



Seventy
Eight

PHOENICIAN 1978
VOLUME XIV

Phoenix Country Day School





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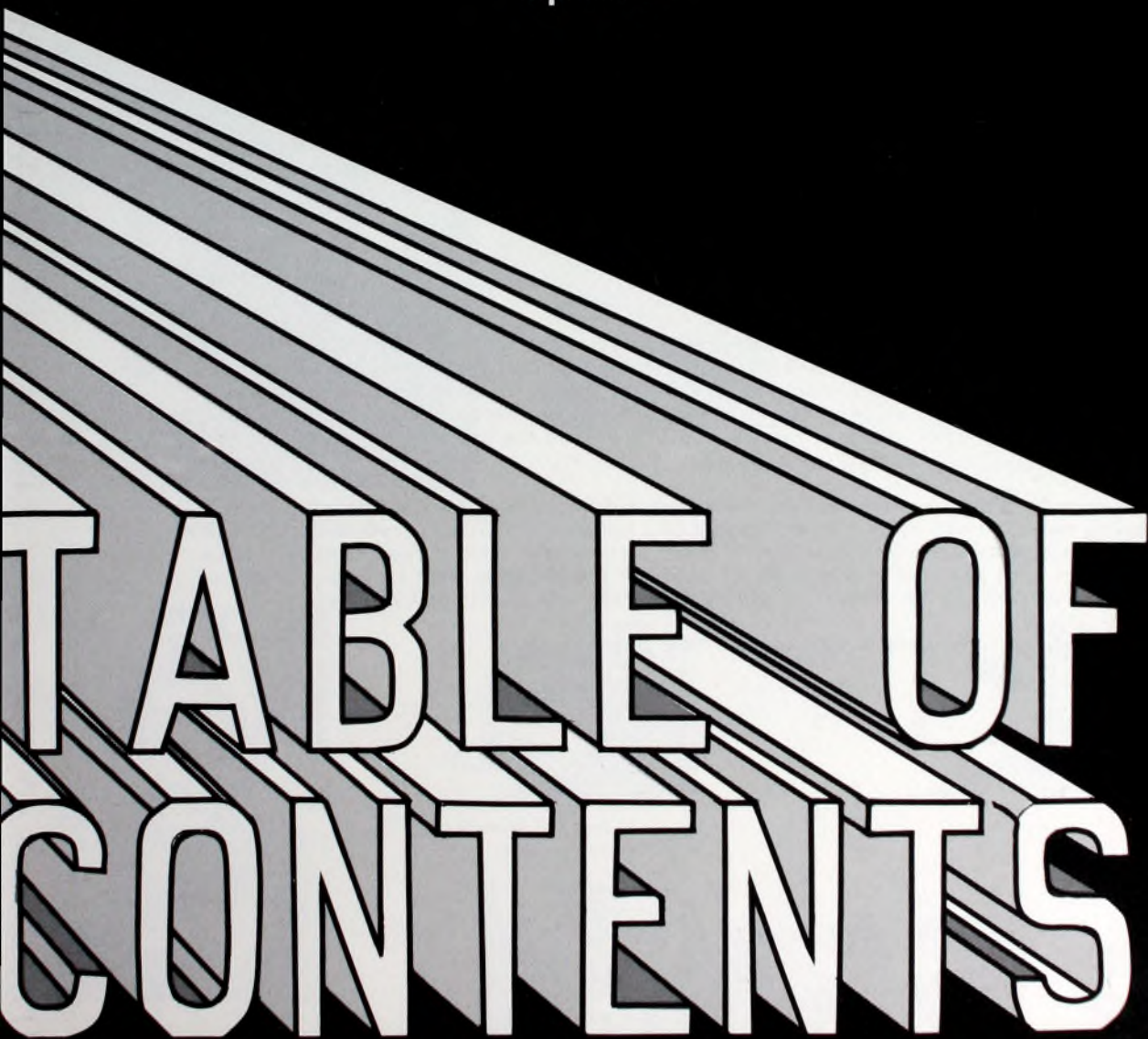


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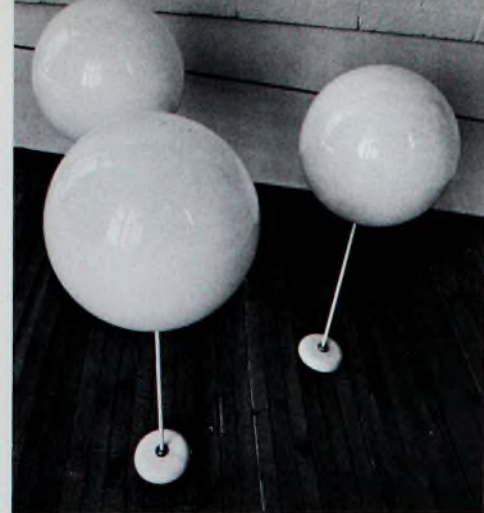
To the Class of 1978:

This yearbook contains the official history of your years at Phoenix Country Day School. Whether you have been here twelve years or one, the P.C.D.S. experience has touched you in some way. Yet it all looks so simple, so naked on paper. How can any book capture the blood, sweat, and tears which went into some course, performance, or team effort? What about the complexities of human relationships? Where are the joys, the fears and the sorrows?

Ten years from now you will pull this book from a dusty shelf or perhaps unpack it from a moving box. You will open it gently and all of a sudden the P.C.D.S. experience will come alive again. A concrete image; a face, a group picture, will bring a flood of more elusive memories. This yearbook will then be for you what tea and toast were for Marcel Proust-- a way of summoning the vanished world of your youth with clarity and vividness.

Good luck and come back to visit us from time to time!

Joel C. Monell
Headmaster



"Take me to your leader."



"We're ugly!"



Come in Hong Kong, come in.



"You have the right to remain silent . . ."



"Hand me the syringe."



"Good, no-
body's look-
ing."





Miss November



Before



What were you saying about Juniors, Farley?



and if elected



Creature from the boob lagoon





After

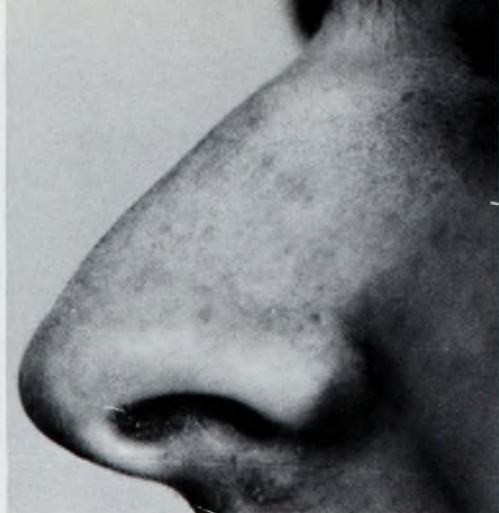


Nic fit?



Your're out!





1/64 actual size



Zzzzzzz.



There's a full moon out tonight



Slow down, Bonnefoy!



PCDS etiquette class



The Incredible Melting Man



"Now that's ugly!!"



Farrah eat your heart out.



I just washed my hair and I can't do a thing with it.



a public service



alright, pay up



Tip-toe thru the tulips



You've got to be kidding.

3 . . 2 . . 1 . .
Blastoff



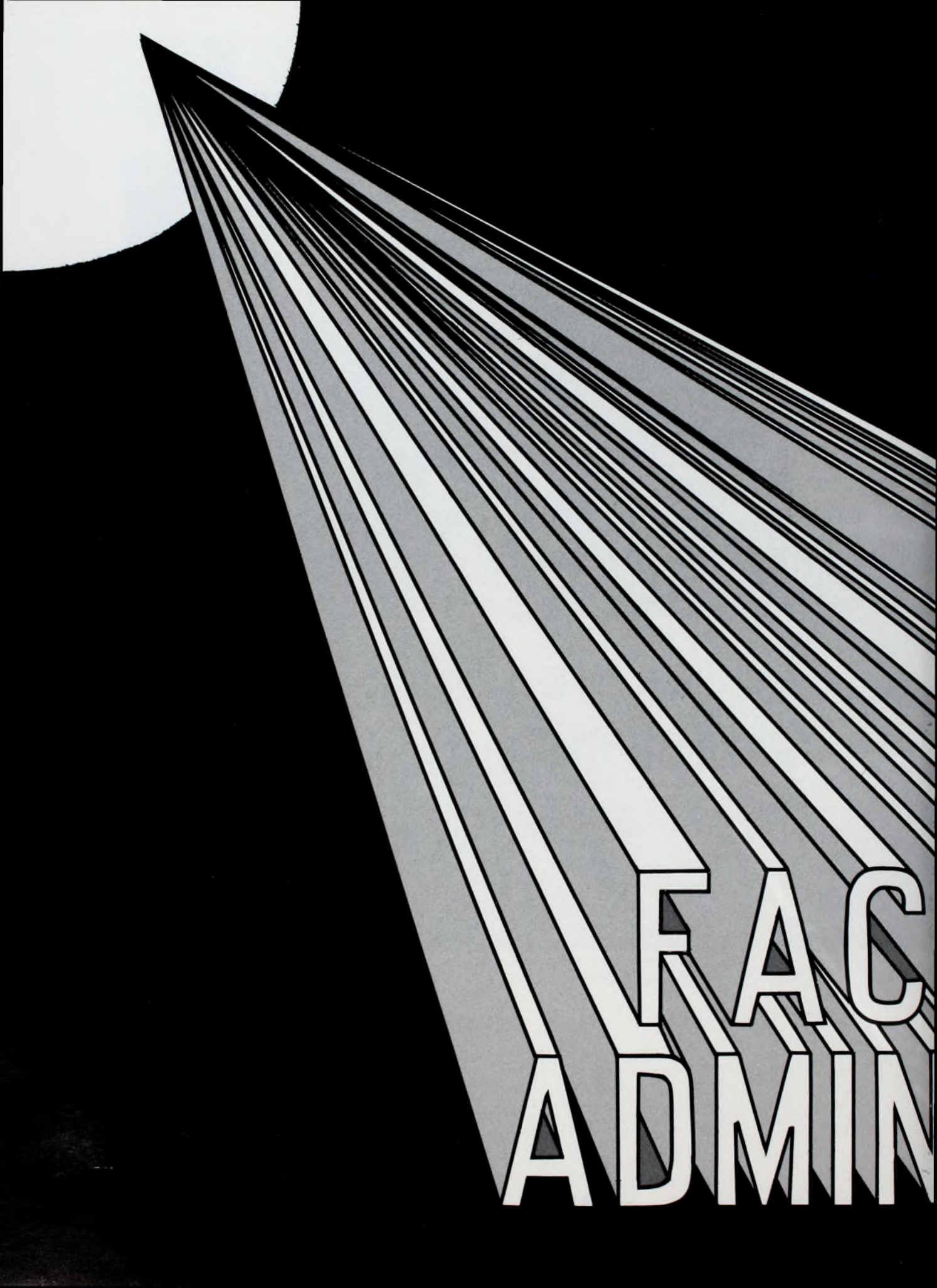




WE, THE SENIOR CLASS,
DEDICATE THIS YEARBOOK
TO MS. ENGLISH

There is a lady from the Nile,
Who, each week, does say with a smile,
"Please take out a piece of paper. "

Thanks, Ms. E., for all your support.

An abstract graphic design featuring a series of parallel lines that converge towards a point in the upper left corner, creating a strong sense of perspective and depth. The lines are rendered in various shades of gray, with some appearing as solid bands and others as thin outlines. In the lower right foreground, the words "FAC" and "ADMIN" are displayed in a large, bold, white, three-dimensional sans-serif font. The letters have a thick, blocky appearance with visible depth and are set against the dark background of the lower portion of the image. The overall composition is dynamic and modern, with a high-contrast black and white aesthetic accented by grays.

FAC
ADMIN



FULTY AND ISTRATION

ADMINISTRATION



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
Mr. Joel Monell, Headmaster;
Kitchen Staff Mrs. Ruby Goetz,
Mrs. Hazel Steward, Mrs. Pearl
Modesitt, Mrs. Sue Birkett, Mrs.
Jean Sharp, Mrs. Maria Moraga

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO
RIGHT: Mrs. Peggy Jaeger,
Mrs. Karan Wood





TOP ROW: Mrs. Bettye Mobley

MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Steve Gerber, Mrs. Doris Curtis, Mrs. Vera Morrison

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Jesse Hinton, Mr. Dick Rutt, Mr. Rudy Moraga, Mr. Charlie Tipton, Mr. Luther Reynolds, Mr. Ralph Philips

FACULTY

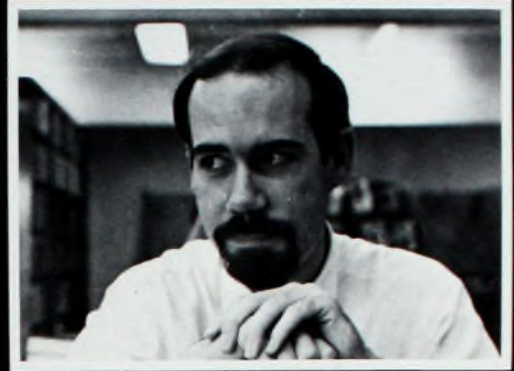


TOP ROW: Miss Georgia
Buelow

MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO
RIGHT: Mrs. Kathy
James, Mrs. Lovice
Peterson

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO
RIGHT: Mr. Thomas
Graham, Mrs. Ardis Deen





TOP ROW: Mr. Joseph Ledlie

MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mrs. Sue O'Donnell, Mrs. Linda Bryant, Mrs. Ruth Grove



BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mrs. Joyce van Loben Sels, Mr. Joe Phillips

TOP ROW: Mrs. Fran Vierck

MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mrs. Joyce Jensen,
Mrs. Susan Bookspan, Mr. Les Felten

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Don Singer,
Mrs. Sue Funkhouser





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Jim Bruning, Mrs. Arlette Hagstrom

MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mrs. Karen Benson, Mr. Paul Schweikher

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Rod Dashnaw, Mrs. Cynthia Powers





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mrs. Mary Lu Syllaba, Mr. Robert Wilson, Mrs. Judy Swenson

MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. David Raymond, Mrs. Janice Anderson

BOTTOM ROW: Mrs. Arlevia Snyder





TOP ROW: Mrs. B. J. Freeman

MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Jim Roof, Ms. Chris English

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mrs. Lucinda Schreeder, Mrs. Ramil Biggs, Mrs. Roberta Crane



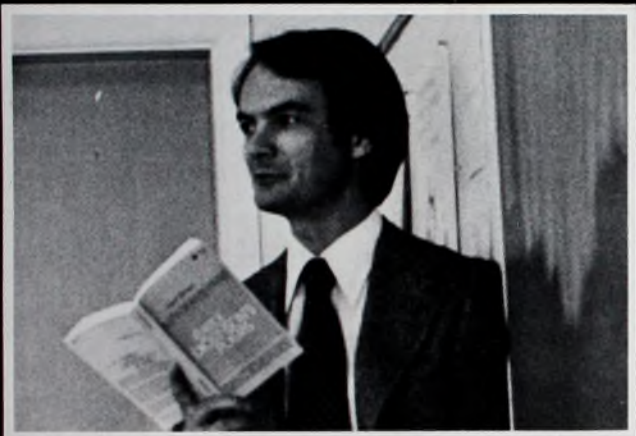


TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mrs. Mary DeMarzo, Mrs. Pat Smith, Miss Mary Swiss

MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Chet Seroka, Dr. Kathleen Quillen

BOTTOM ROW: Mr. Mark Lacy



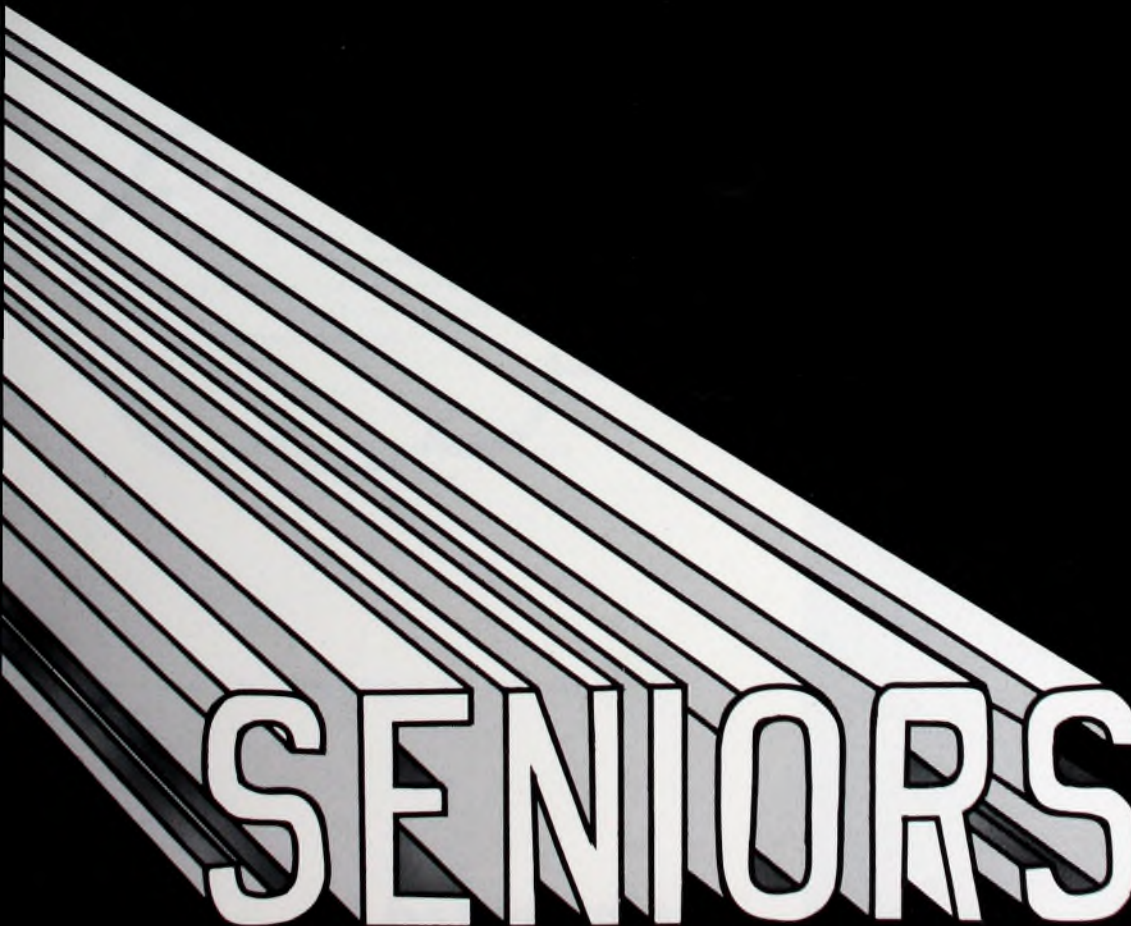


TOP ROW: Mr. Harry Houle

MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Donald Hackling, Mr. Richard Chelpka

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mrs. Carol Smith, Mr. Bob Thompson





SENIORS

I never make the mistake of arguing with people whose opinion I don't respect.



No one really listens to anyone else, and if you try it for a while you'll see why.

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

Hatred is the coward's revenge for being intimidated.-M.B.

WISDOM + LOVE + FAITH = HAPPINESS

SHOOTING STARS



BLAIR and Jason

Hold fast to dreams.
For If dreams die
Life is a Broken winged bird
That cannot fly.

-Langston Hughes

Mrs. Van, Art is not a thing, it is a way.

***imported**



Whenever there is any trouble,
I shall not die but get through.
Though arrows are many, I shall arrive.
My heart is manly.
-crow

Goodbye Uncle Chet and thank you D.O.R.



ROBERT BRUCE BELL

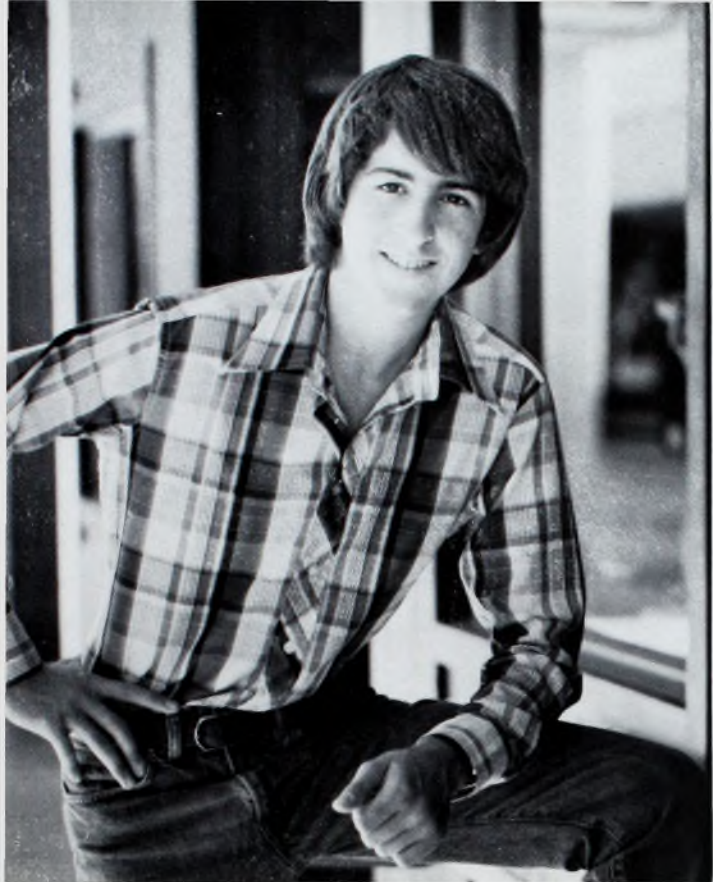
Love is not measured by how many times you
touch each other but by how many times you
reach each other.
-Cathy Morancy

Thank you, everyone!

Little friends may prove
great friends.
-Aesop

10-8, 10-94

TO BE A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY YOU MUST BE OUT WITH



MARK BRICKLIN

Dick Seeger

Herb Grasse





DAVID CHU
AND
HIS
MURAMATSU
FLUTE



John Bert Crockett



That I've never practiced any sort of integrity is not so important. What's important is that I've never felt any need for it. I hate the conception of it. I hate the presumptuousness of the idea.
-Ayn Rand



"Most people go to very great length in order to convince themselves of their self-respect."
"Yes."
"And, of course, a quest for self-respect is proof of its lack."
"Yes."
"Do you see the meaning of a quest for self-contempt?"
"That I lack it?"

"And that you'll never achieve it."
-Ayn Rand



Sec

If you love something very, very much
let it go free-
If it does not return
It was never meant to be yours
If it does-
Love it forever

You don't have to be a bug on a windshield
to prove you have guts.



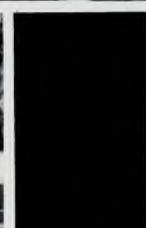
Jenifer Crolius

A true friend walks in when the world walks
out.





Leslie A. Davison



Trying to learn to use words, and every attempt
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure
Because one has only learnt to get the better of words
For the thing one no longer has to say, or the way
in which
One is no longer disposed to say it. And so each venture
Is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate
With shabby equipment always deteriorating
In the general mess of imprecision of feeling,
Undisciplined squads of emotion. And what there is to
conquer
By strength and submission, has already been discovered
Once or twice, or several times, by men whom one cannot
hope
To emulate--but there is no competition--
There is only the fight to recover what has been lost
And found and lost again and again: and now, under
conditions
That seem unpropitious. But perhaps neither gain nor
loss.
For us, there is only the trying. The rest is not our
business.

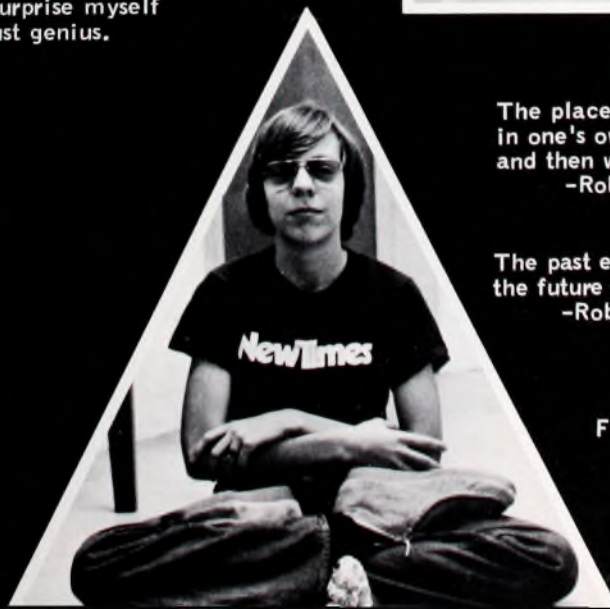
-T. S. Eliot

I would be able to say that it was for me the most
perfect day in the world and that is why I retain its
memory, safely severed from time and reality. Every
man must treasure such a day into which he can
retreat when the years grow desperate. It is never the
same for each. . . Also the perfect day is apt to be so
subjective that no one else who was with you will
remember it in the same fashion, if he remembers it
at all. It will be day totally yours. That is the way I
shall think of my own day.

-Loren Eislely

SCREWTAP. Hell on Earth, boy! Have you for-
gotten the whereabouts of The Enemy?
WORMWOOD. Oh, Church? Not to worry, Nunc.
It's that p-seudo St. Jude. You Know! Saint
Jude the Superficial. Where the Rev. Spike tries
hard to boost his box-office receipts with a Pop
group, a Jazz Mass, and a Christian Self-Defense
Judo Class, taught by a Japanese Muslim.
SCREWTAP: Nephew, you unnerve me.
WORMWOOD. Yeh, I know, I surprise myself
sometimes too. I suppose it's just genius.

-James Forsyth



Jacques deLisle

What if our wars were spectral? We knew for
what we fought. Life, life for the purposes of
life, and is that then so small?

-Loren Eislely



The place to improve the world is first
in one's own heart and head and hands,
and then work outward from there.

-Robert Persig

The past exists only in our memories,
the future only in our plans.

-Robert Persig

F-I-L-triple L-I-double P-E



"Happiness consists not in a multitude of friends but in their worth and choice."

KATIE DELONGY



"Before you meet Prince Charming, you have to kiss a lot of toads."



HAPPINESS IS A
WARM PAIR OF
HANSON'S



PAUL DICERBO



Margie Dodell

The glory of friendship is not the outstretched hand, nor the kindly smile nor the joy of companionship; it is the spiritual inspiration that comes to one when he learns that someone else believes in him and is willing to trust him.

-Ralph Waldo Emerson

Success is to be measured not so much by the position that one reached in life as by the obstacles which he has overcome while trying to succeed.

-Booker T. Washington

It is difficult to say what is impossible, for the dream of yesterday is the hope of today and the reality of tomorrow.

-Robert H. Goddard

Something to do, someone to love, and something to hope for, are the true essentials of a happy and meaningful life.

-David Goodman

Write on your heart that everyday is the best day of the year.

-Ralph Waldo Emerson

The Journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step.

-Lao-Tse

GOOD LUCK TO THE
SENIOR CLASS
OF P.C.D.S. '78





Rhonda A. Eicher

Wysteria
Wysteria, did you change your face
again
Those of us who loved you when
Can't even find you.
Wysteria, did you lose another man
Did you make him understand
That he can't touch you.
Wysteria, did he take you to the fair?
Were the folks that you met there
The same that we met?
Wysteria did he teach you how
to dance
Did he bring you paper fans
to hide your secret?
Was he just like all the rest
When he got to the sad part
Did he stay a bit too long
To save his heart
Wysteria, are your lips still lily white
Do they still bloom just
At night and die at sunrise?
-Dan Fogelberg



When all is lost the future still remains.
-C.N. Bovee

Gemini-Gemini
I'm sorry I kept you waiting
Look, don't cry
it was only an hour or two
couldn't you find something to do?
I would have
if I had been you
-Linda Goodman



Good-bye, PCDS





Marianne Anora Hagstrom

Farewell

I love you my friend
You're quite dear to me,
A true friend you are
And always will be.
But you're leaving me soon
And going on your own way,
Perhaps we will meet
In the future someday.
You've left me with memories
Of good times we've had,
To treasure forever
And make me feel glad.
I wish you good luck
In all that you do
May all of life's pleasures
Come your own way, too.
Farewell now, my friend
And please may you find
Some thoughts of me
Always in your mind.

I would especially like to thank my family for helping me through all the hard times. Despite the occasional conflicts, you've been all I've ever needed.

-Love always-

So long Country Day!
-it hasn't really been all that bad-

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools singing at night,
And wild plum trees in tremulous white;

Robins will wear their feathery fire,
Whistling their whims on a low fence wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,
If mankind perished utterly;

And spring herself, when she woke at dawn,
Would scarcely know that we were gone.



Jane Hall

Day is ended, dim my eyes,
but journey long before me lies.
Farewell, friends! I hear the call.
The ship's beside the stoney wall.
Foam is white and waves are gray;
beyond the sunset leads the way.
Foam is alt, the wind is free;
I hear the rising of the sea.

Farewell, friends! The sails are set,
the wind is east, the morning's fret.
Shadows long before me lie,
beneath the ever-bending sky,
but islands lie behind the sun
that I shall raise ere all is done;
lands there are west of west
where night is quiet and sleep is rest.

Guided by the Lonely Star
beyond the utmost harbour-bar
I'll find the havens fair and free,
and beaches of the starlit sea.
Ship, my ship! I seek the west,
and fields and mountains ever blest.
Farewell to Middle Earth at last.
I see the Star above your mast!
-J. R. R. Tolkien

"You can go to any place and to anytime that you wish to go," the Elder said, "I've gone everywhere and every when I can think of." He looked across the sea." It's strange. The gulls who score perfection for the sake of travel go nowhere, slowly. Those who put aside travel for the sake of perfection go anywhere, instantly. Remember, Jonathan, heaven isn't a place or a time, because place and time are so very meaningless. Heaven is. . . "

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

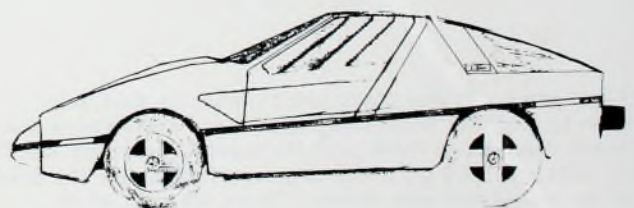


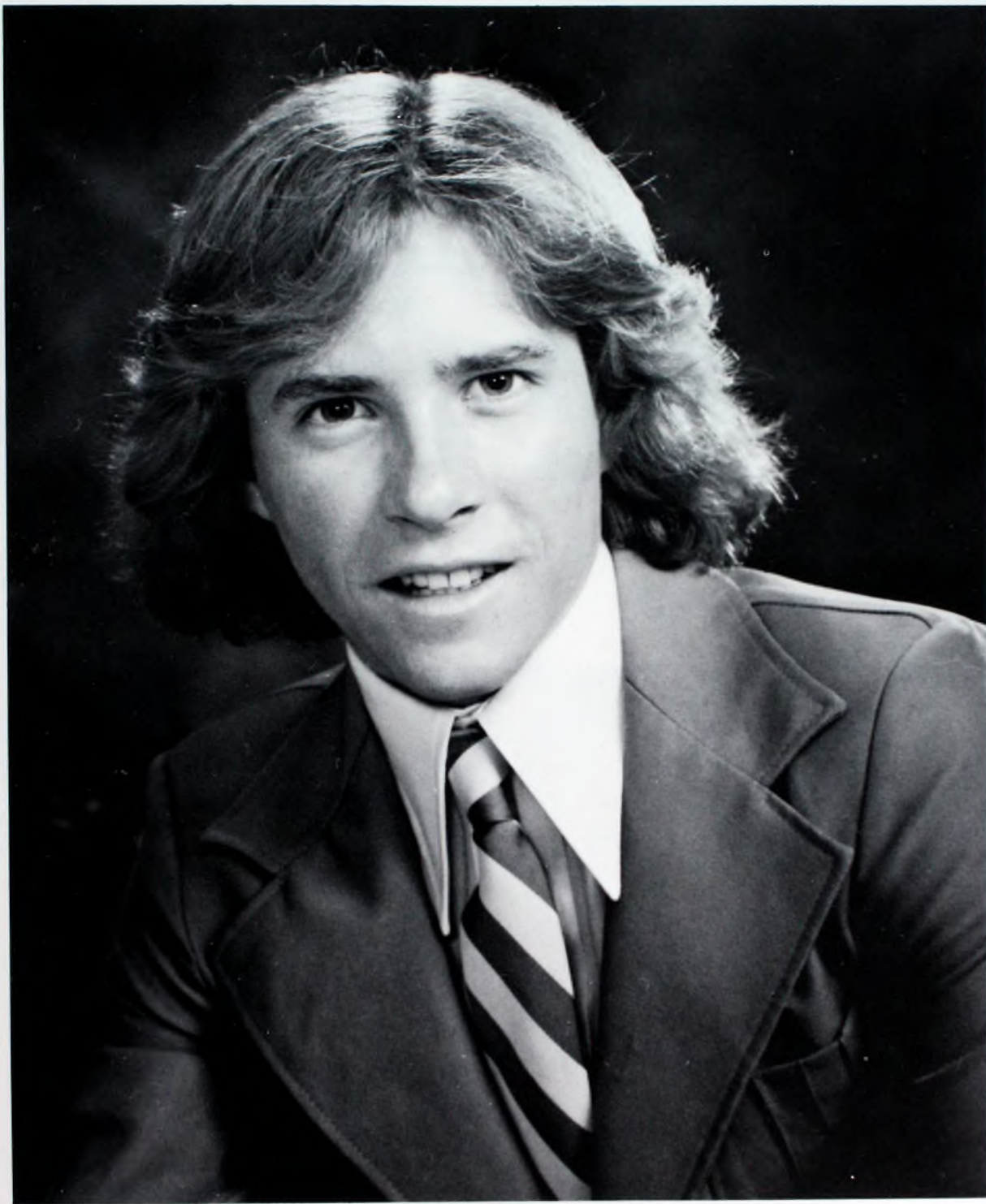
JEFFREY HAUS

The world will step aside for a man if he knows where he is going.

If you do not think of the future you cannot have one.

-John Galsworthy





Jon Hoffmann



Ana Mariá López

You have been told also that life is darkness and in your weariness you echo what was said by the weary.
And I say that life is indeed darkness save when there is urge,

And all urge is blind save when there is knowledge,
And all knowledge is vain save when there is work,
And all work is empty save when there is love;
And when you work with love you bind yourself to yourself, and to one another, and to God.

-Kahlil Gibran

Ideal friends have their ups and downs, but their friendship will not diminish, for ideal friends are forever.

-B.

Then my heart drew near to Wisdom, the daughter of Love and Beauty, saying: "Give me wisdom that I may carry it to humankind." She answered, "Say that happiness begins in the holy of holies of the spirit and comes not from without."

-Kahlil Gibran

If I can stop one Heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain
If I can ease one Life the Aching
Or cool one Pain

Or help one fainting Robin
Unto his Nest again
I shall not live in vain.

-Emily Dickenson

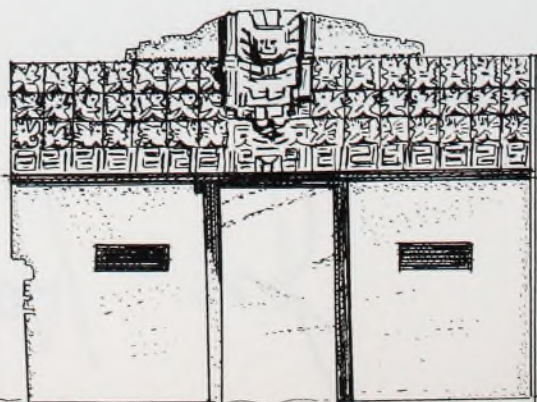
One must make life a dream,
and of that dream a reality.

-Pierre Curie

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.
Through the unknown unremembered gate
When the last of earth left to discover
Is that which was the beginning. . .

-T. S. Eliot

"Same here."



One of the most beautiful qualities of true friendship is to understand and to be understood.
-Seneca



Jason Bennett Mitchell

... the wise man looks into space, and does not regard the small as too little, nor the great as too big; for he knows that there is no limit to dimensions.

-Lao-tse

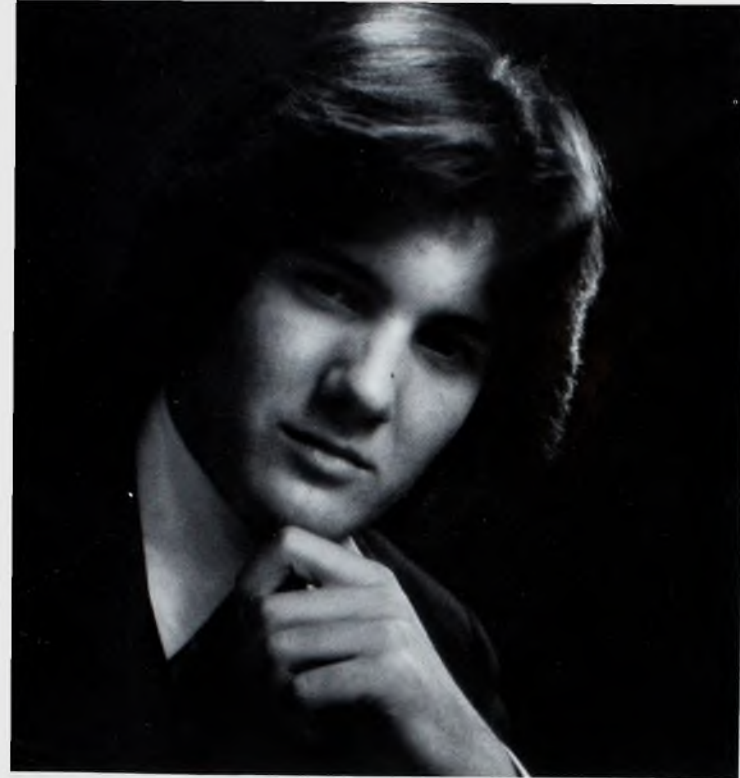
There are moments when things go well, and one feels encouraged. There are difficult moments when one feels overwhelmed. But it is senseless to speak of optimism or pessimism. The only important thing is to know that if one works well in a potato field, the potatoes will grow. If one works well among men, they will grow. That's reality. The rest is smoke.

Thanks W.S./L.S./J.D./
J.O./L.F./B.T./G.W./P.C./
S.M./E.M./R.W./M.D./D.R.

Eddie, are you kidding?
-F.Z.



"Upward and Onward, for we are Outward Bound."
-Anonymous



MITCHELL OBELE

HOULE
IS
KOOL

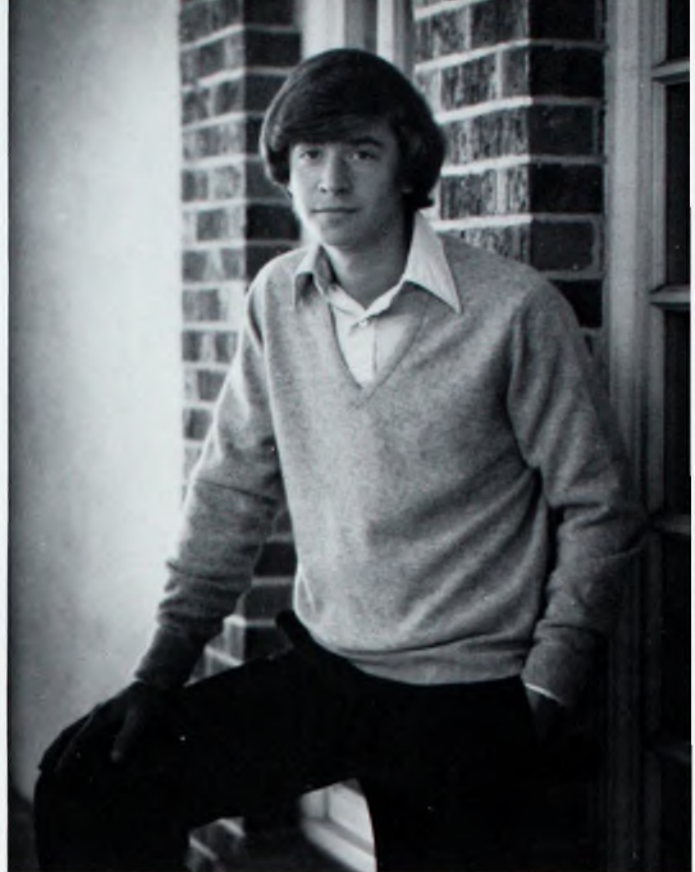


I dedicate my page
to Erlin.





Live for today, but remember yesterday,
and think of tomorrow.



CHIP O'BRIEN

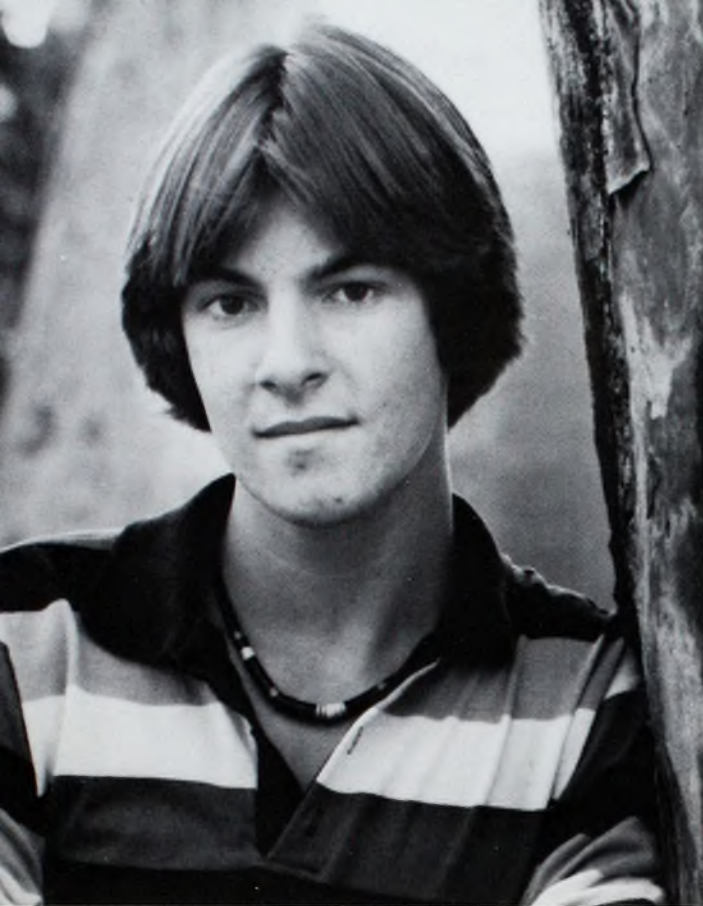


Being a new Senior a P.C.D.S. some
thought would not be an easy task.
Conversely, I found it to be one of
the easiest and most enjoyable
transitions that I've ever made. I
thank all faculty, as well as students,
who made this year one that I will
never forget.



Chip O'Brien





And a big 1020 . . .



NICK PARIS



If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look to good, nor talk too wise;

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

If You can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If You can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings-nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friend can hurt you
If all men count with you, But none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And-which is more-you'll be a Man, my son!

-Rudyard Kipling



Lori Reynolds

"I swear-by my life and my love of it-that I will never
live for the sake of another man, nor ask another man
to live for mine."

-Ayn Rand

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.
Through the unknown, remembered gate
When the last of earth left to discover
Is that which was the beginning;
At the source of the longest river
The voice of the hidden waterfall
And the children in the apple-tree
Not known, because not looked for
But heard, half-heard, in the stillness
Between two waves of the sea.
Quick now, here, now, always-

-T.S. Eliot

Woody Hayes





Brian Thomas Rose

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

Love is most nearly itself
When here and now cease to matter.
-T.S. Eliot

When love beckons you follow him,
Though his ways are hard and steep.
But if in your fear you would seek only
Love's peace and love's pleasure.
Then it is better for you that you cover
your nakedness and pass out of love's
threshing floor,
Into the seasonless world where you
shall laugh, but not all of your laughter
and weep, but not all of your tears.
-Kahil Gibran-

THE FILM RIGHTS TO THIS PAGE
ARE STILL AVAILABLE!

TENNIS

Would you like some Ale, Mr. Cider?

SOCCER

BASKETBALL

Mom, my shoe came off again!

Two roads diverged in a wood
I took the one less travelled by.
I have been lost since.
-Robert Frost did
not say this.

Little Birdies go flip flop
On the Gimble Ding Ding
Flapping merrily their wing.
-not even a relation to
anybody at all famous said this

Thanks: Mom, Dad, Mark, Tim, Linda, Mimi,
Karyn, Jennifer S., Jim, Nancy, Courtney,
and Debbie.



Phil Rosier



Martha Christina Smith



Je voudrais dire "merci beaucoup"
a mon amie Elizabeth Carti pour
son amitié et son aide.





This school has played a great role in my life. It has been a learning experience that I will never forget. I feel that the most important quality of a school is the teachers, and this school has the best. I thank Mr. Roof for believing in me and getting me into the school, and I especially thank Mr. Wilson for his constant encouragement.

Robert Snyder

Thank-you P.C.D.S.
(What a strange name for a school!)

Tony Taylor



Luis C. Tenorio

THANKS P.C.D.S.
FOR SO MANY GOOD TIMES
AND FRIENDS.

L.C.T.H.



If our friendship depends on
things like space and time
then when we finally
overcome space and time
we've destroyed our own
brotherhood.

But overcome space
and all we have left is
Here.

Overcome time
and all we have left is
Now.

And in between Here and
Now don't you think that
we might see each other
once or twice?

-Jonathon Livingston Seagull

JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL by Richard Bach
(Text: Copyright c 1970 by Richard D. Bach)

Yesterday is but today's memory
and tomorrow is today's dream
and that which sings and
contemplates in you is still
dwelling within the bounds of
the first moment which scattered
the stars into space.

-Gibran



blair anne torrey

There is something else
besides me here
Something, keeps me ever
looking forward
And it's brighter than the sunlight
And it's purer than the moonlight
And it's drawing me toward it
Like a moth out of the night
And I know I'll arrive
Where there is no time
Non-dimensional plane of joy
sublime
Keep on being free--
it's gotta be
infinity

-Shawn Phillips

To Mr. Roof:
The trick is that we
are trying to overcome our
limitations in order, patiently.
We don't tackle flying through rock
until a little later in the program.
-JLS

Jason,
All the answers you seek
can be found in the dreams
you dream along the way.
-Dan Fogelberg



"What are you?"

Many thanks to: Jason, L. Bryant,
Ms. English and Mrs. DeMarzo



Everything has an end, but
the sausage has two.

ZSITVAY JAN ENDRE LORANT



Galie
UNLIMITED

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS

To Whitney A., ten years; to L.L., a social disease and a pitted cherry; to L.D., memories, M.T.DeT., and twenty-four carat shermans; to Ma.H., (B.F.A.), the 1980 Olympics, and a roach; to MR. MNL, a bigger issue; to Ms. Bry., the best memories and my love; to Mr. HL, the dewy decimal system; to Madame, crepes and cheer!; to Ms. V.L.S., a Rembrandt, courtesy of the N.Y.M.A.M., pizza pie, sensitivity, and the best of my love; to D.O.R., 10th grade, plum pudding a la theorem, and some vinegar for my pot (which is filled with Drosophila); to Pearl, a posh bagel; Renta Yenta to Levitz. To D.V., Norway and a turbo-charged corniche convertible. To BARE (B.T.), I leave myself, sugar and spice, (F.P.), 9 months, J.B., B.J., and Padre, a TOKR2, my skis, a pound of witchcraft, S-C-R-E-A-M-Therapy, a bg, and last but not loudest, Terminal-arts; to Mike H., Rapidas R.F., 700 dollars, and ten thousand hangovers; to L.F., Rocks, Egg head look-alikes, Hawaii, Lebanon, fruit flies, and a groovy movie; to C.K., D.S., and a cherry with botulism; to J., a life filled with love, hate, success, and destiny, 5000 pounds of Peruvian snowflakes, ten extra noses, T.F., bigger and better holes. To soul travelers, I leave manifest destiny and the sixth sense; to Ms. E., happy thoughts, a toilet to flush W.C. with, a song from my heart, my utmost thanks and respect, ten extra minutes of class and the Hebes; to L.D.R., nips, ILUVM, destiny, St. Joan and many thanks; to A.M.L., my love, a mezuzah, a rabbit's foot, a kiss, and Bryn Mawr; to J.L.d., a portable brain, luck, and happiness; to Brother Beau, overindulgence for nine more years, and Mr. Raymond; also, Mick Jager's lips for Leslie, and Stevie Nick's karma for Martha; to P.O., maraschino cherries; to M.O., Radical Right wing wankers, boots with L.D. in the souls, and the last hit; for Ms. D., a fine arts building, horse shows, grade, griping, and the curiosity of Willy Loman. To Mr. Roof, I leave the part of existentialism that remains with the leap (which I have already taken); to John C., the walk of a penguin; to J.C., Bon, S.S., and the second immaculate conception; to K.D., camelback mountain and Hawaiian delights. To T.T. and P.R., I leave my distinct odor and all the dust; to Bell, a mountain and the john; to Marie, a new lost love, Indiana U., and a bucketful of H.S.; to Rhonda, a lot of help and a baboon. To those of you who don't remember, I leave following in the footsteps of those who have left already, except, I am floating amongst the stars. I leave P.C.D.S. to those of you who remain to refrain. May I forever have my piece, yours sincerely, Douglas Barton.

Robert Bell leaves 52,532 miles of driving to Mom and Dad; the property room to Phil and Mitch; moon dust to Bob Malone; Thursday nights to B.T. and L.D. courtesy the Longs; his book of Better Jokes to Mr. Wilson; Chinese food and high salaried jobs to B.J. and K.D.; to John Levitz, a Rocky Guadalupe Special; his apologies to Ms. E.; many thanks to Mr. Seroka; a year's supply of 7 to D.O.R.; the whips and chains to the slaves; a .44 magnum to Todd; a HOW TO COOK THE RIGHT WAY cookbook to D.O.R.; 100,000 Flalands to P.S.; V-72's and V-77's key and Firebird to Jeff along with a Zodiac Bust; and the best of luck to the seniors.

Bricklin's Will. . . Just some stuff to boggle your minds--I hope some of the following little blurbs will stir a lot of good thoughts: to C.L., Merlyn, "black" moods, an apology, tuti trivia and Mr. A.S.U.; to M.T.S., the presidency of the European headquarters; to C.L. and M.T.S.-"the Man"; to J.C., all the good gossip, le roi Mark, my superiority, memories of M.A., and a penny for your thoughts; to G.I.-bon, bon, ok, pet, pet, pet, and Monsieur Plaisance; to T.T.-such a wooms and sssssssss; to R.F.-a Jimmy Connors Jr. tennis racquet from Skaggs; to D.O.R.-Norwich University and half a beard; to Mr. S.-advice; don't ever bet on the Pittsburgh Pirates or A.S.U.; to Mrs. E.-a #1 ranking for P.S.U., Phils, Eagles, Flyers, Sixers and memories of Hum II (BBQ); to ZJEL-4 BBQ's, bzzzzzzz, and your imitation of J.d.L. and A.M.L.; to M.O.-a higher level of conciousness (you wish), geekness, "I've got the same shirt", and the how many foot catfish?; to J.H.-a ticker tape machine, wooms of the year award, my high honors, and the calculator in the drawer, to G.H.-all my insults, wip it out, and you'll always be ugly; to Madame A.-my flippant attitude, all of my French knowledge, Chez-Louis, and Caf' Casino; to M.D.-how to pronounce your R's and perfume on the neck; to F.W.-hope that one day you can beat me in tennis; to B.H.-I can't think of what to leave you--but I know there's something; to R.S.-Ralph; to P.B.-keep your hands off me; to P.W.S.R.-you have too many initials; to S.G.-convert, quick!! and R.E.; to R.S.-"hey, wow man-get off my case", the Phila. Phillies and your true love for R.E.'s driving ability; to R.E.-a nice dirty car; to L.R.-Philly and all of its great sport teams, someone's Jewishness, my play razor, and Woody Hayes's lacks; to R.D.-ork, ork, ork; to L.D.-you're so strange!; to H.L.-"don't remove that damn patch"; to C.O.B.-Westworld, Westwood, advice; take up golf or shuffleboard; to C.J.-Sambo, what a lousy name-Matilda; to M.F.-"you'll never get me to do it"; to A.M.L.-you're welcome for the enlightenment the four of us gave you in Hum. II; to L.G.-move to N.Y., I hate Chicago; to K.B.-a confident man doesn't need cologne as a crutch to be manly; to J.W.-When I get to the Wimbeldon finals, you'll say-Hey, I knew that great guy, Oh, so many a jeh chun, your lousy doubles partner (A.P.), don't grow a mustache; to M.G.-you might flunk Adv. Math, matt face; to B.R.-an unlimited supply of racquets, memories of our first ten tennis encounters, and the when and how of writing Issues reports; to J.d.L.-my beautiful facial phenomenon (i.e. Mt. Everest), 24 hour silence, Hum. II, BBQ, not to mention D.Z.-trivia, trivia, and a Princeton preppie; to J.M.-a fantastic foot rub, your bad temper, how to ride a motorcycle, St. Mary's food boxes, raffle tickets, your stench, the Dartmouth connection, and your macho, muscular armpit breath, peace bro., it's cool, can you relate, check it out; to D.K.-Uncle Iz, M.R. Bones and preheated ovens; to L.D. (tubs)-I clobbered you in pool, whenever I confide in you, you tell the whole world, uh, watch the weight (only joking), to N.P.-

I'm sorry but there's so much to leave, you'll have to suck off! (pantera, Uncle Bill, faultz, Calif. The kid with the balls, keep your hands on the steering wheel, Marie, etc.); to J.C.--the monza that you'll never get, the stuff about you know who (plural), your empire to be, and a lot of luck with all of your plans; to L.S.--my negative (insulting attitude), a Porsche Turbo, bicuspid, someone's mistaken love affair, the secret of you know whose you know what test (hmmmmmm) and happy Bar Mitzvah. If I've left anyone out, it's not my fault; I don't make mistakes. I'm sorry, but you must be mistaken. Besides the fact that I'm sorry that I ever met any of you listed above, I'd just like to say THANX--you've made the last couple of years fun, interesting and something really special.

I, David Chu, from Hong Kong, leave to Mr. Felten, a magic flute, and an unheard symphony; to Mr. Roof, a silent night; to Madame Hagstrom, a perfect diet and two tickets to Clair de Lune; to Ms. English, more cheese and sausages; to Mr. Wilson, a neo-musical science lab! and last, but not least, I leave Jacques de Lisle to finish my senior will!

I, John Crockett, being of totally sound mind and body leave; to Nick, a big 10:20, a really cool 917, the 1977 H.P.S. Championships, a day at field day, a visible place to put all that weight, a slow trip to Tucson, a job that has nothing to do with food, a Blue Thing, a Pantera "L", all of the Nick-names I can think of, a way to check the tolerance on that 100K (One hundred "K"); To Lynn, 1/2 of my cool (to spread at PCDS), 29 children, Fore Skreen Cordoroy, flute fries, an accessory, a years supply of liver, wicked pills, nasty lessons #1, 2, and 3; To Larry, a Turbo, a Greenwood Vette, a Z, and numerous other fast things, a 917/30K, yellow, a karate belt, and Margie's concoctions: to Keli, my religious philosophy, many thanks for having shoulders (to cry on), a frost blue Camaro, all of my insults (I fling my dinner upon your face), my driving ability, Peter, without whose help we may have had off-campus revoked, and lots of Chanel for Men; To Jacques, full color, respect from subordinates, many thanks for putting up with my Procrastination; To Mark, a trip to Cal., four wheeling down Lincoln, Mummy Mt., NBC Saturday Night Live at 10-20, a tux (in order to be formal), the balls to apply only to Princeton; to Tim, an enlarger, a set of PC Filters, a certificate of merit on the subject of tires, enough class to be able to cover farting in Skomers, a lifetime supply of J.D. and Coke; to Phil Bonnefoy, Tact, and the ability to take a hint; to Tony, a Trophy.

I, Jenifer, leave the following: to Jason, a paper on the Importance of Being Earnest, a Ragsy stain, foot deodorant, the cleaning lady, a super taco (with no sauce), a beef and cheese sandwich, a parking place for Gram, a Permanent ride home, a certain chair, and the chance to win an argument with me; to Ginger, "ok, ok", I leave you one "bon" substitute, a lesson on how to sit down (with your legs crossed), a certain chauvanist bavardage, and a weekend report; to Leslie, a few thousand plays, a Tab, Charlie's Angels in the Blaze, a key to Carol's, and a few long talks; to Mark, a table at the library, a date with the substitute, the Scumple brothers, congrats from the edifier, a "penny for your thoughts", and one livre de bavardage complet--"the tarel"; to Jim, Lincoln and Tatum at 5:00, a famous De Soto, PVCC, a mountain view, Brady Bunch, "so what else?", classics (Johnnie's and Dede with the human skeleton), fat dog, "excuse me, are you having a party?", the front walk, skate board hill at 11:00 p.m., a volume control for the Jetsens and Grandpa's berf, a '65 rompin' Cadillac, "Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young", the famous conversations on the way to school, our giant party, and a date with Pat Carroll; to Dede Mac, 10 little Indians, a bathroom to hide in, "tell her to take them off, man," Guggy's (with a disguise), K the R a bowling picture, Safari Hotel, a C.B. connected to Charlie (for God's sake, Kelly!), plastic pants to crawl through, friends at Circle K, Camelback mountain, (Momm), Gunther, William Butch Bill, a "jog" to Baltimore, Michigan guy, a glued dress, trailer face, a concerto, our cats, Wonderwoman, the famous trip to Cal. (need I say more?), a room at my house and the FAMOUS CONVERSATION!; to Katie (K. D.), "Oh, my God," 56th, 54th, 52nd, (and Lafayette), "mingle, mingle", Peter, a pair of shoulders, Jackson 5 tape (cranked), a station wagon filled with cameras, a bank teller (geez), "I say no," a few dirt roads, a chase on Camelback, Basha's, we're not going to drink, "a Nasty Habit, Shiprock, a pic on your license, a super-deluxe curling iron, "do I know you from somewhere?", Trader Vic's, strappy shoes, a simple t, and a clutch (with initials), El Chorro, a Village, Dave's cousin, Joni Mitchell, "Mathew's mean", Cosmo, a few units and Binger's (i.e. all "light-partying parafanalia"), "do they need bus girls?", gray eye shadow, a job at an insurance company to make "some bucks," the hundreds of memories from Hawaii (need I say more), the Biltmore, a "SPECIAL" trip to Cal., (What are you doing to my foot?), a Starsky and Hutch Manual (or do we need one), and lastly, bud, a worldfull of HOTEL MANAGERS!; to Scott, a fizzled rock; and to Beeg, a hug.

I, Leslie, leave to Schweikher, my attempts at organization; Mrs. VanL.S., my #502 ideas; for Mrs. Bryant, the ability to create as we wish our own lives; to Sue and Brad, an entire civilization of Remulacs; to Jacques, a future invitation to a New Year's Eve party without any trace of that fizzy stuff; to Laura, Leslie L., Mitch, our attempts at filming; to Doug, an understanding between that has never been spoken of.

I, Jacques deLisle, being of questionable sanity, leave: to Ms. E., thanks, a mood ring, -I's for spelling, Knossos, Abu Simbel, star dates, Alcibiades, Mr. McIver-Sir, lots of stickers, even more quizzes, the historical significance of ; to John C., thanks for helping my cars survive, spike-o-pen, Bob's, the Prom Comm., indignation at the breakdown of P.V.'s car, a British transmission and clutch that work normally; to Lori, CLC, a nerf car, a diseased wombat, an earring, claw, phase eight, "her", "she", a horse laugh, 1000 quatews, Nooki Nooki, a mayonnaise jar, snarl, selling oranges, goldfish, the Timbers; to Rhonda, ICK, and the job of cleaning my locker; to Dr., intelligence, extra help; to Don Bonnifini, the return of the French nobility, Kamil, terrorism, a chauffeur, Hamlet, a grave stone, an interpreter, Bonzai!, a 65 mph turn, the great costume rip-off, a bumpy road; to Z.J.E.L., mumble, his L.L. fantasies, my shoe, yawn; to Mitch, Alex and Hephastion, but yet. . . ; to Bart, crudity; to AML, a Denver Omelette, Lon Cheney, Burt, bent cards, fried zucchini, a French word starting with "s", a monkey act, award dinners, walking on my heels; to Mr. Roof, a 1921 pancake, a maple syrup collection, the end of telephones, a drunk act, Zen, Greek class; to Herman, a definition of time, an open shirt; to Brian,

Economics, CIVICS, dust from my car, the guru, "He's taking intolerably long!"; to Jeff B., Marengo, the intelligence to avoid erasers; to John G., countless movies, subtitles, driving on golf courses; to Nick, suicide on the way to the outing, the girl at Gingess; to Fill Pans, his name spelled correctly; to J.C. and K.D., Samantha, new stationery; to Leslie, Vaccination the Doberman, red battery acid, strange fizzy stuff (cough!); to Mrs. Hagstrom, senioritis; to Serok, Poison, Na in the river in a rainstorm; to Mr. Wilson, a family reunion in Fla., a job in Baghdad, the bet district, a manual on diffusing bombs; to Mr. Schweikher, b.s., the G.L.A., CPS (yawn), San Antonio, Ajo St., the key basic points of the five step decision-making process, and Mitzi Craig go home; to M.B., a nose job, M. Clifford Note, Rocky, a lifetime supply of BBQ and New Times, the Quiz Wall, SILENCE, "You're so ugly", fungus killer, driving lessons; to Doug, the Hebrews, the Cum Lauds; to DOR, a concise, legible, on-time bio-test, and donuts; to Robert B., coffee, slime mold, the root tip, attendance slips; to Chonny, glop and slime; to the adventurous, VI's blueberry pancakes with boisenberry syrup; to Nunc, horns, Swats, speed, a memory; to Mr. Hackling, a met deadline, to Mike F., "Crock!" and "Where's the ring?"; to Chip, his own parking space at the library; to Larry, an unlimited account at Bob's, the end of twins; to Jason, my ability to avoid accidents, a more cooperative Advisory Board; to Robert D., "I don't know these people", lessons on how to pronounce the English language, competence, a 65 mph turn, a muzzle; to Greg H., waiting for a ride to stage crew, finalizing sheets; to Linnie, this rotten job, 4 strips of cardboard bacon, cropping sessions; to Cleo, ceramic mushrooms, Arthur, being repressed, a banana, a button, burned pan bread, "nothing", 51585, similar fillings, tarantulas, green two story buildings, Lille, prompting, "Boxes and Urns", silliness, thanx, 91215225251521.

I, Katie DeLongy, leave in memories, to Robert Bell--the three of us at lunch, your under-cover friend around the corner, and 3 hours and 45 minutes of slavery; to Mark, the VW, diversions, waving instructions, and driving lessons; to Greg, tennis--early, rides home cause of a bum knee, endless guessing about everything, and always being nice; to Leslie, a night at your house, Saguaro Lake, and the monkey climbers, the Tucson Marauders, drives in the Blazer, the lunch after 11th grade, and the hitchhiker; to Dede, ethnic bags, Jim and Dave, our friends from California, sleeping in the car, coffee at the Safari while someone was waiting for us and our bowl from Wing Wo He Man; to Nick, Marriage counseling or me and Chico, and you and Doody, notes in English. . . and Genetics. . . and Physics, and thanks mostly for making me cry; to Jenifer, Hawaii, thoughts of Tiko Gedman, his smell, Biruta, bopping around in the Subaru, on the piano, Punahoe disease, my bed on the floor, Kleenexes, Gram her cabbage, and love for dirty dishes, Nancy's party with Cliff, Henry, Lewis, the punchbowl, and of course, Nancy's brother, and a biggie!, Whitey, and his friend, Pop, a house on the beach, Los Gatos boys, sleeping on the floor, "I've got everything under control", "Eugene, put down that axe!", "So, girls how's the nightlife around here?", suitcases in bathrooms, driving the Datsun truck, losing tickets, being tan. . . our Cal. boys, and constant problems, and 4 o'clock a.m., Saguaro picnics, R.I.D., showers with shoes, Japs with Nikons, forever driving, driving, and talking, and talking, our future business, the thorough job we always do, big party sessions everyday, some Polyester, some strappy sandals, and a clutch; for fun times and good memories throughout our friendship--Thanks , and much more; to Jim, cough, cough, forever and ever.

I, Margie, leave the following to: P.C.D.S., fond memories and a short stay in the valley of the sun; Phoenix parties, much to be desired; Mr. Roof, thanks for your extra time on Fridays; Mr. Wilson, sorry, I can't leave you anything; Dayna, money for her taxi service, Bob Seger, thanks for living so close, good times; Rhonda, "a great guidance counselor", sleeping at a friend's house with an early checkout time; Rob, you can have my lunch for seconds; Linda, "Bloomies", our so called tennis match, too young for fun; Mitch, a slap in the face; Jennifer, vitamins A,B,C,D,. . . and a lifetime supply of soy-joys; Bart, Steve Martin; Linnie, "Let's go shopping", O.K. . . . ; Mark, a thousand shares of stock in the Gillette Corporation; Lori, a bank vault to lock up her notebooks, and Clark Gable; Greg Haus, a PhD degree in Latin; and last of all to my brother, Robert, wheels to transport himself to school, and much success in his senior year at P.C.D.S.

I, Rhonda Eicher, leave to. . . Rob, a hair dryer, alarm clock, an automatic window closer; Blair, Thursdays, carrots in your ears, frozen yogurt, Chip and Dale, and straws in Rum bottles; Linda R., a Phx. map, Macys, coughdrops, hot chocolate, Kleenex, and a new T-shirt; Jenifer, blueberry muffins, doughnuts, Dan Fogelberg, 44th and McKinley, a level house; Cynthia T., a tootsie roll wrapper, St. Joseph's Hospital, and one candystripers uniform; King Doug, Ceramics III, Dan Fogelberg concerts, a hug and a kiss, and all those damn fools, and peasants; Jon H., a ski trip; Tony T., my hat; G. Hunter, a fork lift for a certain typewriter; Margie, orange juice, 9:00, New York, and Billy Joel; Steve L., a new name--Robin, free periods, and the ability to spell his own middle name; Jacques, graffiti on your locker and the name ICK; Lori R., Greek class and the Prom; S. Gates, the prom, B.B. Singers; Mitch, Shiprock and our bio-ecology plots; Nick the Greek, one on one basketball match; Randy, a small car; Laura F., Piña Colada and Macys and a night on the town expenses on the house; Phil R., Scene West and 44th and McKinley; Jenifer C., Eagles Concert; Herman, U.S.C., the Trojans; Evan, a new pair of jeans; Dayna, the saying "I'd like you to meet my cats.", Scene West, and Linda's house; Leah, Clearwater Hills and biscuits; Ginger, Shakespeare class; Betsy, One Life to Live; Donny Singer, a sister named Marie; Matt, a house next door to his ideal Robin Lensman; Bricklin, Anita Bryant and my perfume; Britt, a Betsy of his own.

I, Marianne Hagstrom, leave to Jane, a diet consisting of skim milk and chocolate cake, Caf' Casino, the combo of wine and coke, your jumping ability, all the memories from Greer, (water study, patrolling sticks, dorm duty. . .), Cinnamon rolls, donuts (just one!), and many more memories that we have shared during our friendship; to Betsy, Neil Diamond, ten easy steps to perfecting the dirty look, C.D. Sessions at lunch, the shadow, Roast Beef on a kaiser roll, Hey Guys!, S.B., One Life to Live, and a far out cosmic life; to Felicia, a vast assortment of chemicals and all our good times from Alg. and Chem. labs; to Ana Maria, a list consisting of the true meanings of love; to Lori, General Hospital; to Mr. Houle, multae gratiae (Vivant professores!), to Eric, all my chores, 40 lbs. of fat and muscles, a big juicy kiss, and success for the future; to Mr. Wilson, many thanks and my terrific driving skills; à ma mere, je laisse la voiture, ma prononciation française, beaucoup d'amour, et un nez bien réparé; to my father, I leave better health, great love, respect, and my SAT scores.

I, Jane Hall, leave to Marianne, some will power, a stop sign, a little w. and c. to help quench your thirst, Ultra-brite, a qt. of sherbet and 32 oz. of cake, easy hem pants, a job at Winchell's Donuts with fringe benefits, a bill-stuffing machine, a hair cut, a locker, a junk food junky, the pit, soup and salad with extras included, Caf' Casino, the right movie, a long term diet, rollerskating, a big stick, a curtain rod, and everything I know about water study; to Betsy, I leave: a square dance, a padded sound proof cell with straight jacket included, a well-timed seizure, a red 450 SL, Duck and Decanter, a back seat driver, a ticket to a Neil Diamond concert, a date with RR, a little more selection, and a great senior year; to Ana Maria, I leave: "an insult for every occasion", Amy Vanderbilt's book for reference, boogieman junior, and front row seats at the motor-cross track; to Lori, I leave: Lunt Avenue Marble Club, The Enterprise, and thanks for putting up with me!; to Herman, I leave: a few volleyball lessons, my skill to jump, and a picture of T.A. to remember me by; to Felicia, I leave: a few spare inches and extendo arms to get those rebounds; to Jeff, I leave, Harrod's food halls, and a few Scottish bogs; to Jenny, I leave: some nut brittle, short bread, a grass tennis court, a short cut down, and a fly hunt; to Mr. Willsun, I leave my own revised dictionary, a good quote, yo very own Suthern akcent, and a little respect; to Mrs. DeMarzo, I leave: a ping-pong bat and The Sting; to Mr. Houle, I leave: "Salve, viator.", and 100 elephants.

Jeff Haus leaves to Robert Bell his very own patrol car, an airplane wash, Beth, and a night out with L.F.; to Jennie M., good luck at Colorado College; to Mr. Wilson, your desk is your bedroom; to Felicia Weiss, the honor of taking over lead trumpet; to Mark Bricklin, "wooms" of the year award and help with his geometry; to Mr. Raymond, a week of homecooked meals in Greer and a night out with Mr. W., R.B., and myself; to Jacques, Hudson Brothers at the Arizona State Fair; to Jason, accident insurance; to Mr. Houle, Vale Magister et amicus; to Mr. Roof, thanks for all that I have learned from you; to David Chu, a concert at the Phoenix Symphony; to Mr. Seroka, "go Boston".

I, Ana Maria Lopez, leave to LDR, many memories and laughs, a chimichanga at Maximilian's, a melted Woody Allen crepe, T.J.'s, R.D.L., Navarre's and prom night, plans, strange dreams, "Hello, Betty!", cinnamon rolls, the Timbers, Texas, the proverbial question, the Midnight Marauders; to JLD, "B-polite", West Point, chlorella and slime mold, V.I.'s blueberry pancakes and boisenberry syrup, an H-bush, "You are your enzymes", diplomacy, a matching earring, M.'s Tucson-tie comment, Barry Manilow, sighs and their respective songs, pizza and Coke; to B., the tree, "If lost please mail to. . .", home, "Star Wars", soup and water, half of "it", a haircut, 45¢, Brandeis, long talks, silence, lunch service, 37, 5378, a meteor shower, optimism; to Ms. E., my sincere thanks and respect, history students, final exams, quizzes and more quizzes, an eternal rainbow, and much happiness; to Jane, a phone call from the boogie man, "Hooray, no more braces!!", motorcycle races, the Dan Fogelberg concert that never quite was; to MAH, my cookie, scented foil, swimteam memories, "what's his name"; to Lynnie, a ride to World Records, Peanut Butter Crunch Bars, cropping sessions, K's senior page; to Di, Aviance, sad movies, a toast, the Magic Pan, blue moods, b-problems, thanx; to Lisa, buses that leave on time, "Air-o-planes", a banana split, "Pardon me, your lights are on."; to R.W., a theological discussion and "Artichokes 3 for a \$1.00 at Safeway"; to Mr. Wilson, thanks, physics and the calculus, and Happy 12/26!; to Mr. S., computer programs that work and Basic; to Mary G., mid-day muchies, a computer tape, and lotsa luck; to DOR, AP Bio exams from 1965, a fly swatter, and students whose labs work; to Doug B., a waltz, soul travellers, Ha'vard, and the Hebes; to Mr. Schweikher, Model U.N. and thanx for all the college help; to Herman, "What is time?", a book of trivia, and an excellent senior year; to Mr. Roof, a 1918 pancake, thoughts and works of great writers and visionaries, the leap, and thanks for all that you've taught me; to Ming, Ming, cheese and sausage, Chopin's birthday, and a Mozart concerto; to Sam M., a trip to Kitchie's, L.L., a muzzle; to Madame, French literature, 6 page papers, photos for mid-term exams, senioritis; to Jeff H., "Hi, Haus!", Williams, principle-interest computer problems; to Jeff J., enjoy 4/23, "I remembered your name!"; to Jeff B., the name of Napoleon's horse; to Mitch, Alexander the Great and Hum II; to Dr., blackmail, common sense, love; to Mark, a mustache to match that fuzzy stuff, Van Buren, different types of J.'s; to Bonnefoy, a meeting with Mario Puzo and A.M.U.N. resolutions; To Diane L., chicken and cranberry sauce, "an easy-going kinda guy", and Rumor Control; to Deb, Burt, T.G.I. Friday, surprise birthday parties, and best wishes; to Tuna, a "wave", a longer tail, and talking sleepily; to T.B.R., midnight phone calls, all the aliases. . . ; to my parents, much love and gratitude; to Carolina, cooking lessons, next year you'll be washing dishes, have patience, and think; to Maria Angela, my love, McDonald's, "meow"; Good Luck, everyone!!!

I, Jason Mitchell, leave the Coke, Candy Machine, and Presidency to Jacques deLisle; to my father, I leave straight A's on my report card; to Mr. Raymond, a student who was just like him when he was our age; to Mr. Wilson, a quart of Chivas Regal, a bag of rocks (smooth ones), for on the trail, and sincere thanks; to Mrs. DeMarzo, I leave the fact that she is a true friend. Thanks again! To Ms. E., I leave my college applications and the Parthanon; to Blair, our bathtub experiment, the deadly wrestling match, my dad's rent-a-Pinto with me helplessly at the driver's wheel, a lock for the door so we're never disturbed and the lessons I took on how to ride and fall on a motorcycle. To Doug, I leave the lowlands in Hawaii, his own Leir jet and my crown for being a hard core partier. To Laura, I leave our junior year, the hut with a nice stereo and lounge chairs and the one night we will have when we're fried zoots. To Paralee, I leave the wonderful T-nights we had, sincere thanks for waking me up, on off road territory, and special thanks for going out with me and going home with Mike. To Mike, I leave the glory of being a heavyweight, the sunset on mushroom hill, and a permanent spot on my bedroom floor. To Mark, I leave a rub on the foot and a clean razor. Y.S.U. To Nick and Larry, I leave two stereo receivers with 2000 watts per channel and two new cars. To Brian Amster, I leave a Budwoman. To Jim Downs, I leave all my trust, because he's always there when I need, but then again, I support that boy's habit; to Jim O., "Where's the Beach", a case of Schlitz Malt Liquor, and lessons on "how to hit the surf", four gargantuan for two days in the parks and on the side roads, rowdies in the Nomad and munchin' on cooked pig with fry goats, take it easy, and clean that blanket at cafe. To Scott S., I leave 2nd place in our contest and a soccerball. To Jenifer and Katy, I

leave each other and reserved time to them on the weekends. To Leslie D., and Leslie L., I leave the "Cosmic Space Cowboy" Award; to Matt, D.L., J.S., J.S., the back seat of the Mercedes and his own ski slope. Thanks. To Linda, I leave Randy. To Billy and Andy, I leave Arcadia High School and the fact that they are true L.W.; to Dave, four wheel terrain so he can get his crazies out. To my combo and jazz band, I leave the ultimate jam session because we're the best. Thanks, Mr. Felten, To Win, I leave a broken arm, friends with problems sucking on lemons, Robert's tractor, late nights in our rooms, and the "Tempe" era; to Libby, my keyboards, all my friends, the ski trip, partying at Linda's, playing in the closet, in Laguna and safety for her friends, from me, (Tracey), the beginning in Bret's room and the end with Billy and me. I love you. Take care. To Gail, I leave a letter, hanging out at the Avenues, Going to the couluasac, and a dear friendship that will be everlasting. Stay crooked. To Mark and Todd, I leave our fantastic sessions. We are true, late night, heavy weights. Take it easy, friends.

I, Mitch, leave: to Mr. Wilson, "How's the project coming?"; to Mr. Bruning, a thousand donde lobos to gnaw of his fini; to Ms. E., a thousand Fridays without a quiz; To Mrs DeMarzo an exit only door on the North side of Burch Hall. To Lisa a thousand pictures of the studliest stud there is or ever will be; to M. F a pound of "goodies"; to J. R a face; to L.G "bitchin hands"; to A + R a secluded place; to C.L a thousand years of goods moods; to Lynne the Astroturf (front and back), the driveway and dangerous places; to Mike H. a cold brew; to Dave V a gas shortage; to Bob I leave a case of Lowenbrau, Central, Brent, the Brentmobile, an early morning ride to the river with decayed looking companions, Pamper Armardiller Town, an excellent 10-7, a couple of nice beavers, a "wierd dude", a "hi ya'll", 2,000 case's of Damp Proof Red Rrimer, a four-wheel Honda with rapped-out tappets and dual synchro-meshed camshafts. To all who will be here next year a place in the wash unknown to the Raymond.

I Chip O'Brien being a rookie amidst the academic scholars in the senior class at Country Day do hereby decree: To Mom and Dad my love and appreciation for their support and guidance, coordinate driving lessons and controlling interest in Doctor D. Enterprises Incorporated. To Mr. Raymond my incomesurable knowledge in the field of Geometry to pass on to anyone he feels truly deserves the honor. Mr. Roof: my SAT and ACT scores and deepest thanks. Mr. Monell: my appreciation for your support and encouragement. Mrs. De Marzo: a creative mind. To Mark Bricklin, my forehand and serve, Tim Magill: two cheeseburgers, fries and a coke plus pictures of his most intimate moments with "Big Bertha". To Lori Reynolds, a lifetime supply of goldfish. To Jacques de Lisle I donate my personal seat in the public library. To Mark Three Stars and Bart Hechtman my seat in the same library on the week-ends plus the librarian and fascinating people who encompass that building of knowledge. To Stephen Gates, I leave help! I leave to Cindy Latish memories of past pleasurable experiences involving a telephone. I leave the rest of my worldly possessions to my family and close friends.

I Nick Paris of sound mind and body do leave the following people the corresponding worldly possessions, To Mark, suck off, Remember the kid with the balls?. Please, don't forget him. To John: a ride in my monza, seventeen BIG 1020's on a scale of 10, 82%. Free pass to Behind the green door. Another 1020 and pizza at 2:00 a.m., Book of tips on the Paris method of road driving (without getting tickets), 18 zaps from my 917, and your Olmo Frame. Katie: Three dead roses wrapped in a pink ribbon, one creative molecule, where's my other dollar from search of Clio? A Hawaian lei, and three dollars or Chico goodbye. To Tony: Belt. To Jacques, Rubber baby buggy bumpers for your car (for your next "mistake"), stock in my J.A. company, and the number to the "Girl at Gingiss." To Mitch: Some water for your next camping trip. To Leah: Bye, I.O.U. one red convertible Ferrari Daytona Spyder. To Brian: My Rigg's pro signature racquet. My personal guide, How to avoid Cacti while Riding Bicycles. To Larry: when you're rich let me borrow your Turbo at least once. My wiper delay system; have fun, my bicuspid, a bottle of tequila, a roof to put frisbee on, and a goodbye kiss to Blue and Mrs. Schoeffler remember

"I'm your boogie man"; to Mr. Wilson: a carton of razors, 14 cans of shaving creme, and a promise; I'll still talk to you. To Ms. E., a faster broom, a larger cauldron, two Halloween hello's, and a piece of that pizza we never had. To Mr. Raymond: the address of that blonde driving down Seventh Street, and a new recipe for drosophila medium. To Jason: After school, at your house, sure; unless your parents are there. To Blair, please don't forget me, here's my address; at least write: Kiahuna Beach & tennis resort. Rural Route 1, Box 73, Koloa, Kauai; Hawaii 96756.

I, Lori Reynolds, leave the following: to Mr. Wilson, his own planet where the acceleration due to gravity is 10; to Debra, the new letter of wombats, forty Daybreaks, and understanding; to Jane, Lunt Avenue Marble Club and anuter pokit-sized dikshunairy; to David, experiments where the percent of error is .5% or less; to Ana Maria, "Is it safe?", Maximillian's, "-----, may I help you", 2 hours worth of melted bananas at LAMC (woody-allen sized), a decent room-mate, love, freedom, and happiness; to Doug, a copy of I'm OK, Your're OK, and Oscar, esoteric speeches, and stardust dreams; to Mark, my gullibility, a bunch of literary writers, four buckets of water which I still owe you, Jane Burgy, walks along East Van Buren, a dull blade, a snicker, and Rona Barrett's rejects; to Ms. E., another empire, soon you'll have the whole world, a National League pennant once in a while, and your own "Dear Ms. E." column; to Mrs. Hagstrom, some unsuspecting junior to do your windows, an overabundance of spirit, and five truckloads of thanks; to Jason, a promise that I won't break the Coke-machine anymore and jive; to Luis, cookies without insects, French verbs, and one Oh Yeh!; to Jacques, one quart of absuith, 2 yards red safron, Nooki Nooki, NTSF, one mayonnaise jar, Star Trek, Jumbo Jack, Alias Smith and Jones, claws, cold feet, a snarl, CLC's, 23 in an hour and a half, rumors, my Star Trekkie membership, "the Stuff", MREM, bird's knees, "the two great minds", one full week and one rainy day; to Martha, my alto voice to reach for; to Dianna, Lisa, Faith, and Joanne, love and my part of the quiz wall; to Rhonda, and order of onion rings, another bottle of black bee blood and my collection of Aristotle; to Rob, the red, white, and blue funeral NASAL MAN!; to Mr. Roof, an edition of Pancakes: Antique and Future; to Lisa and Jill, luck with lockers next year; and to Dr., hope and happiness.

Brian Rose, of nearly sound body . . . leaves a pile of one, two, an three word inside jokes to anyone who cares. To Nick Paris, I leave my gratitude for making me learn how to ride a unicycle. To Mr. and Mrs. Paris, the fact that they have a bunch of wierd kids and our house to leave them at. To Mark Bricklin, I leave the name of a good plastic surgeon, a razor, some more warm-up suits, and the 8 tennis matches I let you win as well as various papers and achievements. To Jason, I leave the fact that I let you win the Presidency because I knew you were a handicap. I leave to Evan Louis my talent for and my position of goaltender on the soccer team. I leave some of my ability to play the tenor sax to Don Singer. To Mr. Schweikher, I leave my thanks and my book, the Cliff Notes on Procrastination; to Ms. E., I leave a pile of dry clay named "Tikal". To Mme. Arlette, I leave the fact that I do do homework, sometimes. To Mitch, I leave the Naughty Bits of an ant and a penguin for your T.V. To Mr. Roof, I leave the assurance that I will be the greatest philosopher of all time even though I can't write. I leave the crack in the Basketball court to Mr. Thompson and various assorted broken tennis rackets to Jim Walker. I leave a muzzle to Farley Weiss and my love to Leah, Kate, Jen, Lynne, Linnie, Felicia, and a ludicrous number of other female types. I especially leave Leah a spotted looney. I leave this will and some imagination to Jacques, no tennis raquets. But most of all I leave this school.

Larry leaves - to Nick, 9 more blue things, a gasoline powered 917 and a place to put it, Emily Dickinson, "Hi Weah", idiot sticks, Hilton T.V. girls, "expansion", mini's, peanuts and taco soup, favorite bumps, car washes, the senior class outing, frisbees, female snobs, pantera models, a 5 F.P.S. winder and friendship; to John, midnight developing sessions, a deer, L.J.K. Setright, HRS's, relief for Duke, typing and ceramics, PCS, Jenifer, Monzas and Ramblers, 51.65, speaker wire, "you guys just don't know how to get along!", the Prom Committee, gerbils, backfired rumors, exe sttr, Zeus, hign aspirations and good luck; to Mark a different religion, French, nose shots and ceramic sculptures, "connoisseur", a nicer cat, X-mas (Hannukah?), caros, camp (glow-balls), Bicuspid, and a trip to school, (1020!?!); to Mrs. Hagstrom, relief after 3 years (me too!); to Robert, a couple of unsolved murders, coffee, 2 dozen hippie radicals and a free membership to the mile high club; to Lynne, free munchies and a kiss from Santa; to Ms. E. the reclusiveness of Howard Hughes, honest discussions, some peace and quiet, Halloween surprises, X-mas gifts, and much thanx; to Jason, a class with enthusiasm, a good stereo, Advanced Math, mers-parties, and an anti-Bricklin bomb; to Jennifer, a proper seat in the darkroom, a pointed hat and broom, soy-joy's, and a normal outlook on life; to Mitch, Porsches, dark beer (or any kind), "The Max", some dobermans and matching trees, Tony, a 4WD turbo, and a ton of doo-dad's; to Matt, 300 lbx., someone to drive him around and a wang and a binach; to Jacques, cropping sessions, a roll-bar, a master key, and a more cooperative photography editor; to Jenifer, a good profile, some dates with Jeff and John, and stupid Yearbook scribblings; to Mrs. Van, equality for women, the ability to take pictures of a ceramic sacrifice, and my pessimism; to Phil, the Petit Prince, my photographic skill, and some good photos of himself; to John (G.), a lifetime membership to Goony Golf, driving skill, truth serum, and all the free milk he can handle.

Martha Smith leaves to all her teachers, many thanks for their inexhaustible patience and skill; to her parents, more of the same; to the bookstore, several dozen incredibly decorated and marked-up books; to Ellen, the hope that she will always be able to walk through her room without breaking either neck or something valuable; and to PCDS, many thanks for eleven years of the best.

Robert Snyder leaves; to the school, a new name and my best wishes; to Mr. Wilson, I leave the Rocky mountains and a beautiful genie; to Mr. Raymond, I leave a path out to the wash; to Mitch, I leave Haus and Gretz's Head Shop, 25 acres of grass! land, and an open road to wherever you go; to Blair, I leave the biggest party ever; to Mike I leave a Turbo Carrera and a Heiniken.

I, Luis C. Tenorio, leave to Mrs. Roberta Crane, "mi gran amiga", my ability to repair the language master and my disability to make "pan de muertos". I leave to Mr. Bruning, "mi amigo", the picture of the most beautiful woman of Colombia and "muchisimas gracias por todo". I leave to Dianna and Lisa my disability to speak Spanish; to my teachers, a big thanks; to my beautiful French teacher, a big kiss and a "merci beaucoup". A special thanks to "my parents", Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Grove, my brother James, my sisters, Judy and Janet. I leave my ability to speak Russian to my sisters; to my Mom, Mrs. Ruth Grove, a "tengo hombre" and to everyone at P.C.D.S., see you later.

I, Blair Torrey, being of fortunately unsound mind leave the following: to Beavo, a picture book of old McDonald's farm, Elsa, a better aim of apples at history teachers, ground up seeds, Kona and a date with the lifeguards, a plaid skirt, your name in the Trojan hall bathroom and further involvement with Milliard Hopper; to Doug, a rock collection, '78 Vette, the ability to make High Honors, therapy, Renta Yenta, and quick trips to Hawaii; to Jason, my thanks and love, the faculty play, muscles and 11 years on Scot, and a big favor, plus a trip around the world (even if it's just in your mind); to Dave, a new bike the next-door lot for Troy, and a high potency liquid breakfast; to Michael, the space between my bed and the wall, the scenic view of my front yard, red lipstick, Russian sunsets and an iron stomach; to Leslie D., a trip to the ranch, Goober, Mick, Tranchy babe, a couple bottles of champagne, and Doug; to Laura, a new windshield, foliage of Lebanon, 5 doz. eggs, one whole pair of shoes and a game of challenge; to Leslie L., a goat, off campus for you and Lisa, 10" fingernails, and Bruning; to Gail, an infinite number of Thursdays and green shampoos; to J.B., Fr. Mike's Meditation Course, my parent's adoration, Tucson, "livin' the life", and an active ulcer; to S.P.D., my diploma (if and when i get it) for she knows where she can stick it; to Mark the ability so do what you believe in, a motel room (with 15 people), Husky Startch, a moustache comb (if & when you need it), the geriatric wing of St. Joe's, and best wishes for the future. To Joe, the ability to have a small party 10-4?; to Doug, being able to admit you're wrong, the time, a pair of Levi's and Chester the Molester; to Robert, our 8 year plan, the wash, my drinking ability, a present, and a future date at P.C.; to Ms. E., my friendship and a lunch date for Dec. 21, 1987; to Mrs. B., my appreciation for getting me through the rough times, Scot, and happy memories; to Vera, a book of passes and the ability to decipher rocks; to PCDS, I leave 8 unusual years.

I, Jan Lorant, of waterlogged mind, leave to Bill Nelson a rocky mountain oyster and a position as ski instructor at Snow Bird, Jackson Hole, and Sun Valley (whichever you prefer); to Mark Bricklin, the title of supreme gossip at PCDS and the knowledge of the greatest architecture known to man; to Jacques deLisle, a head-on collision; to Kati, a complete fine arts building; to Mr. Wilson, a long tough, a new analogy for intellectual inferiority, a fantastic insight on architecture, and several more meetings at Caf Casino; to Ms. E., twenty more years of useless hope for athletics in Philadelphia; to Mr. Raymond, a lover and long hmmm; to Mr. Seroka, a \$30,000 annual retirement fund and a private ski slope; to Mr. Roof, a new follower of Greek philosophy, an end to nic-fits, and a donation to the party at his funeral; to Mr. Hackling, his own choice of the courses he teaches; to Joe Phillips, a 1:49.2 in the 200 yard rly; to Mark Lacy, sixty-two fish and many more lunches at Caf Casino; to UU, a monopoly; to the lunch ladies, an enormous decrease in the demand for their food; to PCDS, the meaning of ZJEL; and finally to myself, an education.

Paul DiCergo, John Hoffman, Phil Rosier, and Tony Taylor, being of uncooperative mind, leave.



another fine mess you've
gotten me into



Here fishy . . !



I was trying this physics
experiment and . . .



There ain't room enough in this town
for the both of us.



I'm gonna make you an offer
you can't refuse



Who's the wise guy who put in
the medicine ball?



Cheeeeeese



What's up doc?



You silly brute



Once upon a time . . .

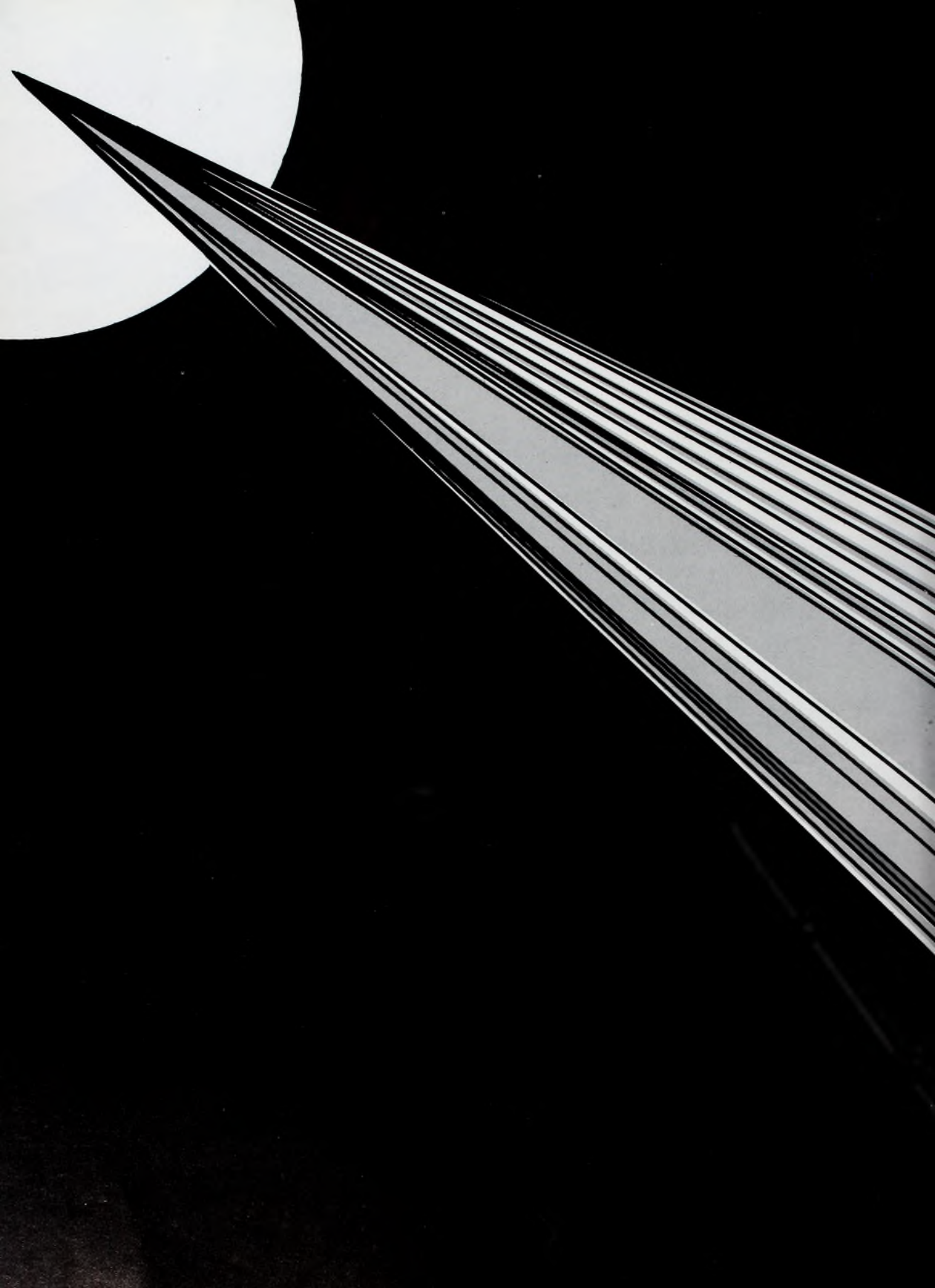


Looking for a good time?



Fumble!





UPPER
SCHOOL

The text "UPPER SCHOOL" is rendered in a bold, white, sans-serif font. Each letter is a thick 3D block with a black outline. The letters are arranged in two rows: "UPPER" on top and "SCHOOL" below it. The entire set of letters is tilted at an angle, creating a strong sense of perspective that recedes towards the top left of the frame. The background is a solid, deep black, which makes the white letters stand out prominently.

JUNIORS



LEFT COLUMN: George Kokalis

MIDDLE COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Tim Olin, Randy Friend

RIGHT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Ginger Irwin, Stephen Gates, Bart Hechtman





LEFT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: John Levitz,
Greg Hunter, Bill Leiber

CENTER COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Philippe
Bonnefoy, Dayna Kravetz, Felicia Weiss

RIGHT COLUMN: Mike Forrest

TOP ROW: Mary Gleason



MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Herman Lewkowitz, David Hvidsten, Leah Jacobson

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Lynne Diethrich, Tim Magill





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
Keli Brock, Steve Miller

MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO
RIGHT: Phil Wrigley, Lynn
Getz

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO
RIGHT: Cathy Tancer, Cindy
Latish





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Jill Austin,
Todd Gilmore
MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Betsy Ryan,
Lisa Falconieri
BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Michael
Hagan, Tim Wadsworth



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Robert Dodell, Greg
Haus
CENTER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Susie Cleek, Bill
Nelson
BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Laura Foist,
Jimmy Garcia, Mark Three Stars



SOPHOMORES



LEFT COLUMN: Jeff Johnston
 CENTER COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Brent
 Vierck, Cynthia Tancer, Steve Louis
 RIGHT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Martin
 De Marzo, Kimer Wadsworth, Scott Heid



LEFT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM:
Linda Rosier, Joanne Taylor, Jeff
Weiss, Glen Bean
CENTER COLUMN, TOP TO BOT-
TOM: Lisa Jones, Lisa Rhind, Julia
Haus
RIGHT COLUMN: Susan Lively



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Matt
 Gregory, Kim Fowler, Leslie
 Lokey
 CENTER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
 Pat Celis, Jeff Bailey, Jennifer
 Rand
 BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
 Faith Wulsin, Dianna Ziehm





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Stuart
Frische, Doug Dalglish, Robert Kratzet
MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
Laragene Oliver, Phil Paris
BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
Randy Steckler, Don Singer

FRESHMEN



VERY TOP ROW: Krista Magnusson
 TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Laura
 Sandler, Lina Weissman
 MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Gregg
 Hoffman, David Slusher, Susie Davison
 BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Jacques
 Barbey, Anne Pogue



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: David
Namesnik, Andy Norris, Jeff Kravetz
MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
Todd Kravetz, Alice Haberman,
Laurie Schoeffler
BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
Theresa Bernard, Bobby Simonds



VERY TOP ROW: Jon Marshall
 TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Gordon Sutton, Kati Lorant, Ellen
 Smith
 CENTER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Farley Weiss, Carol Clendenin,
 Liz Dashnaw
 BOTTOM ROW: Stephanie Grady





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Phil
Steiner, Bill Wrigley, Crystal
Scurr
MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
Troy Hvidsten, Bill Kerrigan
BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
Stan Casselman, Evan Lewis, John
Fisher





MIDDLE
SCHOOL

The text "MIDDLE SCHOOL" is rendered in large, white, 3D block letters. The letters are arranged in two rows, with "MIDDLE" on top and "SCHOOL" below it. Each letter has a thick white outline and a light gray fill. The letters are positioned on a series of parallel white lines that recede into the distance, creating a strong sense of perspective. The background is a solid black.

EIGHTH GRADE



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Michele Norinsky, Julia Burgess, Julie Brooks

CENTER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
Libby Bean, Carolina Lopez, Karen Kolbe

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
Roger Ripps, Malcolm Clendenin



LEFT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Sharon Wechsler, Eddie Shanken, Bro Hayden

MIDDLE COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Michael DeMarzo, Gay Donahoe, Annie Reis

RIGHT COLUMN: David Dawson



TOP ROW: Robert Bernard

CENTER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Eric Felten, Mike Spangler,
Mitch Salamon

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Jim Keefer, Laura Levy,
Sara McEachern





LEFT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Ruth Barbey, Jenny Potter,
Kevin Bricklin

CENTER COLUMN: Mark Adkins

RIGHT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Robert Weigel, Rusty Jones

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Robin Friedman,
Jimmy Friend

CENTER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: John
Boccaccio, Ronda Moss

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mindy
Dozoretz, Linda Mason, Cindy Miles





TOP: Scott Shekels

MIDDLE ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Karla Earnhardt,
Allyson Ingram, Cathy Best

BOTTOM ROW: Wendy Horwitch, Monique DeSpain

SEVENTH GRADE



LEFT COLUMN: Scott Maling

MIDDLE COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM:
Bill Bollinger, Wes Mason, Mark Weiss

RIGHT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Jeff
Zuchowski, John Pritchard, Karen Bean,
Elizabeth Dalglish





LEFT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Bobby Peirce, John Tillotson, Kent Stewart, Chris Gray

RIGHT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Jim Anderson, Greg Nelson, Sharon Steckler, Tracy McCollum





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mary Jane Kerrigan, Lizzie Reeves, Jane Gould

MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Bret Lanuti, Val Bolin, Greg Kretzer, Chris Cumiskey

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Billy Carpenter, Dean Paris, Matt Lofdahl



VERY TOP LEFT: Greig McCulloch

TOP LEFT: Jennifer Beardsley

TOP RIGHT: Jenny Hinchcliffe

MIDDLE LEFT: Allan Stearns

MIDDLE RIGHT: Sam Middleman

BOTTOM LEFT: David Shapiro

BOTTOM RIGHT: Bryant Stodola

TOP ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Susan Pitre, Stacey Richter

MIDDLE ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Tony Garcia, Eric Hagstrom, Anna Keefer

BOTTOM ROW: Robert Englund, Worth Laflin





FIRST COLUMN TOP TO BOTTOM:
Cynthia Cohen, Dana Cheshire, Will
Kellogg, Sean Stacy

SECOND COLUMN TOP TO BOTTOM:
Nancy Rutila, Wendy Scurr, Bill Landis,
Dyann Fisher

THIRD COLUMN: Steven Shapiro

SIXTH GRADE



VERY TOP RIGHT: Eddie Foster

TOP LEFT: Liesl Veazey

TOP RIGHT: Adrianne Stephens

CENTER LEFT: Randal May

CENTER RIGHT: Geoffrey Bleakman

BOTTOM RIGHT: Bryan Sandler, Brandon Bennett





TOP ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Goelet Reid, Tim Wray, Mark Urban

MIDDLE ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Adrianne Stephens, Tammy Ziehm

BOTTOM ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Julie Jensen, Kim Rossman, Tracy Hoffman



TOP ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Donald Munson, Simone Sutton

MIDDLE ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Katherine Chrisman, Steven Cohen, Chip Henward, Vanessa Joaquim

BOTTOM: Sean Lille





TOP ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Brian Moss,
Jenny Shoecraft

MIDDLE ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Michael
Myers, Carter Sweet, Les Hirsch

BOTTOM ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Brent
Bartsch, Chris Biggs, Nick Firestone





LOWER
SCHOOL

The text "LOWER SCHOOL" is rendered in large, white, 3D block letters with black outlines. The letters are arranged in two rows, with "LOWER" on top and "SCHOOL" below it. The entire text is set against a solid black background. A strong perspective effect is created by a series of parallel white lines that recede from the bottom left towards the top right, passing behind the letters and giving them a sense of depth and three-dimensionality.

FIFTH GRADE



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: John Marcarelli,
Suzanne Peirce

CENTER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Lisa Firestone,
Karen Pitre, Scott Duff

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Peter Nadler,
Jeff Maling





LEFT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Amy Lieberman, Rob Withers, Pam Hinchcliffe

MIDDLE COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Taylor Driggs, Cliff Weigel, Allison Landis

RIGHT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Danny Lesser, Bert Getz





TOP: Bobby Riding

MIDDLE ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Carey Sweet, Carol Brown,
Shannon Gray

BOTTOM ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Tom Cohen, Gia Lanuti,
John Dawson Mason



TOP ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Jenny Schoeffler, Joe Hirsch

SECOND ROW: Andrea Falconieri

THIRD ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: David Mason, James Mc Namara

FOURTH ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Robert Kroger, Chris Mc Collum



FOURTH GRADE



TOP LEFT: Tim Phillips

TOP RIGHT: Kristen Lundberg

CENTER LEFT: Charlene Hovatter

CENTER RIGHT: Andy Shanken

BOTTOM LEFT: Natasha Haase

BOTTOM MIDDLE: Audra Vinci

BOTTOM RIGHT: Louis Comus





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Kathleen Lyne, Chris Weigel, Beau Barton

CENTER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Amy Biggs, Emily Chrisman, Brenda Ligorsky

BOTTOM ROW: Scott Tucker, Glen Levy



VERY TOP LEFT: Stuart Giegling

TOP LEFT: Michael Goldman

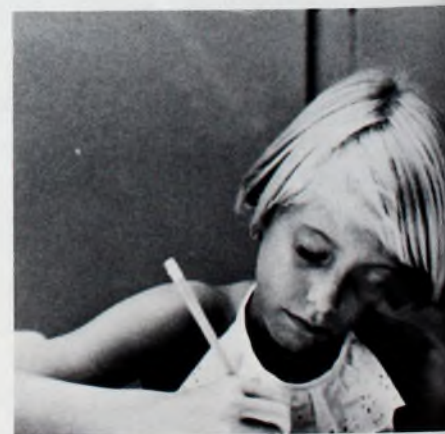
TOP RIGHT: Bret Hopper

CENTER LEFT: Jennifer Evarts

CENTER RIGHT: Beatrice Reid

BOTTOM LEFT: Stephen Scott

BOTTOM RIGHT: Kimberly Kroger





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Ruth Rabinowitz,
Beth Thomsen, Brooke Sterling

MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Stacey Tarone,
Karrie Kroger, Chuck Superfon

BOTTOM ROW: Cynthia Clendenin

THIRD GRADE



TOP ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Marcus Thomas, Jimmy Jarko
MIDDLE ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Lara Sue Bryant, Jason Kokalis
BOTTOM ROW: Jason Schoeffler





FIRST ROW TOP TO BOTTOM: Alison Lille, Jonathan Wechsler

SECOND ROW TOP TO BOTTOM: Maggie Roof, Lisa Whiskeman

THIRD ROW TOP TO BOTTOM: Julie Holt, Zak Lilly, Lara Sosnow



LEFT COLUMN: Carla Hvidsten

MIDDLE COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM:
Stacey O'Donnell, Suzanne Mills

RIGHT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM:
Taylor Shaughnessy, Mark Barnes, Eric
Swenson





TOP LEFT: Catherine Baggott

TOP RIGHT: Daniel Donahoe

CENTER LEFT: Cricket Alexander

CENTER RIGHT: Jon Cowen

BOTTOM LEFT: Debbie Arthur

BOTTOM RIGHT: Seth Leibsohn

SECOND GRADE



VERY TOP ROW: Erik Howsam

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Matthew Nadler, Eleanora Vinci, Robin Barnes

CENTER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Tina Rizkallah, Kelly Duff

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Keith Hurley, Lucy Paris





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Brian Smith,
Sean Alexander

MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Shauna
Rabinowitz, Robin Hinchcliffe, Sara
McNeff

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Eric
Ellsworth, Lanie Mason



VERY TOP RIGHT: Diana Witt

TOP LEFT: Judy Whitney

TOP MIDDLE: Christine Simokat

TOP RIGHT: Bennett Hopper

CENTER MIDDLE: Will Duffy

CENTER RIGHT: Troy Phillips

BOTTOM MIDDLE: Sean
Whiskeman

BOTTOM RIGHT: Jeff Howard





LEFT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Drew Sidell, Kathleen Dubiach, Francis Kendrick

MIDDLE COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Heather Sielicki, Stephen Guardino, Mark Chernoff, Garrett Kent

RIGHT COLUMN, TOP TO BOTTOM: Catherine Withers, Debra Munson



FIRST GRADE



TOP ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Chip O'Donnell, Kerstan Lincoln

MIDDLE ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Jennifer Durkin, Katherine Kroger

BOTTOM ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Tina Urban, Hillary Hanlon





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Lee Waskom, Tina Critchfield, Sarah Timmons

CENTER ROW: Cornel Troup

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Whitney Anthony, Lisa Lincoln





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Scot Torrey, Kim Jarko, Shane Gearty

MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Michael Moran, David Jarrat

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Michelle Rotman, Christopher Blumenstein





TOP LEFT: Jason Lilly

MIDDLE ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Danny Syllaba, Marianne Cracchiolo, Graham Shaughnessy

BOTTOM ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Matthew Houle, Jorge Almada



KINDERGARTEN



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Nicole Rossman,
Kevin Ramsaur, Michelle Troup
MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Andrew Houle,
Vincent Knowles
BOTTOM ROW: Matthew Sosnow



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Jeffrey
Stern, Robert Rutila, Andrew
Honacker
MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
John Jacobs, Eve Lipson
BOTTOM ROW: Justin Kalish



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Holly
Hendin, Michael Sklar, Chad Newman
BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
Jennifer Jugloff, Jason Harris





TOP ROW: Shane Beus
 CENTER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
 Brooke Donahoe, Wendy Gaskin, Bard
 Sterling
 BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
 Peter Cronk, Melissa Whitcomb





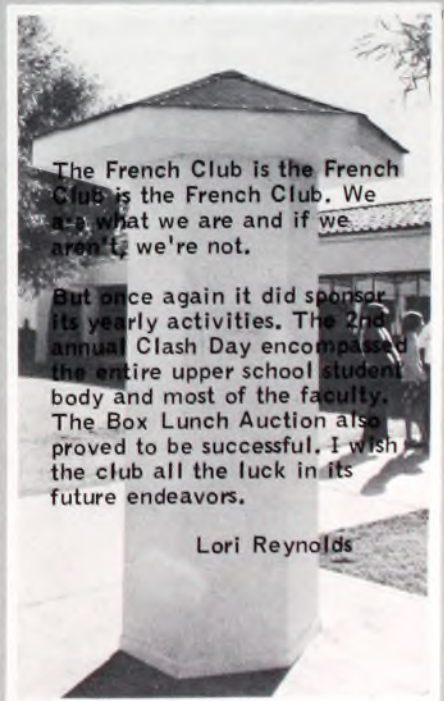
ACTIVITIES

FRENCH CLUB

Front Row, L to R.: Martha Smith (Sec.), Mark Bricklin (res. Brownie Baker), Jacques de Lisle (Treas./Embezzler), Lori Reynolds (Pres.), Rhonda Eicher (Vice-Pres.)

Back Row, L to R.: Mrs. Arlette Hagstrom (Faculty Advisor), Ana Maria Lopez, Lynnie Getz (Pres.-AAS), Cindy Latish, Cathy Tancer
Absent: Philippe Bonnefoy (res. Kangaroo)





The French Club is the French Club. We are what we are and if we aren't, we're not.

But once again it did sponsor its yearly activities. The 2nd annual Clash Day encompassed the entire upper school student body and most of the faculty. The Box Lunch Auction also proved to be successful. I wish the club all the luck in its future endeavors.

Lori Reynolds

ADVISORY BOARD



Front Row, L to R.: Ms. Chris English, faculty representative and secretary, Lina Weissman, freshman class representative, Gregg Hoffman, freshman class representative, Jason Mitchell, president, Dana Kravetz, Jacques deLisle, senior class representative and vice-president.

Back Row, L to R.: Katie De Longy, senior class representative, Matt Gregory, sophomore class representative, Mrs. Joyce Van Lobensels, faculty representative, Mr. Paul Schweikher, Faculty representative, Bart Hechtman, Jan Lorient, junior class representative and treasurer, Mr. Don Singer, faculty representative.

Absent: Mr. David Raymond, faculty representative, Mr. Chet Seroka, faculty representative, Keli Brock, junior class representative, Stuart Frische, sophomore class representative

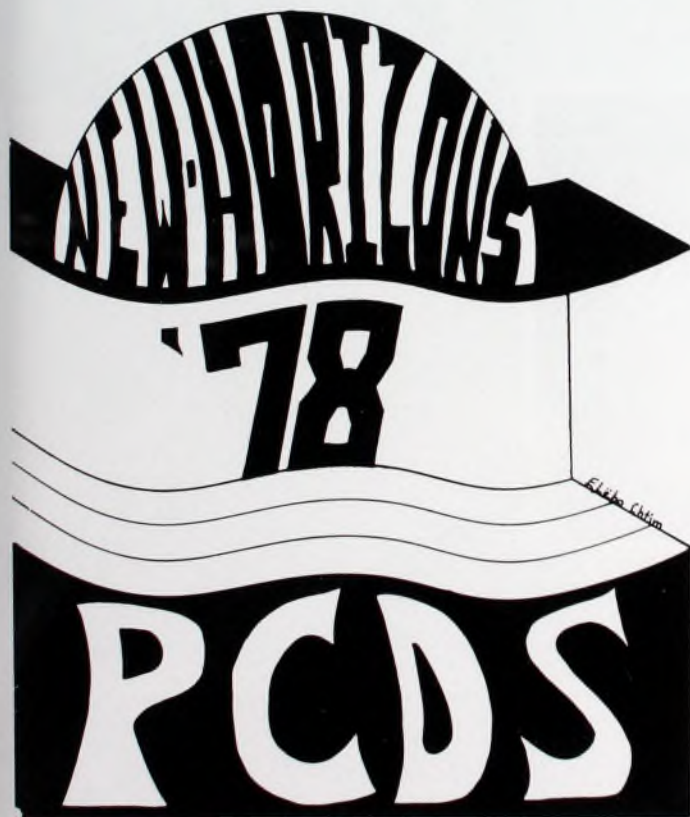
The Advisory Board is a combination of fifteen school participants—nine students and six faculty members. This year, the main objective of the Board was to establish a solid foundation for future Advisory Board members. Our major obstacle was the apathy within the student body. As the year advanced the Advisory Board and the student body made progress to a more enthusiastic, involved school community. The key to obtaining this goal is for everyone to give either physically or mentally, to the school. People who are put in positions of responsibility must assume the time and the effort that is required to produce a satisfactory result. If people contribute their ideas and time, as the members of the Advisory Board have done, the school will produce and accomplish with a much easier flow. I would like to thank the Advisory Board for the work and patience they have shown through the year. Good luck to all new members.

Sincerely,
Jason

NEW HORIZONS



Left to Right: Ms. Chris English, Betsy Ryan, Nick Paris, Mr. Robert Wilson, chairman, Mr. Harry Houle Absent: Mrs. Arlette Hagstrom



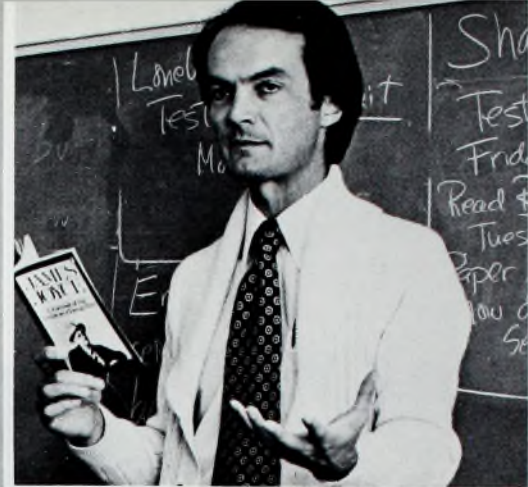
The New Horizons Program this year was devoted to encouraging off-campus experiences. These activities included a trip to New Orleans, cross-country skiing, a study of Southwest Natural Science museums and parks, and the usual shadow programs. It was the continued philosophy of this program that the students who make use of the varied offerings can find a meaningful addition to the usual Upper School program.

-Robert Wilson

PHOENICIAN



Jacques De Lisle, Editor



Mr. Don Hackling, Faculty Advisor



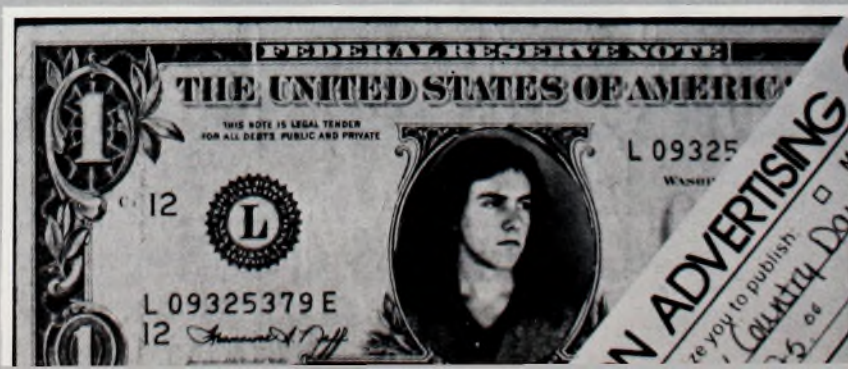
Lori Reynolds
Lay-out Editor



Larry Schoeffler
Photography Editor



Ana Maria Lopez
Copy Editor



John Crockett
Business Editor

We would like to thank the following
people without whom this yearbook
would not have been possible:

Lynnie Getz

Leslie Davison

Philippe Bonnefoy

Greg Haus

Robert Dodell

Mrs. Vera Morrison

Also:

Tom Olin

Steve Louis

Chip O'Brien

Brian Rose

the photographers

LETTER CLUB

FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
Marianne Hagstrom, Ginger Irwin,
Felicia Weiss, Cynthia Tancer,
Cathy Tancer, Rhonda Eicher.

BACK ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
Herman Lewkowitz, Jan Lorant,
Jane Hall, Kimer Wadsworth (Sec-
retary-Treasurer), Krista Magnus-
son, Mike Forrest, Randy Steckler,
Dave Hvidsten, Bart Hechtman
(President), Greg Hunter, Cindy
Latish, Mark Three Stars, Brian
Rose, Don Singer, Brent Vierck,
Greg Haus.

Not pictured: Lynne Diethrich
(Vice President), Leah Jacobson,
Matt Gregory (Sergeant at Arms),
Bill Leiber, Phil Bonnefoy, Steve
Louis, Jeff Weiss, Steve Gates,
Stuart Frische, Bill Nelson, Mark
Bricklin, Evan Lewis.



This year the Letterclub has reorganized. For the first time, the club has been opened to girls, and the name was changed from the Letterman's Club to its present name. Also many of the rules were dropped, and the club became more outing-oriented and less concerned about following a constitution. Trips to Flagstaff and a Sports Award Banquet were among this year's Activities. Our sponsors for the year were Coach Bob Thompson and Coach Georgia Buelow, both of whom played important roles in getting the club on its feet. In the future, I look to the Letterclub to regain the stature that the Lettermen's Club once had, and I think we're off to a good start.

Bart Hechtman



FOOD CLUB



This year's Food Club was probably the most successful club on campus. During our many gatherings, we made such dishes as plum pudding, caramel souffle, fried vegetables, chocolate mousse, and chafing dish pineapples. A great deal of this club's success is due to our sponsors - Mr. Raymond, Mr. Wilson. Between them, an atmosphere was found in which creating cuisine became a thoroughly enjoyable art; we thank them for their efforts.

Executive committee members were: Bart Hechtman, Randy Steckler, Mark Three Stars, Stuart Frische. Regular members were: Matt Gregory, Cathy Tancer, Cynthia Tancer, Herman Lewkowitz, Kim Fowler, Greg Haus, Jacques de Lisle, Phil Bonnefoy, Jane Hall, Rhonda Eicher, Kimer Wadsworth, John Levitz. Faculty member - Mrs. Van Lobensels.

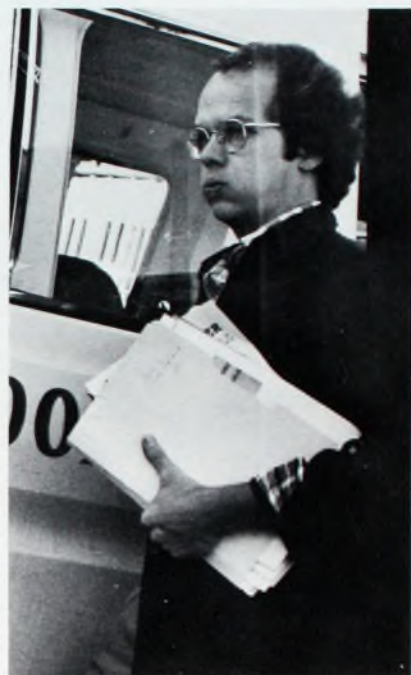
MODEL U.N.



This year's Sixteenth Model United Nations at the University of Arizona was undoubtedly the most successful for PCDS participants. PCDS delegations represented three countries—Afghanistan, the Central African Empire, and Iraq. Several important issues debated in Tucson included international terrorism, the rights of political prisoners, and disarmament. Ana Maria Lopez and Jacques deLisle received special recognition. Ana Maria and Jacques were elected the bloc leaders in their respective committees—Disarmament and the Economic and Social Committee. Ana Maria won the singular honor—a first for PCDS—of being selected the outstanding delegate from those participating in the Disarmament Conference. Other students participating this year included Katie DeLongy, Jenifer Crollius, Paul DiCerbo, Dianna Ziehm, Robert Dodell, Margie Dodell, Greg Haus, Rhonda Eicher, Chip O'Brien, Mark Three Stars, Cindy Latish, Philippe Bonnefoy, Bill Leiber, Bart Hechtman, Steve Miller, John Crockett, Lynnne Getz, and Lori Reynolds. A special thanks to Bob Wilson for providing transportation.

Paul Schweikher





THURBER CARNIVAL



THE FACULTY ENSEMBLE

Ramil Biggs
Linda Bryant
Georgia Buelow
Roberta Crane
Sue Funkhouser
Steve Gerber
Tom Graham
Don Hackling
Arlette Hagstrom
Harry Houle
Kathy James
Joe Ledlie
Joy McKenzie
Joel Monell
Vera Morrison
Sue O'Donnell
Lovice Peterson
Kathleen Quillen
David Raymond
Jim Roof
Paul Schweikher
Chet Seroka
Don Singer
Carol Smith
Pat Smith
Art Snyder
Frna Vierck
Bob Wilson

Director Mary DeMarzo





THE MOUSETRAP



CAST

Mollie Ralston	Jennifer Rand/Kim Fowler
Giles Ralston	Randy Steckler
Christopher Wren	Jeff Johnston
Mrs. Boyle	Lisa Rhind
Major Metcalf	Jeff Weiss
Miss Casewell	Cynthia Tancer/Lisa Jones
Mr. Paravicini	Doug Dalglish
Detective Sergeant Trotter	Jeff Bailey

CREW

Director	Mr. Don Hackling
Stage Manager	Joanne Taylor
Technical Crew	Kimer Wadsworth
	Matt Gregory
	Stuart Frische
	Steve Louis
	Dianna Ziehm
	Laragene Oliver
Technical Advisors	Mrs. Mary DeMarzo
	Mr. Tom Graham



YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU





CAST

Penelope Sycamore
Essie
Rheba
Paul Sycamore
Mr. DePinna
Ed
Donald
Martin Vanderhof
Alice
Henderson
Tony Kirby
Boris Kolenkhov
Gay Wellington
Mr. Kirby
Mrs. Kirby
Three Men

Leslie Davison
Lynne Diethrich
Crystal Scurr
Brian Rose
Jon Marshall/Rusty Jones
Jason Mitchell
Billy Nelson
Jacques de Lisle
Liz Dashnaw
Chip O'Brien
Nick Paris
Doug Barton
Susie Cleek
Phil Bonnefoy
Ana Maria Lopez
Michael DeMarzo
Martin DeMarzo
George Spelvin
Martha Smith

Olga

CREW

Director
Assistant Director
Technical Crew

Technical Advisors

Mary DeMarzo
Cindy Latish
Blair Torrey
Kimer Wadsworth
The Sophomore Class
Mr. Tom Graham
Mr. Don Hackling



Other dramatic events this year included:

Lady Precious Steam, a Middle School production

Go Ask Alice, an Upper School production which was part of the New Horizons program

An Upper School musical in the Spring

Also, the members of the Drama and Happy Days classes performed original material, and some members of the Shakespeare class performed scenes from Shakespeare.

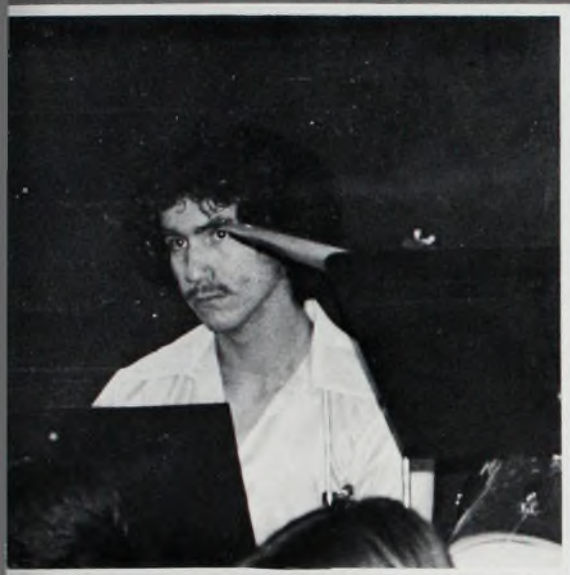
MUSIC





MUSIC









SPORTS

VARSITY SOCCER

BACK ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Jeff Bailey, Coach Kastelnik, Stuart Frische, Don Singer, Brent Vierck, Bart Hechtman, Randy Friend, Matt Gregory, Steve Miller, Bill Nelson, Phil Wrigley, Philippe Bonnefoy
MIDDLE ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Brian Rose, Martin De Marzo, Todd Gilmore, Stan Casselman, Greg Haus, Mark Three Stars, Gordon Sutton
FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Evan Lewis, John Fisher, Phil Steiner, Glen Bean, Steve Louis





PCDS	4	0	Chaparral H.S.
PCDS	4	2	Verde Valley
PCDS	5	1	Tempe H.S.
PCDS	5	1	McClintock H.S.
PCDS	6	2	Mesa H.S.
PCDS	5	3	Western Christian
PCDS	11	0	Brophy Prep
PCDS	2	1	Western
PCDS	1	0	Verde Valley
PCDS	1	0	Scottsdale Christian
PCDS	2	2	Marcos DeNiza
PCDS	4	0	Mountain View H.S.
PCDS	5	0	Scottsdale Christian
PCDS	2	4	Saguaro H.S.
PCDS	7	1	Orme

State Championship

PCDS 3 3 Verde Valley

State Co-Champions

The soccer team had another outstanding season with a record of 12 victories, 1 loss and 2 ties. It ended the season as State Co-Champions with Verde Valley in a hard fought contest that ended in double overtime.

In the Tri-City Championship, PCDS suffered its only defeat of the season to Saguaro.

Robert Kastelic





TRAP TEAM

Back Row L to R.: Mr. James Bruning (Faculty Advisor), Dave Hvidsten, John Levitz, Brent Vierck, Tim Olin, Bill Lieber, Scott Heid

Front Row, L to R.: Anne Pogue, Mary Gleason, Robby Simonds, David Namesnick, David Slusher



The students on the 1977-78 PCDS Trap Team participated in the Spring Grand American Trapshoot and several of the Winter Chain Tournaments in Arizona. Over the course of the season from September to April they shot at more than ten thousand targets. All shooters became members of the Amateur Trapshooting Association and are now registered nationally. In three years that PCDS shooters have been in competition, they have won more than fifty trophies. Articles and pictures of PCDS shooters have appeared in local, state and national newspapers, magazines, and television.

BOYS' VARSITY BASKETBALL



PCDS	38	67	Scottsdale Christian
PCDS	34	50	Judson
PCDS	40	43	Orme
PCDS	37	77	Seton
PCDS	61	48	Verde Valley
PCDS	45	33	Western Christian
PCDS	29	47	Scottsdale Christian
PCDS	45	72	Orme
PCDS	37	70	Judson
PCDS	43	64	San Pasqual
PCDS	43	59	Seton
PCDS	38	50	Western Christian
PCDS	31	44	Southwest Indian





STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT: Herman Lewkowitz, Manager; Bart Hechtman, Mark Three Stars, Stuart Frische, Nick Paris, Steve Gates, Don Singer, George Kokalis.

KNEELING, LEFT TO RIGHT: Greg Haus, Andrew Norris, Gregg Hoffman

Not pictured: Brian Rose, Bill Leiber, Coach Bob Thompson



The Phoenix Country Day School Eagles, this season, were blue from injuries, sickness, coldness, and a continual series of thunderstorms. Even without the convenience of practice, the team played hard in the games. The fighting Eagles landed two victories against Verde Valley, 61-48 and Western Christian, 45-33. Outstanding hustle has been by the whole team but standout individual performances have been by: Bill Leiber, 29 points; Greg Haus, 16 points; and Bart Hechtman, 14 points. The team's leading rebounder, scorer, and shot blocker was Bill Leiber.

Robert Thompson



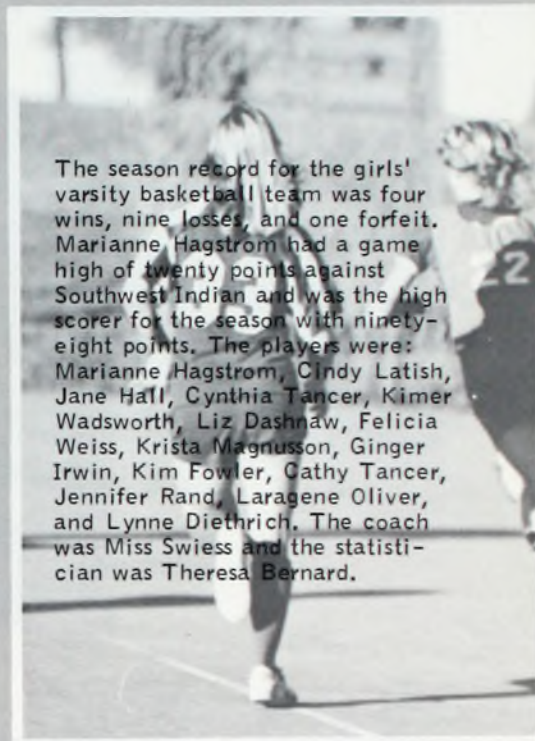
GIRLS' VARSITY BASKETBALL

LEFT TO RIGHT: Felicia Weiss, Ginger Irwin, Lynne Diethrich, Jane Hall, Cindy Latish, Cynthia Tancer, Marianne Hagstrom, Kim Fowler, Kimer Wadsworth, Laragene Oliver





PCDS	28	39	Scottsdale
			Christian
PCDS	41	26	Judson
PCDS	17	27	Orme
PCDS	18	68	Seton
PCDS	29	18	Verde Valley
PCDS	17	27	Western
			Christian
PCDS	0	2	Southwest
			Christian
PCDS	21	19	Scottsdale
			Christian
PCDS	27	42	Orme
PCDS	32	26	Judson
PCDS	24	48	San Pasqual
PCDS	33	56	Seton
PCDS	33	41	Western
			Christian
PCDS	32	62	Southwest
			Indian



The season record for the girls' varsity basketball team was four wins, nine losses, and one forfeit. Marianne Hagstrom had a game high of twenty points against Southwest Indian and was the high scorer for the season with ninety-eight points. The players were: Marianne Hagstrom, Cindy Latish, Jane Hall, Cynthia Tancer, Kimer Wadsworth, Liz Dashnaw, Felicia Weiss, Krista Magnusson, Ginger Irwin, Kim Fowler, Cathy Tancer, Jennifer Rand, Laragene Oliver, and Lynne Diethrich. The coach was Miss Swiss and the statistician was Theresa Bernard.







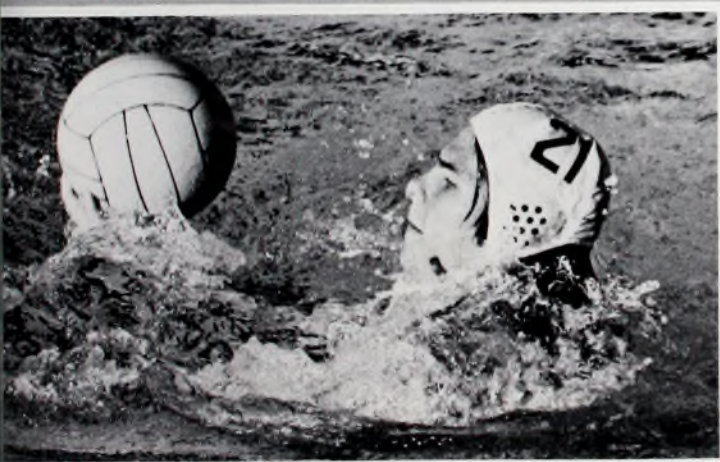


WATER POLO





The co-ed PCDS water polo team did exceptionally well this season even though many of the team members were very inexperienced. All but three of the players had never played on the team before. This meant that we had to start virtually from scratch. With a great deal of hard work and dedication, we managed to place second in the state championships. We played three games; the first we won 8-6, the second we won 7-6 and we lost the third in the last seconds by a score of 9-8. This was a tremendous performance on the part of the team. Bill Wrigley and Greg Hunter were two of our major offensive threats. George Kokalis was a very versatile player and often served as the backbone of the defense. The supportive teamwork of Jennifer Rand contributed to the team's success. The remainder of the hard-working team consisted of Bobby Simonds, Kati Lorant, Jon Marshall, Greg Haus, Dave Hvidsten, Gregg Hoffman, Phil Bonnefoy, Kimer Wadsworth, Marianne Hagstrom and Jan Lorant.

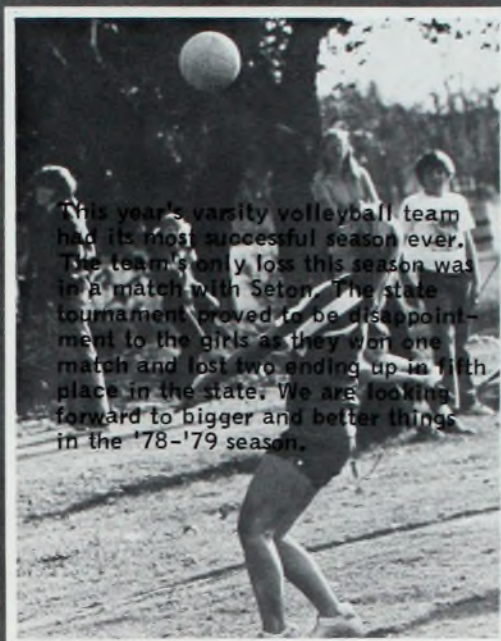
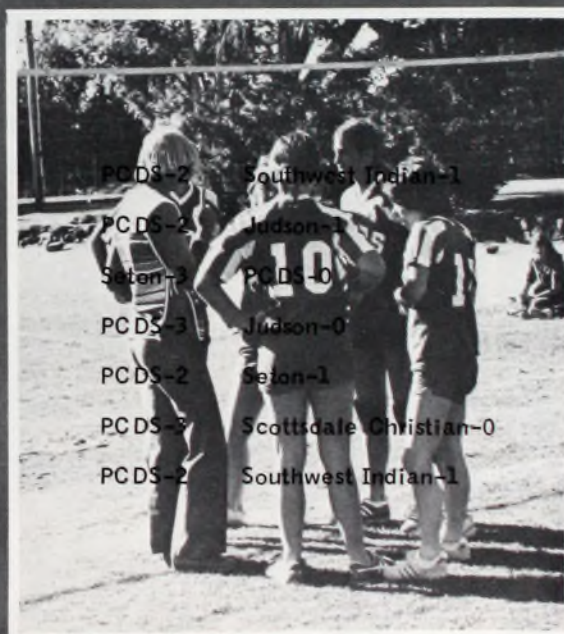


VARSITY VOLLEYBALL



BACK ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:
Kimer Wadsworth, Lina Weissman,
Liz Dashnaw, Leah Jacobson,
Marianne Hagstrom, Jane Hall
FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Lisa
Falconieri, Felicia Weiss, Cindy
Latish, Lynne Diethrich, Ginger
Irwin



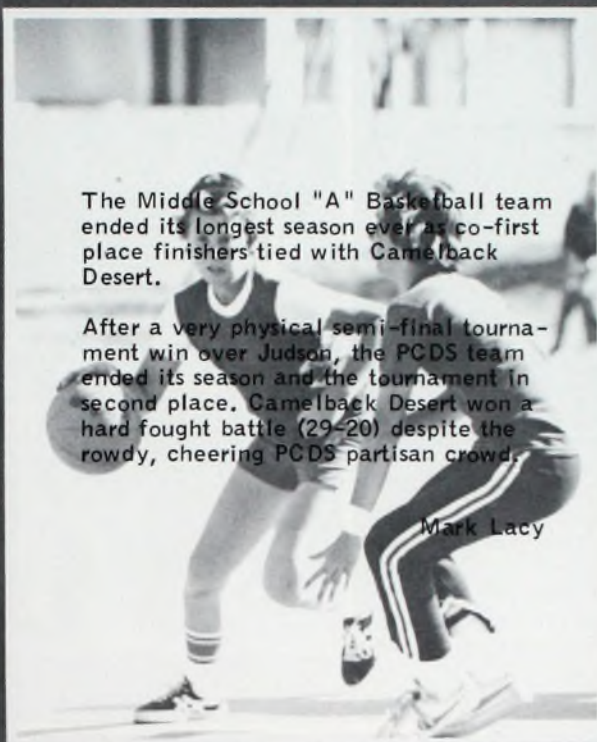


MIDDLE SCHOOL BOYS' BASKETBALL

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: David Shapiro, Chris Cummiskey, Michael DeMarzo, Eddie Shanken, Coach Mark Lacy.

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Jimmy Friend, Mitch Salamon, John Boccaccio, Tim Wray, Brandon Bennett, Robert England.





The Middle School "A" Basketball team ended its longest season ever as co-first place finishers tied with Camelback Desert.

After a very physical semi-final tournament win over Judson, the PCDS team ended its season and the tournament in second place. Camelback Desert won a hard fought battle (29-20) despite the rowdy, cheering PCDS partisan crowd.

Mark Lacy

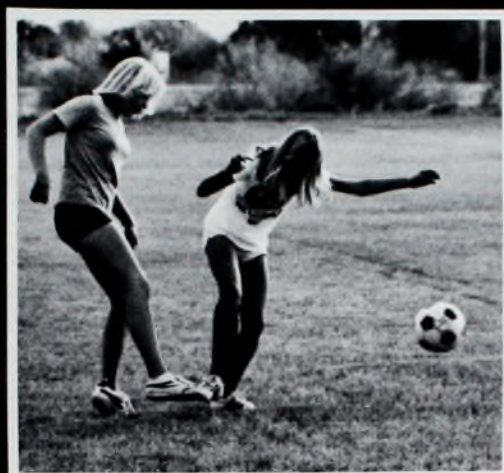


PCDS	78	3	Paradise Valley Christian
PCDS	28	15	Devereaux
PCDS	55	21	Scottsdale Christian Academy
PCDS	33	32	Camelback Desert
PCDS	35	24	Judson
PCDS	(forfeit)		Paradise Valley Christian
PCDS	57	7	Devereaux
PCDS	34	6	Scottsdale Christian Academy
PCDS	30	36	Camelback Desert
PCDS	(forfeit)		Judson
PCDS	40	22	Judson
PCDS	20	29	Camelback Desert

MIDDLE SCHOOL GIRLS' SOCCER

Back Row, L to R.: Liz Dalglish,
Cindy Miles, Gay Donahoe, Carolina
Lopez, Jennifer Beardsley, Dana
Chesire, Wendy Scurr Front Row, L
to R.: Jennifer Potter, Julie Brooks,
Lizzie Reeves, Sue Pitre, Stacey
Richter Absent: Allyson Ingram,
Libby Bean, Annie Keefer, Dyann
Fisher, Wendy Horwitch, Cindy
Cohen, Nancy Rutila, Jane Gould.





The 77-78 year proved to be a successful one for the girls' soccer team. They went undefeated much to the dismay of the opponents. The girls were victorious by a score of 3-1 over Paradise Valley Christian, 7-0 over Scottsdale Christian, 2-1 over Camelback Desert School and 3-0 over Judson.



KINDERGARTEN
Lisa Levitz
Norman Todd
Sharon Offutt

SECOND GRADE
Julie Shephard
Baha Bahadir
Sharon Ligorsky

THIRD GRADE
Evan Gittner

FOURTH GRADE
Brian Adams
Aaron Shephard

FIFTH GRADE
Becky Jones
Avery Crossman
Karen Zuchowski
Wendy Pitre

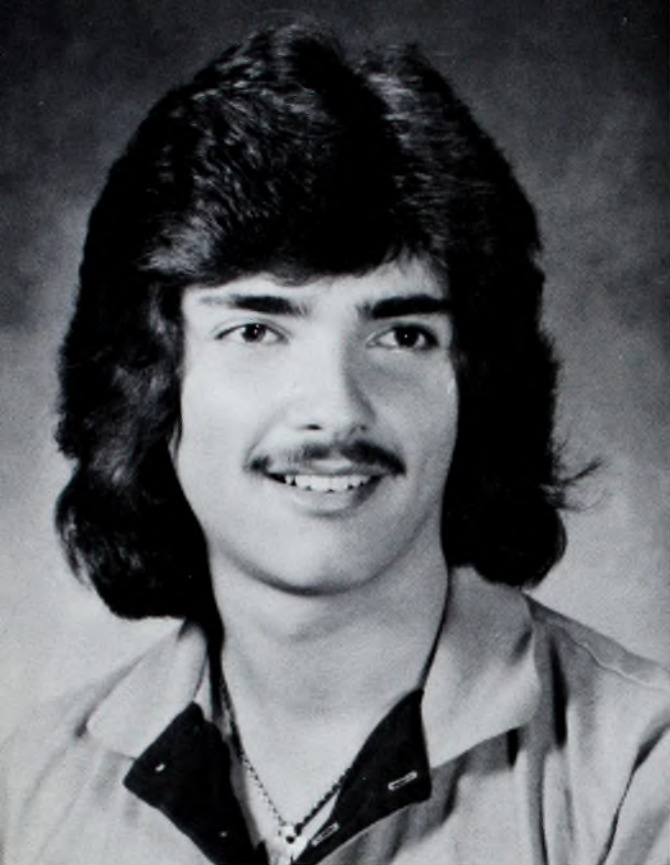
SIXTH GRADE
Peter Mahowald
Kiffie Spangler

SEVENTH GRADE
Jeff Joliet
Jenny Jensen

EIGHTH GRADE
Brad Davison

SOPHOMORE
Beth Melas





PHIL ROSIER

Love is a feeling
That we have together
Which we will share
Forever and ever . . .

Thanks to B.C. and W.P.



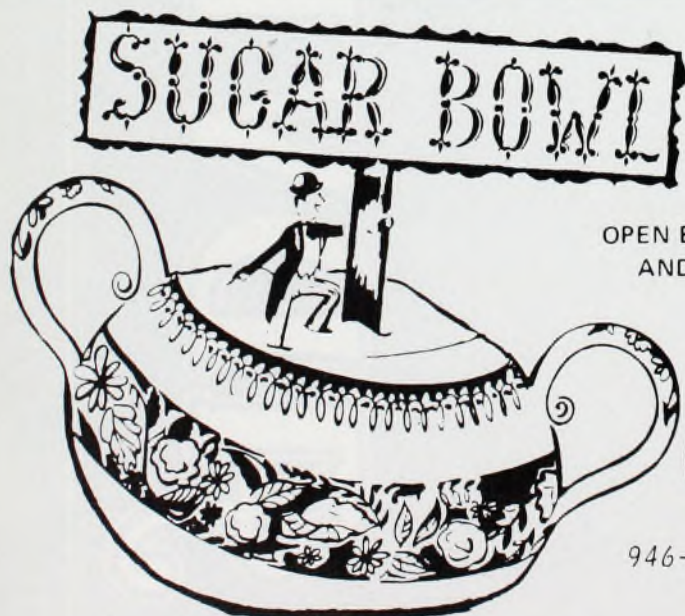
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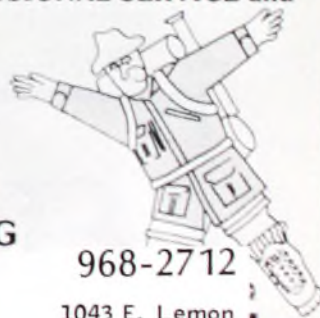
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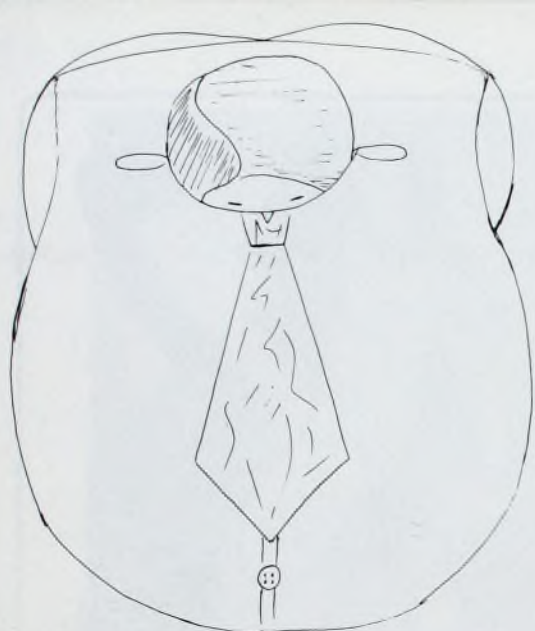
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