LINK 1983
Princeton Day School
Princeton, New Jersey

Staff
Louise Matthews, Editor
Adam Sugerman, Editor
Katie Barrows
Bonnie Bershad
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Rena Whitehouse

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David Albahary
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Andrew Cross

Advisors
Anne Rothrock
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Dedication
Sanford B. Bing

Warmth and humor create bonds between you and the students of Princeton Day School. Within the last thirteen years, every upper-schooler has known you, whether it be as an advisor, as teacher of an eighth grade IPS class, on the playing field (no one has witnessed more J.V. athletics), or from one of your "welcome back to reality" speeches in the first September assembly. You and your women's lib tie are an integral part of the PDS experience. We thank you.
Tribute
Sally Paterson

In her own calm, quiet, intelligent manner, this woman inspired a love of learning and introduced a joy of reading to our children for over eighteen years.
Who has withstood more sarcasm? "Filet of highway dog" and "plastic chicken" jokes. Always endured with a wry smile and a ready answer. For this relief much thanks.
Il faut cultiver notre jardin.
Voltaire from Candide

Question Authority!
Anonymous

Franklin Howard
Jump up, look around, find yourself some fun.
No sense sitting there hating everyone.

Ian Anderson

Doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself.

Izaak Walton, 1653
I'm sailing away.
Set an open course for the virgin sea
For I've got to be free.
Free to face the life that's ahead of me.

Styx

Phil Berger
Nothing is either good or bad but thinking makes it so.

William Shakespeare

Vicki Curtin
Well, we all need someone we can lean on and if you want it, well, you can lean on me.

Rolling Stones

The best of life is but intoxication.

Lord Byron
Erica Weeder

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

Ralph Waldo Emerson
Mimi Warren

You never get a second chance to make a first impression.

Unknown

It’s better to be a unique unknown than a common celebrity.

Grand Old Parr
No straight lines make up my life
and all my roads have bends.
There’s no clear cut beginnings,
and so far no dead ends.

Harry Chapin

David Albahary

Just an excitable boy.

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

"You lie" he cried,
And ran on.

Stephen Crane
Be cheerful while you are alive.

Ptahhotpe
Reggie Reese

They said I’m mad, bitter, possessed, but they never said that I was wrong.

James Baldwin

The Western world has created me, given me my name, has hidden the truth as a permanent and historical fact. I may recover from this and I may not. I’m a grim man, young and intelligent enough to tell you that not many survive being born black in America and that America is a creation and descendent of Europe.

James Baldwin
We are all here for a spell,
get all the good laughs you can.

Will Rogers

True friendship comes when silence
between two people is comfortable.

Dave Tyson Gentry

Parents pack up and send their troubles to summer camp.

Anonymous
Frank Chut

One day I’ll be the minstrel in the gallery
and paint you a picture of the Queen.

Ian Anderson

And yet my heart wanders away,
My soul roams with the sea, the whales home,
Wandering to the widest corners of the world.

from an Anglo-Saxon poem, The Seafarer
Had I unknown phrases, 
Sayings that are strange, 
Novel, untried words, 
Free of repetition; 
Not transmitted sayings, 
Spoken by the ancestors!

I wring out my body of what it holds, 
In releasing all my words; 
For what was said is repetition, 
When what was said is said. 
Ancestors' words are nothing to boast of, 
They are found by those who come after.

Would that they knew what others ignore, 
Such as has not been repeated, 
To say it and have my heart answer me, 
Relate to it of what I suffer, 
And sigh "ah" with relief!

The Complaints of Khakheperre-Soneb

Gwendalyn Hanawalt
There was a man who dreamt he was a butterfly,
And the butterfly dreamt he was a man.

Ancient Hindu Teaching
It was a dwelling
With life going through it,
An Inn of the forest
Before you knew it.

It is remembering
Coney and Mouse —
Man always lives
In a second-hand house.

Yetza Gillespie

In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die:

Ever drifting down the stream —
Lingering in the golden gleam —
Life, what is it, but a dream?

Lewis Carroll

Meg Merle-Smith
As long as the subject is being covered, I don't feel the need to speak.

Senator Nicholas F. Brady
'Cause I remember when we used to sit . . .
Observing the hypocrites,
Yeah, mingle with the good people we meet,
Good friends we have,
Oh, good friends we have lost.
Along the way
In this refuge you can't forget your past,
So dry your tears, I say . . .
No woman no cry.

Bob Marley

Smile; it's free!

Dimitri — G.S. '82

Follow your spirit.

Graffiti

Greece is God's love affair to the planet Earth.

Irving Stone
Sarah Cragg

... Stand up to the blow that fate has struck upon you
Make the most of all you still have coming to you
Or lay down on the ground and let the tears run from you
Crying to the grass and trees and heaven finally on your knees

Let me live again
Let life come find me wanting
Spring must strike again, against the shield of winter
Let me feel once more the arms of love surround me
Telling me the danger's past I need not fear the icy blast again.

Tony Banks
Andrew Benioff

Don't go outside; the grass is singing!

Anonymous
Ainsi, plus je réfléchissais et plus de choses méconnues et oubliées je sortais de ma mémoire. J'ai compris alors qu'un homme qui n'aurait vécu qu'un seul jour pourrait sans peine vivre cent ans dans une prison.

Albert Camus

... according to Voltaire, "When I can do what I want to do, there is my liberty for me." But (Voltaire) adds a concluding phrase: "... but I can't help wanting what I do want."

B.F. Skinner

Victor Fedorov
Feeling good was good enough for me.

Janis Joplin

Joe Pagano
I hold the world but as the world, a stage, where every man must play a part.

The Merchant of Venice, I, i.

To undertake is to achieve
Be undertaking bent
With fortitude of obstacle
And toward encouragement.

Emily Dickinson

Jan Garver
Andrew Cross

The world is sentient no more.
The living pulse which was the Caribou flutters with the almost imperceptible beat that speaks of dissolution.
And the great plains roll to the white horizons under the unseeing eyes of the stone inukkok — the semblance of men — Who have inherited an empty land.

Farley Mowat

There never was a time when I did not exist, nor you.
Nor will there be any future when we cease to be.

John Lennon
MOUSE AND MAN

A relative grook on co-existence

A human being sharing with a mouse. Each thinks himself the master of the house. In fact, of course, each occupier's place is The other's insulating interspaces.

Piet Hein
It is only from the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye.
Antoine de Saint Exupery

Cynthia Hudson
All men are equal before fish.

Herbert Hoover

There you go, man,
Keep as cool as you can,
Face piles of trials with smiles.
It riles them to believe
that you perceive
the web they weave
And keep on thinking free.

Graeme Edge
You must blaze a trail of your own, unknown, alone, but keep in mind.
Don’t live today for tomorrow like you were immortal.

Genesis
Andy Hawkes

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life’s cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it.

Ralph Waldo Emerson
Take extra care not to lose what you feel.

Traffic
Am I wrong to believe in the city of gold  
That lies in the deep distance?  

Genesis

Goin' home, goin' home  
By the waterside I will rest my bones  
Listen to the river sing sweet songs  
To rock my soul.

Grateful Dead
The Four Disciplines:

Power:
O! It is excellent
To have a giant's strength,
But it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

William Shakespeare

Drive:
My greatest talent is my
Ability to waste time.

Anonymous

Ambition:
I shall be like that tree . . .
I shall die at the top.

J. Swift

Modesty:
Great spirits have always
Encountered violent opposition
From mediocre minds.

Albert Einstein
Andrew Thornton

It takes two opinions to make a horse race.

Anonymous
They love dancing so well that dance barefoot upon thorns.

Thomas Fuller

If I could say it, I wouldn’t have to dance.

Isadora Duncan
Stephanie Bogart

There is a theory which states that if ever anyone discovers exactly what the Universe is for and why it is here, it will instantly disappear and be replaced by something even more bizarre and inexplicable. There is another which states that this has already happened.

Douglas Adams
Regret, remorse, repentance — they're all former joys, reversed. I don't like looking back, and I leave my past behind me the way a bird leaves its shady tree in order to fly away . . .

André Gide
Suzanne Utaski

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

Fritz Perls
Even without a rider, a horse will always be a horse. But a rider without a horse is only a man.

Stanislaw Jerzy Lec
I know who I was when I got up
up this morning, but I think I must have been
changed several times since then.

Lewis Carroll

as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Shakespeare
Well, we all need someone we can lean on,
And if you want it, well, you can lean on me.

Mick Jagger & Keith Richards

Daddy said, "All my children must look after their own upbringing." Parents can only give good advice or put them on the right paths, but the final forming of a person's character lies in their own hands.

Anne Frank

Keep your sunny side up!!

Lew Brown and Buddy de Sylvia

Kelly Lambert
Life is too short for frowning
Love is too fragile for fights
So smile world, for our sake smile
And maybe we'll get it right this time.
Forget about who owns what and
Share with your brother a dream.

Shelly Jean Adams
Mac McDougald
Dawn Crossland

Follow your inclinations with
Due regard for the policeman
'Round the corner.

Somerset Maughm

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honor's at the stake.

William Shakespeare
Ad astra, per aspera.

Anonymous

Determine
That the thing
Can and shall be done,
And then . . .
Find the way.

Abraham Lincoln
There is a pleasure sure in being mad, which none but madmen know.

Dryden

Smile, it lifts the spirits . . . and keeps people wondering what you're up to.

Anonymous
Daniel Goldman

Not till we are lost, in other words, not till we have lost the world, do we begin to find ourselves, and realize where we are and the infinite extent of our relations.

Henry David Thoreau
Katie Barrows

What the caterpillar calls the end of the world the master calls the butterfly.

Richard Bach

Your friends will know you better in the first minute you meet than your acquaintances will know you after years.

Richard Bach
If it's worth the want,
it's worth the wait.
Anonymous

Tracy Watkins
Michael Roth
When one door is closed
Don't you know another is open?

Bob Marley

The secret of love is in opening up your heart
It's okay to feel afraid
But don't let that stand in your way
‘Cause anyone knows that love is the only road
And since we're only here for a while
Might as well show some style
Give us a smile.

James Taylor
I am part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'  
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when I move.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Never look down to your next footstep; only he who keeps his eye on the far horizon will find his right road.

Anonymous

Bonnie Bershad
Son, don’t wait till the break of Day
Cause you know how time fades away.

Neil Young
Snakes are coiled upon the granite.
Horsesmen ride into the west.
Moons are rising on the planet
where the worst must suffer like the rest.

Pears are ripe and peaches falling.
Suns are setting in the east.
Women wail and men are calling
to the god that's in them, and to the beast.

Love is waiting for a lover.
Generations kneel for peace.
What men lose, Man will recover
polishing the brains his bones release.

Truth conceals itself in error.
History reveals its face;
days of ecstasy and terror
invent the future that invents the race.

Donald Lehmkuhl
Erik Ott

I ain't made sense in so long — I almost quit trying.

Little Feat
Mike Chrinko

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

T. S. Eliot
I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

Ecclesiastes

If there is anything around here more important than my ego, I want it caught and shot.

Douglas Adams
When the going gets weird
The weird turn pro.

Hunter Thompson
We've all got it within us for whatever we want to grasp for.

Bob Dylan

I'll just keep on rocking and hope for the best.

Keith Richards
Hey, I've got nothing to do today but smile.

Simon & Garfunkel

Why not think about the times to come,
And not about the things that you've done,
If your life was bad to you,
Just think what tomorrow will do.

Fleetwood Mac
We all know that people are the same wherever you go. There's good and bad in everyone, but we learn to live and we learn to give each other what we need to survive.

Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder
What need have you to dread
The monstrous crying of wind?

Yeats

Chris LaRiche
Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,
It is to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep with the earth . . .
Here is the test of wisdom
Wisdom is not finally tested in schools,
Wisdom cannot be pass’d from one having it to another not having it,
Wisdom is of the soul . . . ,
The efflax of the soul is happiness, here is happiness,
I think it pervades the open air, waiting at all times . . .

Walt Whitman
Karen Athanassiades

There are no happy endings 'cause there are no endings.

Peter Beagle
Katherine Lonergan

No two trees in a forest are the same
Greatness is in the difference,
Not in the sameness.
Not in the conformity to an abstract
type.
But in their own identity,
The very privilege of being
And being God’s own unique creation.
Why’s it that we have to keep peeling
the onion,
Digging down layer after layer
Of our person
To discover what’s inside
When the wholeness is in the being,
In our very existence
As one of God’s creatures on this
earth?

Bruce Lansdale

I did it all for the thrills!

Go Go’s
Liz Reichard
Jackie Romeo

Who laughed there?
By God, I think it was I myself!

Lessing: Emilla Galotti
When in doubt, win the trick.

Edmond Hoyle
Life's battles don't always go
to the strongest or fastest woman;
But sooner or later the woman who wins
is the woman who thinks she can.

Anonymous

It's called SURVIVAL; only the strong can survive.
I intend not to achieve immortality through my work; I intend to achieve it by not dying.

Woody Allen
Trying to find a meaning in life is like looking for a white fish in a glass of milk.

Monty Python
Experience is the name everyone gives to their mistakes.

Oscar Wilde
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

William Shakespeare

The one who dares is the one who truly lives.

Craig Phares
A drop of oil,
Removes the soil,
And makes your pocket knife last.

To use no oil,
Your knife will spoil,
The backspring wears
Out fast.

Anonymous
Grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love. For it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned.

St. Francis of Assisi

"Adieu", dit le renard. "Voici mon secret. Il est tres simple, on ne voit bien qu'avec le coeur.
L'essentiel est invisible pour les yeux ..."

Antoine de St. Exupery
Quand vous avez envie de critiquer
Quelqu’un, ... n’oubliez pas que tout le
Le monde dans cet univers n’a eu
Les mêmes avantages que vous.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Si vous ne savez pas
Ou vous allez, n’importe
Quelle route vous y
Menera.

Anonymous
J U S T ' T A I N I N G T H A T M O M E N T 
A L L O V E R T H E W O R L D, S K A T I N G 
M O T H E R S A R E W A K I N G U P T H E I R 
P A U S T E R S S O T H E Y C A N B E C O M E 
This game that we animals play is a winner.

- Ian Anderson

I think . . . I think I am,
Therefore I am . . . I think.

- Moody Blues

Aaron Schmidt
To know the heart and soul of a man,
Look not at what he has already achieved,
But at what he aspires to do.

Kahlil Gibran

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not figures on a dial
We should count time by heart throbs.
He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Phillip James Bailey
Mark Waks

You're never too old for nuts and berries.

G.B. Trudeau
A little rebellion now and then is a good thing.

Thomas Jefferson

I've always tried
To keep my troubles deep inside
Where I can hide them.
Now I'm open wide.
When it ends
Again I'll see my friends
They'll give me a lift
I've been running adrift, so easy.

Peter Gabriel
You can't always get what you want, but if you try sometime, you just might find you get what you need.

Mick Jagger
If future generations are to remember us more with gratitude than with sorrow, we must achieve more than just the miracles of technology. We must also leave them a glimpse of the world as it was created, not just as it looked when we got through with it.

Lyndon B. Johnson
Jean Bishop

It's better to laugh than to cry.

C.S.O.
Hannah Fuller-Boswell

I do not know, or claim to, but a dream is what you make it.

Bob Remington
The great use of life is to spend it for something that outlasts it.

William James
In the place where you were born, and where you grow up, the things you learn are the things that all men must know. Although they are the simplest things, it takes a man's life really to know them. And if you are to be a writer, the stories that you make up will be true in proportion to the amount of this knowledge of life that you have; so that when you make something up, it is as if it would truly be: with the good and the bad, the ecstasy, the remorse, the people and the places — and how the weather was.

Ernest Hemingway
Be yourself. No one can ever tell you you’re doing it wrong.

Anonymous
Zoe Nicolich

Why don’t you dance with me?  
I’m no Limburger.

B52’s
A person is about as big as the things that make him angry.

Knowledge comes by taking things apart; analysis. Wisdom comes by putting things together.

John A. Morrison

The founder and owner of a large department store was asked the secret of his success. "Well, you know, I was just a poor farm boy — never did get much schoolin'. And when you don't know much, you've got to use your brains."

Justice Louis D. Brandeis
Alexis Avila

Learn as if you were to live for ever.
Live as if you were to die tomorrow.

Elbert Hubbard

I came to America for community chug;
I don’t worry about driving, so I drink!

Alex
For Peter

Yesterday was for doing, living . . . living life as though immortal

Living life only to have it taken in its pursuit, but taken only of body, not spirit. The death of a biological container . . . friendly to our eyes, yet only a container to house the essence of a true soul, a loving friend.

I do not cry for my departed friend, ever so young. I only cry for myself for he has gone to a higher plateau and no longer needs me, I only need him.

He has earned the final rush of life . . . being death . . . he has experienced it all. Birth, love . . . now going on to things I can only try to comprehend.

Now, I can only wish that I too pass, being loved by someone as we have all loved Peter.

A loving friend,
Philip Clippinger
LOST SOULS

Jocelyn Alexander
Macky Alston
Ashley Ammidon
Marta Balinski
Elizabeth Barclay
Andrew Barr
Bruno Bastein
Winthrop Beach
Beth Ann Berman
Juliet Burrows
Norman Callaway
Susan Carmody
Sarah Chauncey
Samantha Crimmins
Carolyn Cuesta
Andrew Davidson
Suzanne Davidson
Arne De Meijere
Thomas di Liberti
Paula Duke
Twila Driggins
Rachel Egger
Jon Erdman
Katya Fagles
Richard Glass
Leonard Graff
Liza Gregory
Holly Hegener
John Hoff
Marc Knowlton
Philip Lam
Erik Larsen
David Levy
Dan Lockwood
Lorna Mack

Sarah Maes
Jill Marder
Mary Marson
Dorsey McCuaig
Hope Mehlman
Chris Meserve
Bob Miller
Michael Mistretta
Jennifer Mohlenberg
Gary O'Leary
Michael Packard
Beth Ramsaier
Cecily Rhett
Mary Rodgers
Benjamin Rovee
Michael Sand
Vinca Showalter
David Skriloff
Peggy Stabler
Peter Stabler
Kevin Steele
Nicholas Stember
Jack Stephenson
Rita Sweeney
Alex Taft
Leonard Tena
J. Laurie Toot
Polly Warner
Timothy Watkins
Jerome Webster
Michael Willrich
Sylvia Wills
Peyton Wise
Eric Witt
CLASS AWARDS

Most Willing to Party —
Senior Class

Creative Absence Award —
Senior Class

Archie Bunker Award —
Mac

Best Imitation of a Human Being —
Franz

The Spleenless Wonder —
Ott

Marlboro Country Native Award —
Buddha, Roth

Snow White and the Seven Menkens Award —
Noelle

The Community Chug Award —
Alex

Best (Un) Dressed Award —
Earl the Pearl

Done the Most for P.D.S. —
Louise

Done P.D.S. for the Most —
Rams

Done the Most at P.D.S. —
The Dogs

The Big Guy Award —
Schweebs

Hariest Legs —
Girls Varsity Soccer

The O.P. Scholarship Award —
José

The Confusing First Name Award —
Eber

The Eddie Murphy "Kill the White People" Award —
Reggie

Most Pitiful Poverty Award —
Frits

Mr. Breakfast —
Vic (Need you have asked?)

The Stowe Police Athletic Scholarship —
Ben

Cradle-Robbing Scholarship —
Geordie, Bonnie

Jimmy Carter/Donny Osmond Award —
Schluter

The Jackie Stuart Driving Award —
Adam, Zoe

Psuedo Seniors —
Scotty, Amy Mayer

The 12 oz. Curl Award —
P.D.S. Varsity Keg Hunting Team

Most Fun At Mazola Parties —
Link Staff

Most Likely NOT to do Their College Yearbook —
Link Staff
DO YOU REMEMBER? . . .

Fighting over Geordie in Kindergarten . . . starching our angel costumes for the Christmas pageant . . . Mark Knowlton having to put his arm around Peggy . . . Tee-Tee-Ta-Ta with Mrs. Topp . . . boys capture the girls . . . collecting pill bugs and crayfish for Mr. Walter . . . Mrs. Blama . . . the monkey bars . . . working on the playground river . . . Bay Head overnight at the O'Leary's . . . Geordie's broken leg . . . taking Stone Soup to Atlantic City . . . Kenny bringing his flashlight to show and tell . . . the inlet . . . Whims . . . Frothingham, "the athletic supporter" . . . Stewart trying to push Carrie Stewardson down the stairs in her wheelchair . . . mods . . . "Shame, Naughty, Bad . . . say it!" . . . wearing tunics in gym . . . Hades Funeral Service . . . push-ups for Mr. Boneparth . . . fribbles and superdrafts . . . Mr. Downey's space cadets . . . Jeopardy . . . being "zapped" by Mookey Mouse . . . being molecules in J.J.'s sixth grade science . . . the brawling alley in South Commons . . . the Big Four . . . setting the clocks back . . . air raids, Chinese Fire Drills . . . Louise arm wrestling with the boys . . . water fights, bra-snapping, and hip checks . . . Kahterine breaking the display case, or was it Janet? . . . shaking hands with Mr. Rulon-Miller . . . seventh grade treasure hunt . . . Miss Grigger falling through the grate . . . spit balls in Grigger science . . . clay fights in Crafts . . . locking Miss Duff in the closet . . . the jacks tournament . . . handstands against the wall . . . Eric Witt's comic monologue at Blairstown . . . Mike "the Hulk" Willrich . . . being rained out of everything . . . Raindrops . . . Guys and Dolls . . . Geordie "Big Jule" McLaughlin . . .

Freshmen Frizzies
## SENIOR CHARTS

### CLASS OF '83

- **FOUND** not often
- **EVOKEs** confusion
- **WEARS** 'no parking' stickers
- **LOST WITHOUT** senior privileges
- **BETE NOIRE** elongated second terms
- **PASsion** weekends

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<th>Dead Head</th>
<th>Long Hair</th>
<th>Money</th>
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<td>Dan B.</td>
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<td>Insect</td>
<td>Tall Men</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan Z.</td>
<td>On the Phone</td>
<td>&quot;Nicole&quot;, &quot;Coley&quot;</td>
<td>Janet Clothes</td>
<td>Contacts</td>
<td>Cooking</td>
<td>Boyfriends</td>
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<tr>
<td>Andrew C.</td>
<td>Studying</td>
<td>A Farmer</td>
<td>The Crown Jewels</td>
<td>Earl's Analysis</td>
<td>Insects</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dawn C.</td>
<td>Working on Judicary Case</td>
<td>A Teddy Bear</td>
<td>Sneaky Pajamas</td>
<td>A Farm</td>
<td>Cow</td>
<td>Women</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mac M.</td>
<td>Cat</td>
<td>Archie Bunker</td>
<td>Flannel Shirts</td>
<td>A Farm</td>
<td>Cow</td>
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<tr>
<td>Geordie</td>
<td>Looking for his best friend</td>
<td>The American Gigolo</td>
<td>The Same as Craig</td>
<td>Craig</td>
<td>Painting</td>
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<td>On Life</td>
<td>Fairly Geometer</td>
<td>Baggy Clothes</td>
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<td>Craig P.</td>
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<td>Horny Toad</td>
<td>Preppy Glasses</td>
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<td>Ellen P.</td>
<td>Wasting Time</td>
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<td>Green Army Pants</td>
<td>Animal Flesh</td>
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<td>Dan G.</td>
<td>Losing Time</td>
<td>Cream Puff</td>
<td>Homemade Sweaters</td>
<td>Losing a Contact Lens</td>
<td>People Read in Her Mail</td>
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<td>Sue C.</td>
<td>Crying at a Soap</td>
<td>A Mother Figure</td>
<td>Mam's Clothes</td>
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<td>Mike C.</td>
<td>At the Claw</td>
<td>Rudolph-riegel</td>
<td>&quot;Brut&quot;</td>
<td>A Place to Pass Out</td>
<td>Not Having the Aud</td>
<td>Tape</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stewart</td>
<td>Tending Bar For Bomper Bee</td>
<td>Denis the Menace</td>
<td>His Football Jersey</td>
<td>His Fear Mornings</td>
<td>His Bar</td>
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<td>Mark W.</td>
<td>Losing at Pool</td>
<td>Mr. Romer</td>
<td>Oversized Slacks</td>
<td>Always Lost</td>
<td>Physics</td>
<td>In Trigged By</td>
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<td>Tracy W.</td>
<td>In McDonalds</td>
<td>Feminism</td>
<td>Cement Clay</td>
<td>A Math Class</td>
<td>European History</td>
<td>Bourbon</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FAVORITE</th>
<th>INTRIGUED BY</th>
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<tr>
<td>boxers</td>
<td>IMAGINE THEM</td>
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<tr>
<th>PERSON</th>
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<tr>
<td>Doc</td>
<td>Dr.</td>
<td>study</td>
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<td>Odd</td>
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<td>Tinkies People</td>
<td>Big</td>
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<tr>
<th>FOOD</th>
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<tr>
<td>Pizza</td>
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<td>Bagels</td>
<td>Eggs</td>
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<td>Ice cream</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>London</td>
<td>dancing</td>
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<td>Dublin</td>
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<td>Paris</td>
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<table>
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<tr>
<th>PERSON</th>
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<tr>
<td>Peter</td>
<td>playing</td>
<td>soccer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duty</td>
<td>driving</td>
<td>car</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chris</td>
<td>reading</td>
<td>book</td>
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<thead>
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<tr>
<td>Duty</td>
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<td>Name</td>
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<td>Evokes</td>
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<tr>
<td>dan G.</td>
<td>at Lawrenceville</td>
<td>a mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liz R.</td>
<td>Eating</td>
<td>an Enigma</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marcus</td>
<td>Looking For a Good Time</td>
<td>Prince</td>
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<tr>
<td>Suzanne</td>
<td>Around</td>
<td>Hyenas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matt K.</td>
<td>AT-ING teachers</td>
<td>A Guitarist</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stephanie</td>
<td>Reading on a window sill</td>
<td>Cher</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kim M.</td>
<td>At Keri's House</td>
<td>A Bird of Paradise</td>
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<td>Katherine</td>
<td>on the ice</td>
<td>meg's Peculiar Behavior</td>
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<td>Beazie</td>
<td>At Elm Court</td>
<td>A Flower Child</td>
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<td>Clay S.</td>
<td>In the mgl</td>
<td>French Sunglasses</td>
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<td>Tom H.</td>
<td>At Joe's Schreder</td>
<td>A Force Five Wind</td>
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<td>Vicki C.</td>
<td>In the me</td>
<td>Snow White</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hannah</td>
<td>In the Theater Lobby</td>
<td>a Flower Child</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bonnie B.</td>
<td>In the theater lobby</td>
<td>A Tomato</td>
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<tr>
<td>Annie D.</td>
<td>In the theater</td>
<td>A Drener</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Halen B.</td>
<td>In the theater</td>
<td>Aunt Heidi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Victor</td>
<td>At the theater</td>
<td>Editor of Pravda</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David A.</td>
<td>At the theater</td>
<td>An Albapross</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrew B.</td>
<td>At the theater</td>
<td>An Ostrich</td>
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<tr>
<td>Steve S.</td>
<td>At the theater</td>
<td>Schuster-where</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lauren</td>
<td>At the theater</td>
<td>An Ivory Girl</td>
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<td>Mike S.</td>
<td>At the theater</td>
<td>A Mouse</td>
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<tr>
<td>Katie O.</td>
<td>At the theater</td>
<td>In Nantucket</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lisa H.</td>
<td>Without a ride</td>
<td>Dolly Parton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amy S.</td>
<td>Getting arrested in ocean city</td>
<td>Alice in Wonderland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erik D.</td>
<td>Spineless</td>
<td>Bossy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joe P.</td>
<td>In Ewing</td>
<td>An Italian Opera Singer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Favorite Expression</td>
<td>Intrigued By</td>
<td>Can You Imagine Him/Her</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>--------------------------</td>
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<tr>
<td>Is he Cute?</td>
<td>men</td>
<td>Not Auditioning for Play</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What? Wait!</td>
<td>Mr. McG's Vocab</td>
<td>Doing Homework</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But Of Course!</td>
<td>The American Mind</td>
<td>At a loss for words</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ha...Ha...Ha</td>
<td>Valley Girls</td>
<td>C x f</td>
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<tr>
<td>You got a car?</td>
<td>Younger Girls</td>
<td>A Stellar Athlete</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My dog did something really cute today...</td>
<td>Dissection</td>
<td>We’d rather not</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I’ve got to go on a diet... seriously!</td>
<td>The Scarlet Empress</td>
<td>Not a Blond</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I think I’m gonna bout!</td>
<td>Suede wallpaper and dried apricots</td>
<td>Stable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When do we eat?</td>
<td>Mr. Rogers</td>
<td>with a normal laugh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hear, Hear!</td>
<td>Chocolate Éclairs</td>
<td>Larières</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No thanks, I’ll eat it here</td>
<td>The Nobel Prize</td>
<td>Can you imagine Her-Him?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chubba</td>
<td>Mac Attacks</td>
<td>A stockbrocker on Wall Street</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hey, haven’t done drugs in almost...</td>
<td>Eunuchs</td>
<td>Driving</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Literally&quot;</td>
<td>Crash diets</td>
<td>w/ out music</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boss!</td>
<td>custom tennis players</td>
<td>depressed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That’s so cute!</td>
<td>The Press</td>
<td>Not expressing his views</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Interesting&quot;</td>
<td>Bobo, TOO, JAB, Rev</td>
<td>w/ some weight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Oh Boy!&quot;</td>
<td>Anything resembling a female</td>
<td>w/ straight hair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roberts, where do I put this egg?</td>
<td>Anything he can perceive</td>
<td>Hyper-Active</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What a goof!</td>
<td>Matt</td>
<td>Eating a meal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot;</td>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>in school the day of a test</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I’m glad somebody had fun!</td>
<td>Strangers</td>
<td>really nasty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;I don’t know&quot;</td>
<td>Computer</td>
<td>Stoned!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Oh, I did not!&quot;</td>
<td>Spontaneous combustion</td>
<td>Smoking Cigarettes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You Bozo!</td>
<td>Hopewell House</td>
<td>Smoking Cigarettes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Are you turned on now?</td>
<td>His Putter</td>
<td>Not Italian</td>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Favorite Expression</th>
<th>Intrigued by</th>
<th>Can you imagine Him/Her</th>
<th>Consumes</th>
<th>Laughs at</th>
<th>Will probably end up</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Where are my books?</td>
<td>Puerto Rican girls in Washington D.C.</td>
<td>Term papers written in the previous term</td>
<td>Fat</td>
<td>Cheap Pisco</td>
<td>The New Messiah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eat meat this way</td>
<td>People one work during the summer</td>
<td>Going to school in Kansas</td>
<td>Driving carefully</td>
<td>Waves</td>
<td>Bennies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Funky</td>
<td>Pretzels w/salt</td>
<td>Rice, noodles, and peas</td>
<td>Cooking quantities of Copenhagen</td>
<td>Going around the table at 45 mph</td>
<td>A traffic statistic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I don't know, I don't care if it doesn't make any difference</td>
<td>Altered music</td>
<td>Short &amp; Fat</td>
<td>Potato, bread and peas</td>
<td>Opinion</td>
<td>Reality</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I can deal with that</td>
<td>The moving man in the station</td>
<td>Silent</td>
<td>Chicken</td>
<td>Hanky</td>
<td>On &quot;Meet the Press&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aghast!</td>
<td>The manic man in the station</td>
<td>Silent</td>
<td>Chicken</td>
<td>Mr. Mig</td>
<td>Exhausted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hey, girls!</td>
<td>Early decision applications</td>
<td>Not staying on forever</td>
<td>Cool whip</td>
<td>Boston accents</td>
<td>With stew in Alaska</td>
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<tr>
<td>Do you have free?</td>
<td>Mac's body</td>
<td>Not being a jock</td>
<td>Mr. Skurr</td>
<td>The second term</td>
<td>Raising a family in Florida</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're not that rich!</td>
<td>Norman's cereal cabinets</td>
<td>Lying in downtown Harlem</td>
<td>Nothing below</td>
<td>Porn and easy fishing together</td>
<td>A starring peasant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On my god!</td>
<td>Obese</td>
<td>John's food</td>
<td>College</td>
<td>College</td>
<td>College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I've got a nasty headache</td>
<td>Winning tennis matches</td>
<td>Thrilled or in school</td>
<td>The dancing duo</td>
<td>Running a home for stray cats</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He's kinda cute</td>
<td>B.W.C.'s</td>
<td>Not being a jock</td>
<td>Noelle</td>
<td>Playing b-ball against Abbott</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh wow!</td>
<td>Rastas</td>
<td>Not playing other games</td>
<td>Toga &amp; Rastas</td>
<td>Hawaii living w/ Rastas</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'd love one!</td>
<td>Graduating</td>
<td>Old malted beverages</td>
<td>P-ton morality</td>
<td>CBS Anchorman</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My mom won't give me the car</td>
<td>Mr. Robert's Dramatics</td>
<td>Quiet</td>
<td>Her own jokes</td>
<td>Short, fat, &amp; bald</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keep it, Four!</td>
<td>Snow Banko</td>
<td>Snowy</td>
<td>Beer</td>
<td>Beer</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No, you don't understand!</td>
<td>Dreadlocks</td>
<td>In gym</td>
<td>&quot;Can't take it&quot;</td>
<td>Ski-Jumping w/ Erik D.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You wanna know the funniest thing?</td>
<td>Backroom boys/2002</td>
<td>A housewife</td>
<td>Birds mustard</td>
<td>Men</td>
<td>Sex therapist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Thanks, it's not mine&quot;</td>
<td>Flying</td>
<td>Class president</td>
<td>Stolen Vodka</td>
<td>Clubs</td>
<td>Governor of N.J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'm so perturbed!</td>
<td>Green eyes</td>
<td>A hooker</td>
<td>Pineapple ice cream</td>
<td>&quot;Keep Right&quot; Signs</td>
<td>A Middle TV show host</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I move to adjourn!</td>
<td>Cockiness</td>
<td>Housewife</td>
<td>Cookies &amp; milk (Strikes)</td>
<td>Dean</td>
<td>Singing on the Guiding Light</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Who's in the Baby Pictures?

pg. 124 & 125: Fritzie, Zoe, Otter, Kim, Lisa, Ellen, Wakadoo and Hatke, Sandy, Potsy, Abby, Stevoire, Meg, Earl the Pearl, Rachel, David, Peach, Philip, Karri, Jon, Craggie, Andrew B., Jackie, Andrew C., Buddha.


Third Grade: First Row: Julie Satow, Sita Frederick, Rebecca Grounds, Tanya Baril, Mrinalini Kamath, Carin Moonin, Ami Shah, Patricia Wang, John Hagios, Sarah Berkman, Natasha Datta, Terence Leddy, Pauline Roberts, Ingrid Torkelson; Second Row: Jamie Francomano, Alex Vielbig; Third Row: Clark Reed, Gian Scozaro, Peter Retzlaff, Courtney Faller, Peter Knipe, Fred Sabb, Eon Shin, Jason Engleka, Daniel Southwick, Andrew Goldenson, John Stitzer, Todd Hovanec, Courtenay Batcha, Michael Ferry, Jonathan Benedict, John Rak.


First Row: Sandy Bing, Carl Storey, Pete Jaques, Mickey Shriver, Dan Skvir, Frank Walter; Second Row: Tom Malsbury, Beverly Williams, Jan Baker, David Bogle, Sara Schwiebert, Joan Baker, Jim Walker Lower Left: Don Roberts, Dale Griffith; Lower Right: Harry Rulon-Miller. Middle School Administration: Harry Rulon-Miller, Darlene Byrne, Pete Jaques.
Headmaster
Sanford Bing
Science Department: Pat Venable, Sue Neider, Tammy Sullivan, Carlos Cara, John Ross, Chris Page.

Religion Department: Dan Skvir, Janet Stoltzfus, Carl Reimers.
Home Economics in Mrs. Eimote's Office.

CONSULTING PSYCHOLOGIST

GINNY STEIN
English Department: First row: Judy Michaels, Anne Shepherd, Elizabeth Sheers, Don Roberts, Janet Stolzfus, Steve Lawrence, Dale Griffee, Don Gilpin.

M.S. English Department: First row: Nancy Wilson; Second row: Jane Fremon, Bonnie Howarth, Kathleen Jamieson, Mimi Danson; Third row: Mike Merle-Smith, Sally Gilbert, Neil Mufson.
M.S. History Department: Mike Merle-Smith, Pat Cross, Bill Stolzfus, Jane Fremon, Chris Page. Missing from picture: Pete Jaques, David Noyes.

History Department: Gary Lott, Wes McCaughan, Anne Rothrock, Eamon Downey.


Math Department: Evan Romer, Chris Host, Graham Cragg, Alison Shehadi, Jim Walker, Lee Eldredge, Nick Migliozi.

Office Staff: Ledlie Graham, Pat Osander, Jean Smythe, Susie Wandelt, Marge Claghorn, Charlene Elmore.
Kitchen Staff

Maintenance Staff
Athletic Department: First Row: Gordon Stevenson; Second Row: Kim Bedesem, Jan Baker, Margot Huber, Cheryl Silva, Nancy Hatfield; Third Row: Tom Malsbury, Tom Devito.

Industrial Arts: Bobby Whitlock, Andy Franz, Ronnie Meldrum.
Music: Regina Spiegel, Louise Topp, Frank Jacobson, Mag Gilbert.

Arts and Crafts: Betsy Murdoch, Eileen Hohmuth, Jean Duff, Arlene Smith.
Cymbals

Book of the Month Club


Judiciary Committee: Dale “string ‘em up” Griffie, Steve “surreptitiously sadistic” Ramsey, Dawn “this is your last warning” Crossland, Graham “Is this pipe going to be heavy enough?” Barnett.
Math Team

A.F.S.
Student Committee on Admissions

Madrigals
Spokesman
Kneeling: Karen Athanassiades, Victor Federov;
Standing: John Jennings, David Stifel, Evan Williams, Tom Haroldson, Haleh Bakhsh, Julia Katz, Sarah Leaf, Greg Bevensee, Erica Weeder.

Glee Club
The Random House Staff
From the Top: Adam, Louise, Rena, Laurie, John, Katie, Kim, Andrew, Cindy, Mike, Meg, David, Sarah, Carrie, Joe, and Bonnie.

Peer Group
Warden Walker

Community Chug!
Ransels in distress.
Light
Is a form of dance.
It plays on the hills in the morning,
Then dips into the valleys,
Energetically dancing with the clouds.
It leaps onto the brooks
Which gurgle back.
But by noon the energy of light is gone.
It falls onto the ground
Resting sleepily on the Earth,
Forgetting the dance,
And the clouds cover it intermittently.
Then
It awakes
And plays with shadows —
A slow pas de deux.
And when they come on for their final bow,
It is night.

Gwendolyn Hanawalt XII
Lynne Faden XI

Ebe Metcalf XII
Sitting on the Park Bench

Darkness was coming, finally. It came slowly and so the man was suffered to watch the disappearing sun. He hated the sun and the hill on which it perched. He condemned the sun; he condemned Apollo he condemned himself for knowing of Apollo. He condemned memory. It is memory that makes the bench harder, he mused out loud. And surprised, he thought how profound his thoughts were.

The man breathed out and watched the cold mist that wasn't formed. He watched the frozen hardness that didn't numb his skin. He neglected to see the small bead of sweat that slowly crawled through his ragged beard; up and down, up and down. From the oily brown bag he drank gin alternately with deep swigs of air. Near his foot scrounged a small inchworm, and seeing it, the man stamped it. He did all this.

The spring was abominable. With friggin' flowers that made him sneeze and the damn lovers that took up his benches; it was abominable. And as he thought this, he laughed, for he knew it was jealousy and not greed that made him feel so. There is a difference between the two, and for him jealousy was the better vice. At least he was accustomed to it. Dusk came and his bare feet on the cold concrete began to tingle. It is the waking that makes them tingle and not sleep as everyone thinks. And he thought how much more appropriate this was, but he did not want to wake up. He wanted to sleep. He wanted to sleep and stop the thoughts that raced through his head. He wanted to sleep and stop the tingling in his foot. He wanted to sleep. He wanted to stop.

With more gin and less air, sleep came. At first he dreamed of fresh rainy air, warm earth, and soft breezes and then his dream changed and he was sneezing under a hot sun, near a cactus in the sand. In actuality he was sneezing. Damn allergies; he was allergic to everything. Sneezes came one after the other. But the worst was when his nose began to tingle. It is true that drink produces the hiccups. I guess it gets rid of this tingling, though, he thought sleepily. And he guessed right.

After, it was hard to sleep. He tried hard not to open his eyes but soon he was staring into the sky. Wearily he began his task, trying no longer to fight it. There were the numbers in his head and the stars in the sky and somehow they had to be matched up. Then, after much counting, he slowly grasped a star. And from a long, long string he swung. And the star held him with the utmost gravity. On the hard bench he swung. Down on this shrouded earth, down where there were many lights so no one would be afraid of the dark. He swung unafraid. He heard a car lurching, realizing no gravity. He heard a crowd walk by with no center. And it seemed he was in another time, but certainly not a strange time. No, this was the time. Suddenly he lurched from the park bench, expelled from his world. Falling, he came to rest on the tall grasses and threw up. When he woke, daylight streamed in his eyes.

Karen Athanassiades XII
Laurie Gallup XII

Dancer

I am a dancer always one step behind.  
There is constantly one beat I cannot find.  
Just when I get the step, the music changes beat.  
I'm left behind, with two left feet.  
I fend the beat.  
I keep a tight grasp.  
Then the music I knew, is a part of the past.  
I practice a new dance, and eventually I get it right,  
But the lyrics and notes only last one night.

Dawn Crossland XII
The Mindblowing, Murdering Milkman,
leaving his pretentions in a bin by the door,
Raided the icebox of my psyche
and helped himself
To the venerable vegetables of my Memory,
leaving untouched
The rancid fruit of my Hypocrisy,
the moldy burgers of my Bitterness,
And the spoiled cheese of my numerous regrets.
He drank to the dregs
the intoxicating fluid of my Happiness
And flung the empty bottle
at the reeking rubbish of my misspent Love.
He shattered the lifeless boxes
that contained my buried Secrets
And exposed the putrid contents.

to the eyeball of my Conscience.
And when at last
He was content
With all that he had eaten, pocketed, or stomped upon,
He turned on a hairy heel to leave
and, as an afterthought,
Wiped his bloody boots
on the doormat of my Soul.

Steve Ramsey XII

Adam Sugerman XII
People who haven’t been much exposed to babies have often gained the impression that children under two years do nothing but coo at their parents and play calmly in groups on spotless white mats. But not so.

I have been blessed with a bouncing baby brother for ten months now. It was with great expectation that I saw him enter the household. How nice it would be to hear the dulcet nonsensical sounds over dinner, and to watch him placidly play in his white-matted playpen with the mirrors and fuzzies that would shape his awareness. Sure, I had heard the back-row babies fill the silence in churches; I had seen indignant bald heads yelling importunities at their cruel, indifferent, Bloomingdale mothers. But these were the products of neglectful parents. Normal children resembled a Gerber food label. Il ne faut qu’être patient.

As I write this I am sitting just as I was a week ago, when I watched my brother peel off the cover of my pocket dictionary.

"Benevolent brothers do not peel their siblings’ dictionaries," I informed him, giving a conciliatory harmonica and putting on the most soothing tape of Berlioz I could find.

His musical interest, however, seemed less inclined to the harmonica than my turntable. Fascinated, he lifted the lid and pushed a pudgy hand toward my seventy-dollar cartridge.

"Wise brothers," I told him, "do not covet their older sibling’s seventy-dollar cartridge," and shut the lid.

Still intrigued by this delicate instrument, the creature again lifted the lid and jerkily slapped the surface of the Jefferson Airplane album within. So, without further comment I set him in the center of the room and distractingly blew into the harmonica.

This he did not like. And with copious gesture and a voice antithetical to the “Symphonie Fantastique,” he told me how little he did like it. I held him and promised I would not play more, that the music would soon be over, that he too would one day have a turntable and a dictionary to dismember; but he would not be consoled. Setting my brother next to a small pile of belts, I sat, even as I’m, sitting now, and scraped at a nameless taupe smudge my sleeve had acquired straying too near the high chair. The blood of my blood crawled to the door (closed to keep him from dipping his hands in the toilet or rolling downstairs) and bawled. Just then its mother entered and told me I’d been cruel and indifferent. I had to agree, but I had had enough.

Dinners have brought not dulcet cooings but persistent, insistent groans between courses and an occasional drizzle of unwanted strained liver. The playpen too was recognized for what it was, and during a short experimental period, screams for freedom flew through the house. But I have been disillusioned.

Nature demands that dependent young be cute, for they would otherwise starve. And my brother is cute. Wide-eyed, he will call me “da” (also “mother, father, dog,” and “Cheerios”) and wave. No, even if he were to fall solely into my care, he would not die of neglect.

Tom Haroldson XII
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH

By Thorton Wilder
Directed by Donald Gilpin

CAST

Announcer.............................................................Sarah Leaf
Sabina.................................................................Keri Sheehan
Fitzpatrick............................................................Mark Waks
Mrs. Antrobus.......................................................Jan Garver
Dinosaur........................................................Hannah Fuller-Boswell
Ms. Tremayne........................................................Karen Athanassiades
Telegraph Girl....................................................Sherri Benson
Gladys ..................................................................Noelle Damico
Henry.................................................................Chris LaRiche
Mr. Antrobus......................................................Steve Ramsey
Doctor ..................................................................Steve Ramsey
Ivy ........................................................................Erica Weeder

Homer.................................................................Matthew Drago
Miss E. Muse...................................................Caroline Peiser
Miss T. Muse...................................................Kim Mrazek
Miss M. Muse ................................................)..Jenny Taback
Hester..................................................................Haleh Bakhash
Broadcast Official................................................Tresa McBee
Refugee ........................................................Debbie Edelman
Refugee ........................................................Erik Ott
Refugee ..................................................................Chris Osander
Fred Bailey.........................................................Ebe Metcalf
Usher..................................................................Jon Leaf
Fortune Teller.....................................................Stacy Travers

Judge......................................................................Ben Horrigan
HALLOWEEN
Fall Sports

Girls Varsity Field Hockey — State Champs

First Row: Laurie Gallup, Lisa Heins, Amy Brewer, Louise (just wait till the picture’s over, guys) Matthews, Karri (I don’t think she’ll make it) Bowen, Janet (would you just let her go) Zawadsky, Rena (but I really gotta go) Whitehouse; Second Row: Kim Bedesem & co., Hilleary Thomas, “Beer-gut” Enstrom, Margie Wallace, Tonya Elmore, Laura von *?#!?!*!!#, Melinda Bowen, Nina Moore, Liz O’Leary, Shmegs Nape.
Boys Varsity Soccer — State Champs

First Row: Mike Roth, Sal Fier, Mike Blaxill, Thomas Foster, Geordie McLaughlin, Erik Schwiebert, Ebe Metcalf, Andrew Bing, David Supple; Second Row: Carlos Cara, Alexis Avila, David Marik, Mac McDougald, Russel Horwitz Clayton Smith, Joe Pagano, Donald Cogsville, Frank Little, Paul Schmidt, David Anderson, Steve Schluter, Paul Van Horn, Lee Eldredge. Missing from picture: Richard Pagano, Eric Hatke, Anthony Cross.

Varsity Cross Country getting set for a strong head start.

Bike Club

Frisbee Team: Captain "Diving" Dave Albahary; Missing from picture: "Jumping" John Jennings, "Hurry-Up" Haroldson, "Criss-cross" Cross, Joe "Cherry-Picker" Christen "Bouncing" Bonnie Bershad, Mike "Missed Again" Chrinko, Adam "Out Here!" Sugerman.
Winter Sports

Varsity Volleyball — State Champs

Kim Mrazek
Erica Weeder
Sue Charen
Dawn Crossland
Katie Barrows
Alex Zega
Jackie Romeo
Boys Varsity Ice Hockey: First Row: Mac McDougald, Simon Weatherill, Geordie McLaughlin, Dan Goldman, Ebe Metcalf, Andy Hawkes, Erik Ott; Second Row: Buzz Woodworth, Jack Cook, Marty Scasserra, Tom Foster, Brad Smith, Clay Smith, David Supple, Mike Blaxill, Eric Bylin, Kevin Cragg, Chris McCabe.

Varsity Bowling:
Ben "Bouncer" Horrigan,
Tom "Twinkle-toes" Haroldson,
Mike-em "Strike-em" Roth.
Missing from picture:
Dan "Iron-balls" Goldman,
Chris "Where's the bar?" Franz,
Adam "Gutter-ball" Sugerman,
John "the Quarterback" Jennings.

J.V. Volleyball: Across in a line: Amy Kohut, Kate Reavey, Susan Hockings, Danielle Coppola, Debbie Blanche, Shini Sinha, Coach, Brenda Burman, Clair Riccardi.
San Souci Inn......................... Stowe, Vermont.
PDS, "The Place To Be" for . . .

... fine dining

... live entertainment

... or good old-fashioned rest & relaxation
Our Daughter
Our Sister
Our “Weezie”
You mean the world to all of us.

At many times and in many different ways you have touched us all.
We are proud, we thank you, and most of all, we love you.
Mom, Dad, Greg, Doug, Russel
Mom, Dad, Ted, Christi, and Susie — “Home is where your heart is” and mine is always with you. Thanks for more than I can say. I love you very much. Nancy and Charlie — Thank you both for making things easy and so much fun. Your support meant very much to me this year. Sue Neider — you expanded my perspective with psychology. The lesson will stay with me forever, but above all I will remember our friendship. To everyone involved in Peer Group — it was a real ‘growth experience’. Thanks for sharing it with me. To all my different friends throughout PDS — I have forgotten some of the inside jokes and anecdotes but the feeling still remains. Thanks for every year.

Love, Vicki

Ebe — canoe trips down the Rocky Hill Rapids, our mutual love problems, long talks on all our car rides, Early Decision partying, Vermont, . . . thanks for all the memories — I love you. Yôtée — “Dit!” I’ll never forget you or your bomb of a car. Keep in touch, Bunnibus. Sam, Brew & Mayer — The Bomb, wild partying, the Twilight Zone, the munchies, the giggles, playing “Who Am I?”, we’ve become close in a special way. Rena, Sarah, Laurie — the Prom, exams, bullfrogs, Bird, good partying times and many laughing sessions are the memories of us that I’ll have forever. Although I’ve drifted lately, I really love you all. Louise, Carrie — From Blueberry muffins and dead leg fights to snorting, Carrie’s uncontrollable badder and Louise’s purple hands we always stayed friends. Karri, Adam, Janet, Stewart, Earl — I’ll miss you. Mom, Dad & David — Through all my traumas and “stages” you’ve stood behind me and given your support. I need and love you more than I would ever let you know. Don’t forget about me next year.

Love, Bonnie

Laurie — Thanks for your friendship this year. Good luck next year and don’t lose touch. P.S. Maybe Scott and I will walk through a blizzard to see you sometime soon. O.K.? Love ya. Lynne

Louise — Sun Valley summers, Dockside bubbly margarita nights, “I’ll have a bowl of vegetable spaghetti,” “Anastasia? Isn’t that what they use at the dentist?” “Girl you want”, dancing in the Besselaar’s pool, the Intrepid party and cab driver, Phil Collins, Dartmouth champagne, Rena’s drinking game and adding squares to it, trying to get out of the gondola at Stowe. Guess we never made it to Middlebury! . . . I’ll keep pissing on working sprinklers if you keep knife-throwing in restaurants. O.K.? Take care next year at Dartmouth! I’m coming up to visit — OK?

Love ya, Lynnish

Beans — Que Pasa? Your friendship and advice has meant a lot to me this year. Thanks. Remember . . . the Athenian, “Excuse me, can I have a bib?”, eaves droppers in Andy’s Tavern, your drinking game, the ski trip, “whatta ya mean a junior’s getting served over me?”, writing the log with Carrie — trying to read it later, “Blow, blow, blow” . . . New Years Eve, the “love scene slip” in the Blaxill’s’ driveway, xeroxing at Constitution Hill (yeah, right). I’ll miss you next year! Take care of yourself and keep in touch! Love ya.

Fabes
Arreton Rd. Boxing Exhibition

Gold Dust Twins!

Buried Shoes

Evil Knieval

Overseas calls from Taxi stands

Sun Valley Summers

Late night jacuzzi swims!

Arreton Rd. Boxing Exhibition

All Saints Nursery School Virgil

Wilderness Trail in Arreton Rd. Woods

"Banks Beer Barbados Best"

Alisha hot tub

Galena Summit or Bust
"All right," said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained sometime after the rest of it had gone... Lewis Carroll

Much love from Mom, Dad, & Chris

To Mike and Barb Gilroy
Our Link Saviors!
How can we thank you enough or truly acknowledge that this book would not be here without you?
(Let’s hope you're reading this in June.)

With all our love,
Your faithful (though not always present) Darlings.

P.S. Isn’t it time we had that beer?

Geor — you horn Skunk! What am I supposed to say to my closest friend who I have know since nursery school? I could go on forever with do you remembers but I won’t because it would never come close to what you and I have shared over the years. I love you Pal and always will. The both of us will be inseparable no matter how far apart we may be.

Craig

Hawkesay — No. Wait. Hold on a minute. Listen you Dumb Ass. Baa, shoo, baa, shoo baa! What more do I have to say? Just kidd’n, Ands. I’ve spent some of the best days in high school with you, bud, and I’m looking for many more good times to come.

Craig

Weeze — Too bad it never worked out — Nuge, Nuge, Wink, Wink, Say no More, Say no More, Know what I mean, Know what I mean? Take care cause you are the greatest and I love you.

Craig.

Mom and Dad. You are the Greatest. I love you very much.

Craig
Congratulations Joe
and the class
of '83
"Hi, just call me Peachy."
Keri Sheehan to her classmates upon entering sixth grade (as told by Chris LaRiche)

We have called you "Peachy" almost from the day you were born. Although everyone else now calls you "Keri", you will always be Peachy to us. How much we've enjoyed watching and participating in your growth!

You have filled our home with laughter and tears as you and your friends have rollicked through your adolescence and our kitchen and refrigerator. You've exasperated us, frustrated us and, most of all, gratified us. We will miss you more than words can tell. Who will discuss life's intracacies as seen through "The Guiding Light"? Who will extol the virtues of, sink me, Anthony Andrews, Treat Williams and Harry Hamlin? How will we maneuver the Green Machine without the accompaniment of (now what was it? Oh — yes) Simon and Garfunkel? How will we ever plod through the routines of daily life without the strains of Jesus Christ Superstar, Hair, Crosby, Stills and Nash or J.T.? (Actually, our sixties flower-child has pretty good taste in music). How silent the house will be without the exuberant recitations of whatever role you're playing — on stage or off!

Who's arm will Bobby twist; who's friends will Jonny insult, who's arguments will Daddy refute; who's mammoth mounds of laundry will Mom do while acting as the foil for ideas alternately outlandish and incredibly keen? (We'll resist the temptation to say "Peachy-k . . . "). Or what will it be like not to trample through a week's worth of shoes, books, sweaters, coats, papers, squash balls, Doo Dads, Peanut Chews and other assorted oddities?

Some of these things we'll manage, in time, to get over. But how much we'll all look forward to your returns home — to the vitality that encompasses both you and those around you. One of the dictionary definitions of "peach" is "any person or thing well-liked". How very apt!

For you, Peachy, the future is boundless. Go into it with our boundless love.

Mom, Dad, Bobby, Jonny, Papoo and, in spirit, Gi.
Good Luck Seniors
May all your endeavors lead to excess!
Love, all the Shmen.
Congratulationsto you,class of '83.

Forest Jewelers
20 Nassau Street, Princeton, NJ (609) 924-1363
CONGRATULATIONS TO THE WONDERFUL 
CLASS OF 1983 . . .  
FROM  

And especially to Dan . . .  

with love and best wishes  
for your future.  

Grandma, Aunt Joan, Uncle Kurt,  
Mom and Dad
Dan,
You can climb the highest mountain
And stop the fastest puck,
And be the most successful
But it doesn't just take luck!

Be willing to work hard.
With an attitude that's right
And the furthest goal is not too far
For you to set your sight.

Be humble with success.
Work hard for every break.
And, most of all, throughout your life,
Give, as well as take.

To a Chocolate Chip! Love, Mom and Dad

Dad and Mom: Thanks for always being there. You were always around to back me up. I'll miss you. You really put up with me well during those tough times. Madzy: We have gone through good times and bad. I hope you will remember our times together. I'll miss your zany acts to keep my spirits up. Francine: I will never forget our times in Princeton and over the summers. I have learned a lot from you "beanst". I hope my college days will be as fun as yours. (I love girls "like the sun loves the moon".) Clay: Thanks for the times, dude. I will remember the fishing trips, the pool games, and powerhouses, and the tennis games forever. Take care. Norm: You get me in trouble too often but it was all in good fun. Thanks for going through my high school years with me. Without all the good times, who knows where I'd be now. Macky: What can I say to a guy I have known since 3rd grade. I guess, only, that I'm looking forward to the many times still ahead. Thanks for being around. All dingys: I will miss all your screaming and weirdness. Thank you all for making my life at PDS bearable. I love you all.

Love, Frits

Mrs. Shepherd —
Your help, your advice, and friendship have been invaluable to us.

Thank you.

Jon
Andrew
Erica
Victor
The time I like is the Rush Hour,
'cos I like the Rush . . .

P. Gabriel

The Dogs

Alex and Marcus,
We'll miss you. It was fun!

Love,
The A.F.S.E.S.U. Club

Much thanks to Herb Spiegel from the seniors;
for his couches, his sideline photography, and especially for his
masterful rendition of a typical day at L.B.I.

Fugazy International Travel . . . a world of difference
Toll free in the Princeton area 297-2300
... from then

... to now

... and onward

Much love,
Dad, Mom, Jeremy, Michael, & Rebecca
GARFIELD

WHAT'S YOUR PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, GARFIELD?

ALL THE WORLD'S A COOKIE JAR, AND ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN MERELY CRUMBS.

AND HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT YOURSELF?

I HAPPEN TO BE ONE OF THE CHOCOLATE CHIPS.

And we think you are, too, Dan!

Love Mom and Dad.
Outfitters to Boys and Young Men in Traditional Styles
Palmer Square Princeton, N.J.

Congratulations and Best Wishes to the Class of '83
For all your insurance needs:
Group, Life, Health, I.R.A., Pensions
Contact: Roger A. Perry
Metropolitan Life Insurance
Office
1558 Brunswick Ave.
Trenton, N.J. 08638
599-4531
Residence
110 Rusling St.
Trenton, N.J. 08611
989-8277
Best wishes to the class of '83
Mom and Dad,
You’ve both always been there.
I thank you for all the learning experiences that I gained from you.
I thank you for the gift of knowledge that you have given to me. I will never lose it. Thank you,
All my love,
Danny.

In Peter’s memory, Nancy, Charlie, and Charlie Hatfield wish the class of 1983 the best of luck and happiness in the years to come.

Dearest Frits,
We’ve had so many great times together and I’m going to miss you. I love you so much.
Madzy

Dear Frits,
Good Luck!
All my love, Francine

Dad — Thanks for everything throughout the years, especially my 13 at P.D.S.

Eli and Lisa — I finally made it — Thanks for being there when I needed you.

Miss M and Mrs. H — You’ve been my second home.

Love to you all —
Abs

Sam and Sarah: “You just call out my name and you know wherever I am, I’ll come running to see you again, winter, spring, summer, or fall. All you’ve got to do is call and I’ll be there, yes, I will, you’ve got a friend.” J.T.
Mom and Dad: I’ll miss you next year. Thanks! Mrs. Hat.: Thanks for all you’ve done for me! I love you all.

Land of Make Believe
Camp
Hillsboro
Oyster Bay
Isle-Au-Haut
Aukai Avenue
The Mara
Rawhide
The Funchal
The Elm Tree Inn

Love Meg
FAREWELL

to

THE CLASS OF ’83

and to PDS

— May all that’s good be yours in

the years to come —

BEST WISHES TO YOU ALL!

The Schluter Family

Steve — in days gone by —

Ode to Kelly

Odear

‘Eighty three is here!

Sparkling

Eyes forward shooting.

Match —

Your point and game

Of life.

Sensitive, able, laughing.

Many CHEERS

For volunteers and Peers.

Olé!

Much love and luck to you.

Sam and Sarah

Mom and Dad

Griggstown — there’s so much to say and so little space. Never

forget Simon and Garfunkel in the park, our day in New Hope

with Stew, Jerry Garcia and the day after, and ZBT! Ame, I’m

gonna really miss you next year — these have been good
times, definitely, and they won’t be forgotten. And so, to my

best buddy; I love you. Amy

Stew — University of Bethel this weekend? I think so!

Remember Christmas in Vermont, backrubs, long walks, touch

football and hunting porcupines — we will return. You’re a

special buddy and I won’t forget you. Love, Brewhaha

Sam — blothies, munchies, b’eeeees, ZBT, Frees, and plopsies!

Do I need anything else to describe the greattimes? Maybe the

third floor and a drink before French! Take care, I love you.

Brew

Ebe, Bonnie and Annie — you guys helped make Vermont the

greatest! I love you all, Ame. Hey Ebe, watch the logs you

throw to me!

Vicki, Kelly, Beazie, Katie, Ellen, Kim, Jackie, Amy, Mimi (You

Hag Bag) —

Have all got to come visit me.

Our house is a very, very, very fine house.

— CSN
Congratulation to the class of '83
Usher Publishing

Marcus — We've had fun trying to Americanize you. We'll miss you so keep in touch.
Love, Happy, Jack, and Margie

Louise: "Do you know who you look like?" Dancing to the Groceries, going to the Promas Sparky, Squeeze, Tripper and Beauty, winning the states, celebrating with the trophy, giggling at should have been victory parties, and staying at my house. I could go on, but I won't, instead I'll just say thanks. I'll miss you next year Louise! Lot's of love,
Margie

Edith — Thanks for your help, understanding, and love, you're one of a kind, love always, Danny. Susan — Through all the fights and fun we have both survived. Remember parties, trips, stealing G.C., Thanks for being a great sister. Love always, Danny. Geordie — Great times this summer, Good Times, Scanticon, Hockey, Tennis (haha), New York — G&S, Prepractice fun, anything else unmentionable, Thanks, Danny. Andrew — "Have you been whipped lately?", great barn parties, video flicks, Beafsteak's after acceptance (a little tooo drunk), Hockey — alternate, N.Y.C. — G&S (dog), skipping school, Sack's, "Trip the truck!!" Your a great friend, Danny. Craig — Parties in your room, quarters, Sunday football, tennis with Dad, N.Y.C. — trying on hats, Thanks, Danny. Katherine — You've been a great friend, talks at parties, lusting and busting, can't forget those ski trips, Have fun — always, love Danny.

Zoe . . .
The aim of a college education is to teach you to know a good man when you see one.
William James

Good Luck!
Love Cleis, Dad, Mom, Catherine,
Vivian and Rachael.

— Congratulations and
— Best Wishes to
— Veronica Curvy
— and the class of 1983
— Senator Gerald R. Stockman
Buddha & Katherine — Thanks for always listening to my many problems and showing me how to laugh at them all. Champagne school nights seem to be the only answer to life. Sandi H. — We can never forget (no matter how hard we try) our Cornell summer. Laughing, singing, and more laughing. Molly and her cousin who went to Deerfield. Ellen, Ann, Debbie, and guys who play the guitar. Our ledge outside Sibley, Chocolate Chip Cookies and TAB. The Hills are Alive in the Rand Hall Girls Bathroom, Architecture, lectures, critiques and all-nighters, Washington, Dancing around in punk ties and sunglasses. Like wow like you know, Guys and Matt. Tab Bottles, and worst of all, South Carolina and Tab. All I remember is listening to your ski trip and then — I will stop in the name of love before — — Matt — Thank you for all the smiles and the years. Rehobeth Beach, Cornell, and phone calls, Hockey games, 4-wheeling. Rednecks, Blind Dates, Parties, Jealousies, Beers, Anniversaries, Beefsteak Charlies, Proms (?) Dignity, Dorset Vermont, breaking up and making up. Our hay truck wishes will come true. Mom, Dad, Suzanne, Cynthia, and Wickie, thanks for all your advice, patience, time, and love, over all these years, I love you all — Jeannie

ANDREW
Go Wild, Eat Weeds!
May The Force Be With You and The Class of '83
Love,
Mom, Dad, Kim
Boots, Harry and Cricket

Peachy — Five and a half years out of seven makes for a great friendship, even though we never did make up nicknames. And don't ever climb out on a snowy roof in your pajamas — you might see spots and faint. Louise — My ski trip roommate and fellow history cringer; may the fire always light under your fondue, and red lights never catch you by surprise. Caroline Crawford — Painting Devo suits, sledding at Textile and calling taxis in pajamas, thanks for all the wild times. Katherine — Late hospitality and early trips to McD's, I will miss your contagious laugh. Kim — It will be hard to match the elegance of our Wednesday dining. I'll meet you in N.Y.C. for lunch (before council, of course). Mr. Lawrence and Mrs. Shepherd — To my favorite office-mates many thanks for your help and encouragement. Bepper — It's been a long time since Mrs. Graff's class, but I hope you'll always be there to hold my arm when we walk by Gypsy. Thanks for being such good company. Mom, Dad, Cordy, Carol, Face and Face — Surprise! The little little kid finally made it to the podium . . . Thank-you, I like all of you a lot, I suppose. Love, Julia
ONE MORE TIME ...
PHOTOGRAPHERS:

Ivette Abud
Joe Christen
Andrew Cross
Leslie Elmore
Louise Hall
John Jennings
Louise Matthews
Meg Merle-Smith
Mahmood Mottahedan
Adam Sugerman
Rebecca Sugerman
We are forever walking upon these shores, 
betwixt the sand and the foam. 
The high tide will erase our footprints, 
and the wind will blow away the foam. 
But the sea and the shore will remain forever.

Kahlil Gibran