christmas wreaths - these are a few of the ways she spends her mornings and afternoons.

Her day has not ended when the school day ends. For years she has taught at and been an administrative head of the Princeton Adult School. She attends theaters, concerts, conferences. At school affairs such as concerts, plays, parents' and alumni meetings, the one faculty member sure to be there is Mrs. Shepherd.

Respect: a fellow-teacher who worked with her at M.F.S. and P.D.S. says, "She has one of the most brilliant minds I have ever known. She could teach at any college, but has preferred to work with younger people. She is fantastically well read." She gives all of herself to every student through her individual conferences and critiques on all written papers. Her spirit of service has led her to spend summers teaching disadvantaged children in Harlem.

Love the closer one gets to know her, the more one finds to love. Getting to know Mrs. Shepherd is only the beginning of a lifelong relationship. She has created a host of grateful friends who wish her many years of happy fulfillment as she leaves the school that has been honored by her presence.
then...

...now
Heaven is not a place, and it is not a time. Heaven is being perfect.

Richard Bach

Lisa Powers
There is no crisis
Balthazar Johannes Vorster

Hendrik Gordenker
No white no red was ever seen
So am’rous as this lovely green.

Here at the Fountains sliding foot,
Or at some Fruit-trees mossy root,
Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide.

Andrew Marvell
Arm a man and a dog, and which ever first gets to the place in Troy
Where the Italian, Fata Profugus, when from Lavinia came
A letter, although he felt very ill and was actually terrified of heights,
Climbed upon the monument of Juno and jumped.
Here many coquettish beauties pass, who show gullible strangers around the city,
Especially two ladies whose latitude amounts to genius,
And who, abandoned by their parents, still pay their room — rent and other expenses.

But instead of musing, I cause myself to remember him who has less number of legs
(What a shame) than the king of dumb animals who trots circles around him.
Pity the insignificant man, all tired from his labors,
Who implores, “Where has the animated collie gone?”
He who laughs; lasts.

Livia Wong
Mark Beskind

If the sun refuse to shine,
I don’t mind, I don’t mind,
If the mountains feel in the sea,
Let it be, it ain’t me,
‘Cos I got my own world to look through,
And I ain’t gonna copy you.

Now if a 6 turned out to be 9,
I don’t mind, I don’t mind,
If all the hippies cut off all their hair,
I don’t care, I don’t care,
‘Cos I got my own world to look through,
And I ain’t gonna copy you.

White collared conservative flashing down the street,
Pointing their Plastic Finger at me,
They’re hoping soon my kind will drop and die,
But I’m gonna wave my freak flag high.
Wave on, wave on.

Fall mountains, just don’t fall on me.
Go ahead Mr. Businessman, you can’t dress like me.
Sing on brother, play on drummer.

James Marshall Hendrix
... let me swim in a puddle,
... race a cloud in the sky,
... build a house without walls.
But most of all,
let me laugh at nothing things.

Albert Cullum

Rachel Abelson
Always retain your smile;
It's your claim to humanity
And, sometimes, to sanity.
To lose your smile,
To fail to be able to see
The humorous side of a crisis,
Is to give up a part of your humanity.

A smile is a precious commodity,
It can do so much yet requires so little.
When one is down, a friendly smile is an uplift.
When you're angry or upset,
A smile is a must to keep your perspective.
So always retain your smile;
It's your claim to humanity
And, sometimes, to sanity.
L'essentiel est invisible pour les yeux....

Le Petit Prince

Jill Migliori
One lives but once in the world

Goethe

Sabrina Plante
A man can travel far and wide — all the way to shame or glory and back again — but he's never going to find anything in this old world that's dead solid perfect.

Dan Jenkins
Fear not that you shall die, 
but that you shall never live.
If you really love something,
Let it go.
If it doesn’t come back,
It was never meant to be.
If it does,
Cherish it forever.

John Kean

Pete Buck
Come with rain, O loud Southwester!
Bring the singer, bring the nester;
Give the buried flower a dream;
Make the settled snow-bank steam;
Find the brown beneath the white;
But whate'er you do tonight,
Bathe my window, make it flow,
Melt it as the ice will go;
Melt the grass and leave the sticks
Like a hermit's crucifix;
Burst into my narrow stall;
Swing the picture on the wall;
Run the rattling pages o'er;
Scatter poems on the floor;
Turn the poet out of door.

Robert Frost
Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me.

Henry David Thoreau
Dear Phil,

I listened to all my Rolling Stones albums but couldn't seem to find an appropriate quote from Mick Jagger's lyrics. Nobody would understand any of the poems in my e.e. cummings anthology, and Robert Frost is too sentimental. There wasn't even anything in Cliff Notes I could use so that about does it. Only just the other day, as I was talking to Org, the perfect phrase slipped into the conversation, summing up my whole life's philosophy and schooling at P.D.S., but I forgot to write it down. It would have been nice to say thank you or something, but Bartlett's doesn't have that category. "Life is a soccer game" was considered, but I can't figure out how corner kicks would fit into the metaphor. So forget the whole thing.

Tony Knott
Kindness in words
  Creates confidence,
Kindness in thinking
  Creates profoundness,
Kindness in giving
  Creates love.

Lao-Tse

... And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
  They danced by the light of the moon,
    The moon,
    The moon,
  They danced by the light of the moon.

Edward Lear
Truckin' like the doo-dah man
Once told me “got to play your hand
Sometimes the cards ain’t worth a damn
If you don’t lay ‘em down.”

You’re sick of hangin’ around, you’d like to travel.
Get tired of travelin’, you want to settle down.
Well, I guess they can’t revoke your soul for tryin’.
Get out of the door, light out, and look all around.

Sometimes the lights all shinin’ on me.
Other times I can barely see.
Lately it occurs to me
What a long, strange trip it’s been.

Grateful Dead
I will sing where I light
And alight where I may,
As the birds in their flight
That go singing away.

Not a foot of the ground
Do I own, not a hand;
I go trespassing round
For the flowers of the land;

Not to pick anything,
But to see them in bloom
And to hear the birds sing
Where there's plenty of room.

Timothy Otis Paine

Susan Paine
"There is a long need yet," said Gandolf.
"But it is the last road," said Bilbo.

J. R. R. Tolkien

Chris Johnson
Anne Nesbakken

Dost thou love life?
Then do not squander time; for that's the stuff life is made of.

Ben Franklin

Dear Mr. Baker,
Thank you for all the help you gave me this year. Without people like you, organizing and having everything under control would not have been possible. Thank you for an experience like I have had. Thank you.

Anne.
Happiness is often presented as being very dull but, he thought, lying awake, that is because dull people are sometimes very happy and intelligent people can and do go around making themselves and everyone else miserable. He had never found happiness dull. It always seemed more exciting than any other thing and capable of as great intensity as sorrow to those people who were capable of having it. This may not be true but he had believed it to be true for a long time and this summer they had experienced happiness for a month now and, already, in the nights, he was lonely for it before it had ever gone away.

Ernest Hemingway

Alex Zaininger
Come dance with the west wind
and touch all the mountain tops
sail all the canyons and up to the stars
and reach for the heavens
and hope for the future
and all that we can be, not what we are.

John Denver

Stephanie Cohen
We can't all, and some of us don't.

A. A. Milne

Ruth Hershenov
Two Chinamen, behind them a third,
Are carved in lapis lazuli,
Over them flies a long-legged bird,
A symbol of longevity;
The third, doubtless a serving-man,
Carries a musical instrument.

Every discoloration of the stone,
Every accidental crack or dent,
Seems a water-course or an avalanche,
Or lofty slope where it still snows
Though doubtless plum or cherry-branch
Sweetens the little half-way house
Those Chinamen climb towards, and I
Delight to imagine them seated there;
There, on the mountain and the sky,
On all the tragic scene they stare.
One asks for mournful melodies;
Accomplished fingers begin to play.
Their eyes mid many wrinkles, their eyes,
Their ancient, glittering eyes, are gay.

William Butler Yeats
Nancy Mara Bonini

The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky, —
No higher than the soul is high . . .
But East and West will pinch the heart
That cannot keep them pushed apart;
And he whose soul is flat — the sky
Will cave in on him by and by.

Edna St. Vincent Millay
"Hey, Clooie, how was your soccer game?"

"Not too good. I hit a chip shot that went over the goal, into a window of a schoolbus full of little kids, hit the driver who lost control and sent it down a hill into the path of an oncoming train."

"Oh, my God! What are you going to do?"

"Well, I think if I get my body over it a little more and follow through with my kick . . . ."

Maggie Gordon

Clooie Sherman
The confusion was all too much,
I am only beginning to understand.
Take what is given;
Give when you can;
And don’t ask for much.
My last request:
    Honesty.

Andrea Avery
Friendships multiply joys and divide griefs.

Henry George Bohn

Hockey, from driveway to Pee Wee — to tournament champs!
Football, All Staters
Uncle John in Boating Safety — Chemistry with Doc
Lacrosse, no help from shoulders but loads of
help from Papa Z
(And Krueger — Guess who is coming to dinner?)
Gitchee Goome Quazo — and from Carnegie Lake
the Zawudges!
Cliff climbing, Reunions, “Ahoy Jeffer,” Halloween,
Beer, The Alaskan Tokers!
The good times, the bad times — to cherish forever
My friend — Tri Captain — A guy called Z

S.J.
Teacher, teach me how to read and write
You can teach me about biology
But you can't tell me what I'm living for
'Cos that's still a mystery

Teacher, teach me about nuclear physics
And teach me about the structure of man
But all your endless calculations
Can't tell me why I am
No, you can't tell me who I am.

R. D. Davies
If I am anything as a person, it is what I think, judge, feel, value, honor, love, fear, desire, hope for, believe in and am committed to.

Anonymous

Cary Bachelder
People in general attach too much importance to words. They are under the illusion that talking effects great results. As a matter of fact, words are as a rule, the shallowest portion of all the argument. They but dimly represent the great surging of feelings and desires which lie behind. When the distraction of the tongue is removed, the heart listens.
To THE FAIR ENGLISH MAIDEN

WHO: a) Keeps me organized and on my toes
b) Keeps my English "proper"

- Is a good friend
- All of the above

I chose "d"! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING

... And if we all could spread a little sunshine
All could lend a helping hand
We all would be a little closer to the promised land.

Stephan Schwartz

Andy Atkin
What a bore it is, waking up in the morning always the same person. I wish I were unflinching and emphatic, and had big, bushy eyebrows and a Message for the Age. I wish I were a deep thinker, or a great Ventriloquist.

Logan Pearsall Smith
If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.

Henry David Thoreau

Annabelle Brainard
Across the farmyard she ran, her light, brown hair playing with the bright sunlight. Her green eyes danced with delight at the cool summer day. Her nose crinkled with the beginnings of a smile. She threw back her head and laughed. Only then did she notice me observing her. Her laughter stopped, and her piercing gaze encompassed me — contemplating . . .

"Who Cares!" she laughed and was off again.
Two tasks on the threshold of life: To narrow your circle more and more, and constantly to make certain that you have not hidden yourself somewhere outside it.

Franz Kafka
... And I'm standing on the edge of some crazy cliff. What I have to do, I have to catch everybody if they start to go over the cliff — I mean if they're running and they don't look where they're going I have to come out from somewhere and CATCH them. That's all I'd do all day. I'd just be the catcher in the rye and all. I know it's crazy, but that's the only thing I'd really like to be. I know it's crazy.

J. D. Salinger
... Wart turned back to the anvil. He saw the golden letters, which he did not read, and the jewels on the pommel, flashing in the lovely light.

He took hold of the handles with both hands, and strained against the stone, but nothing moved. He took hold of it again and pulled with all his might. The music played more strongly, and the light all about the churchyard glowed like amethysts; but the sword still stuck.

“Oh, Merlyn,” cried the Wart, “help me to get this weapon.”

There was a kind of a rushing noise. All round the churchyard there were hundreds of old friends. They rose over the church wall together, like the Punch and Judy ghosts of remembered days ... There were the thousands of animals he had met, the lovers and helpers of Wart.

A white-front said, “Come along, for all we friends of yours are waiting here to cheer.” Wart felt his power grow.

The Wart walked up to the great sword for the third time. He put out his right hand softly and drew it out as gently as from a scabbard.

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T. H. White
When you are happy
you do not wish
to be happier.

T. Foutzine
To know that we know what we know, and that we do not know what we do not know, THAT is true knowledge.

Henry David Thoreau

David Mali
Life has loveliness to sell,
   All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
   Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up,
   Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,
   Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
   Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
   Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
   Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
   Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
   Give all you have been, or could be.

Sara Teasdale
The Rivers Till and Tweed

Says Tweed to Till:
"What gars ye rin sae still?"

Says Till to Tweed:
"Though ye rin with speed
And I rin slaw,
For ae man that ye droon
I droon twa."

Anonymous

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.

Aleister Crowley
Goals seem hard to reach,
Yet you strive for them.
Determination will see you through the storm,
And that determination will enrich the calms.
Though determined, you remain flexible.
Though an immobile object gets blown over in the storm,
The small, supple blade of grass rolls with it
And survives to come back after the storm.
Remain flexible through the storms,
And your hard to reach goals
May soon come within your grasp.

A.J.
We do not attain perfection by striving to do something out of the common. Perfection is acquired by doing the common things uncommonly well.

Claire Treves
Ther is a sweete mayde, a frend of myn
Who mi seming my sistere, she is so kinde.
 Hir name is brighte itke as is she.
 It is the name of the Holly tree.
 Hir fyne spun lockes, so goldyn an rede
 Do shyne an sparkle as she moveth hir heede.
 Ful plesaunt is the twinkle in hir ye
 Whan she doth smyle an with a sigh,
 She trys to stoppe hir ful gaye laughe.
 Ther is na joie she can have
 More than to watch ofer childrenn.
 So kinde an gentil is she to them,
 Tis na wondere with hir they lerne so much
 Fro hir sweete words an eek tendre tuche.
 Hir frends at home wil certes miss hir dere
 But she returneth wil, oft times the yeres
 To sayn to them a cheery “Hello,”
 An on hir way ful merrilye wil go.

J.F.C.
Climb high
Climb far
Your goal the sky
Your aim the star

Anonymous

Rob McClellan
Gathering these hints, the preludes, the blue sky, the grass, the morning drops of dew,
The lilac scent, the bushes with dark green heart-shaped leaves,
Wood-violets, the little delicate pale blossoms called innocence,
Samples and sorts not for themselves alone, but for their atmosphere,
To grace the bush I love — to sing with the birds,
A warble for joy of lilac-time, returning in reminiscence.

Walt Whitman
Life is what happens while you're making other plans.

from a Salada tea bag
In the beginning Man created God;
and in the image of Man created he him.

2. And Man gave unto God a multitude of names,
that he might be Lord over all the earth when it was suited to Man

3. And on the seventh millionth day Man rested and did
lean heavily on his God and saw that it was good.

4. And man formed Aqualung of the dust of the ground,
and a host of others likened unto his kind.

5. And these lesser men Man did cast into the void.
And some were burned; and some were put apart from
their kind.

6. And Man became the God that he had created and
with his miracles did rule over all the earth.

7. But as all these things did come to pass, the Spirit
that did cause man to create his God lived on within
all men: even within Aqualung.

8. And man saw it not.
But for Christ’s sake he’d better start looking.

Ian Anderson
do you think i would change
my present freedom to range
for a castle or moated grange
wotthehell wotthehell

cage me and i'd go frantic
life is so romantic
capricious and corybantic
and i'm toujours gai toujours gai

don marquis

Christy Black
LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA (AP) In a surprise move today, Michael Patterson announced his resignation from the illustrious law firm of Patterson, Melville, and McCord. It appears that Mr. Patterson has been offered a top position at Harry's Luncheonette, a gourmet restaurant in Princeton, N.J. A fast food afficionado, Mr. Patterson had no comment for the press except for the occasional "That's your business, isn't it?" or "O.K., Guys!" Mr. Patterson is the inventor of the "soon to be famous 'zero' burger" and the 'square' milk shake.

Rob McClellan
My dearest lady,

Love seeing you!

But I must admit, I've enjoyed

your company throughout my three years

at P.S. 19, but what a bloody fright

I've had here (Ha, Ha, you didn't know about my

English blank delivery). I'm expecting to see you at graduation next year.

Accept me as I am — only then will we discover each other.

Federico Fellini

Randy Melville
O my soul, strive not for immortal life, but exhaust the fullness of the possible.

Pindar

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
Swiswi moto wakayo mashamba.
Ndama Ndovu onekana uwanda.

We are the fire which burns the country.
The Calf of the Elephant is exposed on the plain.

— from the Bantu
Your hearts know in silence the secrets of the days and the nights.

Kahlil Gibran
Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Anne Dennison
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Robert Frost

Babette Mills
The most wasted day is that in which we have not laughed.

Sébastien Chamfort
I love to laugh,
Loud and long and clear.
I love to laugh.
It's getting worse every year.

The more I laugh,
The more I fill with glee.
And the more the glee,
The more I'm a merrier me.

Mary Poppins

Jenny Mezey
The rush and the sudden swoop as he dropped down a steep undulation in the mountain side plucked Nick's mind out and left him only the wonderful flying, dropping sensation in his body. He rose to a slight up-run and then the snow seemed to drop out from under him as he went down, down, faster and faster in a rush down the last, long, steep slope. Crouching so he was almost sitting back on his skis, trying to keep the center of gravity low, the snow driving like a sandstorm, he knew the pace was too much. But he held it. He would not let go and spill. Then a patch of soft snow, left in a hollow by the wind, spilled him and he went over and over in a clashing of skis, feeling like a shot rabbit . . .

Ernest Hemingway
There is a road,
no simple highway
between the dawn,
and the dark of night . . .
and if you go,
no one may follow
that path is for
your steps alone . . .

Grateful Dead

Skip Guerin
in time of daffodils (who know
the goal of living is to grow)
forgetting why, remember how

in time of lilacs who proclaim
the aim of waking is to dream,
remember so (forgetting seem)

in time of all sweet things beyond
whatever mind may comprehend,
remember seek (forgetting find)

and in a mystery to be
(when time from time shall set us free)
forgetting me, remember me

   e. e. cummings
We are leaving. We are gone.
Come with us to all alone.
We will leave you all alone.

Neil Young
"What a sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the soul."

Addison, *The Spectator*, No. 215

And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work:

II Corinthians 9:8

Melissa Leach
If you believe
Within your heart you'll know
That no one can change
The path that you must go.

Believe what you feel
And know you're right because
The time will come around
When you say it's yours.

... Believe that there's a reason to be
Believe you can make time stand still;
And know from the moment you try.
If you believe, I know I will.

Believe in yourself right from the start;
And you will have brains
And you'll have a heart
And you will have courage to last
Your whole life through.

If you believe in yourself
If you believe in yourself
If you believe in yourself
Maybe you can believe in me too.

Charlie Smalls
Drop a pebble in the water; just a splash, and it is gone;  
But there's half-a-hundred ripples circling on and on and on,  
Spreading, spreading from the center, flowing on out to the sea.  
And there is no way of telling where the end is going to be.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness: just a flash and it is gone;  
But there's half-a-hundred ripples circling on and on and on,  
Bearing hope and joy and comfort on each splashing, dashing wave  
Till you wouldn't believe the volume of the one kind word you gave.

James W. Foley
On the under surface of the mesocephalic skull depicted (from a Cavalier King Charles Spaniel), note the foramen magnum through which the spinal cord, continuous with the medulla, emerges from the cranium and travels through the neural canals of adjoining vertebrae, throughout the length of the spine as far as the sacrum. After this point sensation is conveyed by caudal material containing nerve tissue.

The Dog – Structure And Movement

Andrew Hildick-Smith
The sun was setting, sending a multitude of colors splashing across the desert and rocks. In the distance, a puff of dust appeared, growing larger and larger every few seconds. Soon the mystery would be upon us. I had the feeling it was going to be a great experience. All of a sudden it confronted me; the dust fell down revealing the secret: the blond-haired girl jumped off the horse, cracked the whip sending the horse off racing. She threw off her hat and fell to the ground laughing, her laughter brought out the sparkling stars.
The pork was delicious and almost crisp. Fred gave me a potato with it, and a pitcher of melted grease from the frying pan to pour over the potato. He also handed me a loaf of bread and a dish of margarine, saying, "Here's your bread. You can have one piece or two. Whatever you want."

Fred apologized for not having a phone, after I asked where I would have to go to make a call, later on. He said, "I don't have no phone because I don't have no electric. If I had electric, I would have had a phone in here a long time ago." He uses a kerosene lamp, a propane lamp, and two flashlights.

He asked where I was going, and I said that I had no particular destination, explaining that I was in the pines because I found it hard to believe that so much unbroken forest could still exist so near the big Eastern cities, and I wanted to see it while it was still there.

John McPhee

George Zoukee
Don't question why she needs to be so free
She'll tell you it's the only way to be

The Rolling Stones
A man's reach should exceed his grasp.
Else what's a heaven for?

Robert Browning

Mrs. Baker,
Thanks for everything, good luck and
come visit me next time you're in
California.

John Lifland
Roark Howard
Well, son, I'll tell you:
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair,
It's had tacks in it,
And splinters,
And boards torn up,
And places with no carpets on the floor —
Bare.
But all the time
I'se been a-climbin' on
And reachin' landin's
And turnin' corners,
And sometimes goin' in the dark
Where there ain't been no light.
So, boy, don't you turn back.
Don't you set down on the steps
Cause you find it kinder hard.
Don't you fall now —
For I'se still goin', honey,
I'se still climbin',
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

— Langston Hughes
Farewell to you and the youth I have spent with you.

It was but yesterday we met in a dream.
You have sung to me in my aloneness, and I of your longings have built a tower in the sky.
But now our sleep has fled and our dream is over, and it is no longer dawn.
The noontide is upon us and our half waking has turned to fuller day, and we must part.
If in the twilight of memory we should meet once more, we shall speak again together and you shall sing to me a deeper song.
And if our hands should meet in another dream we shall build another tower in the sky.

Kahlil Gibran
Hope Blackburn

Music is love in search of a word.

Anonymous
As rabbits go from hole to hole,
You go from person to person spreading cheer.
Your spirit is as a butterfly in midsummer;
Darting here and there; a slight pause, then you’re gone.
Through your many contacts that you have had,
You show your capacity for warmth and emotion.
Someday this side will always show
Instead of appearing now and then.
Run on, rabbit;
Fly on, butterfly.
The time for you to return to your cocoon
And be reborn with the other part of you displayed
Is rapidly approaching.

A.J.

David Mottley
Tomorrow is promised to no one,
And it is a fool who dwells there.
You always lived for today
And enjoyed today to the utmost.
You loved everyone and everything,
And were loved in return.
Though your life was short,
It was a full, rich one.
In your short span of life,
You touched many people's lives.
Each touch was special,
One that will never be forgotten.
Though you've left us physically,
Your spirit will always remain.
You've left behind a legacy;
A legacy of gaiety
That can never be forgotten.
You left a legacy that says:
Enjoy life today,
For tomorrow is promised to no one.
Poor Little Lambs Who Have Gone Astray

Gail Abbotts
Hans Aberg
Katrina Altmaier
Maria Balinski
Stacey Bamford
Jessica Barton
Glenn Bevensee
Cynthia Biddle
Philip Billington
Chuck Blake
John Boice
Doug Boone
William Boone
Eric Brauer
Alice Britt
Monty Brower
Darrell Buchanan
Ibby Carothers
Matt Chambers
Arnold Chen
Annette Compton
Cici Cruice
Bob Dewey
Dan Drorbaugh
Tom Ettinghausen
Derek Fields
Sam Fussell

Bibi Gaston
Ellen Gould
Debbie Gross
Steve Gubb
Max Hartshorne
Ned Harvey
Robin Heggen
Libby Hicks
John Hopkins
Rachel Ijams
Teddy Jaeckel
Maria Jansen
Beth Johnson
Shaun Kennedy
Jim Wgannani
Barton Lund
David Lynton
David Mackie
Gina Martinuzzi
Beth Matthews
Tom Matthews
Foy McCandles
Tom Meseroll
Val Moyer
Kip Nawn
Leslie Packard

Rod Paine
Tom Pardee
Don Quigley
Jim Rebman
David Reynolds
Boris Robinson
Bruce Rosenthal
Chris Russo
Bitzi Schreiber
Karen Schuss
David Schillaber
Allegra Smith
Tom Spackman
David Stevens
Lisa Stone
Randy Symington
Martha Tattersall
Amy Tauchert
Mark Taylor
Townie Townsend
Tom Van Buren
Jill Walmsley
Brandon Ward
Sarah Williams
Katie Woodhouse
Kent Worcester
Do you remember? . . .

The old school . . . Lisa, Claire, Andrew, Ann, Russell, Barbie, Babette, Celia and Phil—yup Phil . . . Miss Weigel . . . origami . . . the three ring circus . . . finger painting . . . upstairs to the music room . . . moving out to the country . . . Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Gulick . . . Alice, Tom, Dick and Spot . . . "Joji and the Dragon" reading circles . . . the colored rods . . . when the praying mantis had babies . . . coloring the covers for the inklet . . . Ned’s plastic throwup . . . being pilgrims . . . the Miss Mason’s contingent . . . playing the violin or the recorder . . . Max and Sarah . . . the Halloween parade . . . "The Siamese Pepper Cure" . . . corsages and carnations for graduation . . . Mrs. Peck . . . Libby and Jill going with the sixth grade boys . . . Sir Smiley . . . "Mr. Saladino, I like your tie" . . . Bizz buzz . . . Mrs. Dakin and the Telltale Heart . . . Mr. Jones’ study halls . . . Mr. Saladino, Mr. Hahn, and Mr. Wilkinson the barrels — "we got took" . . . Oliver . . . "who did you dance with at dancing school?" . . . Mrs. Conroy’s temper tantrums . . . dances at the Columbus Boychoir School (Ann had the cutest) . . . the coed class . . . Mr. Rieux’s chipmunk . . . dust explosions . . . Mr. Miller’s sex talk when we were supposed to be studying King Arthur . . . Willi Hartung . . . "The Wizard of Oz" . . . the locusts . . . clackers and yoyos . . . finally pants but no scholls . . . science projects at Blairstown . . . when Carol came two weeks late . . . the round table . . . the treasure hunt . . . H.M.S. Pinafore . . . that awful word on Mrs. Vogt’s bookcase . . . Mrs. Fuchs’ tie-dyed sneakers . . . project USE — don’t fall off the stump or you’ll get stuck in peanut butter . . . cliques . . . Mr. Buttenheim . . . Mrs. Gilbert and her lemons . . . megapenny . . . certain girls trying to rid their friends of shirts . . . Mr. Merle-Smith as head . . . big Upper Schoolers . . . being able to choose courses . . . Lawrenceville mixers . . . the supposed orgy at Blairstown . . . bloody knuckles . . . Blairstown to Princeton via New York . . . the toilet explosion at the 50’s dance . . . Grease . . . Mr. Wilkins . . . the freezing camping trip . . . making the floor bounce at the Beach Boys concert . . . "Brigadoon" . . . "Ten Little Indians" . . . the voting machine . . . the prom . . . beginning the college routine . . . last final exams . . . five mod senior privilege . . . all those fancy cars . . . Julia and Christy’s Halloween party (John, how ravishing you looked and Alan, you were really frightening) . . . Mr. Gregory with those colleges again—Hicksville College is having an open house . . . QBM and Space Port . . . trying to change a 59 to a 58 . . . when we split . . . early action not early decision . . . Link deadlines . . . an educational senior project . . . April 15 . . . our phenomenal spirit . . . knowing our luck we’ll have the first rained out commencement . . . well folks here we come . . . this is it . . . watch out!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>FOUND</th>
<th>EVOKES</th>
<th>WEARS</th>
<th>LOST WITHOUT</th>
<th>PETE NOIRE</th>
<th>PASSION</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>LUCIE</td>
<td>Running through the halls</td>
<td>Huck Finn</td>
<td>Hats</td>
<td>Her Mouth</td>
<td>Maggie Gordon's deadpan humor</td>
<td>Soccer &amp; Ice Hockey</td>
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<tr>
<td>DAVID MA.</td>
<td>on the floor in the theatre lobby</td>
<td>a Whatcha</td>
<td>a bomber jacket &amp; a car</td>
<td>Mondays</td>
<td></td>
<td>M.T.</td>
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<tr>
<td>JIM</td>
<td>wandering</td>
<td>an academic</td>
<td>old sneaker</td>
<td>explicit written directions</td>
<td>Latin</td>
<td>computers</td>
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<tr>
<td>ANN MCA.</td>
<td>smiling</td>
<td>Renaissance painting</td>
<td>carduroy paints</td>
<td>someone to laugh with</td>
<td>writing papers</td>
<td>Ice hockey &amp; photography</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CAROL</td>
<td>frantic</td>
<td>a soap bubble</td>
<td>her kits up to?</td>
<td>trying</td>
<td>Planet of the Apes</td>
<td>assemblies during council time</td>
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<tr>
<td>ERIC</td>
<td>on Constitution drive</td>
<td>a rabbit</td>
<td>an &quot;ice&quot; jacket</td>
<td>his Spanish dictionary</td>
<td>layout</td>
<td>canoe</td>
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<tr>
<td>ALAN</td>
<td>in the front hall</td>
<td>George Jefferson</td>
<td>the latest styles</td>
<td>a bench</td>
<td>knee operations</td>
<td>Row &amp; Fifi</td>
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<tr>
<td>HOLLY</td>
<td>in the A.A. store</td>
<td>Raggedy Anne</td>
<td>kits</td>
<td>Kitt factorries</td>
<td>Inactive A.A. members</td>
<td>preppies</td>
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<tr>
<td>SKIP</td>
<td>up in the wild blue yonder</td>
<td>a leprechaun</td>
<td>small sizes</td>
<td>his orange 60/40 jacket</td>
<td>Nerds</td>
<td>Climbing</td>
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<tr>
<td>JEN</td>
<td>taking attendance</td>
<td>morality</td>
<td>blue sneakers</td>
<td>her father's jokes</td>
<td>Tequila</td>
<td>Pinia coladas</td>
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<tr>
<td>BILL</td>
<td>without his license</td>
<td>Johnny Miller</td>
<td>preppy outfits</td>
<td>some major catastrophe</td>
<td>leisure suits</td>
<td>Triumphs and Thai back seats</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANNE N.</td>
<td>waiting for a ride home</td>
<td>Norway</td>
<td>red and white striped pajamas</td>
<td>food</td>
<td>Homework</td>
<td>Norwegian divers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOHN H.</td>
<td>in De Vita's office</td>
<td>a Dutch Boy</td>
<td>Brut</td>
<td>his Fiat</td>
<td>Monday practice</td>
<td>Flirting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BARBARA</td>
<td>lost (smiling)</td>
<td>a laughing hyena</td>
<td>her mother's clothes</td>
<td>someone to direct her</td>
<td>Hypocracies</td>
<td>Lacrosse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROARK</td>
<td>in the library</td>
<td>Alocismone</td>
<td>clothes</td>
<td>his briefcase</td>
<td>Arrogant aliens</td>
<td>Metabolic architecture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LISA P.</td>
<td>passing out</td>
<td>Edgar Winter / Sally Winter / Star</td>
<td>blue / white / a fig</td>
<td>attention</td>
<td>Hearing about other people's diets</td>
<td>Hearing about other people's business</td>
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<tr>
<td>MARK 2.</td>
<td>intoxicated</td>
<td>&quot;Z&quot;</td>
<td>pads</td>
<td>cliff notes</td>
<td>Topeka</td>
<td>His surfboard</td>
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<tr>
<td>SABRINA</td>
<td>in La Vokes</td>
<td>a go-go girl</td>
<td>tight blue jeans</td>
<td>post button shoes</td>
<td>Conceited guys</td>
<td>Skiing</td>
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<tr>
<td>DAVID S.</td>
<td>in a test tube</td>
<td>a worm</td>
<td>the same every day</td>
<td>his calculator</td>
<td>Losing at chess</td>
<td>Speaker</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>FAVORITE EXPRESSION</strong></td>
<td><strong>CANS YOU IMAGINE HIM/HER</strong></td>
<td><strong>CONSUMES</strong></td>
<td><strong>LAUGHS AT</strong></td>
<td><strong>WILL PROBABLY END UP</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Tell me about it</td>
<td>INTRIGUED BY</td>
<td>hot dogs, chocolate</td>
<td>DOC</td>
<td>modeling, men's clothing</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>terrific!</td>
<td>Steven Cragg</td>
<td>pudding + yodels</td>
<td>Mr. Roberts' funny things</td>
<td>on the Liverpool soccer team</td>
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<td>in layman's terms</td>
<td>Melanie</td>
<td>choc, chip cookies</td>
<td>Republicans</td>
<td>senile</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>college applications</td>
<td>fat + tall</td>
<td>+ imported beer</td>
<td></td>
<td>healthy, wealthy, and wise</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>I have so much to do</td>
<td>the Adirondacks</td>
<td>equations</td>
<td></td>
<td>selling pencils</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>I know, I know!</td>
<td>Andrew</td>
<td>oreos</td>
<td>Parliamentary Procedure</td>
<td>editor of Rolling Stone</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coke is my safety</td>
<td>mysterious senioritis</td>
<td>meatball</td>
<td>Trev &amp; Bach</td>
<td>M.C. on Soul Train</td>
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<td>brown sugar</td>
<td>with his physics homework</td>
<td>sandwiches</td>
<td>dirty jokes</td>
<td>in the Painter Suit</td>
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<td>You turkey</td>
<td>In Jill's clothes</td>
<td>krampets</td>
<td>M&amp;M from M</td>
<td>frozen on everal</td>
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<td>Nay!</td>
<td>sharpas</td>
<td>one-bitters</td>
<td>Rams climbing</td>
<td>a social reformer</td>
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<td>outersotch sundae</td>
<td>P.D.S.</td>
<td>a touring Pro</td>
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<td>this is a number</td>
<td>exeter girls</td>
<td>with two feet</td>
<td>Tony</td>
<td>a Norwegian mountain goat</td>
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<td>of our album...</td>
<td>in a retard</td>
<td>on the ground</td>
<td>herself</td>
<td>a ballerina</td>
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<tr>
<td>I'm not drunk!</td>
<td>unexpected</td>
<td>anything but rude</td>
<td>Michelob</td>
<td>In Peking</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>woa!</td>
<td>S.D. Abraham Lincoln's opponent!!</td>
<td></td>
<td>Tony</td>
<td>a paperback writer</td>
<td></td>
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<td>6 negative</td>
<td>younger women</td>
<td>in a retard</td>
<td>lollipops</td>
<td>a team doctor</td>
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<tr>
<td>Star Trek</td>
<td>Everything</td>
<td>tripping over her feet</td>
<td>saltines and yogurt</td>
<td>a playboy bunny</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>negative</td>
<td>Star Trek</td>
<td>lost in a snowstorm</td>
<td>brew</td>
<td>deadlines</td>
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<td>Star Trek</td>
<td>episodic</td>
<td>lost in a snowstorm</td>
<td>brew</td>
<td>deadlines</td>
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<td>I'll drink to that!</td>
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<td>brew</td>
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<td>What?</td>
<td>the downstairs</td>
<td>lost in a snowstorm</td>
<td>brew</td>
<td>deadlines</td>
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<td>Whoo!</td>
<td>at the Caper Gown</td>
<td>lost in a snowstorm</td>
<td>brew</td>
<td>deadlines</td>
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<td>Actually, it's</td>
<td>red hair</td>
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<td>3,141592654</td>
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**ACTUAL FACTS:**
- We refer to the number of pages in this document as "3.141592654."
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<th>BEJE NOIRE</th>
<th>PASSION</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ALICE</td>
<td>laughing in the library</td>
<td>a chipmunk</td>
<td>waterfall socks and clogs</td>
<td>the Piggy gang</td>
<td>Nabokov novels</td>
<td>Weekends</td>
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<td>RANDY</td>
<td>over you</td>
<td>Basketball shoes</td>
<td>a scar</td>
<td>Mike, a basketball</td>
<td>Mark &amp; preppy</td>
<td>Basketball</td>
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<td>TAMMY</td>
<td>in Mr. Bing's office</td>
<td>a mother hen</td>
<td>baggy dresses</td>
<td>an opinion</td>
<td>Lex missing appointments</td>
<td>Mr. Denby and his brother</td>
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<td>ROB</td>
<td>in the net</td>
<td>Guru Maharaji</td>
<td>3 piece suits</td>
<td>a cause</td>
<td>Lorries</td>
<td>a mercedes benz</td>
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<td>NANCY</td>
<td>working</td>
<td>teddy bear</td>
<td>warm suits</td>
<td>celia</td>
<td>riding on buses</td>
<td>bicycling</td>
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<td>JULIA</td>
<td>at the Roast</td>
<td>an angel</td>
<td>a ship on her shoulder</td>
<td>trying</td>
<td>those trees that always end up behind the car</td>
<td>driving 10 miles per hour</td>
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<td>MARK B.</td>
<td>at Woodfield</td>
<td>Billy Cobham</td>
<td>an Afro</td>
<td>music</td>
<td>Bay City Rollers</td>
<td>Jimi Hendrix</td>
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<td>LEIGH</td>
<td>in the office</td>
<td>a Gibson girl</td>
<td>three earrings</td>
<td>a challenge</td>
<td>being kept in suspense</td>
<td>Exeter + England</td>
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<td>SUSAN</td>
<td>looking for her toenails</td>
<td>a puppy</td>
<td>spanky pants</td>
<td>high heels</td>
<td>Algebra II</td>
<td>Frank</td>
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<td>HAROLD</td>
<td>reading a book</td>
<td>a bored corpse</td>
<td>dresses + bell bottoms</td>
<td>a 40 year old top coat</td>
<td>people</td>
<td>The Confessions of Alasister Crowley</td>
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<td>ANDY</td>
<td>looking for hairs on his chin</td>
<td>a businessman</td>
<td>his daddy's clothes</td>
<td>a cut / this people</td>
<td>condescending girls</td>
<td>younger girls</td>
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<td>ELIZABETH</td>
<td>with a P.S. backpack</td>
<td>Little Bo Peep</td>
<td>a blue ski jacket</td>
<td>celia + Nancy + Jan</td>
<td>having her picture taken</td>
<td>Laurence Olivier</td>
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<td>CHRISTY</td>
<td>laughing</td>
<td>noise</td>
<td>fashion clothes</td>
<td>Julia</td>
<td>dogs</td>
<td>good times</td>
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<td>JOHN HA.</td>
<td>on the front bench</td>
<td>a mouth</td>
<td>clogs</td>
<td>his Hanson's + oin, Mark's</td>
<td>preppie jocks</td>
<td>bad jokes</td>
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<td>FIFI</td>
<td>leaving school for 5 minutes</td>
<td>Gloria Stivic</td>
<td>weird / nail sax / polish</td>
<td>a diet</td>
<td>school / Alan</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
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<td>HENDRIK</td>
<td>in South Africa</td>
<td>an owl</td>
<td>bicycles</td>
<td>trying</td>
<td>conformity</td>
<td>pretzels</td>
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<td>LISA Y.</td>
<td>blowing bobbies</td>
<td>innocence</td>
<td>tight shirts</td>
<td>Karin</td>
<td>flab</td>
<td>vermont + guys</td>
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<tr>
<td>AUGIE</td>
<td>on 95 north</td>
<td>the pink panther</td>
<td>a camera</td>
<td>munchies + tunes</td>
<td>cats</td>
<td>The White Mountains</td>
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<tr>
<td>FAVORITE EXPRESSION</td>
<td>INTRIGUED BY</td>
<td>CAN YOU IMAGINE HIM/HER</td>
<td>CONSUMES</td>
<td>LAUGHS AT</td>
<td>WILL PROBABLY END UP</td>
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<td>sign me out!</td>
<td>scarecrows</td>
<td>screaming</td>
<td>blueberry yogurt</td>
<td>Stephanie</td>
<td>out to lunch</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jaws!</td>
<td>Lex</td>
<td>blond</td>
<td>cheeseburgers</td>
<td>white people</td>
<td>a midget</td>
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<tr>
<td>You're wrong!</td>
<td>28-32 yr. old man</td>
<td>conceding defeat</td>
<td>everyone else's</td>
<td>Mr. Lott</td>
<td>Bartender at Peking Express</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Later Cat!</td>
<td>the oval office</td>
<td>a habo</td>
<td>Black cigarettes</td>
<td>Penalty Shots</td>
<td>with a hair transplant</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>You need!</td>
<td>books</td>
<td>talking ceaselessly</td>
<td>yogurt</td>
<td>finishing Art. projects on time</td>
<td>in Le Grand Prix</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Can you dig?!</td>
<td>fast drivers</td>
<td>without Christy</td>
<td>gas money</td>
<td>minimum speed limits</td>
<td>in Kansas City</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Breaker one nine</td>
<td>Ted Todd</td>
<td>thin and bald</td>
<td>ketchup</td>
<td>Bing</td>
<td>Headmaster at PPS</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>utterly thrilling</td>
<td>WWII</td>
<td>not embarrassed</td>
<td>French vanilla</td>
<td>blah forgot its</td>
<td>a skinny English actress on Broadway</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>who, me?</td>
<td>cruise control</td>
<td>unprepared</td>
<td>ice cream</td>
<td>Tabs</td>
<td>a Dentist</td>
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<tr>
<td>So it goes</td>
<td>with -craft</td>
<td>a Catholic Priest</td>
<td>books</td>
<td>Christianity</td>
<td>black - listed</td>
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<tr>
<td>may I have a bite</td>
<td>maturity</td>
<td>starting one</td>
<td>compliments</td>
<td>Mr. Cragg</td>
<td>a Rabbi / an Arab</td>
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<tr>
<td>Listen honey -</td>
<td>Princeton Society</td>
<td>on Peyton Place</td>
<td>Mint Chocolate</td>
<td>Beanie &amp; Cecil</td>
<td>illiterate with 17 kids</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hi</td>
<td>anything male</td>
<td>obese</td>
<td>everything edible</td>
<td>D &amp; C</td>
<td>laughing to death</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>what are you -</td>
<td>Dartmouth</td>
<td>a Larrie</td>
<td>Butter cookies</td>
<td>Buc</td>
<td>a ski bum</td>
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<tr>
<td>weird?!</td>
<td>her equadorian</td>
<td>being a slab</td>
<td>W.W</td>
<td>Mr. Jones</td>
<td>in the U.N.</td>
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<tr>
<td>her equadorian</td>
<td>her equadorian</td>
<td>normal</td>
<td>chocolate covered</td>
<td>Jordan Sand</td>
<td>a malayan girl</td>
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<td>her equadorian</td>
<td>her equadorian</td>
<td>normal</td>
<td>lausits</td>
<td>married to a</td>
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<td>her equadorian</td>
<td>her equadorian</td>
<td>normal</td>
<td>chocolate covered</td>
<td>jockey</td>
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<td>incredible</td>
<td>audio-visual</td>
<td>normal</td>
<td>lausits</td>
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<td>computers</td>
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<td>I don't give a F.K!</td>
<td>skinny gluttons</td>
<td>with long hair</td>
<td>coffee yogurt</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>hits!</td>
<td>sunrises</td>
<td>ahead on his work</td>
<td>salads</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>SAT math problems</td>
<td></td>
<td>a standup comedian</td>
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<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>FOUND</td>
<td>EVOKES</td>
<td>WEARS</td>
<td>LOST WITHOUT</td>
<td>BETE NOIRE</td>
<td>PASSION</td>
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<tr>
<td>JILL</td>
<td>leaving with Alice</td>
<td>Patti Duke</td>
<td>her sisters clothes</td>
<td>Lud</td>
<td>preppie clothes</td>
<td>Jeff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TED</td>
<td>under water</td>
<td>a kangaroo</td>
<td>nylon cord</td>
<td>quarters</td>
<td>John's dog</td>
<td>playing his harp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANNABELLE</td>
<td>talking in the locker room</td>
<td>an egg with</td>
<td>general prep</td>
<td>attention</td>
<td>doll people</td>
<td>guys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUINN</td>
<td>at the scupper with mike</td>
<td>a scarecrow</td>
<td>red sneakers</td>
<td>a drink</td>
<td>water</td>
<td>soccer</td>
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<tr>
<td>STEPHANIE</td>
<td>late</td>
<td>something from Sassoon</td>
<td>eye lashes + green shoes</td>
<td>something to worry about</td>
<td>blah forgot its</td>
<td>gabbing + giggling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANNE D.</td>
<td>paddling in v.w.</td>
<td>a Princeton mother</td>
<td>fair isle's</td>
<td>Lex</td>
<td>7 AM</td>
<td>mugs from hotheads</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PHIL</td>
<td>in a stove, Vermont Bar</td>
<td>a shark</td>
<td>tacky clothes</td>
<td>his blue knapsack synony joke</td>
<td>Freaks</td>
<td>half-time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LISE T.</td>
<td>everywhere but in school</td>
<td>HRM Victoria</td>
<td>baggy pants</td>
<td>college cuts</td>
<td>inside jokes</td>
<td>Passion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MELISSA</td>
<td>in a taxi</td>
<td>a librarian</td>
<td>hair bands, glasses</td>
<td>a purpose</td>
<td>Time</td>
<td>vacating</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SALLY</td>
<td>with a gym excuse</td>
<td>a race-car driver</td>
<td>right row</td>
<td>&quot;Fred&quot; (her car)</td>
<td>making money at lunch</td>
<td>Tommy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DAVID MO.</td>
<td>with one of two &quot;Z's&quot;</td>
<td>a Mongol</td>
<td>white tuxedos</td>
<td>a girl on each arm</td>
<td>avocado water + cream soup</td>
<td>Disco Hustle</td>
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<tr>
<td>CLAIRE</td>
<td>with her foot in her mouth</td>
<td>a koala bear</td>
<td>a periwinkle nose</td>
<td>the Philippines</td>
<td>people cracking their knuckles</td>
<td>getting involved</td>
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<tr>
<td>JOHN L.</td>
<td>if you're lucky</td>
<td>Rudolf T. red nosed reindeer</td>
<td>orange socks and sandals</td>
<td>a comb</td>
<td>spelling</td>
<td>banana milkshakes</td>
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<td>ALEXIS</td>
<td>at Anne's</td>
<td>Barbara Streisand</td>
<td>turbanedocks + Levi's</td>
<td>wheels</td>
<td>concealed people</td>
<td>White wine</td>
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<tr>
<td>RUTH</td>
<td>in the learning center</td>
<td>Cleopatra</td>
<td>make-up</td>
<td>gun + caffeine</td>
<td>neuters</td>
<td>T.F.W.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PETE</td>
<td>in the Bronco</td>
<td>L.L. Bean</td>
<td>pants 20 sizes too big</td>
<td>a hat</td>
<td>telephone poles</td>
<td>meter maids</td>
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<tr>
<td>MIKE</td>
<td>at Harry's</td>
<td>sleep</td>
<td>prepped out and adidas</td>
<td>Randy</td>
<td>math</td>
<td>old cars</td>
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<tr>
<td>CAAY</td>
<td>turning her hair</td>
<td>a quacking duck</td>
<td>Bergdorff Goodman's</td>
<td>senior sign-out</td>
<td>being mean to persistent people</td>
<td>spending money</td>
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<tr>
<td>JENNY</td>
<td>laughing</td>
<td>miss cosmopolitan</td>
<td>vaseline on her lips</td>
<td>an extension</td>
<td>home room</td>
<td>Sloe comfort + big screws</td>
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<tr>
<td>FURZ</td>
<td>between the speakers</td>
<td>a number jack</td>
<td>a growth on his chin</td>
<td>his Fillmore East Album</td>
<td>D. M. V.</td>
<td>beer pong</td>
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<tr>
<td>CELIA</td>
<td>at the Colossus Garage</td>
<td>a mountain climber</td>
<td>baggy sweaters</td>
<td>Nance</td>
<td>blubber</td>
<td>cycling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LIVIA</td>
<td>shopping</td>
<td>impeccability</td>
<td>only the best</td>
<td>her glasses</td>
<td>stupid questions</td>
<td>guys with curly hair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FAVORITE EXPRESSION</td>
<td>INTRIGUED BY</td>
<td>CAN YOU IMAGINE HIM HER</td>
<td>CONSUMES</td>
<td>LAUGHS AT</td>
<td>WILL PROBABLY END UP</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>that's funny as hell</td>
<td>Mr. Krueger + Mr. Lott</td>
<td>in Holly's clothes</td>
<td>humungous salads</td>
<td>Mademoiselle</td>
<td>a fat Italian Man</td>
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<tr>
<td>hummm</td>
<td>boneless chicken</td>
<td>interested</td>
<td>other people's beer</td>
<td>people who work</td>
<td>married to Becky</td>
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<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>the big green</td>
<td>on time</td>
<td>mercedes, green m's + compliments</td>
<td>inside &quot;juicy&quot; informational</td>
<td>failing secretary school</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hi... square</td>
<td>Ohio woman</td>
<td>sober</td>
<td>Jack Daniels</td>
<td>R.N. McC.</td>
<td>in A.A.</td>
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<tr>
<td>come to the bathroom with me</td>
<td>Princeton-freshman</td>
<td>unorganized</td>
<td>just to break her diet</td>
<td>everything</td>
<td>a Barbie Dollist</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>lets park in the visitors parking lot</td>
<td>tall, dark, and handsome</td>
<td>name on Saturday night</td>
<td>chocolate chip cookies</td>
<td>serious people</td>
<td>married first with 4 kids</td>
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<tr>
<td>You Tool!</td>
<td>Jimmy Buffet</td>
<td>not ripped at a party</td>
<td>carrots, plum + apricot baby ted</td>
<td>division of motor vehicles</td>
<td>a female impersonator</td>
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<td>Why...?</td>
<td>University men...</td>
<td>making sense</td>
<td>&quot;bo&quot;</td>
<td>the strongest moments</td>
<td>doing your heart</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td>situations</td>
<td>obese</td>
<td>artichokes</td>
<td>humor</td>
<td>bro commercials</td>
<td></td>
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<td>not cars</td>
<td>without a reason</td>
<td>new-n-lakers, gum + cheese steaks</td>
<td>anything</td>
<td>outliving the rest of us</td>
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<td>female A.F.S.</td>
<td>without companionship</td>
<td>relationships</td>
<td>dead lines</td>
<td>Divorced</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>I'm so embarrassed</td>
<td>Carly</td>
<td>no beer</td>
<td>you name it</td>
<td>6'5&quot; platinum blond</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>you silly</td>
<td>funny car driving telling a good joke</td>
<td>chocolate milk + ice cream sandwiches</td>
<td>himself</td>
<td>on the left bank</td>
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<td>funny car driving...</td>
<td>telling a good joke</td>
<td>chocolate milk + ice cream sandwiches</td>
<td>himself</td>
<td>as a southside waitress</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>... later</td>
<td>telling a good joke</td>
<td>chocolate milk + ice cream sandwiches</td>
<td>himself</td>
<td>Black with 15 kids</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Chinese Restaurants</td>
<td>with money</td>
<td>chewing gum + coffee</td>
<td>anything</td>
<td>famous</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hey darling or &quot;I'm insane&quot;</td>
<td>rational</td>
<td>sake</td>
<td>the absurdities of life</td>
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<td>anything in pants</td>
<td>rational</td>
<td>sake</td>
<td>the absurdities of life</td>
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<td>decent</td>
<td>devil movies with Linda Blair</td>
<td>a monk</td>
<td>Miller in bottles</td>
<td>speed limits</td>
<td>Black with 15 kids</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Anne Dennison</td>
<td>at Harvard</td>
<td>Dr. Pepper</td>
<td>stupidity</td>
<td></td>
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<td>have I got something</td>
<td>Everything</td>
<td>iced tea, raisins + carrots</td>
<td>Claire + Eric</td>
<td>without a thing to wear</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Everything</td>
<td>silent?!</td>
<td>anything but rubbing alcohol</td>
<td>her own jokes</td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td>look, buster!</td>
<td>P.D.S. alumni</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>100 proof</td>
<td>P.D.S.'ers</td>
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<td></td>
<td>now 'bout a halftime...</td>
<td>Jumping Jack Flash</td>
<td>vegetables</td>
<td>vegetables</td>
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<td>&quot;Blech&quot;</td>
<td>flute music</td>
<td>vegetables</td>
<td>vegetables</td>
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<td>Music</td>
<td>in an evening gown</td>
<td>vegetables</td>
<td>vegetables</td>
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<td>Jeff's B.P.</td>
<td>lasting through a 60's trip</td>
<td>vegetables</td>
<td>vegetables</td>
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<td></td>
<td>People who take themselves seriously</td>
<td>ketchup</td>
<td>vegetables</td>
<td>vegetables</td>
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<td></td>
<td>in the top rung on the busman ladder</td>
<td>P.D.S.'ers</td>
<td>vegetables</td>
<td>vegetables</td>
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<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>FOUND</td>
<td>EVOKE(S)</td>
<td>WEARS</td>
<td>LOST WITHOUT</td>
<td>BETE NOIRS</td>
<td>PASSION</td>
</tr>
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<tr>
<td>Becky</td>
<td>leaving</td>
<td>conscientious</td>
<td>a tight blue</td>
<td>a crush</td>
<td>little kids</td>
<td>tennis jocks</td>
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<tr>
<td>Matt</td>
<td>everywhere</td>
<td>cannon</td>
<td>tight shirts +</td>
<td>his “axe”</td>
<td>N.J. 12-point</td>
<td>Julia</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chris</td>
<td>somewhere under the stairs</td>
<td>Jay Gatsby</td>
<td>lungrocks best</td>
<td>a co-pilot</td>
<td>11th &amp; 12th grade partners</td>
<td>The “Sea Prince”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ann W.</td>
<td>Lawrenceville</td>
<td>a love bug</td>
<td>bright colored</td>
<td>phone calls from</td>
<td>N.J.</td>
<td>Summers in Maine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sarah</td>
<td>dancing and</td>
<td>sizzling</td>
<td>Johnny Guitar</td>
<td>an apology</td>
<td>Steves sense of humor</td>
<td>Tequila Sunrise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrew</td>
<td>behind a</td>
<td>a noble</td>
<td>desert boots</td>
<td>having a good laugh</td>
<td>procrastination</td>
<td>Hungry-Man T.V. dinners</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jamie</td>
<td>on her roof</td>
<td>barbarian</td>
<td>vests</td>
<td>friends</td>
<td>arguments</td>
<td>poetry books</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tony</td>
<td>in the chemistry lab</td>
<td>Doctor Demento</td>
<td>out his car</td>
<td>a fuzz box + a waffle peddle</td>
<td>bicyclists in the road</td>
<td>loose woman, his stratocaster</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Karin</td>
<td>stamping up</td>
<td>a piggy</td>
<td>silver jewelry</td>
<td>a bottle to spin</td>
<td>15 foot cliffs!</td>
<td>Mr. Readak!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hope</td>
<td>in the music room</td>
<td>Cleopatra</td>
<td>Saks 5th Ave</td>
<td>Daddy’s credit card</td>
<td>Political Arguments</td>
<td>Harvard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steve</td>
<td>at QB’s art. P</td>
<td>a chicken</td>
<td>a cowboy hat</td>
<td>a witty reply</td>
<td>conservatives</td>
<td>O. I. S</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrea</td>
<td>without her head</td>
<td>Vogue</td>
<td>her mother’s clothes</td>
<td>her glasses</td>
<td>soft apples</td>
<td>none of your business</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George</td>
<td>forecasting the weather</td>
<td>Ebenezer Scrooge</td>
<td>a suit with sneakers</td>
<td>a WCBS weather forecast</td>
<td>communists and democrats</td>
<td>Snow!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Babette</td>
<td>eating</td>
<td>Julia Child</td>
<td>a cape</td>
<td>old ‘beans’</td>
<td>competitive touch football games</td>
<td>zimare Eileen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simeon</td>
<td>in his BMW</td>
<td>a dishrag</td>
<td>hiking boots</td>
<td>his camera</td>
<td>MATH</td>
<td>goldfish</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ken</td>
<td>in the gym</td>
<td>a tennis ball</td>
<td>warm ups</td>
<td>a tennis racket</td>
<td>bad violinists</td>
<td>food</td>
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<td>Sandra</td>
<td>being rowdy</td>
<td>pure energy</td>
<td>patchouli oil</td>
<td>a ride</td>
<td>conformity</td>
<td>grey eyes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alex</td>
<td>with his zipper down</td>
<td>macho</td>
<td>baby blue pants w/ elastic belt</td>
<td>chris</td>
<td>station wagons</td>
<td>being chosen to head of something</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class of 77</td>
<td>out on breakfast</td>
<td>intelligence</td>
<td>Mrs. Webb out</td>
<td>wheels</td>
<td>dull parties</td>
<td>free time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FAVORITE EXPRESSION</td>
<td>INTRIGUED BY</td>
<td>CAN YOU IMAGINE HIM/HER</td>
<td>CONSUMES</td>
<td>LAUGHS AT</td>
<td>WILL PROBABLY END UP</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Boucheva: Whoosh.&quot;</td>
<td>weekends</td>
<td>behaving</td>
<td>bubble gum, bran flakes + honey</td>
<td>Lisa, Jo, Sally, Chris, Bill, Mike, Tim, Tony, Ted</td>
<td>a &quot;Space Man&quot; at S.P.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Oooh-O.K.?&quot;</td>
<td>foreign girls</td>
<td>modest</td>
<td>H.P.</td>
<td>Jay Itz</td>
<td>a bar maid</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Hey you!&quot;</td>
<td>the three musketeers</td>
<td>calm</td>
<td>cherry and cranberry juice</td>
<td>George Burns, Gracie Allen</td>
<td>a mixed-up meteorologist</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I can't believe you did that!</td>
<td>De Vito</td>
<td>without a cold</td>
<td>kleenex</td>
<td>Mr. McCord</td>
<td>nose &amp; 127</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40 - love</td>
<td>De Vito</td>
<td>skinny</td>
<td>food</td>
<td>Senior</td>
<td>a bum</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>you jest</td>
<td>Tabs</td>
<td>passive</td>
<td>chocolate chip ice cream</td>
<td>Silence</td>
<td>exhausted</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>you fool...</td>
<td>Don Juan</td>
<td>appreciated</td>
<td>big sandwiches, exotic &quot;vitamins&quot;</td>
<td>Livia and Becky's phallic symbolism</td>
<td>a Bavarian playboy</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sorry... we won't do it again...</td>
<td>vacation</td>
<td>making it</td>
<td>Mickey D's</td>
<td>Mr. McCord</td>
<td>lost</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- Florida: graceful
- lunch clean up: in a pool with a bathing suit
- A Peanut Farmer?: $1
- Southern colleges: not quillable
- singing Bass in the glee club: carrots
- wearing Liv's shoes: hummers
- people: on time
- sex: not trying
- every thing: hot fudge sundaes
- wouldn't you like to know?: bitchy
- a guy: shampoo
- not confused: crackers and cranberry juice
- calm: hardly anything
- without a cold: kleenex
- skinny: food
- chocolate chip ice cream: Silence
- big sandwiches, exotic "vitamins": Livia and Becky's phallic symbolism
- making it: Mickey D's
- Mr. McCord: nose & 127
- a mixed-up meteorologist: engaged to four men at the same time
- a Bavarian playboy: exhausted
- a mad scientist: a bubble gum manufacturer
- a bar maid: a "Space Man" at S.P.
- a "Space Man": a mixed-up meteorologist
- engaged to four men at the same time: exhausted
- a Bavarian playboy: a "Space Man" at S.P.


3rd grade: 1st row: Catherine Jones, Whip Burks, Paul Wegner, Marty Scasserra, Russ Matthews, John Gregory, Beth Morrison, Elspeth Knill, Chris McCabe, Robert Skriloff, Tom Rossmassler, Cary Paik, Leslie Elmore, David Carmody, Tom Thompson, Andrew Bushnell, Rebecca Stefan, Aaron Bruce, Chris Stewart, Vanessa Chase, 2nd row: Tony Faber, Tim Leddy, Scott Fulmer, Missy Whitehouse, Sam Lambert, Suzy Franz, Monica Massaro, Rad Roberts, Paul Baum, Scott Haveson, Glenn Vogel, Andrew Smith

Kindergarten: 1st row: John Sheehan, Casey Lynch, Erinn Batcha, Kate Leone, Mac Ritchey, Alison Levine; 2nd row: Jason Eckardt, Jeff Zawadsky, Toby Frothingham, David Stearns, Debby Jones, Stuart Todd, Douglas Zemel; 3rd row: Mrs. Hutter, Miss Weigel


Drama Club: 1st row: Sabrina Plante, Christy Black, Julia Penick, John Lifland (co-president), Clooie Sherman, Bethlin Thompson, Lise Thompson (co-president), Becky Halitz, Sandra Benson, Alexis Arlett, Jenny Mezey, Livia Wong, Alice Lee, Andy Atkin, Sue Fineman, Tammy Pachter, Alex Zaininger, Phil Glouchevitch, Sarah Rothrock, Holly Burks, Ben Dubrovsky, Chris Johnson, 2nd row: John Haroldson, Jennifer Chandler, Mr. McAneny (faculty advisor), Betsy Murdoch (treasurer), Laura Tate, John Wallace, Jay Itzkowitz, Ted Stabler, Carol Katz, Susan Blaxill, Don Gips, Barbara Russell, Augie Hess, Leigh Faden, David Lifland, Greg Morea, Jim Jeffers

Madrigals: 1st row: Mr. Jacobson, Victoria Howard, John Wallace, Cory Powers, Doug Patterson, Vivienne Pellettieri, Muna Shehadi, 2nd row: Betsy Murdoch, Jennifer Chandler, Jeffrey Patterson, Sandra Benson, Hope Blackburn, John Lifland, Susan Rabb, Wilson Pauly, 3rd row: Dave Lifland, Jeffrey Hudgins, Patty Metzger, Jon Spiegel, Drew Rosenberg

Social Service: 1st row: Billy Ross, Cary Bachelder (President), Sue Albahary, 2nd row: Laurie Knowlton, Melanie Thompson, Erica Frank. 3rd row: Stephanie Cohen, Clare Lockhart, Sabrina Plante.

Athletic Association: 1st row: Annabelle Brainard (Secretary), Rob Olsson (President), Holly Burks (President), Janet Baker (Faculty Advisor). 2nd row: Tom von Oehsen, Will Kain, Catherine Ferrante, Liz Segal, Quinn McCord, Maggie Gordon, Harriette Brainard.


Judiciary Committee: Susan Blaxill (secretary), Rudi Carchidi (faculty advisor), Pete Buck (co-chairman), Tammy Pachter (co-chairman)
English Department: Robert Krueger, Judith Michaels, Anne Shepherd, Lucy Haagen, Mike Merle-Smith, Huson Gregory, Dale Griffie, Sally Gilbert, John Boneparth, Steve Lawrence, Clare Lockhart, Bob Denby, Donald Roberts, Bob Miller
Religion: Dan Skvir, Carl Reimers

Music Department: Louise Topp, Mag Gilbert, Frank Jacobson, Regina Spiegel, Wilbur Pauley, Joe Tree
History: David Mook, Doug McClure, Quinn McCord, Bob Miller, Robert Krueger, Wesley McCaughan, Anne Rothrock, Eamon Downey, Bud Tibbals, Gary Lott, Mike Merle-Smith.
Science: John Jameson, Larry Kauffman, Frank Walters, Dan Bailey, Sandy Bing, Deborah Bleviss, Stuart Robson, Barbara Nape, Jane Grigger, John Ross.

Library: Virginia Reynolds, Bunny Webb, Barbara Cragg
Headmaster: Douglas O. McClure
Office: Suzy Wandelt, Pat Osander, Jean Smythe, Marge Claghorn, Ledlie Graham, Trudy Brophy

Administration:
Huson Gregory
John Boneparth
Beverly Williams
Carl Storey
Don Cadle
Douglas McClure
Wes McCaughan
Steve Gilbert
Joan Baker
David Frothingham

Business and Development:
Mickie Shriver
Barbara Hare
Marge Shelton
Ruth Pettit
Phillis Ward
Ginny Taylor
Rad Jones
Steve Storey
Lower School Faculty: 1st row: Chris Hutter, Karen Hoffman, Nancy Miller, Susan Wilson, Sara Schweibert; 2nd row: Barbara Roberts, Pat McCord, Dorrit Pfeiffer, Mag Gilbert, Ginny Stein; 3rd row: Madeline Weigel, Nina Francomano, Virginia Reynolds, Molly Houston, Jean Jansen, Steve Gilbert.

Bookstore: Darlene Byrne

Photography: Bob Denby
Industrial Arts: Andrew Franz, Ron Meldrum, Robert Whitlock

Fine Arts: Arlene Smith

Crafts: Jean Duff

Art: Eileen Hohmuth

Sports: 1st row: Alan Taback (head), Melissa Magee, Jan Baker (chairman, girls); 2nd row: Tom Malsbury (trainer), Sandi Bartlett, Tom DeVito, Nancy Quick.
Small Town Singer

On Main Street,
In the basement of the dime store,
Is Mart's bar, not a very busy joint.
It attracts a certain kind of person,
One that would find
A flashing, yellow-and-red Schlitz sign
Inviting.

Marlie West is a nightclub singer
Who entertains weeknights from ten till two.
Her work and pay is good, but
the dark, smoky, claustrophobic atmosphere
Makes her eyes water.

Marlie is a heavy-set, middle-aged woman
with a chesty voice, which is quite good.
She wears a low-cut red crepe dress,
With sequins and a slit up the side.
The heat in the basement annoys her.
She gets hot; beads of sweat form on her brow;
Her mascara runs and her blonde wig itches her forehead.

She is accompanied by an old black man
who plays a dilapidated piano.
He is an alcoholic, but no one minds;
He plays better when he is intoxicated.

At two, Marlie lights up a cigarette in the john
And makes small talk with the cleaning lady.
It isn't far to Jack's trailer park, so she walks home.
She has only time
To peel off her face and rub off her red lipstick
Before she falls asleep on her converta-bed.

Betsy Murdoch XI

Lamp by Tom Gates XI
The Balloon-bellied Barker

the balloon-bellied Barker
yells

see herman sw(actually)

allow swords
while

swirling twirling
go-rides mashcoloredlightstogtogether
(you can't miss

it)

cotton candy
sticks to every

whichthing
you know (costs only

a quarter) bearteddies squished

beneath lu

cky guessed the right number

arms

another thing

to be scuffed under the bed.

Claire Treves XII
Marius

On his staircase elevated doorstep he sang his songs
In the early morning.
Old tunes of love and war caught my ears and pulled me toward him —
I watched through a hole in the fence.

His earth encrusted smelly hand I often shook.
Then he began telling pieces of his life;
Incomprehensible passages broken by incongruous laughs and sighs.
He fought in two world wars and showed me his medals.

His simple life provided him with a wife who died a young woman,
A house, a garden, a dog, memories, songs.
In his oldness he lived
Completely immersed in the cycle of nature.

Until they took it away from him — his life and his home.
Noisy relatives come and make their adjustments on his old house. They tell
me he is doing well in the nursing home.
I haven’t seen him since.
The Goalie

Tense, beneath his mask he waits.
His aim is frustration; his goal, perfection.
Unattainable, an endless pursuit.
One more, he thinks, one more save, and then:
Challenge me; challenge me, but don’t taunt me.
His silent glory, unfelt by the rest, diluted
By the cheers of the masses. His alone unlauded
but for himself.

Margaret Gordon XI

Sculpture by John Lifland XII
It invades forests, not thwarted by
the majesty of a two hundred year old oak,
Oblivious to the fate of a rare flower.
It smolders among the trees, a
burnt-black sodom with a remaining
warning flicker of flame licking down
the center to remind offending greenery
that to intrude is to die.

Post boxes perched on the edge
let tongues wag, long and low from
gaping mouths, in their safety.
More distinguished pines gaze
dejectedly on — drooping beards,
hairy eyebrows, limp slim arms
that sigh in the wind, in the
memory.

Julia Penick XII

Sculpture by Whip Burks III
Pre-fall

An insecure fruit tree
Pokes out its four naked pears.
No longer hidden, they look around nervously,
And eventually fall.

Jennifer Weiss XII

Drawing by Lisa Yokana XII
Black Mother in A&P

Little Hazel looked at her —
  at her black fatness without aplomb,
her turban of hair, piled, pinned,
  at the little ones clinging to
her large black thighs
High above, the heaving of her
  enormous chest cried the dry tears
of a wornout mother's life,
  and the breathing made the baby shift,
prodded into place by palms approaching
  whiteness
Hazel stared at the strange skin,
  dry and dirtycolored,
why did she dye it dark?
She put down her things —
  potato chips, coke, and peas,
jellybeans for the little ones
  with a smile she guarded
the tickled giggle of
  the second smallest child
Hazel admired the cross,
  anchored around her neck,
and unknowing longed to
  hang with it, or tug also
at the black dress and bastion legs,
  with the others, unwanted but not unloved.

Laura Tate XI
We trace cities in the dust
with sticks two days down from winds that
bent the dying tree back like limbo grasses.
Your end roads resolve, look up and there is
a silence like heat. Squint to one-colored eyes;
Turn back. Slice of a circle,
my hand has been slowly swinging
and the track grows deeper.
Catch it, then continue. A channeled reach
spans far across foundations,
cuts even into the primeval clay
and the first designs,
where somnambulant cities wandered sacred sites.
Unfelt the strafe of time and unseen place.
Pick up, uncoil quick legs I look up
and it starts. I can feel it starting;
it comes slowly an encircling wind. Run,
stoop, spin, you cannot escape the dust of cities
in your eyes. Fall back, turning to skies, descending,
mirror to frenzied movement, the incantations
missing, dark enough still.

Ted Stabler XII

Drawing by Jennifer Carpi XII
His Life

Entry in an encyclopaedia under J threw himself under a train and died at Balatonszarso in December 1937 despite this tragic experience they say he made a good poet a forlorn solitary figure unborn emotion set down in malformed Hungarian words on a page at a train station named Szepso and soon expelled from an illegal communist party for failure to pay his dues loved by a small circle of devoted friends and admirers World War I too young to appreciate bloodshed too old to forget his birth and the blood shed by his mother archetypal proletarian

Jay Itzkowitz XI

Scratchboard by David Harrower IX

Desk by Alex Zaininger XII
There is domain beyond the vocal play,
And this may be what constitutes my core.
Attend to what you will not hear me say.

If minds in moments could embrace, I’d say,
Take mine, and find what you are looking for.
There is domain beyond the vocal play.

I lose so much when searching subtler’s way
To make you hear, that I become a bore.
Attend to what you will not hear me say.

I would you judge me not as yet, delay
Till time between our hopes has carved a door.
There is domain beyond the vocal play.

Pretend is only pastime, not betray
I would renounce all that I feign for more.
Attend to what you will not hear me say.

If once you thought my soul is spacious grey,
Believe your guess, and the lonesome more.
Attend to what you will not hear me say,
There is domain beyond the vocal play.

Laura Tate XI

Drawing by Vicki Howard X
Creation

The old theatre, Bijoux, is closed for the season. Burgundy velvet hangs heavy collecting grey dust and the brass needs polishing. A couple of months before you could've seen a good show. Gowns and tux sat all over these seats, waiting to create a new discovery, another star.

The discovery of the last decade is long vanished from their minds. The excitement she caused was temporary, only lasted ten, fifteen years. Not long, considering. There are others now, of course, but not so good as she.

For her the haze of pink and blue lights has turned the glare of fluorescent classrooms. The squeak of rosin is no longer on her shoes, it is on theirs, the future. It is strange the way the past must teach the future — and hate the present.

Sarah Rothrock XII
Plus ça Change . . .

The philosophy long demised,
the ritual not dead but senile (like Cleopatra and her fleshpots;
headgizzards extracted via nostrils
into vaulted vaults in jars alive yet —
and explained all by thieves of new faiths)
Our inquisitors (so are they all, all honourable men)
have taken their sexual frustrations elsewhere.
Ichthys HIMSELF wanders the cosmos for new climes, new altars — gone

Stychomythia:
All breastfuls of Mary
my cup runneth over.
His cross worth a thousand Samsons, with locks
thy will be done.
The ooze of countless miles of sacred capillary
fruit of the vine.
The tatters of HIS hundred acre shroud
this is my body.
Menin aeide thea (impious address from a mortal)
the wrath of our holy trinity
    infinity

Son of man:
Most high of golden calves
We are your agents, flashing popeswitchblades
At your base, prostrated by your power lie we
We understand, we believe, kyrie eleison

Our unfathomable profundity of contradiction; dead?
mais oui, tradition will (not shall) regenerate — mutate
Our orthodoxy shall fade and perish with our sceptres (not will)
Yet the sperm of HIS sacrificial loincloth has attracted
the flies and lice of time (a multitude of heavenly host)
Our cloudpiercing phalli with flying buttresses
alone shall and will reincarnate.
The rest — It came to pass but not to stay.

But no,
the singsong monotone of exultant eyemouths
must always reverberate the stainedglassair,
the tongues retwisted, the headsockets redirected
Why up?

Look down children. St. Peter’s gates.
New Magi will outmode Bethlehem.
Original sin nuns in dark glasses,
it shan’t dissolve, just metamorphose.
Jehovah has never left but grown:
    FUSED
Le plus ça change, plus c’est la même chose.

Jordan Sand XI
Marta, the Prodigy

While the other children played
I was always at the piano
working out some bit of Bach, Mozart, Haydn.
For hours I tapped those ivory keys
and lifted many saddened spirits.
My teacher took great pride in me.
“Play the Bartok,” he said one day
and when I started he danced
about causing the room to tremble.
His awkward steps caught the
accents, happiness, and vivacity,
“you’ll be in the great concert halls,”
his harsh Hungarian determination promised,
and he went on dancing.
Teacher, sorry I left so early,
but I’m still making saddened spirits happy.

Claire Treves XII

Sculpture by Vivienne Pellettieri X
Claire Treves XII

Tammy Pachter XII
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING ERNEST

FRI., SAT. AND WED. EVENINGS
NOV. 19, 20, AND 24 AT 8:30
CAST

(in order of their appearance)

LANE............................................................................................................... Donald Gips
ALGERNON MONCRIEFF.............................................................................. Steven Cragg
JOHN WORTHING....................................................................................... David Lifland
LADY BRACKNELL ..................................................................................... Lise Thompson
HON. GWENDOLEN FAIRFAX....................................................................... Leigh Faden
MISS PRISM............................................................................................... Clooie Sherman
CECILY CARDEW....................................................................................... Sarah Rothrock
REV. CANON CHASUBLE............................................................................. Andrew Gerb
MERRIMAN..................................................................................................... Jay Itzkowitz
COMMITTEES

Scenery: PHIL GLOUCHEVITCH, Tim Brush, Simeon Hutner, John Ager, Mark Beskind, Marc Daubert

Costumes: BABETTE MILLS, Alice Lee, Susan Blaxill, Kerry Faden

Lighting: ALEX ZAININGER, Carl Reimers, Mark Hess, Barney Mezey, Chris Johnson

Props: KATIE JEFFERS, Jennie Hamel, Allison Duncan, Lindsay Osborne, Lolly Tate, Ward Taggart

Sound: GREG MOREA, Ben Dubrovsky

Make-up: TAMMY PACHTER, LIVIA WONG, Julia Penick, Christy Black, Alice Lee, Lisa Yokana, Karen Morgenstern, Diane Barry, Sally Ecroyd

Stage Crew: JEFF HUDGINS, John Wallace, Evan Press

Tickets: BECKY HAFITZ, Karen Morgenstern, Sabrina Plante, Siri Huntoon, Mischka Rizzo, Jeff Hudgins, Laurie Knowlton, Chris Wallace, Sharon Pachter

Publicity: JOHN LIFLAND, Jay Itzkowitz, Simeon Hutner, Ted Stabler

House: LEX ARLETT, HOLLY BURKS, ANNE DENISON, Chris Bundy, Rob Olsson, Ann Warner, Suzanne Vine, Lolli Dennison, Siri Huntoon, Mark Zawadsky, Andy Sanford, Catherine Ferrante
Directed by
Herbert McAneny
Set designed by
Irene Daubert and Barbara Seid
Faculty Revue
One-Act Plays

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PDS</th>
<th>Opponents</th>
<th></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>George</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>North Burlington</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hopewell Valley</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moorestown Friends</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>PHS</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tired Mothers</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>Newark Academy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kent Place</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stuart</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td>Germantown Friends</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blair</td>
<td>3</td>
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</table>

State Tournament

| Oak Knoll | 3 | 0 |
| Kent Place | 2 | 0 |
| Newark Academy | 3 | 1 |

Record: 11-2-2

Award: MVP Barbara Russell

<table>
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<tr>
<td>PHS</td>
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<tr>
<td>Morristown-Beard</td>
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<tr>
<td>George</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Delbarton</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montclair</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hun</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peddie</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pingry</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newark Academy</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gill St. Bernard</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Anthony</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wardlaw</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rutgers Prep</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lawrenceville</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pennington</td>
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State Tournament

Semi-Finals
Dwight-Englewood 2 0

Finals
Wardlaw 1 0

Record 13-2-2

Awards
MVP Mike Walters, Tony Knott
MIP Skip Guerin
Captains Mike Walters, Andy Sanford, John Rodgers
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>PDS</th>
<th>Opponents</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Edison</td>
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<tr>
<td>J.P. Stevens</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Union</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PHS</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hillside</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montgomery</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J.P. Stevens</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PHS</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hillside</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montgomery</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Union</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Yale</td>
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PDS Tournament:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hillside</td>
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<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PHS</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Record:** 10-4-1

**Awards:**
- Most Valuable — Drew Rosenberg
- Most Improved — Christy Black
  
  Caroline Hartshorne

**Girls Varsity Soccer:**
1st row: Anne Nesbakken, Caroline Hartshorne, Alexis Arlett, Livia Wong, Susan Paine, Drew Rosenberg, Catherine Ferrante, Maggie Gordon, John Lifland (Manager)
2nd row: Anne Merrick, Virginia Ferrante, Sandra Benson, Karin Morgenstern, Allison Ijams, Meg Bailey
3rd row: Julia Penick, Mr. Taback (Coach), Christy Black, Martha Hicks, Clooie Sherman.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>School</th>
<th>PDS</th>
<th>Opponents</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chestnut Hill</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Englewood</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montclair</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>12</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gill St. Bernard</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morristown</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wardlaw</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hun</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Awards:**
- MVP: Rob Olsson
- MIP: Pat deMaynadier
- Captains: Don Gips, Rob Olsson
Cross Country: 1st row: Chris Winham, Katie Jeffers, Nick Osborne, Jeff Swisher, Will Kain, Patty Metzger, Melanie Thompson, 2nd row: Liz Mason, Siri Huntoon, Matt Roberts (captain), Wells Coalfleet, Betsy Mayer, John Wallace, Ward Taggart, Barr von Oehson, 3rd row: Mr. Downey (coach), Jim Jeffers, Jay Itzkowitz, Lolly Tate, Lindsay Osborne

State Tournament
Runners-Up Prep B
Record: 9-4
Awards
MVP Jim Jeffers
MIP Nick Osborne
Captain Jim Jeffers

Girls JV Field Hockey: 1st row: Sharon Pachter, Leslie Straut, Claire Treves, Susan Blaxill, Lisa Borie, Shelley Broadway, 2nd row: Anne Nevius, Suzanne Usiskin, Pam Kulsrud, Ann Warner, Sue Wiener, Lydia Thompson, Allison Duncan, Melissa Magee (coach)

Record: 6-6
Cycling: left to right: Rob Whitlock, Austin Wilmerding, Jordan Sand, Jon Fabian, Joy Power, Morgan Hite, Holly Lichtenstein, Emily Spanel, Nancy Bonini, Celia Spanel, Frank Jacobson (coach)

Record: 7-5-2

Awards: MVP Jeff Johnson, Jay Pyne
MIP John Sweeney, Tom Borden

Boys JV Soccer 1st row: Tony Dell, Jeff Johnson, Jay Pyne 2nd row: Billy Ross, Bill Jacobus, Jim Burke, Chris Willrich, John Ager, Chris Wallace, John Brett-Smith, Jeff George, Jeff Sussna, 3rd row: Jim Laughlin, Larry Pierson, Tom Borden, David Whitlock, Steve Rowland, Steve Pagano, Steve Cragg, Mike Shannon, John Jameson (coach)


Record: 3-8-0
as of 2/4/77

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>PDS</th>
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<tr>
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<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hill</td>
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<td>L'ville</td>
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<td>5</td>
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Record 4-6-0  
as of 2/4/77

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<td>George</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oak Knoll</td>
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**Girls Varsity Basketball:** 1st row: Jill Migliori, Catherine Ferrante, Drew Rosenberg 2nd row: Laura Farina, Lucy Englander, Shelley Broadway, Charlie Farina (coach)
Boys Varsity Basketball: Alan Taback (coach), Tom Malsbury (trainer), Mike Walters, Jeff Patterson, Carl Hill, Tim Murdoch, Randy Melville, Andy Sanford, Ralph Ross, Jamie Bartolomei, Victor Kuzmicz, Vince Pocino, Rob Hoffman (ass't coach)

Record: 12-3-0
as of 2/4/77

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<th></th>
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<td>Lawrence High</td>
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<td>Hightstown</td>
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<td>Hun</td>
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<tr>
<td>Morristown-Beard</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wardlaw</td>
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<td>St. Anthony's</td>
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Record: 1-4-1
as of 2/4/77

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Girls J.V. Volleyball

Record: 4-1-0
As of 2/4/77

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Girls J.V. Volleyball</th>
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<td>Rutgers Prep</td>
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<td>Montclair-Kimberly</td>
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<tr>
<td>Newark Academy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morristown-Beard</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hartridge</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Girls Varsity and J.V. Volleyball: 1st row: Barbie Russell, Jenny Mezey, Susan Paine (captain), Julia Penick, Hope Blackburn 2nd row: David Turner (coach), Stephanie Trock, Laurie Habgood, Caroline Hartshorne, Suzanne Vine, Michele Plante, Betsy Mayer, Debbie Ford, Katrina Jannen
Varsity Squash: Pete Buck, Chris Willrich, Annabelle Brainard, Steve Farr, Lisa Borie, Alex Zaininger, Andrew Hildick-Smith, Ann Dennison, Blake Wilson, Bob Denby (coach)

Record 0-6-0
as of 2/4/77

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PDS</th>
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<td>Pretty Brook</td>
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<td>U. of Penn Women</td>
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<td>Chestnut Hill</td>
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<td>Hill School</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hill School</td>
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Record: 1-7-0
As of 2/4/77

**JV Hockey:** 1st row: Phil Maltese, John Sweeney, Tom Gates, Don Gips, Larry Stabler, Jeff Horrigan 2nd row: Tim Thomas, Andy Jensen, John Ager, Austin Wilmerding, Jay Pyne, Jon Peter, David Blaxill, Doug Matthews, Steve Kenety (coach)

**Record:** 1-6-0  
as of 2/4/77

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**Girls J.V. Basketball:** 1st row: Martha Tanner, Martha Hicks, Lolli Dennison, Virginia Ferrante 2nd row: Melissa Magee (coach), Suzanne Usiskin, Abby Stackpole, Miriam Chilton, Ann Nevius

**Record:** 1-7-0  
As of 2/4/77
To the last of the great love.

Penny

Much love,

[Signature]
This ad cost me $100.00
Keith, Rachel, Jenny, and Russell,

We missed you.

The Seniors

It was great — K.C. Lives — Yale — Beef Steak CHARLIES — Incredibly good feelings. I’ll never forget this team —

TABS

Mel — I’ve enjoyed being with you. Sharing the ups and downs — I know our friendship will continue to grow —

TABS
Love to Jen,
Mom, Dad, Maggie, and Jon.

To Livia,

Security is having someone to whom you can spill out your guts and . . .

a. always wind up feeling good about yourself
b. never have to wonder whether anybody's listening to you
c. rest assured Becky won't find out about it
d. never have to worry about cleaning up afterwards
e. all of the above (except d. which is kinda gross)

Love, Steve

Yoko: Your ear has been appreciated! Hopefully I'll frequent your house next year, and you, my dorm at P.U.
Fifi: Don't forget me! We've come too far for that. Remember when you used to laugh at me? We might be fellow Durham Devils!
Piggy: Thax for all the gum. See ya at the "Rock" for more parties!
Gorg and Mel: I love ya!
Susie: Bayhead here we come! Thanks for being the 6th Mig!
Alan: Really hate Italians? No - we've had some times together . . . the bus . . . my aunt loves you . . .
Smile - physics is fun! Be good . . .

XXX Jill

I have studied now Philosophy
And Jurisprudence, Medicine
And even, alas, Theology
From end to end with labor keen;
And here, poor fool, with all my lore
I stand no wiser than before.

Goethe, Faust I
Good Luck to the four rowing musketeers!
Love to Bubi.

MuttiVati, Heidi, and Marko

To my teachers, advisors, and many friends on the faculty and in the office: my sincerest thanx and regrets that the better days don't last forever.

Caroline W. Sherman

Miss Lockhart, Doc, Mr. Cragg: Sneakers are definitely the best shoes to wear, ALWAYS allow for Friction, I can't identify with identities!
Steven: I have a lot to say but not enough space in which to say it as the saying seems to go.
Jesus, we had fun but let's not let geography or time stop that - eh, what?
It's hard to say what I want to say - I don't want to embarrass you - ask Chris - she knows.

Clooie

Nessie and Dedeye: snoof, snoof! SNOOF
R — The world is ever turning, life passes by, and you and I shall end up learning life and love together. — B Cookies: you are . . . DELECTABLE! Thax for your help — Cakes.
Chin, Bernie — remember! A Titan for $8.95 at Varsity — "How about Nelson on Springdale?" Thax for the quips — they kept me going — Gilbert P.
Scout and Jean — Never kill a senior bird because all they do is mess around with people! Thax for the fun — Atticus
Annie — Today is the day to hand in Link ads and sr. project forms — Thank God it's Friday! We'll work on the weekend, right? Right! Cloo.
To my teachers, advisors, and many friends on the faculty and in the office, my sincerest thanx and regrets that the better days don't last forever.

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Clooie

The Princeton Book Mart

11 Palmer Square West
Princeton, N.J. 08540
(609) 924-1730
BEST WISHES TO ANDY ATKIN
from his parents and brother

John,
May your future always
look this bright.

Annie: Thank you for what has been, the past four years
have been the best and I'm so glad you were along with
me for the ride. The girl with the gum at Firestone... vaca-
tions... sledding... gossip... paul... postcards from
Europe... parties... scavenger hunts... telephone calls...
pete... my great tennis performances... good stuff... whitewine... Taft trip... Goodtime Charlies... scupper...
The list could go on and on — even back to our
acrobatics in my room in third grade. You've always been
the greatest and the understanding we have of each other
is one in a million... "What the people need is a way to
make them smile, it ain't hard to do if you know how...
Listen to the music."

Love, LEX

Old days good times I remember, fun days filled with
simple pleasure. Belle, this is the beginning of our end.
And I shall laugh myself to death when I think of the great
times we've had. Skiing at Stowe — Switzerland. Summer
in Iran, and our great times at Wyo. (Hiking, Camping,
chic, Monty). Martha's Vineyard was the best — tennis,
swimming, and everything else. Princeton — FDS — WOW!
Dennisons — what a crazy foursome. New Orleans — what
a blast, and look at those guys! Lacrosse — what a cap! 
Hockey and that crazy hockey camp (where is the warm
weather). What homework? — I feel like dancing — Salty
Dog Rag. Riding, fun times, and parties will never be the
same. Wait, will you take me... I soon will be driving.
Well, the best thing that could have happened, happened
— Dartmouth. Every weekend I'll be up. Just remember —
they do not love that do not show their love. I will miss
you not only as my sister, but as my closest friend. It will
be tough at times, but we've already ridden the waves.
Pete, Hick, Hawk, and Rob — thanks for caring.
Babette — Care and love is always there.
Barbie — Together we are whether alone or w/others.
Annie — Remember it all and close friends we'll remain.
Love, Harriette

Dear Annie,
When you find someone without
a smile, give him one of yours.
Love,
Jimmy
From
the
Sophomores
to the
Seniors
Liv — seven years — can you believe it? We’ve shared so much (prom, John’s beach house, 4th of July, vacations in Princeton, Peking Express, New Year’s Eves, etc. . . .) I could never have done it without you!

Becky — “I’m in love” (who is it now?)! You always understand things others don’t — I can’t even say how grateful I am — REALLY I am.

Jenny — What can I say — my closest and farthest friend — but there to see me thru bad times no matter what, thank you Jen.

Sandra — This is the hardest one to write. You know the saying New friends are silver but old friends are gold — well you’re gold — always.

This is it y’all,
Love forever, Sarah

To: Don, Rob, Andy, Chris, Pete, Zanne, Michele, Susan, Lise, Jenny, John, John Hick, Lolly, Cat, and Mark.

“And in the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter, and sharing of pleasures. For in the dew of little things the heart finds its morning and is refreshed.”

Thanks for all the good times
Love, Belle

Dear Leigh,
“To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist, that is all” For the years we remember, for the years we don’t remember, and for the second part to come. Good luck I am right behind you. It’s going to be strange without sister numero uno. But take my advice and only have sons. We love you but hands off Prince Andrew. Good luck, much love.

Kerry
the second one

Motts,
I just finished reading your letters. I thought it would bring me sadness, but it didn’t. They’re too full of life, love, humour, and an over-riding sense of optimism. I found myself laughing and smiling in spite of myself. Christ, you always did have that talent — to make me laugh when I didn’t think I could find anything funny . . . I remember a certain Valentine’s Day when some flowers arrived (so typical of your sweetness). With them was a card which read, “To bring a smile for a little while”. How well you succeeded. So often you made dark times brighter.

Motts, I’m not going to be sad. For as long as I’ve known you (from the first) your objective has been to keep people happy and so when I think of you it’ll be with a smile.

You’ve been such a good influence on me (and listen I’m not easy to influence). Your presence was so strong and so much a part of me, but I wasn’t even aware of it. You’ll always be there, ‘cause I’m not going to let you go . . .

I love you, Motts
Mez

Thanks to:
Mom and Dad for all the love, encouragement, and friendship — I’ll always be back for more.
Kath and Deb for secrets, goodtimes, and laughter, and for being the best sisters ever.
Whip for being my favorite brother, my buddy, my twin, and the biggest nut around.
Barbie Russ for swinging in the barn, jitterbugging in the kitchen, long talks at 3:00 A.M. and all our super times and laughs and friendship since 2nd grade.
Belle for all the fun, friendship, shared problems, and crushes — will anyone ever fit our standards?
Bette for sticking by me through Panther material, donuts, and chauffeuring and for the great friendship and times we’ve had.
Mr. VanDusen, Booboo, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Bing, and John Bones for lending an ear, an arm when times were tough and for being the friends I needed.
My neighborhood family for army sledding, bicycle tag, rides, fun and laughs.
Doc and Mrs. C. (my second parents) for all your help, your hospitality, and your friendship.
and to everyone who has made my life so special.
Love always, Holly
This space is to Sandra —

The Space

I love ya, Marsh

From your friend the space,

Roasted Toasted

Birds fly through the sky
but why?
They fly through the sky
because the trees and the bees fly up high
The flowers and the hours go
down low
but everything else is up there
Barbara — age 6
much love, Mom and Dad

Dear Jenny,
If I haven’t said it before, I don’t know how I can say it now. Anyway, words won’t do it.
All my love,
John

Trent, it’s been giggles and gags.
Lisa, we’ve pulled from all those snags.
And so many years with a queer friend.
Thanks to Randy for the time you lend.
Let’s drink to friends, Ol’ Buddy Matt.
And Mr. Lott, thanks for all and all that.
Gina, you know you’re always the best.
And that will never be said in jest.

Mom and Dad, I always save the best for last,
I will love you always as I did in the past.

Dear Liv,
Seek, and ye shall find.

From,
The Honorable ones

Congratulations

Dr. & Mrs. Zawadsky
CONGRATULATIONS, PETE!
We'll miss you next year —

DINNY
and
PENNY

Jilly,
From way back until recently I copied your ways — and it was worth it. We've been through so much kid: unsettled chevys — lasting for years, Suicides in b-ball (We finally started together!), please forgive me — I'll never again blame you for my scribbles on the bus seats. Watching "One Life" while guzzling down gallons of Tab, here's one final "thank you" for saving me from the nuns at Saint Anthony's and bringing me here, you played "doctor" for me in all my sickly days — thanks for everything.
Love,
"Looche"
P.S. STOP STARING!

Dear Fifi —
I'll never forget the first time you came to get Tramp! Remember — Carlos & Albert & Mrs Thompson — sledding into the brook — softball & killing my shoulder riding — Alan & Steve & Jackie — pigging out on the Cape! The bop-she-bops — Major & your beloved (!) — & oh! I can't say it all — we've had great times & don't ever forget them! Good luck! You can do whatever you want to (& well!)

Lots of Love Always, Jane

There's going to be a really good Planning Committee meeting this Thursday. Expect to see you all there.

To our dear friend Clooie,
We love you and will miss that "Clooie" smile that seems to be throwing a hello to life. Thank you for sharing your vitality with us.
The best of luck next year, and sometimes remember,

Bethlin and Sheila
The Best, Becky, then, now, and always.

Julius, Sam, Jeri, Michael, Andy, Shana, and Ms.

To all members of the Link

We have learned a lot, too.

Good luck and best wishes

Barbara Cragg
Judith Michaels
Virginia Reynolds
Bob Denby

Rob
And I am glad that you have put your foot
Upon the top — that you have not, like Frost's
Old mountain man, or people of Our Town,
Been content to live in the shadow of the peak
And never try the summit.

Dear Alice and Jill,
Thanks for a great year
Quinn and Mike
Lise T,
When the time is right,
I have something to tell you.
Randy

Cary —
Boudinot ... Kool Aid ... fizzes ... Pop and
Teen Lane ... A.T.M. "finish up" ... 226 and
the PDS carpool ... R.H.'s and H.G.M.'s ...
"Bach" ... How about Roxanne? ... Yeah,
Dad, have a good time! ... Parsnips, you've got
more! ... Can I borrow?
I've gone on. Now you, too. I'll always be
there. Won't you?
Love, Lisa
Lex —

It all started Christmas Vacation with Boz, Hudibras, Bine's head flying out of the Moon Walk, bowling, Kris Kristofferson, and "Whadda ya got?" I just hope that by the time you read this, those good times will not have been forgotten and that we will have shared lots more.

What else can I say, except ... ENJOY YOURSELF!!

Love and Luck to you forever,
Zanne

Jen,
An Italian Restaurant in too small dresses,
Inflatable rafts and jellyfish hunts
Quick sprints down the mall when "hell's breaking loose!"
Honey and Ginger, sledding, trick or treating at fifteen!
"Bunny and friends", "doctor's kids", "historical enlightenment".
Hockey camp rocks and six super seasons.
Nightly chats with tears, laughs, secrets, and problems.
Twin lockets to wear and cherish forever.
Thanks for being you,
Love yah kiddo,
Holly

Best of luck to the whole Senior Class,
The Migliori's

To Al "Bigfoot" Zaininger, Ted "Plenty Cold" Stabler, Andrew "Barbarian" Hildick-Smith, and Mark "70 pounds of power" Zaininger,

Thanks,
Chris "Barney" Johnson

To "the guys",
"Whose parents are going away this weekend?"
HTRJ,
Liv, Becky, Sarah, Jenny, Sandra

MOTLEY CREW

To "the guys",
"Whose parents are going away this weekend?"
HTRJ,
Liv, Becky, Sarah, Jenny, Sandra

For:
Suze (My special buddy), John, Andrew, Fifi, Tammy. Livia, Rands, Toof, And all my friends:
If you ever can't find me, Just listen.
Love you all,
Julia
Annabelle, Annie, Babette, Barbie, Holly and Tammy,

THANX! (alot)
love,
Susie B

P.S. Miss ya

Bryce —
What will I do without you next year? Who will I tell my secrets to ... Who will be able to put up with me the way you do? All the memories we have ... and everything that we've been through. You'll always be my best friend, Love! ... I'll miss you so much ....
I love you,
Lise

David, I shall miss you
Young blood surging in a body sleek and si-newed,
Like a freshet foaming to the sea
On search of calm and easy waters for sur­cease,
For new horizons
And the warmth of searing sunshine.

Black water washing on a sun-kissed shore,
Dancing waves that leap and roar,
The playful laughter and the booming voice
live on ....
And yet are heated no more.
The waves lap softly at the land,
Caress the earth
And hold it in a giant, gentle hand.

Dr. Ross

Lex darling,
Reno is just heavenly, you must come down and visit Dustin and me here, and feel free to bring Bobby. Ruggles, our new butler will send you directions from the port. By the by, could you pick me up a case of Don Perignon '64 on your way? Oh, and do bring that darling little maid of yours — Susan?
To the great times,
Love, Tammy

Annie — In times of adversity, a calm head; in times of laughter, a ready smile.
I shall miss you,
Love, Tammy

Annabelle — Will you ever, ever forget our trip to the big Green. Don't ever! ever! forget all the fun and side glances. Here's to David's room-mate!
Love, Tammy

To my best friend who has always listened, understood, supported and trusted me. Thank you for everything you have taught me and for eighteen years filled with very special memories.

'God could not be everywhere and therefore he made mothers.'

Love always,
Ann

Hey Hick,
All the rides home, parties together, and playing soccer will always be remembered. You have helped and guided me in many ways. Friendship is a great thing but you are greater than friendship. Take care

Wally
Andrea,
The horizon was as wide yesterday as today. It will be ever as wide tomorrow. With conviction it is never too wide to grasp. With love from Mom, Dad, John, Lili, and Paul.

Mother & Father,
I finally made it! And boy am I glad! You both held my hand during hard times and laughed with me when things were better. I'll never be able to thank you for all you've done and how you always put up with me and my wildness. Be sure to think of me when I'm away and always remember that I'll never stop loving you two!!

Livia, John, Steve, Becky, Sarah, Tammy, Alice, Amos, Allison, John, Tom, Sandra . . .
Thanks for all the good times
They were something I will never forget.
Sandy —
Thanks for all your help!
I couldn't have done it without you.

Lydia
Although I hardly ever told you . . .
The times we spent together were the greatest.

ANDY

Y.E.L.D.
BuBu.

Cheers
I had to put it somewhere!
"You are all tools of the establishment"

"Bite the B.V.B."
C.H.
Henry "Hank" Runkle
Robert Krepps
Rebus Quetzel
Irv Mendlebaum
Oscar Greuenbaum
McCoy MacClamore

Lex — "Memories" ... "Listen to the music" then "It's over" you never could make up your mind ... talking you can't tell anyone! ... remember ... Nassau Pharmacy ... Nassau Inn ... studying at Firestone ... gum wrappers ... "I started my new diet today" ... don't make me laugh ... "Is there anything about me you don't know?" ... I feel like munching out ... the Deli? ... why not ... muenster cheese ... hard rolls ... bagels ... diet pepsi ... someday we really will hit all the Micky D's, Dunkin' Donuts, Arthur Treachers and bakeries from here to Trenton. Till then take care, and stay outa trouble.

"Best of friends never part"
Boz Scaggs

Love always, Annie

From one frog to another,
10 more years to go.
Love,
Hope

Roasted Toasted,
I love you.
No more need be said.
Marshmallow

To Mr. Bing and Mrs. Shepherd,
Thank you both so much for your infinite capacities for time and concern.

Much Love,
Tammy
Vati, Mutti, Heidi, and Marko —
Thanks for the opportunities you gave me. You let me grow, learn, and have fun. In the last four years, I had a great time, but best of all, I felt like I did something.
My deepest love —
Alex

To all my friends:
Smokin’ cigarettes and writing something nasty on the wall
Teacher sends you to (Mr. Bing’s) office down the hall —
You grow up and learn that kinda thing ain’t right
But while you were doin’ it — it sure felt outta sight . . .
I wish those days could come back once more . . .
Stevie Wonder
P.S. Hang in there Jim!  Fifi

Alice: When are we gonna write our memoirs? Out of gas?
The train, skid . . . it’s the green key! 510 Bayview Jerk
there’s no such place: Food: out to lunch, the Annex,
Peking Express, Grotto, Harry’s, Jeff & Greg Carin’s dorm,
my first & last cigarette! Master Charge! . . . Anyway,
You’ve been like a sister to me.
   I love you!
   Senior Bunny

Laura: “Kissin Kuz” fellow friz, fab free throw flinger. Take care of the bus and Ye Olde and Mr. Roberts for me. Don’t bug me every weekend How will you ever last without me? Be good — “un”-derstand?
   I love ya little sis!
   Yuras! Jilly

Fifi — Who else would have understood the feeling about the summer? We have experienced something that will be with us forever. Anne — I will miss you so much. We could talk and talk and still not have time to follow our dreams. Remember the weekends — When AFS . . . goes marching in . . . Leigh — YSU, The Tempest, messy room 124 — It’ll really be something in college. Beens — Pizza and Pediatrics — It wouldn’t have been fun without you. Erico — Pretty soon you are not going to have any knuckles left. And (believe it or not) I’m not your mother.
BYE NOW — Claire

Clooie,
When I needed someone to turn to, you were always there. We’ve had great times together. I’ll miss you.
Love Ann

Sheila and Scout,
You are so kind to me; it’s great to be your friend.
Love Ann

Dear Mandy and Julia,
I leave you a place to sign everybody’s yearbook.
Love,
Carol
We never thought you'd still be doing this 13 years later! We love you!

Mom and Dad.

Liv —

And when the time comes to say goodbye,
All I can say is I love you.

— Becky

Your smile is a curve that can set a lot of things straight!

Love and Luck,
Fleur, Jay and Jenny

To: Barbie, Babette, Holly, Anne, Lex, Annabelle, Bine, Tammy, Pete, Hawk, Randy, Hick, Z

Hey, big Alumni! You’ve finally made it through the year. We’re already looking forward to the good times when you guys come back to visit.

Once a Cardinal Puff, always a Cardinal Puff! Love y’all (and we’ll miss you, too!)

Zanne and Michele

Claire;
You have fledged from the nest, but the happy memories remain.
Mom and Dad

Congratulations to the Class of 1977
The Tanner Family

PARTYLINE
Creative Parties, Picnics, Food
CAROL ATKIN
(609) 924-7307
Love,
Allison & John

Babette,

Together we've lived through some of the best(?) experiences; Barry Linton! Short, fat, ugly, with glasses! Cheap buttons that undo themselves! Volleyball! Roy Roger hats! Mark, Jeff, William, Robert, (anyone else?)! N.Y. — ‘yes I know my way to 5th’ and ‘who haven't we talked about yet’! Halloween Parties! 7-up cans! Mr. Pov, and sitting in my driveway for at least ½ hour! And back to kindergarten, ‘Your name can't be Barbara, mine is!’

Thanks for being such a fantastic friend for as far back as I can remember!

Love Always,
Barbara

MRS. SHEPHERD

E finita la commedia.
Thank you for your help, love, and devotion through it all. We'll always remember you.

Love, Christy, Julia, Fifi,
Jen, Barbara, Alex,
Isabelle, Steve,
Nancy, Ted, and Celia.

Gator — glad to have you, neighbor
Pete — since 4th grade . . . forever.
Pyney, Skip, Rodgers, Bubs, Glouch, Eric, Hawk, Steve and the gang, and last but not least, Mace and JPH

Thank you much
for good times.

SALUTE TO THE CLASS OF

'77
TOOF + BUFF — There were plenty of times when your craziness was the only thing that kept me sane.
John — Maybe we will get married some day, if not, it was a lot of fun anyway.
Piggy — oink, oink, never seen a pig chew so much gum! Have a good time next year and try to break your addiction.

Allison

Ann — Thinking back I've realized that we've done a lot together. We shared out highs and lows while at Blairs-town, kicking rocks for CROP, mending joy, attending various mixers, sitting on the beach, biking to Buxtons, and visiting colleges. Even so, it seems like we never get to see enough of each other. Let's keep in touch.

Love, Jen

Elizabeth — As you can see, THE FINK has made its debut. However, M . . . at SIXTEEN and CALL ME P . . . were rejected by the publishers. You can't win them all. Good luck on TOlstoy and Write Me!

Love, Jen

Sarah and Sandra,

I should go to bed
But a voice in my head
Says “Ah, what the hell”
Have a good time.
P.S. AAHH Wham Bam Thank you Ma’am!

Love,
Liv, Becky, Julia

Men hang on trees — indicative of their respective trades: shoemakers hang out a gigantic shoe; jewelers, a monster watch; but up in the mountains of New Hampshire, God Almighty has hung out a sign to show that there He makes men.

Daniel Webster

Thanks to all,
Rob

BRAVO LEIGH!

LOVE FROM DAD, MOM, KERRY, LYNNE, AND B.C.

Holly,
Only the good times will be remembered.
Good luck

Love — always
Debby
Tony, Quinn, David, John Hick, John Harold, Skip, Eric, Andy, Rob, Pete, Mel, and Bill.
Thanks for a great Soccer season and a super friendship. Continued success in all your ventures throughout the years.

Coach Vito

Melissa Magee, Frieda Baker, Chubs Bartlett and Pam Frothingham:
For all you've given us the past six years: Tweet ... lemon drops ... parties with jeanette ... fun ... laughs ... food ... pizza ... “who's in bed with Anne?” ... water fights ... “we're number one” ... sack lunches ... beating P.H.S. again and again and again ... “that kilt's getting tighter!” and communication between locker rooms?!? And for all the trouble we've blessed you with: mouthguards ... sweater ... college cuts ... white socks ... rotten refs ... and mud fights. You'll appreciate us when we've gone.
Love and many Thanks,
Barb, Burksie, Belle, Babette and Annie D.

Annie and Pete — Annie, you've always been like the big sister I never had and Pete, I'm sorry for all the times I ever hurt you. I've always needed you both dreadfully. But of course I'm happy for you!
Stay so sweet. Love, Jamie

Warmest wishes to the 77 seniors of '77
from an admiring advisor

Our Very Best Wishes
The Knotts

Jen,
An Italian restaurant in too small dresses,
Inflatable rafts and jellyfish hunts
Quick sprints down the mall when 'hell's breaking loose
Honey & Ginger, sledding, trick or treating at fifteen!
'Bunny and friends', 'doctor's kids', 'historical enlightenments'.
Hockey camp rocks and six super seasons.
Nightly chats with tears, laughs, secrets, and problems.
Twin lockets to wear and cherish forever.
Thanks for being you.
Love yah kiddo,
Holly
Congratulations to the wonderful
Class of 1977
Your endeavors and contributions
to the school will long be remembered.
Many thanks and good luck in the future.
The Burks'

Darling Jenny,
You grew up ... and while you were doing
so I was privileged to be with you. You made
the worst bearable and the best unbelievable.
All that laughter and all those tears ... and the
talks that went on forever and were never long
enough.
You are fun to be the mother of and
I love you ...
Mother

Chief:
I suppose I have to be serious in at least one
ad. I'm glad our 10th grade rivalry only lasted a
year. Who knows, maybe I grew up, though I
hope not! If by a miracle I did, don't doubt
that you played a part in it. Your excellence as
a teacher provided for a good advisor and a
strong friend.

Vale, GLOUetc.

Randy (Our talk on New Year's Eve, you're my favorite
advisor!!), Bina (I refuse to go to Dukes on a Saturday,
Christmas vacation!), Hick (One of these days I'll throw a
dinner party like my first one just for you), Gipper (Choco-
late chip cookies anyone), Lolli (You might as well be my
little sister), Barbie (My birthday pizza at Conte's), Andy
Sant (You'll never forget when I fell at the Baron's Roost),
Livia (Our constant jokes about certain people), Z (Math
was always my favorite subject, Hah!), Pete (We never did
get to go to the beach), Hawk (We made the best husband
and wife team), Thank you all for the fun, the talks, parties
and your friendship.

Lex
"Le coeur a sa raison que la Raison ne connait pas"
—— Pascal

"I have sworn on the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."
—— Jefferson

"I am certain of nothing but of the holiness of the heart's affections and the truth of imagination."
—— Keats

All best wishes to the class of '77 —
Anne Shepherd

Becky,

Love always,
Liv

ANNE

We hope you'll bring as many thoughts of us to Norway as we will always have here for you.

AFS Club and PDS

Chris —
We've had some excellent times together. There's no need to end them now. Best friends should last forever.
—— Al

Andrew, Ted, Steve, Livia, Becky —
As the legend of the senior lunch table draws to a close, I am saddened to think we'll be leaving. You've hassled me a lot, but all in all, it's been a blast. Thanks. Keep in touch.
—— Alex

To Annabelle, Hawk, Annie, Z, Barbie, Pete, Holly, Randy, Lex, and Hick,
We entered your lives this year whether you liked it or not, and you entered our office whether we liked it or not. We've been through quite a lot together from sledding to gnome week, to parties, to the front bench, or wherever we might end up. Thank you for your senior year which we enjoyed considerably. And remember good friends keep in touch.

Love,
The Three Musketeers

Thanks! Nauna-Naun
and Pop-pop . . .
I Love You,
Rocky

Thanks for all the good times: Pete, I can't name them all; Z, like the parties after beating L'ville and Edison; Randy, for putting up with my bad jokes and just being around; Hick, for some excellent soccer and partying; Don, Rob, Andy and Chris, even though you are juniors, you're alright; Anne, Barbie, Holly, Annabelle, Lex, Babette, it seems like every time I got to a party, you beat me there. Oh well, you can't win 'em all; others, no less important: you're all great!

John (Hawk')
Pete, Rob, John, Allan, Randy, Tony, Quinn, Z, Lex, Belle, Holly, Julia, Christie, Suzy, Barbie, and Sandra. Thanks for all the good things you have done for me. But most of all, thanks for being friends. I'll never forget.

Wally

Dear Ann —
If you can’t be a pine
On the top of a hill
Be a bush in the valley, but be
The best little shrub
On the side of a hill
Be a bush if you can’t be a tree.
If you can’t be a highway
Then just be a trail
If you can’t be a sun, be a star
It isn’t by size
That you win or you fail
Be the best of what ever you are.

Sebago Wohelo
Much Love
Mommie and Daddie

HINKSON'S
STATIONERY-OFFICE SUPPLIES
82 NASSAU STREET
PRINCEON, N. J. 08540

924.0112

CONGRATULATIONS,
ERIC
Mom
Dad
Chris
Jeff
Doug
Andrea

Congratulations to the class
of '77
Jean Glouchevitch

Fifi — Your smile was always there when I needed it, as well as a sympathetic ear. I hope it’s not good-bye, so I’ll just say “so long”!
Quinn — After two years of Arch., we can survive anything.
You were the man of the hour and I’ll never forget you.
Lisa Y. — Thanks for listening; when no one else would, you did.
Lise — What can I say except I’ll miss you.
Jill — There when needed, I’ll never forget you.
Sabrina — Good friends are for keeps. Thanks

Love, Alan
Tammy,
Just as time knew to move on since the beginning
And the seasons know exactly when to change
Just as kindness knows no shame
Know through all your joy and pain
That I’ll be loving you always
(S.W.)
Sharon

Annabelle —
I’ll never forget the fantastic times we’ve had; skiing, New Year’s with Liz! Hockey, and especially weekends! How could I have lasted without you? (driving after Baker’s!). This isn’t goodbye, just thanks to a perfect friend! Holly — Best friends for twelve years and most certainly longer! We’ve done tons together; dancing school, (Lobster), more water please, hockey camp, and parties. (hypochondriacs!). Thanks for being such a close and excellent friend! Annie D. — Prom night! Skiing! Parties! We’ve shared many excellent times and many laughs. You’ve been a terrific friend!
With love,
Barbara

BEST WISHES TO CAROL AND HER CLASSMATES
FROM THE PEOPLE WHO ALSO GAVE YOU JANIE,
MANDY AND JULIA KATZ

Christy:
8th M. Rieux and your pigtail (Béyo)
9th Kick out queens
10th Nobebosco, Here we come. “I don’t want to go to Paris”
Mr. Willllllkins!
11th E=MQ¼ E=MF¼ Doc, there’s a dead mouse stuck on your lip.
12th L’addition and La poussiere BA CHING zzz Ba zoom, Gim who me
Ha! HHmmm Taid.
Love, me

Livia,
Sail on Silvergirl,
Sail on by.
Your time has come to shine,
All your dreams are on their way.
See how they shine
If you need a friend
I’m sailing right behind.
Like a bridge over troubled water.
Paul Simon
T.P.
In the ________ of PDS is found a bunch of very _________ people. They are commonly known as the Seniors. Sometimes the Seniors can be ________, and at other times they can be ________, ________. As Juniors, we consider the Seniors to be ________ and ________. On the most part, they are ________. Sometimes they ________ with us and we are very ________. However, other times they ________ us and call us ________. When they do this we think that they are a bunch of ________. Seniors will be ________, though.

One thing really makes us especially ________. This is the idea that while we are ________, our ________ off, the seniors will be out of this ________ and in ________. However, we will ________, them.

We would like to say ________ to ________, and ________, and ________, for we think that you are the ________ in the world.

________________________
anything
The Juniors
To all my friends,
The ornament of a house
is the friends who frequent it.
Emerson
I live in a very special house.
Love and best to you all,
Tammy

Doc and Miss Lockhart,
You are two great friends and advisors.
Thank you for the laughs, and the concern you
showed for me. I'll miss you.
Love Ann

Jen,
Lots of love, laughs and understanding make
our friendship great.
Love Ann

Buck — sippin in the wind, Vernon, calls from
Maine, cruisin, shades, Beans, Dial and the rest
of the dirt. You've been a saintly evil influence.
Anne — maybe one more, hairless toes, carolling,
Dennison's in stereo. Let friendship be
measured in it's value rather than it's length. —
Tag Along . . . Belle — "Randy's friend", rides in
the squash limo, rides anywhere, thanks for all
the good times. Legs — five minutes Quince,
Russ, Hick, Z, Babette, Mel . . .
. . . Bundles

Steve, Two things: You made it real; I will miss you.
Ted: Life is a hamburger.
Andrew: You look a little buzzed
Big Al: BSZ?
Barney: Oh wow, taco pie!
Livia: I would have asked you, but . . .
Mez: No?
Becky: Heh, heh, too bad it never happened
Steve (again): Namibia, Candlelight (oh boy), Observer,
dancing, QBM, ushers to the stars, halftimes, just about
everything was better when we did it together.
Life is a bowl of sour mangos. See you when we start our
paper. For now, good luck and have a nice life.
Jay

Steve,
For someone who always has something to
say, I'm having difficulties expressing my feel­
ings to a special friend who always stood by
me. Perhaps it's because I don't let you know
often enough how much I love you and cher­
ish our friendship. But it's through our talks —
there were so many of them — that we learned
the most about each other.

Much love, Liv

Dear Doc,
I came to you with a handful of problems (handful!
Armful, armful! Basketful, Basket case! . . . Let's get back to
the matter at hand, at hand — get it? joke) and laid them
in your lap. Instead of tossing them aside, onto some
obscure pile of "advisee anxieties" you helped me sort
them out.
You've been so much more than just an "advisor" . . .
you've been a sympathizer, psychiatrist, shoulder, and sur­
rogate father, but moreover a friend.
I love you for that
Jen

A cowboy hat
and golden curls,
Bathtub plugs
and dancing girls
Italian pinches
under Canadian skies
Good luck (I'll miss you)
It's so hard to say goodbye.
Love, Jenny
Walking to town & too many Davids & conniving & letters to Russell & unnamed masterpieces & parties at Princeton & 5 o'clock mornings & non-lasting diets & intrigues & phone calls & rehearsals & dances & in-depth discussions & history classes & fast walking lessons & dinners-for-four & religion arguments & squash & preppies & good advice & Exeter & snow fights (Lydia) & Harvard & onions & the Plaza & sopranos & Earl Grey Tea & extra-long boyfriend lists (yes you Bach!) & stake-boating & all those darkroom days & lots of laughter & being 17 & loving it & rule Britannia & all those other memories made possible by Stephanie, Hope, Bear & Bach & some other one-of-a-kind friends — Thanks! & remember, “Life is once, forever.”

Love, Leigh

Annie D, Susan, John, Pete, Jenny, Z, Lex, Don, Rob, Andy, Tammy, Chris, Zanne, Michele, Tommy, Wally, Lise, Harriette, Lolli, Hick, Andy, John W., Julia, Randy, Buff, Rob, Steve, Quinn, Carol, Ted, Allison, and Andrew —

Work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do . . . Play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do.

Twain

To you guys who have made the past years so much fun!

. . . thanks & much love, Holly & Barbie

Liv,

I'll give you a call,

Sandra

Congrats and good luck Pete, Belle, Barbie, Rob, Hawk, Holly, Babette and Tammy.

Lex — There was never an instance when you treated me only like Annie's little sister. Remember the Scupper? "Well I didn't expect to be carded." I've always considered you my other big sister, I don't suppose I'll ever think otherwise, its been too long. I'm going to miss you terribly. Thanks for everything.

Love Lolli

Phil:

I love you.

Bruce

Lorraine, Lawrence, and Larry . . .

Our friendship will be a warm spot in my heart for years to come.

Andrea
Au revoir mes amis . . .
Anne . . . Hva vill jeg ha gjort uten deg? Hadet bra, jeg vil savne deg. Lykke pa ferden!
Hey "Z", promise me, what wasn’t, is or could be, maybe, we’ll see?
Mrs. Smith, the Woman of Wisdom . . . everyone needs a wise friend.
Ed . . . Thnx for the laughs and being so nice. Ziggy and Id
. . . Don’t ever forget Arty . . . "When are we going to lunch?"
Randy . . . Don’t forget, “You can if you want to.”
The Doodah Express . . . Thnx for letting me be a little part of it all.
Ciao, Hick! Promise to come visit me in Italy. Al, the secret Romantic . . . a poet, wouldn’t you know it.
Andrea . . . so glad you were there when I dropped in.
John . . . “Wash and shower well”!
Hey Phil, “When’s the next Link meeting?”
Jennifer . . . I wish you’d been here, I missed you.
Mommy, Daddy, and Bryce . . . I love you.

"I look back to some day past,
perhaps it was yesterday,
perhaps it was sometime long ago,
but I smile at the thought of all of you
and the memories that I hold . . . ."
Love,
Lise (Red)

To all my friends, the faculty and the administration,
Thankyou.
Sarah

Cary, Mark, Tim, Holls, Kenneth, Anne, Leigh, Steve, Phil, Skippy, Eric, Ruth, Andrew, Simeon, A.J., Chris, Tony, Dave, Jim, Robbie, Quinn, Randy, Bill, Miguel, Mat, Ann, Baird and Z.

Don’t change
Evan P.

And special thanks to whoever allowed me to get to know Motts, the epitome of the nicest guy in the world.

Dear Julia,
Haai. Trying to fit all the good times we’ve had in an eighth of a page is tres impossible. What I can say though, is that without you I never would have made it through 5, what would have been zizzy, years. Remember L’ville? Oh help. And Mr. “Nobebosco” — hello-hoooo!! (Washington, here I come.) (ahem) Although we fought for the same thing at times (chop), I never stopped loving you and valuing our friendship more than anything else. (hmm, sounds mushy) Even if we both don’t go to Harvard (ha-ha!!), we should keep the dynamic duo spirit going, as loud as it may be.

Love for always, bones, popsicle ding, ba, zoom, Chrispee. Karin, Lisa, Susan — I’ll remember each of your special friendships. Remember me or else!

Love and Good Luck, Christy

To the best fan — Cheap fouls are expensive.
Randy
Clare - It’s all in the name. Claire
Thanks for the rec. John H.
Annie — People say we look alike, funny, we never thought we did, probably because we've been around each other too long to realize.

People have often said we're crazy because we get along so famously . . . perhaps so, but, I've always taken it for granted, not anymore. It's been so much fun I just hate to think soon enough it's going to be all over. I always see myself wondering, what am I going to do without my big sis, she's my closest friend.

I love ya, Creep

Lolli

If we live for the present
Then we needn't worry about
the past.
So what we do today
Shouldn't matter
Tomorrow.
And if it does
And if it does
Who's to remember but the future?

C.C.B.

Much love from Mother and Dad.

To: Mr. Roberts, Mr. Carchidi, Mr. Bing, Mr. Gregory, Miss Baker, Mr. Denby, and Mom and Dad.

Thanks for all the help you've given me along the way. I'll never forget it. I have loved my years at PDS.

Annabelle

Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Cragg, Mrs. Michaels, and Mr. Denby, You have all been so wonderful that we could never repay you for the job you have done. We sincerely thank you and hope that you enjoy the book.

Philip Glouchevitch
and the Link staff

Tammy,
We all know sometimes life's hates and troubles
Can make you wish you were born in another time and space
But you can bet your life times that and twice its double
That God knew exactly where he wanted you to be placed
So make sure when you say you're in it but not of it
You're not helping to make this earth a place sometimes called Hell
Change your words into truths and then change that truth into love
And maybe your children's grandchildren
And their great-great grandchildren will tell
I'll be loving you

Mom

(S.W.)

Pete, Belle, Barbie, Chris, Hawk, Don, Zanne.
How do I say thanks except to say Love and Luck to you always.

Annie
To "the guys"
from ball tag and B.S.Z.
To Ol's and of course S.P.
We survived the blade and endured math time.
With Elizabeth Reed and Loan Me a Dime
Despite flies in the north and snows in the west.
With the help of Swisher's we gave it our best.
But now I'm afraid it's time to say Adios boys and let's H.T.R.J.

P.S. — Whatever they may try to tell you life is, was and always will be a hamburger!

Dear Babette,

In this short time we've become closer to you than we ever thought possible. You have cared for us, helped us, chauffeured us, baked for us, and most of all, become a part of us, a part that will remain forever. We guess what we're trying to say is thank you for always being there when we needed you. But no more mush-mo.

Love,
Don, Rob, and Andy

To my friends,
A special thank you to Mr. Cragg who stuck by me and never lost his patience and to Mr. Gregory who gave me confidence.
Leigh "The time to be happy is now
The place to be happy is here
And the way to be happy is to make others so"
Stephanie "Luck is when opportunity meets preparation"
"A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds."
Cary "you'll never know my friend
How much you mean to me
We can smile together
When things look black.
We share our talents
That's what friends are for."
Mommie and Daddy — You have given me everything I could want and more. Thank you for all your love, time, and support. You never lost faith in me and I hope I will always make you proud.
Jimmy — You never know how much you love someone until you have to leave them. Hold down the fort for me while I am away.

Lots of love, Ann

Thank you,
Miss Mason
Class of 1968

Well smiles in the beginning you couldn't believe there was another Barbara, and then in 8th you couldn't remember the name. A lot has happened since then. Blind dates (short guys with glasses and my shirt). Munching out on M&M's before practice, nothing else to do movies, Vail? Tears, 4 or 5 proposals, falling off short horses, sports, diets (sure) gnome week — (6 feet tall, under 200 lbs.) our songs jingling keys, my license? pool house parties (rum) cookie jars... "You've got a friend/Winter, Spring, Summer, or Fall/All you have to do is call/And I'll be there" Well Russ, thanks for all the good times. I'll never forget, and there are lots of laughs to come. Take care, Love Babette.
To: Herbert McAneny

Irene Daubert
Barbara Seid
Frank Jacobson
Mimi Suarez

Thanks so much for all your help, patience, and devotion.

The Drama Club

Athos, Pathos, Artemis; Oatmeal and cc. cookies, the office, and mints from Hudibras parties, the panther, and lots of laughs. Supplying me lunch, lost keys, and X P.U. Football games, the little blue Pinto (what would we have done without it). The scarf, the locket, a mouse and dinner. 1171, Late Christmas parties, basement Hockey and apple pies. Rob — you didn’t catch laryngitis: Don, my habit of turning the car lights off, and Andy look out for plan B. I wish I had known you sooner. The time was too short. I’ll miss you a lot. Keep smiling. Love Babette

Tammy,

One thing that I’ve learned from you is that a true friendship is a relationship built on trust. We’ve been able to confide all of our thoughts — without the fear of the grapevine — and that has made you like a sister to me.

Love always,
Liv

Congratulations and Best Wishes,

Much Love,

Mother & Dad
Willis, Nancy, & Jennifer
Lol —
Remember ... lectures from dad ... sunday school ... P-ton reunions ... Dr. Hammond ... chubby baby ... twin dresses ... Edgartown ... I've been leaving the cat alone ... then ... are you two sisters? tell me there aren't two of you. Did anyone ever tell you that you look alike? Lol — you've been my best friend for as long as I can remember and I am going to miss you more than you know. Try and hang in there three more years I know you'll make it.
I love ya creep
Annie

Jules —
You've made up your mind,
You're gonna make your life shine.
Boz Scaggs
Sandra

Mom and Dad — You have given me everything and then some. I know it hasn't been easy at times but we pulled through. You have given me self-confidence, love and independence. I know I'll be back in the nest (you know "stable home environment") without the help of green genie net. I have had the best times of my life with you, and you have taught me more than anyone else. I'm glad I didn't go away. I guess I just want to say thank you and I'll love you always.
Love, Pally
Annabelle — the past two years were so close. You have added a lot of smiles. You are incredibly picky, incredibly special, and a wonderful friend and talker. I love you dearly. Don't get into too much trouble at the Big Green (Roommates)
Love, Babette

P.S. Remember — you have to kiss a lot of toads before you find your handsome prince! Holly — You're really unique and you are a very special friend. I know it's not good-bye so I'll just say I'll be thinking of you. Take care.
Love Babette

Trev,
"I'm such a Klutz"
You don't know how much I'm going to miss you ... and your smatxa balls.
Keep sitting on hamburgers —
Love Always —
Bach

To Annie, Barbie, Lex, Harriette, Babette, Tammy, and Holly:
Your friend is your field which you sow with love and reap with thanksgiving.
For you come to him with your hunger, and you seek him for peace. In friendship, all thoughts, all desires, all expectations are born and shared, with joy that is unaccomplmed
Remember all the good times with Hockey, Lacrosse, Hockey Camp, Parties, and love that we've all shared.
Good luck.
Love Belle

Randy — Heh doll. (Follow your nose. Don't forget to eat your grits and black-eyed peas. We've laughed, been serious, and enjoyed so much. I'll miss the smile.
Babette
John (Hawk) — champagne dinners, and an older brother, and oatmeal cookies. You have done so much. Thanks for everything.
Love, Babette

Michele — "You're so loose"
Babette

Annie — Sledding parties, hot chocolate and burnt popcorn have made the winter term and a lot more. Thanks.
Love Babette

Lex, Jenny, Harriette, Lolli, Tammy, Catherine, Gator, John Hick, Suzanne, Z, Wally, Jeff P., Pete, Chris, John W. Pool house parties, school dances, good times. Thanks for being there. You made all the difference. Take care.
Love Babette

Mr. Bing, Mr. Lott — Thanks for all you have done, your confidence in me and all your support.
Babette