



Phoenician
Volume XI
1975

Table of Contents

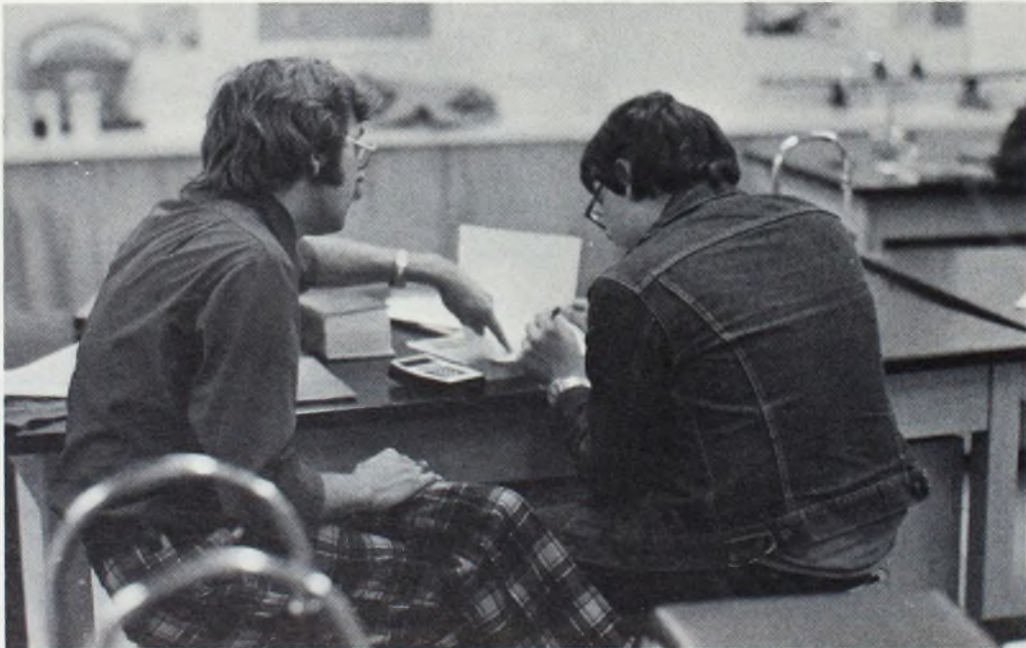


Administration	12
Seniors	26
Upper School	50
Middle School	62
Lower School	78
Student Life	100
Activities	126
Athletics	142
Advertising	170

Phoenix Country Day School

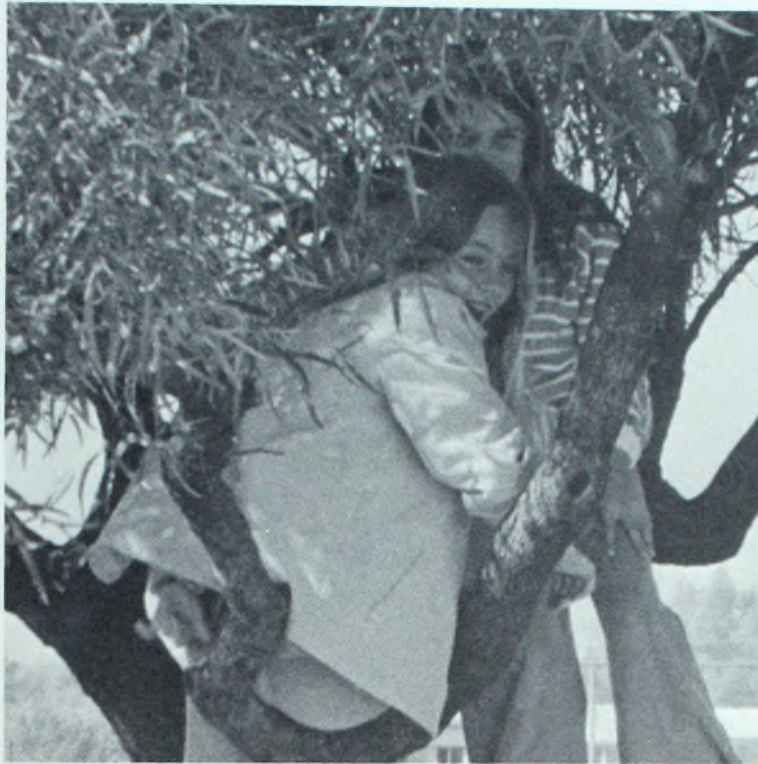


"No man can reveal to you aught but that which already was half asleep in the dawning of your knowledge."
-Gibran



Knowledge and understanding are life's faithful companions who will never prove untrue to you. For knowledge is your crown and understanding your staff; and when they are with you, you can possess no greater treasures."

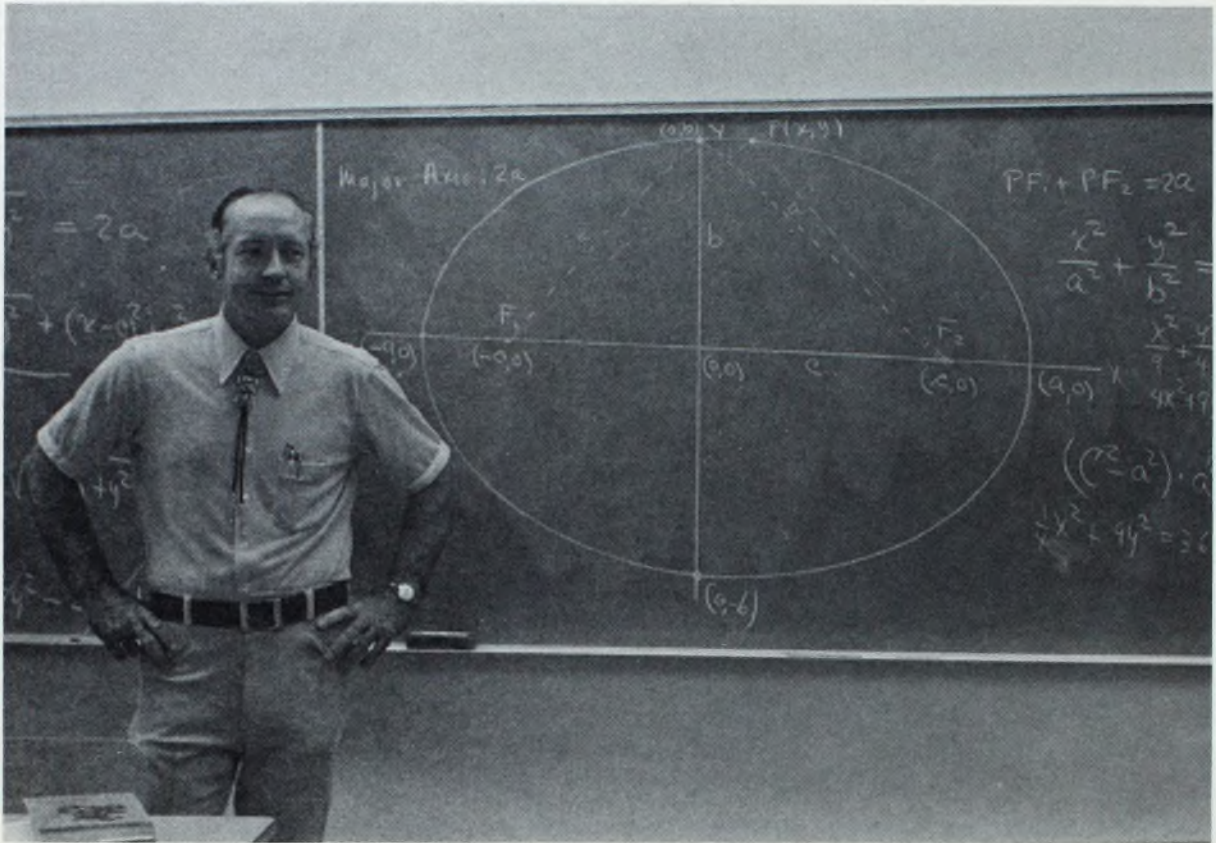
1974-1975



"... and the selfsame well from which your laughter rises was often times filled with your tears."
-Gibran



"... and in the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter and sharing of pleasures"
-Gibran



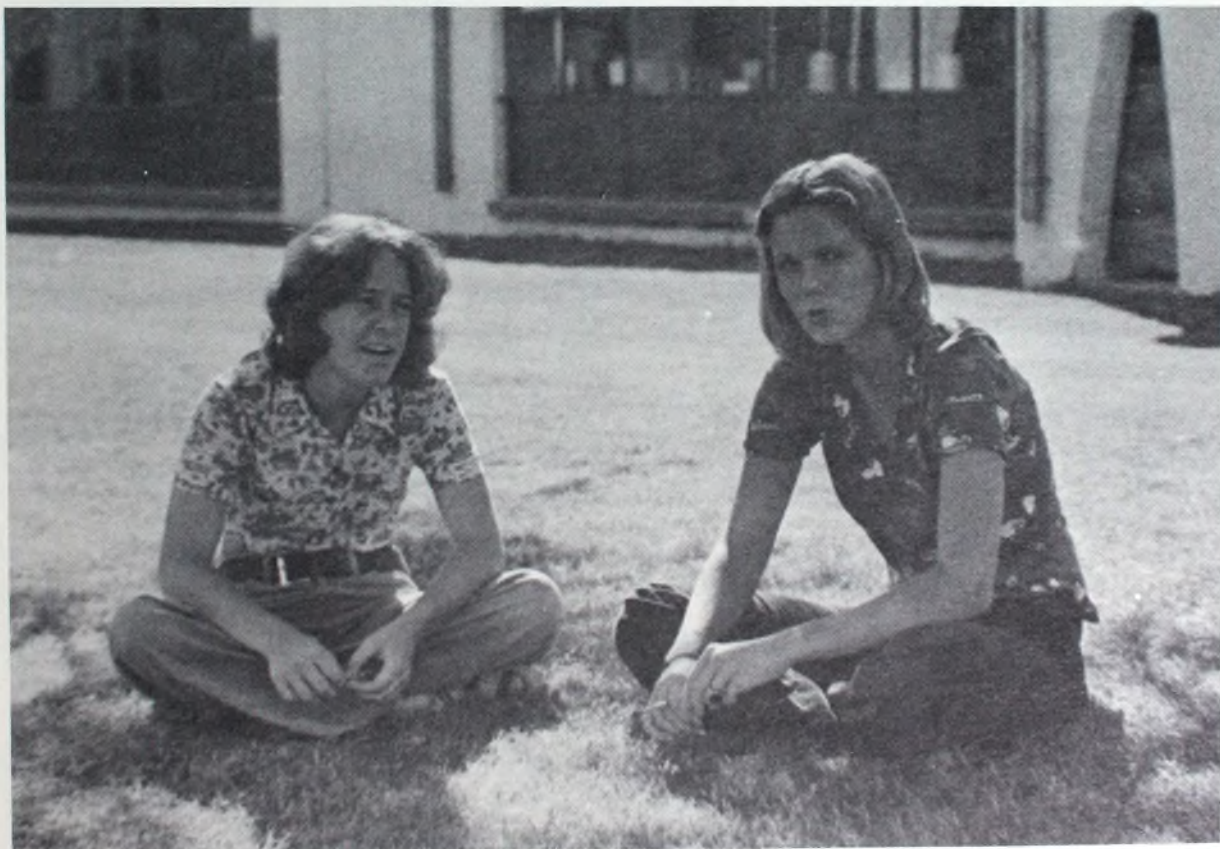
"Your greatest power to achieve a goal comes in the moment when you abandon all hope of ever achieving it."
-Tim Galiwey



"In the pursuit of learning, every day something is acquired"
-Gibran



"And let your best be for your friend"
-Gibran



"Your friend is your needs answered"-Gibran



To Jim "El Jefe" Bruning, we dedicate our yearbook.

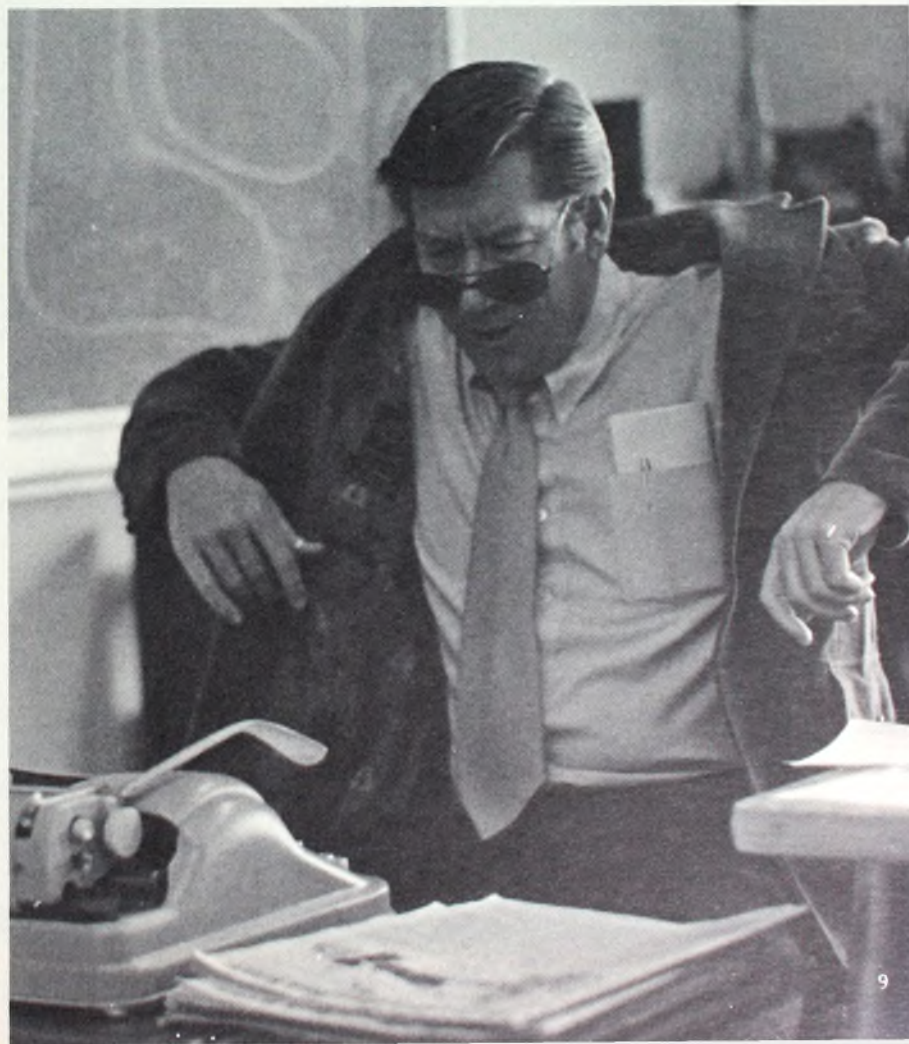
In spite of your kerchiefs, cigars, dark glasses, Pigeon Journal, and poor jokes; we value you as a friend.

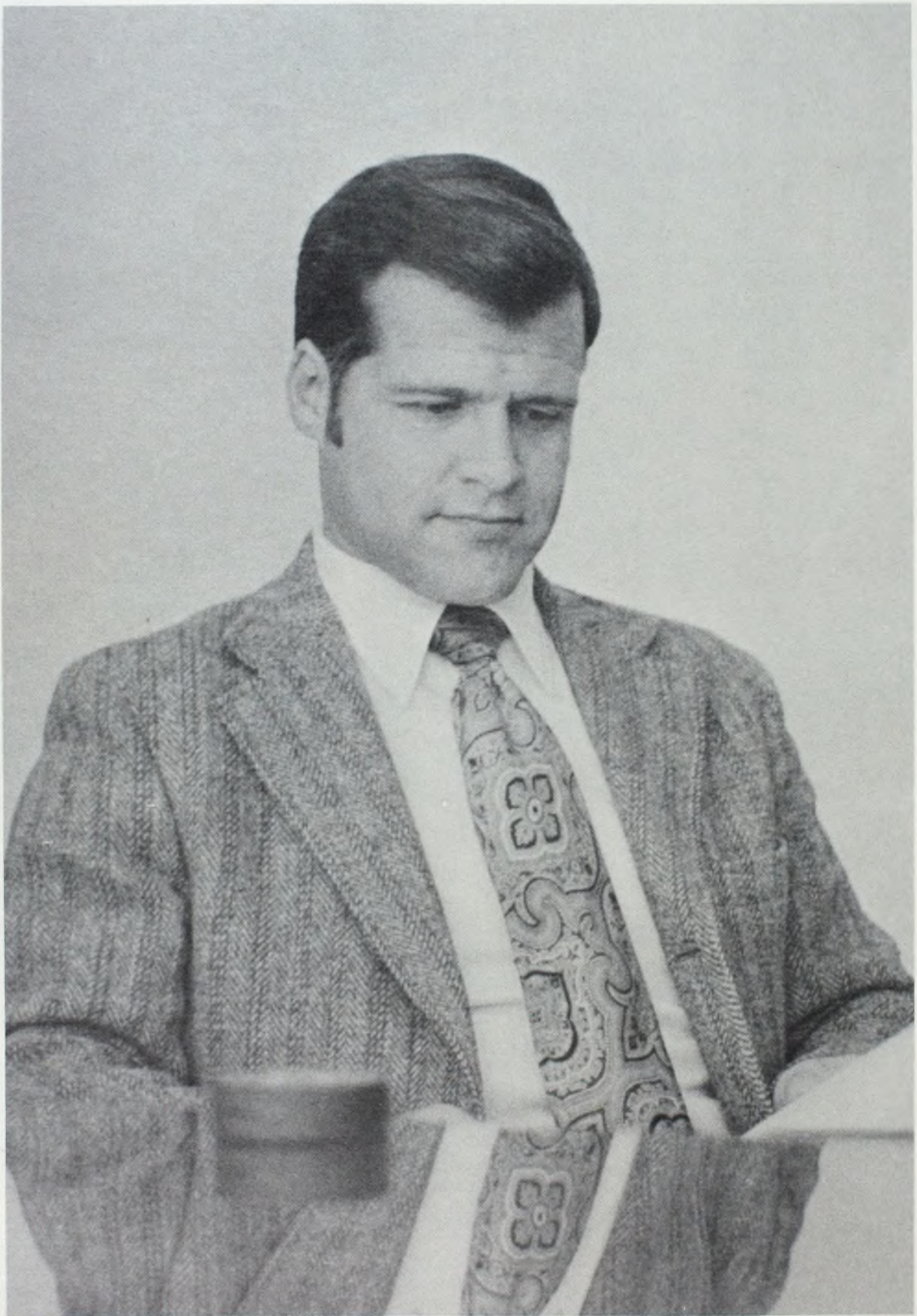
We appreciate what you have done as head of the Language Department. You gave us the Language Club, the Trap and Skeet Club, and broadened our language program. But your most memorable contribution was the presentation of, "Behold a Pale Horse".

We are grateful for the language learning center, the Taco Queen, the infamous toilet radio always tuned to KIFN, and your multi-lingual dinners.

Thank-you.

The Seniors





Mr. Robert Peirce, Jr.: Headmaster



PHOENIX COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

P O BOX 15087

PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85060

HEADMASTER'S OFFICE

TO THE CLASS OF 1975:

By the time this letter is officially published, Phoenix Country Day School's fourteenth year will be history and its eleventh graduating class will be concluding its secondary education. As you make the final plans for your commencement, I would like to share some thoughts with you and the entire PCDS community that we keep in mind during these complex days for the good of our school and ourselves.

There is a need to retain a sense of reality. No independent school is a typical community. It is a protected community with a highly selective population. It is easy to withdraw, to lose contact with the hard realities, and to be content with an ivory tower existence. PCDS is attempting to resist this temptation and must continue to do so.

Our students must face reality. Their participation in the decision-making process of our school is not only desirable, but an essential part of their education. The reality of responsibility for the faculty and administration lies in the area of major decision-making, requiring wisdom born of experience and maturity. Responsibility for the life-style of our school can and is being shared, but it must not be weakened by any group.

There is need to renew our hope and confidence not only in the future of Phoenix Country Day and all of our democratic institutions but also in our young people. Historically, independent schools have provided a great impetus for scholarship and leadership. Now they must provide the impetus for hope in an age that threatens to give up hope.

Regarding our young people, we must never forget they are ours. They have been raised in a society we built and whether we like it or not, they reflect us. To lose faith in them would be to lose all faith in the future.

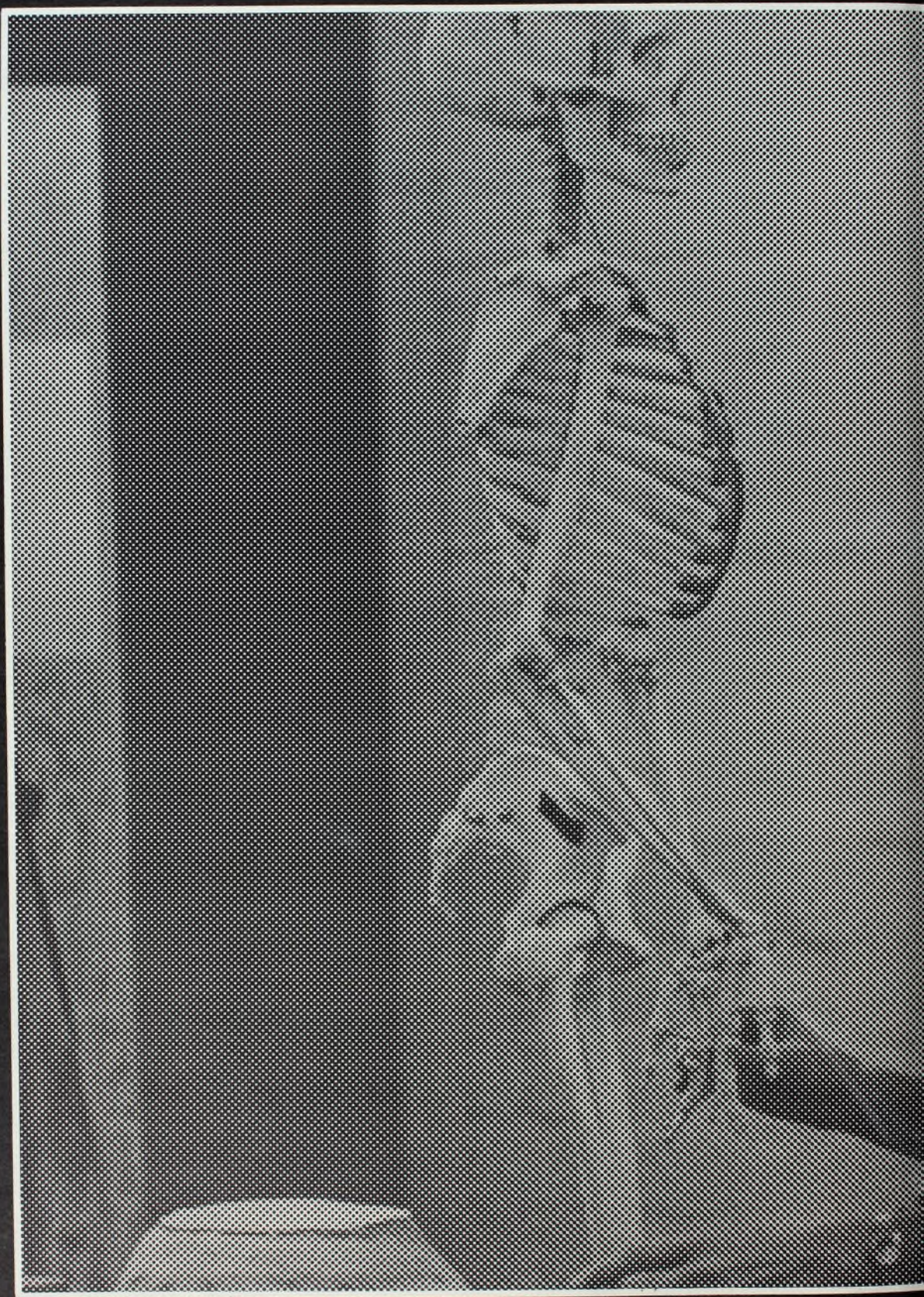
Fortunately, students are idealistic and extremely able and anxious to help our school become better. Phoenix Country Day has changed, not only inevitably but properly and dynamically. The focus of our school is the life of the mind, but when we are dealing with this age group, there is a lot more going on among them besides the development of their minds.

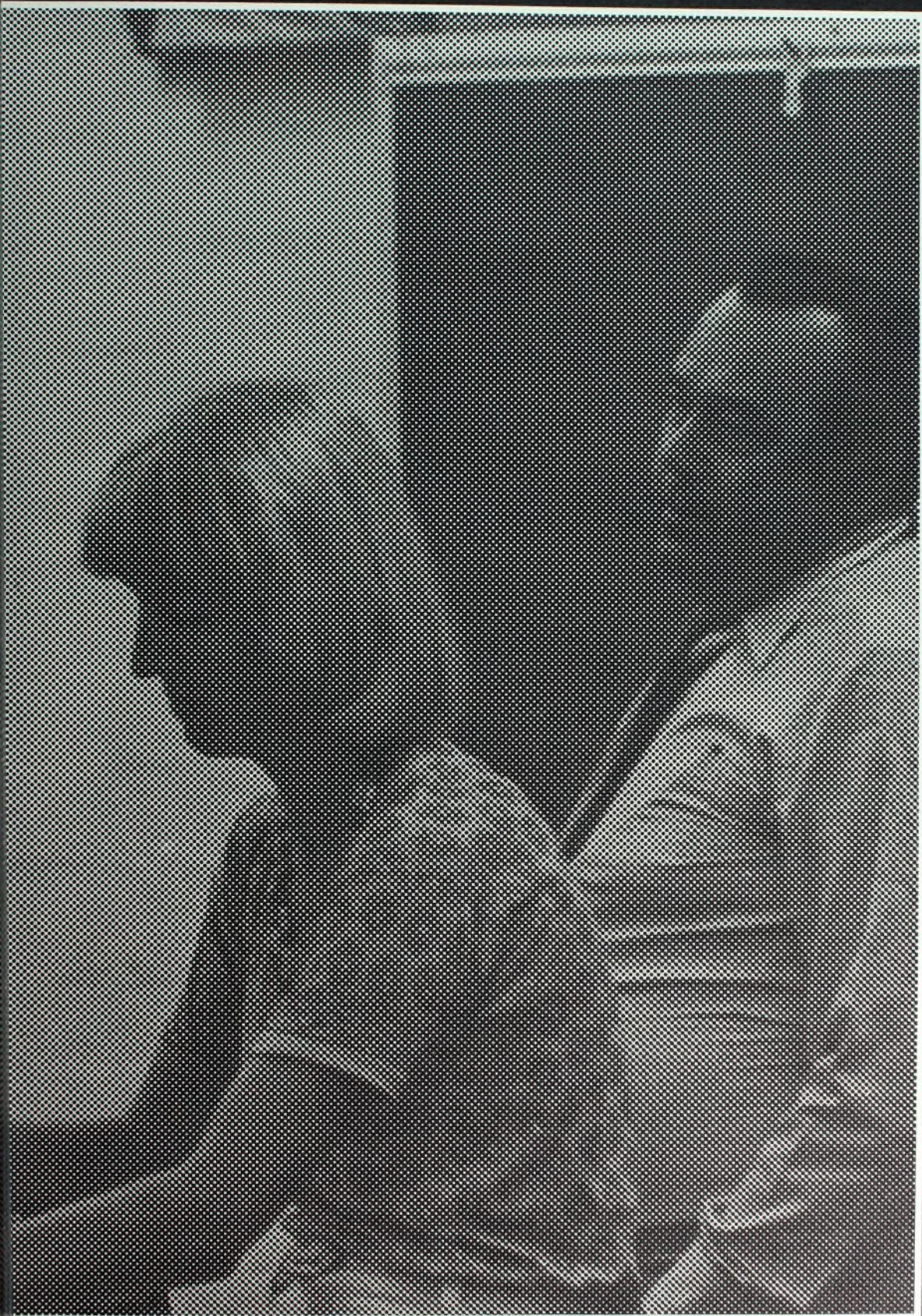
Before coming to Arizona, a close friend of mine said, "Always take adolescents seriously but not always literally." If independent schools did not reflect change, there would be something wrong. A school must adapt itself to the realities of the times without losing its basic philosophy.

Thanks to the Class of 1975 and, with the continued support of future graduating classes, PCDS will continue to be an educational leader - to help students gain and retain a sense of reality and to revitalize the hope we share in the future of our society.

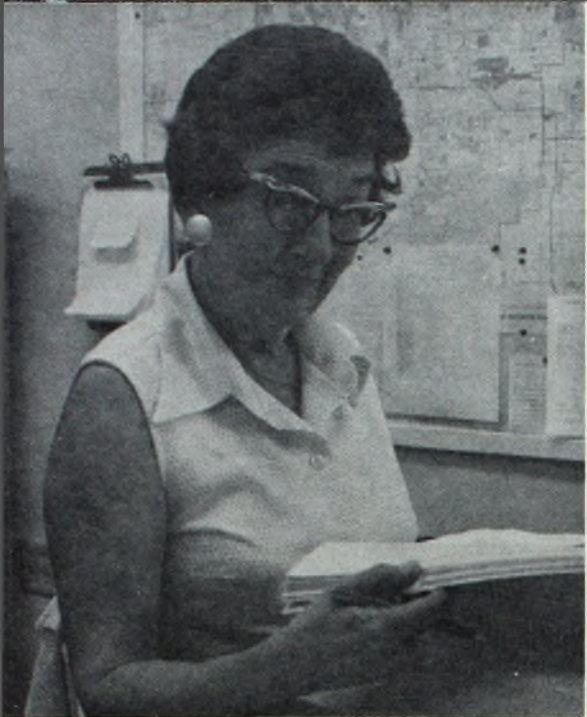
With warmest personal regards,


Robert W. Peirce, Jr.
Headmaster





Administration



Left:
Bettye
Mobley



Right:
Karan
Wood

Ladies
in
White:

Front Row:
Ruby Goetz
Sue Simmons
Pearl Modesitt

Back Row:
Nora Sieling
Hazel Steward
Bonnie White



Left:
Mary Stephenson

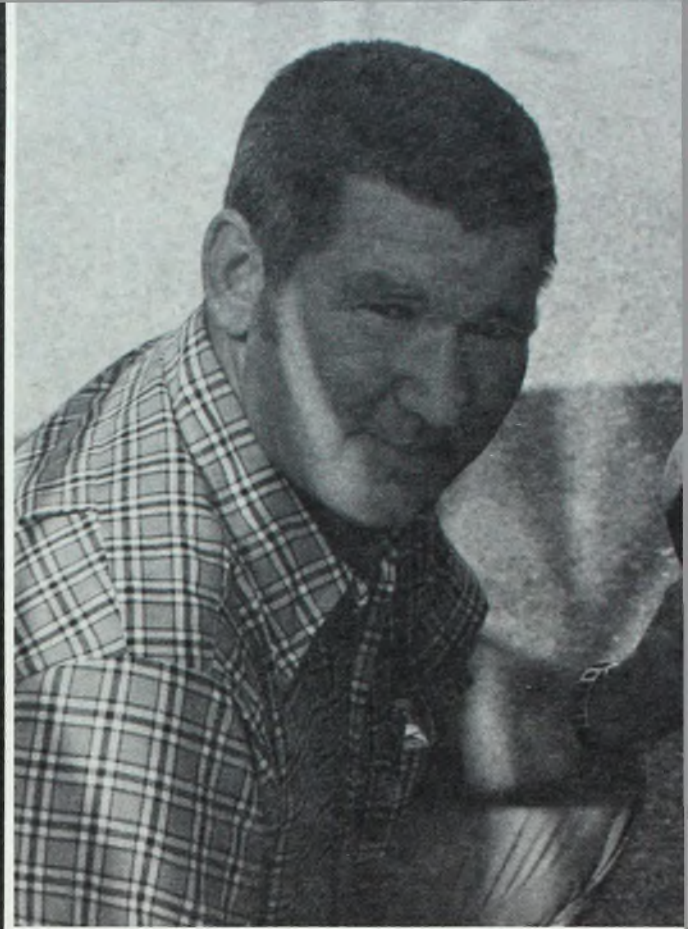


Right:
Barbara
Doty



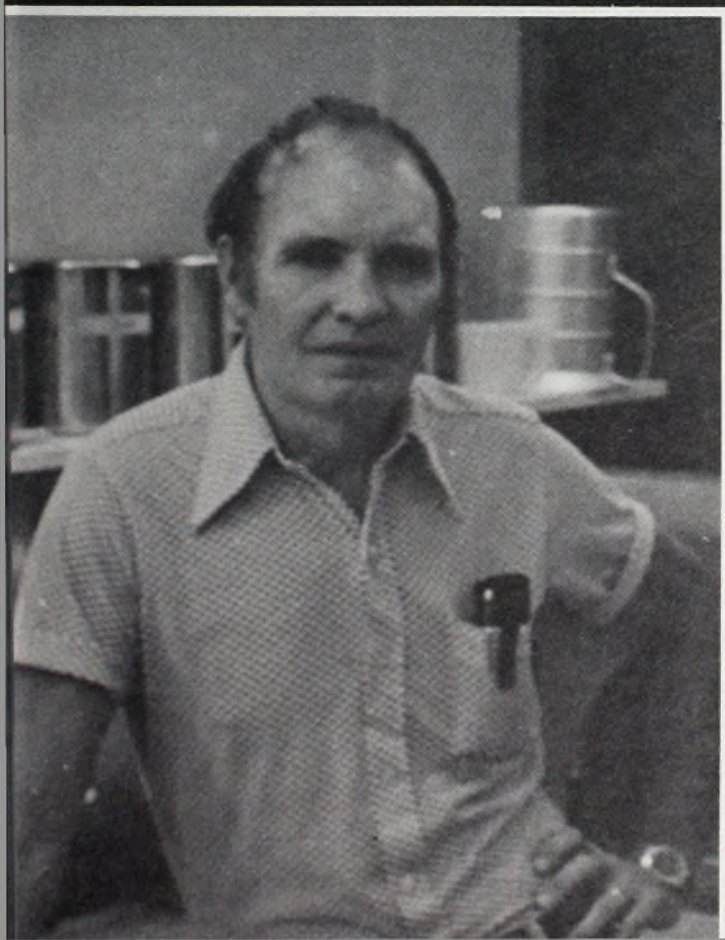
Ralph Phillips

Luther Reynolds



Charles Tipton

Rudy Moraga



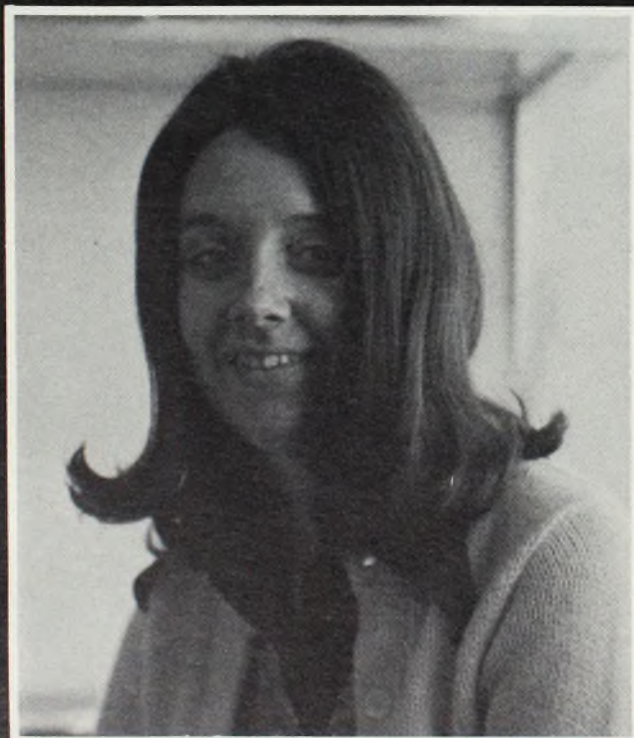
Faculty



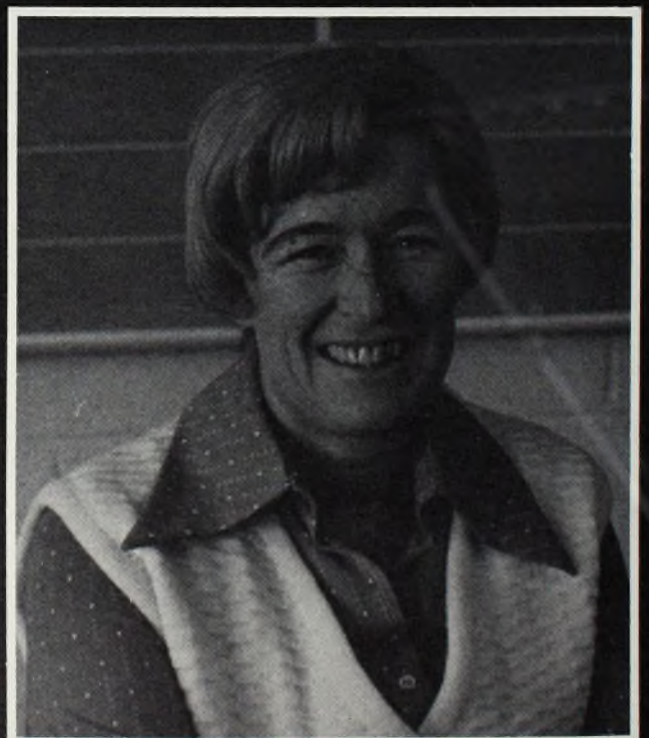
Vera Morrison



Joan Oliver



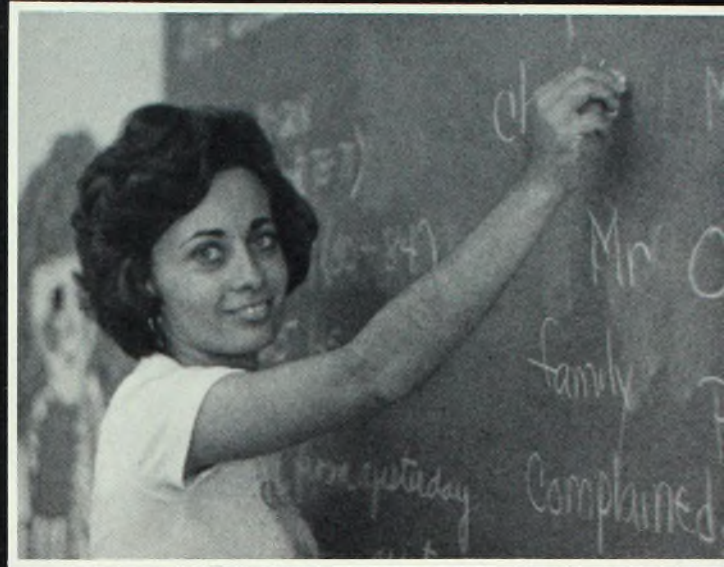
Kathy Lincoln



Janet Wallace



Ruth Grove



Janice Grosso

Ardis Deen

Marlys Livermore

Fran Vierck





Margaret Ruccolo



Mary Lu Syllaba



Pam Dunn



Lovice Peterson



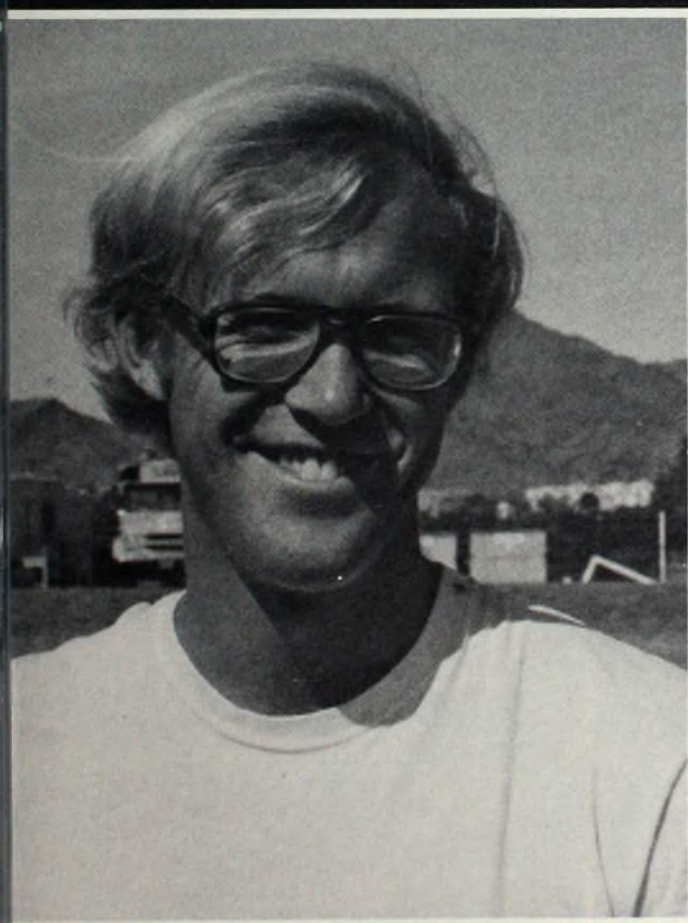
Kathy James



Arlevia Snyder



Jeanne Russo



Peter LaPrade



Kae Knight



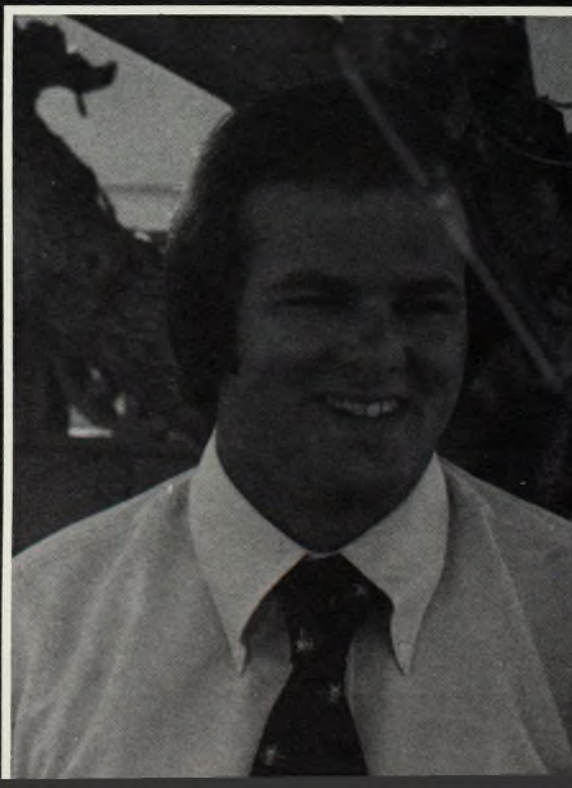
Frank Sykes



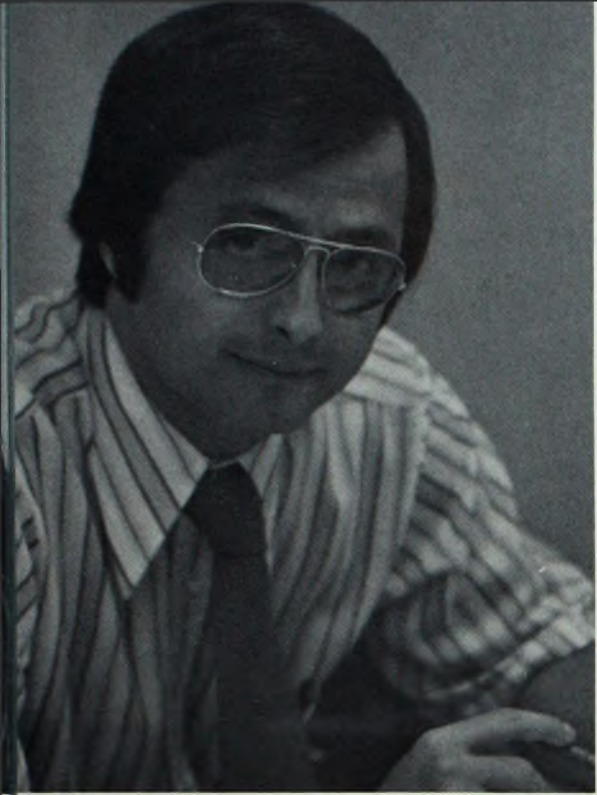
Linda Bryant



Mary DeMarzo



James Rose



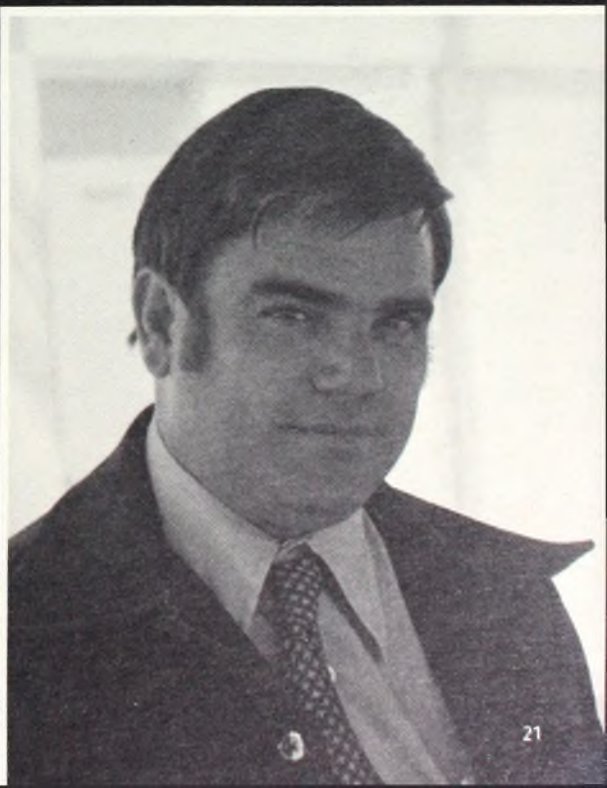
Lou Gallucci



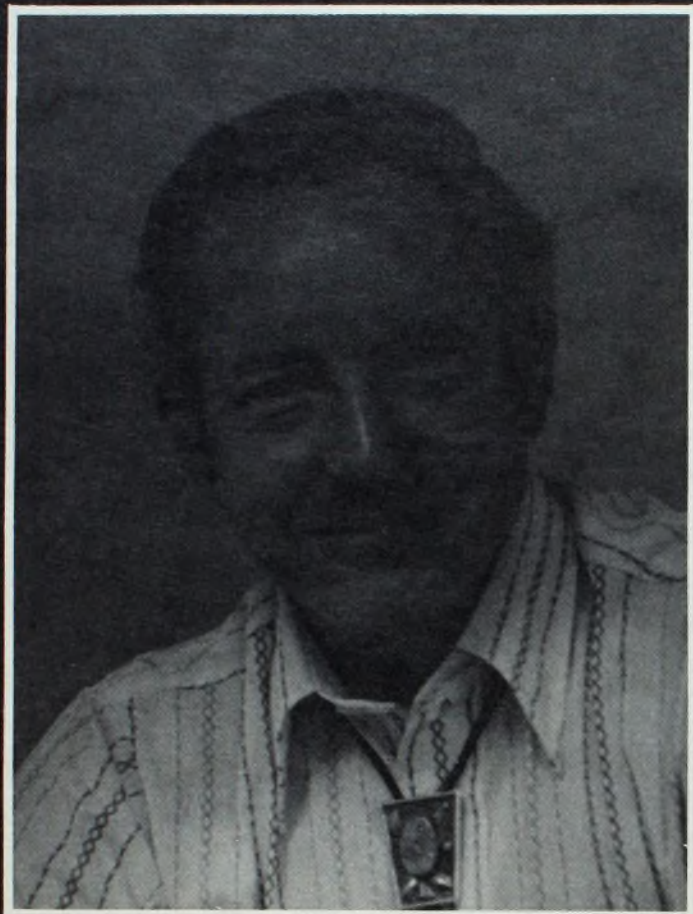
Gail Bergstrom



Deborah Gray



Marcus Schluter



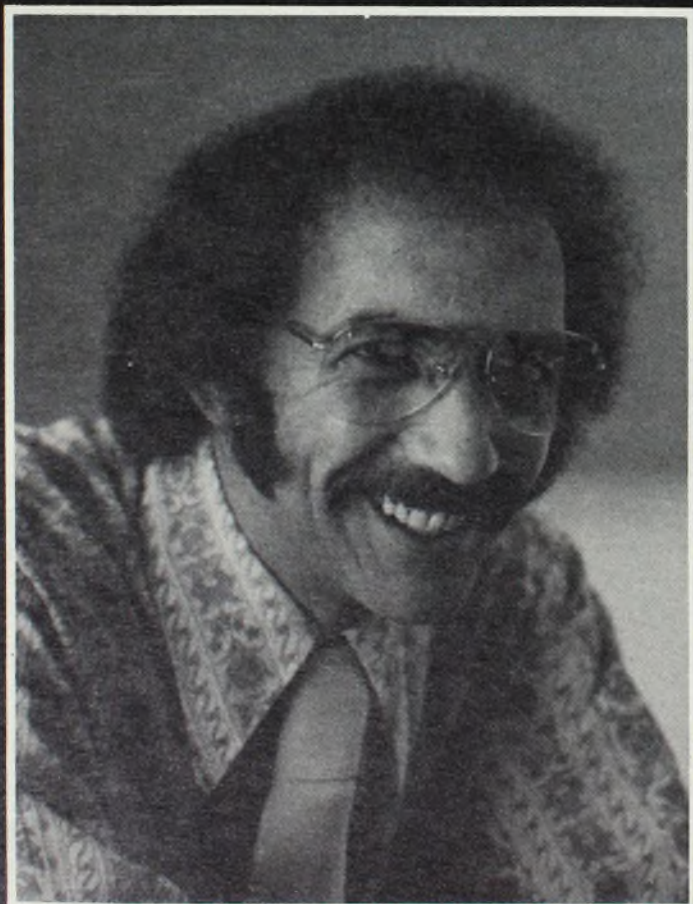
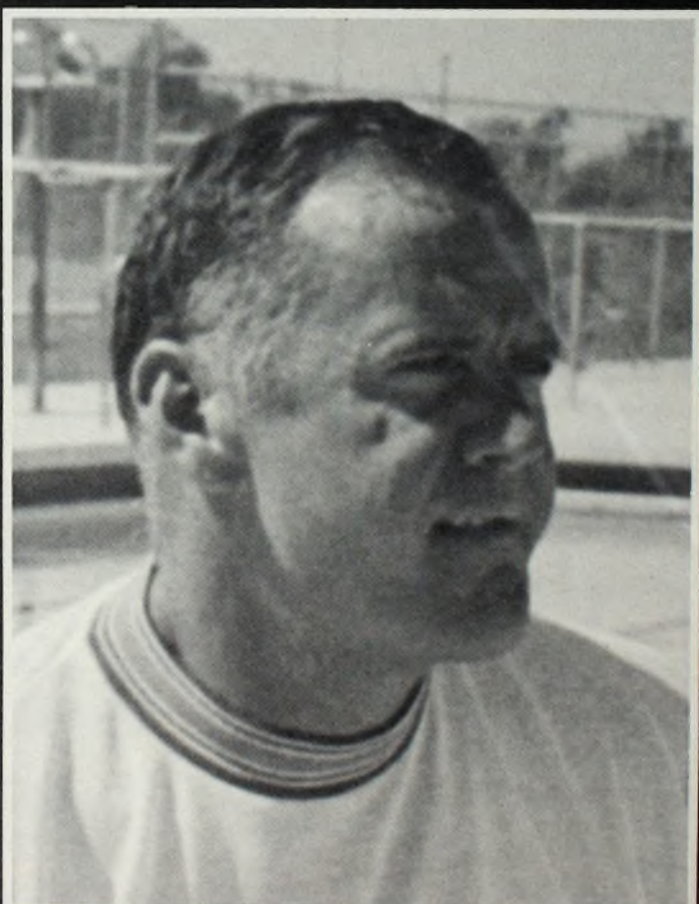
Don Singer

James Roof-Dean of Upper and Middle Schools.



Betty Ligon

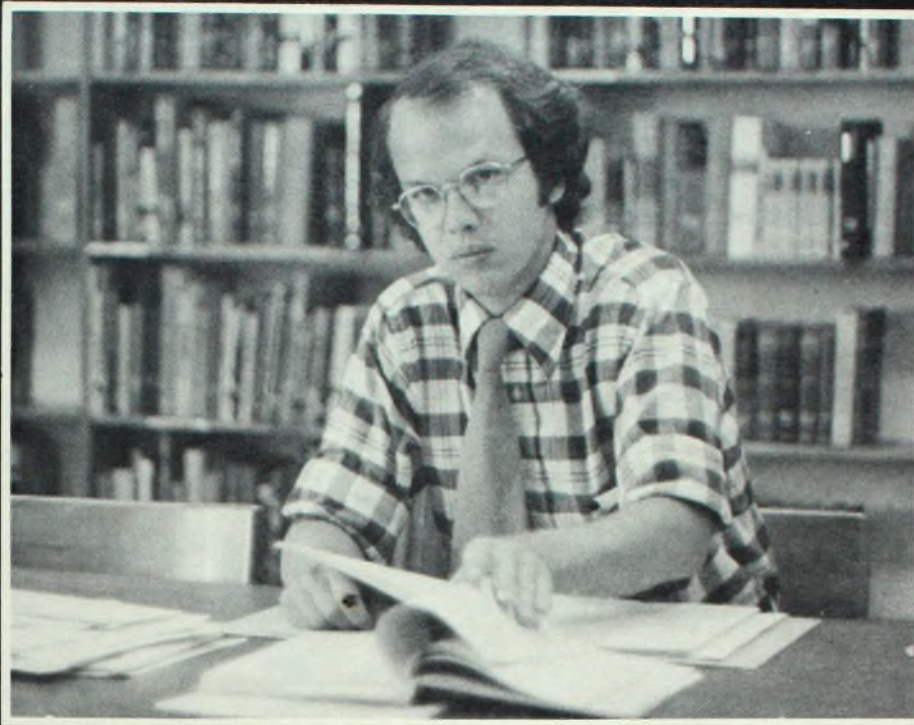
Joe Phillips





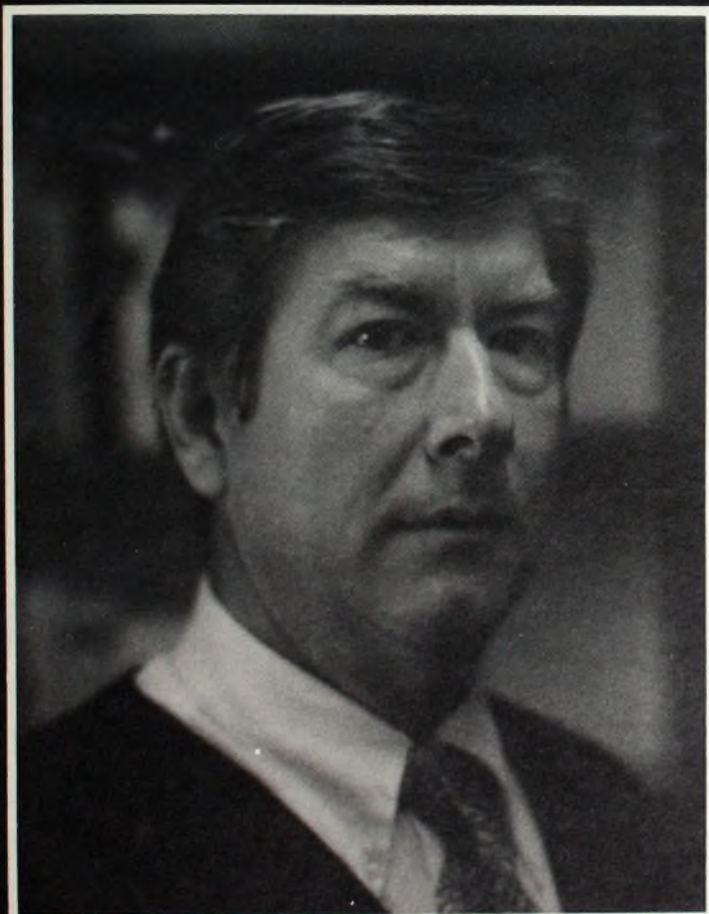
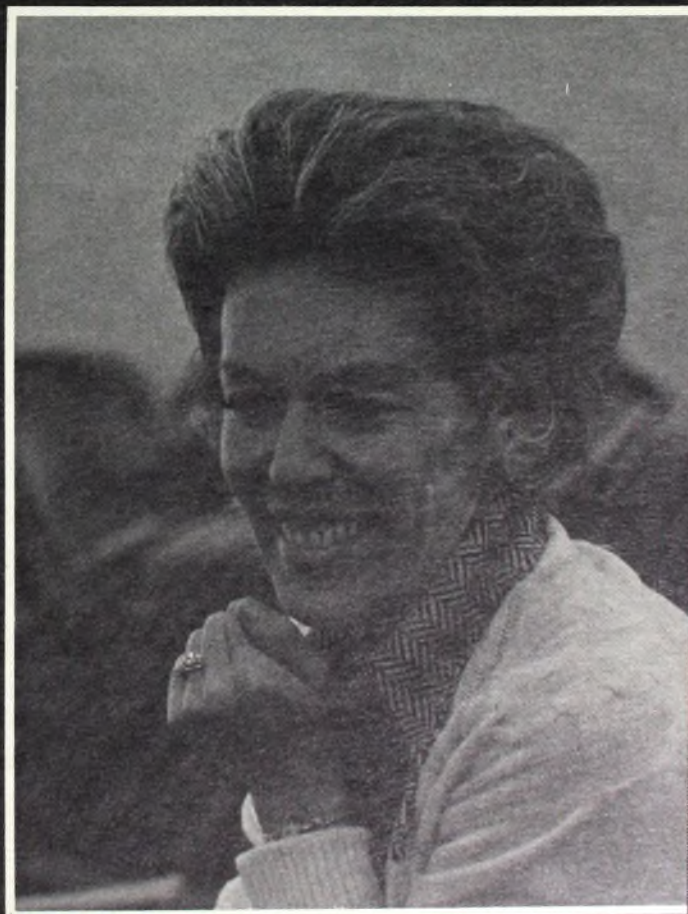
Kathy Sonderman

James Bruning



Paul Schweikher

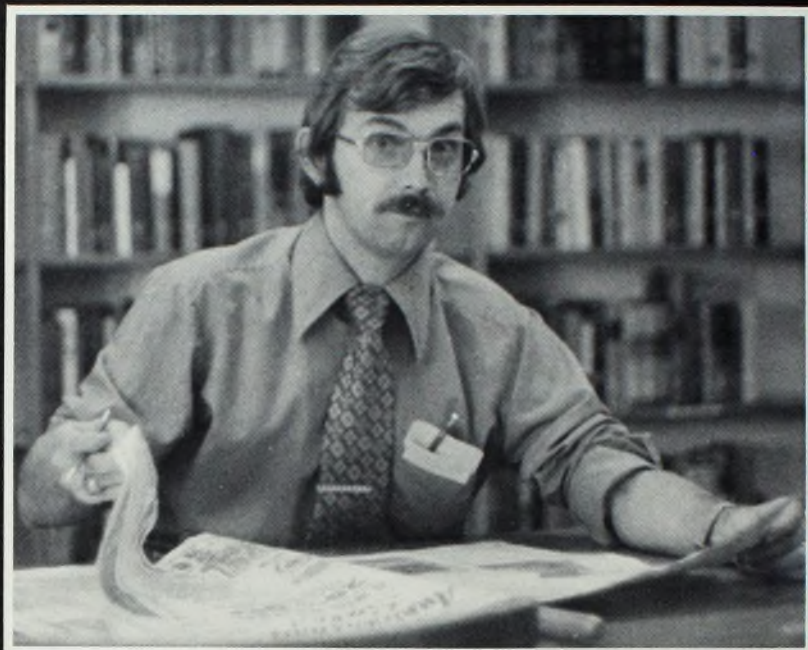
Diane Doyle Krueger



Georgia Buelow



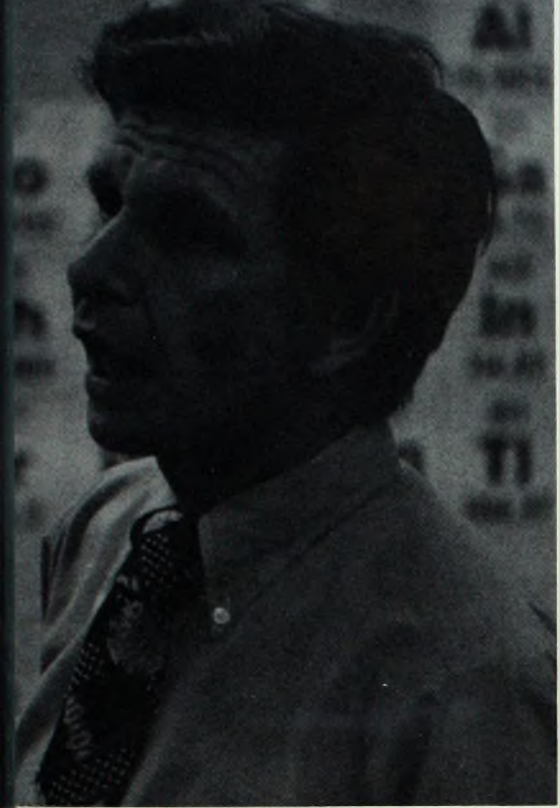
Robert Wilson



Arlette Hagstrom



David O. Raymond



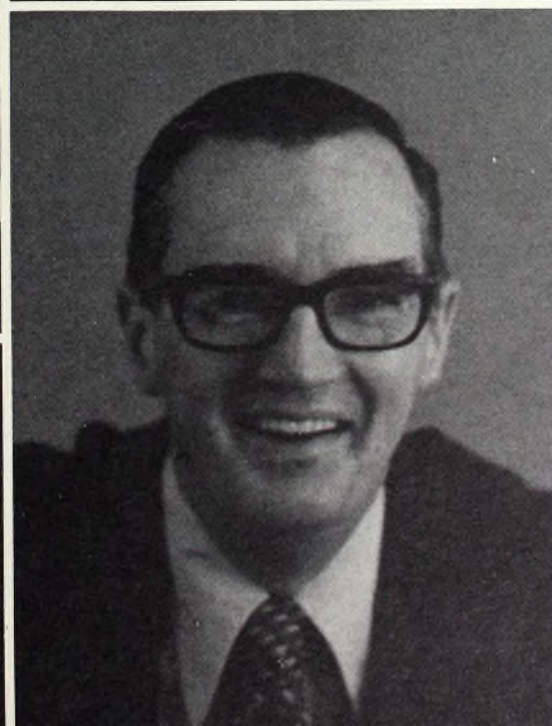
Left:
Chester
Seroka



Right:
Anne-Marie
Sykes



Chris English

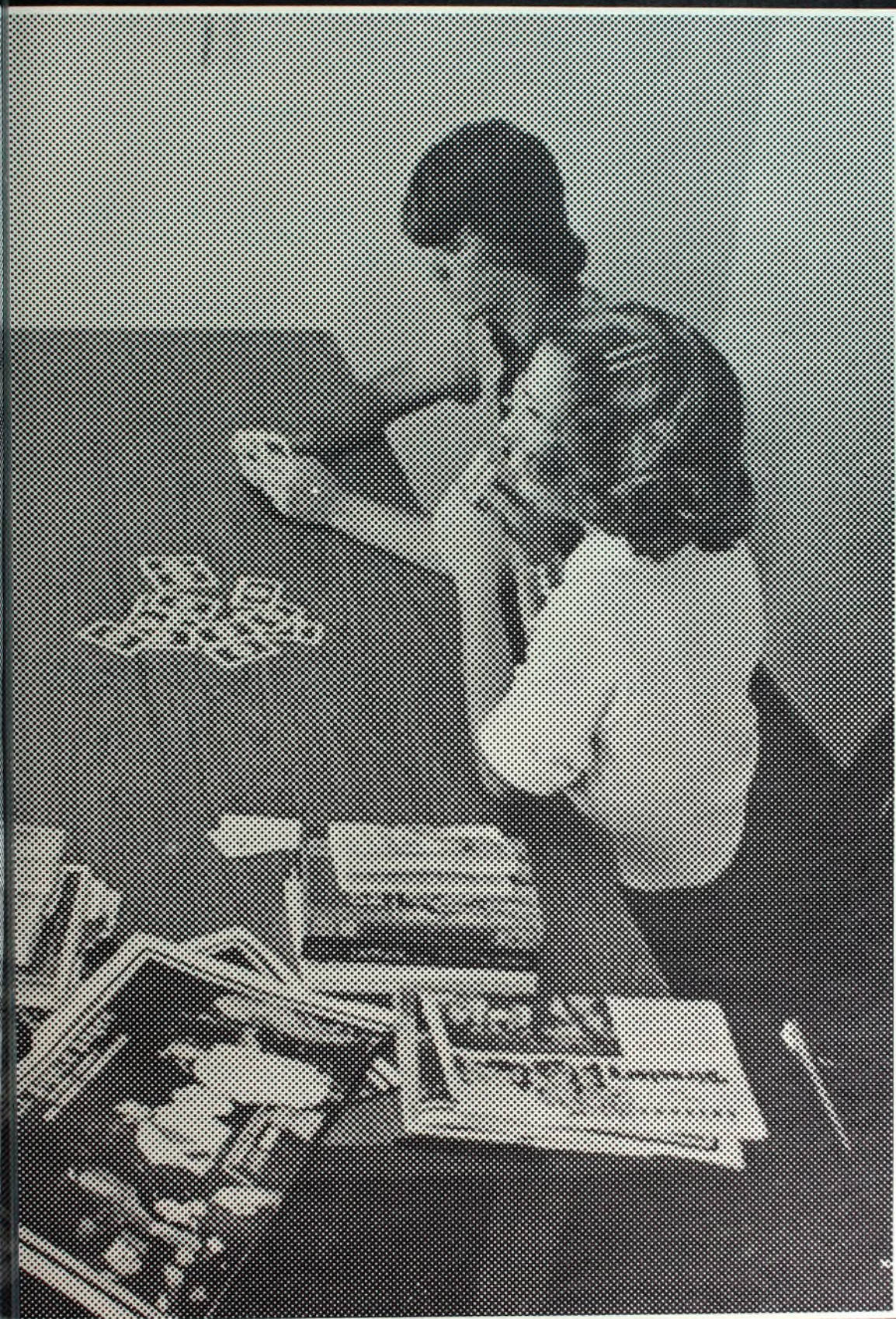


Harry Houle

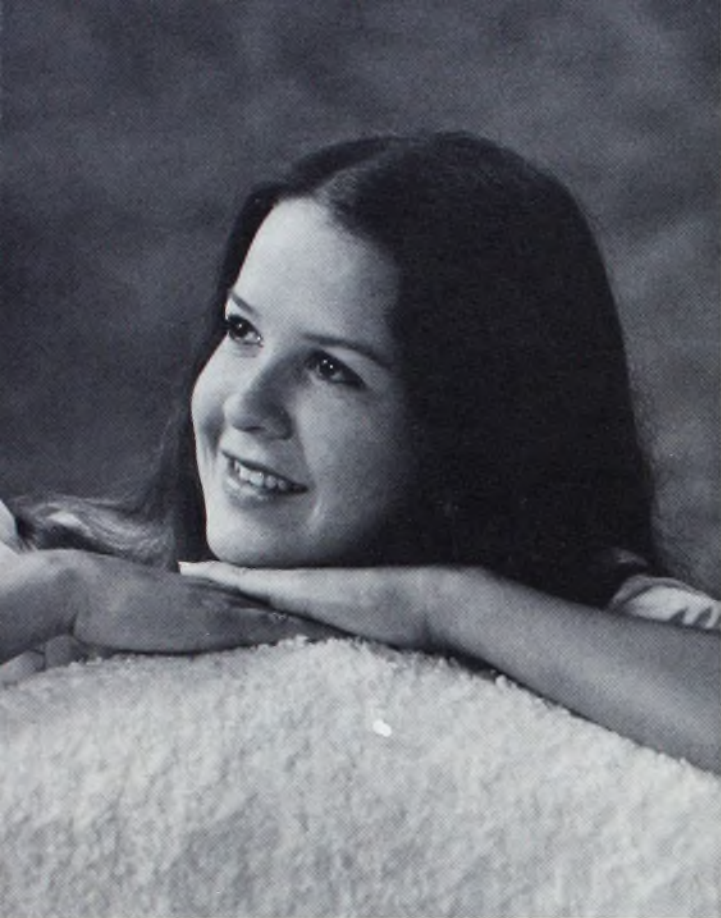


Michael Morris





Seniors



Maria Alvarez

There is a smile of love,
and there is a smile of deceit,
and there is a smile of smiles
in which these two smiles meet.

- Shakespeare -

Life is eternal; and love is immortal; and death
is only a horizon; and a horizon is nothing save
the limit of our sight.

- Shakespeare -

Give all to love;
obey thy heart;
friends, kindred, days,
estate, good fame,
plans, credit and muse,
nothing refuse.

- Shakespeare -

Kindness is a good thing for all of us to practice,
no matter how big or small.

- Mrs. Norris -

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven:
a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is
planted; a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;
a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to cast
away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to re-
frain from embracing; a time to seek and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast
away; a time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; a
time to love, and a time to hate; a time for war, and a time for peace. What gain has the
worker from his toil?

I have seen the business that God has given to the sons of men to be busy with. He has
made everything beautiful in its time; also he has put eternity into man's mind, yet so
that he cannot find out what God has done from the beginning to the end. I know that
there is nothing better for them than to be happy and enjoy themselves as long as they
live; also that it is God's gift to man that everyone should eat and drink and take pleasure
in all his toil.

- Ecclesiastes -

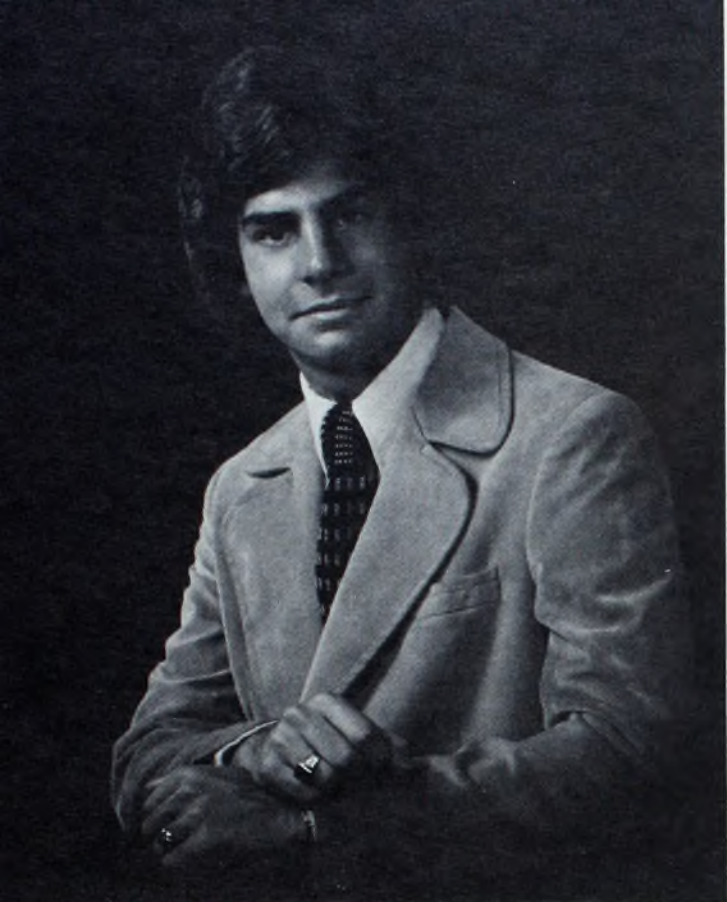


Dee Patricia Arganbright

"What do I look like?"

"You look like a
Bear holding on to a
balloon," Christopher
Robin said.

"Not, " said Pooh
Anxiously, "- not like
a small black cloud
in a blue sky?"

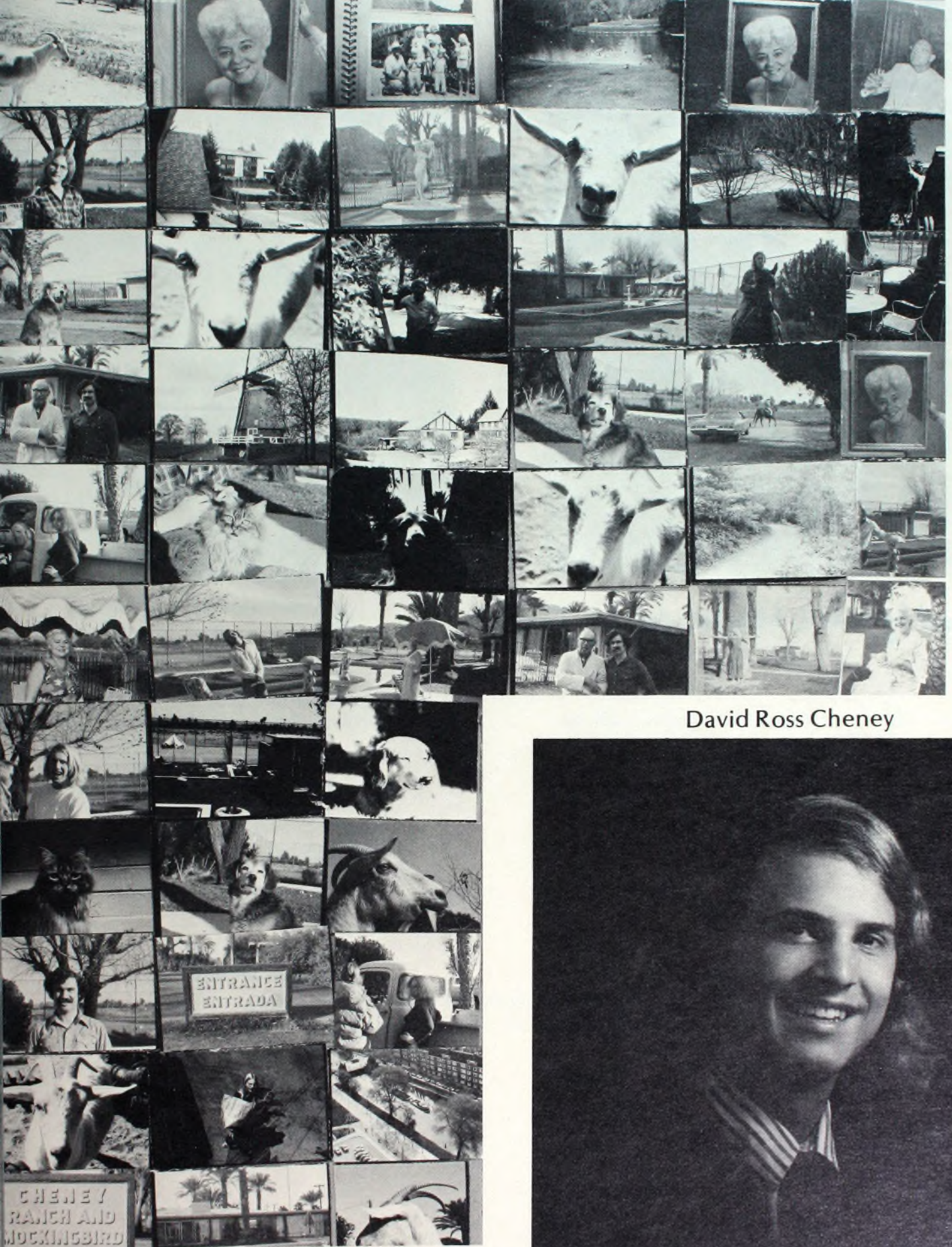


Mark Woodbridge Baker

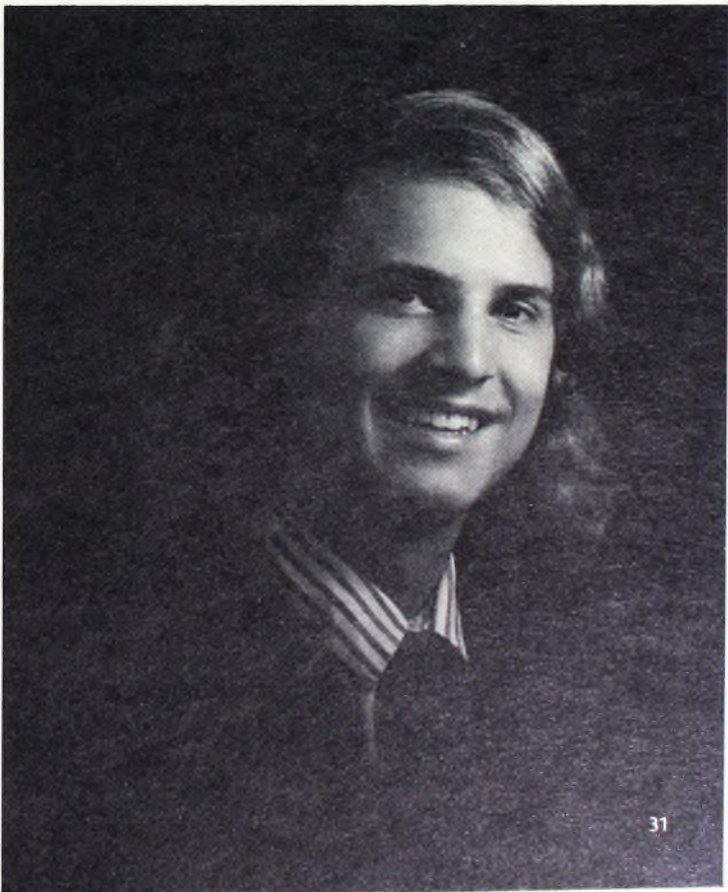
All that we love,
deeply becomes a part of us.
- W. Rinder -

Thanks Arizona,
for so many good times
and good friends.
- M.W.B.

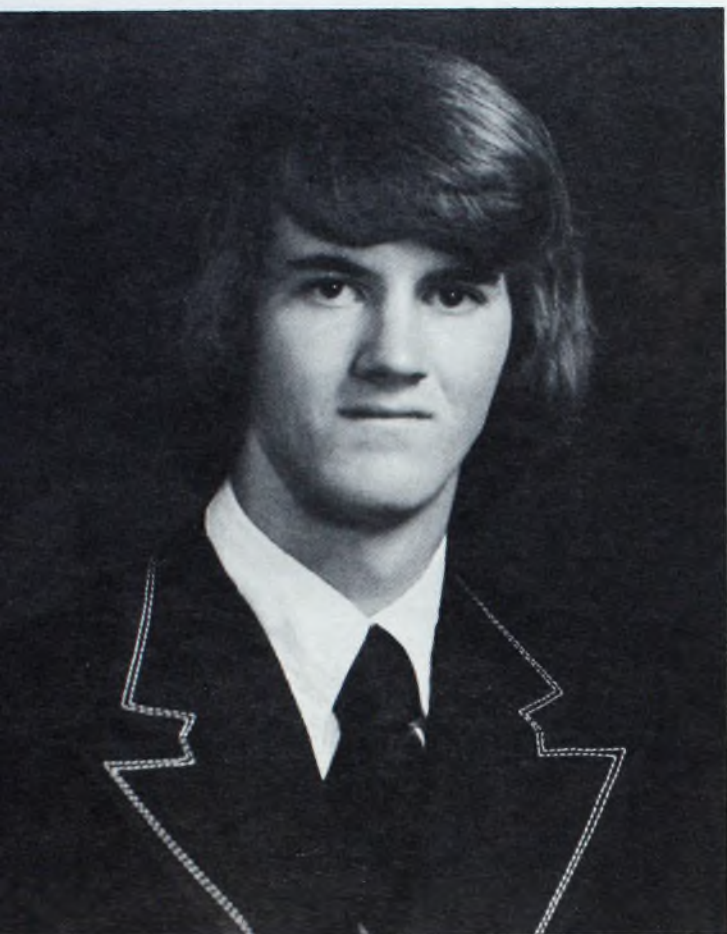




David Ross Cheney



THANKS!!!



Howard Andrew Friend

Kindness is a language which the deaf
man can hear and the blind man read.

- Mark Twain

The sky is that beautiful old parchment
in which the sun and moon keep their diary.

- Alfred Kreymbord

Little friends may prove great friends.

- Aesop

One touch of nature makes the whole world
kin.

- William Shakespeare

Touch the earth, love the earth, honor the earth
her plains, her valleys, her hills, and her seas,
rest your spirit in her solitary places.

- Henry Beston



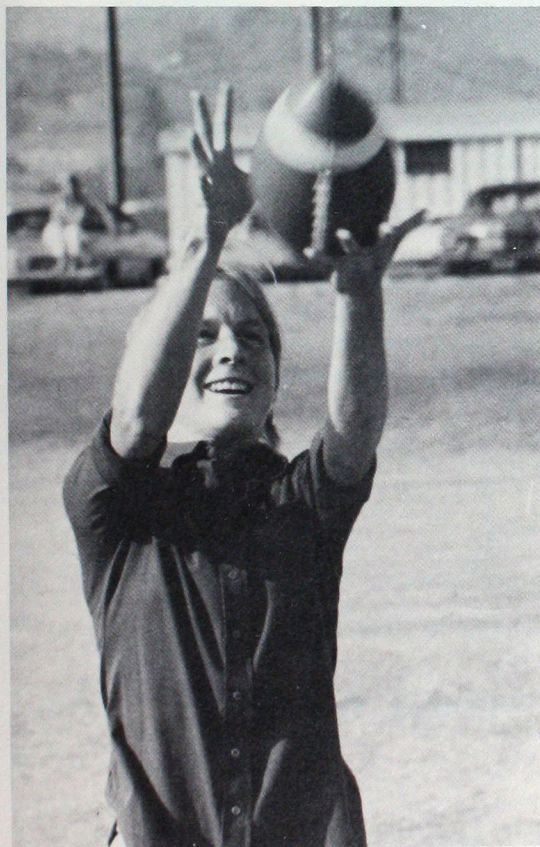
The man who removes a mountain
begins by carrying away small stones.

- Chinese Proverb

"There will come soft rains and the smell of
the ground,
And swallows circling with their shimmer-
ing 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's 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."



Mary Hall



"No bird soars too high if he soars with his own wings"
William Blake

"The journey of 1000 miles begins with a single step"
Lao-Tse

"Something to do, someone to love, and something
to hope for
are the true essentials of a happy and meaning-
ful life."

David Goodman

"The blue of heaven is larger than the clouds"
Elizabeth Barrett Browning

P.S. "I hate everything in the world, but
most of all I hate cold cream, hot dogs,..."





Terry Alan Jones

Grief can take care of itself, but to
get the full value of a joy you must
have somebody to divide it with.

- Mark Twain -

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

- Robert Frost -

In the United States there is more space where nobody is than where
anybody is. This is what makes America what it is.

- Gertrude Stein -

As you wander through
Life, keep
A smile on your lips, and
Never be lacking a few
funny quips.

- Robert Wilson
and
Alan Jones -



To all of my teachers, past and
present; to my parents; and to
all of the great friends who have
helped make my education more
enjoyable . . .

THANKS!



"Snail"



Steven Craig Kaufer



You may be an escargot to Julia Child . . . but you're only a snail to me

"If all the hands that
reach, could only touch"



Mark Wasem Phillips

TO LOOK AT ANY THING

To look at any thing,
 If you would know that thing,
 You must look at it long:
 To look at this green and say
 "I have seen spring in these
 Woods," will not do - you must
 Be the thing you see:
 You must be the dark snakes of
 Stems and ferny plumes of leaves,
 You must enter in
 To the small silence between
 The leaves,
 You must take your time
 And touch the very peace
 They issue from.

- John Moffitt -

It's a long road from the inception of a thing
 to its realization.

- Moliere -

To-day is not yesterday: we ourselves change;
 how can our Works and Thoughts, if they are
 always to be the fittest, continue all the same?
 Change, indeed, is painful; yet ever needful;
 and if Memory have its force and worth, so
 also has Hope.

- Carlyle -

"But you can, Jonathan. For you have
 learned. One school is finished, and the time
 has come for another to begin."

As it had shined across him all his life,
 so understanding lighted that moment for
 Jonathan Seagull. They were right. He **COULD**
 fly higher, and it **WAS** time to go home.

He gave one last long look across the sky,
 across that magnificent silver land where he
 had learned so much.

"I'm ready," he said at last.

And Jonathan Livingston Seagull rose with
 the two star-bright gulls to disappear into a
 perfect dark sky.

- Richard Bach -

The sum of behavior is to retain a man's own
 dignity, without intruding upon the liberty of
 others.

- Francis Bacon -

They fail, and they alone,
 who have not stiven.

- Thomas Bailey Aldrich -



Hunting
A sport that's
meant many things
to me.

Age 8

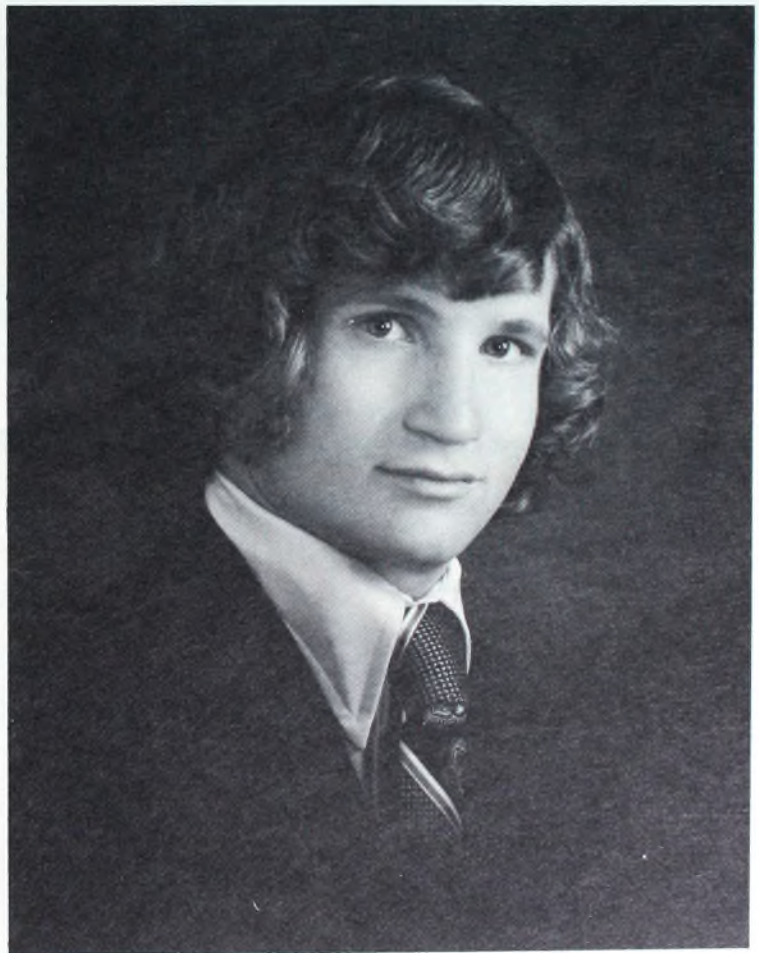
First Goose

My Wish

Is to become
a decent lawyer

My Want

Is to say goodbye
to this school !!



Randall Edward Raskin



Lisa Marie Reis

Hold fast to dreams,
for if dreams die
life is a broken winged
bird that cannot fly.

-Hughes-

The poor man is not
he who is without a cent,
but he who is without
a dream.

-Kemp-

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 he hears
however measured or far away.

-Thoreau-

"Contrariwise" continued Tweedledee
"if it was so, it might be; and if
it were so, it would be; but as it
isn't, it ain't. That's logic."

-Lewis Carroll-

Go placidly amid the noise and haste and remember
what peace there may be in silence...If you compare
yourself with others, you may become vain and
bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser
persons than yourself...Be yourself...especially
do not feign affection...Beyond a wholesome discipline
be gentle with yourself...You are a child of the
universe, no less than the trees and the stars,
you have a right to be here.

-Desiterata-

"Now lay me asunder
and rend my mind:
at the fall of the curtain
let this be my ghost."

-Peter Hamill-

And so I look for neither thanks nor blame
In all this work, but beg your modesty,
Exonerate me if a word is lame.
Whatever my author says, I speak as he.
And though I write of love unfeelingly
It is no wonder; the fault is hardly new.
How can a blind man judge the rose's hue?

-Geoffrey Chaucer-

I'm the light, I'm the light
I'm the only one You'll see

-SIP-

They say we are endowed with free will - at least
it justifies our need for indecision- but before our
instincts and the lust to kill we bow our heads in
submission

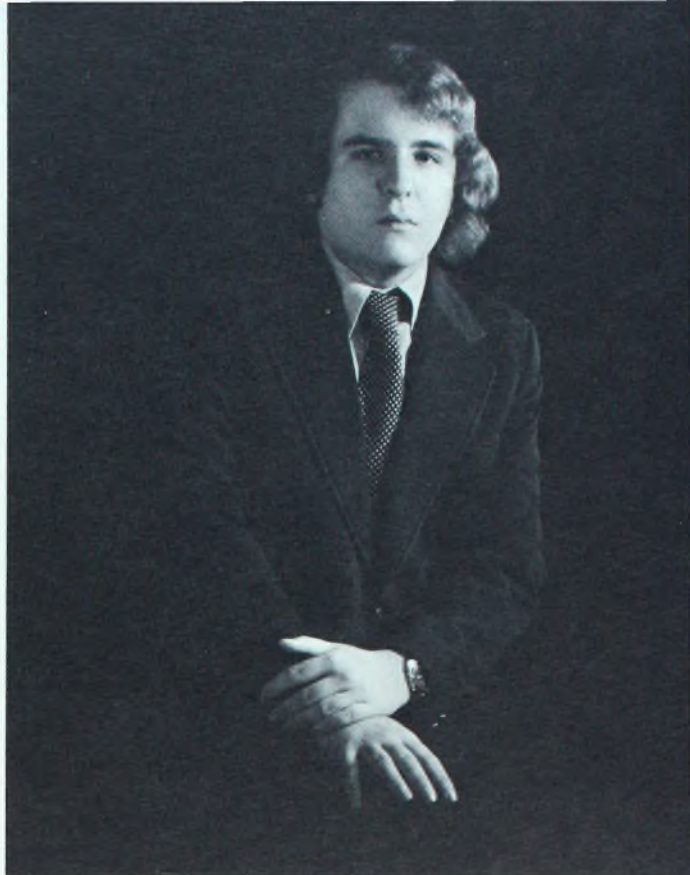
-Peter Hamill-

We're children, we grope in the dark.

-Peter Hamill-

Thanks to those who have contributed their insanity
to the knowledge that I have groped for

especially: SIP, PJA, JL, PG, MACH, Mrs. B and the 30th-
31st of a long time ago, right Gunney?



Evan Webster Sage

LD, LPU, AJW, Lightsocket

And me I'll come shining
through
Rain's gone, and the sky
is blue
I'm a rainbow

-Mike Heron-

you got to put on your
sailing shoes
put on your sailing shoes
everyone
will start to cheer when
you put
on your
sailing shoes

-Lowell George-



Drama, Student Council, Page, Phoenician,
Golden Oldies, Girl's State, Country Day Ole',
5th Grade Counselor, Trap and Skeet, Taco
Queen

Katherine Claire Steiner

Goodbye Country Day.

FOR KATHI, ON HER GRADUATION

The tide already has dissolved your sandcastles,
Erased the heel-drawn lines of the volleyball court,
Smoothed over your footsteps, the impression of your towel.
Gulls and killdeer contend the last scraps of bun.
The wind, turned cold with ancient sorrow,
Demands departure.

Tomorrow the fog will lift on an unlined brow
Of sand, all stir and furrow utterly gone
From the beach on which today's you died,
With all you had or were, never to recapture,
Never again the same.

Turn your face to the bluff, and climb.
Never look back.



*Love,
Father*

1/17/75
FKSJr.



In the morning of my life
I shall look to the sunrise,
At the moment in my life
When the world is new.
And the blessing I shall ask
Is that God will grant me
To be brave and strong and true,
And to fill the world with love
My whole life through.

In the evening of my life
I shall look to the sunset,
At a moment in my life
When the night is due.
And the question I shall ask
Only I can Answer.
Was I brave and strong and true?
Did I fill the world with love
My whole life through?

- Leslie Bricusse -



Carole June Thompson

I have felt that the moment when you first wake up in the morning is the most wonderful of the 24 hours. No matter how weary or dreary you may feel, you possess the certainty that, during the day that lies before you, absolutely anything may happen. And the fact that it practically always doesn't matters not one jot. The possibility is always there.

- Monica Baldwin -

Ode To A Pilot Knight

He soared through God's heavens
A Pilot Knight on a noble crusade.
Forever true to his ideals and convictions
A truth seeker of the first order
Believing in freedom for all mankind
That the right would always prevail
And victory must be on the side of right.

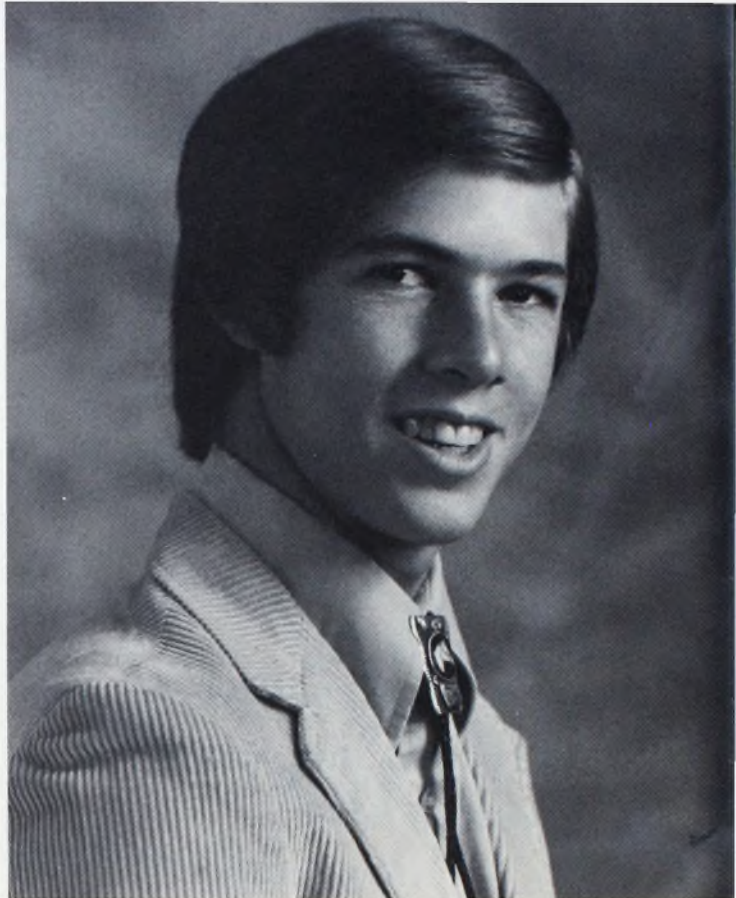
He was pure as a Knight is pure
In thought, word and deed and in all ways.
He lived with honor among his fellow man
As only a Noble Knight has honor
A truly remarkable man in our day and age.
Never swayed from his convictions - straight as the arrow flies
With supreme devotion to God and duty to his country above all.

The living monument he has left
As a legacy to all of us he defended
Is one which he shall always
Be justly proud of throughout eternity.

No greater tribute can be said than this.
He was a modern day Knight in shining armor.
The plane he flew was his armor
Which he wore proudly into battle.
In God's name to protect us all.
I pray we may all follow his example
And that the legacy of all our Knights in shining armor
Will not be lost or wasted.

I pray they shall be forever etched in our memory
And we shall thank God for Our Pilot Knights.

There are many beautiful things in the world but the people at P.C.D.S. are the most beautiful of all.



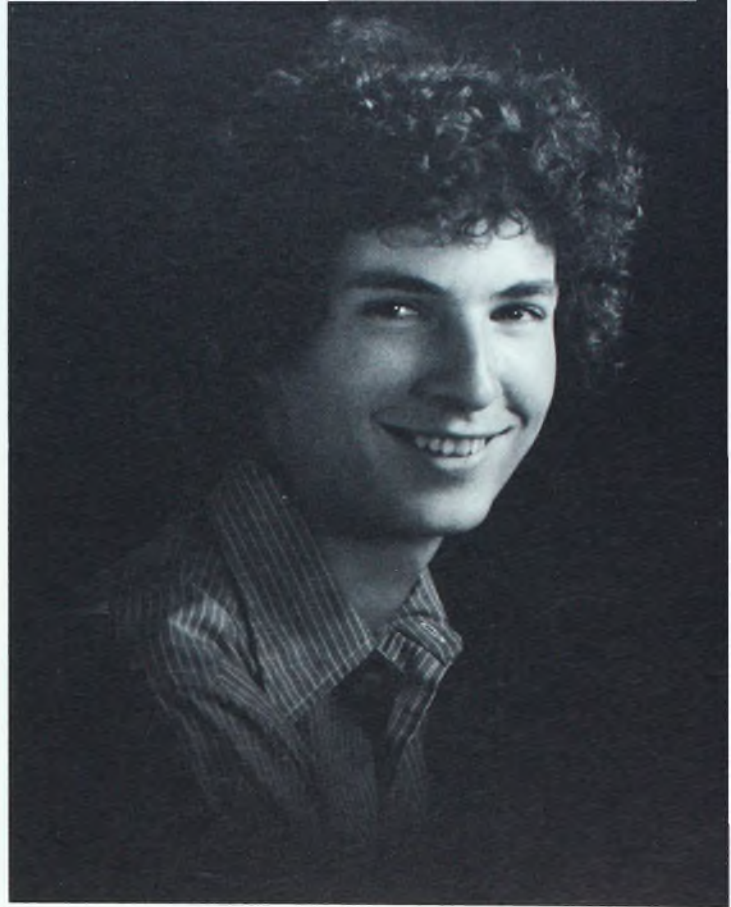
Robert Charles Wiechert Jr.

High Flight

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth and danced the skies on laughsilvered wings;

Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-spit clouds . . . and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of . . . wheeled and soared and swung
high in the sunlit silence. Hovering there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung,

My eager craft through footless halls of air
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've hopped the windswept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew.
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untresspassed sanctity of space
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.



Christopher Cordley Wulsin

Energy is so subtle. Right now everyone in the world is giving out energy, everyone is glowing. But that glowing is so subtle that only a sensitive thing can pick it up. It is so subtle that to understand it we also have to become very subtle. The mind is so subtle that to understand it we have to use subtle knowledge.

- Guru Maharaj Ji -

Happiness is the most important thing to me.

For so many answers to so many questions, so much patience and understanding, and most of all for just being yourselves . . . thank you very much.

- J.R.W. and
H.E.W. -

I was very young then,
 Hardly sixteen and couldn't
 remember my childhood.
 16,000 miles from where I was
 born
 I was in Moscow city
 of a thousand and three belfries
 and seven railway stations
 But 7 railway stations
 And 1003 belfries wasn't
 Enough for me.
 Hot and crazy and young . . .
 And my eyes were burning
 As I was chasing along
 the old track.
 And I was, even then, a
 bad poet.
 Didn't know
 How to go
 All the way.

From "The Trans Siberian Express"

by Blaise Cendrars



Donald Paul Rawley

Forst: It's not only that. It's the phoniness, the hypocirsy . . .
 Jeannie: You're on a kick. Tomorrow you'll go to a party and forget your blues.
 Forst: I've been to parties. I go to parties, two three times a week.
 I'm good at parties. Dress up and wash behind the ears.
 Jeannie: But no bath?
 Forst: Never! You know what a cocktail party is? A piece of something to eat that tastes
 like a martini. Eight martinis and there's no pain. Trivia.

From the film "Faces" by John Cassavetes



Good-bye
Country Day

Last Will of the Senior Class

I, Maria Alvarez, leave to Miss Gray's Spanish classes my ability to speak Spanish; to Mr. Bruning the ability to have a good time; to some of my friends the talent to laugh "all the time"!?!?; and to P.C.D.S. Columbia, Recordandolos con todo mi carino.

Dee Arganbright leaves a dozen rolls of toilet paper to Mr. Peice; to Maria, dirty old men and cute doctors; to Chris W., an enjoyable afternoon at Arthur Murrays; to Baker, 3" of height; to Snail; a plate of multiplying chinese food; to Alan, a bottle of odorless perfume; to Kathi the hope that she has many fun examinations; to Mr. Galluci, Orme; to Mr. Bruning, a battery for his toilet radio; to Carole, I leave my ability to find "cute things" first, and to talk to gasoline station attendants Big Surf, Bobby McGees, and numerous other good "steak-outs", and also a hope for our future. And to anyone else I leave alot of smiles and happy thoughts.

Mark Keef Tristan Baker leaves to Mary Hall terminal lockeritis and tickles; to Cindy, modeling lessons and a big smile; to "little" Mark, a yellow Porshe with free insurance; to Lisa, A.P. European History and 8th periods putting this yearbook together; to Evan, all the luck and hope he need to Kathi, memories of Tahoe '74 and a part of myself she'll always carry; to Dee my thoughts of her and the hope that one day she'll find what she wants in the world; to Bieve, three years of memories of P.C.D., Nana, and parties and most of all my thanks; to James, certain late midnight "swims", Hermie, the name Jim-Bob, and of course my thanks; to Chris Holland, three years of French and as much "Scottish Spirit" as he can handle; to Willy, Aspen, "take the hinges off!", and semi's "Oh, Excuse me!"; and to Valerie, "Our Father who art...", the piano, and that one special song on my David Gates tape.

David Cheney leaves the seniors, forever I hope; to Dudley, a whole bunch of talent since he has none and a new set of muscles since the ones he has are faulty; I leave the juniors a lot of pity since they have such ugly, sick people like Holland, Korp, Lincoln, Zrike, and Casselman. But I don't leave a lot of memories of JRM, and to everyone I didn't mention, I leave a life time supply of GAS (there's a shortage you know!!!).

I, Cynthia Carol Crockett, being in a fairly stable state of mind leave to Doug Barton, a library of you know what; to Carole, a hair straightening treatment; to Randy Raskin, I leave about 2'; to Evan, I leave ship rock, a class of rejects, and me; to Jason, a hug and a kiss; to Kathi, I leave all my charges and pretending (we're rich); to Cathy, I leave all my respect, admiration, and love. A "Hi, Hello, How are you," to Mr. Galluci; a smile to Miss Gray; to Mr. Houle I leave a copy of my diploma; all my luck to Mrs. Sykes; and all my love to Seroke. To JM, SS, EG, EM, JA, and GS the stalls and a good beginning; to one of my forever friends, Jeannine, I leave a pint of Tequila, lime, a little salt, 2 asprin and a couple vitamin C, a little luck, and a lot of love; to P.C.D.S. shovel.

John Feeney leaves Salvador Dali to Evan; amnesia to D. Steiner, and his Disneyland style of architecture to that class.

Radar leaves his talent for hotdogging to the hotdog; a roll of toilet paper to Mr. Peirce; a dissected frog to Mr. Raymond; a joke to Mrs. English; to Snail a faulty burglar alarm; to Kathi a can of Lysol; to Alan, a book on the advantages of the darkroom; to David, four teeth; to Dee lessons on how to drive anything; to Carole, a Missouri drawl; and to Mr. Houle, a three-legged table.

Mary Hall leaves my fantastic skill in the game of Pounce to Jane, John, and Chump; David can have a cute behind (I'm sure I don't want it!) and a Big M.; to Mr. Raymond I leave my famous chocolate-covered white cake donut with the hole and the fact he's crazy (I'm not 11 going on 10); and to everyone, especially Mrs. Sykes, a student who was very talented in the fine art of being late, if nothing else. Oh yes, and you Mark, I leave a friendly locker neighbor! to Manny, the fact that he lies and cheats, and can't even say "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary" right; and to everyone else, the fact that I'm a great mechanic (don't laugh Dudley!).

Alan Jones leaves to John Cox, a pain in the neck; to Baker a certificate of bravery for the great stage crew attic caper to Phillips, bagels and Pizza at all hours, and my superior photographic ability; to Mr. Wilson, a house in the mountains; to Mr. Raymond, a new stage; to Dee and Carole, a set of matched, working alarm clocks; and to Snail, the carwash, two (yes folks, two) laundromats, Mac, V.I., and the rest, a diploma from the Mario Andretti School of Defensive Driving and a party...anywhere.

Snail leaves to the "Chump" hi own Kojak light, a chain of laundromats, "The Big Sleep", and a blanket; to Kath, a pair of fuzzy dice for the Olds, the Midnight Movies, an autographed picture of Roy Rodgers and Trigger, and much happiness; to "H", Dr. Atkins, fond memories of Bernie, and unexpressable thanks; to Dee, a manikin and friends who have been to Arthur Murray; to Carole, the expression "Jimmie Christmas" (No one else wants it) and a new Dat-Sun; to Andy, a

Macdonalds converted into a veterinary clinic; to Mr. Raymond, a paper-mache tree, a sofa with three legs, and tremendous gratitude; to Mark, cruising Central and "Want to go to a party?"; to "H.R.", various library antics, a couple jokes, and memories of Buckie. I leave the lounge to anyone willing who has enough Fantastic to keep the walls clean; and to Peter, my pink coat (you'll have to buy your own baby blue pants!).

Mark Phillips leaves to Lucas, alias "Little Mark", these borrowed words of wisdom—"Intelligence is no excuse for ignorance", a red V-12 Jaguar with the condition that I'm the mechanic who drives a yellow Targa. Remember, only the hired help works. To Mrs. English, I dedicate my first book entitled, 400 WAYS TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT. and a special present on Dec. 24, 2011 postmarked the Bermuda Triangle. To Lisa Reis I leave some kind words and a pair of water-wings. To Mr. Wilson I leave my faith that all of his jokes and sayings will eventually sell. To Alan I leave the slice of pizza I gave to the janitor and a shrinking potion; to David Cheney, I leave a free lesson from the Arizona School of Driving on parking cars; to Kate, I leave the following; Becro xopowero! To Dee and Carole I happily devote 2 mail-lards for their study in hopes that they will be helpful. To Dudley I leave a book on Cadillac repairs. And to DOR I leave relief from a certain class, bad jokes, all Women's Lib supporters, and mean pussy cats.

Randy Raskin leaves to Mr. Bruning my proudest possession "The Joys of Yiddish"; to Don I leave my knowledge of believable excuses; to Walter I give my Porsche with all of its problems; to Tim I give my girlfriend; and last but not least, I leave my fondest and best wishes to the under-graduates at P.C.D.S.

Lisa Reis leaves to Mary a mouse, Monday afternoons in physics lab, and a class she should have taken; to Mr. Raymond, 100 different props, stage crew, and the plays; to Manuel I leave a shaking foot; to Mr. Wilson I leave the book "100 Different Ways To Prepare Spam", your jokes, and George III; to Tricia I leave a wish of luck for next year's geometry class; finally, to Mrs. English, I leave "submarined", "Big Sticked", memories, and a very special thanks.

Evan Sage leaves to Doug, munchkins and their excitements; to John, greenhacks and Prescott; to Brit, "Billy"; to Baker, California and politics; to Lisa, world problems and north winds; to Mrs. Bryant, a lifetime of happiness, poetry, and the pursuit of sanity; to Walter, police helicopters, the pipe, and some other memorial deeds; to Snail, Cave Buttes and burglar alarms; to Alan, London; to Cindy, lunch in the truck; to Jeannine, Genesis, Little Feat, and a far distant dream; to Valerie, the teachings of Peter Hammill, Chick Corea, Keith Jarrett, and John Lennon, the name of SIP, Nov. 8 and 15, insane laughter, and whatever I have left to dream with; to anyone else, the magic of 3 and 17, 11 and 12, and a death masque in the heavier of winter for my favorite martyrdom, lunches.

Kathi Steiner leaves to Snail, fond memories of a mutual friend, a possible dinner at the Golden Eagle, and occasional outings to various underground movies; to "Bakes", the Top of The Wheel at South Lake Tahoe and a compass for Tonozone; to Chris, the realization that as my twin he was always the better half; to Mr. Rose, a book entitled, "Disguises and How to Use them" or "Who Am I?"; to Robert Bell, as many lighters and matches as he needs; to Mrs. Sonderman, enough packets to last her the rest of her teaching years; to El Jefe, a new movie catalogue and the nearly existant bill for an awful lot of meat; and to Carole and Dee, an interesting series of medical conversations.

Carole Thompson leaves to Mr. Singer the hope for no more students like me and a sincere thanks; to Senor, a stake to burn "Joan"; to Mr. Peirce, a fluorescent roll of toilet paper; to Maria, I leave the memory of her year at P.C.D.S.; being twins to Mark B.; a guided tour through a doctor's office to Kathi; a water balloon to Alan; a "bug" and lots of laughs to Snail; a pink belly to Radar; a moustache to James; and the courage to last 2 more years to Dudley; to Dee, Bobby McGees, Big Surf (and other good hunting grounds), an older man, hope for the future, and memories of a year and eight months...And to all the rest, hope. All that remains belongs to someone who is truly "nuts".

Chris Wulsin leaves the lunches, a big chocolate bar, and reassurance to his sisters; and half of everything to his twins.

Robert Wiechert leaves to Steve S. \$100.00 worth of half and halves; to Mr. Wilson, 40 minutes of class each day; to Ken, 10" so he can stuff it; to Jason, my friendship forever; to Beth and Rhonda, a gallon of grape jelly; to Tim, 2½ hours of driving and Louise; to James, some radial tires for 54th St.; and to Hound I leave his fold down seats.

Don Rawley leaves Bette (both of them) to Peter W.; dirty jokes for Carole during her sojourn through life; immortal beauty to Dee; a complete set of Janzten tennis wear to Mark B.; happiness to Chris W.; a passport, a bottle of expensive champagne, and that inside view of life to Cindy who is a legend in her own life, and continued literary genius to Evan.

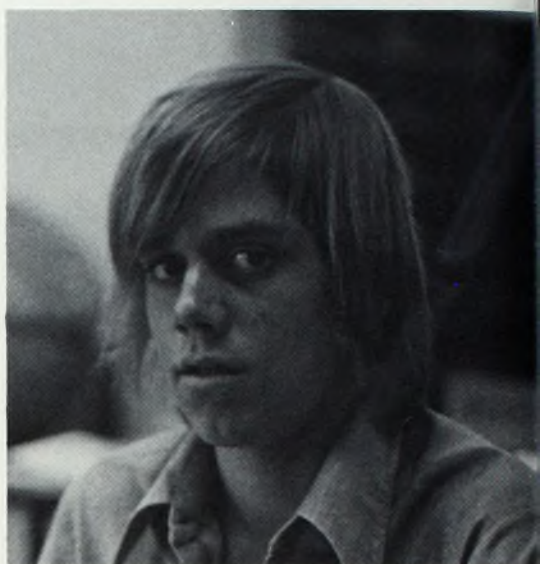




Upper School

Juniors

Steve Smith



L to R: Tuula Kaynee, Susan Kerrigan

James Lincoln



David Gates



Left:
Jeannine
Pickrell

Keith Yavitt





Left:
Valerie
Sack



Right:
Walter
Repenning

Mylessa Nickelson

Manuel Tancer

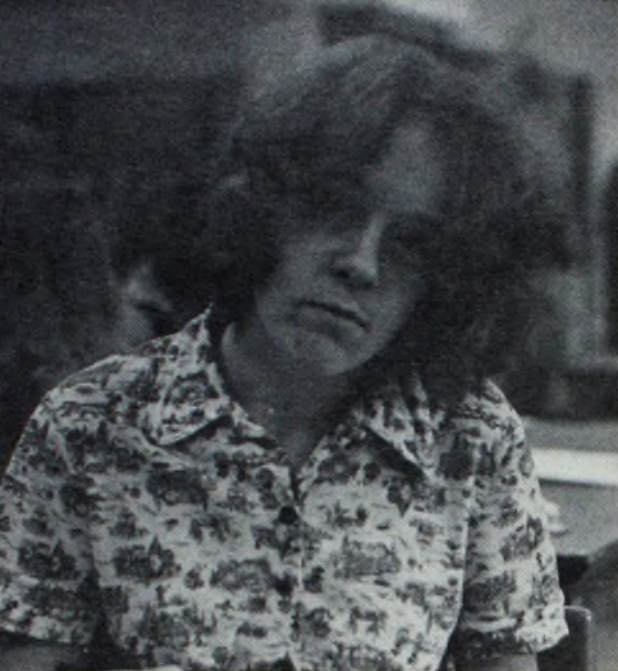


David Steiner

Mike Began

Debbie Latish





Cara Ganter

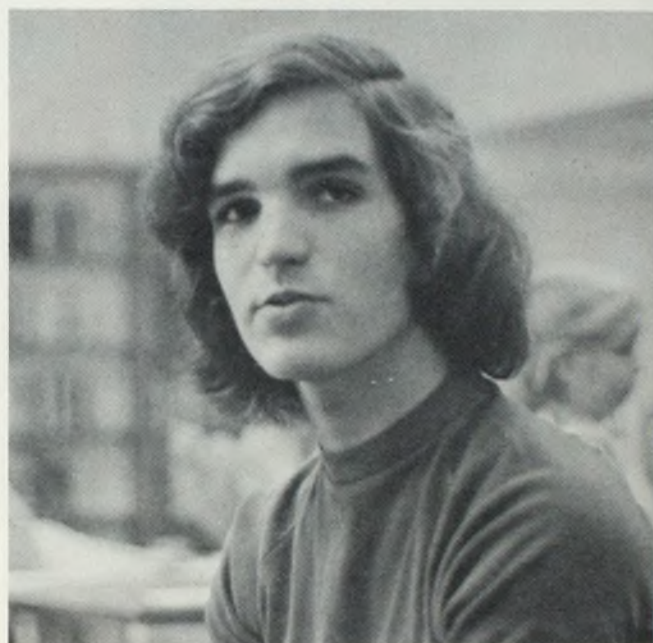


Chris Holland



John Cox

Don Asbury



Steve Casselman

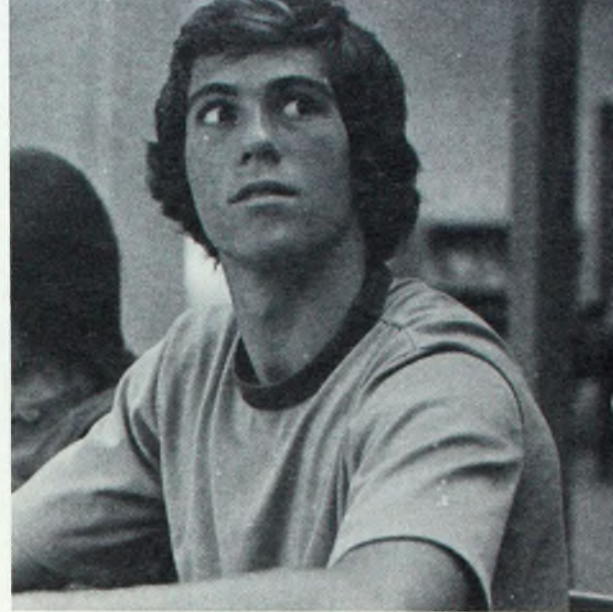
Irene Marcarelli





Ken Zrike

Willy Korp



Tim Bock

Li Wrigley



Peter Wulsin



Barbara Baxter





Michelle Nickelson



John Gleason



Dudley Hoyt



Terry Wurts



Brad Harris



Debra Ziehm



Paul Vallach



Jennie Miller

Sophomores



Beth Foist



L to R: Pattie Reis, Cathy Crockett



Stephanie Gallagher



Gail Weiss



Philip Kirst



Ellen Flynn



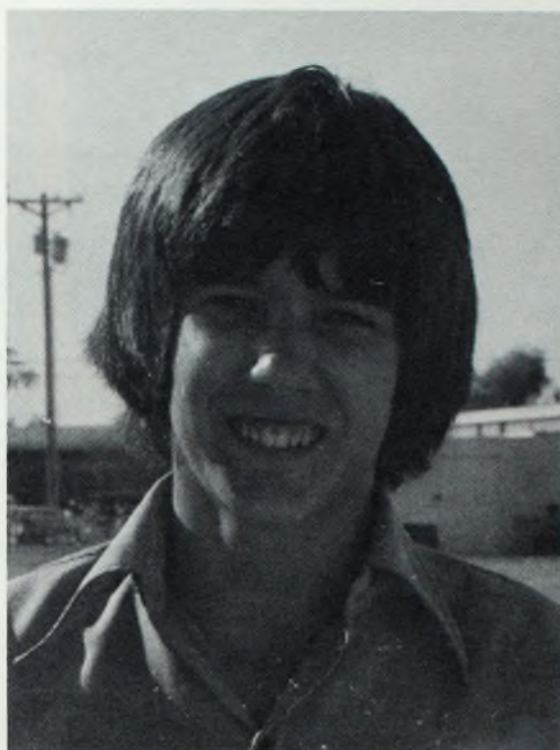
Brit Etzold



Charles Ladlow



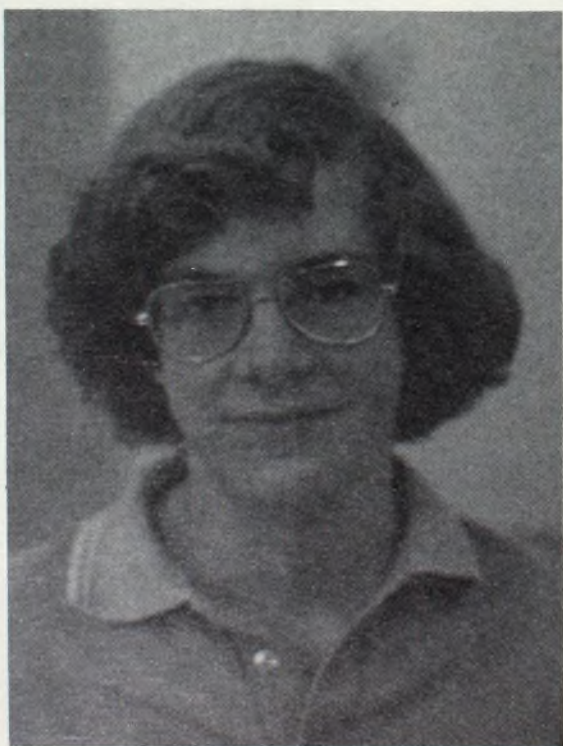
Leslie Davison



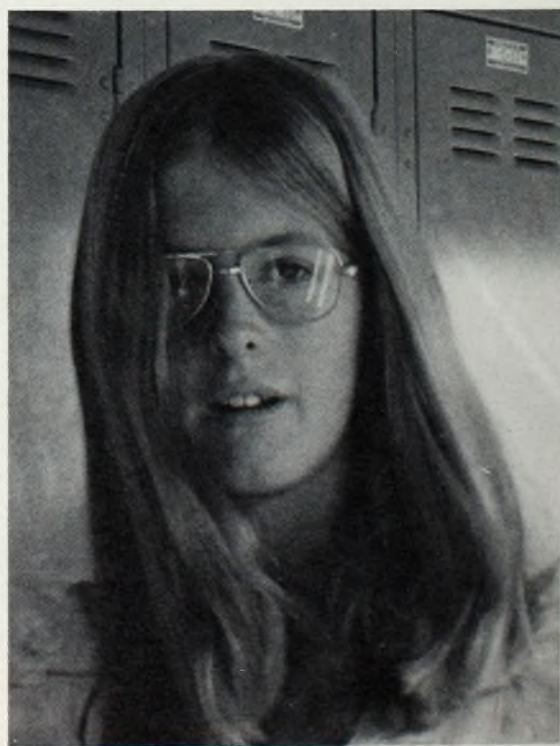
Mitchell Obele

The Freshmen

Brian Rose



Jane Hall



Blair Torrey



Nick Paris



Scott Stevens



Marie de Tarnowsky



Rhonda Eicher

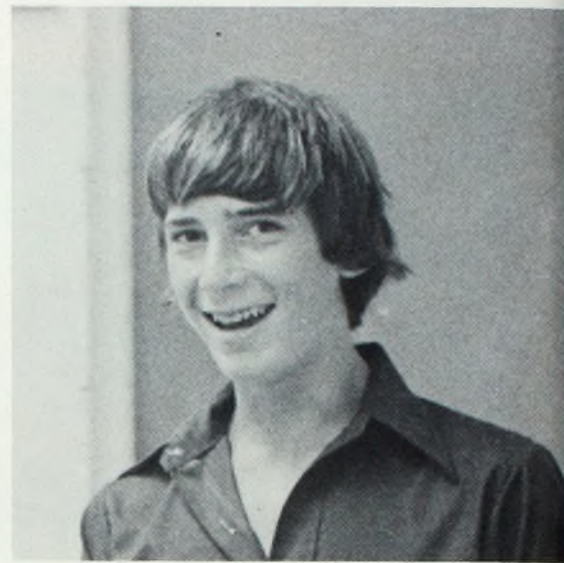


Jason Mitchell

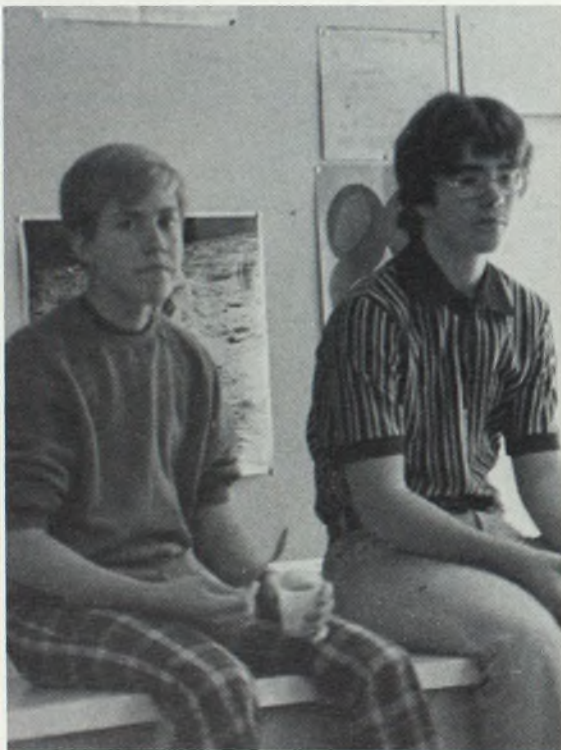




L to R: Courtney White, Jeff Haus



Richard Pritzlaff



L to R: John Crockett, John Evans



L to R: Peggy Klafter, Martha Smith



Kate Patterson



L to R: Jacques Dehisle, Jim Freda



L to R: Tony Taylor, Mark Bricklin



Joseph Jolton



Doug Barton



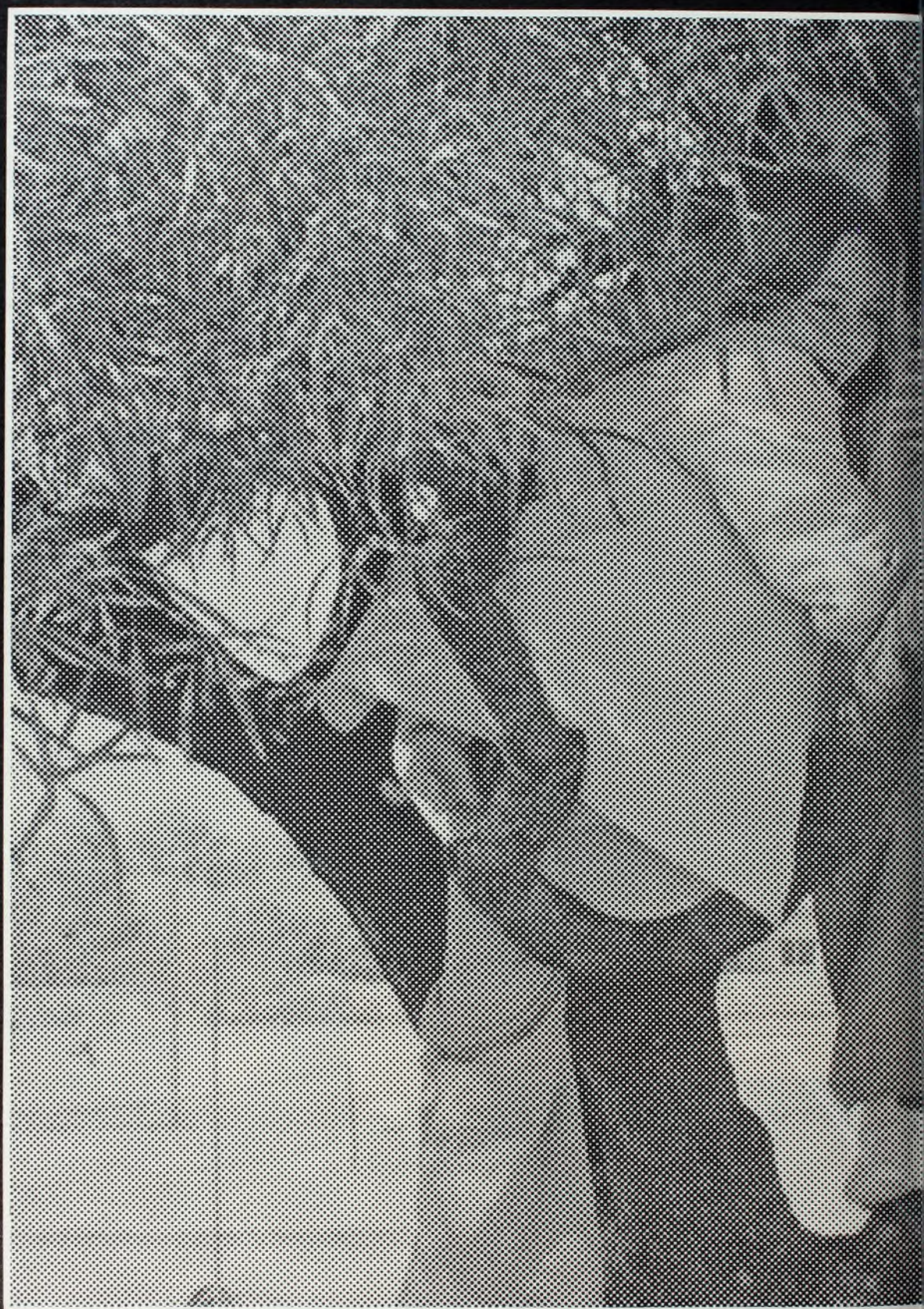
Arturo Samperio

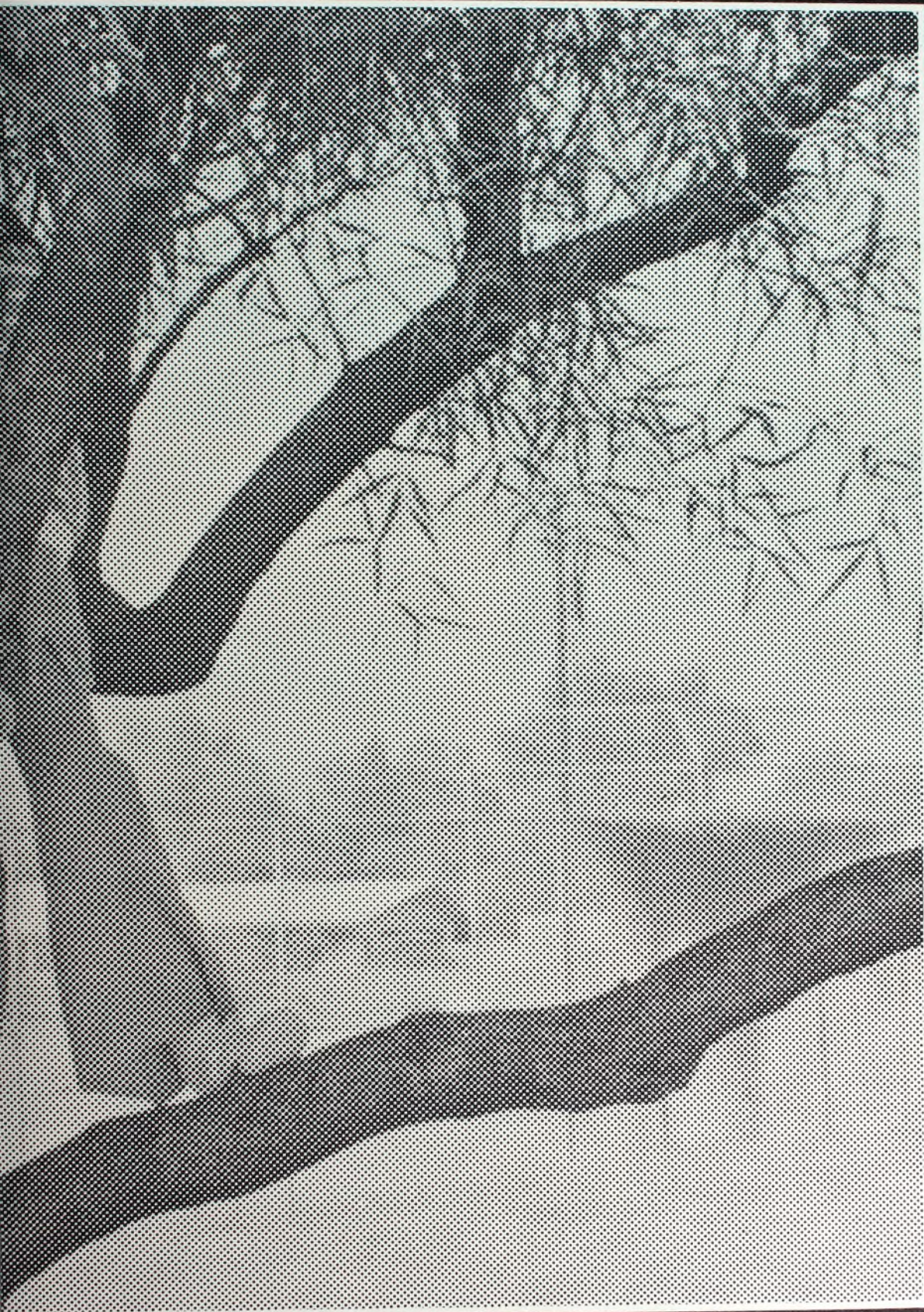


Robert Bell



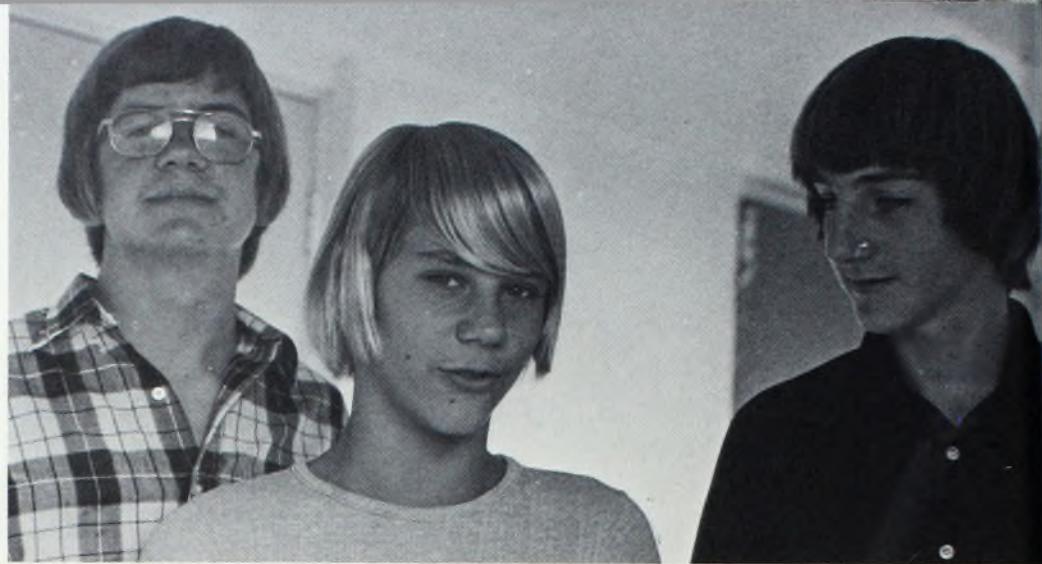
L to R: Marianne Hagstrom, Sandra Burns



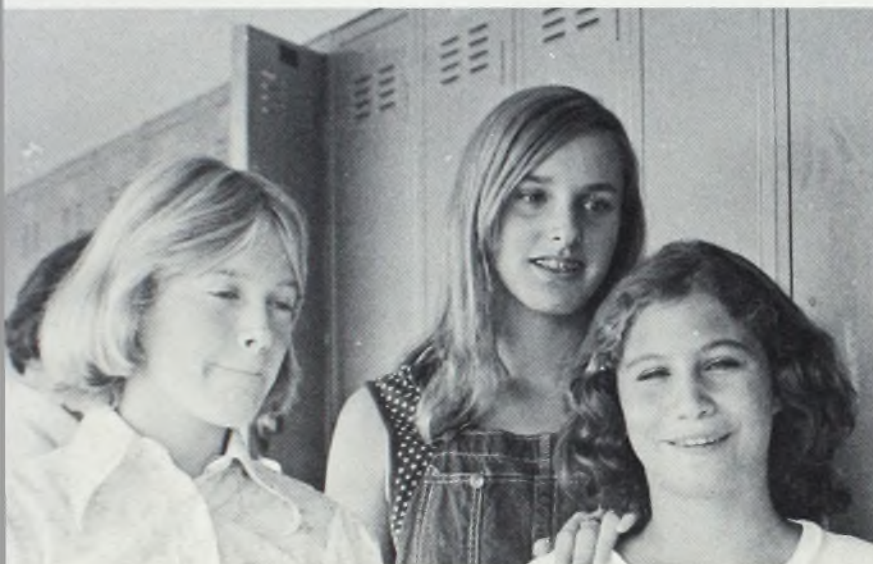


Middle School

The



L to R: Billy Baxter, Jan Lorant, Tim Wadsworth



L to R. Ginger Irwin, Leah Jacobsen, Felicia Weiss

Eighth

L. to R: Steve Miller, Todd Gilmore, Greg Haus

Grade

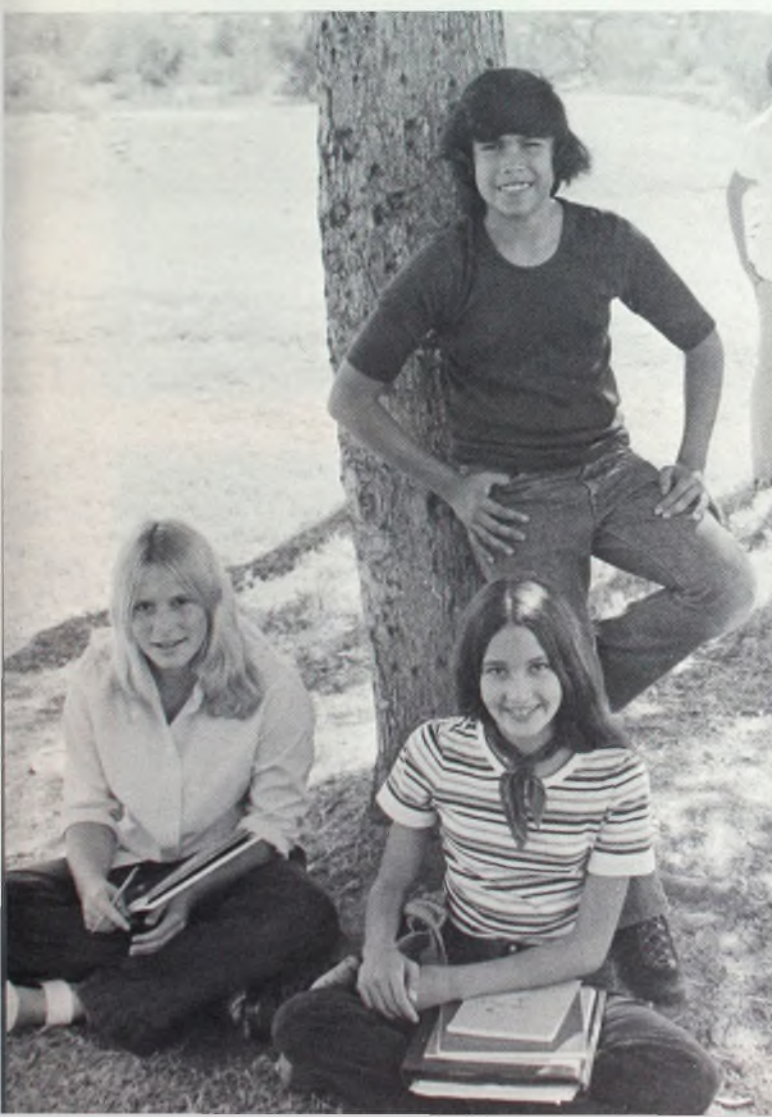




Noelle Norris

Paige Cornell

Top: Mark Three Stars L to R: Hadley Baum, Betsy Ryan



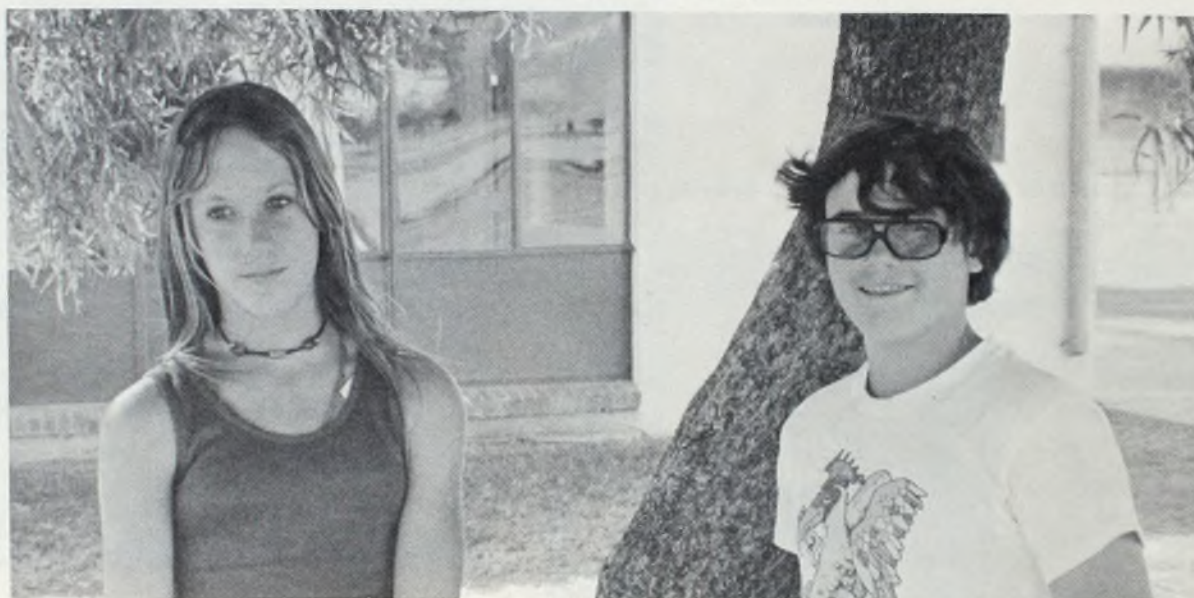
Pierre de Tarnowsky

Lynnie Getz





L to R: Phil Wrigley, William Jungerman



L. to R: Shannon Bryant, Fred Seavers

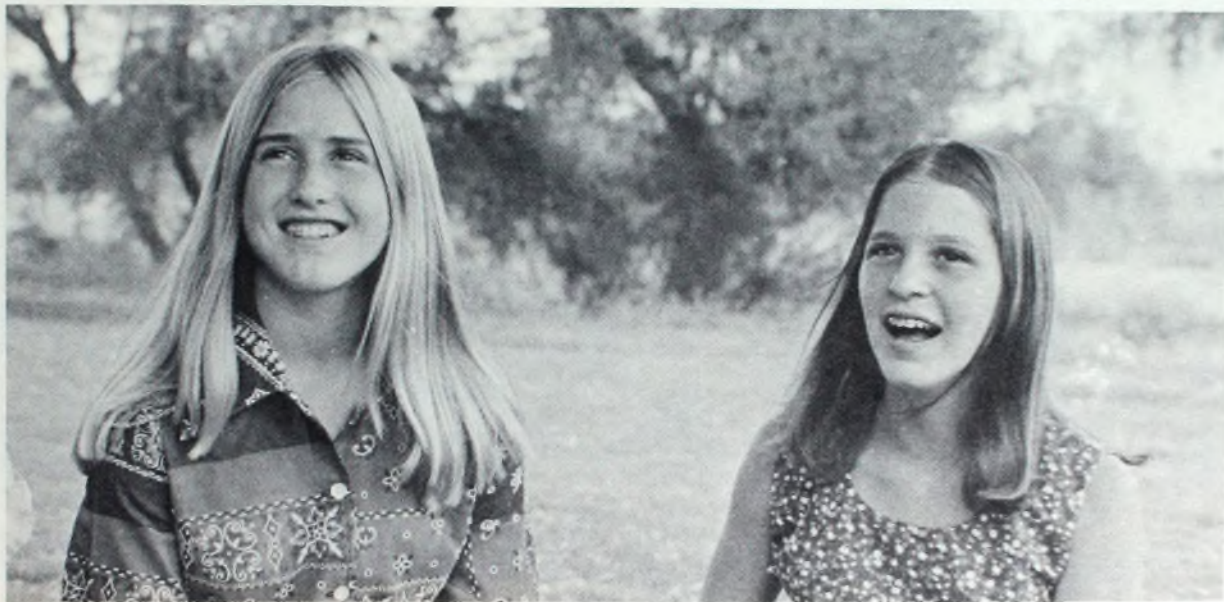


L. to R. Steven Gates, Matt Ellinwood, George Kokalis

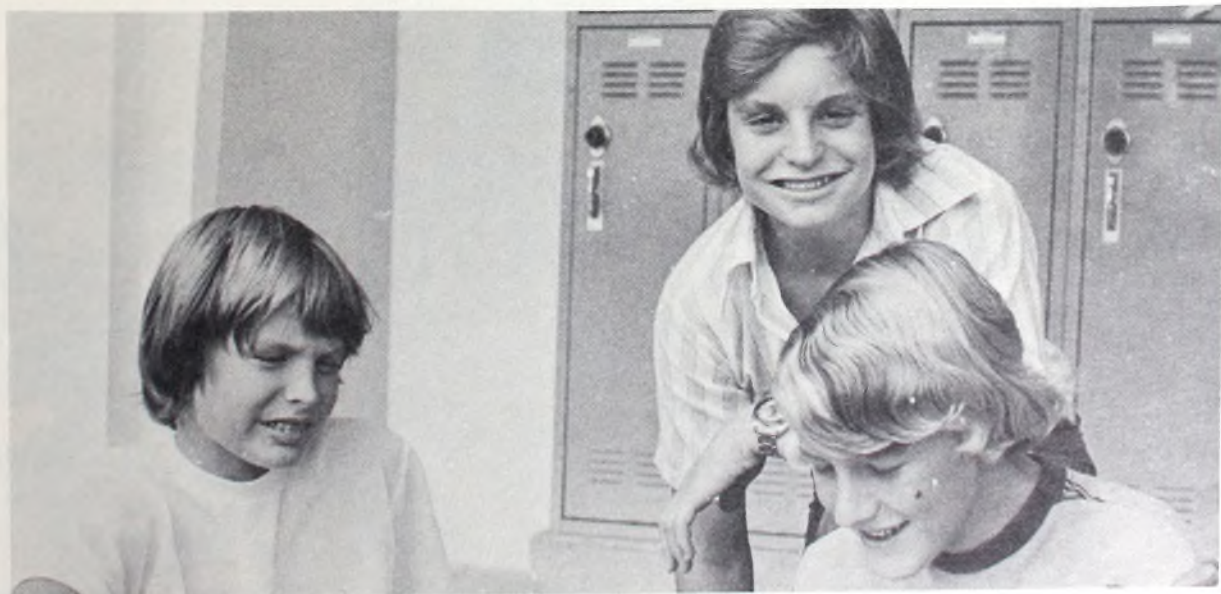


Lt: Billy Nelson

Rt.: Richard Sinclair



L. to R: Lynne Diethrich, Cathy Tancer



Lt: Richard Sinclair

Rt. Top: Tim Olin
Bottom: Randy Friend



Left:
L to R:
Stuart Frische
Kevin Tucker

Seventh Grade



Right:
L to R:
Bert Salke
Billy Schulte



Left:
L to R:
Liza Nickerson
Cathy Laflin
Jenny Rand



Isabel Freda



Andy Pollard

Right
L to R:
Bill Bohlman
David Erlich



L to R: Steven Louis, Jay O'Connor, Brian Batastini



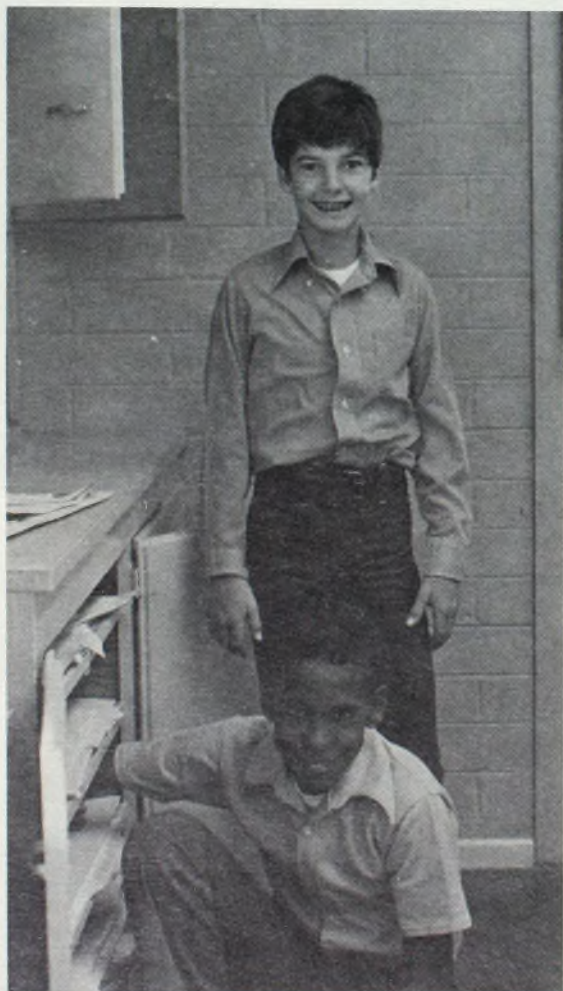


L to R: Lisa Rhind, Faith Wulsin



Cynthia Tancer

Top: Jeff Bailey



Bottom: Kevin Wilburn



L to R: Andy Gilburn, Doug Dalgleish, Lisa Jones, Julia Haus

Right
L to R:
Elizabeth Stegall
Martha Sawhill
Carrie Miller



Left
L to R:
Michael Hard
Larry Wright
Ronale Tucker
Glen Bean

Right
L to R:
Kimer Wadsworth
Laurie Wray





T to B: Jon Wainwright, Doug Swanson



Top to Bottom: Diana Ziehm, Joanne Taylor

L to R: David Miles, Pat Celis, Jeff Johnston



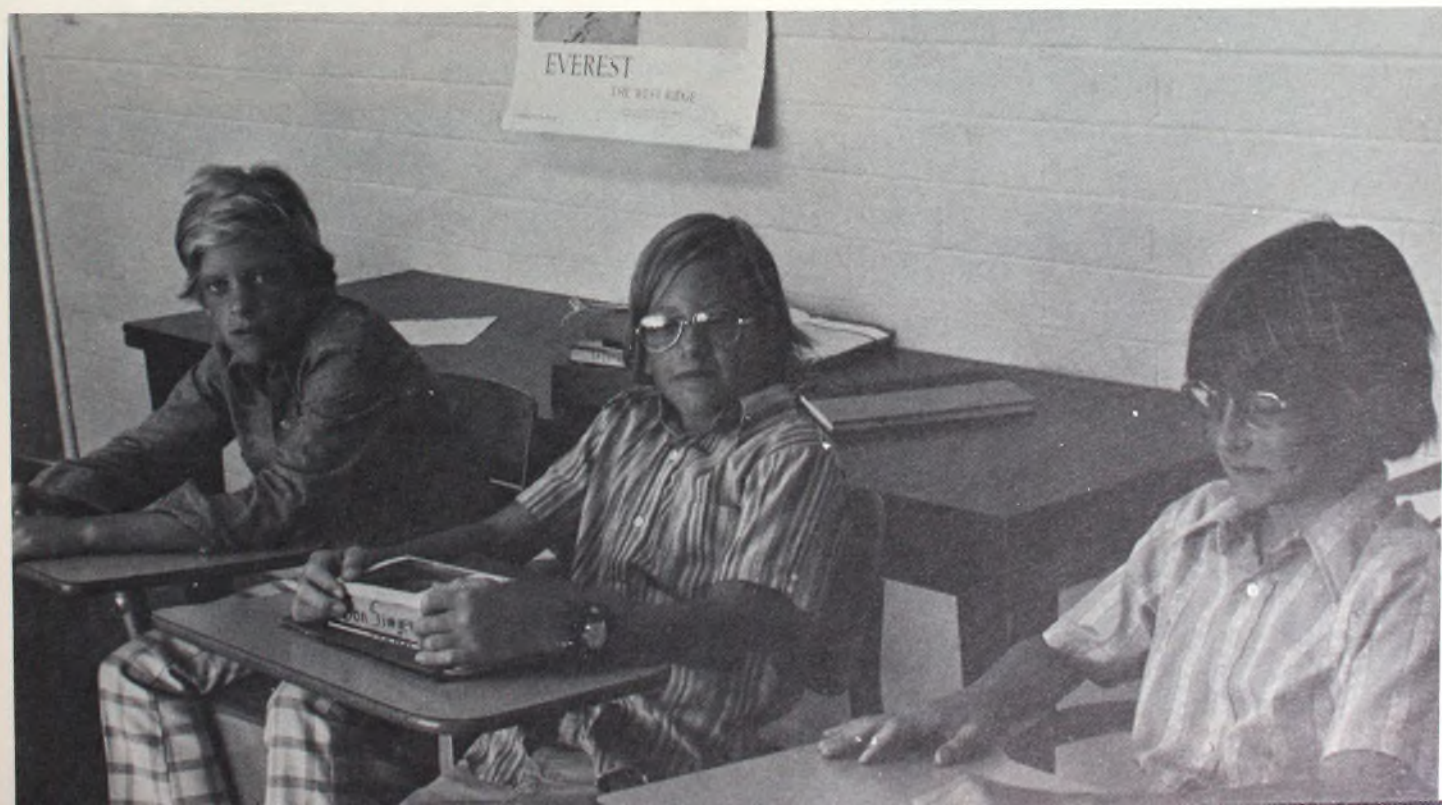


L to R: George Getz, Matt Gregory



L to R: Antonia O'Riley, Ann Steiner

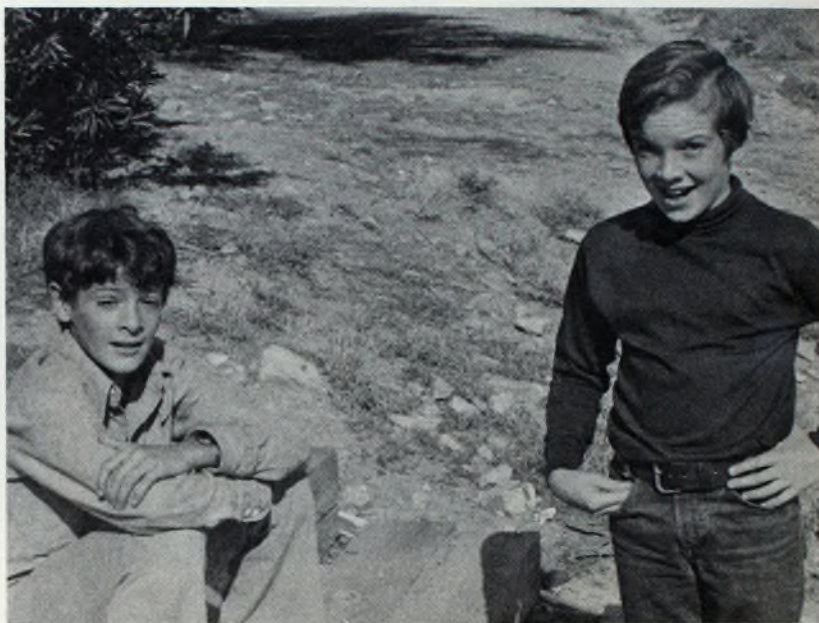
L to R: Brent Vierck, Don Singer, Phil Davis



Sixth Grade



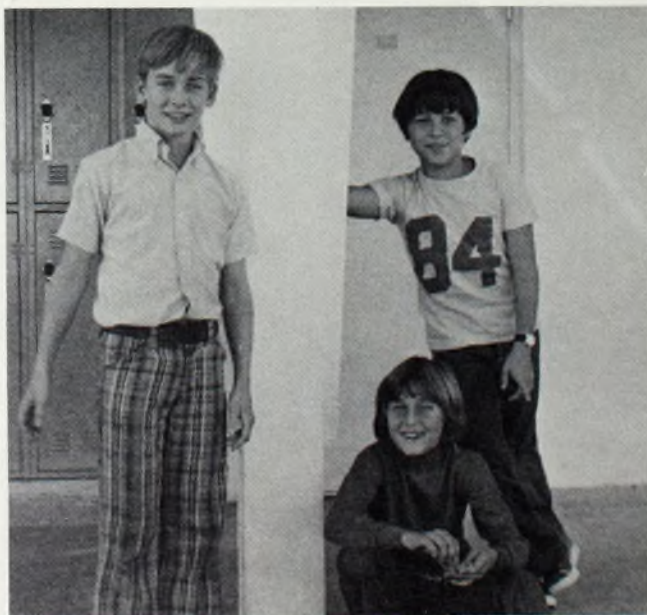
L to R: Carol Clendenin, Tina Gustafson



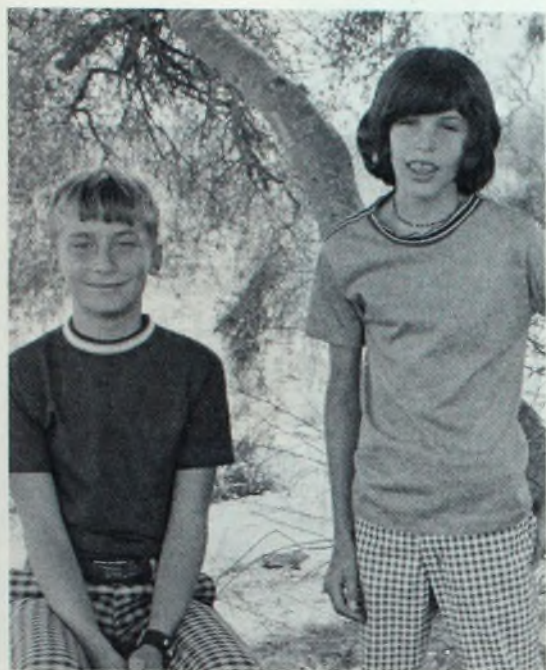
L to R: Martin DeMarzo, Bill Wrigley



L to R: Stephanie Grady, Natalie Pergeau



L to R: Henry O'Riley, Greg Hoffman, John Fisher

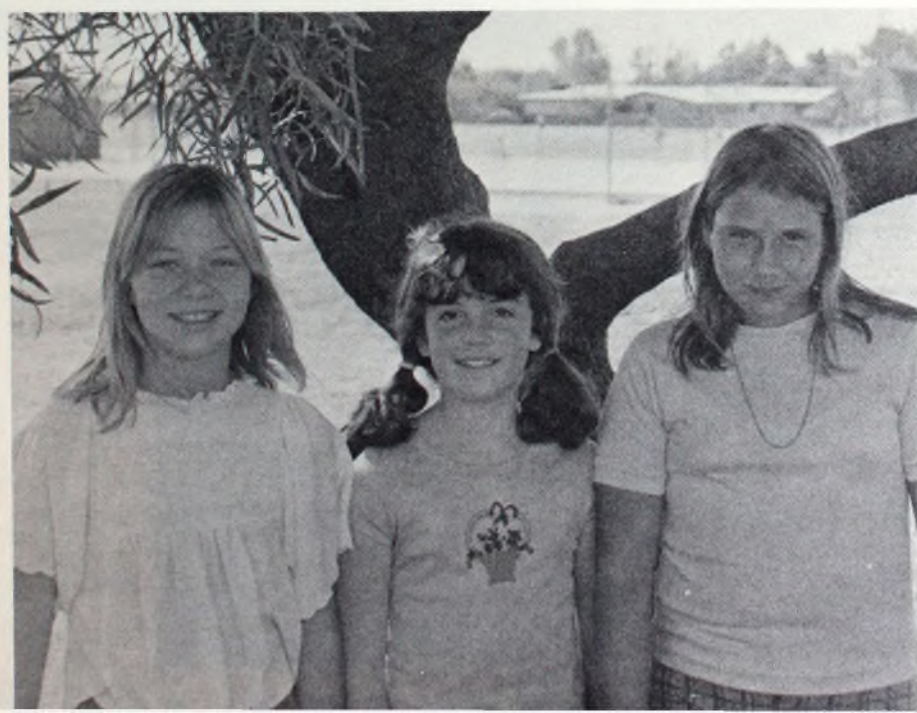


L to R: Ronald Bryant, Craig Bricklin



L to R: Robert LeMarr, Stuart Gailey, Blake Lafollette

L to R: Kristine Magnusson, Jessica Richter, Ellen Smith



Sok Lee



L to R: Robert Simonds, Stan Christensen



L to R: Arthur Luhrs, John Ellinwood



L to R: Phillip Steiner, Jerry Syzmanski

L to R: Ben Brooks, Rony Weissman, Matt Veazey

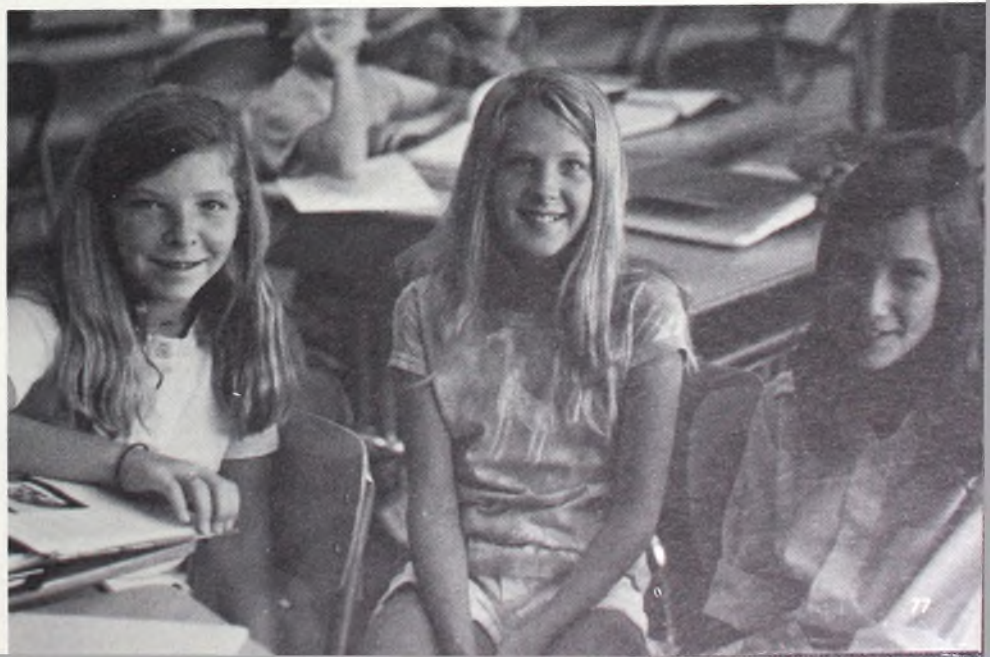


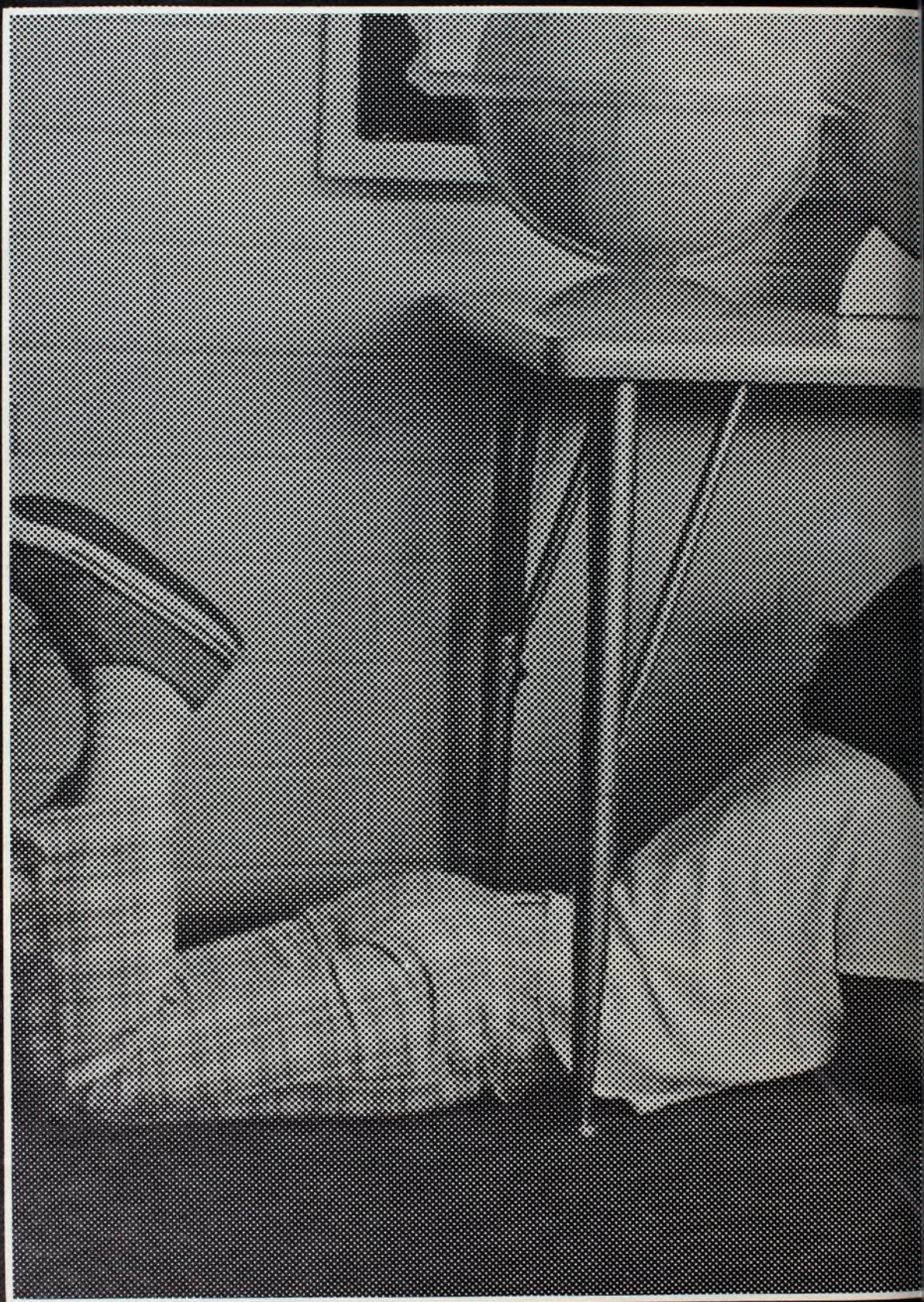
L to R:
 Andrew Norris
 Stan Casselman
 Howard Besserman

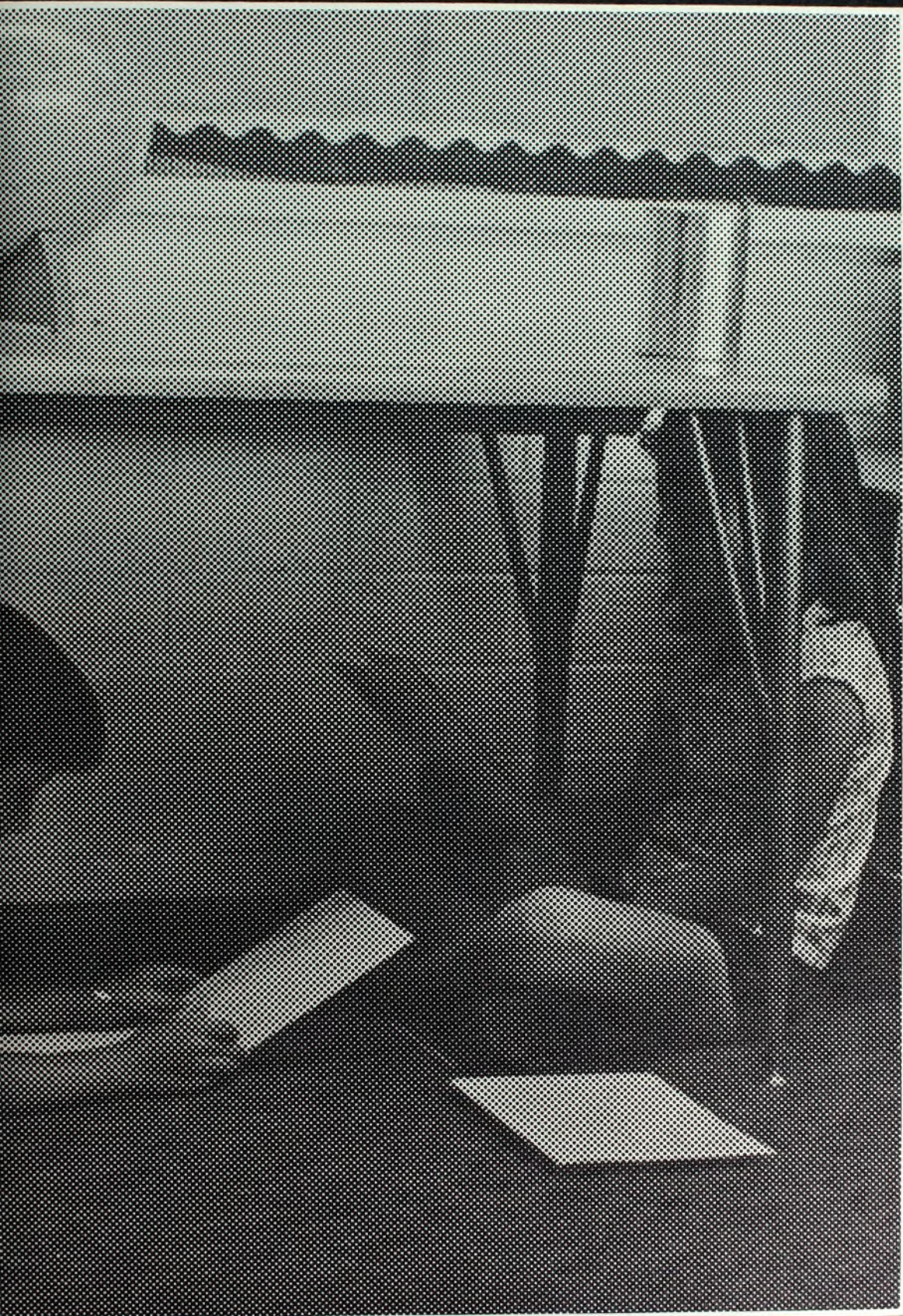


L to R:
 Jon Marshall
 Jeff Pollard
 Joe Phillips

L to R:
 Theresa Bernard
 Sharon McCulloch
 Lina Weissman







Lower School



L to R: Kevin Bricklin, Dick Hutton, Kevin Sack



Annette Smith

The 5th Grade



L to R: Lorelei Gouback, Mary Salke



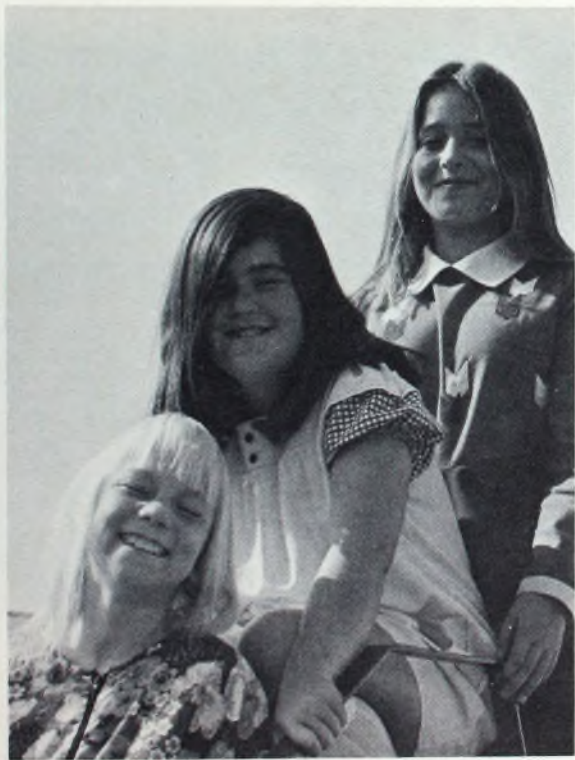
L to R: John Boccaccio, Rusty Jones, Jimmy Friend



L to R: Julie Brooks, Tammy Harris, Above: Carolyn Rauch,
Bottom: Karla Earnhardt



L to R: Robert Bernard, Parker Brophy



Top to Bottom: Paige Baum, Elizabeth Evans, Julie
Daniel



Top L to R: Jerry Day, Richard Patterson
Bottom L to R: Scott Zimmerman, Scott Shekels

L to R: Cindy Miles, Eve Kokalis, Melissa McGarry



L to R: Michael DeMarzo, Scott Wright



L to R: Roy Breen, Simeon Payne

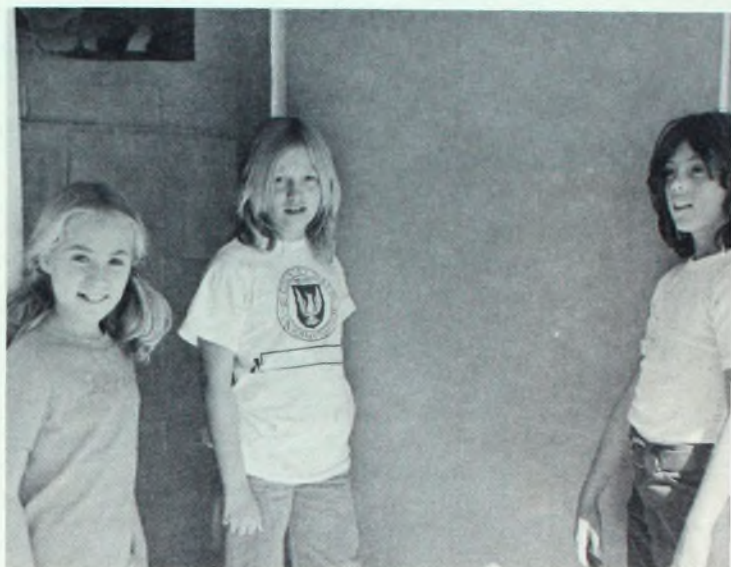


L to R: Linda Mason, Gabrielle Donahue, Becky Haycox

L to R: Sam Gailey, Michael O'Riley



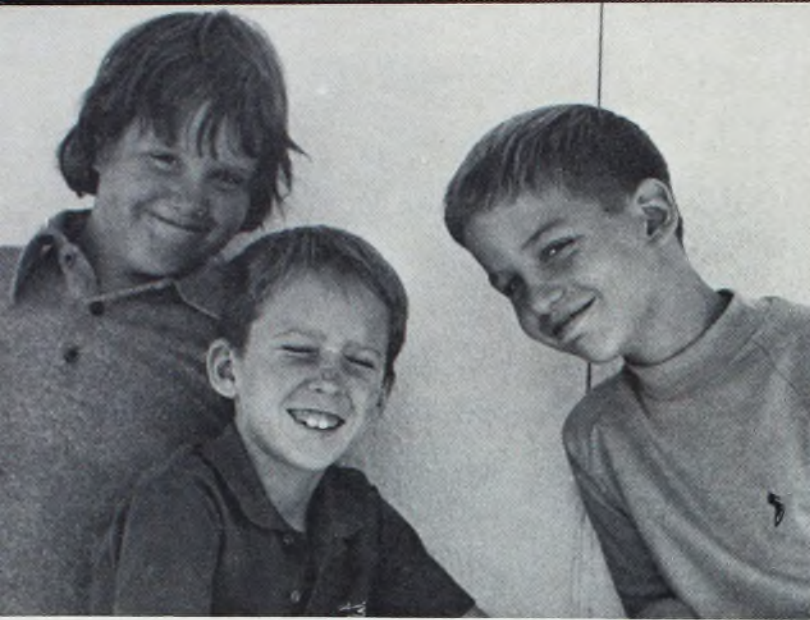
L to R: Annie Reis, Libby Bean, Mary Salke



L to R: Karen Kolbe, Leslie Ames



L to R: Jennifer Potter, Bro Hayden



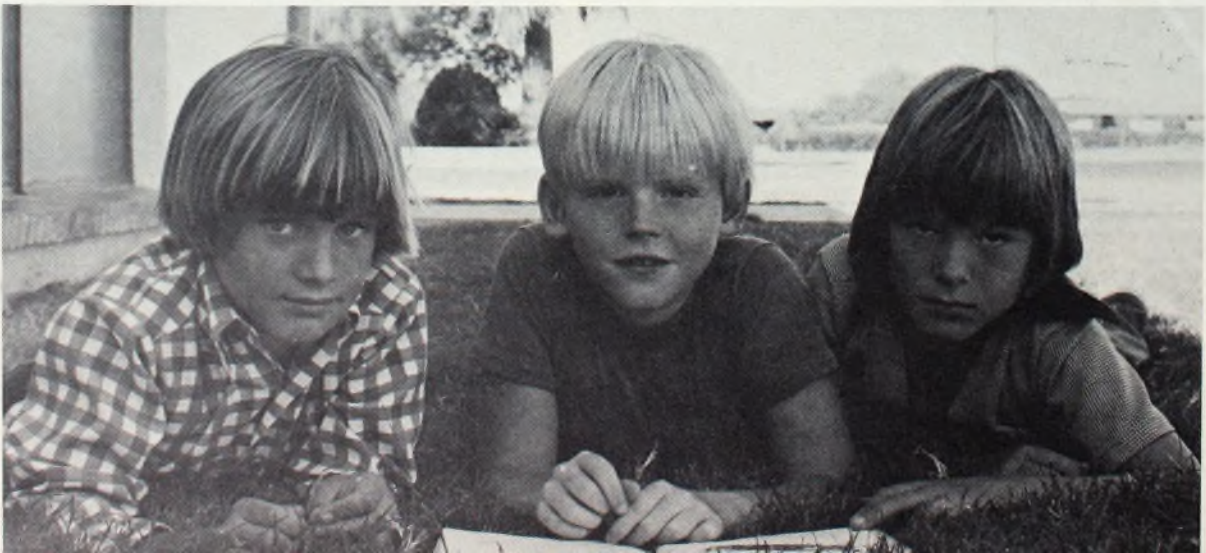
L to R:
Billy Carpenter
Mark Greer
Val Bolin

Fourth Grade

Top Row:
Wesley Mason
Mark Buse
Bottom:
Eric Hagstrom



L to R:
Kevin DeCato
Malcolm
Clendenin
Stephen Shapiro





Greig McCulloch



L to R: Stacey Stone, Bobby Peirce, Bill Landis, Dean Paris



L to R: Worth Laflin, Will Kellogg, Bret Lanuti



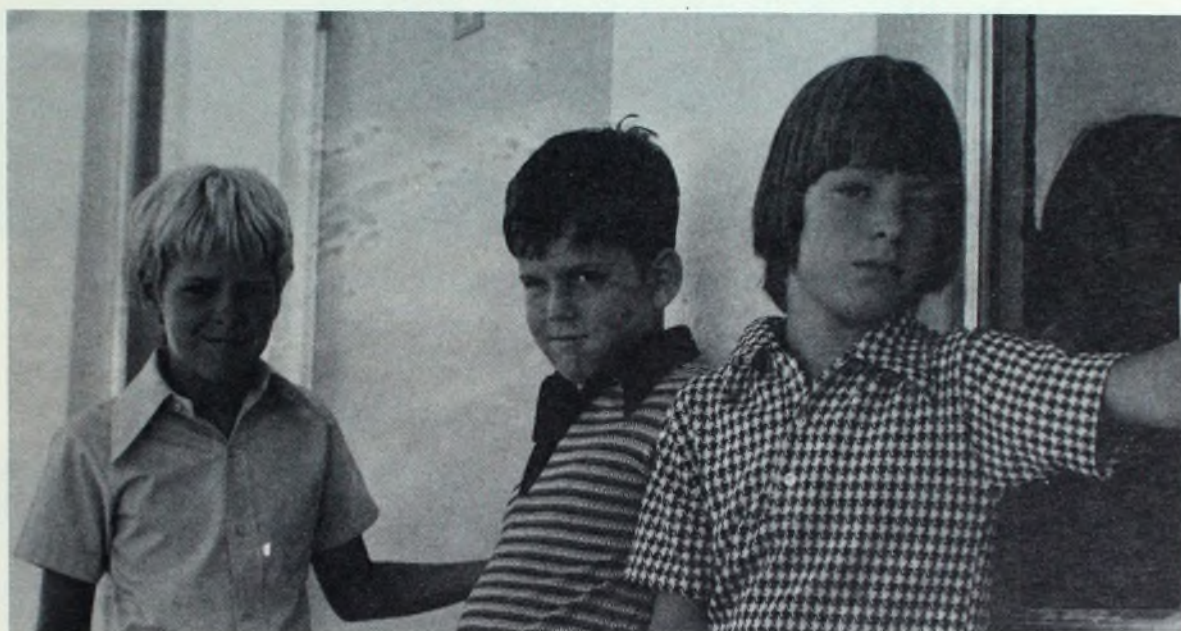
L to R: Elizabeth Dalglish, Donna Grosso, Dyann Fisher



L to R: Chris Gray, Kent Stewart, Scott Maling



L to R: Susan Pitre, Cynthia Cohen, Lizzie Reeves



L to R: Robert Hanson, John Pritchard, David Shapiro



L to R: Nicola Sykes, Karen Bean, Stacy Richter



L to R: Mike Myers, John Satchell, Greg Yanochik

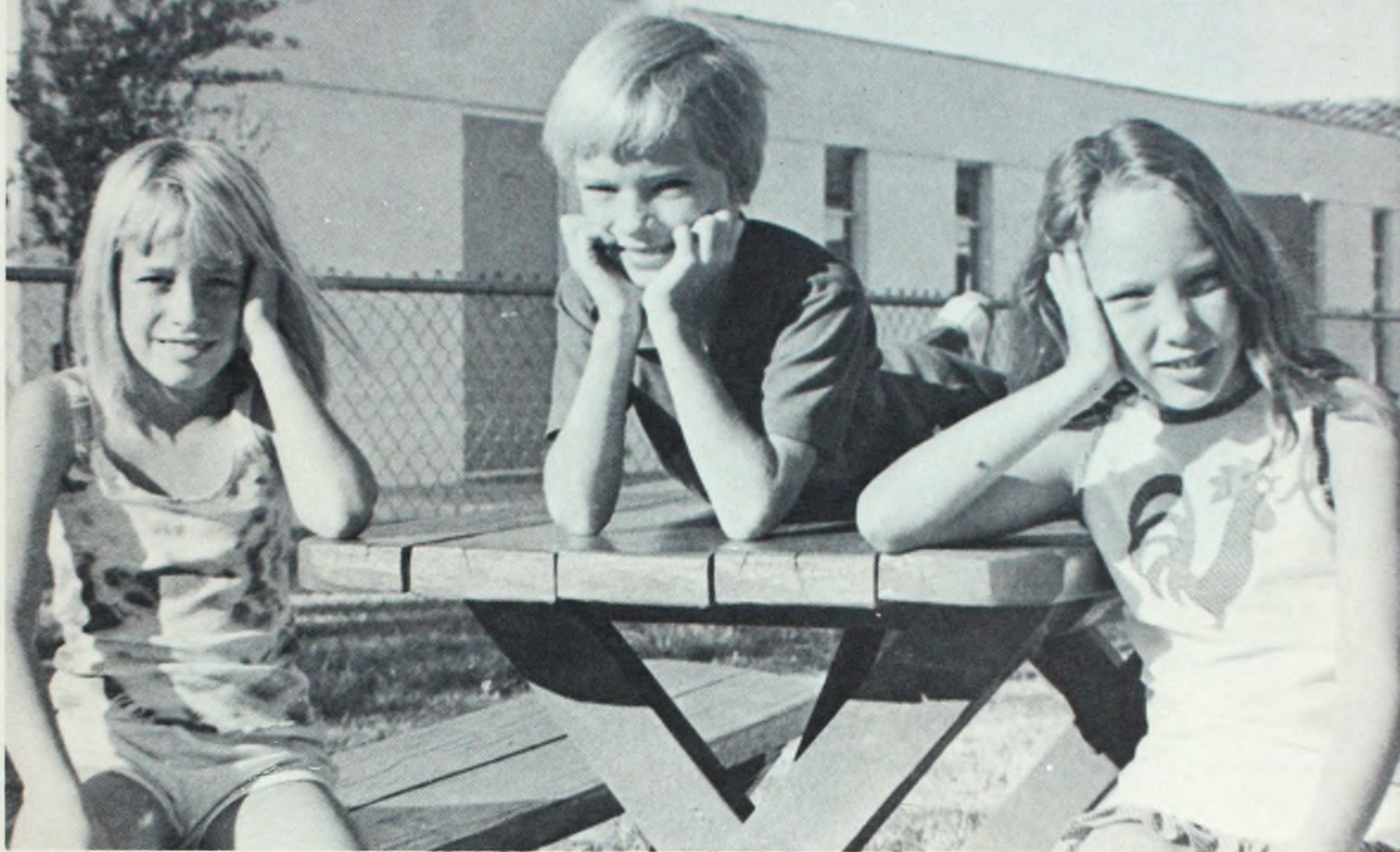
Third Grade



L to R: Kathleen Mallery, Tammy Ziehm, Jill Kahn.



Top to Bottom: Latanya Shaw, Ward Platt, Jamie O'Riley.



L to R: Angela Christensen, Patrick Brophy, Liesl Veazey

L to R: Chip Henward, Christopher Champion, Carmel Long, Nick Firestone





L to R: Alexis Randolph, Steven Cohen, Tracy Hoffman



Debbie Danforth



Lester Hirsch

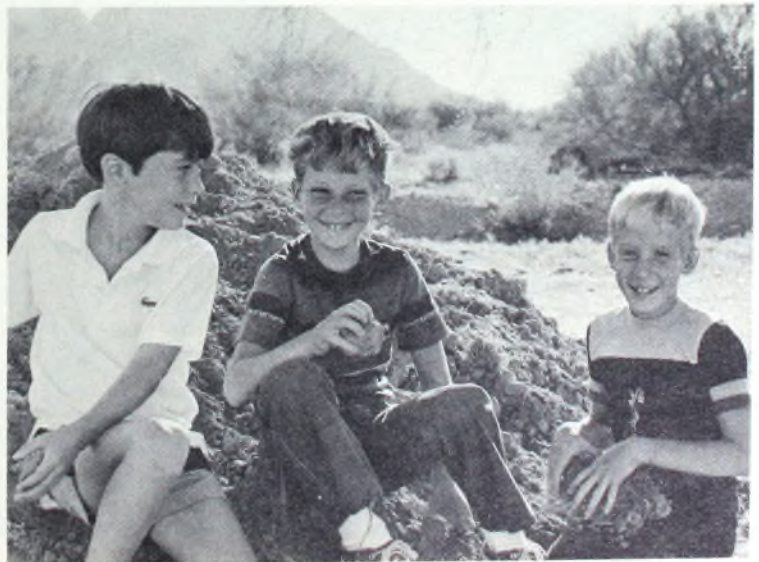
Katherine Chrisman



L to R: Owen Travis, Chris Biggs, Jon Neumann



Jessica O'Kelley



L to R: Nick O'Riley, Bobby Riding, Tim Wray



John Mason

Second Grade

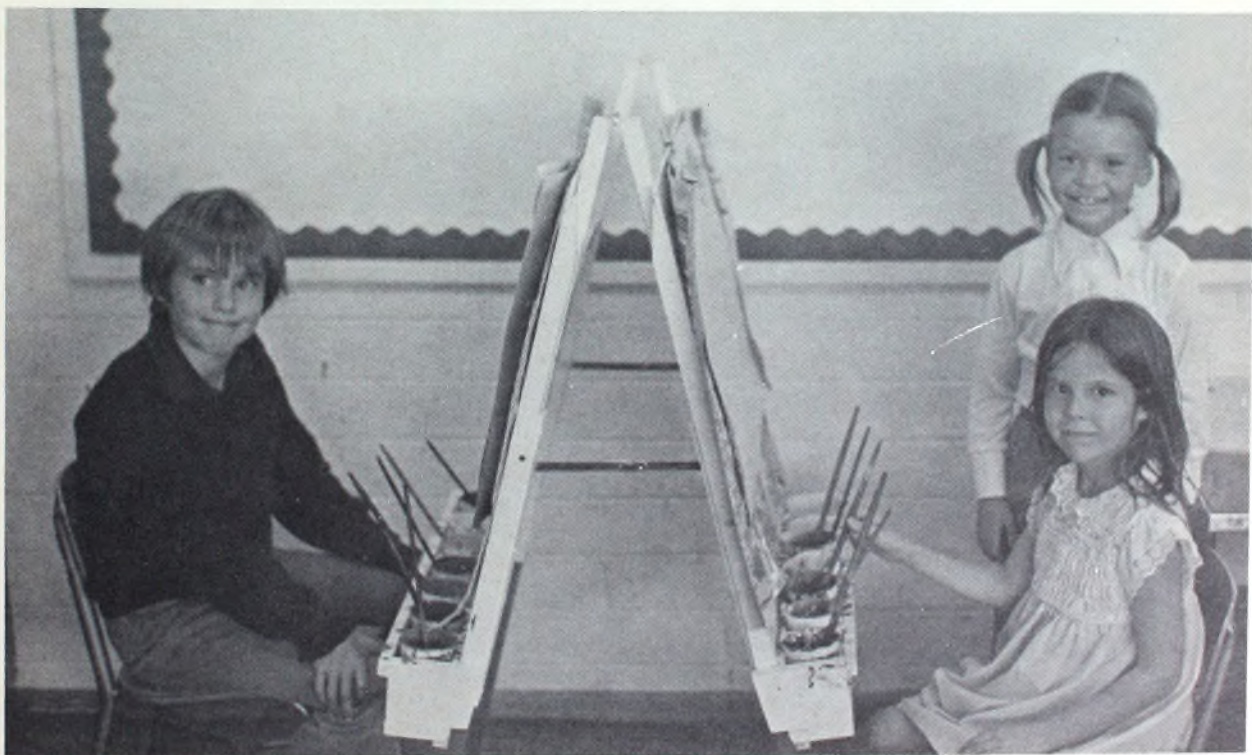
Below: L to R: David Mason, Bert Getz, David Kolbe

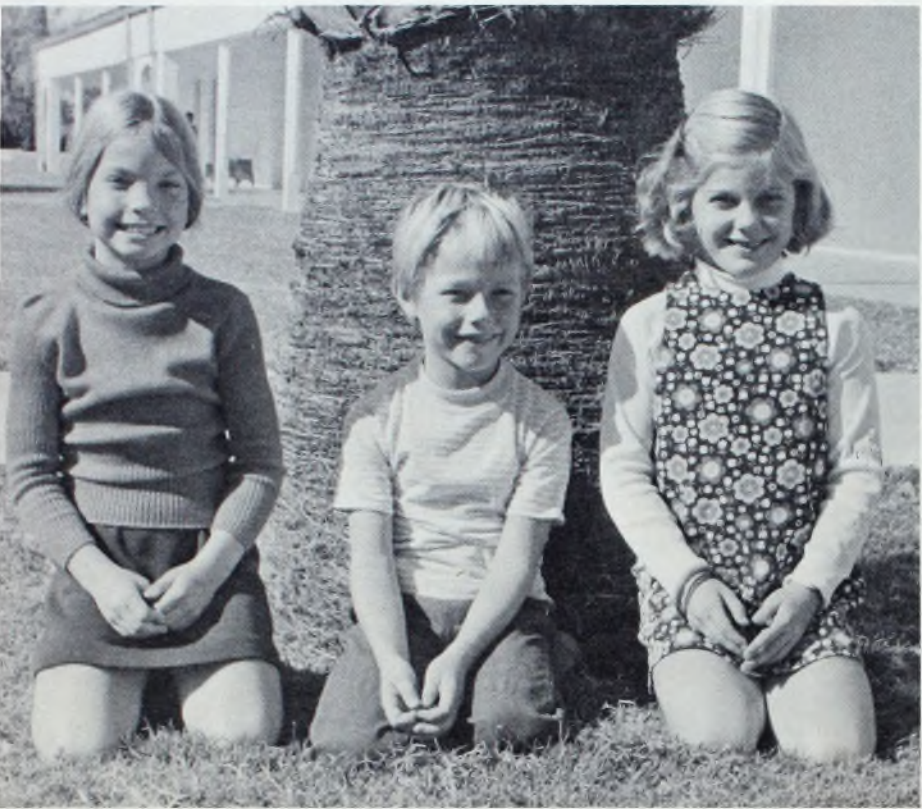




L to R: Jonathan Berk, Taylor Driggs, Jonathan MacBride, Robert Withers

L to R: Brian Brophy, Karen Pitre, Shannon Gray





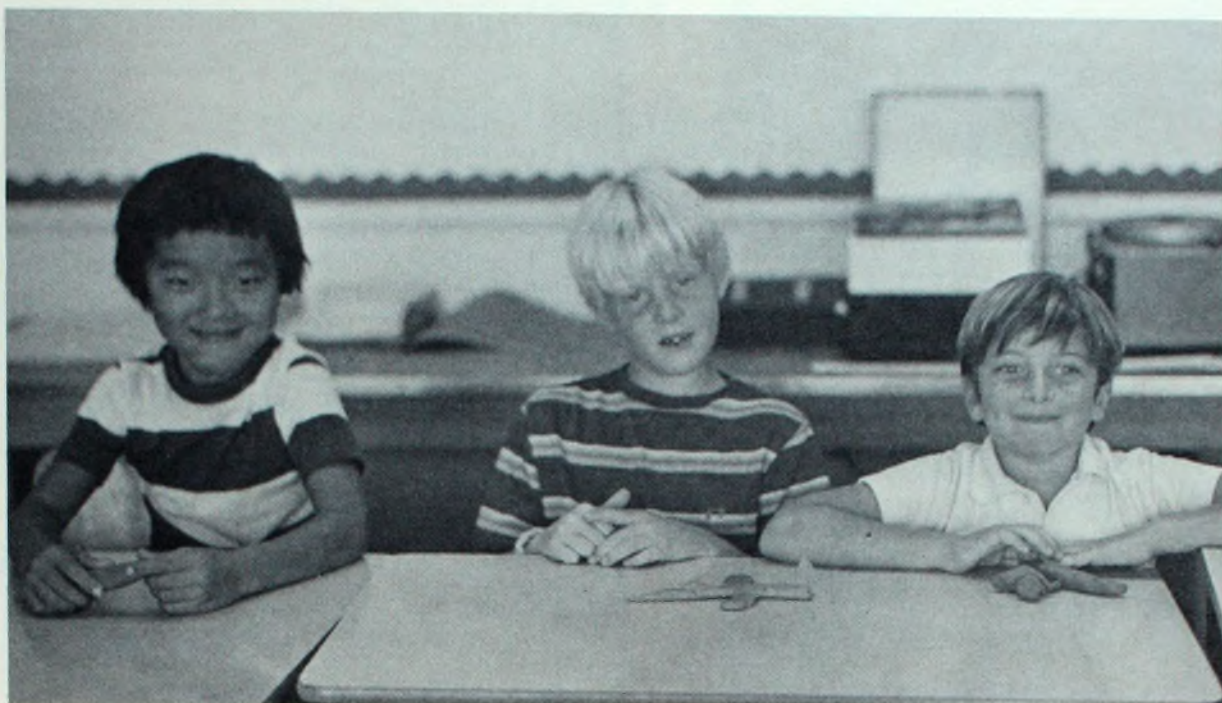
L to R: Wendy Pitre, Scott Bruning, Suzanne Peirce



Stacy Bermingham

L to R: Colette Carpenter, John Marcarelli, Lisa Firestone, Beth Gailey.





L to R: Jin Lee, John Dawson Mason, Danny Lesser.



L to R: Joe Hirsch, Douglas Allsworth, Stephanie Enriquez.

First Grade



Top to Back: Stuart Geigling, Stacey Tarone.



Charles Bukowski



Jennifer Hynes

L to R: Tim Phillips, Scott Tucker.



L to R: Bret Hopper, Charles Superfon



Cynthia Clendenin



L to R:
Michelle Day,
Carey Marks,
Audra Vinci.



L to R: Blanca Bertzin, Natasha Haase.



L to R: Charlene Hovatter, Brooke Sterling



L to R: Jennifer Evarts, Leanne Livermore



L to R: Eddy Ornelas, Andrea Boltz, Emily Christman



L to R: Jennifer Grosso, Beau Barton



L to R: Amy Biggs, Kristine Lundberg



L to R: Nicci Greer, Craig Mallery, Danelle Winn



L to R: Steven Scott, Kevin Musick



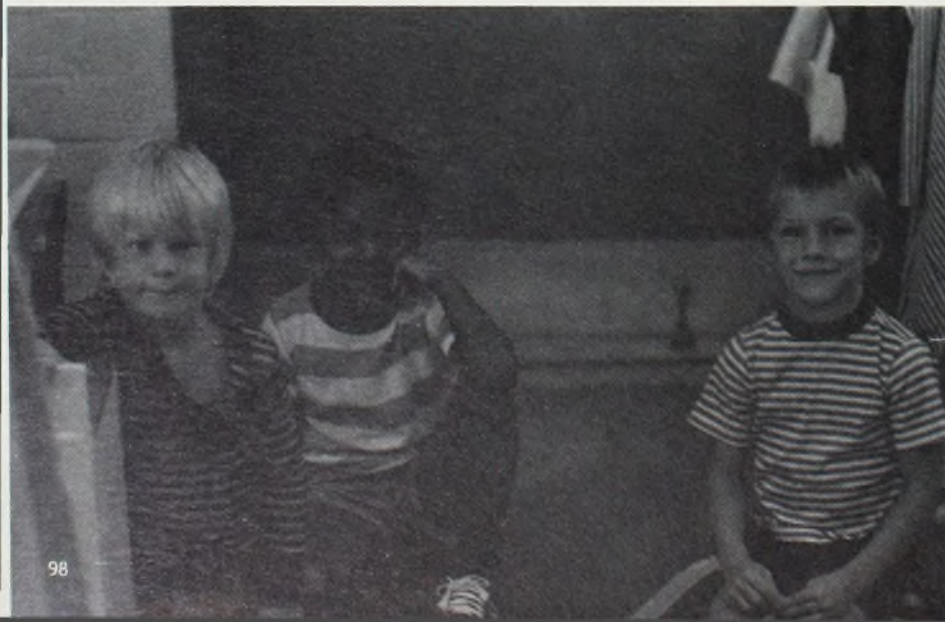
L to R: Hurst Dorman, Connie McGarry, Kathy Remillong

Kinder-



L to R:
Cricket Alexander
Lara Sosnow
Maggie Roof

L to R:
Douglas Christensen
G. T. Knight
Lisa Whiskeman



L to R:
William Allsworth
Marc Parker
Bryan Winn

garten

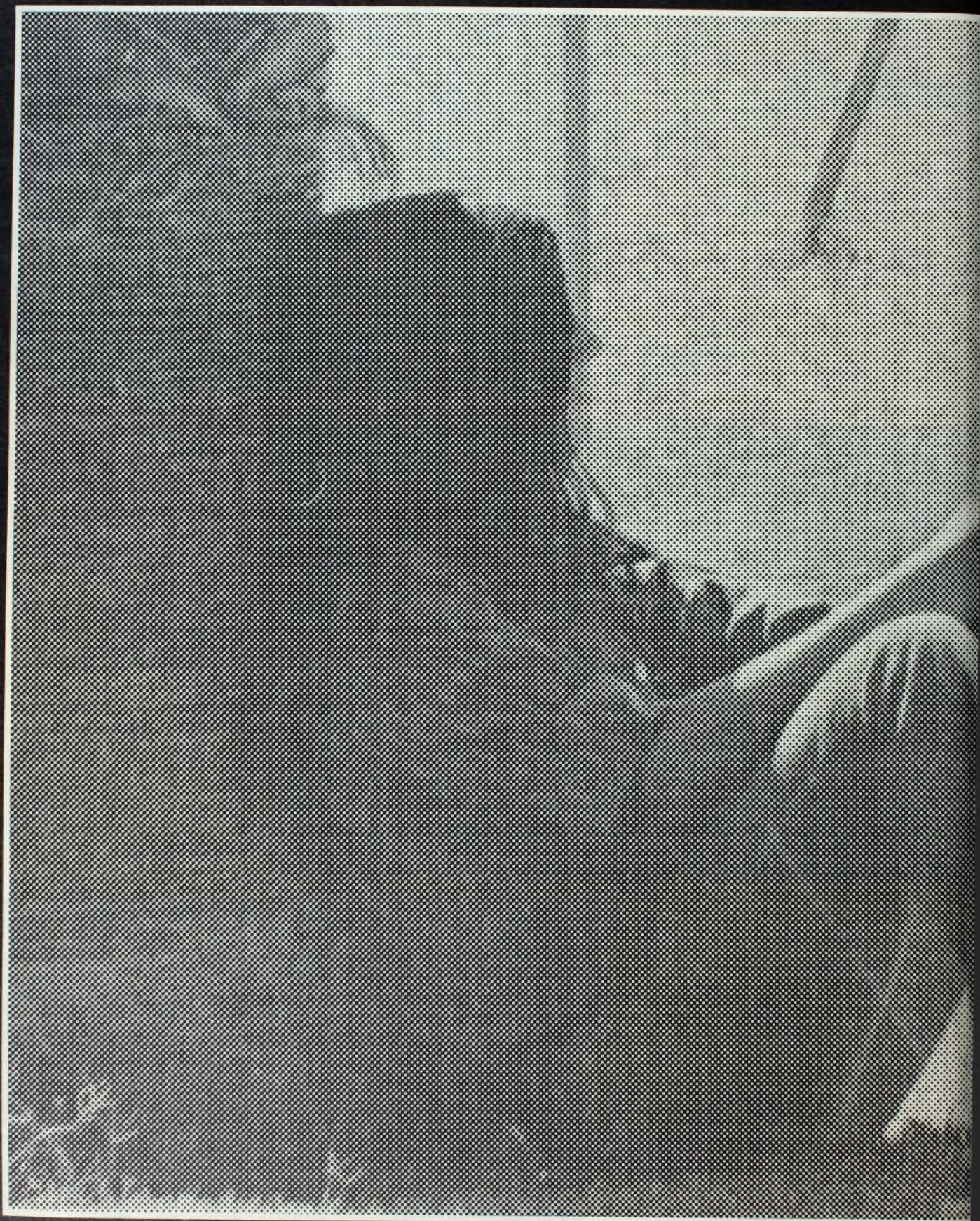
L to R:
Heather Satchell
Jason Kokalis
Catherine Baggott



L to R:
Mark Barnes
Mark Chernoff

L to R:
Jon Cowen
Jennifer Mason
Chad Voinovich

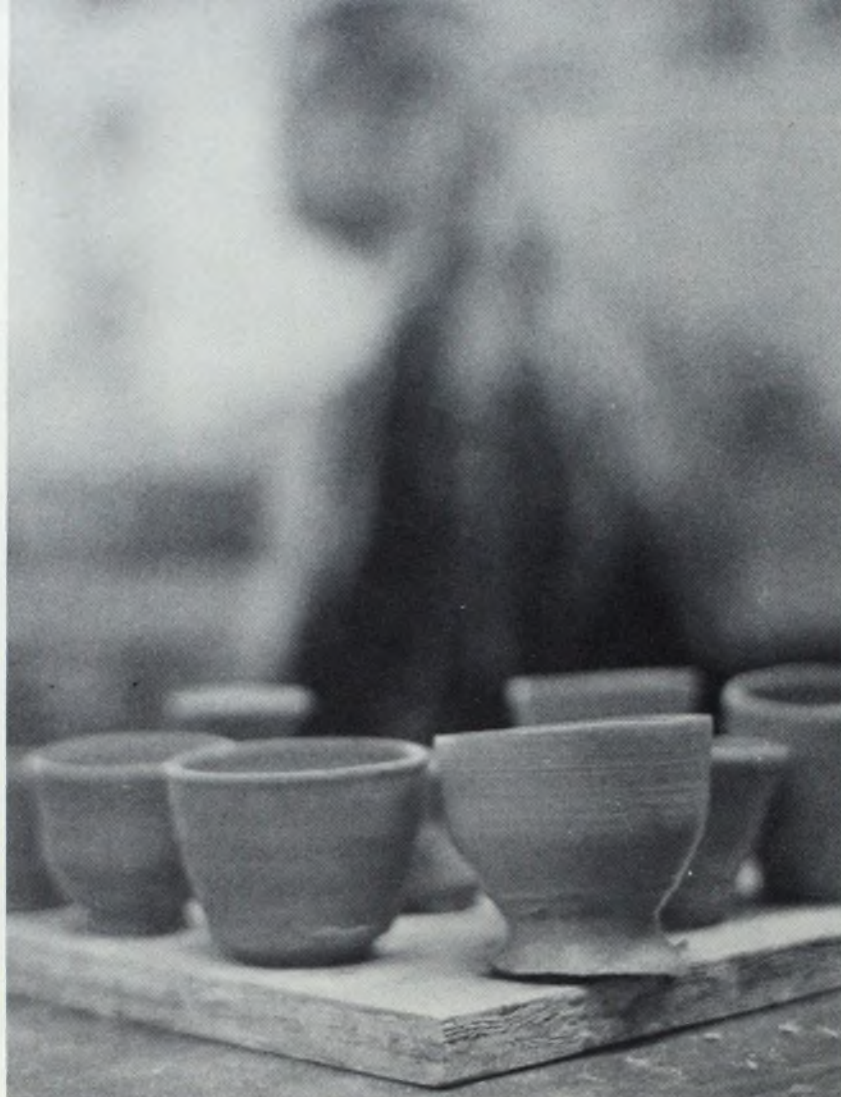






Student Life

The Arts



I say, wouldn't it be easier if the wheel were turning?



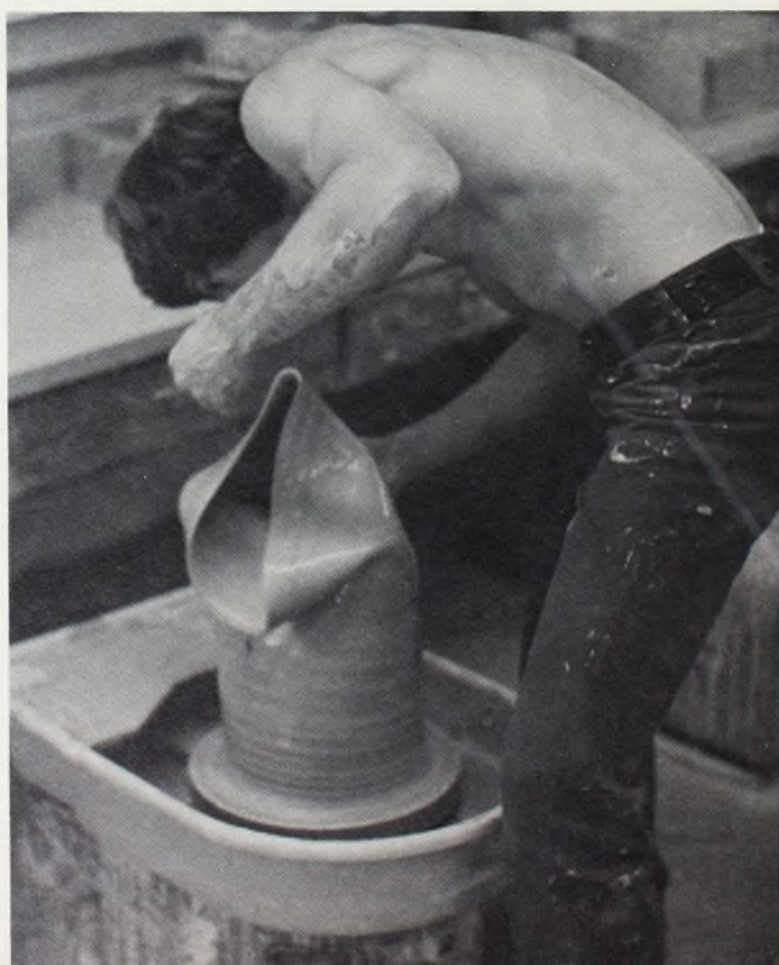
C e r a m i c s





"Where IS that rabbit?"

"That's not supposed to happen! "



"The Curious Savage" —J. Patrick



THE CAST

The Guests:

Florence	Kathi Steiner
Hannibal	John Cox
Fairy May	Mylessa Nickelson
Jeffrey	Tim Bock
Mrs. Paddy	Mary Hall

The Family:

Titus	Alan Jones
Samuel	Mark Phillips
Lily Belle	Debbie Latish
Ethel Savage	Barbra Baxter

The Staff

Miss Willy	Leslie Davison
Dr. Emmett	Mark Baker
John Thomas	Jay O'Connor

Director	Mr. D. O. Raymond
Faculty Advisors	Marcus Schluter
	Robert Wilson





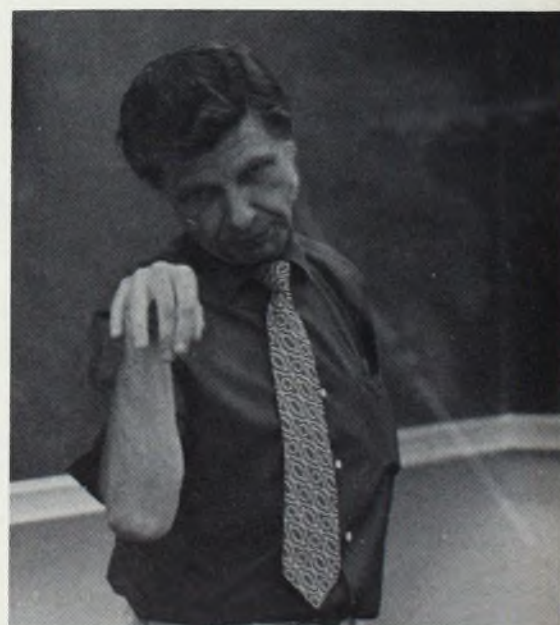
"Capital idea, we'll bug the student lounge!"



"Oh Doug you're SO funny . . ."



"Wanna bet?"



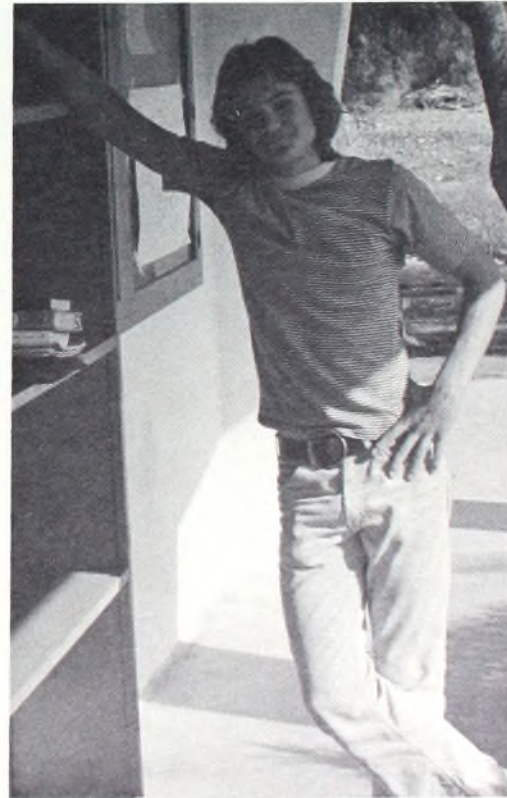
"Awwww . . ."



"They found a BUG in the student lounge???"



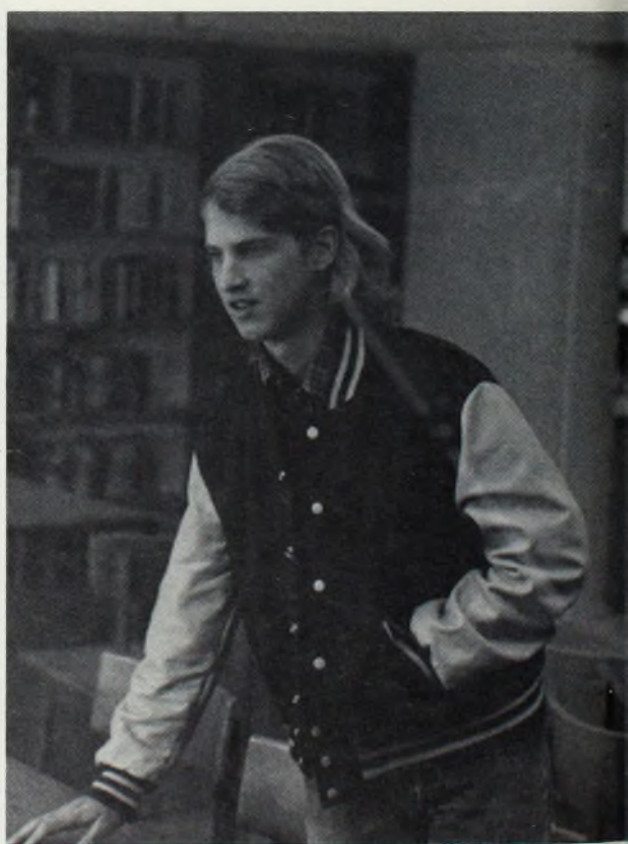
"A BUG?!"



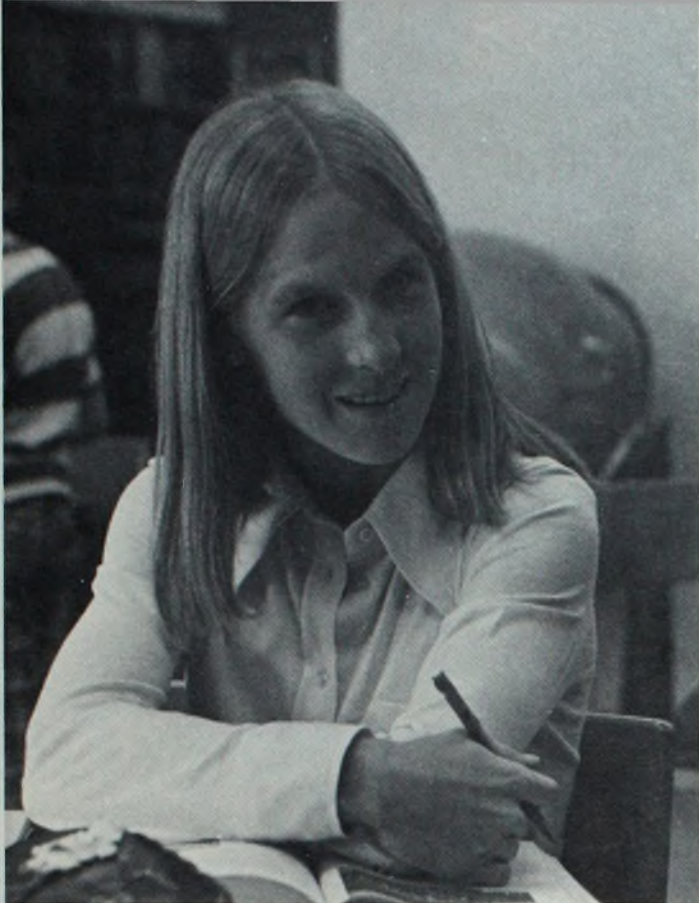
"Knew it all along."

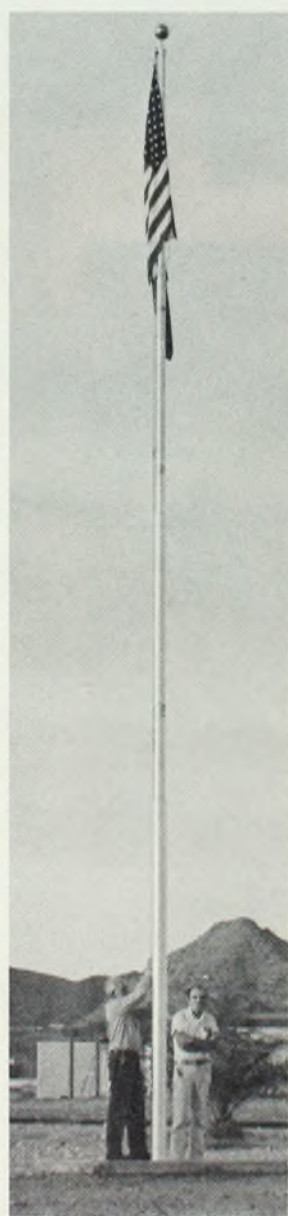


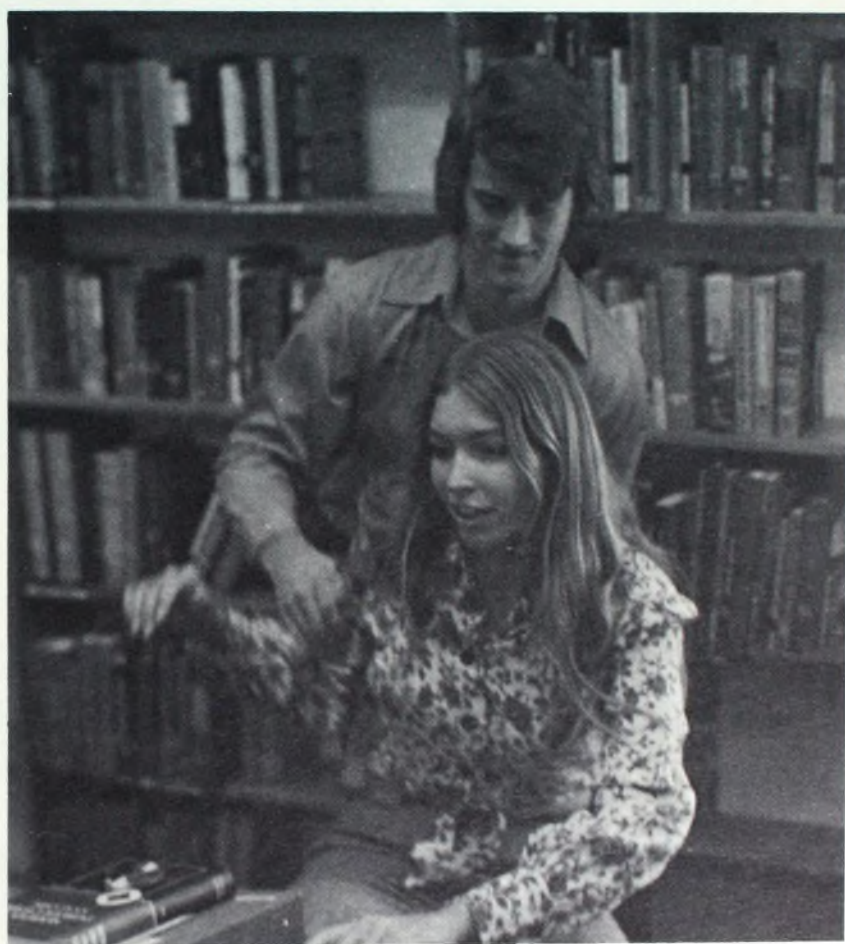
"Snail, that's not the way it's done"

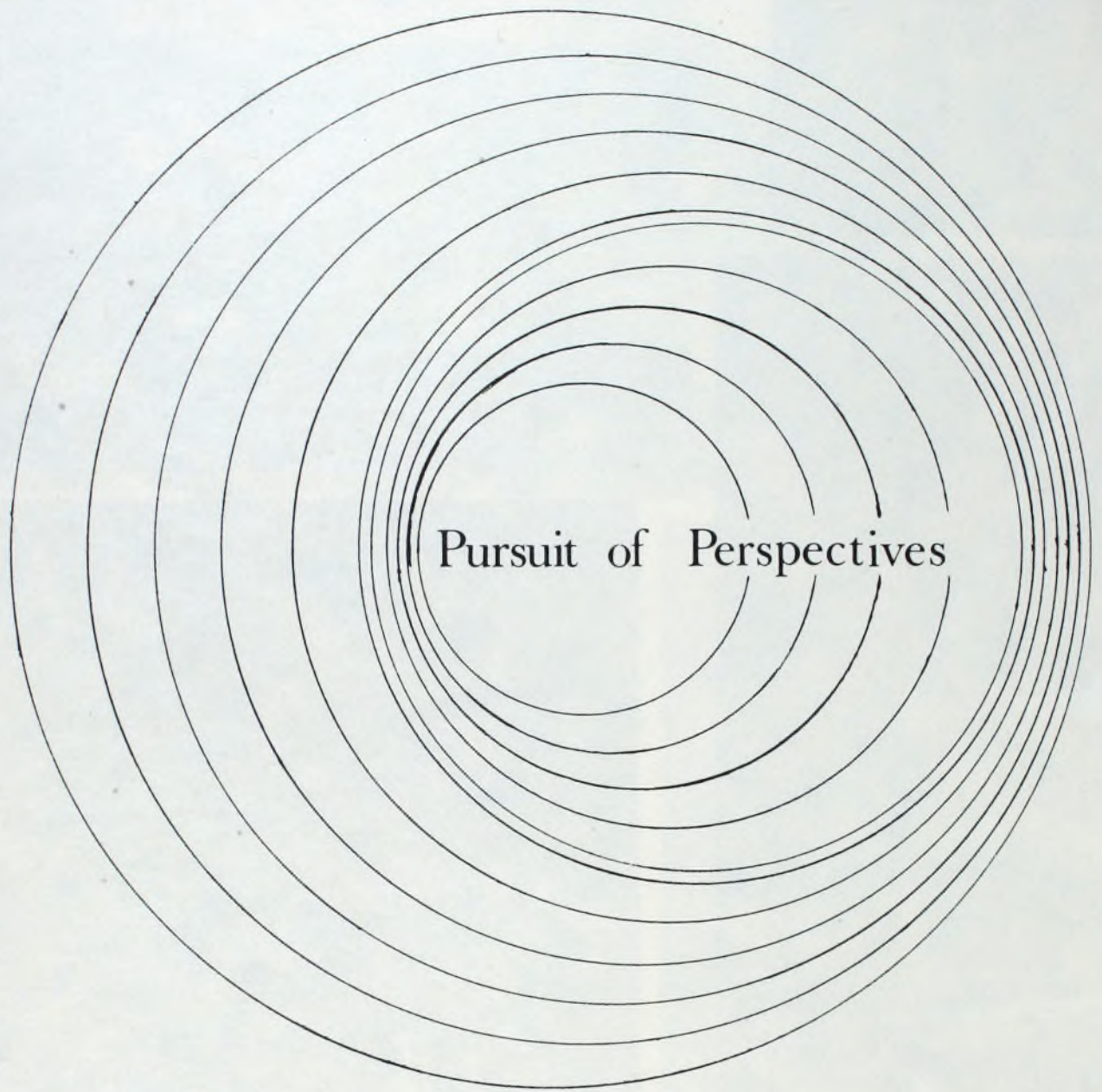


"Uh . . . Uh, Dee???"









Phoenix Country Day School Jan. 6th - 31st 1975

During the academic year 1974-1975, Phoenix Country Day School allocated four weeks of augmented academic endeavor presenting the student with:

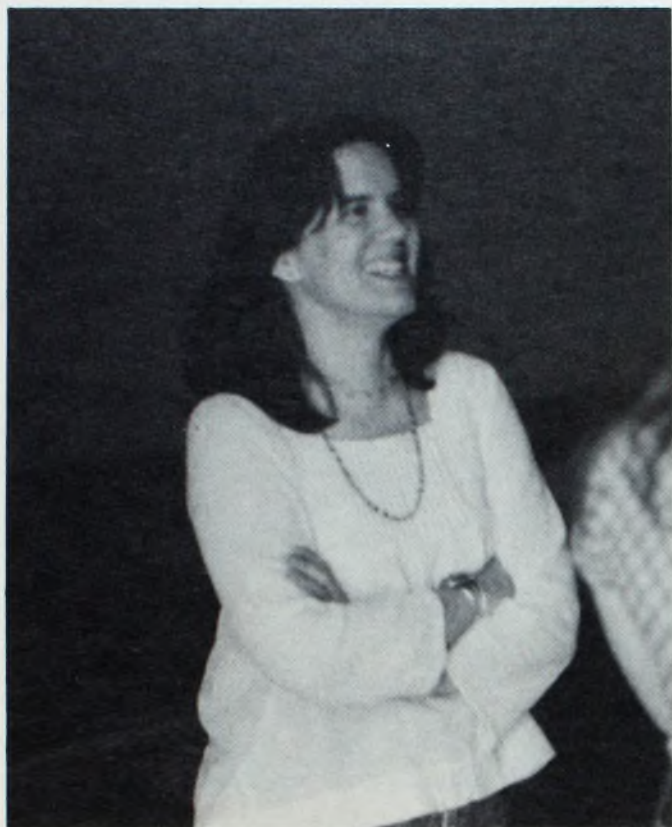
- 1) The opportunity of elective courses beyond conventional curricular studies.
- 2) The occasion of participating in an educational activity of interest and value; such activities may or may not require departure from campus.

The shadow program is designed to provide the student with the opportunity to explore his potential career area in greater depth than is possible during the fall and spring semesters. It emphasizes the study of occupational experiences.



"Dudley, what the hell are you doing?"





Kate Lincoln - Theatre Arts



Jeanine Pickrell - Macramé

Theatre Arts Workshop







It says, "Wǔ - chīng - wàng"



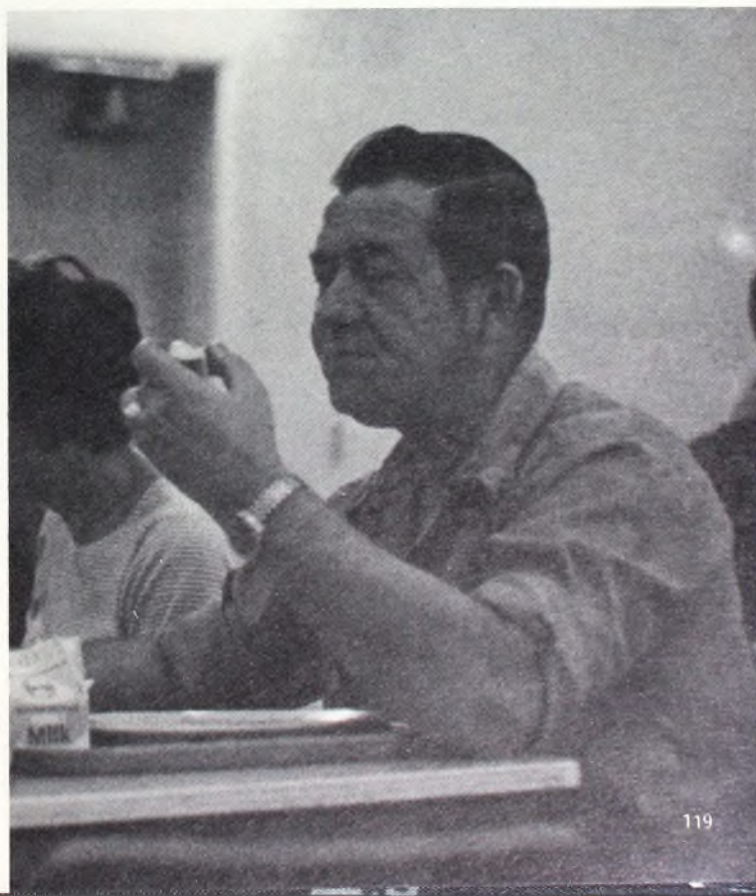
請
問



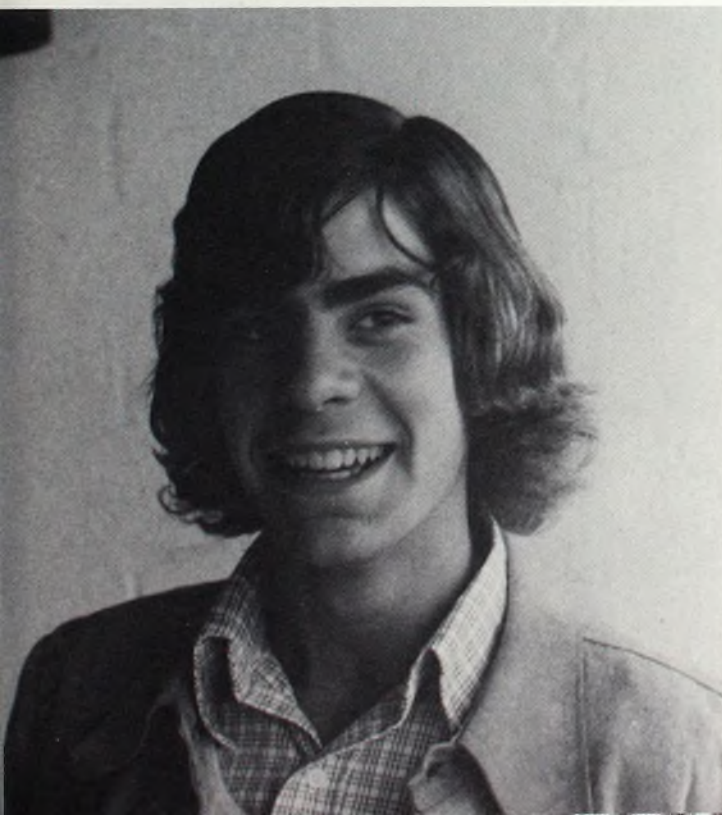
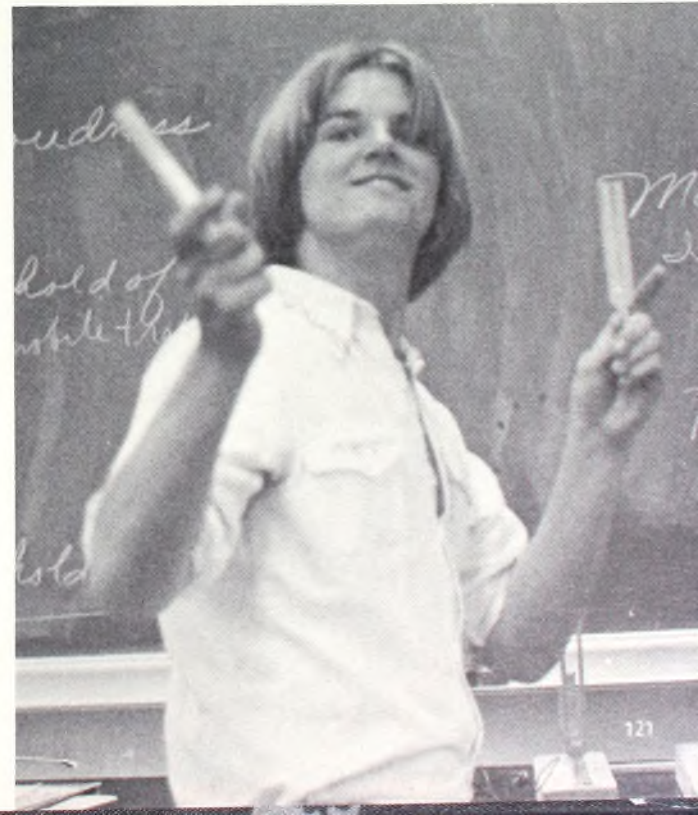
"Calm down, we all can't have seconds"

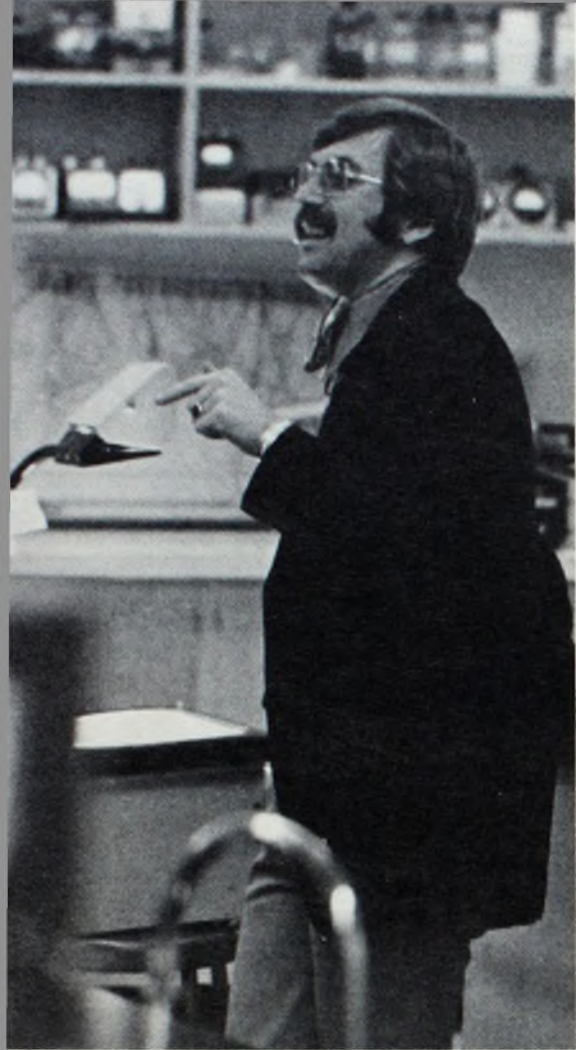
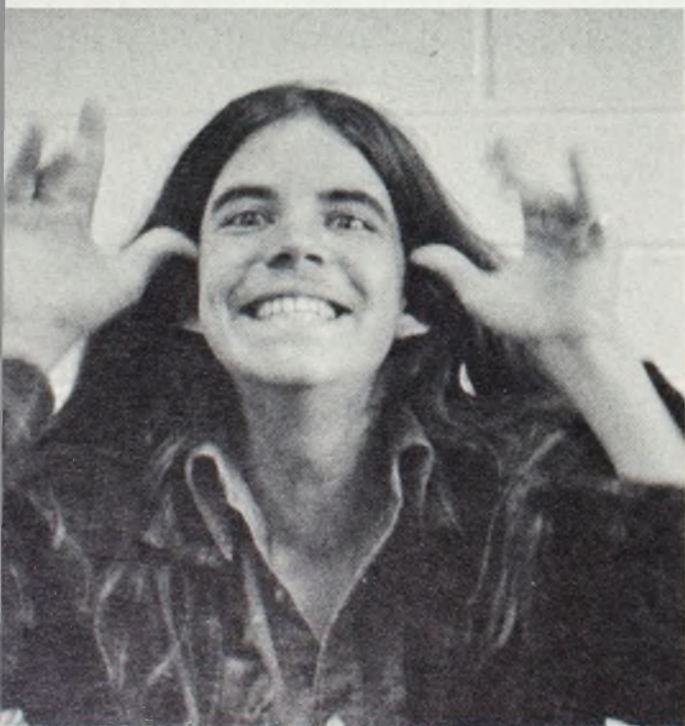


"Get out of here with that camera before I heave my roll at you"



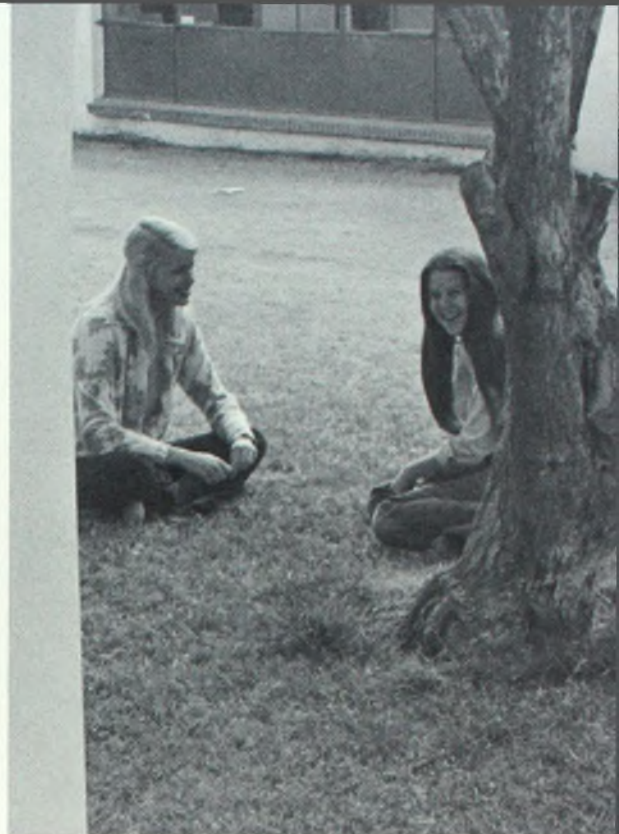






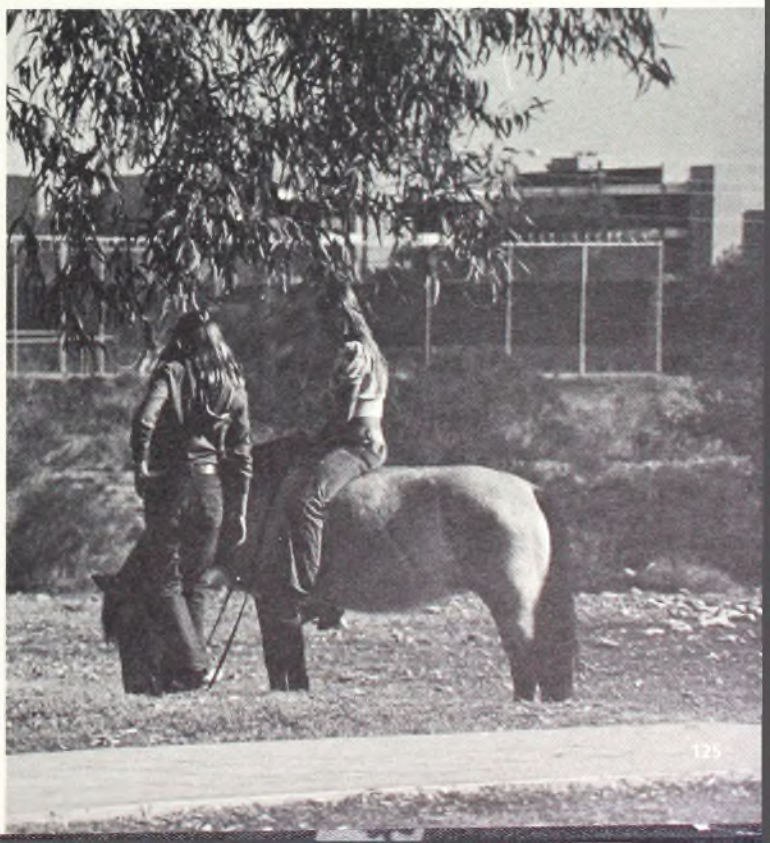


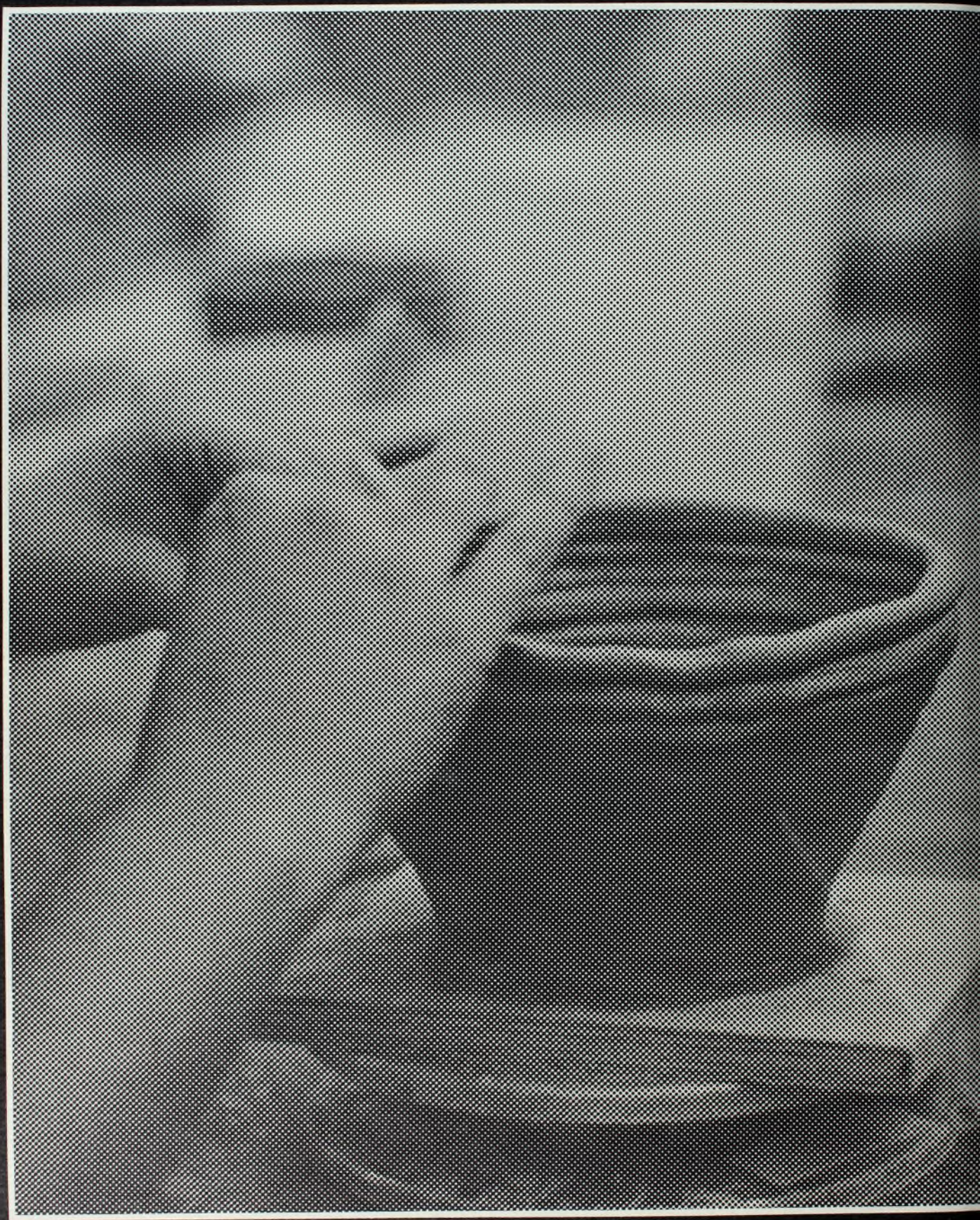


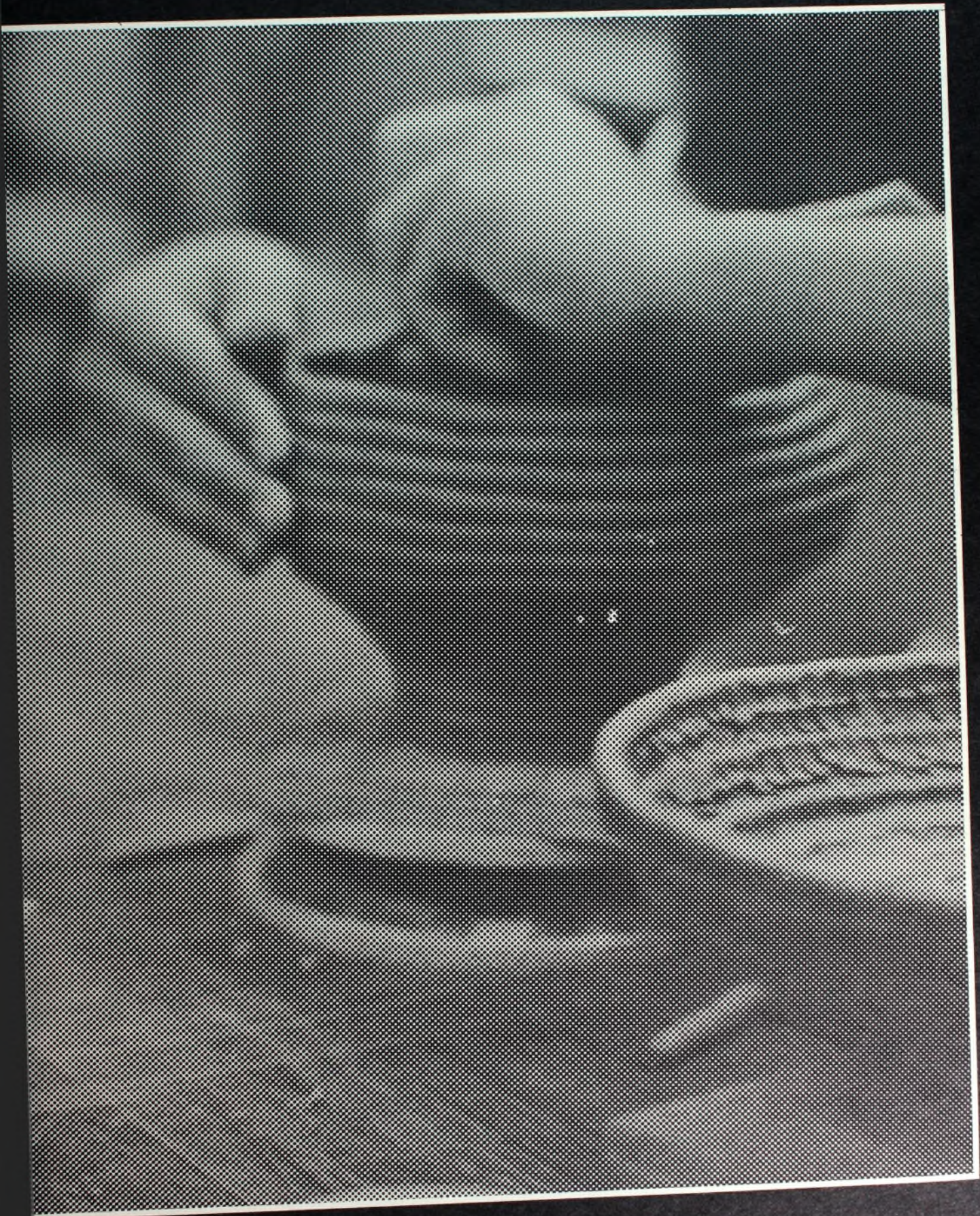


The language of friendship is not words,
but meanings. It is an intelligence
above language.

Thoreau







Activities

Front (L. to R.):

Pattie Reis
Dee Arganbright
Steve Kaufer
(President)
Kathi Steiner
(Vice-President)
Mr. Schweikher

Back (L. to R.):

Debra Ziehm
(Secretary)
Richard Pritzlaff
Steve Casselman
Barbra Baxter
(Treasurer)
James Lincoln
Andy Friend
Courtney White
Mrs. Sonderman



Student Council

Student Court



Front (L. to R.):

Jason Mitchell
Cindy Crockett
(Chief-Justice)
Alan Jones

Back (L. to R.):

Willy Korp
(Vice-Chief-Justice)
Mark Baker
(Secretary)
Jennie Miller
Charles Ladlow
Manuel Tancer

The Magazine Staff "Country Day Ole' "



Top Row: John Cox, David Gates, Jennie Miller, Debra Ziehm, Debbie Latish, Kathi Steiner, Peter Wulsin, Barbra Baxter, Li Wrigley, Keith Yavitt Bottom Row: Tuula Kaynee, Manuel Tancer, Patti Reis, Irene Marcarelli, Susan Kerrigan Absent: Jim Freda, Brian Rose, Kate Patterson Editor: Li Wrigley Advisor: Mrs. Kathy Sonderman

Advisor: Mr. James Bruning - Top Row: Dudley Hoyt, Alan Jones, Carole Thompson, Mark Baker, Dee Arganbright, Steve Kaufer, Courtney White - Bottom Row: Charles Ladlow, Barbra Baxter, Li Wrigley, Kathy Steiner, Jason Mitchell, Nick Paris

The Language Club



Curriculum Committee



L. to R.: Manuel Tancer, Paul Schweikher, Jeannine Pickrell, James Roof, Mark Baker, Don Singer,
Anne-Marie Sykes Absent: D. O. Raymond, James Bruning

L. to R.: Charles Ladlow, Barbara Baxter, Carole Thompson, Kate Patterson, James Bruning, Don
Singer, Chris English, Harry Houle

P.O.P. Committee



The Letterman's Club



L to R: David Cheney (President), Andy Friend, Mark Baker, Chris Holland, Rob Wiechert, Steve Casselman, Jason Mitchell, Scott Stevens, Nick Paris, Ken Zrike, James Lincoln, Keith Yavitt

Top Row: Coach James Rose Second Row: Kathi Steiner, Barbra Baxter, Coach Pete La Prade Bottom Row: Maria Alvarez, Li Wrigley, Tuula Kaynee, Debbie Latish, Susan Kerrigan, Mary Hall, Carole Thompson, Dee Arganbright

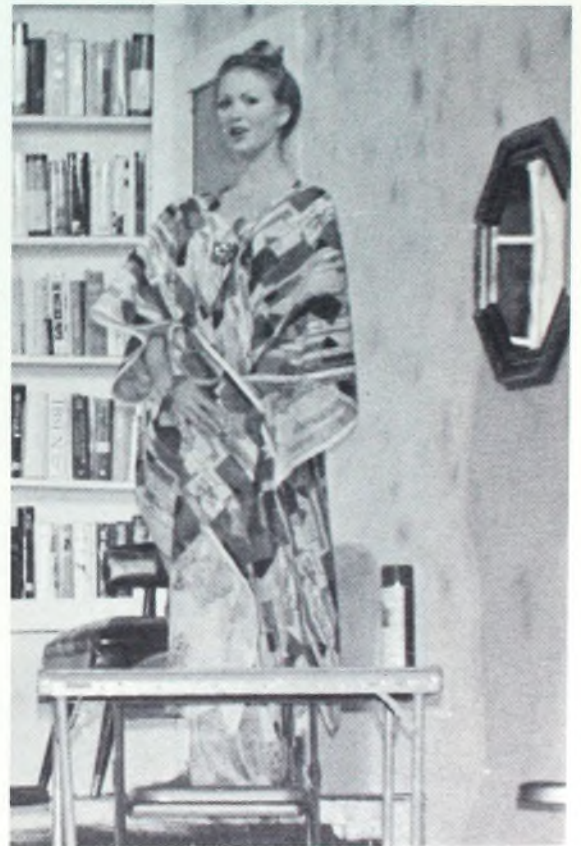


The Girl's Football Team

Drama Club



Top L. to R.: Kathi Steiner, Evan Sage, Mylessa Nickelson Tim Bock 3rd Row L. to R.: Carole Thompson, Dee Arganbright, Mark Baker 2nd Row L. to R.: Mark Phillips, John Cox, Debbie Latish, Alan Jones, Steve Kaufer, Lisa Reis Bottom L. to R.: Barbar Baxter, Mary Hall



Thank-You Mr. Raymond

The P.C.D.S.



Honor Band



The String Ensemble

Back Row L. to R.: Miss Bergstrom, Andy Norris, Theresa Bernard, Lina Weissman, Martha Smith

Center Row L. to R.: Liza Nickerson, Jeff Bailey, Pat Celis, Stuart Gailey, Bill Schulte

Bottom Row L. to R.: Cindy Miles, Cindy Cohen, Libby Bean, Nicola Sykes



Trap and Skeet



Top Row L. to R.: Carole Thompson, Kathi Steiner, Mr. Bruning, Dee Arganbright.

Bottom Row L. to R.: Walter Repenning, Dudley Hoyt, Charles Ladlow, Nick Paris, Courtney White, Randy Raskin

Top: Dee Arganbright. Middle: Susan Kerrigan, Carole Thompson, Tuula Kaynee, Bottom: Rhonda Eicher



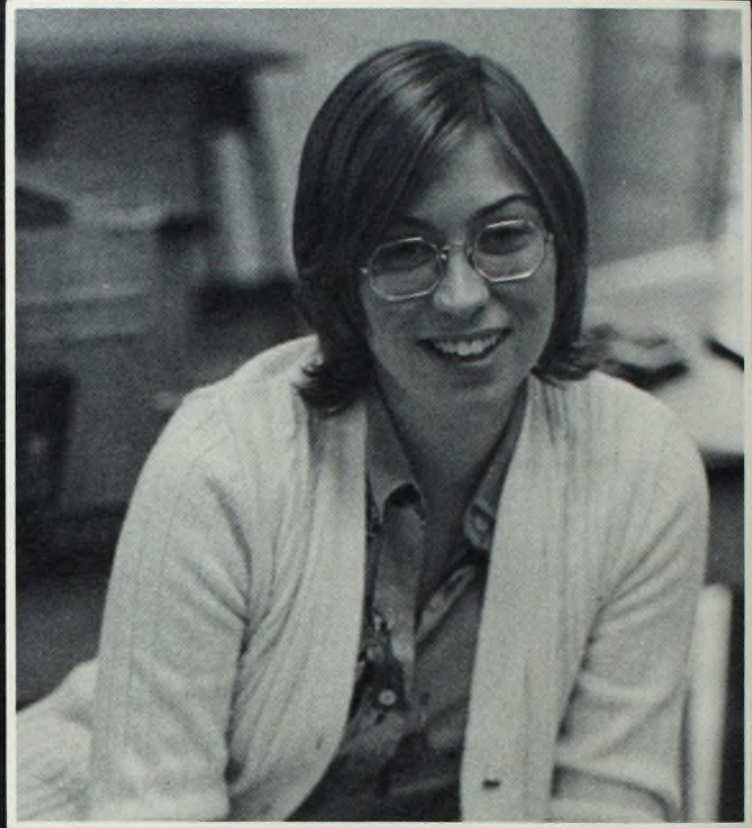
Top: Rhonda Eicher, Bottom: Susan Kerrigan, Carole Thompson, Dee Arganbright, Tuula Kaynee



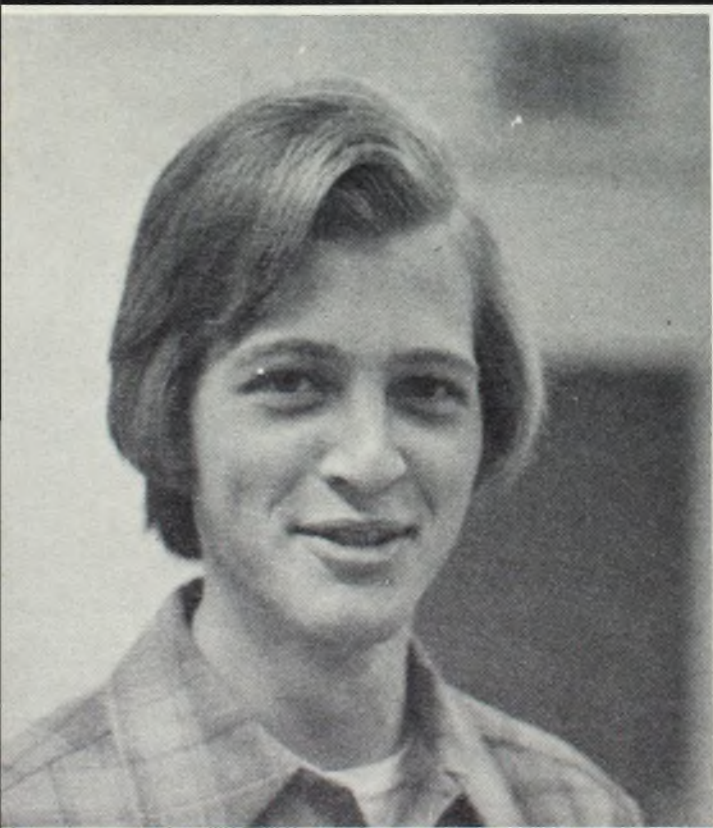
Yearbook Staff



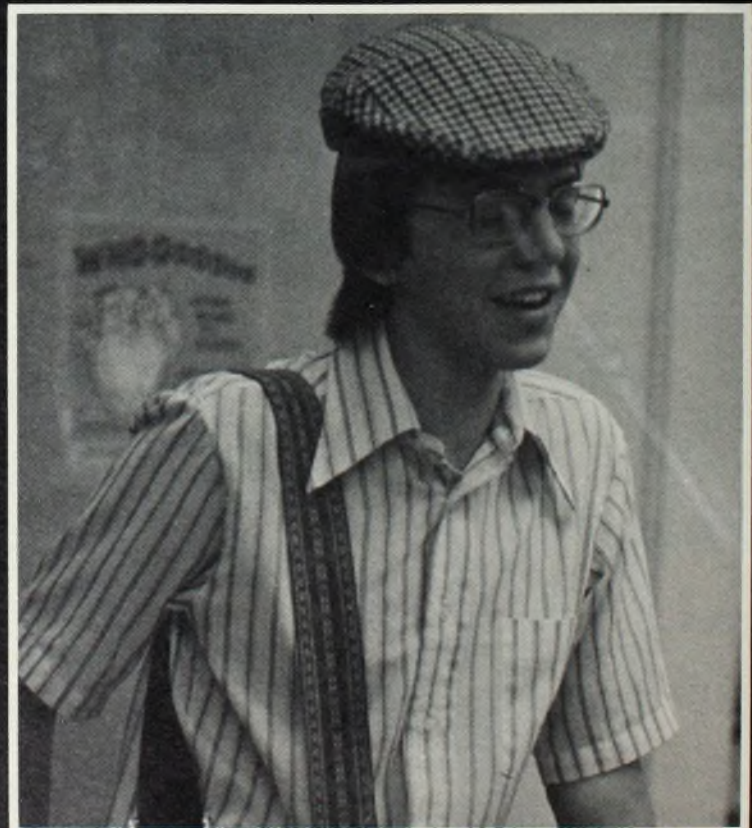
Editor: Mark Baker



Copy Editor: Lisa Reis



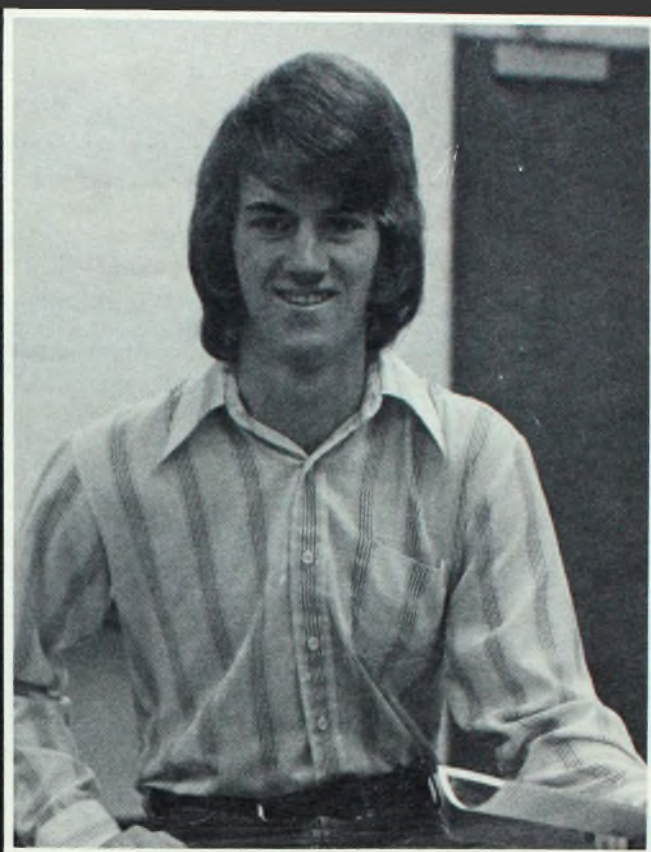
Photography editor: Mark Phillips



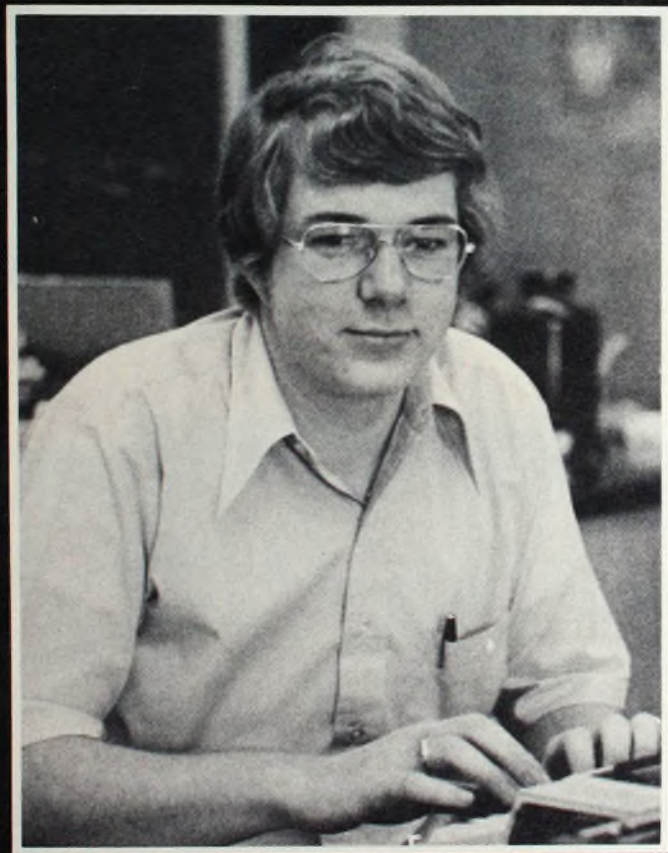
Photography editor: Alan Jones



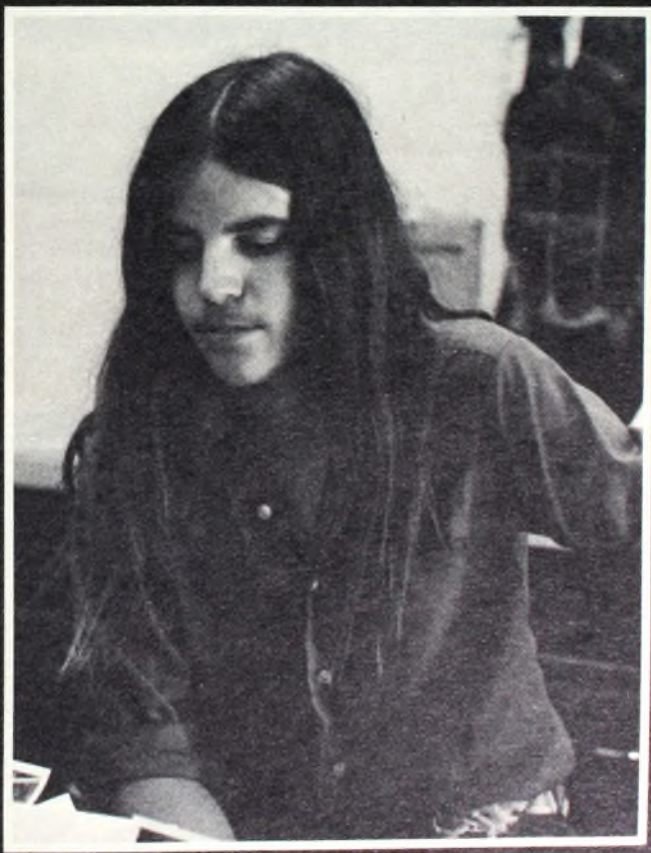
Kathi Steiner - Copy Editor



Andy Friend - Layout Editor

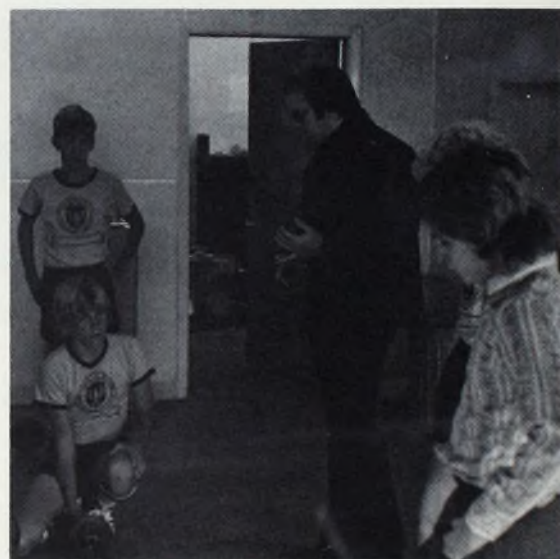


Steve Kaufer - Business Manager



James Lincoln - Layout Editor

Middle School Activities



Middle School Play Rehearsal



"Fireman Save My Child"

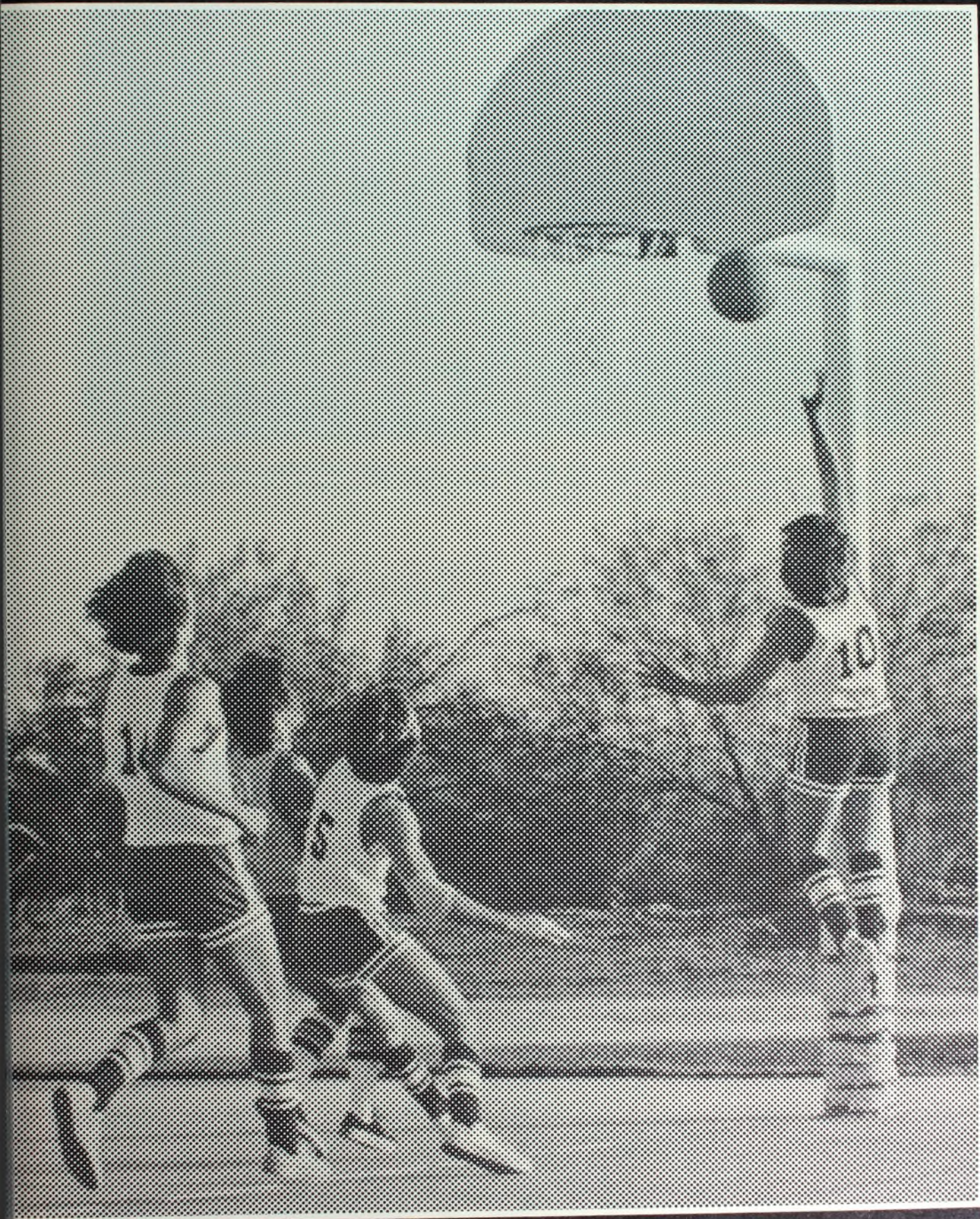
CAST:

Cathy Laffin
Matt Gregory
Billy Baxter
Kimer Wadsworth

Lynne Diethrich
Lisa Rhind
Gregg Hoffman
Cynthia Tancer







Athletics

Varsity Soccer



Front Row; L. to R.: Arturo Samperio, Willy Korp, John Gleason, David Gates, Brian Rose, John Evans, Courtney White
Back Row, L. to R.: Richard Pritzlaff, Mark Baker, Chris Holland, David Cheney, Dudley Hoyt, Scott Stevens, Andy Friend, Manuel Tancer, James Lincoln

The Mascot: Ian



1974-1975



Mr. Frank Sykes: Coach





S o c c e r





Varsity

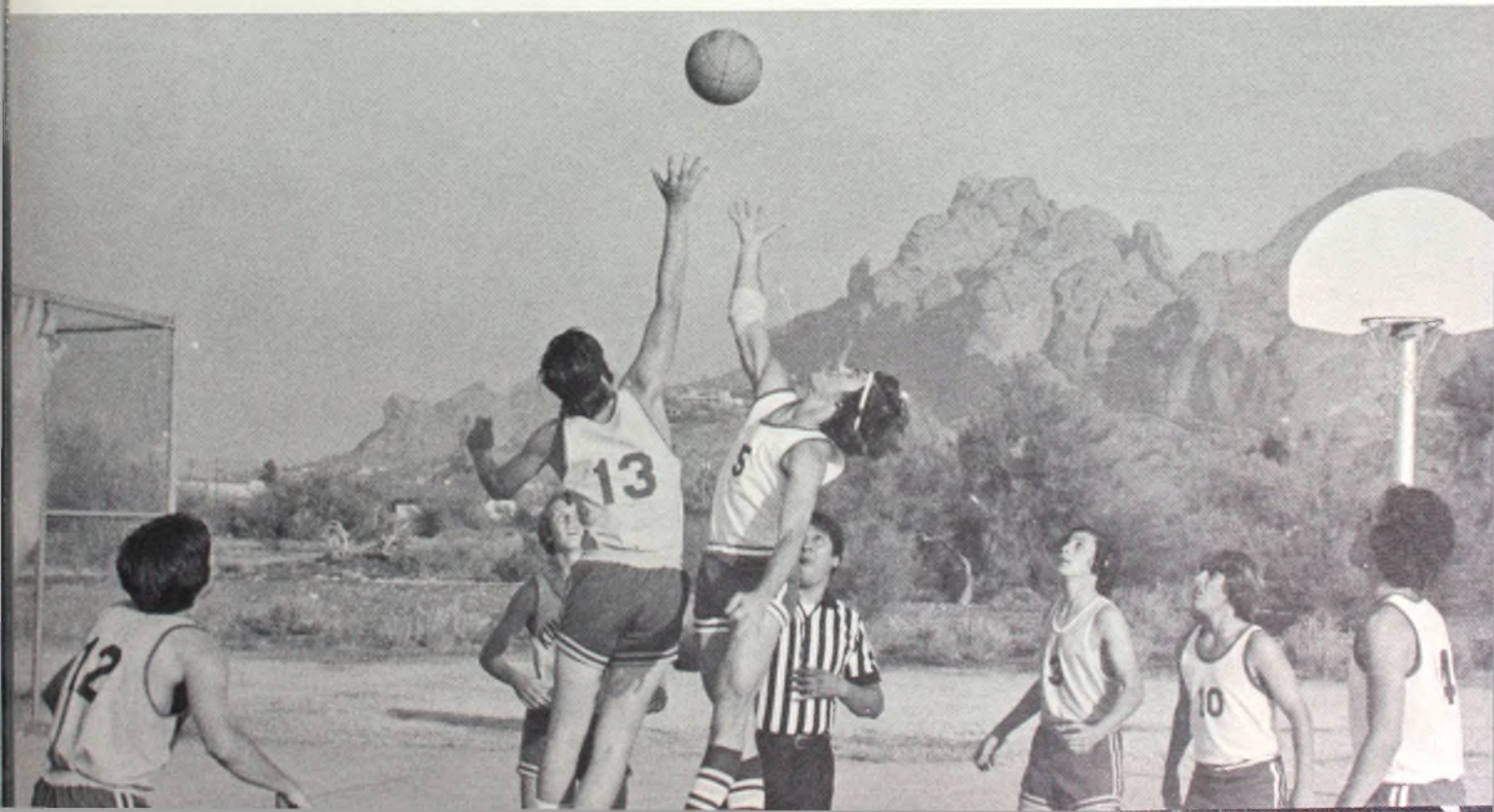


Basketball





Top Row L. to R.: Coach LaPrade, Steve Smith, Ken Zrike, Steve Casselman, Nick Paris, Coach Seroka Bottom L. to R.: Mike Begam, James Lincoln, Tim Bock, Jason Mitchell, Rob Weichert

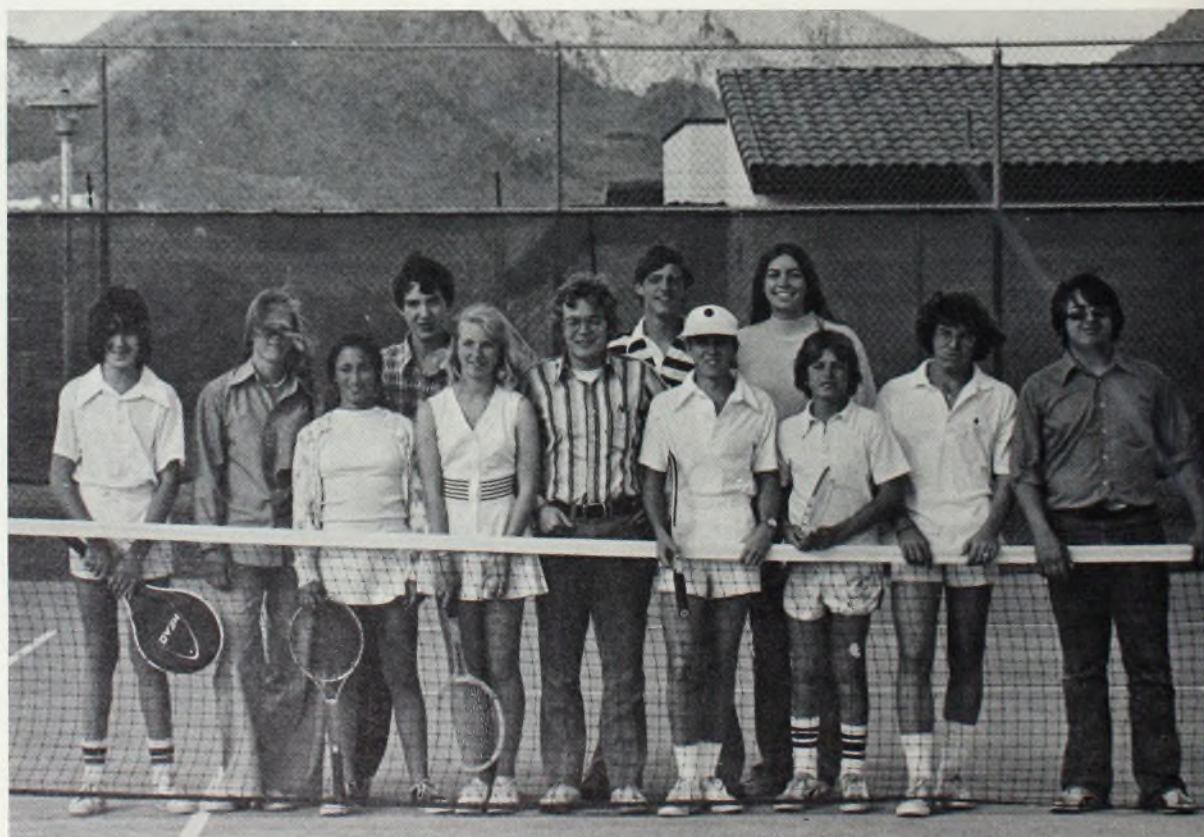


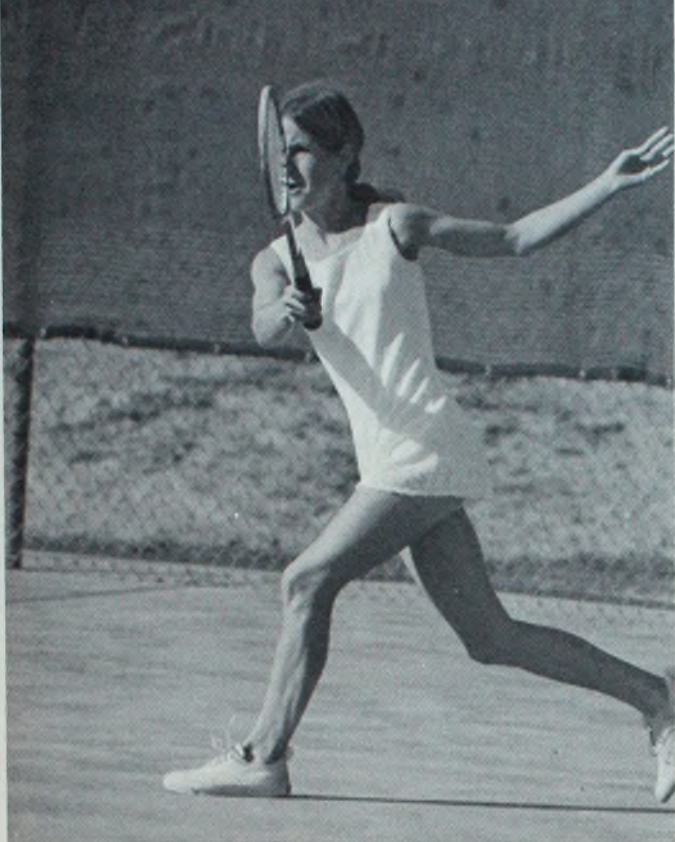
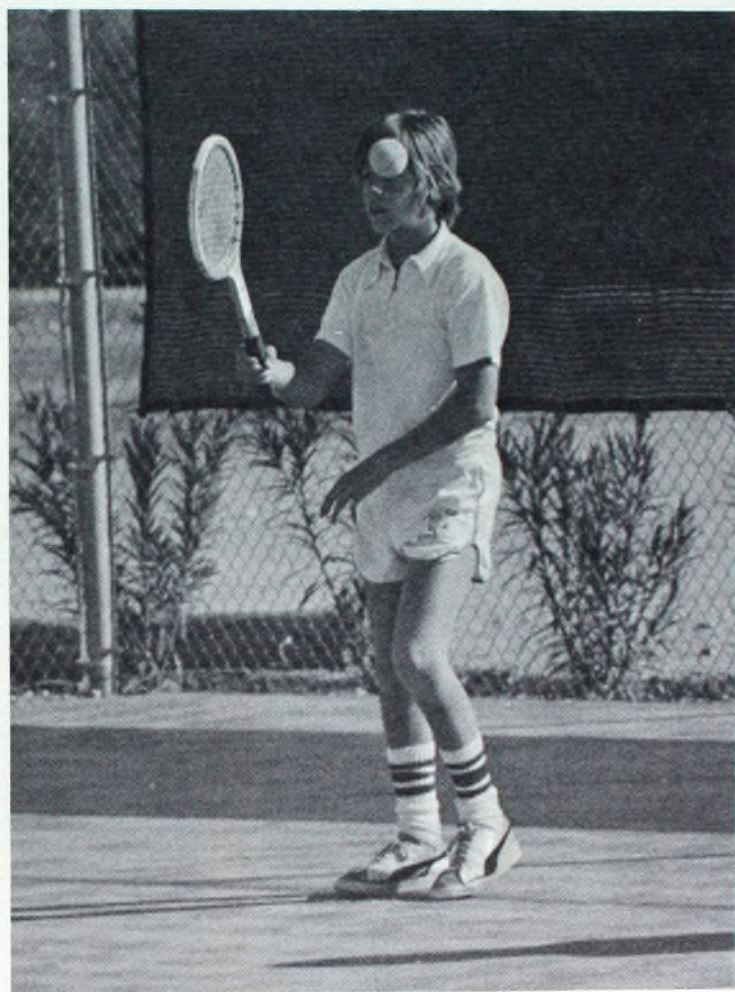
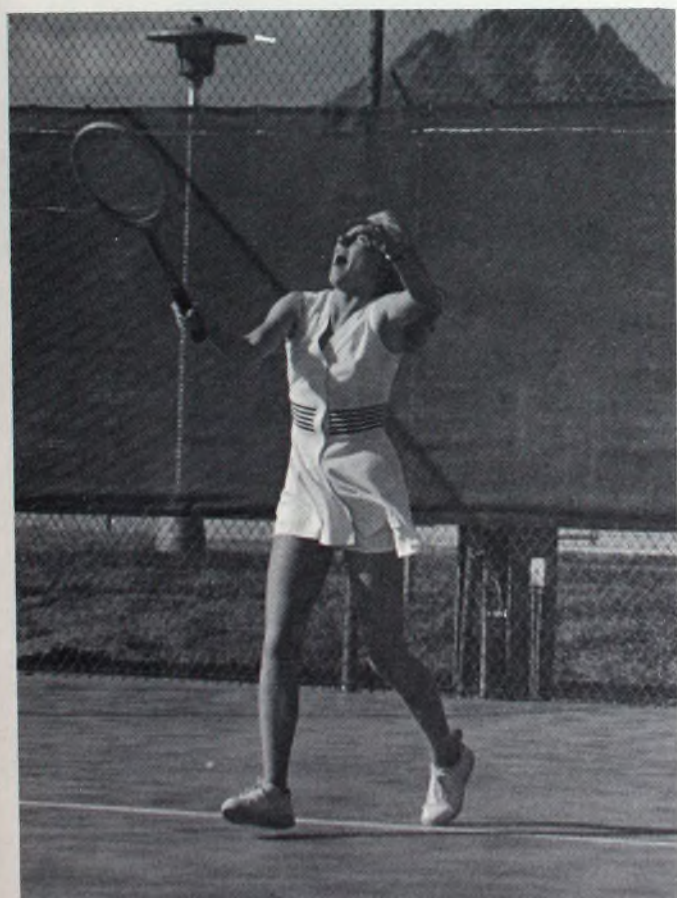


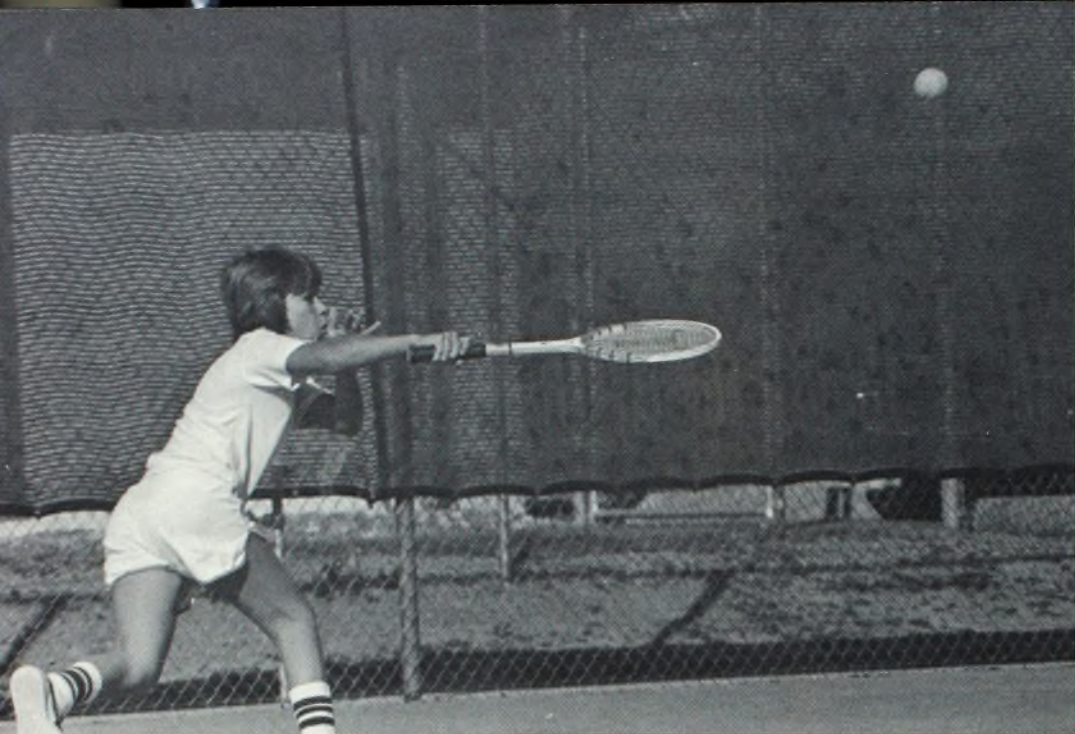
Tennis

Team members Left: Mary Hall, Mark Baker, Jane Hall.
Below, Front Row: Mark Bricklin, Gail Weiss, Rhonda
Eicher, Charles Ladlow, Billy Nelson, Tony Taylor, Brian
Rose, Joseph Jolton. Back Row: Jennie Miller, James
Freda, Dudley Hogt, Kathy Steiner. Absent: Manuel Tancer,
John Cox, Mark Phillips.

74-75



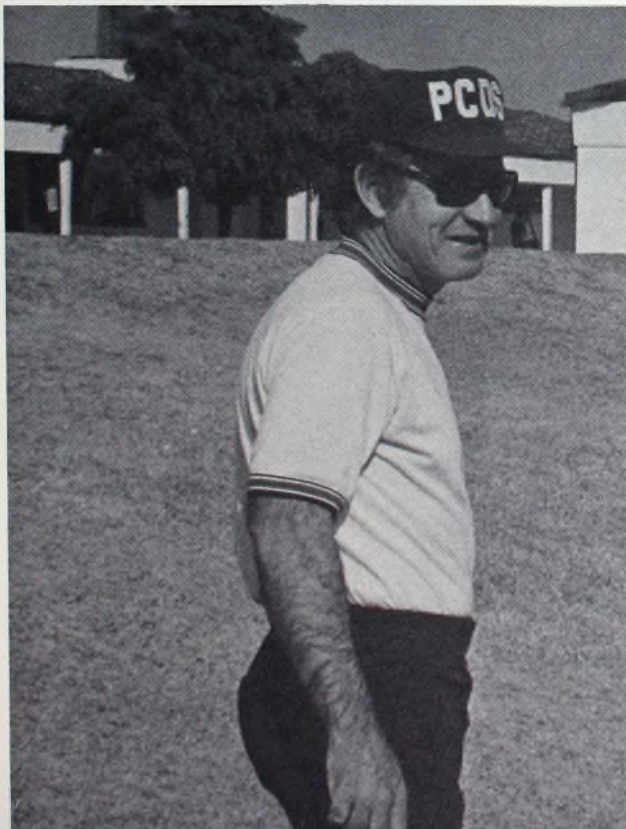




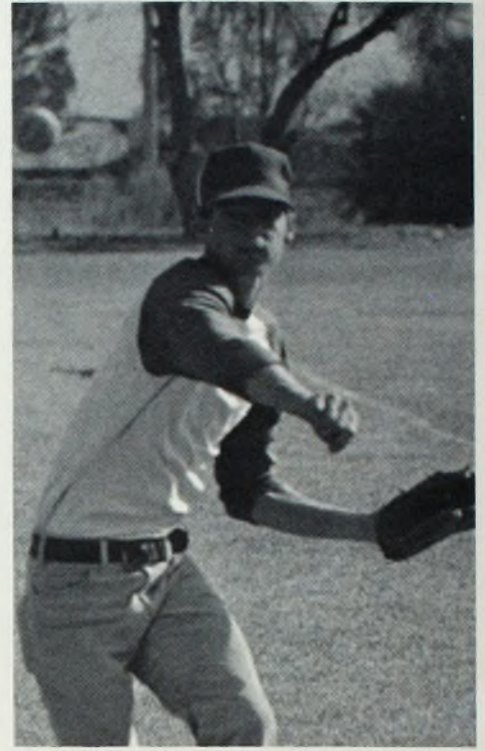
Varsity Baseball

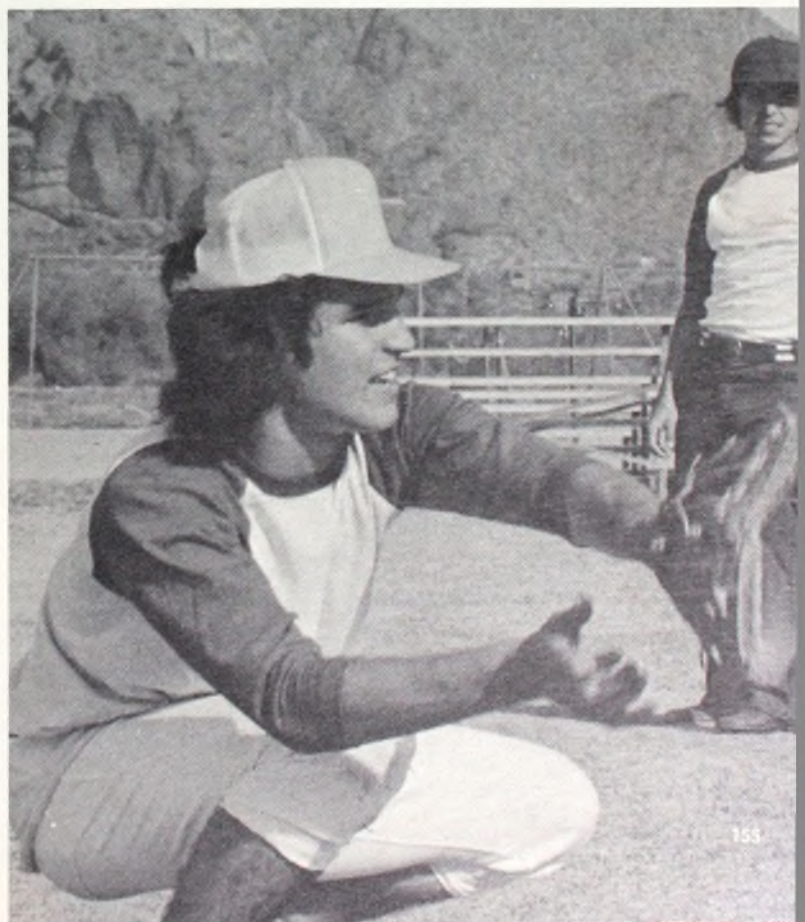


Top Row: Dudley Hoyt, Tim Bock. Middle Row: Coach Don Singer, James Lincoln, Ken Zrike, David Gates, Steve Smith, Walter Repenning. Bottom Row: Paul Vallach, Richard Pritziaff, Tony Taylor, Scott Stevens, John Evans. Absent: Steve Casselman, Rob Weichert, David Cheney, Courtney White.



- Thanks
Mr. Singer -

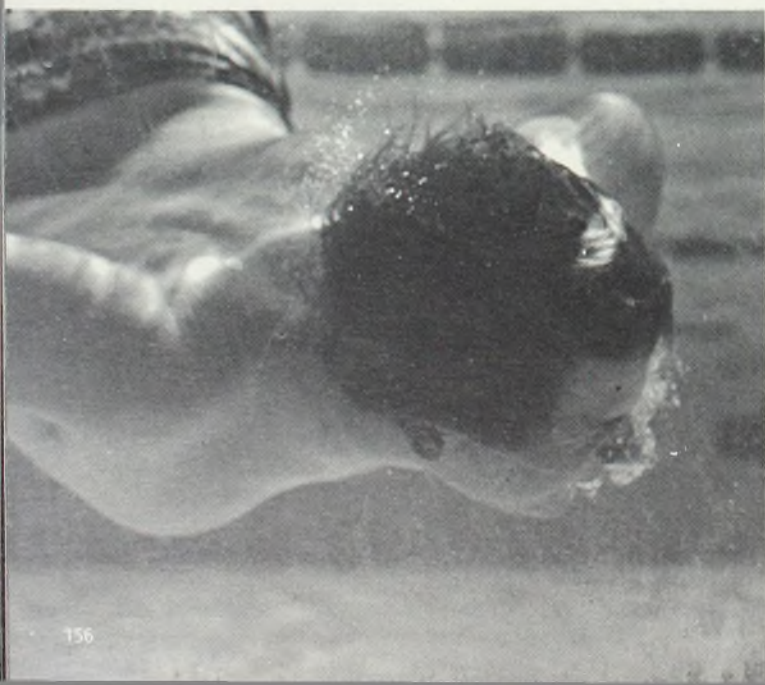




Swimming & Diving

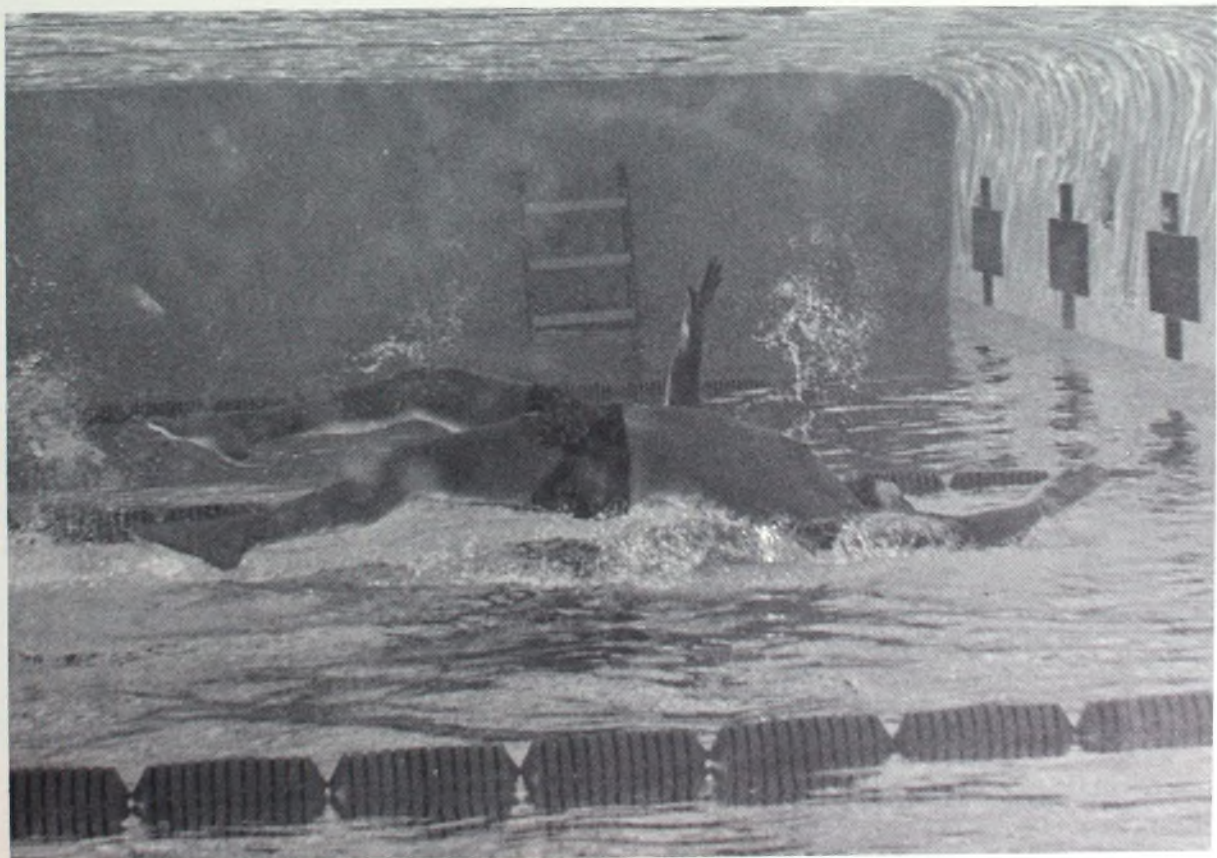


Coach: Mr. Joe Phillips. Back Row L. to R.: David Cheney, Charles Ladlow, Brit Etzold, Chris Holland, Keith Yavitt. Front Row L. to R.: Rhonda Eicher, Marianne Hagstrom, Brian Rose, Jason Mitchell





The ground . . . what happened to the ground?!?



Kindergarten
Rules for Activity Time

Choose 1 activity.

Work quietly.

Finish your activity.

Don't disturb someone
else's "set-up."

Put back your activity
when you're finished.

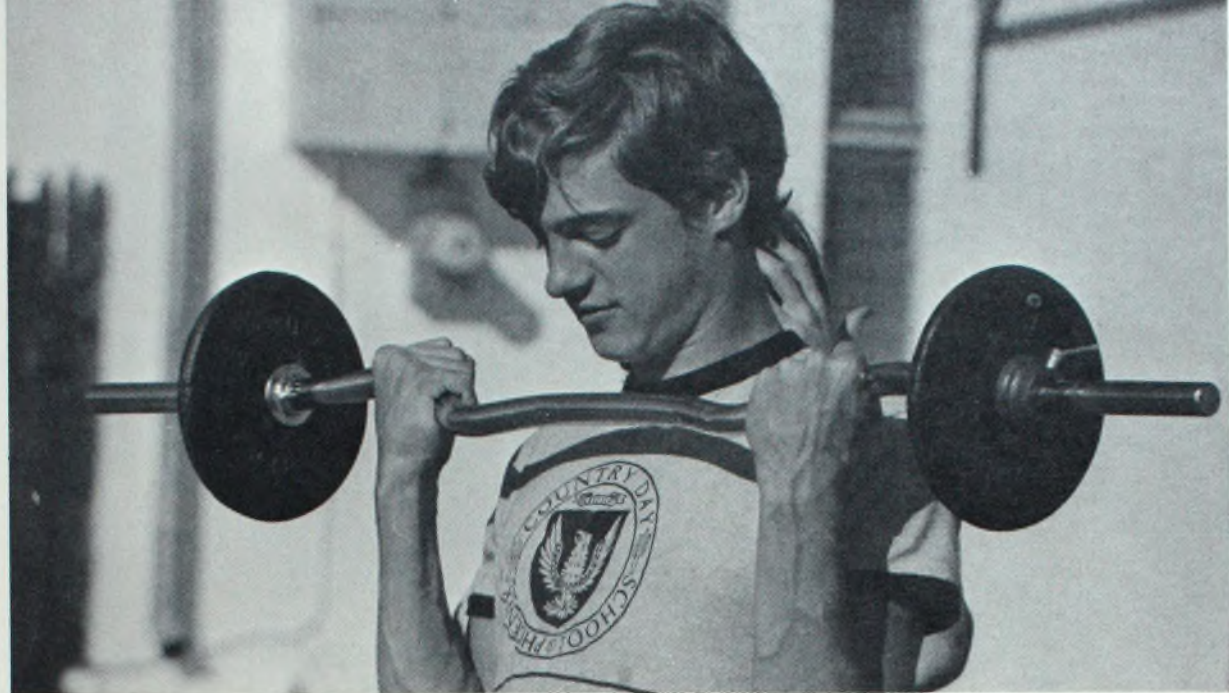
Rules to live by.



Just a little farther . . .



O.K. girls, aim at the heart.



Oh, my God, I bent the bar



Hey guys, this ball won't budge!







Middle School:

"A" Team



Front Row, L. to R.: Todd Gilmore, Steven Gates, Michael Hard, Andy Pollard, Mark Three Stars Back Row L. to R.: Richard Sinclair, Steve Miller, Billy Baxter, Larry Wright, Greg Haus, Jan Lorant, Mr. R. Peirce

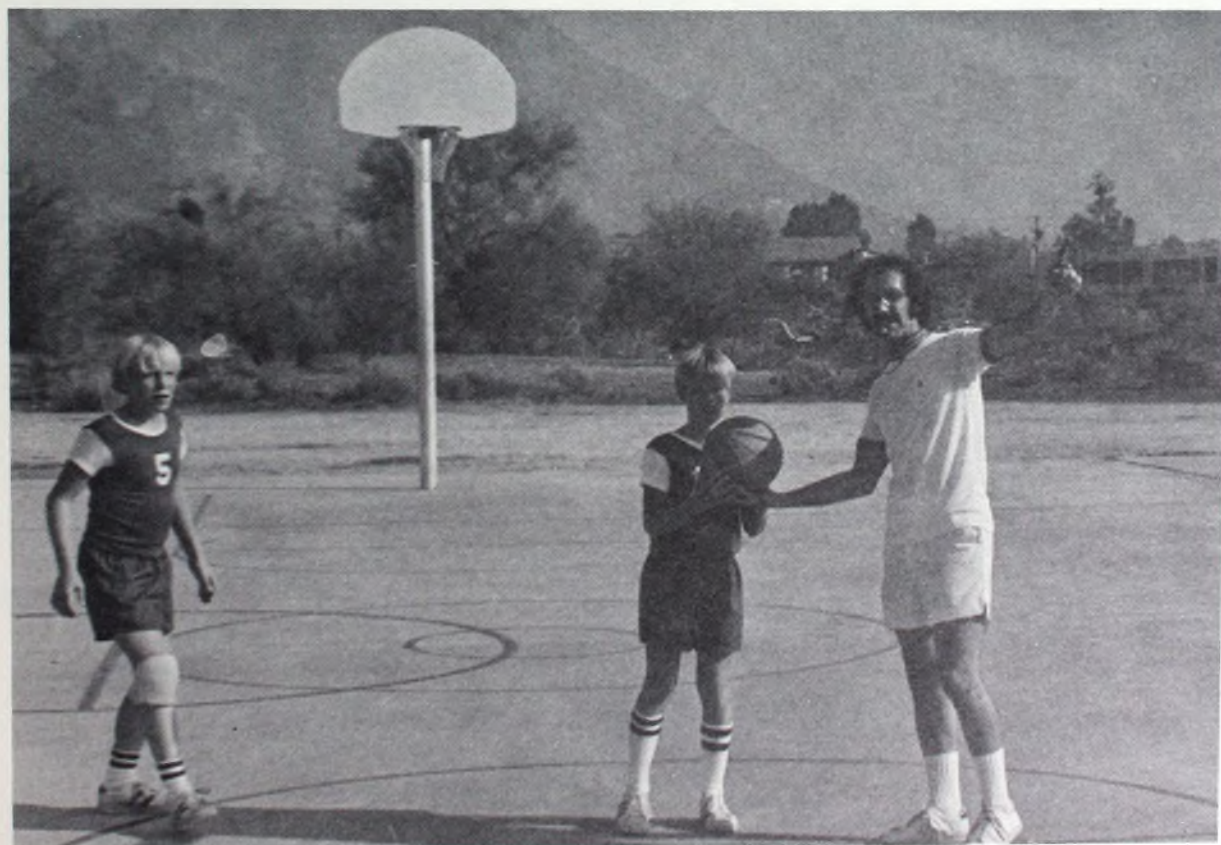
"B" Team



Top Row L. to R.: Don Singer, George Getz, Matt Gregory, Stuart Frische Middle Row L. to R.: Jeff Pollard, Kevin Tucker, Billy Schulte, Joe Phillips Bottom Row L. to R.: Brian Batastini, Stan Christensen, Stan Casselman, Jay O'Connor



Head Coach: Robert Peirce, Jr.



"Now that's called a basket, Son . . . "

Middle School Football

Team "A"

Back Row L. to R.:

Kevin Tucker
Larry Wright
Matt Gregory
Billy Baxter
Tim Wadsworth
Greg Haus
Fred Seavers

Front Row L. to R.:

Rick Sinclair
Stuart Frische
Mark Three Stars
Todd Gilmore
Andrew Pollard
Steve Miller

The Coaches:

Joe Phillips (L.)
James Rose (R.)

Team "B"

Back Row L. to R.:

Rony Weissman
Howard Besserman
Ron Bryant
Jeff Pollard
Robert La Mar
Sok Lee
Jonathan Marshall

Middle Row L. to R.:

Andrew Norris
Arthur Luhrs
Stanley Casselman
Ben Brooks
Joe Phillips
Brent Vlerck

Front Row L. to R.:

Greg Hoffman
John Fischer





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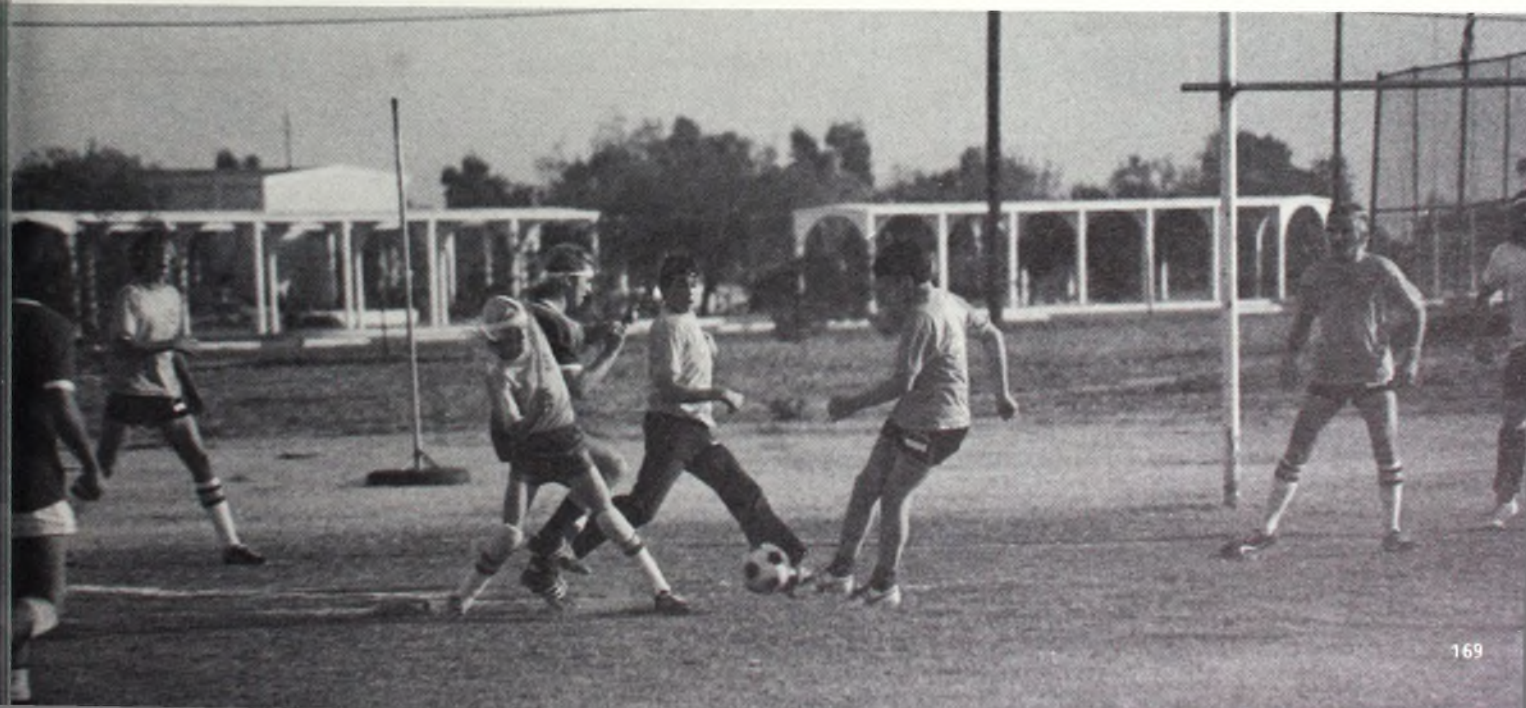
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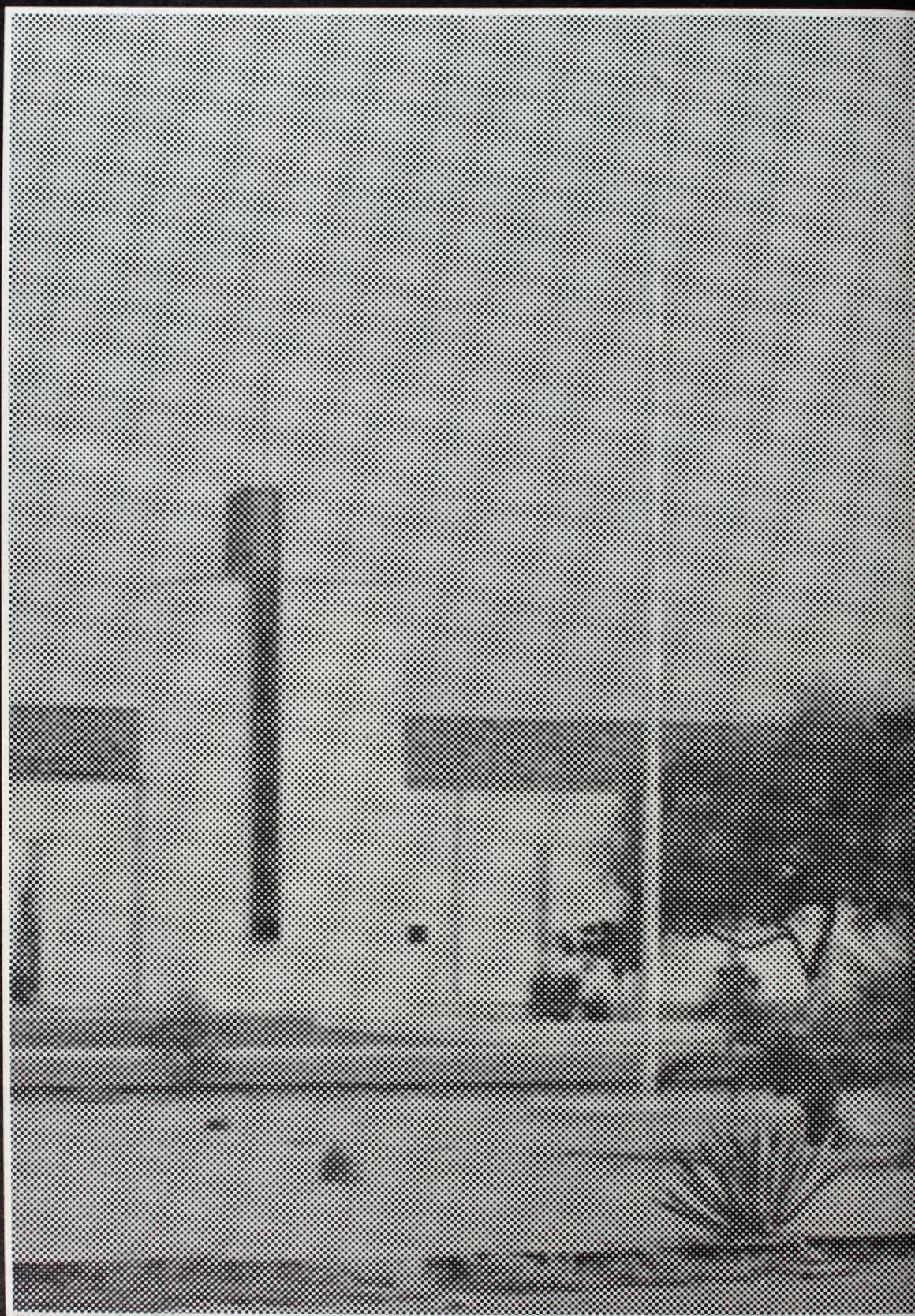
B

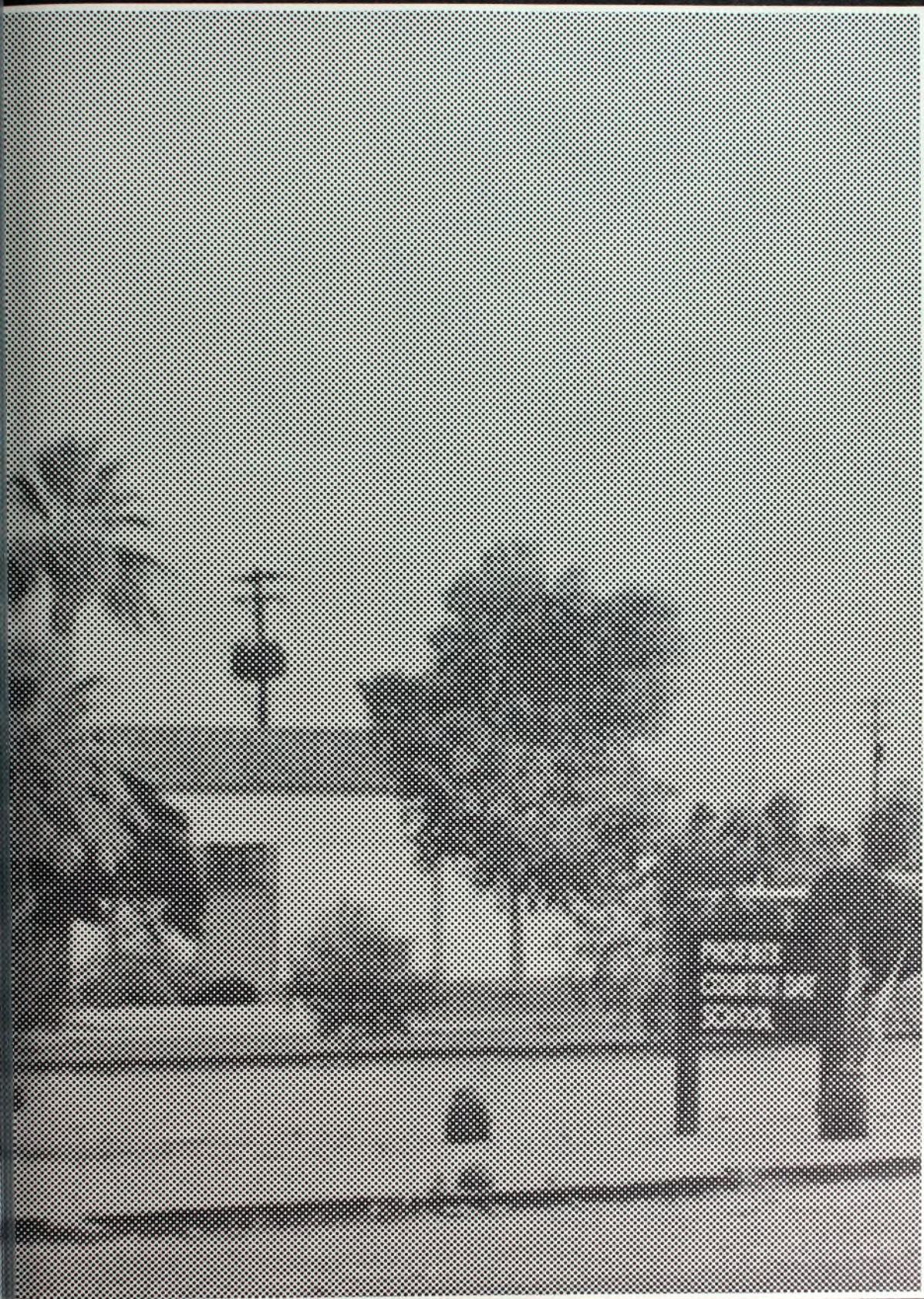












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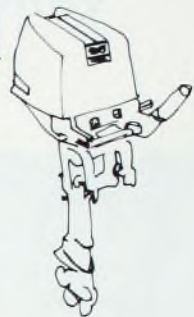
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CONGRATULATIONS TO THE SENIOR CLASS

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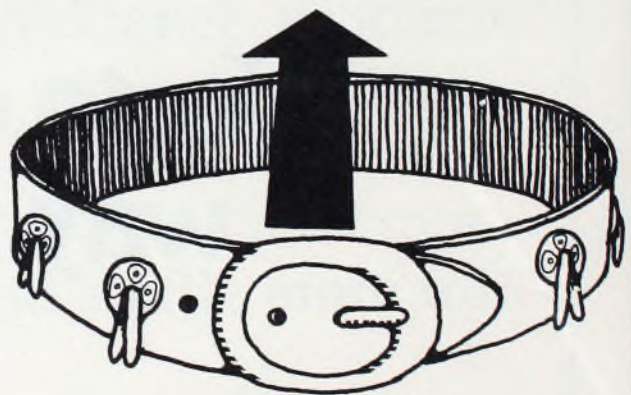
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Thanks Mr. Wilson

What are two men lying in the
sun called?
Tangents, of course

Do you have a ruler?
Not since King George
III died.

Did you hear about the murder
in the bakcyard? . . . Some lady
hung her laundry.

It's hard to argue with
the root of 5 . . . It's
so irrational.

I've got contacts in high
places . . . I left them in
the bathroom of the 747.

What did the little
acorn say when he grew
up?
Geometry.

All the time Tchaikovsky was
composing he was Russian, but
when he was done he was Finnish.

Blessed is he who runs
in circles for he shall
be known as the big wheel.

Think . . . or thwim!

From Lisa, Mark and Alan

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LADLOW'S

Home Furnishings Interiors

Congratulations

to the

Class of '75

. . . and best wishes
to each of you for
future happiness
and success

Running red lights and stopping at green lights, upward and inward, nasties and nasty boxes, slambang it's the doberman gang, chin biting at 4 a.m., flash, operation b, lucas duff, let's get plastered, harass, harass gates, capers running out of gas, 168 mistakers, 60 m.p.h. down stanford, oh hi mr. peirce, infamous short people, dips in road, slow children, she's got me by the balls, the sleaze sisters, KEITH, really, i get an acclivity out of you, that purty funny, yup, yup, yup, duh, nope, nope, nope, 3 before algebra, 6 after englih, recovery during lunch, if you know what i mean, the ganter-nickleson method in 6 easy lessons, don't touch me, i cain't see, i cain't tawk, i cain't hear, i was just cleaning the toilet seat now what did you say? OH, the student handbook! duff city, espilla, the back saet with tom, bob's a big boy, chugging coffee, in sambos, b.y.o., the swinging singles, let's go swing, the maylets go harass the duffs, the student lounge, lookit all the hepsters!, don't mind us--we are just crazee! it's suuuuuusan, crandalls on the run, did he see us? yup, little meliza jane, i'm only going to get my geometry book, 85 m.p.h. down san miguel, the car hit bottom, ma'am i'd like to exchange these peanutbutter cups, hand me the cotton balls, i look like an ostrich, the Ward's special platter, i'd like to exchange this chery soda, behold a pale chicken in russian munchkings let's destuct something. . .

Congratulations
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"To laugh often and much; to win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty, to find the best in others; to leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, or a redeemed social condition; to know even one life has breathed easier because you lived. This is to have succeeded."

Ralph Waldo Emerson

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS

THE BEST OF LUCK

TO THE

CLASS OF 1975

-FROM A FRIEND

CONGRATULATIONS



TO THE CLASS OF 1975

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MRS. ENGLISH:

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SUFFICIENT WATER TO SUPPORT
AGRICULTURE AND GROW DATES:

Turkish coast of the Black Sea
Coastal Plains of Algeria and Morocco
Eastern shores of the Mediterranean
Mediterranean and Agenian shores of Turkey
Southern coast of the Caspian Sea
Southern Sudan
Southern Arabia
Tigris-Euphrates River valleys

Frail

A black and white photograph of a clown in a patchwork costume interacting with a child. The clown, wearing a white mask with a large, open-mouthed smile and a small bow on its head, is crouching down. The clown's costume is a patchwork of various patterns including polka dots, stripes, and checks. The clown is holding a small object, possibly a card or a piece of paper, and is looking down at it. In the foreground, the back of a child's head is visible, showing long dark hair and a checkered bow. The child is wearing a light-colored, patterned top. In the background, another child is partially visible, wearing a light-colored shirt. The scene is set outdoors on grass.

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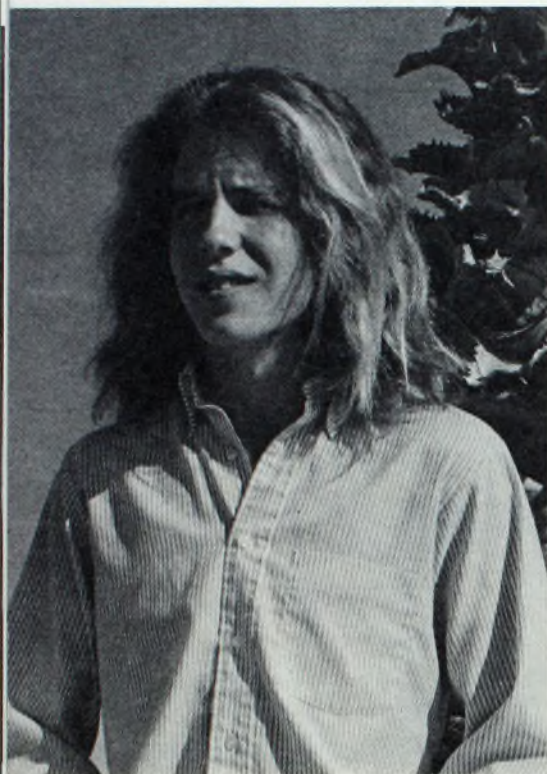


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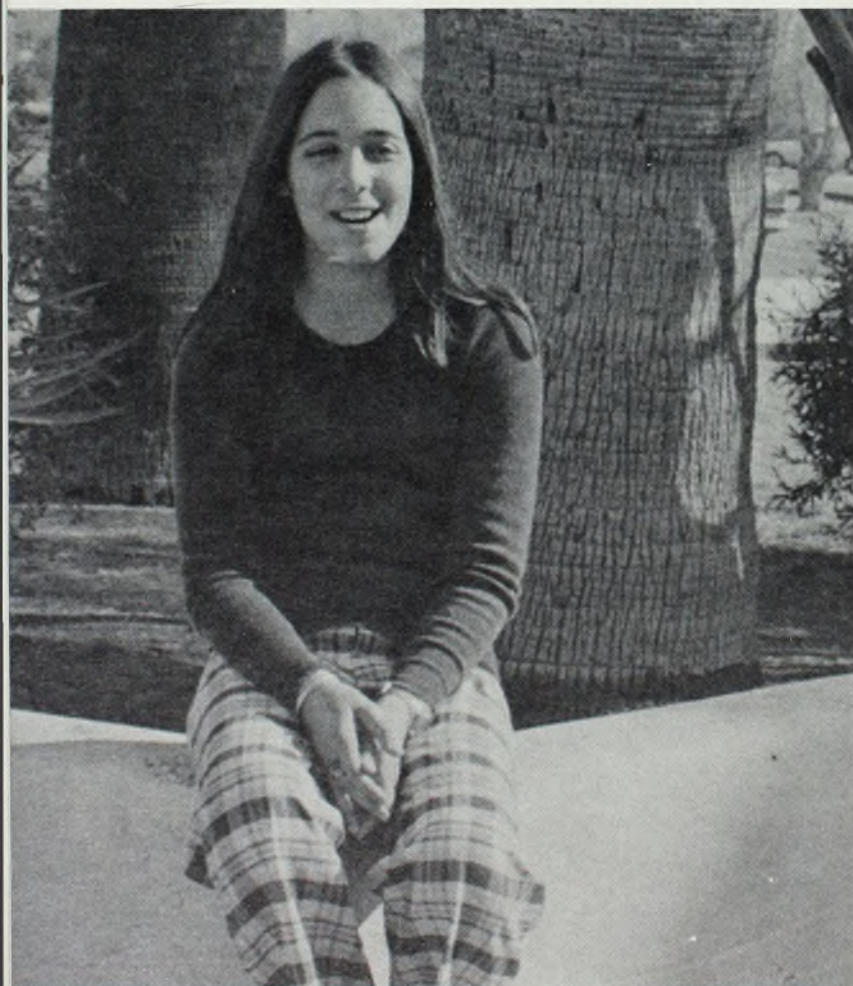
Addendum-1975



Herb Hamilton-Junior



Katie Donnerbeck-7th Grade



Beth Melas-7th Grade

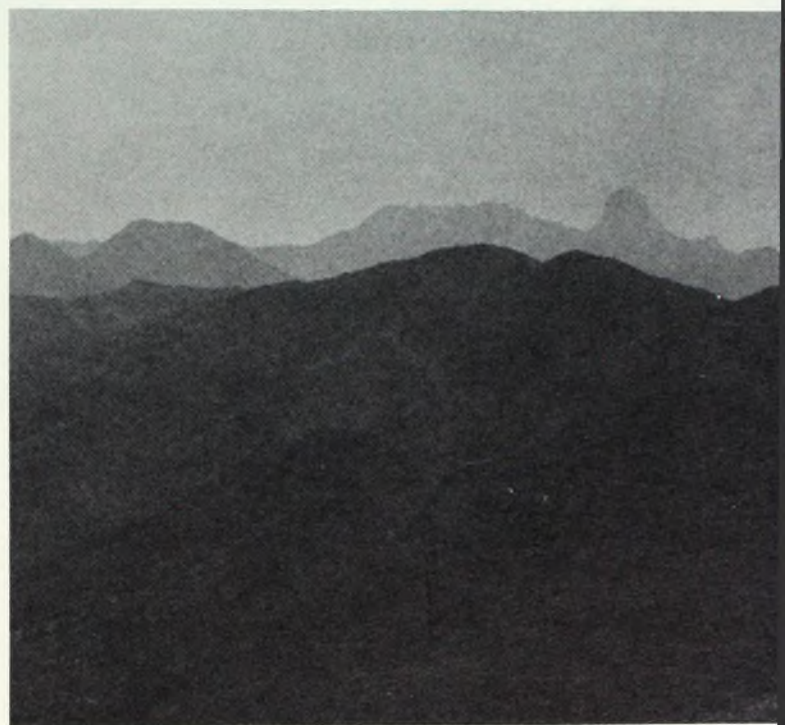
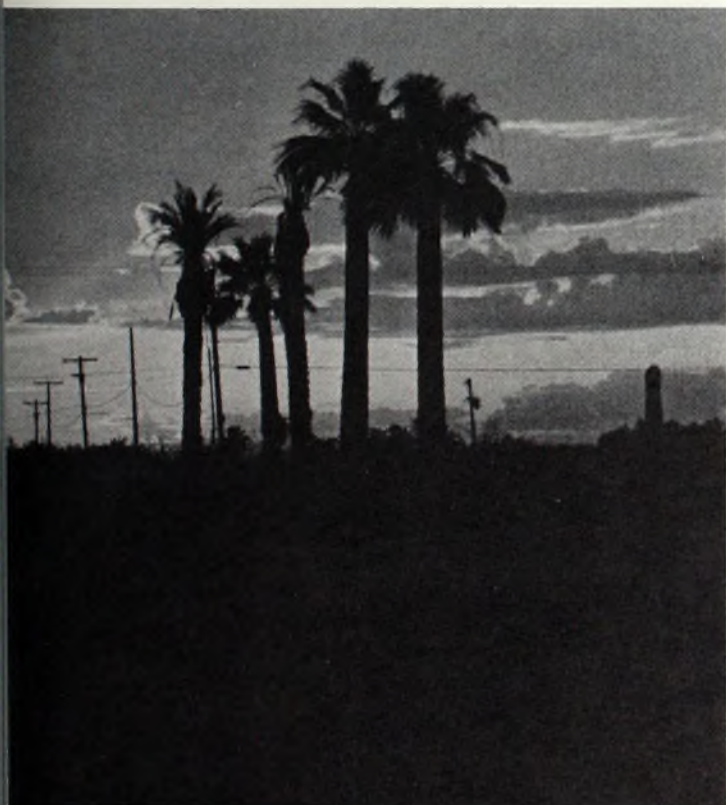


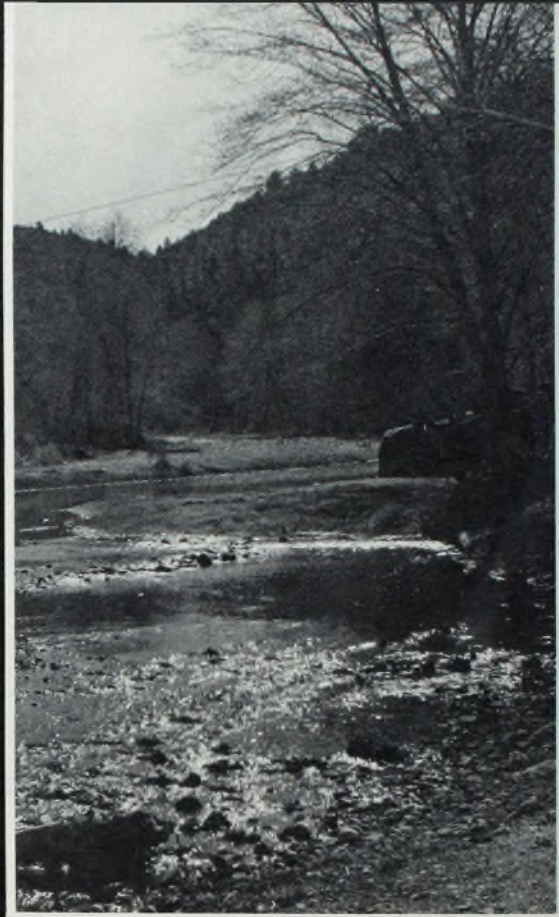
Janet Cheney-6th Grade

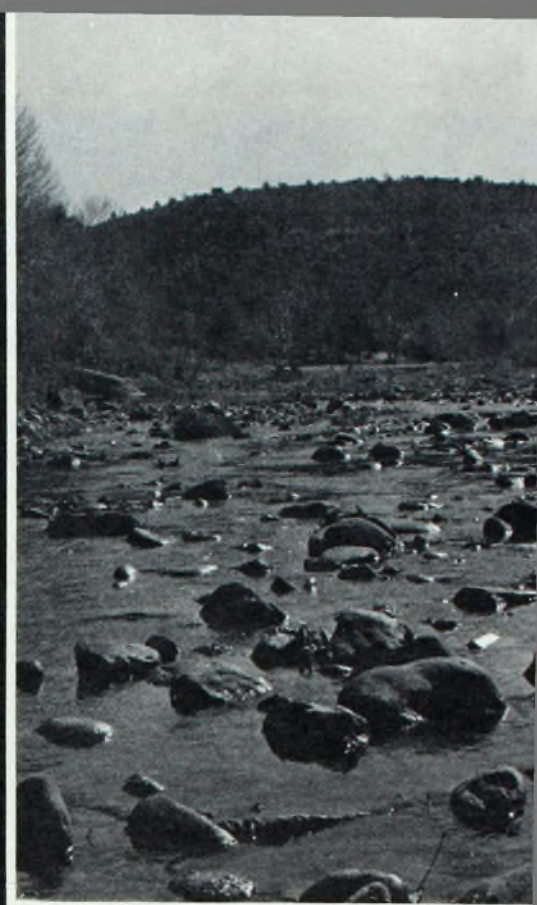
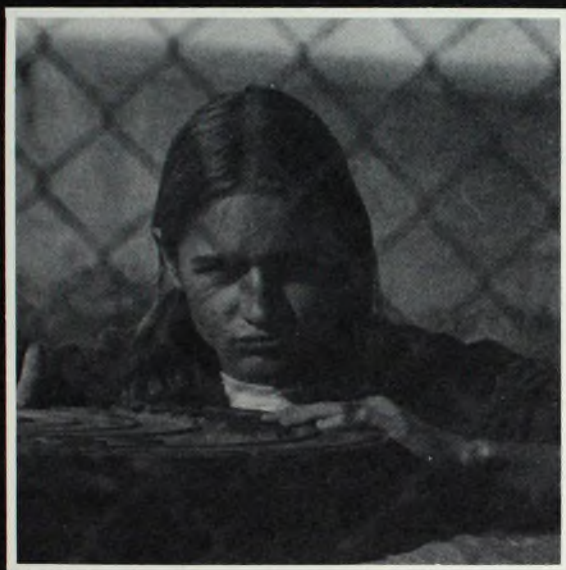
Thanks, Mrs. Sonderman.
—The Staff





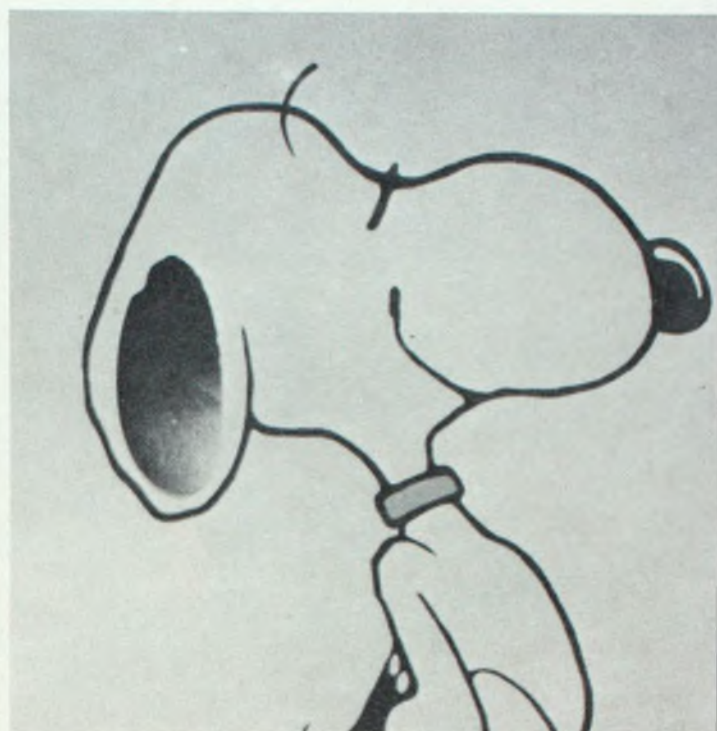
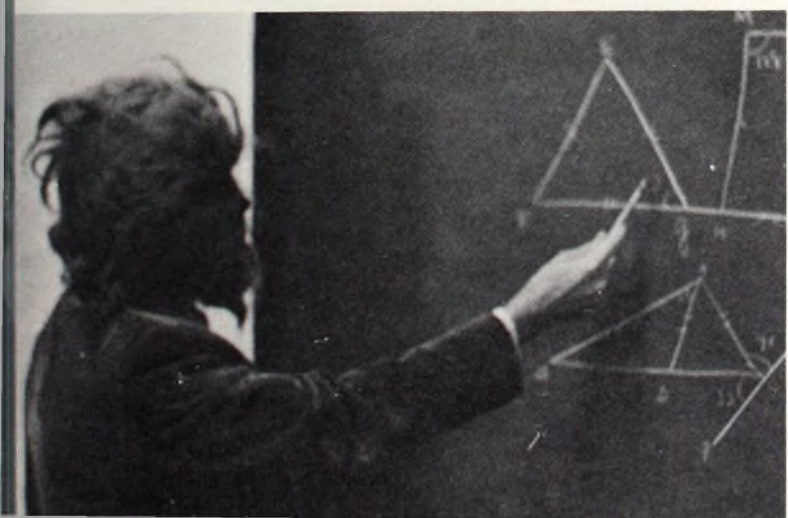
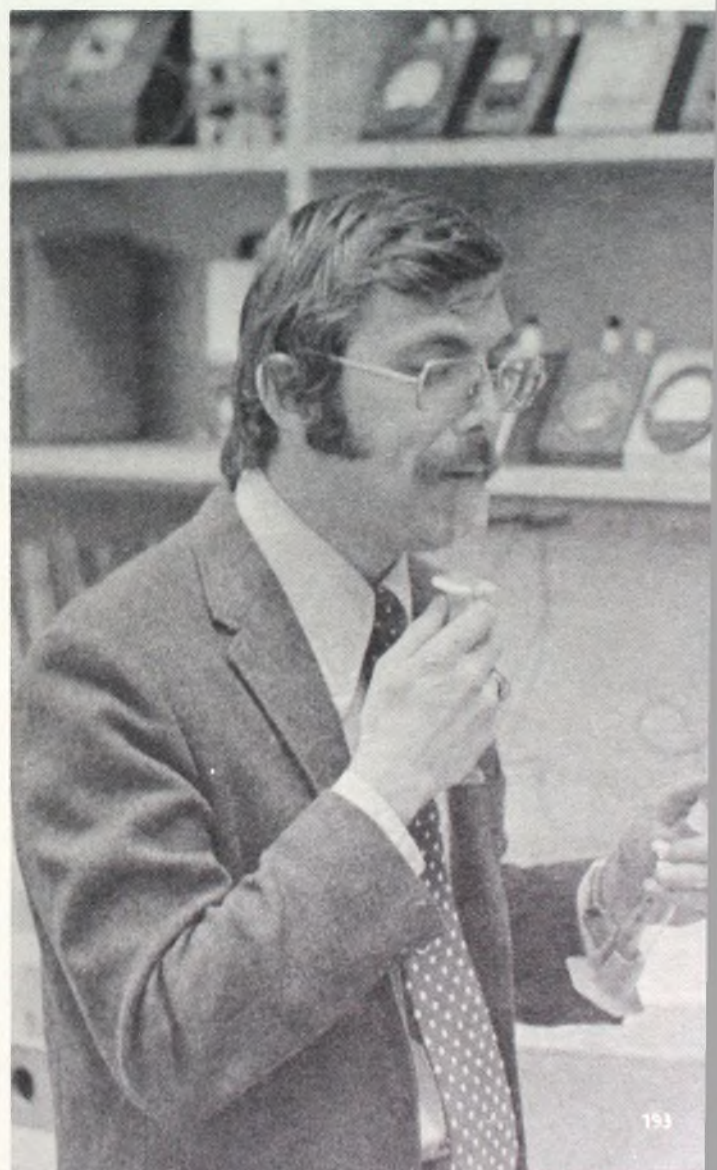


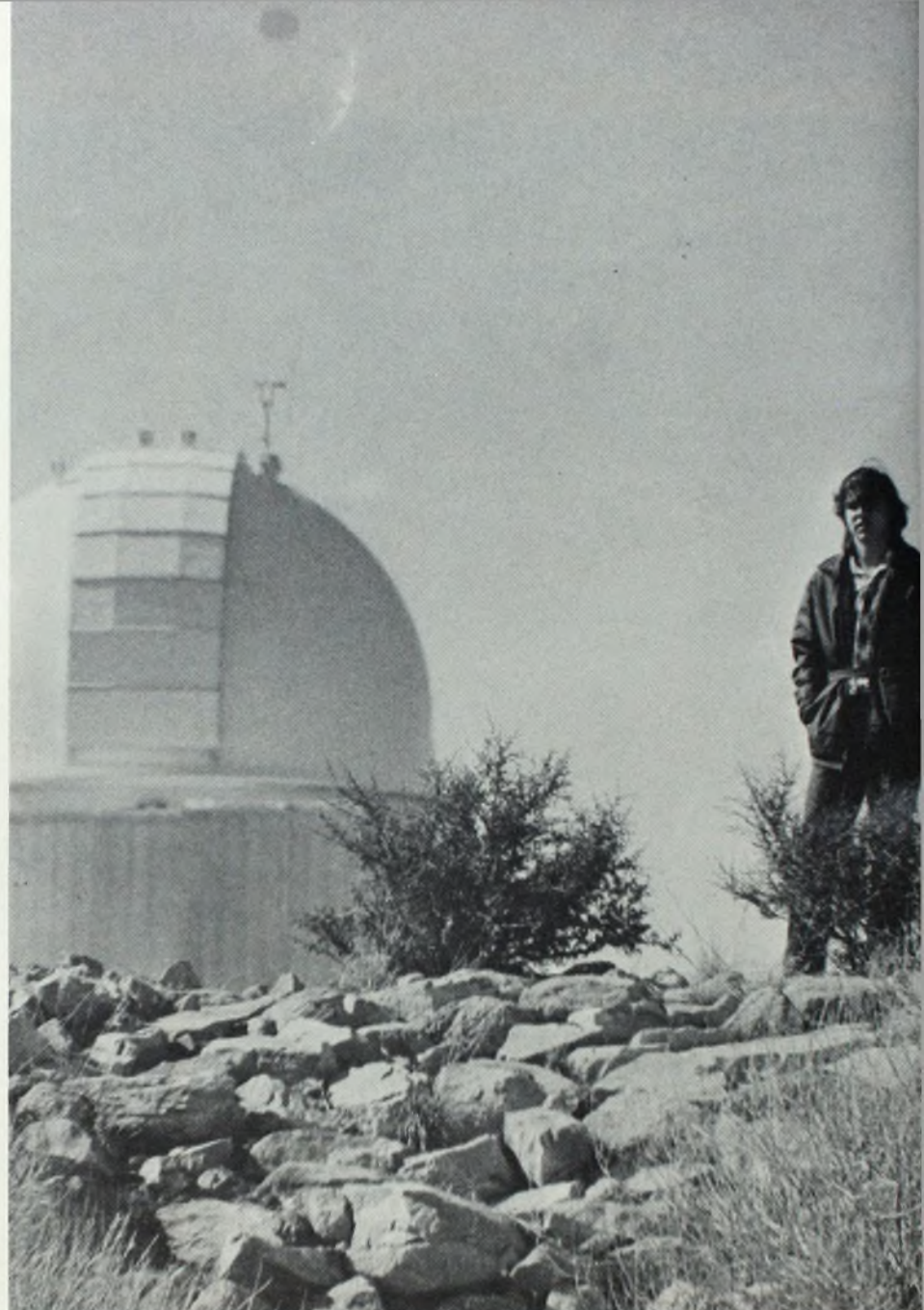
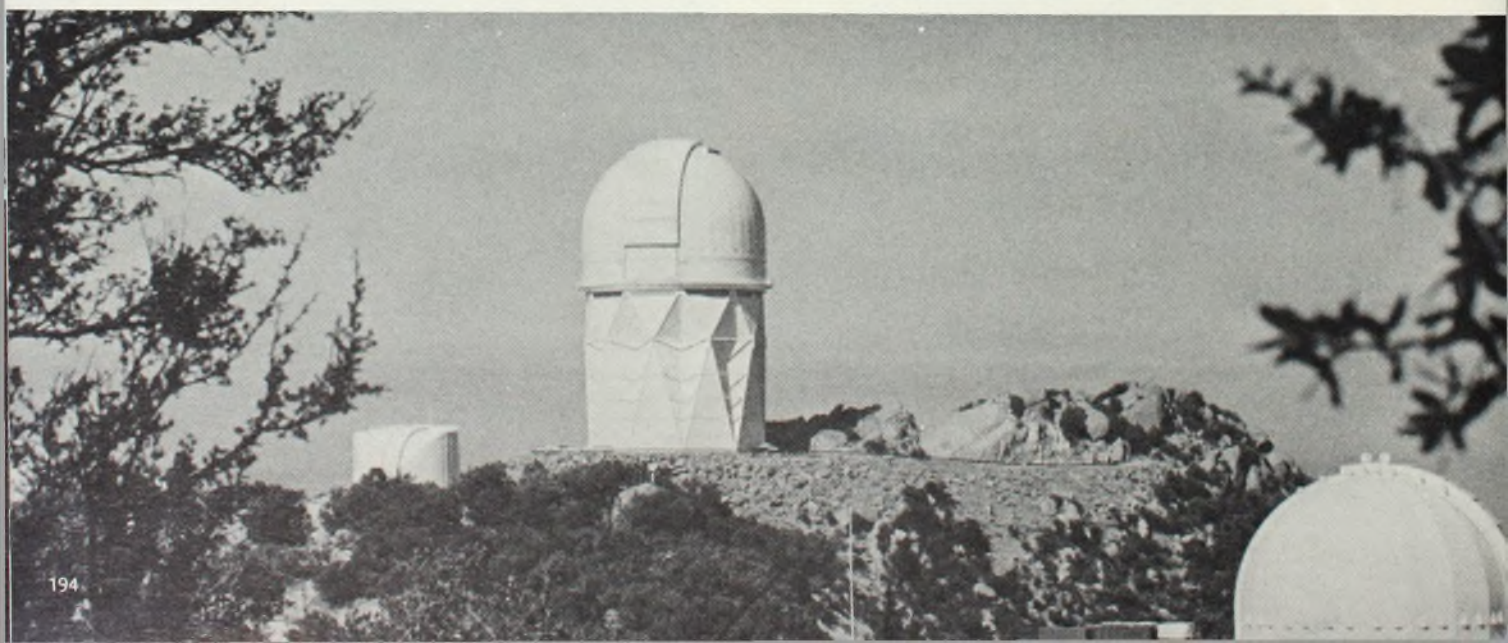






aculty???







To Val with love
from Willy
and to Mark . . .
Cheers, for the good times
Past and Future

THIS PAGE IS DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO HAVE ALWAYS BEEN NEAR
WHEN I HAVE NEEDED THEM - VALERIE

TO WILLY:

it
seems
to
me
that
you
are
never
farther
away
than
a

thought
in
my
mind
or
a
smile
on
my
face
because
you
are
like
the
sun
bringing
me
warmth,
joy,
and
happiness.

Willy is my joy, he is my sorrow
I feel like I'm just being born
Like a shining light breaking in a storm
There are so many reasons why
I love him.

- J.M.

as One with the knowledge and magic of the source
atuned to the majesty of Music
we march as One with earth

- Yes

TO SUSAN:

Friendship is the allay of our sorrows, the ease of our passions,
the discharge of our oppressions, the sanctuary to our calamities,
the counsellor of our thoughts, the exercise and improvement of
what we meditate.

- J. Taylor

Our chief want in life is somebody
who shall make us do what we can.
This is the service of a friend.

- R.W. Emerson

TO EVAN:

Friendship maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness
and confusion of thoughts.

- F. Bacon

TO L. BRYANT:

- V.S. Friendship improves happiness, and abates misery, by doubling
our joy, and dividing our grief.

- J. Addison

TO J. ROOF:

One of the most beautiful qualities of true friendship is to under-
stand and to be understood.

- Seneca

TO MARK:

Starlight movement. Reasons
Release forward
Tallest Rainbow
Sun shower seasons
Life flower reasons

Out in the city running Free
Days pass as seconds turn the key
The Strength of the moment lies
With You

- Yes

- Yes

I don't meddle with what my friends believe or reject,
any more than I ask whether they are rich or poor;
I love them.

- J.R. Lowell



... a loveless world is a dead world, and always there comes an hour when one is weary of prisons, of one's work, and of devotion to duty, and all one craves for is a loved face, the warmth and wonder of a loving heart.

Albert Camus

Our Chief aim in life is somebody
Who shall make us do what we can.
This is the service of a friend.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

You give but little when you give of your possessions.
It is when you give of yourself that you truly give.

Kahil Gibran



TO A FRIEND

Dedicated to Nana and Mrs. E., two special friends who always brought out the best in me.
I'll always love you both, Mark.

I love you not only for what you are, but for what I am when I am with you.
I love you not only for what you are making of yourself, but for what you are making of me.
I love you for the part of me that you bring out.
I love you for putting your hand into my heaped-up heart and passing over all the foolish and frivolous and weak things that you can't help dimly seeing there, and for drawing out into the light all the beautiful radiant belongings that no one else had looked quite far enough to find.
I love you for ignoring the possibilities of the fool and weakling in me, and for laying firm hold on the possibilities of the good in me.
I love you for closing your ears to the discords in me, and for adding to the music in me by worshipful listening.
I love you because you are helping me to make of the timber of my life not a tavern, but a temple, and of the words of my every day not a reproach, but a song.
I love you because you have done more than any creed could have done to make me happy.
You have done it without a touch, without a word, without a sign.
You have done it first by being yourself.
After all, perhaps this is what being a friend means.

- Anonymous -

DIFFERENT WAYS

Dedicated to Valerie and Willy, two very special people for whom I'll never have the words to describe how much I care for each of them. My love and my thanks, Mark.

Knowing what we're going through, there's nothing left for me to do but make my way without you in my world. I hate to see it end this way, but there's nothing left for me to say, I'm glad we've been together for a while.

Loving you the way I do, you know I'll always care for you. Baby, don't ever close that door on me. 'Cause people change from day to day, our paths just went in different ways, but that don't mean our love should cease to be.

You brought me from the dark out to the sunshine, you took away my fears and set me free. My life you made worthwhile; you taught me how to smile. Now, how could I forget the love we knew?

When I was lost your love I found; you really turned my head around, I don't know who I'd be if not for you. Although it's sad it had to end, you know I'll always be your friend; and just as it began it now should be.

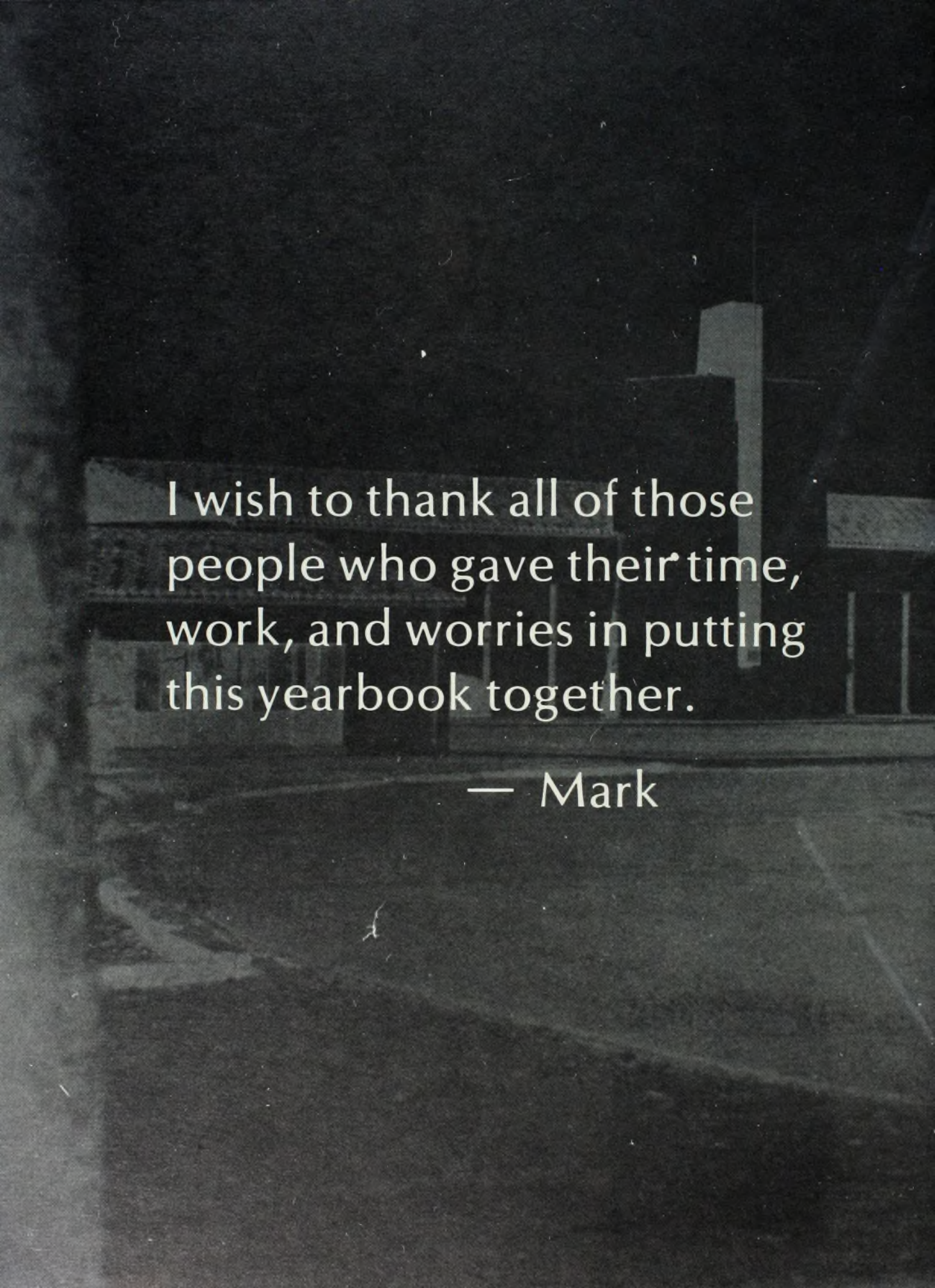
We've been friends for a long, long time, and that will outlive the changes in our minds.

Loving you the way I do, you know I'll always care for you. Baby, don't ever close that door on me. 'Cause people change from day to day, our paths just went in different ways, but that don't mean our love should cease to be; no, a love like ours could never cease to be.

- Chi Coltrane -

Above all, to my parents, despite all the rough spots during my 17 years,

I love you both very much, Mark.



I wish to thank all of those
people who gave their time,
work, and worries in putting
this yearbook together.

— Mark



