

Christine Margaret Blasey • Chrissy

Six years



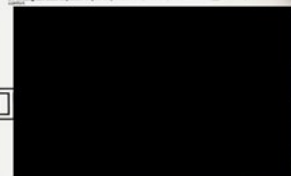
Bet you'd live here if you could...



Looking for some delectable digestible... (names redacted)



... (names redacted)



... (names redacted)



... (names redacted)

Con't from p.145



Restaurants, not just paved surfaces, were also a source of continual excitement during our junior year. Valerie [redacted] found her car with four slashed tires one evening upon exiting The Saloon. Betsy made friends at Nicolai's when she opened a can and sprayed the stranger sitting next to her. The man quickly forgave her though, when Mike explained to him that Betsy had just been released from the hospital and hadn't taken her medication yet.

Mike and Joyce [redacted] — two ways to ruin a retreat! The mice were first to attack. We first sensed their presence when Estela left a box of Entenman cookies on her bed and returned to find only crumbs and a hole in the box. Of course, we handled it with the maturity and rationality God had blessed us with. Nobody walked on the floor of any cabin for the rest of the retreat! Instead we hopped from bed to bed. Luisa moved out of her cabin and into a car, taking Tara with her. Sandra went to bed with a flashlight and Monica went to bed in her duckshoes. But the mice were nothing compared to Joyce, who went around at 2:00 in the morning asking people to escort her to the latrine, and who started singing "Peanut Butter and Jelly" at the top of her healthy lungs at 3:00 in the morning. If we could have caught her, we would have shut her up. Unfortunately, it's kind of hard to catch someone as swift as Joyce when you're hopping from bed to bed.

Beach week culminated the year for those of us lucky enough to go. With school and our minds in temporary recess, we were able to release all those troubling inhibitions of the past year. While dancing in the middle of coastal Highway, Ann [redacted] and friends



picked up some men who passed out in their apartment. Sandra and Catherine [redacted] took 5 a.m. swims in the Atlantic while Lee Anne Elliott and Daphne [redacted] took a swim in the Holiday Inn whirlpool. But no matter what we did over the summer, we made it a summer to remember. The summer before our senior year!

"It'll be curved. It'll be curved." As she fitted around the room watching us mark question after question wrong on a Bio II test, Mrs. [redacted] would utter these famous words. Of course, if she had taken the questions for the test from our book instead of from the MCATS we might have answered a few of them; but it didn't matter, because by the end of the first trimester of senior year, not only Mrs. [redacted] but our other teachers were becoming occasionally displeased with our performances on written evaluations. Mr. [redacted] proclaimed prophetically as he handed

back tests: "The world is not fair!" Mr. [redacted] just shook his head and gave us that grin. Mrs. [redacted] in increments of frustration, would label us "creatures" and Mrs. [redacted] comment on a certain senior was "Hihi! The light dawns on Marblehead!"

True, Jennifer did think "Hiel Hitler" was "Hi Ho Hitler", and Virginia thought JFK was a Republican ("I thought all good presidents were Republicans!"). But we still were exemplary Seniors. We entertained the Lower Schoolers with our hand-crafted costumes at the Halloween parade. Valerie [redacted] and Lisa [redacted] pulled out all the stops, decked themselves out in trash bags and red leg warmers (which they wore on their heads) and came as olives stuffed with pimentos. We held a gourmet extravaganza at Virginia's night of Senior Pot Luck Dinner, which just happened to coincide with Sydney's eighteenth birthday. With the speed of a Porsche, we roomed to the front of the United Way Drive in the winter. Largely due to the efforts of Lisa [redacted] we

260 / Advertisements

In Lower School birthday parties were the rage. A movie and lunch at Farrell's with mounds of ice cream highlighted the week. As Middle School approached, the slumber party gained popularity. Can you imagine anything more fun than a bunch of girls staying up all night stuffing their faces? We can, now that we're older and "more mature." We've discovered a totally different type of party, often mistaken for "a high class zoo." The drastic change in the nature of the party is attributed to the addition of the two "B's": Beer and Boys.

The effect of the former on the latter creates the "zoo" atmosphere. As Father Powderly told us, reason and control are the first functions to go after consumption of liquid ether. No party would be complete without a game of quarters, or beer pong and a massive pig out, a direct result of the notorious munchies. When these attacks hit, anything will do ranging from hoagies (is 5 ft. long enough?) to potato chips, pretzels, and dorts.

Two things sure to dampen the party spirit are parking and curfews. Leaves, snow, and

Celebrate Good Times



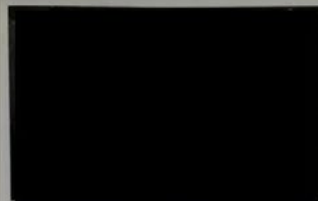
trees that wander, into the road make parking and driving even more of a challenge than finding a party. Once safely inside the party, you find that time flies when you're having fun. Before you know it, your curfew is a thing of the past. Then of course there is always the joy of being hit by an unidentified flying bottle cap.

The party experience is definitely not to be missed. Few have experienced the joy of waking up to find their house creatively redecorated with bottles, cans, and kids. The bottles and cans even manage to find their way into the front yard and street. Your neighbors will love the new additions as more and more are discovered with the spring thaw.

Excuses for having a party can always be found, ranging from "the parents being out of town" to being accepted into college. Cast parties, after parties, and holiday parties are some of the favorites. But, nothing beats



Above left: I think I just socialized the ship! In [redacted] gets in some heavy drinking. Above right: Here has the [redacted] party on Phil's porch. Jodi, Phil, and Mike discuss the drinking age. Below: People really write things like this?! Tara entertains her audience.



"Come On"

prom parties which begin months before, as we frantically search for P.P.D.s (potential prom dates), and continue through the morning after. As we approach G-day, graduation parties abound. Then comes the infamous BEACH WEEK, where the supreme challenge is how much partying you can fit into 7 days. Who is going to win this year?



Far left: Come on, you're really too young to drink. Virginia and Sandra disagree. Above left: Who is? Mary and Rick feign innocence. Left: Who'd that bottle cap come from? Quarters in Progress.



Left: I'll drink to that. Yes, even the president drinks. Right: Most Middle America Carolyn [redacted] in a festive mood.

We're Cool In School And Out

Through PSAT's and SAT's, and the monumental pressure of the "college year," the class of '85 has kept its cool, in school and out. Though the history essays became increasingly harder ("was that in our chapter?") and The Canterbury Tales seemed to get increasingly longer (who actually memorized the first eighteen lines? Well, besides Carina [redacted]). We also noticed a growing resemblance between the Wife of Bath and Mrs. Sally [redacted]. The amount of diversity in the junior class is matched only by the amount of fun we managed to have this year.

College night with Mrs. [redacted] confirmed our worst fears about college, and as a result many of us sought out a seeing-eye dog center to gain a surefire way into college.

Although the hangouts remained the same (Windsor's, Maggies, Mazza, and the American Cafe) a definite shift developed in our choice of men. No longer confining ourselves to the walls of Landon and Prep, we plunged into the waters of St. John and Gonzaga with much success.



We're auditioning for the Raiders of the Lost Ark sequel. Jane [redacted] and [redacted] dressed up for the Halloween Party #1.



While the Parents Were Out

Cast parties, prom parties, postgame parties, pool parties, slumber parties. Senior only parties, Junior only parties — wherever you looked there were parties. There were parties to celebrate college acceptances, parties to celebrate the 'rents absence, parties to celebrate birthdays, anniversaries, Arbor Day, and then there were parties just to plain celebrate. There were party diehards, party newcomers, and plain parties. There were parties with munchies, parties with kegs, parties with costumes and some parties with only people. But all parties had one thing in common — a lot of smiles.

Parties usually began in an incredibly altruistic person's mind. He figured that since the parents were out for the month, and nobody had anywhere to go, he would invite a couple intimate friends over for a couple of hours or until someone ruined the heirloom Persian rug in the living room, whichever came first. However, to his great dismay, the youths from the entire

Washington-Metropolitan area arrived on his doorstep claiming to be acquaintances of his from his infancy. And since he had no armed guards at his door, he had to let them in. (It was going to rain that night and he didn't feel like cleaning up the toilet paper on his lawn all the next day.) With the guests came several cartons of beverages slightly toxic to the human system and pretty soon his heirloom Persian rug had been ruined by not one but several people. Then from the den he heard his father's carefully tuned woofers and tweeters blasting Def Leppard. Then he witnessed his entire month's supply of food being consumed by total strangers. Someone bricked his dog, while another person hurled bottlecaps at his mother's portrait on the dining room wall. So what did this poor wretch whose life expectancy was one month (until his parents got home) do?

He had a party next weekend, what else?

Altogether, we observed the rules of good sportsmanship both on and off the playing field. Of course, there were those rare instances when we did lose track of decorum, such as the time Sarah punched a Madeira soccer player in the shins, or the time Karen [redacted] threatened to kill both a St. Mary's player and the referee during a basketball game. But once Joyce got her rec specs, we didn't need to threaten the safety of opposing team members in order to win. Just kidding, Leland.

This was a great deal harder than it sounds. We got the "leave campus" and the "tree period" parts fine; it was the "motorized vehicle" part that nabbed us every time. First off, many of us didn't drive. Secondly, there were those of us who did drive but couldn't drive. Christine ran into her garage the first time she tried. (She tried to convince us the garage was moving at the time.) When behind the wheel, Andrea ran into anything within a twenty mile radius: black trucks, other cars, even bushes. Don't do it, Michele's car was in such a delapidated state that she couldn't even get in except from the passenger side. Valerie Clarke couldn't get in, period, when she lost her keys for two weeks.

However, despite marred driving records, some of us still managed to escape the confines of home. We hit the popular night spots in Georgetown, such as the Third Edition, Whispers, The Company, Fish Market, and Pirate's Hideaway. And there were always parties to celebrate any occasion. Although these parties are no doubt

unforgettable, they are only a memory lapse for most, since loss of consciousness is often an integral part of the party scene. We do remember, of course, the time Leland tried to wash the blueberries out of her hair with Dawn dishwashing liquid during Betsy's party. And there was Lynn's post-Holiday Ball party when Sarah ran into a tree — while walking to the front door. And who could forget Holly's semi-formal party in the fall and Alyson's in the spring. We could! Nothing emerges but a vague feeling of intense enjoyment when one tries to recall them. We were probably, you know, really tired and all.

When hitting the nightspots or going to parties, several seniors discovered that good things come in pairs, that two heads are better than one, etc. Loll

and Nadine and George. Other seniors preferred to expand their horizons and date younger men, usually sophomores, who could bring the vitality and liveliness of innocence to a relationship. Others remained "staglet," for reasons known only to themselves.

Of course, no senior story is complete without mentioning rolleges — except this one.

Beam us aboard, Scottie.

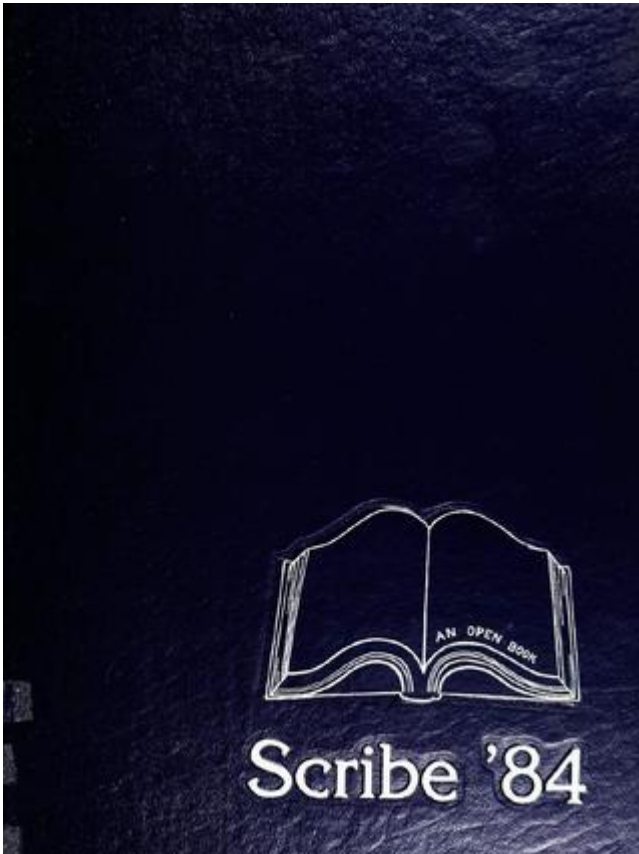
Captain's Log Star Date 6/84

We spent ten grueling years at the Holton Arms School. It was a lot of work. But it was a heck of a lot of fun.

Join The Party

We'll definitely miss the college bound seniors especially the antics of [redacted] and [redacted] and Evie's [redacted] parties. Speaking of which, we had several incredible parties of our own. Both Cheryl [redacted] and Erin [redacted] hosted memorable Halloween bashes. At Erin's strictly junior party, we were confronted by a French maid, a nuclear warhead [redacted] and a pair of veiled terrorists [redacted] were the guns real or did you just want to get served first?). We also had D.D. [redacted] as a devil and the Siamese twins [redacted].

At Cheryl's multi-class party we had the pleasure of looking stupid in front of male company. [redacted] came as an uncanny Buckwheat, although she washed the makeup and afro before the guys showed up. Elizabeth [redacted] donned doctor gear with a real live stethoscope.



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SCRIBE 1&S4 Volume Sixty-Five The Holton-Arms School 7303 River Road Bethesda, Maryland 20817

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What's Past is Prologue 2 / Opening

â€” William Shakespeare

Feb. 30th? Natalie Atherton checks out an open book.

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Prologue Each year there are changes at Holton. Little things we hardly notice like new desks, new clocks, and another scuff mark on the gym floor, as well as new faculty members and students. We take all these changes in stride, especially this year. We accepted the vigilant Reception Room Committee, the elimination of our bus service and even new theme pads. We opened up our minds, if not our hearts, to the computer age. It might have been the air-conditioning that made the Computer Center so popular, but we'd like to think that the computers had

something to do with the attraction as well. Whenever a term paper was due, the word processing program suddenly ran full time. Like the Computer Room, the new Alumnae Development Center became a new attraction on the Holton-Arms' twenty-five cent tour. No longer did volunteers have to brave the dank and dusty shelter in order to give a few hours of their time. Instead, the area below the Cafeteria became a popular open workplace full of people, as present students volunteered with former ones.

So, it would take a stranger seeing us for the first time only a short while to see that we're a friendly, interested group of girls open to new ideas and technology. This quality in all of us leads to the theme of this year's yearbook, An Open Book. We overflow with ideas while accepting changes. There are alterations in the 1984 yearbook that reflect our attitude. It's bigger and more detailed, because once this book is opened, we'll be an open book.

Opening / 3

Oooh! I heard about this passage. A Lower Schooler reads in the library. I'm really sorry I broke her nose with that last spike, but was that any reason to bench me? Ellen Ratner sits on the sidelines. Sure it's caffeine-free, but do you have any idea how much sodium benzoate is in that aluminum can? Susan Taylor and Joyce Rogers relax in the lunch room.

O.K. Here we go again. I'm sure I'll understand it the seventh time around. Julie Jacobs studies at the circulation desk.

4 / Opening

Look at me like that again and you'll be eating clay for lunch! Ann Davidson creates in ceramics class.

Do We Need To Worry?

She thinks we're joking. Little does she know that the finger's loaded. Anne McBride accosts Miss Chong.

1984. This year many newsreporters, magazines, TV advertisements, billboards, and just plain old ordinary people discussed at great length every little adjective and prepositional phrase in the book 1984 by George Orwell. Most say that if 1984 hasn't quite hit us yet, there are telltale signs that it will in the near future. Maybe Orwell was just a little off. Agencies like the FBI, censorship movements, and even simple surveillance cameras have been compared to the Thought Police and their all-seeing telescreens. Some ads claim that their product can prevent the horrors of 1984 from coming true, and if they don't they'll at least give you something to look forward to during the depressing day. However, there are people who believe 1984 as George Orwell knew it, has not and will not come. These people look awfully happy, don't they? Opening / 5

Bedouin Habits and Dutch Chocolate Rabbits If we had to select two traumas from the multitudinous traumas a Holton-Arms student must face during her ten year tenure, they would most likely be Middle School and the mere prospect of college. But, just as great nations of the world produce heroic leaders during times of stress, so Holton provided us with two dynamic, caring women who maneuvered us through the potholes of academic life, consoled us when we broke down, and occasionally gave us a gentle jump start when we stalled. Our first fear-filled year in Middle School was her first year too, but we soon had her settled down and adjusted to the daily routine at Holton-Arms. She introduced us to exams, Zinyanthropus, the Bedouin way of life, the Bantu puzzle, robber barons, and Ronald Reagan in geography and government, all of which we found fascinating. However, despite our ardent desire to increase our cultural awareness and our understanding of the American presidential political system, we were more interested in hearing about Jim, or her clandestine connections with the head of the FBI, or her teaching experiences in New Orleans. Anything was better than discussing the average rate of precipitation in the various regions of Africa. She was our advisor in seventh, eighth, and ninth grades, and as such had the rare and wonderful opportunity to escort us on nearly all of our trips.

On our King's Dominion trip, she got to sit on a bench under the fake Eiffel Tower for hours on end waiting for us to check in. She got to zip down a cable suspended two hundred feet in the air with us on eighth grade retreat. She shared with us the exhilarating sensation of having icicles in our underwear as we braved the rapids on the ninth grade raft trip. And she mastered a really tear-jerking snowplow while on the ski trip with us. After a day on the slopes and a night in the indoor

pool at the motel, she'd conduct bed checks, then retire for the evening, only to wake at 3:00 A.M. to the sound of a toilet flushing Doritos which Lynn Wells had carefully arranged for her listening pleasure. Yet, no matter what we put her through, she was always a good sport about it. Maybe it was because she was such a good sport that she was selected as adviser to Physical Fitness Club (I was a chubby teen?!), Spirit Club, and as coordinator of the ski trip. Just remember, we taught her

They heard from Slippery Rock today. I really pull strings for my girls. Mrs. Loennig gloats. We may not have a football team, but we have something even more important: a track record. Our graduates go places. Mrs. Loennig seated at her desk. How are the old pork bellies doing? Mrs. Minogue reads.

6 / Dedication

This is where Jim and I spent our honeymoon. We stayed in his family's condo in this precious little hotel called the Kremlin. Mrs. Minogue points out sights of interest in the U.S.S.R.

worship her as if she were a water everything she knows! Reluctantly, we parted in tenth grade, fountain in a desert. when she discovered that she couldn't Junior year we stared as Senior after advise us unless she taught us. It was a Senior sidled into her office, picked up particularly rough blow for her, being a piece of candy, and began pouring separated from a class as magnificent out the college blues, and finally our as ours, but she survived. During our turn c a m e around. Yippee! At our first years in Upper School, she changed meeting with her and again on the her n a m e and her room, but her eleventh grade retreat, she laid out the reassuring smile was always the same. cold, hard facts. If we had no alumnae Our first contact with the second half connections, were not a m e m b e r of a of our dedication was in the spring of minority group, or a virtuoso performer our sophomore year. Birds were with the National Symphony, or a singing; flowers were in bloom; love genius with a quadruple digit I.Q.; we was in the air; when what should arrive, were d o o m e d to forever be "the but a list of 900 multisyllabic words Average American Student". "most likely to appear on the SAT's" And Senior year, filling out the with a friendly letter suggesting that we twenty-fifth college application, we discuss five a night for the next 180 found out how painful "the Average American Student" category could be. nights — that's six months for you and me. Needless to say, this woman was We longed to check the "American not in our 1982 edition of Indian" box under the ethnic minority Compassionate Teachers at the question. We yearned to inform Holton-Arms School, but by the time colleges that we'd done Shakespeare SAT' ••• J.-:.....:.....: : McClellan or Sir Laurence .! Eh Ian

Olivier, or even that we'd done Shakespeare at all. We devoutly wished we could tell them that we'd discovered the Missing Link or that Dad had graduated Phi Beta Kapa twenty years ago. But, alas, we could not. So, we paraded into her office like the Seniors before us so that she could inform us of the three college "w"s and the "h". Where do we apply? When do we apply? How do we apply? And, most importantly, why do we apply? For those of us reluctant to go through this ordeal, there was always that jar of candy eternally full in her office which whetted our appetites for the sweet joys of higher education. And no matter what, she made sure that we got the chance to taste those sweet joys. They both believed in us, and they both gave us a chance. That's what makes them so special. Without further ado, and with much love, we dedicate this yearbook to Mrs. Minogue and Mrs. Loenn

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7/Dedication

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8 / Student Life

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hat m a k e s a day school better than a

ling school?

A day school is better because you are closer to your family and friends. The environment is familiar. It is easier to learn in familiar surroundings. — Titra Gainey, 11 Day is okay — I'm here aren't I? — Lee Anne Humphrey, 12 I prefer a day school because I wouldn't want to see the people I go to school with in the daytime at nighttime. — Melanie Phillips, 6

Would you believe he rode up on a white stallion wearing armor ... in August? Ellen Ratner listens to Caroline Allnutt's stories. Guess what else I've got in here? Robyn Anderson and Chairman Ling watch to see if Lauren Burka can produce a rabbit out of her bookbag.

A boarding school is rough on the night life, and besides, they don't have snow days, not that we do, either ... — Nicki Willson, 10 ,, , , . . . , . Y 'S better because you wouldn't want to miss spending those poignant adolescent years with the 'rents. — Maria Tousimis, 12

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Student Life / 9

Yeah, I used to skateboard to school too, before I got my license. Lesley Rogers and Niki Monroe talk in the lunchroom

^ m , â€~ w a s 9Â° in 9 t0 b e a b u n n v f o r t h e Halloween Party! Kim Gorland and Karen Cole having a good time

Strange . . . No, Unique! Student Life at any school is relatively the same. There's always a fun side, a bad side, and sometimes a bizarre side. At Holton w e prefer to call it uniqueness This uniqueness shows everyday. Either learning French verbs or decorating a friend's locker, w e are always learning, and we're doing it in our o w n special way.

10 / Student Life

They d u m p e d m y bookbag again! Suzanne Bailey picks up her books. We finally made it to triple "C"! Kim Gorland and Karen Marriott strut into class.

Don't worry Nalinee, once I got 3 out of 2 0 on a test tool Leslie Shriner and Nalinee Darmrong talk about their grades.

Student Life /11

If you swirl it around on your tongue for about forty-five minutes, it's a lot easier to swallow. Jean Hall, W e n d y Hookman, and Jennifer Hunter enjoy their lunch. I think my knees are locked! Hattie Croyder enjoys painting on the floor of the art room.

12/Student Life

What does he mean, "What intellectually fulfilling and personally rewarding goal would we like to achieve?" Students talk in the reading room. Anita, I know there are twelve eggs in a dozen. Lee Anne Humphrey and Anita Pellman do physics homework. I spent all weekend decorating this bulletin board so don't drop it. Theresa A d a m s puts up the Math Club board.

Off moments Caught in their off-moments, students at Holton display a variety of emotions â€” despair, anguish, frustration, and sometimes mirth. After all, how bad can it get? 8:15 morning assemblies, leadership seminars, processed food, and physics homework are only part of the Holton experience, and the friends you m a k e at Holton m a d e it all worthwhile. They cheer you up, keep you company, and are a constant reminder that you aren't the only one receiving an interim.

Student Life/13

Things to R e m e m b e r . . . Redskins Superbowl XVII, Lebanon suicide mission, Winter Olympics in Sarajevo, the 1984 Elections, 29th of February. Orwell's novel, Korean Airlines crash, Martin Luther King Holiday ratified, Orioles w o n World Series, break dancing, Washington Capitols, Maryland's 350th Anniversiary, Ling Ling's liver, Cabbage Patch Dolls, Vanessa Williams

14/Year

1984

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Entertainment 1984: Michael Jackson, Billy Joel, Lionel Ritchie, Motown, Boy George, Beatle's 20th Anniversary, David Bowie, "Terms of Endearment," "Silkwood," "Flashdance," Cheers, "Risky Business," Trivial Pursuits, Thumper, Fuzzy Duck Fashion Code: Large tweed coats, jean miniskirts, sweater vests, Mia

flats, boxer shorts, Japanese rags, enameled earrings, long-Johns, wide-brimmed hats, short-short hair and leather pants.

Year/15

. The Way Scribe Sees It

16/Year

February 29th: Leap Day

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MONDALE

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Weekend (Weeknight) Hangouts: Fish Market, 3rd Edition, Clyde's, Roy Rogers, Scribe room, American University Library, Kathie's Park, Whispers, and any shopping mall. '84 Memoirs at Holton: Reception Room closed, Beer cans in assembly, Miss Brown passing away, opening of the Computer Center, soccer champs, Laura Baldwin returns in the FCL, Coke machines offer Nutrasweet, 20 Minute Workout in G y m class, the Supremes appearing in morning assembly, Miss Chong learning how to say "How Dare!" Rest in Peace: Yuri Andropov, Bill the Cat, WAVA Mae West, Karen Carpenter, Jessica Savitch, Ethel Merman, Frank Reynolds, David the Bubble Boy, Ansel Adams.

Happy Leap Year

Year/17

... The Way Scribe Sees It

16/Year

February 29th: Leap Day

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MONDALE

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Happy Leap Year

Year/17

Anne Fogerty as Barbara Allen sings "The Ballad of Barbara Allen" in front of the townspeople.

Flourescent Posters, Untamed Hair, Provincial Attitudes, and Despair House lights dimmed, and the green mountains lights c a m e up creating dramatic shadows behind the figures of the witches and conjure folk. Mysterious, unsettling music seemed to drift through the g y m on currents of cold air. The seductive but savage movement of the witches held the audience entranced, while the simple aspirations of John the Witch Boy seemed to shine through it all. The mystical quality of the play was reflected in both the dramatic and technical aspects of the Upper School production, Dark of the M o o n . The subtle cross-fades, lively mountain music, and discordant sound effects created by our artist-in-residence Bill Stevens heightened the m o o d created by the acting. Wally's tree, Caroline's fluorecent posters, Aleta's black fingernails, Kathie's long, untamed hair, the Allnutt's stove and chairs, the

townspeople's provincial attitudes, and Barbara's despair all c a m e together to create a very powerful, moving play that left m a n y m e m b e r s of the audience in tears. Dark of the Moon, presented on November 18, 19, and 20, was a tale in which two star-crossed lovers battled against the isolated puritanical views of a small Appalachian town and the ultimate power of witches. The production, cued by Luisa Santillo, Tara O w e n (co-producers), and Debbie Allamong (stage manager), ran smoothly both nights except for a few stray mishaps. The death scene on the mountain probably didn't need Miss Metcalf's purse, and the Allen cabin scene didn't need the h u m a n hand which mysteriously appeared to pull the curtain off the chair, but that didn't seem to bother the audience. Nobody's perfect but w e c a m e real close.

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18 / Student Life

Erin McGaughan, Virginia White, and Caroline Allnutt sing a h y m n after Mrs. Allen (Erin McGaughan) learns that her daughter has married a witch.

Aleta Margolis and Kathie Gibson, as the Dark and Fair witches, tempt the now h u m a n witch boy. Witch boy, Jack McKeever, consoles his human wife after their baby dies.

Student Life/19

For a Menial Fee O n December 16, 1983, the fourth annual Holiday Ball brought a large turnout of Upper School girls and their dates to the rustic yet elegant Barns of Wolf Trap, in Vienna, Virginia. The winter dance was again planned by the Social Activities Committee (SAC) comprised of grade representatives and headed by Mr. Jack Caussin. From months of planning c a m e a memorable evening where, for a menial fee (18.00 per couple), those attending were treated to the music of Marty Evans and his band, Breaking Point. Also included in this small cost were light refreshments, soda, and the eagle eye of at least one chaperon at all

I can't believe I got all dressed up and he took m e to McDonalds! Sandy Marriott thinks about her evening.

times. But w h o could eat after delicious means at such restaurants as Clydes and the Chevy Chase Country Club? By the time the dance was over and Ms. Hill, Mrs. Lucatorto, and Mr. Lewis had ushered us (those of us w h o m a d e it to Wolf Trap-not to Dulles International) out the door; everybody was ready to have fun. Private parties were popular as everyone enjoyed more good music, good friends, and good food. All in all, the evening

was worth the money mom spent on your dress, even if you did try to avoid being seen with 'that guy', people call your boyfriend.

All you have to do is smile and open your eyes; it's that simple! Andrea Levy, Erin Nicholson, Corine Hauser, and Ruth Klewans pose for the camera

20/Student Life

Hey, the rays are too intense! Karen Marriott and escort prepare early for the upcoming holiday.

Student Life/21

My girdle's slipping. Queen Susan, the Starlet Pinckemell, waves at the adoring throngs. Federal Express ... when it absolutely, positively has to get there overnight. Mark Furey and Karen Marriott complete an astonishing magic trick.

22 / Student Life

What do you want — the theme from Masterpiece Theater or a variation on the the from Masterpiece Theatre? Alexa Fischer and Jill Edgar perform on the recorder.

Gee, were we that bad? Gina Nocera, Luisa Santillo, and Tara Owen wave as people run for the exits.

Jeremiah, the pig stopper has eyes only for me. Aleta Margolis and Gina Nocera on stage. Who forgot deodorant? Middle Schoolers dance.

Renaissance Feaste, Royal Revival and Rustic Revelry Same old Madrigal Feast again, right? Wrong. This year with a flourish of Miss Theeman's and Mr. Cavoutti's hands, the Madrigal Feast blossomed into the Renaissance Feaste, an extravaganza which replaced the old stodgy stand-bys—the chamberlain, the jester, the High Table, the duel, the predictable script — with energetic counterparts — a bumbling mayor, his irritable

a

mic*=>H rlf»rnrated

platform, an incredible Houdini-like magic trick, and an amusing script. Lower School musicians, jugglers, and merchants entertained guests before the show in a town created with cardboard, and the Wortbacks, the mayoral family, of Holton-Landontowne, amused them once they had entered the transformed cafeteria. Queen Susan Pinckemell and the rM-hor madrigals appeared in all their

regal finery but entertained audiences as peasants as well. The ladies and their consorts circulated among the guests. One guest started a trench bread chain letter while others participated in Mark Furey's magic tricks. In short (and indeed the Feaste was shorter than it has been in past years), the Renaissance Feaste was a thoroughly enjoyable event for all. Student Life / 23

Oh, I got the sucker! Sandy Marriott dances with her date.

Twisted the Night Away> With the tenth grade term paper completed and the second trimester almost over, Representative Assembly sponsored the third annual Marathon Dance. On Saturday, March 3, marathoners entered Holton's lunchroom and the world of the 1950's and Motown. For five hours dressed in

anything from poodle skirts to jeans and t-shirts, they twisted the night away to music supplied by Extra 104's Alex Mitchell. Those dancers who had pledges of at least ten dollars were eligible to receive door prizes. Prizes varied from albums to t-shirts to scarves. If anything was lost that night it

would have been calories. Because of the variety of music, dancers were able to display their version of the twist and many other moves as well. When it was all finally over and the trash cleared away, marathoners and chaperones limped out into the cold night.

See, the Nair worked! Jennifer Gimer, Kathy Gibson and Samantha Samarad boogie. Help me! I'm melting! I'm melting! Leland Ingham and her date do the twist.

This will help your back problem! Lulu Ward lounges on the floor. You've got ring-around-the-collar! Catherine Lanfield dances with her date.

We just flew in from Saudi Arabia just for this party! Claudia Mispireta and Maren Hardy at the door of the Amitay's house. Maybe it was my Dorito breath! Sydney Trattner and Tim May scan the party room.

Hey, this is the only way we'll be able to control everyone? Cheryl Amitay and Mrs. Amitay prepare for their Halloween party. We just brushed with Pearl Drops Toothpolish. Betsy Kingley, Catherine Colby, and Lulu Ward with a bunch of Landon guys.

While the Parents Were Out Cast parties, prom parties, postgame parties, pool parties, slumber parties, Senior only parties, Junior only parties — wherever you looked there were parties. There were parties to celebrate college acceptances, parties to celebrate the parents' absence, parties to celebrate birthdays, anniversaries, Arbor Day, and then there were parties just to plain celebrate. There were party diehards, party newcomers, and plain parties. There were parties with munchies, parties with kegs, parties with costumes and some parties with only people. But all parties had one thing in common — a lot of smiles. Parties usually began in an incredibly altruistic person's mind. He figured that since the parents were out for the month, and nobody had anywhere to go, he would invite a couple intimate friends over for a couple of hours or until someone ruined the heirloom Persian rug in the living room, whichever came first. However, to his great dismay, the youths from the entire

Washington-Metropolitan area arrived on his doorstep claiming to be acquaintances of his from his infancy. And since he had no armed guards at his door, he had to let them in. (It was going to rain that night and he didn't feel like cleaning up the toilet paper on his lawn all the next day.) With the guests came several cartons of beverages slightly toxic to the human system and pretty soon his heirloom Persian rug had been ruined by not one but several people. Then from the den he heard his father's carefully tuned woofers and tweeters blasting Def Leppard. Then he witnessed his entire month's supply of food being consumed by total strangers. Someone bricked his dog, while another person hurled bottlecaps at his mother's portrait on the dining room wall. So what did this poor wretch whose life expectancy was one month (until his parents got home) do? He had a party next weekend, what else?

What do you mean — how's my love life? Anu Krisnamurthy talks to her computer.

It even does that? Sophy Johnston and Missy Zeller at the IBM PC. How do I get it to figure out my English average? Mr. Nick Gilbert stares at his computer.

28 / Student Life

O.K., for \$25,000 and a chance to go on to the big money, what's the capital of Outer Mongolia? Jeanne Hazard works diligently. All right, where did they hide the "q"? Leslie Shriner runs a program.

A Bits and Bytes, A Breeze with Boys Now a highlight on every Upper School tour, the new air-conditioned Computer Center opened this fall and immediately gained popularity. (September was a hot month.) However it was not just the cool air that attracted so many people. Eighteen IBM computers, disk drives, two printers and two Landon boys also prompted students to take advantage of the many computer courses Holton has to offer. Computer Science, Computer and Statistics, and computer units incorporated into the algebra and

geometry courses give every student hands-on experience with the latest in bits and bites. You can play games, do your Calculus homework, draw graphics, or use the word processor to type your research paper. (Which research paper?) In Biology II you can even use the computer to take a test, proof that computers can be used for destructive purposes. However, Ms. Dunlavey, head of the new Computer Science department, might argue with that.

Student Life / 29

Vulcanized pizza; where did you get It Jennifer? Monica McLean, Peggy McGill, Dee Dee Fields, and Karen Branson enjoy the Halloween party.

30 / Student Life

The Stuff that Moves is Soup Next to cracking the books, eating is definitely the most popular activity at Holton. Whether furtively licking a lollipop during Chemistry, wolfing down a bag of Doritos during Folk Club, or poking at the quiche at lunch, Holton

students are continually consuming food. Miraculously, this constant stream of edibles doesn't seem to affect our waistlines — well, not by more than an inch or two. After all, we have an image to maintain.

Mine's General Foods Irish mocha. What's yours? Stacy Kavounis and Lee Anne Humphrey discuss caffeine. Tab, Tab Cola, what a beautiful life! Louisanne Young shares gossip with Karen Cole and Suzanne Duncan.

Can you drown your sorrows in lemonade? Sandra Engle ponders.

I heard that they put that in the salad, but I never believed it! Mimi Weyer and Lynne Maybee brave lunch.

Student Life/31

V

32 / Leaders

Heabers; Chapter Wsfaa J£* o you think our leaders are chosen in a fair way? What would be a better way?

I think that you should put everybody's name on a card and have Mark Furey, the great magician, do his card trick and pick the leaders. — Miss Nancy Theeman — Music Teacher There's no other way, unless you want a dictatorship, fascist society, totalitarian regime . . . — Miriam Herman, 12 I think our elections are fair except that people tend to vote for "popular" people. I don't see how anyone can change that, though. — Larisa Lomacky, 10 We shouldn't have leaders. Anarchy is the best policy. I swear I didn't take it! D.D. Danforth mans the money box. — Robyn Mirman, 11 Has anybody seen my class ring, my purse, my bookbag, my camera . . . my car? Tara Owen makes one of her I think we should have a legislative body and that numerous announcements in assembly, led by Adrienne people be chosen on Friday Night Videos. Pappas.

— Beth Baker, 11

Leaders / 33

Mr. James W. Lewis

Headmaster

"The emphasis of Holton-Arms is on the needs of the individuals, concern for people, and constant attention to programs, activities, and opportunities. These programs help people grow, develop resiliency and breadth, and help them develop a sense of values." With this philosophy, Mr. Lewis has guided us for thirteen 34 / Leaders

years. He has also joined us in many activities. For the past two years Mr. Lewis has played a small part in the drama productions, and has had the patience to take the Seniors step by step through a resume. He has supported all of the school's activities and shown us that he is not just a leader but an active member of the school community.

Mrs. Mary Jane Puckett Assistant Head

Mrs. Puckett's role here at Holton reads a little like a recipe, a dab of this and a pinch of that. As assistant head of the school, she helps Mr. Lewis whenever needed, but that is far from the full extent of her duties. She also represents the school in the Holton Fathers and Mothers Association

(HAFAMA), is advisor to Executive Board, faculty advisor to the Freshmen class, and an algebra teacher. In her spare time, she helps the Admissions Office select new students and the Alumnae Office keep up with the old ones. And if you ever need a sympathetic ear, she's there.

Leaders / 35

Mrs. Elizabeth Burnett Director, Lower School

Mrs. Elizabeth Berry Director, Middle School

Mr. Lewis ate all the cake! Mrs. Elizabeth Berry sings at Mr. Lewis' birthday party.

36 / Leaders

Mrs. Linda Lucartoto Director, Upper School

I told that little girl not to cross the street! Mr. Neil Smith directs traffic on the front circle.

Mrs. Marjorie Loennig College Counselor; Counselor Grade 12

Mr. Neil Smith Business and Operations Manager

From 8:15 to 3:30 and Beyond There is a small, select group of administrators here without whom the school could not function. They make sure that both the school and its students keep running efficiently and smoothly from 8:15 to 3:30 and beyond. In addition to maintaining the school building, Mr. Smith keeps the traffic flowing on the circle in the morning, risking both his physical and

mental stability. Mrs. Lucatorto, as Upper School Director and RA advisor makes sure that we accept all the school rules, while Mrs. Loennig makes sure that colleges accept all of us. Mrs. Berry eases the adjustment to Middle School and adulthood, and Mrs. Burnett has the pleasant duty of watching young minds grow.

Leaders / 37

The Boards

Board of Trustees Executive Committee Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Symington Mr. Richard E. Marriott Mr. G. Bradford Cook Mr. James W. Lewis Mr. James M. Johnston Mrs. Gertrude Peyton

Members €” Pictured Mr. G. Bradford Cook Mrs. Gail McGregor Fearing '62 Mrs. Gertrude Breckinridge Peyton '39. Dr. Bettie J. Clark Mrs. Lucy Webb Miss Brereton Sturtevant '38 Mr. Nathan R. Isikoff Ms. Peggy Ann Eacho '67 Mr. James W. Lewis Mrs. Marcia Diane Johnson '75 Mr. Ralph W. Lee Ms. Perry Kephart Prestemon Mr. David R. Smith Mr. Karl W. Corby HI Mr. Richard E. Marriott Sidney Callahan receiving the distinguished Alumnae Award at Reunion from Mary Lib Symington, Alumnae President 38 / Leaders

Chairman of the Board President of the Holton-Arms School, Inc. 1st Vice President 2nd Vice President Treasurer Secretary

Members Mrs. J. Jeffrey Clark (Pam Eacho '71) Mrs. John Robert Clark III (Carrie Ruda '74) Ms. Peggy Ann Eacho '67 Mrs. Henry H. Elliott, Jr. (Lee Sawyer '55) Mrs. Edwin Kintner, Jr. (Harriet Stearns Whitford '54) Mrs. Richard M. Laska (Marcia Holloman '68) Mrs. Peter D. Maroshek (Marie Louise Seltzer '60) Mrs. Williams Swift Martin (Ellen Wills C '56) Mrs. Garland Thomas McCoy (Mary Shull Jackson '45) Mrs. Michael McManus (Muffin Crocker '60) Mrs. Charles W. Nicolson (Elizabeth Halley '47) Mrs. John M. Ourisman (Lisa Jackson '72) Ms. Kate Montague Perry '73 Mrs. F. Bradley Peyton III (Gertrude Breckinridge '39) Mrs. Perry Prestemon (Perry Kephart '63) Miss Lee Lorick Prina '71 Mrs. H. Edward Sears, Jr. (Charlotte Whitaker Grant '67) Mrs. Lee E. Surut (Gertrude Tulley '47) Mrs. George F. Yoran (Catherine Murphy '49) Holton-Arms Alumnae Association 1983-1984 Mrs. William W. Anderson (Rosemary Wire '58) Director of Alumnae Activities Mrs. Williams Swift Martin (Ellen Wills C '56) Mrs. Michael McManus (Muffin Crocker '60) Ms. Peggy Ann Eacho '67 Mrs. John M. Ourisman (Lisa Jackson '72) Mrs. Henry H. Elliot, Jr. (Lee Sawyer '55) Mrs. Charles W. Nicolson (Elizabeth Halley '47)

The Alumnae Board Nominating Committee gathers in the Alumnae/Development Center.

The Board of Directors of the Executive Committee President Vice President Treasurer — H A A . Treasurer — Hang-Up Recording Secretary Corresponding Secretary

Leaders / 39

Open Minds and Club Support Holton's student government has always prided itself with keeping its mind open to suggestions. This year was no exception. For example, gray cords became a part of the school uniform because RA, uncommonly known as the Representative Assembly, responded to student needs. Upper school student Director, Mimi Micklitsch, Honor Council President, Adrienne Pappas, D.D. Danforth, Assistant Upper School Student Director, and the rest of R A served as a link between the students, faculty, and administration. Mimi's spot uniform checks kept us out of rag wool sweaters and sweatshirts (sometimes) and the Upper School initiated a point system for detention. (For which we are all eternally grateful!) In addition to enforcing the rules, R A was responsible for other fun events.

They sponsored the United Way Campaign, which was more successful than ever this year, and the Dance Marathon to benefit Multiple Sclerosis. Middle School Council President, Leslie Leach, reinforced school rules and planned assemblies with the aid of Miss Congelio and Mrs. Berry. Class parents also helped the girls with activities. Last but certainly not least is Executive Board for the Upper School. President Sydney Trattner, the heads of publications, and presidents of all upper school clubs provided support for their extracurricular activities. The advisor, Mrs. Mary Jane Puckett provided support for the members of Executive Board! Our councils made the 1983-84 school year productive and definitely fun.

Representative Assembly: First Row: A. Brody, K. Landfield, M. Micklitsch, R. Clark, S. MacDonald, C. Johnson. Second Row: J. Danforth, E. Georgilakis, T. Thomas, L Wells, A. Pappas, M. Tousimis, B. Lucas. Third Row: Ms. J. Hill, Ms. L. Lucatorto, Mr. J. Caussin, Ms. M. Dunlavey.

Nice Carpet. Adrienne Pappas conducts the morning assembly.

40 / Leaders

Not This is a martini! Sandra Engle and Virginia White talk at the Leadership Workshop. Executive Board: First Row: C. Nyirjesy, R. McClellan, S. Pinckemell, E. McGaughan. Second Row: A. Englehardt, N. Lewin, D. Allamong, N. Karmali, C. Rotsztain, K. Ward. Third Row: F. Laden, L Humphrey, A. Pellman. Fourth Row: V. White, T. Owen, M. Herman, L Santillo, S. Trattner, S. Engle, C. Coppedge, L Ingham, Mrs. M. Puckett

Middle School Council: First Row: J. Karpa, R. Fearing, L Ernst, C. Lyons. Second Row: J. McGlashan, I. Narine, L Leach, M. Benson. Third Row: D. Boehm, A Blanksteln, L Mason, A Gallin, E. Pyle, J. Lang.

42 / Faculty

Chapter 12: You can develop some pretty good relationships with them. — Sydney Trattner, 12 They have enough time for each individual and are interested in everyone's progress. — Tena Fishman, 11 They can read my writing. — Ann Davidson, 12 Their cologne. — Natalie Atherton, 11

That's what you're putting that plant in. Mrs. Kathy Chaney sets up a still life for her art students to draw.

They are such complicated people that they can write one thing on the board and talk about something else; you know, like chewing gum and skipping rope at the same time. — Lisa Shapiro, 12

This must be Mrs. Terry's ring it says class 44 B.C. Mr. Bob Tupper examines a ring at Mrs. Anna Smink's annual Autumn party.

Faculty/43

Make sure you get our good side! Mrs. Elizabeth Berry and Mrs. Doris Ehlers smile

44 / Faculty

Mrs. Caroline J. Hillman English, Geography

Mr. James W . Lewis Speech

Mrs. Kathleen McCabe English 8

Mrs. Marsha Scherbel English 11, 12

Mrs. Judi White Drama, Speech

Miss Suzann D e F Wilsey English 9, 12

Mrs. Sally Alexander English 11, 12

Mrs. Elizabeth Berry English 7

Mrs. Ellen Case English 10

Clay tastes yucky! Mr. Nick Gilbert in the Ceramics Room.

Drown That Engfish

Mr. T h o m a s F.N. Gilbert English 9, 10

From the Arthurian legend to our o w n action-packed life stories, we've discovered everything w e ever wanted to know about the English language, and a few things w e didn't want to know, like faulty parallelism, pronoun reference problems, and metaphysical poetry. However w e did learn s o m e interesting things. W e n o w know that Chaucer would have enjoyed Truly Tasteless Jokes, that a certain m e m b e r of the Senior class thinks she's a salamander, and that the P B S version of Macbeth is not of the highest quality. W e also learned which writing style each teacher preferred. Stick to the

facts for Mrs. Case, but Mrs. Rodgers loves it if you repeat and vary, and Mrs. Scherbel is somewhere in between. But no one likes Engfish so drown it, and explainer/ is out, although it is nice if you develop your thesis. Never repeat your thesis in your conclusion, but try to tie the two together. Select details that relate to your story. R e m e m b e r your grammatical rules. Those dangling modifiers should not be there. Always type your papers; your effort grade soars. Oh, and never tell your teacher that this is the worst piece of writing you've ever produced. She'll believe you.

Mrs. Letty Rogers Chairman, English Department

Faculty/ 45

Mr. Robert R. Tupper, Jr. Chairman, Social Studies Dpt.

Mr. John J. Caussin Geography, Anthropology

Ms. Jean S. Hill American History

Mrs. Judy Minogue Government

Ms. Carolyn R. Terry Western Civilization, Art History

Mrs. Linda Bryson Lucartorto American History

Ms. Joanne Francis American History, Western Civ.

There's a neat little restaurant on the corner here. Mr. Jack Caussin teaches his geography students how to read a map.

46 / Faculty

We've catalogued 232 hardbacks, helped 78 seventh graders with research projects, and fixed the xerox machine 417 times today, but our Finalnet is still holding up. It's our legs that are killing us! Mrs. Anna Smink and Mrs. Diane Albosta in their office. How do they expect me to understand this? It's not even in English! Sabrina Hamad takes advantage of the listening lab.

Mrs. Anna R. Smink Librarian

Mrs. Betty Krizek Library Assistant

What's Irrelevant About History?!

Mrs. Diane Albosta Assistant Librarian

Every yearbook dwells on Mr. Tupper's pop quizzes. You'll find it mentioned in the sophomore through the senior copy, the history copy and all the captions under pictures of Mr. Tupper. So, he gives incredibly difficult pop quizzes on the day you get back from vacation or the day you have two tests, two quizzes, and a paper due. He's a great teacher and we won't discuss it. And we won't mention that Mrs. Terry loves to shine the projector spotlight on the faces of students late for her class or that she gives you thirty lashes if the date 1066 means nothing to you. And the fact that Mr. Caussin and Ms. Hillman make you learn the everchanging names of all the countries

in Africa is irrelevant, as is the fact that Mrs. Minogue thinks that Reubin Askew, a man whose singular distinction is that he was governor of Florida, is important enough to learn. It's irrelevant because our history teachers are the best you'll find anywhere. They're entertaining as well as informative (especially the "left-wing radical" and the "bombastic jingoist"). And everything they taught us was worth learning. Then there were the librarians, Mrs. Smink, Mrs. Krizek, and Mrs. Albosta, who kept track of our reserve reading even when we didn't and made sure that we got at least some studying done.

Faculty/47

Labcoats and Microscopes Science! To an untrained ear the word evokes thoughts of white lab coats, microscopes, and scientific notation, but there's more. Seventh graders loved slicing up smelly, wrinkled frogs while those of us in Biology I and II were supposedly mature enough to handle rats, pigs, and jumbo, smelly, wrinkled frogs. But science classes need not be restricted

to those people interested in animal anatomy. Girls more interested in the mathematical aspects, braved Chemistry's moles (no not the animal!) while girls in Physics designed a rollercoaster loop that would keep people in their seats and off the pavement. We realized that Physics is "phun!" Mrs. Anne Lippold Biology

Mrs. Miriam Worthing Chemistry

Mrs. Anne Uppold helps Tracey Werber after class. "Isn't Chemistry fun, girls? We did this problem in only 17 steps. Mrs. Miriam Worthing demonstrates a problem on the board.

Mr Paul Puckett Chairman, Science Dept.

Faculty / 49

Mrs. Anne H. Baker Math 7

The Number Tongue "You've got to learn how to read math." With these words both Mr. Paul Puckett and Mrs. Margo Dunlavey cheer on semi-distraught math students, but does $-b \pm \sqrt{b^2 - 4ac} / 2a$ really say something like "no homework today"? Mrs. Helen Sherburne stresses that you can't memorize math (although we try) while Ms. Judith Mahanes and Mr. Michael Higgins patiently explain and reexplain trigonometry and computer

programming. Once we realized $y + 1 = 3$ was a solvable equation, we moved on to bigger and better things, namely Statistics and Calculus. Three triangles, four triangles, five triangles, and integrals became some of our best friends. (But with friends like these, who needs enemies?) Thanks to our math teachers' help, a large number of us are now computer literate while some of us are just plain math literate.

Oh no! They're turning into zombies again! Mr. Paul Puckett teaches physics.

50 / Faculty

-s's-

Mrs. Virtue Vaughn Math 8

Mr. Michael D. Higgins Geometry

Mrs. Laurel Daly Math 8, Algebra I, Geometry

Ms. Helen B. Sherburne Algebra II, Trigonometry

Mrs. Mary Jane Puckett Algebra I

Mrs. Pat Michener Algebra II, Trigonometry

It's so fun breaking into banking systems! Mr. Higgins working at the computer.

Mr. Paul Puckett Calculus

Faculty/51

mm

Mrs. Tina Dunne Chairman, Foreign Language Department I'm not sure I can help you Mrs. Levitine-Woodside, but III try.

52 / Faculty

Mrs. Clare Chambers Jackson Spanish

Mrs. Marie Wegimont Spanish; French

Mrs. Joy Robinson French

Pueblo Joe to Monsieur Thibaut

Mrs. Talaat Moreau French

Mrs. Annette Levitine-Woodside French

Miss Patricia Talbert French

Mrs. Livia Gatti Spanish

Mrs. Mary de Pinho Sabbatical

For those of us whose foreign language vocabularies consisted of "adios", "merci", and "habeas corpus", the Foreign Language Department, chaired by M m e Dunne, proved enlightening. W e learned there was more to Spanish culture than Pueblo Joe's Taco House, that Paris had other attractions besides the Eiffel Tower, and that Caesar had an inflated ego. But most important, w e learned how to communicate in a foreign tongue, that is as long as w e were discussing the weather, our health, or Monsieur Thibault. G r a m m a r proved a little more difficult. W h y is a house feminine? What is the pluperfect, the present progressive tense? W h y can't this be simple like English? These questions plagued us all but were answered by our foreign language teachers with skill, enthusiasm, and usually with patience.

Anne, you cannot read comic books in class, even if they are in French. Anne McBride and Mrs. Dunne discuss the subtleties of French literature.

Faculty/53

You drew a purple tree? Mrs. Linda Caleb offers teacherly advice.

54 / Faculty

Mrs. Sharon Rodgers Admissions

Mrs. Evelyn Reid Grade Three

Mrs. Patricia Dooling Grade Three

Mrs. Gail Dufek Grade Four

Mrs. Edith Liesener Grade Five

Mrs. Pauline Richter Grade Five

Miss Mary Catherine Jones Grade Four

Mrs. Unda Caleb Grade Six

Mrs. Julia Lomacky Secretary

Mrs. Alma Stewart Librarian

Mrs. Mary Schroder Library Assistant

I knew I got that right! Jessica Weidig watches Mrs. Patricia Dooling correct her math.

Mrs. Geraldine Wilson Music

d p the Cafeteria Stairs

Miss Laura Myers Grade Four

Up the cafeteria stairs and behind closed doors lies a part of Holton the rest of us seldom see: the Lower School. Once again, the Lower School faculty admirably guided the classes of '93, '92, '91, and '90 through the trials and tribulations of math, Wordly Wise, and SRA's. Miss M.C. Jones loved us so m u c h that she decided to c o m e back and teach. Mrs. Rodgers selected able new students to augment the talents of the Lower School, while Mrs. Lomacky kept the office running smoothly. But there's no way anything could have happened if Mrs. Burnett hadn't been there to keep the whole boat from capsizing.

Mrs. Pauli Nathanson Grade Six

Faculty/55

Wait till you hear what I wrote! Mrs. Lohmann listens to Blair Collins practice her scales.

Miss Nancy Theeman Chairman, Music Department

56 / Faculty

Miss Cheryl Lynne Hall Flute

Ms. Carol Baughman Coordinator of Music

Mrs. Carole Lohmann Piano

Mr. David T. Glasser Chairman, Art Department

Mrs. Mary Pratt Rhiel Music

If you put an "X" there, Mr. Glasser youll block m y " O " Mr. Glasser practice art techniques.

Nadine d'Epremesnil and

Miss Diane LH. Chong Art, Ceramics, Photography

Artistic Spirit

Mr. William Ferro Guitar

Whether we are throwing clay on the ceramics window, stealing the scissors, eating the still life or bumping into walls in the photo lab, Mr. Glasser and Miss Chong take it all in stride. Miss Chong juggles her classes of Ceramics, Photography, and seventh grade art as Mr. Glasser runs across the studio answering pleas for help. W e can always count on Mr. Glasser's individual attention and his friendly word. With Miss Chong's 1984 spirit and Mr. Glasser's return, we're a closer group of students under a more structured

program. W e work hard and always manage to have fun. Holton's art room has a unique atmosphere. It is a place of production and a place to put your feet up. This year with the addition of Miss Theeman, the Music Department has reached new heights. The performance at Mazza Gallery was a great success. The audience enjoyed the talents of Miss Theeman and her students. The music department certainly has a team-like spirit.

Miss Deborah Lee Schneider Paino

Faculty/57

Either you break this addiction to toothpicks or you're fired! Mr. Shomper tells Rolland Platter

Kitchen Staff Mrs. Sharon Thorpe, Dietician Maintenance Staff Mr. Dean Shomper, Director of Service

58 / Faculty

Polish & Prowess .

VI

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A

Mrs. Peggy Whilden Soccer, Volleyball, Track

Mrs. Betty Nevitt Chairman, Physical Education Dept

Mrs. Olga Mahaney Tennis

Ms. Susan Stevenson Soccer, Basketball, Softball

Mrs. Nan Byrd Smith Cheerleading

Miss Jean Stewart Field Hockey, Basketball, Lacrosse

Keeping us neat and trim is their responsibility and the P.E. department and maintenance staff fulfill their tasks with polish and prowess. Whether leading us in a grueling forty-five minute workout with Jane Fonda or clearing up the dining room after a particularly ugly icing fight, they're always there to pick us and our garbage up, whenever we're down and out (and believe me, after forty-five minutes of Jane Fonda, you're down and out . . . like a light!) The physical education department led by Mrs. Nevitt make sure that each body in the student body gets at least an hour and a half of intensive physical exercise each week. For those students who are not on our top-ranked soccer, hockey, tennis, basketball, volleyball, lacrosse, and softball teams, that means two periods a week. But somehow, with nerf footballs, scooters, exercise bikes and very loud music, they manage to make gym fun even for people who consider crossing their legs physical exertion. The maintenance staff are really jacks of all trades. Besides polishing floors and setting up chairs, they maneuver Holton buses around the District on field trip days and direct traffic coming in and out of Holton (placing themselves in a position of great peril). The maintenance staff even set up the Christmas tree Boosters decorate each year. When your stomach starts growling in the middle of that Art History test, when you haven't eaten anything in twenty-four hours except a Poptart, when you feel like something out of the anorexic ward at Georgetown Hospital, it's nice to have a cafeteria. It's even nicer if you have a kitchen staff in that cafeteria that knows the art of fine cuisine. Ours does, under the guidance of Mrs. Thorpe, our kitchen staff produces pizza so good that Italian chefs would weep in shame, pork chops better than Mom makes (in some instances that isn't saying much), and chicken patties that make your mouth water. It's nice to know someone cares. Girls, have you considered AA? Miss Stewart plans game strategy with her team. Faculty/59

J i m m y Lewis â€” two points for out of uniform: wearing a bow tie. Mrs. Williams writes at her desk.

60 / Faculty

Ms. Connie Welch Assitant to Business and Operations Manager

Mrs. Maria Wei Assitant, Accounting Office

Mrs. Kay Fenton Bursar

Mrs. Caprice Heflin Bookkeeper

Mrs. Nancy Monroe Secretary, Assistant Head

Mrs. Marjorie Hadsell Secretary, Upper School

Mrs. Joan Kavounis Secretary, Middle School

Mrs. Kitty Williams Secretary to the Headmaster

Miss Michele Congelio Counselor, Middle School

Mrs. Jill Shellenberger Asst to Dir. of Admissions

Mrs. Jane Perry Receptionist Louisa Santillo got Friday again? Mrs. Marjorie Hadsell types.

Mrs. Beth Brown Manager, Bookstore

Mrs. Pauletta Evans Receptionist

Miss Elissa Hulin Director of Guidance

Patience and Cooperation W e all know there are people here w h o aren't teachers, students, or administrators, and w e desperately need these people just to get through one school day. W e tell Mrs. Brown that the bookstore can't be out of blue grease pencils, and w e ask Mrs. Evans if maybe w e could have all our transcripts sent out to six colleges, first thing tomorrow. The Accounting and Business offices provide us with parking stickers and

change for the Coke machine (definite necessities for survival!). Mrs. Kavounis, and Mrs. Hadsell keep the Middle and Upper school offices from becoming disaster areas. While Mrs. Schellenberger assists Mrs. Lloyd in admissions, Mrs. Williams keeps track of Mr. Lewis' appointments. We'd like to thank all of these people for their patience and cooperation. W e need you!

Faculty/61

Mrs. Rosemary Anderson Director of Alumnae Activities

Ms. Julie Ivins Alumnae Secretary

Mrs. Jane Maisch Asst Publication's Coordinator

f Mrs. Cary Foley Asst Director of Data Processing

Mrs. Pat Crabill Director of Data Processing

Developments in Holton Development Of course we all remember the loud pounding, drilling, and sawing noises which emerged from the shelter during our May exams last year. And we all remember wishing serious harm would befall those responsible for it. But without those noises our new Alumnae Development Center would not have opened in July. The new light, roomy center was funded entirely with donations and was paid for even before it was finished, an achievement in today's economy. The new center houses the Alumnae Office directed by Mrs. Anderson, and the Development

Office headed by Mrs. Reichard. It also contains a data processing center, a printing room, and an alumnae file room. It provides a pleasant work place for all the alumnae and student volunteers and has enough room for large group meetings. The infirmary is also located in the new center. Now if you're feeling sick and want to lie down, you don't have to use the floor; there are beds. There is also a conference room where Mrs. Kordell can teach her health classes. Thanks to all whom made the Alumnae Development Center a reality.

Why is Holly Holton on this mailing list? Mrs. Pat Crabill asks Mrs. Cary Folley about a mailing.

62 / Faculty

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Do the plants already have bugs, or do we have to pay extra for them?

Mrs. Ruth Reichard Director of Development

Mrs. Harriet Dunie Development Office Sec.

Only three million left! Mrs. Harriet Dunie sends off envelopes.

Mrs. Carter Cunningham Asst to Dir. of Development

Mrs. Rae Kordell Dir. of Student Health

Great! Thirty cents extra, I can treat my husband to dinner. Mrs. Ruth Reichard balances the budget

Faculty/ 63

Surprise!!! "Surprise!" screamed over 100 teachers as Mr. Lewis walked in the door. The occasion was his fiftieth birthday and the place was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Puckett. Mr. Lewis was invited to a farewell party for composer-in-residence Bill Stevens on Sunday, November 20 at 6:00 p.m. When he arrived, 30 minutes late, the faculty greeted him by singing "Happy Birthday." Mrs. Smink and Ms. Dunlavey served as masters of ceremony for the evening. According to Mrs. Smink, the faculty decided that "rather than buy a gift, we wanted to do a gift." Mrs. Smink began the show by taking off her raincoat to reveal a mini-skirt she'd worn when she first met Mr. Lewis 13 years ago. She summed up the theme of the evening as "how things change and how things stay the same." Mrs.

Smink and Ms. Dunlavey researched the events of 1933 and linked them to Mr. Lewis' life. Mrs. Berry and Miss Theeman organized the musical entertainment. Mrs. Berry wrote new lyrics to the music from "Guys and Dolls," one of Mr. Lewis' favorite musicals. Miss Theeman taught the songs to a chorus of about 30 teachers and accompanied them on the piano. The "Fugue for Tin Horns" sung by Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Tupper, and Mrs. Berry highlighted the show. Mrs. Alexander, thirty days younger than Mr. Lewis, read him a poem called "Growing Old Together." The poem ended, "Poor Jim is all used up now/And I am in my prime./For the old chap is 50/And I'm still 49." Mrs. Williams, also wrote him a poem entitled "A Ditty from Kitty."

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Mrs. Anne Smink and Mrs. Margo Dunlavey lead the faculty in song.

64 / Faculty

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Miss Suzanne Wilsey helps Mr. Lewis take the candles off his cake.

Faculty/65

66 / Seniors

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hat is your definition of "a Senior?"

That's hard to say. How do you define a goddess? — Tara Owen, 12 a person that is going into the world on her own. — Melanie Phillips, 6

A twelfth grader — Suzanne Duvall, 10 — Irim Sarwar, 11 — Tena Fishman, 11 — Nicole Barrick, 6 — Leslie Shriner, 11 They have fun all the time and they get lockers. — Jill Maybee, 4 Blue lips are nothing — I'll show you golden lips. Ann Davidson chews on her necklace while looking at the blue Weird. All their pictures in last year's Yearbook lipped people at the Pot Luck dinner. looked funny. Oh no! School is getting in the way of the soaps, more and — Crissy Burbach, 4 more. Jeanne Hazard, Maria Tousimis, Amy Edwards, Sydney Trattner, and Peggy McGill in the FCL.

Seniors / 67

Why do you need money, when you can have this incredible body? Catherine Colby shows her spirit during the United Way Campaign. No really, is this spiked! Lee Anne Humphrey, Kendra Barnes, and Jeanne Hazard celebrate Halloween at the Gimer house.

Halloween isn't for witches and ghosts anymore; it's for tables! Seniors gather to celebrate. And they say you can't wear white after September! Lynn Wells, Ana Coyne, and Kathie Gibson parade around the circle.

68 / Seniors

There was a roach in your m u g ? Samantha Semerad, Catherine Colby, Betsy Kingsley, and Sandra Engle relax in the FCL.

'Cuz w e are, wild and craazy gals. The Class of '84 is indeed a unique senior class. There has never been a class like us and there will probably never be one quite like us again. W e like to do things in our own individual way. That's why w e attend parties dressed ferocious as feline animals. That's why w e wear towels instead of uniforms to school. That's why w e donate our books instead of money to the United W a y (We're also cheap!). That's why w e grab for the brass ring. Lynn, if you want to be a table, it's o.k. We're the kind of people w h o crack a smile instead of books, w h o open doors with our minds not our looks. Notice that rhymed. We're also poets.

Allyson Tracey Abrams Ten Years

Throw a kiss and say goodbye. — Steely Dan Summer's here and the time is right. — Bruce Springsteen Each night I wait to get caught; but I never do. — Bruce Springsteen I wish those days would come back once more W h y did those days ever have to go Cause I love them so. — Stevie Wonder You're a part of me I can't replace Together we can weather the storm. — Olivia Newton-John M o m and Dad, I love you!

70 / Seniors

Here comes trouble — — Marshall Crenshaw

Deborah Grace Allamong • Debbie Ten Years

I used to be disgusted, and n o w I try to be amused. — Elvis Costello If someone's there to know and care With love you can always recall — The happiest time of all. — "Cheaper By The Dozen" Great Falls . . . bottles of champagne .. Stanley . . . "Oh m y God, it's a bird" . . . Primary Day . a Tab and a . . . Cigarette . . . surprise visits . . . N Y C beachweek . backstage . . .

If you can't handle it, switch your major 'cause it doesn't get any tougher than the theatre. — "Fame" Daddy, I love you heaps and gobs, stuff and bricks, a bushel and a peck and a hug around the neck. Love, Deb-Deb

Seniors/71

Caroline Baker Allnutt Six years

I'm not unhappy, W h y be sad? Think of all the good Times that we've had — — Bus Boys Boon — You're the greatest — I love you. — Otter 72 / Seniors

Sally Jean Andrews Six Years

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When one door closes, another opens; but we often look so Every man's life is a fairy-tale written by God's fingers. long and so regretfully upon the closed door that we do not — Hans Christian Anderson see the one which has opened for us. — Alexander Graham Bell Wherever there is a human being there is an opportunity for kindness. Dreaming is free. — Seneca — Blondie Seniors / 73

Kendra Daubitz Barnes Four Years

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 74 / Seniors

Always do right. This will gratify some people, and astonish the rest. — Mark Twain

Michele Alanna Barnwell Five Years

This game is not over yet, By any stretch of the imagination. Thanks Mummy and Daddy I love you. Michele

It is bad to be right in the middle of an adventure and wish you were at home. It's worse to be at home, wishing you were in the middle of an adventure. — Cornelius Hackle, "Hello Dolly"

Seniors / 75

Christine Margaret Blasey • Chrissy Six years

To Mom, Dad, Tom, and Ralph: My gift is my song. This one's for you. And you can tell everybody this is your song. It may be quite simple but now that it's done, I hope you don't mind that I put down in words, How wonderful life is while you're in the world. — Elton John Gasping at glimpses of gentle, true spirit He runs, wishing he could fly Only to trip at the sound of goodbye. — Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young Don't be angry, Don't be sad, And don't sit cryin' over good times had. — Stephen Stills Go your way, I'll go mine and carry on. — Stephen Stills

76 / Seniors

Tearing yourself away from me now You are free and I am crying This does not mean I don't love you I do, that's forever, yes, and for always. — Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young

Michelle Renee Boeker Two Years

They say you can't have the best of both worlds. They never said, you couldn't spend your life trying. — Anonymous

With every goodbye I learn. — Anonymous

Seniors / 77

Karen Elizabeth Branson Four Years

To my family, friends, and especially Daddy, Thanks for your constant love, support, and understanding. I love you always, This is for you. Shoot for the moon, if you miss you'll still be among the stars. — Donny Simpson Dare to be different, no matter what the cost —

78/Seniors

Love m e without fear, Trust m e without questioning Need m e without restriction Desire m e without inhibitions, Accept m e without change For a love so free Will never fly away ... — Anonymous Don't walk in front of me, I may not follow. Don't walk behind m e , I m a y not lead. Just walk beside m e and be m y friend. — Anonymous

But what a shining animal is man, W h o knows, when pain subsides, that is not that, For worse than must follow — yet can write Music, can laugh, play tennis even plan. — Edna St. Vincent Millay

Better to be silent and thought a fool than to speak and leav no doubt. — Abraham Lincoln They are waiting on the shingle — will you c o m e and join the dance? Will you, won't you, will you, won't you will you join the dance? Will you, won,t you, will you, won't you won't you join the dance? — Lewis Carroll Thanks Mom and Dad — I love you! Seniors / 79

Robyn Marie Clark Ten Years

Toby "Super Pooch" Clark Life is just a fantasy, Can you live this fantasy out? — JP Mom — Thanks and I love ya! 80 / Seniors

Lisa Valerie Clarke • Valerie Six Years

Everybody's got a hunger, a hunger they can't resist. There's so m u c h that you want, you deserve m u c h more than this. But if dreams c o m e true, oh wouldn't that be nice, £ut this ain't no dream we're living through tonight. fciirl, you want it, you take it, you pay the price. — Bruce Springsteen

Fun is the one thing that money can't buy Something inside that was always denied For so many years. Bye, Bye. — Beatles

Live by the harmless in truths (foma) that make you brave and kind and healthy and happy. — Kurt Vonnegut Seniors / 81

Catherine Letitia Colby Nine Years

The most utterly lost of all days, Is that in which you have not once laughed. — Chamfort I crossed a moor, with a name of its own And a certain use in the world no doubt, Yet a hand's breadth of it shines alone 'Mid the blank miles round about. — Robert Browning

82 / Seniors

Don't let m e hear you say life's taking you nowhere. — David Bowie Now this is not the end, It is not even the beginning. — Winston Churchill Friendship is one of those things That gives value to survival. — C.S. Lewis

Caryn Ellen Coppedge Six Years

The only guide to a m a n is his conscience; the only shield to his m e m o r y is the rectitude and sincerity of his actions. — Sir Winston Churchill

W h e n you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth. — Sir Arthur Conon Doyle

Friendship is the only cement that will ever hold the world together. Woodrow Wilson

Ana Patricia Coyne Six Years

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Arise, go forth, and conquer . . . â€” Tennyson

84 / Seniors

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W I do. i 1 To Papoff: For standing behind m e in everything To M a m a : For letting m e climb any mountain I wanted to. To Lynn: For being m y other half.

Ann Sherrill Davidson Three Years

Still round the corner there m a y wait A new read or a secret gate, And though w e pass them by today,
Tomorrow w e m a y c o m e this way And take the hidden paths that run Towards the M o o n or to the Sun.
Apple, thorn, and nut and sloe, Let them go! Let them go! Sand and stone and pool and dell, Fare you well! Fare
you well!

H o m e is behind, the world ahead, And there are many paths to tread Through shadows to the edge of night,
Until the stars are all alight. Then world behind and h o m e ahead, We'll wander back to h o m e and bed. Mist
and twilight, cloud and shade Away shall fade! Away shall fade! Fire and lamp, meat and bread, And then to
bed! and then to bed! â€” J.R.R. Tolkien Seniors / 85

Madine Marie Susan d'Eprenesnil Eight Years

I want a world where people are respected for the ease and warmth of their melting, rather than the strength of
their walls. — Clint Weyand The air is pressed in by the walls, too tight for laughing. There's something strange
about a place where they won't let themselves loose and laugh. — Ken Kesey

86 / Seniors

Success is a journey not a destination. — Renee Poussant The more faithfully you listen to the voice within you,
the better you will hear. — Dag Halmarskjold I have m a n y thank you's and little space; thank you,
everybody! I love you, M o m and Dad.

Amy Beth Edwards Ten Years

Bring in the bottled lightning, A clean tumbler, and a corkskrew. — Charles Dickens We laughed and laughed
And nothing happened But happiness. — B. Raffel

If you remember the good times you've had and become sad because they are gone — what is the use of them
ever being? — Anonymous

— Marcel Marceau

Seniors / 87

Lee Anne Elliott Six Years

Happiness is a habit — cultivate it.

Well after all is said and done, I gotta move — I had my fun. I'm gonna walk before they make me run. — The
Rolling Stones You can't always get what you want But if you try sometimes You just might find You get what
you need — The Rolling Stones You gotta move — The Rolling Stones 88 / Seniors

Alexandra Lee Engle • Sandra Ten Years

^&mr\$. Just be yourself. No matter what happens they can't take that away from you. — Coleman ("Trading
Places") We must all learn to laugh at ourselves. — Garfield All the world's a cookie jar, and all the men and
women merely crumbs. I happen to be one of the chocolate chips. — Garfield

The world is full of willing people; some willing to work, the rest willing to let them. — Robert Frost So man
makes opportunity. All the great men ever did was to know when it came to them. — Jack London Seniors / 89

Amy Lynn Englehardt Ten Years

He had angered Providence by resisting too many temptations. There was nothing left but Heaven, where he
would meet only those who, like him, had wasted earth. — F. Scott Fitzgerald The past is just a portrait. The
future's ours to frame. — The Squeeze And then one day you find Ten years have got behind you. No one told
you when to run You missed the starting gun. — Pink Floyd Thanks, Mom, Dad, and B. 90 / Seniors

Andrea Katherine Evers • Evie Three Years

Having fun is my reason for living. (Give me a break) — Gang of Four

Every now and then I get a little bit nervous that the best of all our years have gone by. — Bonnie Tyler

Life is far too important a thing to ever talk seriously about — Oscar Wilde Well, my friends the time has come
Raise the roof and have some fun Throw away the work to be done Let the music play on. — Lionel Richie
Carpe Diem! Come on, my friends, I would like to propose a toast — To the strength that's surrounding me and
to those who've cared. — Dexey's Midnight Runners Seniors/91

Diedre Ayn Fields • Dee Dee Four Years

To Mom and my friends: Thanks for your constant support and undying love, You've shown me the sky is my
only limit. You've taught me always dare to be different. Thanks for believing in me, I love you all. — me

92 / Seniors

So much of life ahead. We start out walking and learn to run. We've only just begun. — The Carpenters
If I fail, if I succeed, at least I'll live as I believe. No matter what they take from me, they can't take away my dignity. — George Benson

Susan Elizabeth Franklin Six Years

mmmA friend is one who knows you as you are, Understands where you've been, Accepts who you've become, And still, gently invites you to grow.

It doesn't matter who you are, It's all the same, What's in your heart will never change. — Shooting Star

You think you know a cat for ten years, he pulls somethin' like Mom and Dad — this. You can't get rid of me this easily. — Steve Martin Seniors / 93

Katharine Lee Gibson • Kathie Four Years

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee Calls back the lovely April of her prime; So thou through windows of thine age shalt see, Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time. — William Shakespeare
Thanks for the help Dad.

94 / Seniors

Man's maturity: to have regained the seriousness that he had as a child at play. — Friedrich Nietzsche
There's a way, and I know that I have to go away. — Cat Stevens

Jennifer Lynn Qimer Six Years

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Don't let me hear you say life's taken you nowhere. — David Bowie
Don't be dismayed at good-byes. A farewell is necessary before you can meet again. And meeting again after moments of life times, Is certain for those who are friends. — R. Back
Watch out. You might get what you're after. — Talking Heads

Good friends we have Oh, good friends we have lost Along the way In this great future You can't forget your past
So dry your tears I see — Bob Marley
It's the laughter we will remember, Whenever we remember the way we were. — Barbara Streisand Seniors / 95

Elizabeth Jane Glennie • Beth Seven Years

Get your facts first, and then you can distort 'em as much as you please. — Mark Twain
It's funny. All you have to do is say something nobody understands; and they'll do practically anything you want them to. — J.D. Salinger
Thanks, Mom, Dad, Justina, and Reid — j | ove y O U 96 / Seniors

Remember one thing only: that it's you — nobody else — who will determine your destiny and decide your fate. Nobody else can be alive for you; nor can you be alive for anyone else. — e.e. cummings
Inside every sane person there is a lunatic trying desperately to remain where he is and not succeeding. — Dudley Moore

Lord, I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing. — Jonathan Swift

Jeanne Marie Hazard Ten Years

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The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart. — Meneuis

A girl without freckles, is like a day without sunshine. — Anonymous Nothing is so strong as gentleness, nothing so gentle as real strength. — Anonymous

Seniors / 97

Miriam Florence Herman Ten Years

Qu'ils sont doux, mais qu'ils sont rapides, les moments que les freres et les soeurs passent dans leurs jeunes annees, reunis sous l'aile de leurs vieux parents! La famille de l'homme n'est que d'un jour; le souffle de Dieu la disperse comme une fumee. — Chateaubriand

I'm wearying to escape into that glorious world and to be always there; not seeing it dimly through tears and yearning for it through the walls of an aching heart; but really with it and in it. — Emily Bronte O temps suspends ton vol! et vous, heures propices, suspendez votre cours! Laissez-nous savourer les rapides Des plus beaux de nos jours! — Lamartine

98 / Seniors

Daphne Jane Holt Six Years

Remember things do not slide, glide, forge or fashion — they fall in place. — Ann Beutlie Seniors / 99

Holly Marie Elizabeth Huelsman Six Years

Sunshine on my shoulders makes me happy. — John Denver Don't be dismayed at good-byes. A farewell is necessary before you can meet again. — R. Back Mom and Daddy, Thank you for making me a part of your life. I love you now and always. Though the distance may divide us There is a paradise inside us we can't lose. — Dan Fogelburg

100/Seniors

Lee Anne Humphrey Two Years

We all dream alot — some are lucky, some are not But if you think it, want it, dream it, then it's real. You are what you feel. "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat"

Mom , and Dad, Thanks for everything. Love, Lee Anne

Seniors/101

Florence Isabelle Leland Ingham Ten Years

Laughter is not at all a bad beginning for a friendship, and is the far best ending for one. — Oscar Wilde A golf course is the epitome of all that is purely transitory in the universe, a space not to dwell in, but to get over as

quickly as possible. — Jean Giravdoux It is happy talent to know how to play. — Emerson

102 / Seniors

Stacey Jean Kavounis Six Years

Ifindmyself in nothing else so happy as in a soul remembering m y good friends! — Shakespeare Monday is a hard way to spend one-seventh of your life. — Anonymous

Daddy — I may not sit in your lap very often anymore, but I' always need you. Mom — Remember all the times when I came home on a Friday or Saturday night and we laughed until two? I do., Sunshine Seniors/103

Elizabeth Lamar Kingsley • Betsy Six Years

Memories may be beautiful and yet what's too painful to remember w e simply choose to forget. So it's the laughter we will remember the way we were. — A. Bergman

104 / Seniors

Someday, someway, maybe you'll understand me. Marshall Crenshaw I used to be disgusted, now I try to be amused. — Elvis Costello

Eliza Marie Knable Six Years

T o be closer to believing T o be just a breath away O n the death of inspiration I would buy back yesterday But there's no crueller illusion There's n o sharper coin to pay As I reach out ... it slips away.

From the opium of custom T o the ledges of extremes Don't believe it till you held it Life is seldom what it seems But lay your heart upon the table And in the shuffling of dreams R e m e m b e r w h o on earth you are. € Greg Lake Seniors/105

Julia Faith Kogan Ten Years

He w h o would learn to fly one day must learn Put another password in, B o m b it out, then try again, to stand and walk and run and climb and Try to get past logging in, dance: one cannot fly into flying. We're hacking, hacking, hacking. — Nietzsche All music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments. — Whitman Life's not worth a damn Till you can say, "Hey world, I a m what I am." — Jerry Herman 106/Seniors

Try his first wife's maiden name, This is more than just a game. It's real fun, but all the same It's hacking, hacking, hacking. — Cheshire Catalyst Love you, Mom and Dad, Lisa, Beth, Katrine, everyone. H o w will I make it on m y own?

Francine Laden Four Years

Then I started back h o m e T o the Valley of Vung I know I'll have troubles. I'll, maybe, get stung. I'll always have troubles. I'll, maybe, get bit By that Green-Headed Quail O n the place where I sit. But I've bought a big bat I'm all ready, you see. N o w m y troubles are going T o have troubles with m e ! — Dr. Seuss

Let every m a n in mankind's frailty Consider his last day; and let none Presume on his good fortune until he find Life, at his death, a m e m o r y without pain. — Sophocles Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two m a

k e four. If that is granted, all else follows. — George Orwell, 1984

Kathleen Elizabeth Lamb ~ Kathy Four Years

I count him braver w h o overcomes his desires than he w h o conquers his enemies; for the hardest victory is the victory over self. ~ Aristotle

108/Seniors

Michelle Nicol Levister Two Years

O n ne voit bien qu'avec le coeur. L'essentiel est invisible pour les yeux. — Saint Exupery

Daddy — Thank you for letting m e know you care even though the miles separate us. I'll always be your little girl.

Mommy Thank you for being a friend. Don't worry about m e because your love will always protect me. Thank you for making m y life easier and happier. I love you!

D.W. (I.H.) — You have helped m e to grow as a person. I will never forget all the times you were there when I needed someone. Don't change . . .

Clay — Where would I be without m y big brother?

M.L.— Your strength keeps m e going and will stay with m e forever . . . Seniors/109

Catherine Paula Mastny Seven Years

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Ce qui fait le bonheur des h o m m e s , c'est d'aimer a faire ce qu'ils ont a faire. — Helvetius Those move easiest, who have learned to dance. — Pope

110/ Seniors

There is a tide in the affairs of m e n , Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyages of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries. O n such a full sea are w e n o w afloat; And w e must take the current when it serves, Or lose our ventures. — Shakespeare

Anne Leslie McBride Six Years

Time passes m u c h too quickly when we're together laughing. — Chicago

S o m e hang on to used to be, Live their lives looking behind. All we have is here and now, All our lives out there to find. A friend is a person w h o knows all about you and likes you in — Joe Cocker and Jennifer Warrens spite of it. — Mark Twain Thanks M o m and Dad! Seniors /111

Rachael Adair McClellan

Four Years

Smile, smile, smile, and believe. — Earth, Wind, and Fire W h e n one is pretending, the entire body revolts. — Anais Nin You can believe it if it helps you to sleep, but singing works just fine for m e . — James Taylor 112/Seniors

Pooh, promise m e you won't forget m e , ever, not even when I'm a hundred. — A A . Milne Thanx, M o m and David! I love you! Au revoir m e s amis . . . Je vous aime beaucoup. — James Taylor

Margaret Anne McGill • Peggy Six Years

Leslie, Erin, M o m and Dad, Thanks for everything, I could never have m a d e it without you. So it's the laughter we will remember, Whenever we remember. The way w e were. — Barbra Streisand My life is going too fast; my only hope is that we go into overtime. — Snoopy Best of friends never part. — Boz Scaggs Friends, I will remember you, think of you, Pray for you. And when another day is through, I'll still be friends with you! — John Denver

Tell m e where is m y life without your love. — George Harrison

Muffin, Whenever I see your smiling face, I have to smile myself, because I love you. — James Taylor Seniors/113

Monica Lee McLean Eight Years

You can always tell a real friend; when you've m a d e a fool of yourself he doesn't feel you've done a permanent job. — Lawrence Peter Laughter is the sensation of feeling good all over and showing it principally in one place. — Josh Billings If dreams came true, O h wouldn't that be nice. — Bruce Springsteen I never let my schooling interfere with my education. — Mark Twain The secret of life is enjoying the passage of time. — James Taylor To J — R e m e m b e r m e as the sound of laughter. — Diana Ross

114/ Seniors

Mary Patricia Micklitsch • Mimi Nine Years

In a cold world, you need your friends to keep you warm. — "The Big Chill" I had a pleasant time with m y mind, for it was happy. — Louisa May Alcott

S o m e people manicure their nails, S o m e people trim them neatly, S o m e people keep them filed down, I bite 'em off completely Yes, it's a nasty habit, but Before you start to scold, Remember, I have never ever Scratched a single soul. — Shel Silverstein Seniors /115

Martha Patricia Mispireta Four Years

The — — — — —

people I: For Marielle: love the most in the whole world, The Spirit of M a n is great, could never live without, H o w puny are his deeds. consider m y good friends, — Anne Frank recognize as m y teachers and guardians, respect and honor most, Come join our party, need desperately, See how w e play. are m y M o m and Dad, — Lionel Richie — Me Laly, Spend all you have for loveliness, I could have never m a d e it without you. I love you. Buy it and never count the cost; — Matty For one white singing hour of peace Count many a year of strife well lost, And for a breath of ecstasy Give all you have been, or could be. — Sara Teasdale 116/ Seniors

Christine Nyirjesy • N e w Jersey Six Years

(In jour la Terre ne sera Qu'un aveugle espace qui tourne Confondant la nuit et le jour. — Supervielle

All is groovy. — Simon and Garfunkel

We —

Beware of all enterprises which require new clothes. — Henry David Thoreau

So tired of all the darkness in our lives With no more angry words to say Can c o m e alive. Joe Jackson

In this world, just when you're trying to think of yourself memorable, there is always someone w h o forgets that they've met you. — John Irving Everybody's got their life to live. — Diana Ross

as I'll be there on time and I'll pay the cost, For wanting things that can only be found In the darkness on the edge of town. — Bruce Springsteen

Seniors/117

Tara Ann Owen Ten Yearsc

H o w about that ... m y ship finally comes in and it turns out to be a garbage scow. — Ziggy Many people come to me and they say, "Hey, how can you be such a swinging sex God(dess)?" — Steve Martin Oh, if you're a bird, be an early bird And catch the w o r m for your breakfast plate. If you're a bird, be an early bird — But if you're a worm, sleep late. — Shel Silverstein Mom, what will I do without your tuna casserole? Dad, what will I do without Time magazine? 118/ Seniors

Sarah Whyte Pannier Five Years

W o m e n can do anything if they have determination and dedication. A w o m a n should m a k e up her mind to do something and then do it and not get scared, (and every time a m a n tells you he loves you, don't believe him.) What a long, strange trip it's been. — Grateful Dead

California, a prophet on the golden shore, California, I'll be knocking on the golden door. Like an angel standin' in a shaft of light, rising up to paradise, I know I'm gonna shine. — Grateful Dead

Daddy, I love you very much. — The Beasle To Jenni I leave happiness, fantastic journeys of the mind, Alice's mushrooms, "the cloud," moose, and G T O jungle parking. Seniors /119

Adrienne Stephanie Pappas Ten Years

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. — Emerson You grow up the day you have your first real laugh at yourself. — Ethel Barrymore 120/Seniors

The world is round and the place which m a y seem like the end m a y also be the beginning. — Ivy Baker Priest Hitch your wagon to a star. — Emerson

Anita Esther Pellman Mine Years

If any little word of mine M a y m a k e a life the brighter, If any little song of mine May m a k e a heart the lighter, G o d help m e speak the little word, And take m y bit of singing, And drop it in s o m e lovely vale T o set the echoes ringing. If any little love of mine May m a k e a life the sweeter,

If any little care of mine May make a friend's the fleeter, If any little lift of mine may ease The burden of another, God give me love and care and strength To help my toiling brother. — Author unknown Thank you Mommy, Daddy, Grandpa, and Aaron. I love you.

Seniors/121

Susan Bebette Pinckemell Ten Years

A short cut is the longest distance between two points. — Murphy Just a bit of daydream here and there. — J. Hendrix There can be no rainbow without a cloud and a storm. — J.H. Vincent Believe it! Mom, Daddy, and Chet — I Love you, thanx for everything! Thanks D A , S.S., R.S., R.M., K.R., AM., P.M., T.T., N.E.M.C.!

122/Seniors

Estela Maritza Radan Nine Years

As you glide in your stride with the wind, as you fly away Give a smile from your lips and say I am free, yes I'm free, now I'm on my way. — Earth, Wind and Fire Seniors/123

Catherine Mary Rafferty Ten Years

I decided long ago never to follow in anyone's shadow. If I fall, if I succeed, at least I'll live as I believe. — George Benson

There never seems to be enough time to do the things you want to do once you find them. — Jim Croce

And in the end, the love you take is equal to the love you make. — The Beatles

No one can make you feel inferior unless you let them. — Eleanor Roosevelt

When you lose your dream, you die. — Flashdance

Thank you Mom, Dad, Scott, and Phil for always being there. I love you! This too will pass.

124 /Seniors

Joyce Ann Rogers Three Years

I say to you today, my friends, that in spite of the difficulties and frustrations of the moment I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream. I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: " We hold these truths to be self evident — that all men (and women) are created equal." — Martin Luther King Joyce, I am very proud of you. Love, Mom

There are places I'll remember all my life though some have changed. Some forever not for better, some have gone and some remain. All these places had their moments with . . . friends I still can recall. Some are dead and some are living, In my life I've loved them all. — The Beatles

Seniors/125

Valerie Anne Marie Rousset Eight Years

Early to bed, early to rise Is rough on the night life And therefore unwise. — Unknown Look around and choose your own ground For long you live and high you fly And smiles you'll give, and tears you'll cry And all you touch, and all you see Is all your life will ever be. — Pink Floyd I believe the impossible can come true if we want it to. — The D a m n e d 126/Seniors

I survived! — EJ. Sieyes Si toutes lesfillesdu m o n d e voulaient se donner la main; Tout auteur de la mer elles pourraient fiare une ronde. Si tous les gas du m o n d e voulaient bien etre marins; Ils feraient avec leurs barques un joli pont sur l'onde. Alors on pourrait faire une ronde autour du monde; Si tous les gens du m o n d e voulaient se donner la main. — George Brassens Merci, M a m a n et Papa

Luisa Maria Santillo Six Years

If they can't take a joke â€” * ! # @ 'em â€” Bette Midler and m y Mother

Samantha Semerad # Sam S e v e n Years

If I don't have all the answers Then at least I know I'll take m y share of chances. There ain't no use in holding on when nothing Stays the same. S o I'll let it rain 'cause The rain ain't gonna hurt m e . . . It's m y turn. — Diana Ross

If I had to say which defenses guard you best through life, say there are no good ones at all, and that you are most s when you put down your weapons, and your fears, and wo instead about how to m a k e the other person feel comforta about you.

We may be lost but we're making good time. — Dennis the Menace

Thank you Mom and Dad for chasing away the alligators under m y bed, yelling at m e when I was being stupid, trus in m e , standing behind m e and always being there for m e teaching m e to believe in myself, giving m e lots of hugs, bringing m e hot tea in bed on Sunday mornings, and mos all for always letting m e know you love m e . I love you very I much.

Remember you don't look back whatever you do . . . you better start doing it right. Let the dance begin. — Genesis (M.J. 128/Seniors

— Merle 3

>Usa Caryn Shapiro ,en

:ight Years

I never noticed the size of m y feet until I kicked you in the shins. — Police It's no fun bein' an illegal alien. — Genesis If only we had been born clowns, nothing bad would happen to us except a few bruises and a smear of whitewash. Don't learn from experience, Milly. It ruins our peace and our lives. — Graham Greene I'd come on over but I haven't got a raincoat. — Police I do not like green eggs and ham I do not like them, Sam-I-am. — Dr. Seuss Seniors/129

Elizabeth Jean Sherfy Six Years

You're only young once, but you can be immature the rest of your life. â€” Anonymous Ah, when to the heart of man was it ever less than a reason To go with the drift of things, to yield with a grace to reason, And bow and accept the end of a love of a season? â€” Robert Frost Thank you Mom and Dad. I love you. 130/Seniors

Laura Jean Simms Six Years

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riendship is a single soul dwelling in two bodies. — Aristotle

ancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of the arts, because it is no mere translation or abstraction from life - it is life itself. — Havelock Ellis

I

Make the most of yourself, for that is all there is to you. — Emerson
Now if all my golden moments could be rolled into one, They would shine like the sun for a summer day. — James Taylor

"The most wasted day is that in which we have not laughed. — Chamfort Seniors/131

Susan Elizabeth Taylor Six Years

Mom, thank you for everything. Dad, thank you for being there. I'll love you both always. Jimmy, I love you. Grandpa, thank you for being an example for me to follow. Thank you for being there for me to lean on even when you didn't know I was looking to you for support. Voici mon secret. Il est tres simple; on ne voit bien qu'avec le coeur. L'essentiel est invisible pour les yeux. — Antoine de Saint Exupery
Mais tu ne dois pas l'oublier. Tu deviens responsable pour toujours de ce que tu as apprivoisé. Tu es responsable . . . — Antoine de Saint Exupery

132 / Seniors

Maria Eleni Tousimis Ten Years

To handle yourself, use your head; To handle others, use your heart. — Anonymous

Insist on yourself; Never imitate. — Ralph Waldo Emerson

Old days, good times I remember Old days, days I'll always treasure. — Chicago

There is nothing permanent except change. — Heraclitus

Mary Sydney Trattner • Sydney Six Years

We're the movers and we're the shapers, We're the names in tomorrow's papers. Up to us, man, to show 'em. — Stephen Sondheim 134/Seniors

Kimberly Anne Ward Four Years

Now the years are rolling by
They are rocking evenly
I am older than I once was
Younger than I'll be
But that's not unusual
No, it isn't strange
After changes upon changes
We are more or less the same
After changes
We are more or less the same — Simon and Garfunkel

Look around and choose your own ground
For long you live and high you fly
And smiles you'll give and tears
you'll cry
And all you touch and all you see
Is all your life will ever be. — Pink Floyd
Pretty is as pretty does.
Dad Father and Mother, sister and brothers,
Show them the way that you feel. — James Taylor

Leslie Catherine Ward ~ Lulu Nine Years

Mom and Dad: Thanks for always being there. I love you. Friends, I will remember you, Think of you, pray for you and When another day is through I'll still be friends with you ~; John Denver

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Leslie Pirie Warren Six Years

Otter, I couldn't have made it without you. I'll miss you. Sooner or later you will find a way, To feel like sunshine even on a cloudy day; To feel like morning in the dead of night. Sooner or later it will be alright. So don't keep thinking your life's a mess, rather start thinking in terms of your happiness. . . . And start blazing your own trail again. — Reo Speedwagon

Time for me to fly. — Reo Speedwagon . . . Let me tell you something and you listen good. Success is nothing unless you have someone to share it with. — Billy Dee Williams Mom and Dad, For all that we've been through and the help you've given me by just being there. Thanks! I Love You! Seniors/137

Life's a pretty precious and wonderful thing. You can't sit down and let it lap around you . . . you have to plunge into it; you have to dive through it! And you can't save it, you can't store it up; you can't hoard it in a vault. You've got to use it. The more you use, the more you have . . . that's the miracle of it! ~; Kyre Crichton To my family: Thank you for everything you've done for me . Please don't ever not be there for me . I love you all so much. Daddy this is for you, I'll always be your little girl. To my friends: We've shared laughter and tears, as well as dreams. We've learned how to live and love. Everything you taught me is a part of me now. I'll remember you as the best of friends. 138/Seniors

Virginia Leigh White Three Years

I was gratified to be able to answer promptly, and I did. I said It's Monday, Garfield. What are you going to do today? I didn't know. What everyone should do on Monday . . . sleep 'til Tuesday. — Mark Twain — Jim Davis "Garfield" Shoot for the moon , and then if you miss at least you land amongst the stars. — Ken Beatrice Seniors/139

Graduation: The Final Frontier These are the voyages of the starship Groans 'n' Sighs: its ten year mission to search out new life, to explore new civilizations, to boldly go where no man has gone before (pipe in "Star Trek" theme song). Yes, it has been a long trek since we first entered Holton's hallowed halls in 1974 and during these years, we have searched for new life. Unfortunately we found it not in the biology laboratory, but in our applesauce at lunch. We have explored new civilization. During our years at Holton we've dated men from nearly every country in the Western world. And we have gone boldly where no man has gone before, excepting those few, brief, shining years when Holton did allow members of the opposite sex. Captain's Log: Star Date 9/74 Experiencing some inexplicable waves of knowledge emanating from the surface of an institution named Holton-Arms, thirty of our youngest crew members, the eight-year old task force including myself Captain Quirk,

beamed down to investigate. There we encountered on the first floor of the academic building, our mentors for the next year. Mrs. Stabler was the white haired queen and principal of the Lower School and guided us through countless morning assemblies with the Lord's Prayer and the memorable Thought for the Day. Our homeroom teachers were Mrs. Ramsey, whose English accent and pet guinea pig, King Jeronimo, were so appealing; and Mrs. Cokinos, the energetic director of all our dramatic endeavors, whose hair managed to do everything but stay on her scalp. Everything Mrs. Cokinos did was a production, from discussing the branches of government to our Halloween play starring Leland as the scarecrow, and our spring play "Corinna Goes A-Maying" with Julie as the lead. Holidays were always fun. Donned in the plastic Wonder Woman costume Mom had purchased at Drug Fair, we'd parade around the front circle with the Seniors on Halloween. (Anything to get out of class.) Thanksgiving meant a feast in the study hall complete with pre-fabricated

cardboard pilgrim hats. Christmas, we stuck cloves in oranges and wrapped them in red netting. They smelled nice, but they were ugly. Easter meant the annual ruthless, savage, Freshman sponsored, battle for the beans, described by some as organized carnage, which was only surpassed in magnitude by the daily scrapple for graham crackers at snack time. We had our embarrassing moments in third grade, granted they were minimal. Like the time Selene Oaks went to the bathroom on the playground, or the time(s) Tara ate the entire classes' cupcake wrappers after birthday celebrations. And we can't forget those wonderful, fun-filled gym periods spent trying to get rid of the itches those horrid, polyester, one-piece uniforms created. Then there was the cat family: Adrienne (Mom), Caneel Cotton (Cinnamon), Maria (Pepper), Kelly Kern (Strawberry Shortcake), Allyson (Paddles), Nancy Trimm, and Estela. It was slightly embarrassing when prospective parents walked by a classroom and saw these girls meowing, crawling around on all fours and stretching each other's paws.

Adrienne's crutches to play with and the old standby, Dress-up. Quizzes. Between Mrs. Burnett's math timed tests on addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, and Mrs. Duffield's demon spelling quizzes with words like "antidisestablishmentarianism", we were so quizzed out by the end of the first week of fifth grade, we seriously considered quitting school and joining a chain gang in Tennessee. But we survived although somewhat worse for wear. Now that we look back on it, the good times far outweighed the bad (didn't they?). running into occasional trees when your Reluctantly we entered fourth There were Mr. Wilson's Thursday bus driver, the nighttime percussionist, grade, the domain of Harris assemblies with "Won't You Play a started drumming on the steering wheel and Weintraub. Everything Simple Melody?" and "Rainy Days on seemed to change, (and just and forgot he was driving with it. Monday". There was the Captain and And if you were on a bus with when we were getting used to things). Tenille and "Love Will Keep Us A my Englehardt, you were in even The new Lower School replaced our Together". There was the Jamboree worse shape. A my , back then, delighted corner of the Academic Building; Mrs. and our immensely successful apple Hansen replaced Mrs. Stabler; and silent in disposing of other peoples' clothing and cherry booth. And there were the via the back window of the bus, clapping replaced the Lord's Prayer in slumber parties with "Truth or Dare" particularly Tara's. On several occasions assembly. 1975-1976 was the year of and "Light as a Feather, Stiff as a the bus had to pull onto the shoulder of Bonne Bell, mood rings, pet rocks, Board". Neville was by far the best story River Road so Tara could go back and Judy Blume's Are you . . . , and the teller. She could make up some truly retrieve what was her coat, now a school's seventy-fifth anniversary. We gory horseback riding accidents (we bunch of feathers and nylon plastered commemorated this anniversary in a were inevitably riding a horse when we on the road. poignant medley written by Miriam met our end) and Lulu was the A my didn't get in trouble for that, but which combined the melodies of superlative victim. We could lift her one, she did get in trouble when she and "Yankee Doodle", "America the two feet off the floor. Of course no one Maria emptied all of the bookbags in Beautiful", and "The Alma Mater". took into account the fact that she was Mrs. Weintraub's room during recess. Afterwards we recited a short speech, tiny; we naturally assumed that it was A my and Maria had oodles of fun "Seventy-five years ago, a new school; the effects of a deep, transcendental, Spring Break looking up the definitions of meditative state. two hundred years ago, a new country!", proving that Lower Schoolers "rude" and "inconsiderate". Come to We had fun at slumber parties but we think of it, A my was also the one who could handle heavy drama. But we enjoyed ourselves even more broke Miriam's backscratcher from Walt easily grasped the lighter, comic thoroughly in our sex ed. talks with Mrs. Disney

World. But it wasn't just A m y . material as well. Sandra, Mimi, Maria Duffield. "Notice, girls, someday I Mrs. Harris's students used to m a k e her and Estela impressed their busmates jump right out of m y chair and so m a d she'd flick her bic (pen) into with their renditions of favorite someday I just ease out." That and the air. What goes up though does not come down; the favorite of those "My aunt fell off the roof" were Mrs. necessarily c o m e down. The pen is favorites being McDonalds "Glasses to Duffield's subtle descriptions of that Go". However, the Rockville community probably still stuck to the ceiling. time of the month. W e , of course, had But she didn't stay m a d for very long. was not as impressed. A group of no idea what she was talking about. Soon she was back in the corner "My aunt fell off the roof?" Mrs. Kordell, teenagers off Bells Mill Road reading the great children's classics like however, was a little more explicit. demonstrated these feelings quite effectively one day when they started to 101 Balloons and The Giant Egg, the During one of her "talks" she took out plots of which w e still recall to this day. Louise's (a model figure used for stone the bus. Meanwhile w e struggled through Health, not a real person) entire pelvic Buses were not fun. First of all, it penmanship, Ghana and Mali and region and demonstrated h o w to insert took you at least an hour to get h o m e , regardless of whether you were the first Songhai, and music with Mrs. Burton a tampon properly. W e resolved at that and her plastic keyboards. But despite or the last passenger off the bus. m o m e n t to use maxi-pads for the rest the academic overload w e managed to of our lives. Secondly, if you rode on the bus number eight, you got the added joy of enjoy ourselves. There was always Seniors/141

M r s . Harris was pregnant. She tried to keep it from us. She even c a m e up with the ludicrous excuse that she'd swallowed a watermelon, but obviously w e didn't fall for it . . . well, not for very long. W h e n spring c a m e around w e all chipped in and bought her a very personal, touching shower gift; a disposable diaper with each of our n a m e s printed on it in indelible ink. She was speechless. Fifth grade marked the beginning of our maturation in more ways than one. Instead of respecting authority w e began to question it, even challenge it. W h e n w e got back our social studies tests, there was inevitably someone w h o asked Mrs. Duffield the question on the tip of everybody's tongue, "Are you sure?" W h e n Mrs. Burnett asked Estela fascinating Iriquois Indians and an if she wanted to go to the infirmary, Estela replied, "No, thank you, but can I opportunity to memorize the preamble to the Constitution. Sixth grade was go to the nurse?" A n d when Duffield also the year w e contributed students lined up at the door to shake immeasurably to the knowledge banks Mrs. Duffield's hand, Lulu was always of the world when w e completed our thefirstand would spend the better first research papers and our first part of a minute trying to squeeze the novels, all except for Julie whose a) blood out of Mrs. D's hand. But other than that, w e were any teacher's dream maid threw out her homework b) dog ate her homework or c) brother spit on (as long as they were wearing a hard her homework. And yet, always the hat and owned a staple gun). forgiving martyrs, w e turned the other W e didn't go to Williamsburg, cheek and rewarded our teachers. W e not that we're upset about even gave Mrs. Duffield a surprise it . . . well, maybe a little birthday party. She had mentioned that ... okay we're upset. The she wanted something tall, dark, and class before us went and the class after handsome. W e gave her a Ken doll us went, and here w e are, paragons of (we couldn't find Telly Savalas). virtue and docility, and w e didn't get to Sixth grade was a year of heavy go. Instead w e got to encounter the responsibility. Under the tutelage of Mrs. joys of other sixth grade social studies Rodgers and Mrs. Eshelman, w e began projects like a term paper on the civil to lead assemblies, run the Lower war, an oral report on the always School Store, and, the distinguished duty everyone fought for, taking out the trash. But sixth grade was also the year w e felt at liberty to reveal our true personalities. Miriam, always the innovative organizer, established the first Lower School paper, directed the first spelling bee, and designed the "Please Drive Slowly" sign for the Lower School driveway. Selene Oakes sported her Andy Gibb tote bag all over school while Monica sported her Chicken Pox all over school. It was the worst case her doctor had ever seen! So most of us steered clear of the once

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popular Monica and focused our attention on other things like Forever and our stage productions. In addition to the required drama "Listen m y children and you shall hear ...", w e stunned audiences with our impromptu skits. The Rodgerettes sang "Jack ... Jack, Jack went down the hill . . . hill" for assembly one morning after a brief rehearsal in front of an electric fan. Tara and Miriam performed "There's a hole in the bucket", while their audience napped; and Leland strolled into assembly one morning dressed in a stuffed version of her mother's

bathing suit while the audience stared. Leland, unphased, began to apply sun tan oil to her body demonstrating our classes' motto: calm under pressure. Captain's Log: Star Date 9/78 Just when we were becoming accustomed to carpeted halls, painted walls, and clean bathroom stalls, fate tossed us into Middle School . . . and puberty. Not only did we have to adjust to shaving our legs and wearing itchy undergarments, but we had to abandon the security of the Lower School for an uncertain future in which loomed lockers and Friday detention. Many new students joined our class at this point and soon distinguished themselves as intellectually gifted, graceful, and compassionate people. Luisa insisted

on wearing the pelts of once thriving hayride at the Alnutt's farm and the rabbits to school. Lauren Sandler talked Middle School dance. The hayride was ... and talked . . . and talked. Chrissy a blast, but the Middle School dance managed to accidentally drop some ... well, it was a Middle School dance saliva on Mr. Caussin's head as he was — the girls gossiping on one side, guys descending the stairs. And Yvette strutting on the other, and Mrs. Hopkins on the balcony with a Duracell powered Schools, in a little tiff with Amy search light. The climax of the evening Edwards, slammed her up against a had to be watching David Tiger, (the row of lockers! one with the choker) leap across the Relationships with teachers were at a dance floor while his friend measured definite nadir, as well. Mr. Tupper, his strides. Or, for the brave few like exhibiting an inhumane streak, made Amy Edwards and Holly, leaping over Sarah Pannier and Catherine Colby sit the balcony and roaming the campus through twenty minutes of his Modern with a couple guys. But no matter how European class when he caught them you spent your time at the dance, most running down the hall and yelling. A people agreed that you would have certain French teacher (think of "The been better off if you'd stayed home Graduate") referred to us as cowboys ... with your Andy Gibb poster (you on several occasions and was know, the one of him in the pink tights). convinced we were giving her the evil eye, and sending hidden codes when Eighth grade was a year of we shook our ankles during tests. discovery. The class (Admittedly, we shouldn't have flung discovered Bare Traps, those rubber bands or that stuffed frog Bermuda bags, duck shoes, at her). Mary Nell, alias Ms. Harvey, had and Sport Sacs. Leland discovered the Chrissy clean the leech cage when she discomfort of a fractured coccyx as she discovered that Chrissy had bisected, hobbled around school looking like and thus effectively destroyed, her sea something out of a Preparation H anenome. When he asked one day if commercial. Peggy discovered that the anyone would like to leave, Mr. Wilson capital of Maryland was not Rockville. watched half his Glee Club exit the music room behind Valerie Rousset and And the entire class discovered new heights of ecstasy as we "blasted off Ann Gordon. with Miriam at her Bat Mitzvah With Dana Stewart as president and her mom as room mother, we started a celebration. Lynn Wells, our intrepid leader, scrapbook and began organizing social helped organize illuminating and functions with B O Y S , a m o n g them the

luxurious field trips, a m o n g them the retreat at the Sheridan C a m p with Petie the Sweaty. Accompanied by a raincloud the size of the Pacific Ocean, we soon became adept at walking on water, in water, and through water. But the skill Amy Edwards and Kelly Kern were really able to hone was the disinfecting and sanitizing of outdoor lavatory facilities — described by some as cleaning the latrines. That's what ya get for being in the wrong tent (In Turkey, they stone you for that). Later in the academic year, we went to King's Dominion with our mature, cosmopolitan Landon counterparts, men whose idea of fun was sucking helium out of ballons and doing unspeakable things to our stuffed animals (Tragically, this is still their idea of fun). Sally made the mistake of trusting Lisa Shapiro and put her most cherished item of clothing, her glasses, in Lisa's purse before embarking on the Rebel Yell. They found the purse an hour later under the roller coaster tracks. Sally's glasses? — fine, but Lisa's radio was in sorry shape. Another activity which attracted many of us was the M.S. production "The Sleeping Beauty" in which we distinguished ourselves as responsible professional performers, with the exception of one of us (Hogal) who found it exceedingly difficult to make it to the stage without brutalizing members of the production staff. Teachers considered us paragon's of grace and higher education, as always. Speech with Mrs. White was fun and a lot of laughs as we stumbled through commercials, interviews and speeches of self revelation. Laurie and Lynn entertained Miss Eberling in French with their Binacafightsand Salvation Army attire.

Captain's Log: Star Date 9/80 (sing to tune of Mickey Mouse theme song) Earth Science Rocks and minerals Earth Science Topographic maps Forever let us hold our lab books High €” high €” high C o m e along and sing our song And effervesce s o m e calcium E-A-R Are you ready for s o m e science? T-H-S This is really fun C-I-E-N-C-E See ya tomorrow. This merry tune compiled by Jenny Yerrick and Daphne Holt was indicative of our class's optimistic attitude towards learning as w e entered our freshman year. And this attitude extended well beyond the confines of the classroom. Kendra and Estela used to occupy their time during ninth period study halls by studying the gravitational pull on flying pencils, while Rachel McClellan and Diana Lees experienced first hand the effects of lactic acid build-up as they hiked h o m e (N.W. D.C.) one afternoon. Other freshmen were able to study the sublime art of smoke inhalation for the first time with the Juniors on the Upper School ski trip. Tara, as president, became a despot freshman year, roaming the halls wrenching g u m from the mouths of her delinquent classmates. But she did manage to coordinate s o m e class activities. Recipients of the Door Prize that year, the freshman class with help from the h u m a n dynamo, Winifred Coppedge, had an enormously successful Halloween pumpkin sale, a Christmas party, a raft trip, and a brunch. And w e managed to m a k e it to Hershey Park for the first time, although girls seemed more interested in showing off their legs in front of a camera than showing off their valor on the Sooper Dooper Looper. Yet, to be fair, s o m e of us did find the outing quite exciting. But of course w e couldn't all have that m u c h fun. Kendra spent the year with a cold, blowing her nose so hard she signalled every boat in the coastal shipping lanes. Lisa Shapiro quacked. Sandra's date turned green before she got him to the Holiday Ball. Holly 144/Seniors

spent a pleasant evening kissing the porcelain god in the "Rocky Horror Picture Show" bathroom. Chrissy managed to accumulate enough Fridays to keep her in detention for two trimesters; and Leland chewed her tongue. Wouldn't you? Armed with plastic probes and bladeless scalpels, w e entered the world of sophomore biology and consequently entered the carcasses of several distasteful animals. Dissections were such a learning experience! Beth Sherfy learned that, even dead, dogfish sharks (Squamata, to A.P. Bio students) could digest an add-a-bead necklace. Neville learned about the culinary delight of crayfish eyes. Tara learned that one can become quite attached to a grasshopper and vice versa when one escorted her on a fire drill. While Holly learned the most important lesson of all, that even though German music had its three "B"s (Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms) she had her own. W e also learned a lot in other courses. English taught us h o w to write ten

typed pages of convincing bologna while Mr. Tupper's Modern European taught us, or at least M.C., h o w to feign attentiveness while asleep . . . smac the middle of the front row. The tenth grade taught us h o w to party also; and Martha Mispireta usually provided the circumstances in which to do so. Celebrating her sweet sixteen or just the weekend, Martha managed to entertain her guests with her hospitality, her pool (after descummification), and her erotic male dancer; the latter, in his gold G-string, being by far the most effective. However Martha couldn't give a party, every weekend and for those seemingly empty, insipid weekends in which she didn't, w e would have to formulate our o w n unique means of amusement. Lynn and Catherine took late-night Metro bus trips and had dee] introspective conversations with the driver. Kendra, Estela, and Rachel played quarters with grape juice. Lulu, Neville, and Martha treked to the beach at 3:00 in the morning in February, an| others spent their free hours in Kathie' Park . . . with the police and the "No Dumping" sign. A n d then there was

always the tenth grade dance to look forward to. Caroline Alnutt and Leslie Warren were fantastic Blues Brothers, but they were just about the only ones w h o managed to c o m e in costume. The dance was an abysmal failure. Tradition reigned. After all this intense weekend night-life, you'd think we'd sack out during the week. Never! W e were always In Search Of excitement (but not with Leonard Nemoy). The Clark(e) sisters, Valerie and Robyn, held passionate discussions concerning the ample physical attributes of T o m Selleck and Larry Manette on Friday mornings in assembly. Suzi Pinckemell carried rubber bands in her pocket . . . until she got caught, and Catherine Colby stuck her head in elevator windows and waited for janitors to

c o m e pry it loose, while Lynn laughed. Anything for a thrill! €” words to live by. As juniors, we did not distinguish ourselves as scholars, or even as serious students. Dee Dee Fields and Kathy L a m b habitually decorated Senora Wegimont's chair with tacks before class. Suzy Pinckemell dozed in Mr.

Tupper's American History class (again?) Francine, in acts of wanton rage, smashed beakers in Chemistry. Later she smashed the front door to the school ("I didn't know I had it in me"). The Varsity Hockey team rolled teachers' houses. Lee Anne Humphrey and Anita proclaimed that "social diseases" and urban blight were synonymous and Stacey finally realized that when the words "fatally wounded"

appeared in literature, it meant someone had died. But, if we didn't wow the school with our poetic prowess or our P.E. preparedness, we did wow them and the rest of Montgomery County with our zest for life. Digressing from the party scene, we experimented with other forms of nightly entertainment. When Model U.N. was snowed in at the Sheraton without a chaperone, Sydney, Karen, and Dee Dee managed to find company for the evening (a priest?) Others enjoyed themselves during the day at the Redskins parade. Kathy Lamb got lost. Lulu got dragged out of the men's room by the police. Dee Dee almost got arrested. And everyone else got soaked (in more ways than one.) (continued on page 260)

Seniors/145

146 / Underclassmen

Underclassmen Chapter 3

pr

What's been your favorite activity this year?

Watching the Redskins. — Lisa Callaghan, 12 The Renaissance Feast because I got to play violin in it. — Crissy Burbach, 4 Do you mean in School? If so then it was . . . — Nahid Karamali and Sophie Keefer, 10 Free Periods — Joy Van Blerkom, 10 Discussing the inner meanings of The Great Gatsby in English. — Carina Rotsztain, 11 What a set-matching Coach, sweater, and tights. Mila Guandolo and Sarah MacDonald talk in the Reception Room. Inside this envelope are the answers to the test, so stop studying. Natalie Atherton and Courtney Hobbs talk (what, talk?) in the library.

Underclassmen/147

We're Cool In School And Out Through PSAT's and SAT's, and the monumental pressure of the "college year," the class of '85 has kept its cool, in school and out. Though the history essays became increasingly harder ("was that in our chapter?") and The Canterbury Tales seemed to get increasingly longer (who actually memorized the first eighteen lines? Well, besides Carina Rotsztain). We also noticed a growing resemblance between the Wife of Bath and Mrs. Sally Alexander. The amount of diversity in the junior class is matched only by the amount of fun we managed to have this year. College night with Mrs. Majorie Loennig confirmed our worst fears about college, and as a result many of us sought out a seeing-eye dog center to gain a surefire way into college. Although the hangouts remained the same (Windsor's, Maggies, Mazza, and the American Cafe) a definite shift developed in our choice of men. No longer confining ourselves to the walls of Landon and Prep, we plunged into the waters of St. John and Gonzaga with much success.

Cheryl Amitay Carla Bloom

148/Juniors

Natalie Atherton Allison Brody

Beth Baker Marie-Louise Buhler

We're auditioning for the Raiders of the Lost Ark sequel. Jane Lipsen and Annie Sappenfield dressed up for the Halloween Party at Erin Isikoff's house.

Polyester sure does burn. Laurie Shiftman, Carol Calomiris, and Eleni Georgilakis participate in Raku firing. Carol Calomiris Julie Cantor Adrienne Cardella

Sue-Ann Cohen Cindy C o m b s Karen Conant

D.D. Danforth Kimberly Ferris

Nalinee Darmrong Tena Fishman

I think she just stuck a wad of g u m in m y hair. Zahide Erkmen sits in the Library, a favorite place to talk
â€” even if w e aren't supposed to. Juniors/149

Titra Gainey Eleni Georgilakis

Eighteen pieces of g u m and Coke can really wreak havoc with the dental work. Sabrina H a m a d y relaxes in the Art room.

Join The Party We'll definitely miss the college bound seniors especially the antics of Leland Ingham's, Lulu Ward's, and Evie's (Andrea Evers') parties. Speaking of which, w e had several incredible parties of our own. Both Cheryl Amitay and Erin Isikoff hosted memorable Halloween bashes. At Erin's strictly junior party, w e were confronted by a French maid, a nuclear warhead (Natalie Atherton, what next?), and a pair of veiled terrorists (Annie Sappenfield and Jane Lipsen, were the

150/Juniors

guns real or did you just want to get servedfirst?).W e also had D.D. Danforth as a devil and the Siamese twins (Hattie Croyder and Adrienne Cardella). At Cheryl's multi-class party w e had the pleasure of looking stupid in front of male company. Laurie Shiffman c a m e as an uncanny Buckwheat, although she washed the makeup and afro before the guys showed up. Elizabeth Weiss donned doctor gear with a real live stethoscope.

"All the worlds a stage!" Alison Brody take that quite "terally. Maren Hardy Laura Havener

Lee Hawfield Courtney Hobbs

Heidi H o o k m a n Erin Isikoff

Julie Jacobs Mary Beth Jorgensen

Sandra Kaiser I Anu Krishnamurthy

Juniors/151

Kristin, I won't be laughing if you get g u m in m y hair. Kristin Corby, Sharlene Petry, and Carole Menetrez relax in the reception room — a favorite hangout until privileges were taken away because underclassmen broke the rules. Good thing I have this stick — all that ice tea was really making m e jittery. Karen Conant works in the art room. This year juniors participated in all of the art programs — ceramics to photography, major to minor. Melissa Lee Jane Lipsen

Aleta Margolis Sandy Marriott

Erin M c G a u g h a n Carole Menetrez

Erica Milkovich

152/Juniors

5

I should really stop copying Tena's chemistry: This is so obviously wrong. Courtney Hobbs studies in the library reading room. It's the only room you can talk in, but it always seems to be the quietest. Robyn Mirman Claudia Mispireta

Elizabeth Monsein Laurie Neustadt

Making a Dent Our fashion sense was unparalleled in uniqueness as we had everything from Preppie (Sandy Marriott), to New Wave (Beth Baker, whose hairstyle got shorter every trimester), to bizarre (Nalinee Darmrong) and Margaret Hanson was our reigning polo queen. Then there are "Cheryl additions," an unforgettable black beaded sweater with rabbit's feet and her unmistakable enormous black bag which she claims can carry either a guy or five sixpacks (not necessarily in order of importance). By the year's end, the entire class (except the young ones, Irim Sarwar and Kim Townsend) was on the road. We certainly made quite a dent (excuse the pun) in the Holton driving scene. We all experienced the pleasure of

parking in the "pit". Ironically; sophomores, there is no real rule restricting you to the lower pit
we just thought you might enjoy it. Just kidding we really didn't know. Sue Ann Cohen's Supra even spent the night in the snowfilled pit. Back to pits, some of us tried to avoid this degrading parking spot by parking elsewhere. Carol Calomiris frequented the visitors lot, while Claudia Mispireta and others parked in the "forbidden senior lot" until they were "wrapped" accordingly. Speaking of wrapping cars around lampposts, embankments, and other cars, Cheryl went all out and flipped over her Turcel the night after the Holiday Ball. ("Annie why didn't you tell me about that curve?!")

Juniors/153

Seniors Now But we're not just a fun bunch of good-looking girls. We're also responsible and productive. Under Allison Brody's strong leadership we completed many projects. (Unfortunately, class cynics sometimes rejected many of her ideas and all of our class trips backfired.) But we did organize things like the lollipop and button sales. Our candy raffle was also a financial success, though we ate half of the candy while selling tickets. Thus, we were able to give a memorable prom at the Sheraton Washington Hotel. Holton also benefitted from our cleanup efforts in the library and dining room. We were successful in the United Way campaign, too, we finished second. Together the class learned a lot about college selection at the Junior spring retreat, in fact we're still suffering from depression. Thanks should go to our class officers and Ms. Jean Hill and Mrs. Helene Sherburne for all of their help. All in all it's been a great year, and though we love hanging out in the dining room (since the reception room closed) we are more than ready to inhabit the FCL. Though we may lack in central unity, we are definitely a class with class. And though we can only pray for senior privileges this year

LOOK OUT WORLD WE'RE SENIORS NOW!

Gina Nocera Janine Peyser

154 /Juniors

Tania Odarchenko Laura Philipps

I ate 300 cherry popsicles and my teeth didn't even turn pink. Courtney Hobbs and Tena Fishman helped D.D. Danforth collect 164 wrappers so they could get the I.D. bracelet with genuine pearls. (They only got 98.) Robin Rock Carina Rotsztain Annie Sappenfield

Irim Sarwar Sarah Sheikh Laurie Shiffman

Leslie Shriner Bea Spates Cheryl Tarver

Tara Thomas Debbie Yue

Kim Townsend Debbie Zinn

Elizabeth Weiss Nicole Zungoli

Heidi, I don't think the crud's going to come out of this test tube. Heidi Hookman and Karen Conant practice with chemicals in the lab.

Juniors/155

Maria Acebal Theresa Adams Saadia Alizai Robyn Anderson Gail Asleson Anne Baldwin Charlotte Beeton Tracy Benson Shuchi Bhatt Christina Boothe Leslie Branson Linda Braxton Jennifer Brown Lauren Burka Marcie Burrell Margaret Cannistraro Victoria Clements Karen Cole Elizabeth Collins Beth Cleary Christi Curtin Jody Danforth Bridgette DeHart Diane Dickey Suzanne Duvall Molly Evans Marian FitzGerald Courtney Freedman

Surviving the Term Paper We all survived the tenth grade term paper — some of us not as well as others, but we all made it. After the paper, we had a pressure party and burned our notecards — the highlight of the paper. Now on to more important things. The Halloween party kicked off the new year with class spirit. At April Pazienza's we munched out and freaked out. Best costumes went to Saadia Alizai, a Tootsie Roll, and Bizzy Collins, a pumpkin. Down in the basement was a great haunted house, a dusty doughnut eating contest, and even more food from a pinata. We even trick-or-treated in the neighborhood. Later on, a couple of brave people went on the ski trip the weekend before the term paper was due: No broken bones this time. Emily Hattwick decided "the best part was falling off the lift onto that cute guy — I broke his leg."

156/ Sophomores

This year we also had our first legal drivers, HAA members, Boosters, and Thespians. We made it down the Susquehanna River in one piece on our annual rafting trip. Fortunately Emily Hattwick and April Pazienza left the guides alone this time, so they were nice to us. The new students Gail Aselson, Maggie Cannistraro, Sophie Lee, Charmian Ling, Sandra Litsinger, Claudia Odyniec, and new/old student Salla Hauvonen all fit in well and we welcomed them from the start, right guys? Mary Parks said that "the class has become so much more fun loving and united due to the pressure and overwork. Ha Ha Ha." The Holiday Ball had a great tenth grade attendance. Unfortunately, we didn't go with Landon sophomores since most of them seemed to be senior dates.

Do you think he'll notice me now? Elizabeth Muir and Jody Danforth pillage through the piles at the Holton Garage Sale.

Sometimes you just gotta be yourself! Katharine Landfield, Beth Rodgers, and Emily Hattwick.

Sophomores/157

Dances, Drama, Academics and Apples We boogied our way through another successful Dance Marathon. Everyone loved the Motown theme, and Alex Mitchell from XTRA 104 was a fantastic DJ. This year was also

the year of the tenth grade drama department. About five of our classmates acted in Dark of the Moon. For the Landon play, Appointment With Death, Persis Howe had one of the leading roles. A couple

of us also did tech for both plays. Moving on to academics, S o m e of us made it through Tupper's note card quizzes, but those notes in Chemistry sure were confusing. W e sponsored a really successful apple-theme sale at the Garage Sale to raise money for those computers! Thanks to Molly's little brother, Max Appleseed, w e got alot of adult attention.

N o w â€” the interesting stuff! Shaba Holley and Beth Cleary read in the Reception room. I always thought if you eat the batter you don't have to clean the pans! Skye Garrett and Alicia Werble make gingerbread cookies at the McManhis' house.

158 /Sophomores

And then, I told him! Beth Rodgers and Melissa Reynolds talk in the reception room.

Laura Fridovich T a m m y Furber Schuyler Garrett

Kim Gorland Abigail Grossman Jo-Ann Guerzon

Emily Hattwick Salla Hauvonen Shaba Holley

Persis Howe Zein Hussein Nahid Karamali

Sophie Keefer Heather King Lucy Koch

Lisa Kochan Karen Krchnack Liesel Krueger

Katharine Landfield Sophie Lee Jennifer Levitsky

Na'ama Lewin Charmian Ling Sandra Utsinger

Larisa Lomacky Sandra Lwin Karen Marriott

Sophomores/159

What's the "e" for? Jill Sacks and Linda Roberts talk in the Reception Room. The main course in one bite. Jody Danforth enjoys lunch.

Christina McKeever Catherine M c M a n u s Suzanne Mitchell Elizabeth Muir Niki Munroe D a w n Murray Niki Neviasser Jill Norton Claudia Odyniec Kathleen O'Leary Mary Parks April PaziENZA Susan Pitcher Ellen Ratner Melissa Reynolds Christy Richardson Linda Roberts Beth Rodgers Lesley Rogers Jill Sacks Janet Saunders Noelle Shooshan Joy Van Blerkom Tracey Werber Alicia Werble Nicole Willson Louiseanne Young

160 / Sophomores

Better and Better Even though we lost the Superbowl, Cathy M c M a n u s still supports the Redskins. W e all had a great time at Superbowl parties, playing football in the snow. In the sports department, w e had at least five members of our class involved every season. With Miss Elissa Hulin and Mr. Dirk Nelson as chaperones, we packed the van and took off to other schools With food for all, w e cheered our teams on to victory. Our immensely successful tenth grade Valentine's Day dance was great. Everybody danced the night away. As Maria Acebal said, "Michael Jackson eat your heart out!" In the words of an anonymous sophomore, "It gets better and

better each year." This year was a year of epidemics; mono, Landon, Gonzaga, Georgetown Prep, scarp, red hair, and mass hysteria.

Mrs. Al Capone â€” right? Bizzy Collins and Louiseanne Young study art in the art room. We were born this way! Clockwise from bottom: Maria Acebal, Christi Curtin, Catherine McManus, Margaret Cannistraro, Joy Van Blerkom, and Gail Asleson show their class unity.

Sophomores/ 161

Will the real m a n please stand up? Andrea Levy, Karen Litsinger, and Valerie Kelemen and friend. You got a haircut, didn't you? I knew there was something different. Elizabeth Mason and Nicole Jacomo act

Toward Unification Early in the year, the Class of 1987 proved w e had just as m u c h spirit as the rest of the school, if not more! The second week of school w e went on a retreat to Prince William Forest Park. S o m e of the Seniors had warned us that the accommodations were a little primitive, but the cabins weren't that bad. W e had meetings in the Mess Hall, and of course w e ate in there, too. W e

162/Freshmen

also had lectures on drug and alcohol abuse and self-esteem. Our retreat had two main goals; w e were to get to know our teachers and fellow classmates better, and this was supposed to m a k e our second goal of adapting to Upper School easier. So even though it wasn't the cleanest trip we've ever taken, it was memorable, and w e did become a more unified class.

She didn't say that to him did she? Nicole Marmaras, Debbie Georgilakis, and Jean Hall talk in the Reception R o o m . Jennifer Abrams Mahnaz A h m e d Sian Aiyer

Diana Arrington Alicia Astrich Suzanne Bailey

Kirsten Becker Mindy Boothe Ylva Bostrom

Julia Causey Madeleine Cissna Janet Clarkson

Heather Cook Jennifer Currie Susan Curtin

Rachel Donahue Annapurna Dubey Elizabeth Estes

Anne Forgarty Sarah Freeman Debbie Georgilakis

Coille Gillespie Elena Glekas Elizabeth Goldberg

Heather G o o Kay Gordon Valerie Green

There really are educational articles in Glamour, honestl Heather Cook and Elizabeth Jennings converse in the library.

Sophy Johnston Valerie Kelemen Ruth Klewans Kirsten Klingelhofer Julie Kraff Andrea Levy Marjorie Levy Karen Litsinger Bernadette Lucas Sarah MacDonald Nicole Marmaras Elizabeth Mason Lynne Maybee Michelle Mayes

164/Freshmen

Today I won't miss General Hospital! Christina Sapia-Bosch leaves early on a snow day. Stephanie, I'm not your little Pooh Bear! Stephanie Outman and Elizabeth Mason enjoy themselves at the Freshman retreat

Helping Out The retreat was just the beginning of our social events. We also organized a dance to benefit the United Way. Luckily, we had a good DJ. and the dance was a big success. We helped other people and had fun at the same time. We also had the dubious distinction of being the first class to have to fill the full Community Service requirement. Both Elizabeth Goldberg and Michelle Mays "think it's a good idea, but everyone should have to do the same amount of hours." Even though a lot of us had no idea of what we wanted to do (some of us still don't). Annapurna Dubey wants to do "something with hospitals or in a soup kitchen." All in all everyone thinks the Community Service requirement is good.

Freshmen/165

What's that crawling on the floor? Nuala O'Leary and Lynne Maybee talk by their lockers. Stephanie, why do you sleep with your eyes open? Nicole Marmaras and Stephanie Outman relax in their cabin.

Our Reward After helping other people, we decided to give ourselves a little reward. We took two fantastic trips. We went white water rafting, and we took a trip to Harbor Place in Baltimore. Our class entered the Upper School with style and enthusiasm. We proved that we'll make great Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors (someday), because what else could great Freshmen become? In the words of Bernadette Lucas, our class president, we are "energetic," "the biggest," "the best," "unusual," and, believe it or not, "humble."

Did you hear that Michael Jackson's hair caught on fire? Linda Hamady and Colleen Sladkin discuss current events in the library. 'Wendy, your lips are as red as roses ... ' Isn't that sheer poetry? Wendy Hookman and Stephanie Outman read in the library.

166 / Freshmen

Leslie McGill Lara McGlashan Erin Nicholson

Lara Oboler Nuala O'Leary Stephanie Outman

Leigh Pierce Jennifer Pinco Gail Rogers

Delia Roddy Sammy Rosenberg Christina Sapia-Bosch

Renu Sharaf Catherine Silansky Britt Silkey

Colleen Sladkin Lydia Snider Emine Tangoren

Ellen Thorington Rebecca Tiger Tara Townsend

Elizabeth Tribble Robin Van Orman Lee Ward

Mimi Weyer Melissa Zeller Dina Zupnik

Freshmen/ 167

168/Middle School

Matthew (Eljapter) Stow do you like Middle School Dances?

It's funny to watch the boys dance. — Eleni Tousimis, 8 I used to hate them but I always went because I was afraid of missing something. — Julie Cantor, 11 They were a good way to get depressed quick. — Francine Laden, 12 They're fun. I got to meet a lot of new people. — Melanie Phillips, 6 They were self-imposed torture. — Julie Kogan, 12

We've introduced a new sport to Holton — Chicken Fighting. Do you think we'll find any competition? Robyn Fearing, Jenny Goodwin, Leslie Hsu, and Melissa Heron chicken fight. Emily loves the computers so much that she sleep-types. Sally Curtis and Alexis Weidig smile as Emily Moody types (sleeps?).

Middle School/169

Five cents an answer, prices rised during exam time! Kim Bowser and Elizabeth Wellen exchange words during study hall.

•••

Gail Albert Tara Alisbah Lisa Ammerman Debbie Andringa Christine Aquino Nancy Benson Candice Bloom Kimberly Bowser Susan Buckingham Kelly Citrin Alison Cline Kim Conant Blair Collins Elizabeth Collins Tamara Corcoran Laura Cutting Nell Daniel Elicia David Amanda Deaver Samantha Edwards Faye Elliott Emine Erkmen Sandy Fernandez Paige Fisher Anne Fleming Alyssa Gallin Justina Glennie Marjohn Haeri Jamie Hanenbaum Claudine Hayman Melanie Hicks Dolly Hsu Sarah Jackson Stacy Jaffe Alex Jaffe Dana Johnson Stefanie Kendall Lisa Klink Nicole Kobrine Stacey Kossow Alison Lake Rawlings Lambertson Absent Ashley Beil Sally Curtis

170/Eighth Grade

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"He was this big!" Typical fish story. Alex Jaffe and Nicole Kobrine recite facts.

Pathfinders Being in the eighth grade was quite a responsibility. Not only were we the leaders of the Middle School, but we also had the responsibility of setting an example for the seventh grade. In January we prepared meals for the needy at the Zacchaeus soup kitchen. To finance this project, we had a bakesale outside the Safeway on Bradley Boulevard. The experience was a lot of fun and very rewarding. We learned a lot about society and ourselves. Increased responsibility does have its benefits. In October, we invited the boys from Bullis to a hayride at the Allnutts' farm. We picked pumpkins, drank cider, and had lots of wholesome fun (hear that Mom and Dad?). In December, we had an End-of-Exam Dance with a beach theme. We thought wearing a bikini in the middle of December would make people shake, even if they weren't dancing.

She's always ready for rain. Sue Buckingham watches Christian Tamminga open her locker.

Eighth Grade/171

Excuse me, what are you doing to my lab book? Dana Johnson adds a pencil.

Opening Lines Of Communication This year was also one of increased communication. We had discussion sessions where we were put in groups with other students' parents. We discussed any pertinent issue that popped up: the weather, defective hair spray cans, the prevention of stocking runs, and the effect the Smurfs have had on the mating of antelope in Uganda. This fall we'll enter the Upper School as blooming young ladies. Stepping down from our stately thrones of seniority, we'll once again become the scum, the dregs, the lowliest of the low: the freshman. But just you wait!

I can't believe he wrote this down. Eighth grade students have fun studying together. 172/Eighth Grade

Anne Landfield Julie Lang Leslie Leach Stephanie Lewis Elaine Lo Kate Magovern Jennifer McGlashan Traci Meakem Emily Moody Michelle Morrison Kirsten Naegele Elizabeth Nanni Indira Narine Gigi Neely Stella Nijhof Nnenna Ogwo Carrie Pace Emily Porter Jennifer Powers Elizabeth Pyle Allison Rosen Amanda Roth Tatyana Schum Kim Shooshan Rachel Silverstein Caroline Smith Deborah Solomon Cristan Tamminga Noelle Tan Allison Thompson Eleni Tousimis Alexis Weidig Hilary Weitzman Elizabeth Wellen Carolyn Worrell

Looks like it's your turn to see Miss Congelio! Stella Nijhof, Alex Jaffe, and Julie Lang look at the note board. Nnenna, I think it's time for sex ed. Nnenna Ogwo and Katie Kavounis joke in the middle school hallway.

Eighth Grade/173

Julieta Acebal Melissa Adle Mimi Anderson Prescott Baier Kim Ballman

Tanja Barth Melanie Bernstein Kara Blank Allison Blankstein Diane Boehm

Elizabeth Bowers Allison Boyle Melissa Bromberg Alexandra Bryant Nina Cole

Alison Drewry Leigh Ernst Robyn Fearing Stephanie Fitz Beth Ford

Cathy Franks Jennifer Goodwin Allyson Hall Tricia Hendren Melissa Heron

Kathleen Hickey Miranda Hope Leslie Hsu Margaret Jameson Laura Janes

Elizabeth Jarvis Vassilisa Johri Melissa Kanter Jill Karpa Mariam Kashani

Katie Kavounis _ Kim Kikuchi Timarie Kilsheimer Eli Kimaro Mia Kogan

Jennifer Kwass LisaBeth Lambert Fran Lappin Lani Liakos Catherine Lyons

174/Seventh Grade

Oh, how cute! I think I'll name it Jack! Dina Nimatallah admires her pumpkin.

Discovery of Dances No more homerooms, no more cubbyholes, no more recess, no more Skills Development, no more trash brigade. Psyched, we entered the Middle School. Although we had loads of homework, lockers, exams, and tags that needed to be flipped, we enjoyed ourselves. On the class hayride at the Allnutt farm, we wolfed down hot dogs, donuts, and cider by the gallon. Soon we began to resemble the pumpkins in the

pumpkin patch. In December we stuffed Christmas stockings for the Red Cross and St. Elizabeth's. On Saturday we worked together stuffing our faces with a lunch supplied by Mrs. Norman, our class mother, as well

as stuffing the stockings. Then there were all those dances where we were surrounded by gorgeous boys: But when you're the Class of '89 what can you expect?

. . .

Where's my contact lens?! Diane Boehm looks at a piece of candy at the stocking stuffing party. Ooo, who sat on my pumpkin? Tammy Marshall and Diane Boehm at the Allnut Hayride.

Seventh Grade/175

and Detention We love to party, but we study, too. In Geography we learned that Zimbabwe is an actual country (somewhere). In art Mrs. Chong (Oops! Miss Chong.) showed us how to make pinch pots but absolutely refused to demonstrate the hula. And in English, the Arthurian legend proved fascinating . . . until we had to write a paper on it. This year marked the first year of foreign language study, French or Spanish. English was hard enough! We're ready for Eighth grade! That is, if it's ready for us.

You men we don't get to keep the stockings!!!! Timarie Kilseimer, Patricia Hendren, Kristina Reynolds, Jill Karpa, Natalie Norman listen to instructions at the Christmas stocking party.

Is that the best pumpkin you could find? Kim Ballman and Robyn Fearing inspect pumpkins at the Allnut's farm. Oops, Miss Chong, I dropped your keys in! Jemmy Kwass learns the art of Raku firing as Catherine Lyons looks on.

176/Seventh Grade

Sandy Maddox Mary Alice Marriott Tammy Marshall Laura Mason

Usa MDler Lilly Mujica Dina Nimatallah Natalie Norman

Anne Marie Nunez Beatriz Pinto Alison Ralph Kristina Reynolds

Gracyn Robinson Siobhan Roddy Ali Ross Ali Sant

Emily Schlein Eliza Schnee Elizabeth Sharp Cheryl Sladkin

Erica Smith Maria Lucia Talero Bonnie Tamminga Rachel Tauber

Delia Tribble Kyle Velte Lolly Ward Susanna Weyer

Jennifer Winkel Jamie Winnick Kristen Wye Lauren Yolken

Azita Youssefi Yasa Yucelik Ayca Yuksel Dinga Zulu

Seventh Grade/177

The sign's for Sasha. Susan Buckingham studies in her locker. Look, a Harlequin romance! Indira Narine and Elizabeth Collins search through the paperbacks.

Talking and Reading We of the Middle School have many preoccupations, two of which are talking and reading. No matter where we are, we manage to talk (we really are sorry, Mrs. Smink.) and we manage to read. In front of lockers and inside of lockers we read books and look at magazines. We even sometimes squeeze in some reading while we're in the library.

Finally a porno magazine! Carolyn Worrell, Tamera Corcoran, and Kirsten Nagle read magazines in the library. You're going out with Christopher Atkins? Middle Schoolers sit by their lockers.

She's got Doritos? Faye Elliott, Kim Shooshan, and friend sit in the hall. You're going to the dance too? Jill Karpa, Eli Kimaro, and Fran Lappin gather in the hall.

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ihat was/is the best thing about Lower School?

You don't have to switch classes. — Nicole Barrick, 6 You know you have a lot to look forward to in Middle and Upper School. — Michelle Tobe, 5 The rugs — it's such a nice atmosphere compared to Upper and Middle Schools. — Katharine Landfield, 10 Trash Brigade — Adrienne Pappas, 12 Snack, recess, and the Halloween parade. — Suzanne Duvall, 10 C o m e on guys, why study now? W e have three hours before w e have to take this test. Natasha Price, Alexa Yablonski, and Christina Harris read in the library. Where art thou, receptionist? Gevry Becker and Joanna Stem beg in the front hall. The Lower School Chorus planned a trip to Chicago and they decided the Renaissance Feaste would pay off.

Seniors of the Lower School As the Class of 1990 progressed to b e c o m e the 'seniors' of the Lower School, they inherited the traditional duties inherent to their grade such as leading the morning assemblies and helping with the library, bookstore, audio-visual equipment, and trash collection. A long series of special events opened with the Sheridan Retreat which, as Mrs. Burnett says, gave "the girls an opportunity to know their classmates better and to increase their o w n self-knowledge and self-confidence." A s far as the students were concerned, winning the fight for the top bunks w a s more important than the learning experience; but even buried in the athletic activities were valuable lessons. Activities such as the zip line and repelling strengthened friendships and as one student says, "You really had to trust the person below you." Soon after returning from Sheridan, intensive practice began for one November fourth presentation of "Sky Happy". The dinner theater production 182/Sixth Grade

portrayed the history of flight in song and dance. Although embarrassing when the girls started singing to the music (when it was playing backwards), the presentation w a s an overall success. "Sky Happy" was also presented to the residents of a nearby convalescent home. This was an important part of the class's study of elderly people which was highlighted by the visit of Fay Gillis Wells, one of the first w o m e n to obtain a pilot's license. Other highlights of the year included field trips to m u s e u m exhibits such as "The Precious Legacy"

and "DAR-Daughters of the American Revolution." The Special Day, a treat for the sixth grade, included a trip to the Lisner Auditorium for a show, lunch, plus the rest of the day free of classes. The students may think the snack is like health food and the health book a little too simplified (how do you pronounce con-fi-dence?) but they are now psyched for entering Middle School with all the skills taught to them by Mrs. Nay, Mrs. Kay, and Mrs. Dee.

What is Laurie reading behind that plain white folder? Laurie Silverman reads in the library.

Keep them grades up, college is just around the corner. Amy Hookman and Heather Tredick work diligently in the library.

Nicole Barrick Gevry Becker Meridith Blank Nancy Burke Kim Burman Allison Butts

Sheri Chilcote Jill Edgar Alexa Fischer Cynthia Glasser Jenny Gold Jennifer Guerrero D J Guerzon Jennifer Harris Amy Hookman Samantha Jamison Ashley Jeffress Becky Katz Nina Kirshner Anne Elise Komblut Jane Lee Stephanie Levy Molly Madigan Sia Mullen Jennifer Myers Silvy Nordquist Paula O'Rourke Nora Olson Akiko Otani Melanie Phillips Wendy Reynolds Asli Saracoglu Laurie Silverman Alison Silverstein Maggie Slade Jennifer Slomoff Stacy Sotirhos Joanna Stem Christina Taborga Ashley Thomas Elizabeth Treanor Heather Tredick Sarah Williams Deeda Willson Anna Youssefi Lindsey Zeller

Sixth Grade/183

Jennie Allen Kara Ammerman Noble Baier Surry Bailey Mara Barth

Alex Birch Lara Blachman Katherine Busby Jessica Casson Leigh Clarkson

Erin Cohen Emmeline Edwards Heather Ensing Renee Esfandiary Kathleen Frekko

Amy Goldman Elizabeth Graybill Kerry Hammond Maura Hanebaum Christina Harris

Heather Hill Yi-Fang Hsu Tara Kennedy Simone Kanter Cybil Kendrick

Lisa Kilsheimer Justine Larson Julie Luchs Katayoon Majd Mederith Mayes

Allie Minikes Mariella Mispireta Sarah Outman Karen Pantos Heather Pollock

Natasha Price Pooja Seth Honor Spire Holly Thompson Michelle Tobe

Heather Tyner Laura White Alexa Yablonski

184/Fifth Grade

Now guys, the hip bone's connected to the leg bone. Heather Pollock lectured to her friends. Can you help me with my homework? Leigh Clarkson talks to the Cabbage Patch Dolls.

Brilliant Year The fifth grade had a great year, with added responsibility and fun activities. For the first time we had to change rooms for different classes. As Allis Minites says, "It is confusing at first, but it's fun to go from one class to another." When we weren't in the classrooms we were at Heather Ensign's farm, Francis Scott Key's grave, the printing company, the National Children's Museum, and the Discovery Theatre. Katayoon Majd remembers learning a lot about Mexico, computers, and communications. This winter we also participated in the "Festival of Lights." We represented the holiday celebrations of different countries throughout the world. It was a brilliant performance in more than one sense of the word, and a brilliant year. Next year . . . sixth

grade! You mean you're not going to wear your uniform on the slopes? Karen Pantos and Julie Luchs prepare to pay in the snow.

Fifth Grade/185

Just Being Kids With the end of the third grade came the beginning of hard work (at least harder than third grade work). The fourth grade class studied in the library and practiced logic problems that didn't always seem so logical. We researched dinosaurs and then went to the Museum of Natural History for some practical experience in identifying old bones. Some of us even kept some fossils for souvenirs. Reading was another favorite activity this year, even though it was a required activity. A Wrinkle in Time and The Secret Garden were two of the books we liked. Another book we learned about wasn't really a favorite, The Dictionary. But we had to learn how to use it (just ask the sixth graders). To make our work with the dictionary more fun, we put on a play about it, "Know A Webster." After all our hard work, we decided to broaden our horizons with a little vacation. Actually we visited Walter's Art Gallery at Harbor Place. For our Service Project we visited a day care center. Bringing cookies and playing games with the kids was great. The cookies were the best part! Not being the youngest anymore was terrific, and we look forward to being the oldest someday, but this year it was fun just being fourth grade kids.

186/Fourth Grade

Communist Manifesto looks good. Alice Tang and Hilary Ward practice their library skills. Who says that you can't have fun in a library? Minda Mae Aguhob, Leila Kashani, and Alice Tang enjoy the Lower School library.

Minda Mae Aguhob Lissa Bachner Tara Bradshaw Crissy Burbach Sairah Burki

Allison Conrad Tina Cortese Marie-Claire Duran Beka Economopoulos Silvina Fernandez-Duque

Shannon Foster Ann Frekko Juliette Gaffney Lauren Gavaris Julie Gold

Nicole Gottlieb Nadya Haider Susan Hanna Brandi Hurwitz Fleming Jeffries

Leila Kashani Melissa Kopolow Diona Lane Nadine Lanier Susan Lee

Jill Maybee Amina Mirza Sarah Nathanson Holland Neal Naoko Otani

Stacey Paley Jackie Puentes Cammi Ryan Hilary Spivak Kate Sylvester

Catalina Talero Alice Tang Adeline Vuylsteke Hilary Ward Jennie Zakroff

Excuse me, but we're trying to peruse the tomes of Holton-Arms. Susan Hanna and Cammi Ryan do research.

Fourth Grade/187

Sumaiyah Al-Wazir Rachel Berg Marta Borinsky Lucy Cole

Jennifer Cook Alison Cox Paige Dreyfuss Gaby Duran

Celeste Ensign Elif Erim Susan Farhandi Susan Fishman

Melissa Glasser Christina Goeltz Melissa Greene Megan Higgins

Allyson Horton Cecelia Hull Meredith Jennings-Offen Lisa Kennedy

Catherine Knowles Jennifer Nair Jessica Nathanson Elissa Ogens

Alyson Okun Jamie Ryan Dana Sears Leigh Thomas

Veronica Valdivieso Kendra Walker Julia Watts Jessica Weidig

Meredith Wisor Rana Zincir

188/Third Grade

Gosh, for the tuition you would expect to get a decent desk! Meredith Jennings-Offen and Cecelia Hull adjust to Holton life.

New Additions Even though we were all new this year the third grade felt like a real class after only the first few weeks. Two Authors visited us, Colby Rodowsky and Cynthia Voight. They were wonderful to talk to. In between Wordly Wise and Trade Winds we put on plays and enjoyed our Friday Bookclub. During the spring we also presented our International Fair. We studied other cultures through their games and food.

Out of school we had a lot of fun going on music and drama field trips. In school, we took a survey of the Lower School and we learned about our classmates. We found out how many of us wore braces or glasses and if anyone took music lessons. But the highlight of the year took place in January when Mrs. Dooling had her baby, Benjamin. He was a new addition to her family just like we were new additions to Holton.

Time to beat the mad rush down Granger Hill! Meredith Wiser, Megan Higgins, Elissa Ogens, and Alison Cox pack up at 3:30. Now all you do is put your fingers here and press; your mother's ring will pop right out! Marta Borinsky and Jamie Ryan play with the class guinea pig.

Third Grade/189

190/Sports and Clubs

port* & Club* (Utjapier ^t|t hat clubs and sports should be added and why?)

Hare Krishna Society — Why? Is there really a reason in this universe? — Tara Owen, 12 Skiing, swimming, boxing, and wrestling. — Maria Acebal, 10 Wheel of Fortune Club. — Anonymous Swimming because I like to swim. — Samantha Jamison, 6 Cooking club; so we can get practice before become housewives. — Anonymous Look out Martina, here I cornel Betsy Kingsley hits the ball. Aye, what a merry feaste at Holton-Landon-towne. The Madrigals are open to the old as well as the new at the Renaissance feaste.

Sports and Clubs/191

The Lower Schoolers sure know how to writel Annapuma Dubey and Beth Glennie review articles for Scribbler. Come on, get out there and get those submissions! Erin McGaughan pleads to Theresa Adams.

Scribe: Editor-in-chief, F. Laden; Advisor, Miss D. Chong; Editors, R. Mirman, H. Croyder, A. Davidson, T. Owen, N. Atherton, M. Lee, S. Andrews, E. Weiss, L Humphrey, M. Tousimis, A. McBride, B. Baker.

192/Clubs

Scribbler. Editor-in-chief, M. Herman; Editors, J. Cantor, L Elliott, A. Englehardt, Z. Erkmen, B. Glennie, Holt, C. Mastny, V. Rousset, L Shapiro, White. Advisor; Mrs. Case.

Scroll: Editor-in-chief, E. McGaughan, J. Clarkson, N. Monroe, S. Pitcher, C. McKeever, K. Conant, L Philipps, A Brody, J Kogan, C. Sapia-Bosch, M. Willson, 1_ Lomacky, T. Adams, M. Burrell, B. DeHart, M. Buhler, Advisor; N. Gilbert

Meeting Deadlines Holton has many publications €” Ms. t Jean Hill publishes the Friday Detention list every week, Monica McLean publishes . the n a m e s for cafeteria clean-up, s o m e ! students publish their view on leaflets I taped to bathroom stall doors €” but the I three official Holton publications are ! Scribe, Scribbler, and Scroll, under the leadership of Francine Laden, Miriam : Herman, and Erin M c G a u g h a n , respectively. You might notice that all three begin with the letters "ser", an ingenious device concocted by s o m e unknown protege years ago. But since that piece of information is totally irrelevant, w e won't go into it. A very important word in the Scribe/Scribbler/Scroll dictionary is "deadline". Its s y m p t o m s are hard to

define but its aftermath quite evident. The day after a Scribe deadline you can probably find three or four editors on the roof outside the Scribe room prepared to do something to themselves which would result in great bodily pain. Scribbler editors, after a night at the printers, have trouble communicating with the outside world for a couple of weeks, and Scroll people wander through the halls in the academic building muttering lyric poetry about the life history of a grasshopper, a popular subject in their submissions. But when editors are not meeting deadlines, which amounts to about three or four days out of the school year, they're really quite normal people, right Francine? . . . Francine?

As you know, the official language of the Phillipines is tagalog. From now on we will conduct all our business in tagalog. Sydney Trattner and Christine Nyirjesy conduct a Model (IN. meeting. Thanks Jim, the check's in the mail. Adrienne Pappas receives her C u m laude certificate from Mr. Jim Lewis.

Extracurricular Quests for Knowledge As if w e didn't get enough studying done in school, a few stalwart gals voluntarily subjected themselves to extracurricular quests for knowledge. Whether cracking books on the Phillipines for Model (J.N. or opening pamphlets on capital punishment for Debate, these young intellectuals impressed us with their jewels of wisdom. For the "It's Academic" scholars Ernest Hemingway and Oscar Wilde will always be permanently associated. True, one was British and the other American and they did write in separate centuries. But remember Wilde wrote a play "The Importance of Being Earnest." Ernest being Hemingway's first name, which naturally, inevitably, unavoidably links these two great literary figures together. Impressions of "It's A c " ranged from Irim Sarwar's "It's nice as long as things go our way" to Leslie Shriner's "The Sound and and the Fury, What's the significance of the extra and, Mr. Tupper?" But even if 194/Clubs

the team couldn't understand the indecipherable typed questions, w e always knew the answer, Oliver Wendell Holmes. This year, Model (IN., advised by Ms. Hill, finally got a country that w e had heard of, the Phillipines. M u c h of the time before the conference on February 17-20 was spent researching the background of this country. While s o m e students represented Marcos and his subordinates, others participated in the Inter-Nation Simulation, including President Sydney Trattner w h o acted as the U.S. press secretary. (She always did love danger.) The delegation had fun and managed to learn a lot, particularly about the electronic security system at the hotel. Debate, headed by'Ana Coyne, and advised by Mr. Higgins embarked upon its first full year arguing cheerful issues like capital punishment with Landon teams. Landon demonstrated the virtues of good sportmanship and integrity as it m a d e up fake graphs and

cited nonexistent sources. O n e guy even cited a source that claimed that victims of capital punishment were twice as likely to repeat their violent crimes as regular prisoners. I'm real sorry fellas but if dead m e n tell no tales then they're probably not going to be raping or pillaging either. The young gentleman refused to reveal his sources claiming he was protecting them. The judge believed him. W e lost! Ana's response? "No . . . no . . . no!" The last of these intellectually demanding clubs was C u m Laude, headed by Lisa Shapiro and Mrs. Alexander. This honorary academic society provided tutoring services for underclassmen and organized the C u m Laude assembly which featured a young w o m a n radio €” C u m Laude, C u m Rowdy to most, also held several meetings and bakesales and did m a n y other exciting innovative things which Lisa, I'm sure, could fill you in on.

It's Academic: Tara Owen, Irim Sarwar, Lisa Shapiro. Advisor: Mr. Robert Tupper. Alternates: Leslie Shriner, Larisa Lomacky.

Cum Laude: First Row: L Callaghan, J. Cantor, J. Peyser, C. Menetrez, 2. Erkmen, B. Sherfy. Second Row: C. Mastney, A. Pellman, A. Davidson. Third Row: Ms. S. Alexander (Advisor), M. Lee, S. Andrews, A. McBride, L. Shapiro (President), L. Humphrey, F. Laden. Fourth Row: M. Herman, C. Rotsztain, E. Isikoff, A. Pappas. D. Holt, K. Townsend, T. Owen.

Which of the following compounds has been used as an insect repellent, a flavor enhancer, and an aphrodisiac? Leslie Shriner reads questions for Tara Owen, Irim Sarwar and Lisa Shapiro.

Model United Nations: President - Sydney Trattner. Advisor: Ms. Jean Hill.

Clubs/195

Are you sure you want to go to this school? Carina Rotsztain gives a tour of the library. Tour Guides: Co-Presidents Advisor: Mrs. Janet Lloyd.

Enthusiastic Volunteer Service Boosters is the Upper School service club which honors between thirty and forty girls each year for their outstanding volunteer service and fine attitude toward Holton's school life. Directed by faculty advisor, Mrs. Rosemary Anderson, and student president, Luisa Santillo; the club encourages enthusiastic volunteer service, school spirit, and active participation in school life. The Boosters sponsor their own projects such as the Bloodmobile, Bulb Planting Day and Booster Bear Carwash while also playing important roles in Holton's special events including the Phonathon, Reunion, Auction and Commencement. Aiding the Admissions Office is another valuable service club, Tour Guides. Headed by joint presidents Anna Coyne and Catherine Colby, the group gives tours to prospective students and their families as well as to school visitors such as members of the Board of Trustees and Alumnae Association and school officials. The students who donate their time to honor such a commitment provide a very important service to Holton.

196/Clubs

In order to involve the student body in making the library a stimulating and pleasant place, the Library Aides assist the librarians in essential tasks necessary for the library to run smoothly. Organized by Caryn Coppedge, the girls not only staff the circulation desk but also process books and provide students with audiovisual materials. With the new Holton Community Service requirement this year, the already existing club has become more active in educating students about their community's problems and needs. By sponsoring money raising activities for causes such as the American Heart Association and the Cancer Society, the club shows students how they can help to make this area a better place to live in. Also, under the leadership of Anna Coyne and Nahid Karamali, the club was involved in food drives and visits to local hospitals, nursing homes, and soup kitchens. And then what did he say? Catherine Rafferty, Valerie Green and Michelle Barnwell talk to Debbie Georgilakis, who works in the Bookstore for Booster Points.

She wants our schedules again? Laurie Simmons grimaces during a Booster meeting conducted by Louise Santillo. me

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Community Service: Co-Presidents, Nahid Karamali, Ana Coyne. Advisor, Miss Lisa Lamphere.

Booster: First Row; L. Santillo (President), L Wells, A. Pappas. Second Row: J, Gimer, C. Colby, L. S y m m s , R. Clark, A. Englehardt, L Shapiro, T. Owen. Third Row: Mrs. R. Anderson (Advisor), M. Barnwell, M. Micklitsch, K. Townsend, E. Knable, B. Sherry, S. Pinkernell. Fourth Row: S. Marriott, S. Petry, L Warren, D. Fields. Fifth Row: C. Coppedge, M. Herman, M. Hanson, E. Isikoff, E. Georgilakis, S. Sheik, L. Roberts, J. Sacks, J. Cantor, E. Ratner, M. Lee. Sixth Row: A. Brody, F. Laden, R. Mirman, K. Lamb. N. d'Eprenesnil, C. Rafferty, C. Rotsztain, S. Taylor, M. Hardy, h. Karamali, C. Richardson, J. Levitsky.

Clubs/197

Dining R o o m Committee: First Row. K Gorland, C. McKeever. Second Row: Miss S. Thorpe, K Barnes. S. Pinckemell

Social Activities Committee: First Row: S. Engle, E Estes, L Pierce. Second Row. Mr. J Caussin. P. McGill. K Conant C. Amitay, B. Rodgers, L Koch.

Behind the Scenes SAC (Social Activities Committee) and Dining R o o m Committee are two organizations that work behind the scenes. SAC's claim to fame, as always, was the Holiday Ball. This year the Barns of Wolftrap provided a rustic setting for our holiday festivities. Dining R o o m Committee with co-chairmen Kendra Barnes, Valerie Clarke, and Suzy Pinkemell headed a group of students that helped Mrs. Thorpe plan and improve our school lunches. Dining R o o m and The Marriott Corporation also sponsored a contest that m a d e us all more aware of h o w m u c h food w e waste.

You do realize I put arsenic on that, don't you? Valerie Green and Debbie Georgilakis talk at lunch.

198/Clubs

Three Thousand Five Hundred and Fifty Four Days Later

It all began in the fall of 1974 when w e first were introduced to plaid uniforms and saddle shoes. In the beginning, w e had trouble remembering each others names, but our assigned numbers solved that problem. It was hard, after third grade to leave the building w e were just getting used to. The new Lower School was another world to us. But w e had fun learning to retrieve gerbils from under cubbies, cheerleading in the halls, dumping enemies' bookbags and of course silent clapping in assembly. Middle School went by quickly with the new additions of decorated lockers, detention and dances. W h e n Upper School rolled around, w e counted the days until w e would be free and walk across the wooden bridge in our white dresses. Well that time has caught up with us, with memories of third grade still dear in our minds.

Ten Year Club: First Row: S. Pinckemell, C. Rafferty. Second Row: J. Kogan, L. Ingham, A. Englehardt, S. Engle, R. Clark. Third Row: A. Pappas, M. Tousimis, T. Owen, D. Allamong, A. Edwards, A. Abrams, M. Herman, J. Hazard.

Clubs/199

Who cares if you gave me a bad grade?) Take that! Maybe you need a pointed nose or a bigger mouth ...
Caroline Allnutt sketches.

The Art of Performing The art of performing is what unites these three clubs and what makes them so important to the school community. Through these clubs' dramatic, artistic, and musical output, the whole school experiences a little culture (it's kind of like Yoplait yogurt in that respect). Drama club, headed by student president Tara Owen and Mrs. Judi White, was responsible for the high quality epics that Middle and Upper School produced. "Dark of the Moon", a play based in the backwoods of the Appalachians and focusing on the interactions between provincial people and their superstitions, was the Upper School play this year and was an enormous success critically, if not financially. This was largely due to the efforts of Mrs. White, the director and Mr. Bill Stevens, the artist; in his residence. This marked the first time Holton had ever commissioned a professional artist to work on a production and it worked out very well. He taught us all something we'd never known before: how to play a rubber chicken. Holton also sponsored a makeup workshop and a one act titled "783-POOL" written by Holton's budding playwright Erin McGaughan, in addition to participating in Landon productions and Madrigals. Thespians Troupe 2810, the

honorary dramatic organization, focused its efforts on Director's Workshop. President Debbie Allamong also initiated a new initiation procedure: waking up new members at 6:00 in the morning with an alarm clock and a bat and taking these new pledges out to breakfast. It was amazing how quickly interest in Thespians declined. Fine Arts Council, a group of girls who represent all the arts at Holton, got off to a great start this year. Also led by Mrs. White, this honorary appointed group helped with plans for the new Performing Arts Center and organized many cultural events around town to which at least one of them went.

If this doesn't blow up the school, I don't know what will. Susan Franklin and Debbie Allamong weld props for "Dark of the Moon."

Thespians: First Row: M. Barnwell, M. Herman, J. White (Advisor), A. Margolis, D. Allamong (President), A. Coyne, Mr. R. Tupper. Second Row: S. Andrews, C. Rafferty, C. Allnutt, G. Nocera. Absent: T. Owen, L. Santillo, A. Brody, B. Glenie. Arts Council First Row: A. Brody, M. Hardy. Second Row: D. Chong, J. Kogan, C. Mastney, L. Simms, T. Owen, J. White. Third Row: D. Glasser, C. Allnutt

Drama Club: President — Tara Owen, Advisor — Judi White.

Clubs/201

Clubs/201

Swing Choir: First Row: B. Glennie, R. Rock, A. Pellman, R. McClellan, A. Fogarty. Second Row: L. Callaghan, S. Pinkernell, J. Clarkson, C. Mastny. Madrigals: First Row: E. Thorington, M. Burrell, T. Adams, S. Pinkernell, R. Rock, R. McClellan, P. Howe. Second Row: M. Herman, B. Glennie, L. Shriner, E. McGaughan, C. Rotsztain, K. Barnes.

Oh! I love dirty jokes! Queen Suzy Pinkernell and her consort Teddy Duncan laugh over a message. 202/Clubs

Who's Who in the Life of Pooh? You may think that the only thing Chorus, Madrigals, and Swing Choir had in common this year was singing. Well, that's partially right. This year marked a series of changes with our singing groups. Madrigals organized a new Madrigal Dinner and decided to call it a Renaissance Feast, complete with street vendors and urchins. Swing Choir and Chorus entertained the busy Christmas shoppers at Mazza Gallerie in the first cooperative effort between Holton's music department and the shopping center. Miss Nancy Theeman, new chairwoman of the Music Department, coached all of the singers in their varied artistic performances. One of those performances was in early March. The Lawrenceville School visited with their all-male chorus, and our chorus sang songs complete with

bass and tenor parts. Not to be left out, Madrigals, with their regal president Suzy Pinkernell, entertained at the Flint Hill Choral Festival on St. Patrick's Day. Rachel McClellan, Chorus President, did a fine job of carrying on the annual Spring music tradition with the tour to Boston. Anita Pellman led the dazzling Swing Choir this year. Singing and singing, the entire choir worked on their dips and spins, not to mention their voices. Swing Choir performed with chorus at the Boston or Bust Farewell Assembly and in Boston, itself. So from Medieval Madrigals to modern Broadway tunes, our groups entertained and impressed audiences along the East Coast with their style and enthusiasm.

Didn't I tell you this would be intellectually stimulating? Miss Nancy Theeman, Theresa Adams, and Suzy Pinkernell roll programs for the Renaissance Feast. Chorus: President "Rachel McClellan, Advisor "Miss Nancy Theeman.

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I Ballet Club: President — Catherine Mastney, Advisor — Mrs. [Barbara Zavacky. Ensemble: Caryn Coppedge, Advisor — Mrs. Mary Rhiel.

Orchesis: First Row — J. Levitsky, J. Causey, J. Sacks, L Roberts, M. Fitzgerald. Second Row — D. Zupnik. E. Tribble, M. Mispereta, C McKeever, C. Richardson. Third Row — C. Taiver, L Callaghan, L Simms, E. Radan, K. Lamb, J. Hunter, T. Gainey.

No one told me that I'd learn how to fly in Orchesis! Cheryl Tarver, Laurie Simms, and Martha Mispereta practice in the dance room.

204/Clubs

Hi

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Boundless Talents and Grace From the classical lines of dance to the classical notes of Mozart, Ballet Club, Ensemble, and Orchesis showed the school that talent and grace abounded in our student body. Catherine Mastney and Ballet Club whirled and glided through successful performances at Christmas and in the Renaissance Feast. Ensemble is another example of Holton's continued excellence in the fine arts. President, Caryn Coppedge, Mrs. Mary Pratt Rhiel, and a select group of instrumentalists entertained us in performances alone and with Chorus throughout the year. Ensemble also provided the music for Ballet Club in

I can't believe I'm following a Lower Schooler! Caryn Coppedge, Catalina Tolero, and Crissy Burbach play at the Madrigal Feast.

the Winter Concert and in the Renaissance Feaste. Now, making the drastic transition from Medieval motets to Modern dance, we have Orchesis. President Cheryl Tarver made sure the members of the honorary dance organization performed to the best of their ability. Orchesis choreographed dances to current music with the help of Ms. Guyann Toliver. They danced for the community as well as for us. We're always proud and even amazed at the never ending talents of our fellow classmates. We'd like to thank all of the performers for keeping a song and a smile in our hearts.

Clubs / 205

Food and Enriching Activities Cultural Awareness, French, Folk, and Spanish clubs have always had two things in common — food and culturally enriching activities. Consequently, these clubs have managed to broaden not only our minds, but also our thighs, our calves, and out waistlines. Led by Catherine Mastny and Lee Anne Humphrey, French and Spanish clubs, in addition to sponsoring field trips independently, pooled their resources and put on a skit to interest Cultural Awareness, under Na'ama Lewin, entertained the entire Upper School at a fair with international foods, music, and art. And Mr. Tupper and Christine Nyirjesy gathered folk club in a circle in Room 308 to sing, drink Tab, and eat junk food.

Spanish Club: President — Lee Anne Humphrey, Advisor — Sra. Livia Gatti. Folk Club: Co. Presidents — Christine Nyirjesy, Robin Rock, Advisor — Mr. Robert Tupper.

206/Clubs

Beth? Should we go to the Aztec Film Festival or Pueblo Joe's Beth Baker discuss cultural activities.

.. Beth? Lee Anne Humphrey and

Do you think anyone will buy those chocolate covered grasshoppers? Gail Asleson, Jo-Ann Guerzon, Ali Werble sell goodies at the Cultural Awareness bakesale.

Clubs/207

Math team: President — Anita Pellman.

208/Clubs

Let's see if the earth will collide with the sun. Melissa Lee and Natalie Atherton experiment with science models. Wouldn't the movie be better if we turned the projector around? Lesley Rogers and Leslie Shriner watch a movie in Nucleus.

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Beyond Math and Science

'his ought to get her! Zahide Erkman experiments with new options.

For those of us bored by biology, confined by chemistry, and apathetic when it comes to algebra, there is hope. You can go beyond the confines of the science and math curriculum at Holton and breach new boundaries on your own with the help of Nucleus, Math Club, and Math Team. This year Nucleus, under the leadership of

president Leslie Shriner and advisor Mrs. Worthing, kept abreast of the scientific news. Speakers and films, including one on the threat of nuclear war, were a few of the Nucleus activities and were almost as popular as its numerous bakesales. Theresa Adam's Math Club spent most of its time solving enigmatic math problems and exploring fields related to mathematics, while Math Team, led by Anita Pellman, participated in various tournaments in the Montgomery County area.

Nucleus Club: President • Leslie Shriner, Advisor — Mrs. Miriam Worthing.

Clubs/209

Getting Together This year H.A.A., Holton's Honorary athletic club recognized many fine athletes. Each new member contributes her unique ideas and talents. H.A.A. promotes school spirit and student support at sports events. Leland Ingham, the president planned fund raisers which gained club recognition. This distinguished H.A.A. from Holton's non-athletic clubs. Spirit Club was introduced two years ago to aid in the promotion of school spirit. This year's members voiced their enthusiastic ideas — a sledding contest on Granger Hill. Only one thing was lacking — the sleds! The Spirit members had fun sliding on trashbags. Spirit Club also sold panther cups in order to raise money. Holton's cheerleaders provide team support. Their enthusiasm radiates warmth and energy to both the team players and fans. When the cheerleaders got spirited enough to cheer Holton's J.V. games it certainly was a party time! Wilderness club was founded three years ago by Holton students Caryn Coppedge and Samantha Semerad. Wilderness has now become one of Holton's most successful clubs. If you're out for hiking, climbing, hanggliding or just canoeing — then you're a Wilderness Woman. This is the club for you. Throughout October, Wilderness sold pumpkins. It proved to be Holton's most profitable sale all year.

210/Clubs

Cheerleaders: First Row: H. Huelsman, C. Blasey, S. Outman. Second Row: W. Cutting, L. Havener, W. Hookman, E. Mason.

Wait, is that 30 or 60 cents I owe you? Beth Sherfy helps out at the Pumpkin sale sponsored by Wilderness Club.

HAA: First Row: L. Wells, L. Ingham, J. Rogers, S. Marriott C. Nyirjesy, D. Holt, S. Kavounis, P. McGill, M. Park Second Row: K. Branson, C. Allnutt, D. Allamong. V. Rousset, Third Row: B. Kingsley, C. Colby, C. Rafferty, C. Coppedge, H. Huelsman, M. Micklitsch, A. Englehardt. A. Sappenfield, C. Calomiris. M. Hanson. L. Shiffman, C. Combs.

Amy Englehardt, Advisor — Mrs. Judy

Wilderness Club: President • Caryn Coppedge, Advisor — Mr. David Glasser.

Clubs/211

Thinking World Cup After two thirty-minute games, we were already thinking World Cup, or at least the finals, but Mrs. Peggy Whilden knew better. She reminded us there was a slight obstacle in our path — Holy Child. But the obstacle proved to be even slighter than we'd thought, and we found ourselves in the finals against Visitation. Everyone would swear that game lasted for six hours, at least. Actually it was only two, but it was the longest, most tense two hours the fifteen of us had ever spent, with the exception of the chemistry final. We tied Visitation in regulation. We tied Visitation in the two overtimes. We tied Visitation in the two shootouts. We were sick of tying Visitation, so even though Visi suggested settling for a tie, we

insisted on playing. For the first time since the formation of the soccer team, we won the tournament. It took us three shootouts, but we won the tournament. It was the best way to end the best season Holton Soccer has ever had, 11-1-0. The key to our success was the unity of the team. The rookie freshmen and the talented veterans, including five seniors, worked well together and although Joyce Rogers was selected MVP, there were no stars. Maybe we didn't "cut, CUT!" as much as Mrs. Whilden would have wanted, but we followed her advice as closely as we could. We never could have done it without her.

Junior Varsity Soccer: First Row. L Snider, A. Pazienza, E. Hattwick, M. Cannistraro, E. Muir. Second Row: C. Hauser, L Maybee, A Abrams, L McGill, C. Curtin. Third Row: A Baldwin, L Young, T. Furber.

Yeah, and they're not plastic! Joyce Rogers presents Mrs. Peggy Whilden with flowers at the Fall Sports Banquet Looks like a good crown, Finnie! Varsity players, Peggy McGill and Finnie Crowe, celebrate their victory at the ISA Championship.

212/Clubs

Varsity Soccer First Row. J. Rogers, C. Hobbs. Second Row: N. Atherton, M. Micklitsch, F. Crowe, E. Nicholson, T. Werber, Third Row: N. Shooshan, Mrs. P. Whilden (coach), A. Astrich. A Davidson, P. McGill, C. Coppedge, S. Bally, S. Pannier, J. Van Blerkom, B. Sherty(manager).

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This calls for some fancy footwork. Finnie Crowe approaches her opponent after the ball.

Soccer Scoreboard St. Marys Oakcrest Maret Maderia Stone Ridge Immaculata Washington International Georgetown Visitation Sandy Springs Sidwell Friends Foxcroft Bullis Flint Hill National Cathedral

Var HV 4-1 9-1 2-1 4-2 4-0 2-3 4-0 2-0 4-1 4-1 2-0 4-1

JV HV 3-0 1-0 2-1 2-1 1-1 1-0 0-3 5-0 0-1 1-0

Clubs/213

Junior Varsity Hockey- First Row. D. Roddy, E. Jennings, S. Mitchell. M. Mayes. Second Row: E. Estes, K. Conant, M. Cissna, L Philipps, C. Beeton. T h W Row. C. Gillespie, M. High, S. Holley, Z. Hussein, E Milkovich, C. Calomiris.

Comradery and Boxer Shorts Hockey season started off with a whack in mid-August at the Merestead Hockey-Lacrosse camp in Ursinus Pennsylvania, where we traveled with our coach, Ms. Jean Stewart to improve our skills and learn team cooperation. Although we were convinced that we'd never walk again after the workout the coaches gave us, we thanked them in the long run. When we returned to school in the fall to greet the joys of academic life, the team was ready for a good season. But we realized that we'd face some stiff competition. We had some tremendous games, like the 10-0 victory over Calverton. We also had some tough breaks like the loss to N C S in the last ten seconds of the game. But, we all tried our best and the team comradery that developed was reward enough. With the support of Ms. Stewart, we improved as individuals and team players. We ended the season 7-4-0, and in the final tournament, we only lost one game. (Unfortunately we weren't wearing our boxers that day, and the game cost us the tournament). But our determination never wavered. We'll never forget the Hockey team of Fall 1983.

H o c k e y Scoreboard

Sidwell Friends Stone Ridge Madeira Notre D a m e National Cathedral St. Agnes Immaculata Foxcroft Mt. Vernon Rockville Hockey Four Visitation Calverton

Var HV 1-2 2-0 2-1 2-1 1-2 0-1 2-0 1-3 4-4

JV HV 0-0 0-1 0-1 1-0 0-0 2-0 1-2 1-0 2-0

4-1-1

2-1 10-0

0-1 5-0

Skye gets Saturday night fever! Varsity Hockey shouts their spirit.

214/Sports

Sappenfield always gets her ball. Holton steals the varsity game again.

Varsity Hockey: First Row: L Branson, M. Parks, S. Garrett, A. Sappenfield. Second Row: L Wells, V. Rousset. Third Row: Ms. J. Stewart, A Coyne, A. Englehardt, S. Kavounis, L Ward, L. Ingham.

Leslie Branson goes for her opponent's nose. Referee is perplexed at disappearance of ball.

Sports/215

Fall Tennis Team: First Row C Landfield, T. Fishman, J. Peyser, S. Sheikh, L Neustadt Second Row S. Lwin, M. Acebal, C McMantus. M. Zeller, G. Asleson. Third Row: H. Croyder, C Combs, M. d'Eprenesnil, D. HoK. K. Marriott, M. Hardy.

What's this net doing here?? Karen Marriott, Kim Gorland and their opponents finish a match.

216/Sports

Players Lob Tennis

The tennis season this year successfully combined strict discipline and good times. Two laps around the courts each day kept us in shape while Mrs. Mahaney's rich cakes gave the team energy to burn off during our matches. Competition within the team stiffened as the player battled for the top positions, yet team spirit remained strong. The veteran members of the team lead the way and the new players brought the team new spark. During the bus rides to and from the games, our varied personalities clashed but the jocks, artists, cheerleaders, "partiers," and quiet girls encouraged one another. Mrs. Mahaney's tough attitude about winning and her off beat personality topped the unique mixture of people. Energetic coaching inspired the team; pep talks before each game prodded us all to do our best. This year the team played several public schools; the ultimate challenge. Holton rose against all odds to beat Wooton. The match with the most feared adversary, Walt Whitman was unfortunately rained out. The team also skunked Mt. Vernon College and defeated them easily, winning every match. The winner of the M.V.P. award, Hattie Croyder, sums up the attitudes of the players; "We lob tennis."

Tennis Scoreboard Sidwell Friends Mt. Vernon Bullis Madeira Notre Dame National Cathedral Immaculata Foxcroft Sidwell Friends JV

HV 3-4 9-0 7-0 3-4 6-0 0-7 5-3 6-3 won

Great serve Daphne, but next time let go of the ball! Daphne Holt practices serving.

Undefeated and Awesome 1984 was full of great moments – the Olympics, Presidential primaries, and most importantly, Holton's Volleyball teams. The Varsity team, under the outstanding coaching of Mrs. Peggy Whilden and the co-captainship of Catherine Colby and Caroline Allnut, finished the season with an undefeated record. Junior Varsity was in the words of JoAnn Guerzon, "an awesome team." Emily Hattwick's and Ali Werbel's organizational skills helped lead the team to victory. Even though JV lost their first game to Stone Ridge, they made a great comeback and won their second game against them. One team member said "The only reason we lost that game to Stone Ridge was because they hit me in the eye with the ball and I couldn't play." Congratulations on a great year!

Volleyball Scoreboard Holy Child

French International

Madeira

Holy Child

Stone Ridge

French International Madeira

Notre-Dame Stone Ridge Foxcroft

15-715-6 3-1515-12 16-14 15-615-11 13-1515-11 15-7 15-43-15 15-915-0 15-12 15-64-15 15-715-3 15-6 15-915-5 15-77-15 13-15 15-815-7 15-515-0 15-915-9 15-1311-15 15-1 15-815-9 16-1415-2 15-615-2 15-715-10 15-515-4 15-1215-9

Oh, if only my right toe weren't attached to the floor. Mary Beth Jorgensen and Caroline Allnut practice spiking. 218/Sports

Varsity Volleyball: L. Warren, C. Allnut, E. Ratner, M.B. Jorgensen, E. McGaughan, A. Abaams, A. Sappenfield.

This time I'll close my mouth so she doesn't ram another one down my throat. Catherine Colby, Caroline Allnut and Ellen Ratner play against Foxcroft. Oh, no! It's going the wrong way. Courtney Hobbs bumps the ball in warmups.

or Varsity: First Row: J A Guerzon, K. Marriott, J. Abrams, L. Hawfield, Z. Hussein. Second Row: S. Iston, L. Oboler, A. Werble, A. Cardella, E. Hatwick, A. Paziienza, Z. Erkmen.

Sports/219

Won't the ball go any further? Karen Branson shoots a foul shot

Oh no, my hand's stuck! Karen Branson reaches for the ball in a jump shot. If she'd move I could make the shot. Karen Branson shoots again.

J.V. Basketball: First Row: K. Becker, A. Astrich, S. Bailey, L. Shiffman. Second Row: A. Levy, S. Duvall, C. Riley. Third Row: A. Baldwin, C. McManus, C. Silansky, S. Hauvonen, M. High.

Varsity Basketball: First Row: J. Rogers, L Ingham, K. Branson, T. Werber. Second Row M Parks, S. Garrett, C. Coppedge, Ms. S. Stevenson.

Basketball Scoreboard Sidwell Takoma Academy National Cathedral Madeira St. Mary's Maret St. Agnes Immaculata St. Andrews Bullis Notre Dame Holy Child Stone Ridge Foxcroft Visitation Georgetown Day Hebrew Academy Paul XI

VAR HNV

JV HNV

35-37 50-34 38-51 43-36 39-26 42-72 35-45 44-45 43-22 41-40 46-40 37-53 30-48 52-28 39-46 39-56

12-20 36-35 31-35 32-8 28-30 28-30 39-6 30-39 42-33 37-21 15-28 45-20 23-38

Record Wins We started off our season enthusiastically but slowly with a two point loss to Sidwell Friends, but came right back to beat Takoma Academy. In our next game against NCS, we caught the women in purple off guard and were tied until the last quarter. Unfortunately, we lost. Luckily for the next three games the whole team was present and we wiped Madeira, St. Mary's and Maret off the court. With the great rebounding and defense of Karen Branson, Caryn Coppedge, and Skye Garrett we managed to look taller than we actually were. Coach Ms. Susan Stevenson's and co-captains Karen Branson and Leland Ingham's strong leadership helped the team have the best season in seven years with a 9 and 5 record. We broke the all time record for the greatest number of points scored in one season and also enjoyed being Holton's first team in the A Tournament. Thanks should go to our managers Sandra Engle, Dee Dee Fields, Miriam Herman, Suzie Mitchell, and Beth Sherfy. But Varsity Basketball didn't run away with all of the honors. JV with the leadership and spirit of co-captains Cathy McMannus and Suzanne Duvall had it's best season ever. This isn't volleyball! Karen Branson watches Skye Garrett beat a Bullis player to the ball. Sports/221

222 / Advertisements

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If there is a better way than ads to raise money for the Yearbook? Armed robbery. — Anonymous Seniors could sell themselves. — Erin McGaughan, 11

No. — Nahid Karamali, Sophie Keefer, 10 Give a door prize to the grade that contributes the most money (sort of like the canned food drive). — Larisa Lomacky, 10 Yes, bake sales and you can have fund raisers. — Michelle Tobe, 5 Come on you guys, we need ten thousand more. Ann Davidson doesn't know whether to yell or cry. Our ad sales went on and on, season after season . . . and it paid off.

Advertisements / 223

Lynn, We're very proud of you. Mom and Dad

W&M) - B&fc

I 224 / Advertisements

Sail on silvergirl, Sail on by Your time has come to shine. All your dreams are on their way. 'mW See how they shine. J^v If you need a friend I'm sailing right behind. Like a bridge over troubled waters I will ease your mind €” Simon and Garfunkel

Congratulations Jennifer Our Pleasure Then

^H

Our Treasure M o w

Congratulations and Love Always to our #1 member of the Class of '84

— Monica McLean — M a y good luck, happiness, laughter, smiles and love follow you always.

Your Loving Family Mom, Dad and Robert

Vft CONGRATULATIONS TO THE CLASS OF 1984

Congratulations and Best Wishes Lee Anne. W e love you! M o m and Dad

FROM THE PARENTS OF THIS CHILD

T o m y best (and only) little brother, You're terrific! Love, Missy Advertisements / 225

CONGRATULATIONS

LISA

to Kathy Best Wishes to the

FREE AT LAST AND TIME TO FLY!

Class of 84! dd

GO FIND THAT RAINBOW! tw

MOM, DAD, BRIAN, MOLLY

\) HOORAV |

PHILIP R. L A M B & CO., INC. REAL ESTATE APPRAISERS • C O N S U L T A N T S 1107-C SPRING STREET • SILVER SPRING, M A R Y L A N D 20910 (301) 587 - 1366

Congratulations, Sally

Love from M o m and Dad 226 / Advertisements

Congratulations to Robyn Marie Clark and the Class of '84 from Brother, the Professor Sister, The Nurse Mother, the Doctor and Toby Honey Friar Friendly Teddi

Daddy's Big Girl

Our Covergirl

The Girls

Always looking for a party

Congratulations Holly Love M o m and Dad May you always be as happy as you are now. What a figure

228 / Advertisements

CONGRATULATIONS VIRGINIA THE WARNER PLUMBING CORP. HO-WAR PLUMBING CORP.
GEORGE F. WARNER, INC.

+4**m4"

Advertisements / 229

...unmistakably

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I 230 / Advertisements-

Lee Anne, Academic excellence runs in the family. Love, Todd

THANKS FOR SEVENTEEN WONDERFUL YEARS!

CONGRATULATIONS, SCISAN "Lights, Camera, Action?" M o m and Dad

Biblical Archaeology Review Congratulations to the Class of 1984 Advertisements / 231

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan A stately pleasure dome decree: Where Alph, the sacred river, ran Through caverns
measureless to man Down to a sunless sea. â€” Coleridge

CONGRATULATIONS LISA! And Best of Luck to the Class of 1984! Daniel Shapiro W h e n you drive on the
freeway, cars follow you . . . If you go to the zoo, be sure to take your passport.

Happy Halloween, Seniors

M o m & Dad Thanks for everything you've done for me. I love you both very much.

Congratulations to the Class of '84 Kron Chocolatier Mazza Gallerie

kron TO MY WONDERFUL AND "AWEFCIL" DAUGHTER SUSAN CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR
GRADUATION FROM HOLTON-ARMS CONTINUE TO GROW AT COLLEGE AND ALWAYS

Compliments of a fiend 232 / Advertisements

FROM YOUR PROUD DADDY

TO OUR FAVORITE GRADUATE CONGRATULATIONS ELIZA

WITH MUCH LOVE FROM MOM DAD JOHN GEOFF GUINEVERE TEMPO

The Cars . . . Rumors ... My Best Friend's Girlfriend . . . Memorial Day . . . Beach Week '82 ... moi,toi,soi ... Let
the Good Times Roll ... CH ... caravan . . . H B O ... G and B . . . plastic dash ... A M Tunes . . . ATA X . . . M a m
a Bear ... G Q . . . beer . . . Atlantic City . . . JB ... The Police . . . haircuts . . . Harvey W.B. . . . Egyptmobile . . . T

and B . . . ET . . . fights . . . T and N . . . Queer . . . work . . . beach . . . parties . . . JT ... day after prom . . . dinners . . . Marley . . . bookstore . . . bicycles on roof . . . C.PJ . . . Drivers Ed . . . W E E K E N D S W E R E M A D E FOR SPECIAL FRIENDS! LOVE YA!

Congratulations to Caryn Coppedge from her family for her outstanding scholastic, athletic and musical achievements at Holton-Arms.

Our thanks to the staff and faculty of Holton-Arms w h o received a jewel and polished it into a diamond of unlimited quality.

Advertisements / 233

Congratulations, Julie — Love, Mom, & Dad, Chris & John

RACHAEL, YOG MADE IT! YEA!!!

mpu HEALTH CARE CENTER

Life's truest happiness is found in the friendships w e make along the way. — unknown

2700 ftorksr St. Sllv.r Spring (N.or Holy C r o n Hoipilol)

565-0300

FULLY LICENSED i APPROVED COMMEHEKSIVE CADE FACILITY • LICENSED PROFESSIONAL ON DUTY 24 HOURS • CONVALESCENT 4 LOW TERM CARE • REGISTERED IN-HOUSE PHARMACIST • THERAPEUTIC NETS • PHYSICAL 4 RECREATIONAL THERAPY • STAFF DOCTORS AVAILABLE • BEAUTY 4 BARBER SALON • RELIGIOUS SERVICES • DENTISTRY, 0PTHAM0L06Y, PODIATRY, SPEECH THERAPY AVAILABLE • SUPPORTIVE SOCIAL SERVICES AVAILABLE FOR RESIDENTS 4 FAMILIES

«^,v Wttfa CM,,," 2 3 4 / Advertisements

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Advertisements / 235

it all began here

Congratulations LELAND for a Job Well Done Mom and Dad

Cy^mfuictioro Joccer You ont the tCDfJ Good /uTA" wxfz&zon, Cayn one/

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3JOLZ

Next Door Neighbors"

Walking in your footsteps. â€” The Police

Congratulations Catherine

Love, M.P.M. and M.G.L.

YEAH HOORAY! MICHELLE

Love, M o m and D a d Advertisements / 237

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Rations adSs dh *

Juomino 4<eAtaurant 10280 BALTIMORE AVENUE, U. S. 1, COLLEGE PARK, MARYLAND

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4 44444*4*4*4*444*4*4*4*44444*444*444*4* Les grandes personnes ne comprennent jamais rien toutes seules, et c'est fatigant, pour les enfants, de toujours et toujours leur donner des explications

— SAINT EXUPERY

CONGRATULATIONS VALERIE — M a m a n et Papa

238 / Advertisements

Advertisements / 239

Hold fast to dreams For when dreams go Life is a barren field Frozen with snow. L. Hughes

HEALTH CARE CENTER MEMBER OF THE MARYLAND AND AMERICAN HEALTH CARE ASSOCIATIONS • Health Cchter internist & Psychiatrist Available * Registered Nursing Care In A Pleasant Atmosphere • for those requiring only care & rest • for those requiring intensive care • for those with behavioral problems

CONGRATULATIONS LISA!

We invite your inquiry & visit 2601 BEL PRE R O A D SILVER SPRING. MD. 20906

598-6000

Love — M o m and Dad

CONGRATULATIONS MIRIAM! You m a d e it! Strive the way you did and you will continue to always achieve your goals. W e will both miss you so much. Jacques and Henry Herman 240 / Advertisements

Crowell & Baker, i Washing ton's Premier Master Builders, cordially invite you to inspect the 2 acre wooded homesites and a variety of available home designs planned for the incomparable new Falconhurst neighborhood in prestigious Potomac, Maryland. Unique financing arrangements are available.

T o reach Falconhurst, drive out River Rd. to Bradley Blvd., right to Kentsdale Dr. Left IVi miles to Irongate Rd. Left to Bencross Dr. Left 1 block to Falconhurst model.

Advertisements / 241

"Weirdo Scouts Forever"

Good Luck to the Class of '84 Ray & Wanda Sherfy

ffl^djTd

J

Freelance

Wfe) fri/hmcin Photography

8842 Welbeck Way Gaithersburg, Md. 20879

JERRY FRISHMAN (301) 921-0126

Portraits, Weddings, Parties

Love, Cathy and John

Congratulations, Laurie

Samantha, N o matter what you decide to do in life, You'll always be a star. And, we'll always be your standing ovation. Love,

Mom & Dad with lots of love From M o m , Dad, David and Kathy 242 / Advertisements

Congratulations to the Class of 1984 Coopers & Lybrand

Advertisements / 243

Good Luck Peggy. â€” We'll Miss You. All our Love, Mom, Dad, Leslie and Erin 244 / Advertisements

i W E LOVE YOU LITTLE HOLLY

Let your light shine. M o m , Dad, Frank, Katie

WESTWOOD CENTER II RIDGEFIELD AT RIVER ROAD BETHESDA, MD. 20816 (301)951-1222

Complete line of needlework and supplies. Handmade gifts MON-SAT 10-6

THGRS TIL 8

CONGRATULATIONS

KATH! With Love From Mom, Dad, and Bobby Advertisements / 245

You are special to all of us â€” Love from The M e n in your life Melton, Marc, Brian & Alexander 246 / Advertisements

Good luck to the Class of '84! and thank you Miriam for all the years of happiness and joy you have given us. We will treasure these years forever. We love you and we are so proud of you. Your Mommy and Daddy

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Advertisements / 247

Congratulations Mimi, Adrienne, Maria, Lynn, & Robyn Love, the rest of R A

Youvr stiowij /ouRst-Lves rotfe equalled b\$M*nfi Respected ly)\ \

;3f5T wrsr^s TO: A g f a / A A jc &//K/ Jcs/HH/SE/p/w/

and jEVCRYPOPy ii Mr. Glasser and Mr. Caussin, What would I have done without you? You've been special friends and super teachers. I will miss you both very much. I promise I will be back to visit. I don't think I could say enough about all you've done for me so I'll have to hope you already know. Thank you. Samantha

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Wintergreen . Belly Jean . ripped pants • contact with a tree • Jane Fonda • late night putt-putt • Football games • Redskin's game • Thomas's Promises • your-a-jerk • God put her here to ... • secret loves • O's with screws • Kenwood swim meets • We're gonna die • F • computers • Buggy . moi

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Peggy — Best of luck to you next year, I'll miss you! Friends are forever. Don't ever forget me ! Love you, Tara
"A friend is a person who is for you always; under any circumstances"

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248 / Advertisements

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Lynn, Love you lots, Congratulations! — Erica

Leland Ana Lynn Lulu Skye Mary Valerie

Stacey Annie Leslie Amy Andrea Miriam Ms. Stewart

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We are the Varsity don't pity us, the Coach is great, the Refs are hideous. We want to smoke and drink and boogie down. We are the Holton Varsity! Our Team it has a first name it's H-O-L-T-O-N Our Team it has a second name it's V-A-R-S-I-T-Y Oh we love to play it everyday and if you ask us why we'll say; 'cause Holton Varsity has a way with H-O-C-K-E-Y!

Congratulations to our little sister. We hope all of your dreams come true! Advertisements / 249

Best wishes from the people of

Harriott corporation

C O tO6T2. FNT U L. f W \C V>S Tb |fTV\t

Cl_f^!> OT

Congratulations Annie on Top All Around Performance at a Fine School Buena Suerte!
M o m and Dad

^^H*

TOL< CLO^>

Beach Week, the Proms, Kathy's Park, Holiday Ball, Movies and 151, Pool Hopping, The Co., "Maggots", we're all awesome to the maxi pad. All in all it was probably the weirderest year of my life, but 1982-83 was easily the most memorable. I will never forget you all. With much love, Miko Kissme

Gargoyle . . . ya know . . . Bob & Betty Max . . . overhead projection . . . gallon! . . . tripping in G-town . . . MHS club . . . Bob Hope, Bozo . . . Morton's Crazy Day Sale . . . B.B. Gallini ... "I hope this device is kidding" . . . "Help I'm drowning" . . . Spandez Ballet . . . Fishtank . . . Creep Smiling . . . Rooster . . . Billy Jean! . . . swimming legs in the library . . . chore girls ... red eggs chore All the world's a stage, girls . . . "Are we having fun?" . . . Skip Castro ... the dancing And all the men and women merely players, laughter . . . ambulance lights . . . "Is he a pig?" . . . Jaques They have their exits and their entrances; Cousteau ... to the trained ear . . . ugly, ugly . . . being watched at And one [woman] in [her] time plays many parts. Roy's . . . machine gun . . . beauty school short-sleeved William Shakespeare turtleneck with zipper . . . imitating . sneaking out open beers raft trip . . . the 21st ... Bozo necklace "you must be very ugly" . . . light bulb switch .dress cleats ... no, the dog's not here . . . Beach Week '83 ... pinball machine "rolling on the ground" barman in Mike's basement . . . hyperventilating at Ana's ... "I'll have the Macaroni please" . . . paging L.F. ... the herd sour cream? ... 3rd Edition . . . Hamburger Palace . . . cruising around your room . . Ben K . . . elephantitis . . . boots . . . softball game Redskin Parade

Love, Mom, Dad, Steve, Meri, and Jonnie Advertisements / 251

To the Best Sister in the World!

Compliments of

/mW

SHRINER-MIDLAND COMPANY Management Strategies/Systems/Economics M O O 17mSt.rVW.Sla. 1000
Waahtnglon. D C 20036 202M66-217B

9432 Orincy PiaCm Falls Church, VA 220*2 71XV237-8135

We're so proud of you Bets! Love and Congratulations, Dan, Clay, Blake, Chris, Reed, and Mom .

da

252 / Advertisements

Cr

Congratulations Miriam on your ten splendid years at Holton and on achieving each and every goal you have set for yourself. May you always be happy along life's way and may you always succeed in whatever you

undertake in the years ahead. We will miss you tremendously and we love you so much . . . Mommy ,
Daddy, Jacques, Henry Gigi and Papi

Advertisements / 253

We'll miss you Peggy Dell and Stef To Michelle: The sight of all that is beautiful in nature and in art recalls,
with the swiftness of lightening, the memory of that which we love. — Stendhal Love Always,

Mom

HURRAY !!AMY!!

THE HOLTON-ARMS ALUMNAE BOARD OF DIRECTORS ALONG WITH THE HANG-UP
CONGRATULATES THE CLASS OF 1984. WE WELCOME YOU AS NEW ALUMNAE TO THE
ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION AND ENCOURAGE YOU TO PARTICIPATE IN OUR VITAL DURCE
NETWORK FOR HOLTON AND FOR YOU.

254 / Advertisements

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^^ green eggs an 4 ham! —

/i' -C-^i Thankyou! 11/1 (J

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Advertisements / 255

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Lee Anne's got the look

Senior Biologist Beth smiles

That's why w e have the Honor Code

Julie after she reads a book

Scribbjer? what's that?

Rachael before Chorus

There's a ballet in here

O h M o m , you're h o m e early

Reading is serious business for Va.

Nadine B.G.

Lisa before the days of Swing Choir

A m y would rather be at Choate

Tara displays the intellectual look

Valerie has always been patriotic

R-0-W-D-I-E C u m Laude

Lisa

Ml

Sandra models for Vogue

/

256 / Advertisements

Mirian

) Catherine

From the beginning please.

â€~ ^

Michelle hits the hot line

Mike you're h o m e !

Caryn: When's g a m e time?

Betsy

Sydney's lonely at the top

Maids of Athena? What's that?

Ana, Queen of the mountain

Allyson in a happy m o o d

Laurie and Martha relive their childhood fantasies

Advertisements / 257

Cute Wins Every Time! ••"-*d -rJ

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'dm E 2 4f z^mm Susan studies the camera carefully

Chrissy and friend ready to party

Michele our belle don't cry

Christine's French fashion

Orchesis? What's that?

Estela

Senior class president? M e ?

Leslie would rather be in a pool

Lee Anne: I love volunteer service

Marcus who?

Robyn

Daphne loves uniforms

Francine says herfirstword SCRIBE

Andrea guards her skin from the sun

Michelle flashes those baby blues

Laurie rests for the next audition

Susan must be in Bermuda

258 / Advertisements

Catherine is ready to play Volleyball

Peggy shows us her familiar smile

Our Madrigal Queen — Susie

Sally gives up the Brooke look

Caroline wants more pumpkin pie

Martha models her new designer suit

Amy's got the spirit

Mimi always had that leadership look

Anne M. was always a little radical

Karen would rather play basketball

It's not Bethany, but It'll do

Monica has always been tan

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Holly always was a classy dresser

Maria searches for her Greek G o d

Debbie: Right on cue

Maria and Adrienne — the Bobsy Twins Advertisements / 259

Con't from p.145

Restaurants, not just paved surfaces, were also a source of continual excitement during our junior year. Valerie Rousset found her car with four slashed tires one evening upon exiting The Saloon. Betsy m a d e friends at Nicola's when she opened a can and sprayed the stranger sitting next to her. The m a n quickly forgave her though, when Mike explained to him that Betsy had just been released from the hospital and hadn't taken her medication yet. Mice and Joyce Rogers â€” two ways to ruin a retreat! The mice were first to attack. W e first sensed their presence when Estela left a box of Entenman cookies on her bed and returned to find only crumbs and a hole in the box. Of course, w e handled it with the maturity and rationality G o d had blessed us with. Nobody walked on the floor of any cabin for the rest of the retreat! Instead w e hopped from bed to bed. Luisa moved out of her cabin and into a car, taking Tara with her. Sandra went to bed with a flashlight and Monica went to bed in her duckshoes. But the mice were nothing compared to Joyce, w h o went around at 2:00 in the morning asking people to escort her to the latrine, and w h o started singing "Peanut Butter and Jelly" at the top of her healthy lungs at 3:00 in the morning. If w e could have caught her, w e would have shut her up.

Unfortunately, it's kind of hard to catch someone as swift as Joyce when you're hopping from bed to bed. Beach week culminated the year for those of us lucky enough to go. With school and our minds in temporary recess, we were able to release all those 260 / Advertisements troubling inhibitions of the past year. While dancing in the middle coastal Highway, Ann Davidson and of friends

picked up someone who passed out in their apartment. Sandra and Catharine Colby took 5 a.m. swims in the Atlantic while Lee Anne Elliott and Daphne Holt took a swim in the Holiday Inn whirlpool. But no matter what we did over the summer, we made it a summer to remember. The summer before our senior year!

4 4 It'll be curved. It'll be curved." As she flitted around the room watching us mark question . after question wrong on a Bio II test, Mrs. Lippold would utter these famous words. Of course, if she had taken the questions for the test from our book instead of from the M C A T S we might have answered a few of them; but it didn't matter, because by the end of the first trimester of senior year, not only Mrs. Lippold, but our other teachers were becoming occasionally displeased with our performances on written evaluations. Mr. Tupper proclaimed prophetically as he handed

1:

back tests: "The world is not fair!" Mr. Puckett just shook his head and gave us that grin. Mrs. Terry, in moments of frustration, would label us "creatures" and Mrs. Sherburne's comment on a certain senior was "Ahhh! The light dawns on Marblehead!" True, Jennifer did think "Hiel Hitler" was "Hi Ho Hitler", and Virginia thought J F K was a Republican ("I thought all good presidents were Republicans!"). But we still were exemplary Seniors. We entertained the Lower Schoolers with our handcrafted costumes at the Halloween parade. Valerie Clarke and Lisa Shapiro pulled out all the stops, decked themselves out in trash bags and red legs warmers (which they wore on their heads) and camouflage olives stuffed with pimentos. We held a gourmet extravaganza at Virginia's the night of Senior Pot Luck Dinner, which just happened to coincide with Sydney's eighteenth birthday. With the speed of a Porsche, we zoomed to the front of the United Way Drive in the winter. Largely due to the efforts of Lisa Shapiro, we

sponsored a Middle School Dance during her free periods; Lee Anne which we found great fun. (We hope Humphrey sat quietly in one of its the Middle Schoolers did too). And we plush, vinyl chairs with a coffee mug participated in the Red Cross atop her head, and Holly, the one most Bloodmobile. Indeed, Mimi and Virginia in need of psychiatric help, cleaned it. dedicated themselves so unselfishly to Another of our senior privileges was this cause that they passed out. We the ability to leave campus in a closed the year with our varied but motorized vehicle during free periods. obviously fulfilling senior projects. This was a great deal harder than it Athletically, we observed the rules of sounds. We got the "leave campus" good sportmanship both on and off the and the "free period" parts fine; it was playing field. Of course, there were the "motorized vehicle" part that those rare instances when we did lose nabbed us every time. First off, many of track of decorum; such as the time us didn't drive. Secondly, there were Sarah punched a Madeira soccer player those of us who did drive but couldn't in the championship tournament; or the drive. Christine ran into her garage the time Karen Branson threatened to kill first time she tried. (She tried to both a St. Mary's player and the referee convince us the garage was moving at during a basketball game. But once the time.) When behind the wheel, Joyce got her rec specs, we didn't need Andrea ran into anything within a to threaten the safety of opposing team twenty mile radius: Mack trucks, other members in order to win. Just kidding, cars, even bushes. Dee Dee ditto. Leland. Michele's car was in such a delapidated Senior year brought along with it state that she couldn't even get in certain privileges, the first of which was except from the passenger side. Valerie the F C L (Father's Club Lounge). Clarke couldn't get in, period, when she Surrounded by the "almost original" lost her keys for two weeks. classical and Renaissance However, despite marred driving masterpieces which adorned the walls, records, someone of us still managed to we could chat about the inner meaning escape the confines of home. We hit of life (i.e. the plot of our favorite soap the popular night spots in Georgetown, opera), build a fire, or slosh hot cocoa such as the Third Edition, Whispers, around the floor creating lovely brown The Company, Fish Market, and Pirate's designs. But there were always those Hideaway. And there were always who dared to be different in their use of parties to celebrate any occasion. the FCL. Ana tried to scale its walls Although these parties are no doubt

unforgettable, they are only a m e m o i y lapse for most, since loss of consciousness is often an integral part of the party scene. W e do remember, of course, the time Leland tried to wash the blueberries out of her hair with D a w n dishwashing liquid during Betsy's party. And there was Lynn's post-Holiday Ball party when Sarah ran into a tree . . . while walking to the front door. And w h o could forget Holly's semi-formal party in the fall and Allyson's in the spring. W e could! Nothing emerges but a vague feeling of intense enjoyment when one tries to recall them. W e were probably, you know, really tired and all. W h e n hitting the nightspots or going to parties, several seniors discovered that good things c o m e in pairs, that two heads are better than one, etc. Jeff Sherwin and Miriam were always an item as were Gary A d a m s and Lee Anne E. and Robyn and Marcus. Holly and Lawrence remained faithful to each other even after he'd gone away to college, as did Betsy and Mike Kemsey and Nadine and George. Other seniors preferred to expand their horizons and date younger m e n , usually sophomores, w h o could bring the vitality and freshness of innocence to a relationship. Others remained "staglet," for reasons known only to themselves. Of course, no senior story is complete without mentioning colleges . . . except this one. Beam us aboard, Scottie. Captain's Log Star Date 6/84 We spent ten grueling years at the Holton A r m s School. It was a lot of work. But it was a heck of a lot of fun.

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M o m , Dad, Kent and Katherine, For: staying up with m e when I had to type being quiet when I had to study, making m e laugh in the middle of a crisis and puling m e over the rough spots when I got stuck. For not getting too m a d when: I bashed up your cars, lost your clothes, came in too late forgot to call, or tied up the phone when you had to take the metro because 1 stole your car. I love you! — M

I and You, no matter how they cut the dice! So, tomorrow? Amy — Well , we all need someone we can lean on, and if you want to,well, you can lean on me. Rolling Stones Lots of lov, Jen

schaefer . . . "candy kitchen" . . . Kathy's Park ... That's what he-she said ... mange-moi... Huh I will ... suspicious vehicle ... pass out in John ... Prom Dress ... men's room ... mortally wounded ... Airheads ... Orchesis Assembly ... Traf till you toss ... Fluffy ... inhuman gas . . . Maggots . . . Barf on wall . . . outrunning pigs . . . loserchevrolet . . . Karen . . . Movies 151 ... wizz in showers . . . welcome to Tastee Diner . . . Drop Tray-Anywhere . . . Beached whale . . . kegs N'Q's ... No Way ... I'm Not Here ... M o m m y ! ... Let's Pac ... George's & Bush's . . . Laugh till you cry ... B a g H o w . . . Spit on C's head . . . DTPSSTWWIP ... Kill Dick ... Pass out on Garage Floor... Same Time Yesterday ... Roll Houses ... slug in underpants ... Hickey's ... Swensen's Bathroom ... HiCom Breath ... wee on Depot ... I'm soo' mad ... It comes and comes again ... N O ! because you wet the bed ... shwr. for half n' hr ... Borrow Clothes ... Big Head Couple Ducks ... Break every rule ... Hove Mr. Scott's weewee ... purple sweater ... orange on rug ... Palmolive in Hair ... Picko Micko, Nick, Toddles, John .. '84 is Awesome ... Top ... Spu ... Inga ... M o ... space ... Bias 262 / Advertisements

CONGRATULATIONS

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"If you lead, I may not follow. If you follow, I may not lead. Just walk beside me and be my friend."
Anonymous Dearest Andrea, Just remember, that we shall always walk beside you with love, guidance, and hope for peace and that we shall be your friend. Love, Mother, Dad, and Lisa Levy Lovey, too!

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Peggy, near or far,

there's always the phone. Good Luck! Love always Leslie

Scribe thanks Mrs. McGaughan for her generous support of this year's Yearbook

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You think Garfield's all the rage . . . Well, at our house, "Pussy Cat" gets the stage. We're proud of her and think she's swell and for college years we wish her well. M o m and Dad and Brother Dear

Advertisements / 265

Miriam, it all just seems like yesterday . . . H o w could the years have flown by so quickly . . . too quickly . . . But to us you wi'l always remain the best little girl in the whole world . . . Your M o m m y and Daddy \ 266 /
Advertisements

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Congratulations Seniors! From the ISPEA Champs. Advertisements / 267

During the school year, it was so interesting to observe the way amount of leftover food that looked disgusting from days gone by the yearbook staff went about working on the yearbook. They . . . worrying about advertisement m o n e y for the yearbook . . . worked hard on it. They sacrificed m a n y hours they would nor-wondering if Mr. Bailey could extend the deadlines a few days . . . mally have spent on activities in their free time. Each staff m e m - decorating the Scribe door with ornaments from around the ber worked on areas other than the one she was responsible for. school . . . wondering when the proofs were going to appear . . . They strived to their best in whatever they were working on, from Mr. Lewis busy late at night making hot cocoa for the staff. .. the copy to layoutstophotographs. I c a m e to the conclusion that life students in Upper School assemblies aware that there were around Holton-Arms would not be the same if it were not for the mandatory meetings every day .. the Accounting Office busy Scribe '84 staff. with money and bills . . . m e wondering w h

o had the right to sit at They kept . . . the building from being too lonely after school m y desk and chair ... a demanding "social life" . . . busy hours and on weekends ... the fast food joints in the black ... correcting grammar and enunciation of a certain person . . . the librarians wondering where all the carbon ribbons and cor-wondering if the Scribe room was the only one without heat . . . ecting tapes from the typewriters went.. . arranging time to take crashing dances to get away from the frustrations of Scribe .. the club photographs over and over again . . . their motherstheir ignorance up about what a trash can is used for. But most of wondering if their daughters knew what "home" meant . . . theall they kept m e out of trouble!!! seniors busy ... in shape by running down the hallway to answer T o Robyn Mirman, Hattie Croyder, A n n Davidson, Tara O w e n , the telephone or by walking down to the art department ... Natalie Atherton, Melissa Lee, Sally Andrews, Anne McBride, wondering when all the problems in the yearbook would end . . Elizabeth Weiss, Thompkins, Lee A n n e Humphrey, Maria Tousia mascot clothed with the latest fashion so he wouldn't catch a mis, Beth Baker, and especially to the editor-in-chief, Francine cold ... teachers from scheduling their tests only once .. Laden, the fourteen best reasons why this school year meant so Diana Ross and the rest of the Motown family happy ... a m u c h to m e : As w e part company, I would like to bid you farewell running list of things they needed to improve the Scribe room . . .and wherever you are next year, please continue what you have saying h o w m u c h h time they could save by sleeping over at school been doing all year long, and strive for the highest! Aloha oe a . . . losing things, especially the "ladder" to the yearbook ... an kulia i ka nu'ul

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We love you! Mom, Dad, Scott and Phil 270 / Advertisement

Quick.

Can you name Washington's newest radio morning team? (Here's a hint:)

It's breakfast with the sunny side up.. .With Washington's funniest, friendliest, wittiest morning team*. .With the off-the-record, off-the-wall sides of Ronald Reagan, Jimmy Carter, Jimmy Stewart Jack Nicholson, Julia Childs, William F Buckley and more. Still can't guess? Then you'll have to listen! Mornings Monday thru Saturday 5:30 to 10:00 a.m.

FM

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PAF. 1984

Co-Presidents: Kathy L a m b Estella Radan Vice-President: Christine Nyirjesy Secretary/Treasurer: Kendra Barnes Members: Robyn Clark, Valerie Clarke, Eliza Knable, Rachael McClellan, Luisa Santillo.

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Snubbles and Beejzba

Dear Seniors, YOU'RE GRADUATING WITHOUT ME! THANKS FOR ALL OF THE MANY FOND MEMORIES FROM OUR YEARS TOGETHER. YOU ARE ALL SPECIAL FRIENDS AND I WILL REALLY MISS YOU — GOOD LUCK!! LOVE, MISS WARNER/MRS. MINOGUE

From there to here from here to there funny things are everywhere — Dr. Seuss — even in your o w n home. I'll miss you! Love, Barney

THANK YOU: Vie future is but afiyure, of Speech, a. specter ofihouokt. - U/ac/imir mbokoV-

to ihe class of /<?SV - tke Cum laude. Society'

Mr. Schompers — For the light and bookcase. Eddie and Brian — For reminding us where to get off the elevator, to turn off the light and to m o v e the cars. Miss Theeman — For her telephone, her cookies, coke and ice cream, her smiling face, and her concern. Frs. Fenton and Mrs. Heflin — For keeping track of our confusing records. Mr. Bailey — For all his extensions which we could not have done without. The coke machine — for caffeine. Librarians and Teachers — For the typewriters. Mr. Higgins and the Geometry Classes — For inventing an index program. Mr. Lewis — For coming in at the perfect moment with hot chocolate, and for always saying the right things. Teachers — For extending tests and papers. Seniors — For ! Everyone who took out ads.

Advertisements / 273

Matty, W e love you and we'll miss you very much. love, Dad, M o m , Laly, Mariella and Chalaka.
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THANKS, Debbie, Sam, Louise & Dale, Mr. & Mrs. Wiggin, Bobby, Rachael, Peter, Kay, Trip, Anthony, and Christopher.

I couldn't have done it without you! Love, Suzy To m y grandparents, Gigy and Papi â€” I never could have made it without your love and guidance. M o words can express m y infinite appreciation for everything you have done for m e during the past 18 years. I love you both so much. Miriam

To M o m m y and Daddy, "Home" will always be the sweetest word for m e . You have given m e the most beautiful years of m y life. Whoever I am, whatever I do, wherever I go, it is because of you. I love you. I need you. I'll miss you. Miriam Advertisements / 275

'H SOUP Lyons . . . Knoxville ... New York ... Champions . . . Pompano ... Hi M o o Moo!!

CrOOD

LUCK1

Commun+y

Service Club-

S o m e Girls ... "Are these yours?" ... pickles and parsley ... superangels ... Marvin triangle ... pie face ... poolside French ... hi g a m e . . . J.R. â€” paralingualing ... "I want red hair and a hook nose"

... Can't Explain ... The Quay ... eight in a row ... "look what's in the dryer!" ... Holiday Inn whirlpool ... r u m
a tab ... slurpee tragedy ... What's the best time to be in Washington, D.C?

M o m and Dad: Thank you for making m e so very happy. I love you and this is not the end-promise m e m a n
y visits at the Inn. Don't forget your golf clubs, Dad, and M o m , the food is great €” you
don't have to cook. I'll be seeing you! Love, your Pil

276 / Advertisements

Best Wishes from CALVERT Driving School

CREATIVE

SUMMER

Hello, Hello, Hello • "It's Anne, Sally and Susan" • Sally's watch • "How's Kevin?" • the mink episode • lax •
"try Best's or Bell's" • Russel and Phyllis • rolling Andy's house • M e w York • "I know a short-cut" • gentialfy
attached • gag m e with a Ginsu • intense study sessions • Studley • Okee Matt, on to the next problemme •
M*A*S*H • K.B. • Charlie's Angels • Steve H., G., D., & W . • Colorfax • What do you get when you cross a
frog and a poodle? • Hard to believe, but Hue • Woodie's • Old Georgetown Club • the C o m p a n y • beach
party • pina coladas • Cotan the Barbarian • Pinto broke • Hail Mary • Clyde's • "Weren't you at the party last
night?" • nuc, nuc, nuc • B a c k g a m m o n • "Hello, Russia?" • looks like University of Illinois • innocent pig •
LL. Bean • S.C. • must be rough • I left m y keys in the car • Hey ho, hey ho • Gnarly • Aaanne • Howzit L.H.? •
Pop tarts and Pepsi • sailing • "People on ludes should not drive" • "you forgot your sheets" • "I'll have s o m e
milk" • beached whale • queer-ass mist • great • "Don't w e look beachy?" • 100 KHI • Beach Patrol • Srough
sick and sin • Time of your life, huh kid?

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"TO THE 6eNIOH*-fILU/fIVS

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"THIS IN MIND: RtMEMftEA US.

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CONGRATULATIONS! UNP

GOOD LUCK!

Otter, For you m y dearest friend, this is not the end, but just a short intermission. This is where the good part
starts! Let's fact it with a smile and never forget — we're friends All m y love & insanity, Boon

LOVE ALWAYS, CLH55 OF '«S

Caroline; Animal house . . . Otter . . . Boon ... trailrides... Bowling . . . Dabblineline ... "I advise you to start
drinking heavily" . . . Road trip! ... All the m e n . . . Murphy ... Louis, Lourey, O h no! ... Brits . . . sun at night .
.. Annies . . . Marines . . . Bus boys .. S u m m e r .. M e n at work . . . Friends forever & more.

Advertisements / 279

People let me tell you about my best friend: she's a warm hearted person who will love me to the end. my best friend "The Courtship of Eddie's Father"

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CLASS OF '84

Advertisements / 281

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CONGRATULATIONS SENIORS! IN EVERY WAY YOU HAVE CACHET

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SHION SIGNATURE FOR FINE FASI GEORGETOWN PLAZA 2828 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, N.W.
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20007 202-337-4800

August 26, 1981 • "What kind of dog is that?" • The Piranha Movie • J.D. show • Our Hill • The Ferris Wheel • Pizza & the Exorcist • Only and one • I Nub you • Purfrise • Skyline Drive • Sledding • Saturday the 14th • "Could you tell us how to get to Cabin John?" • Assateague • Sandcrabs • Tubbing • Farrell's • Great Falls • The Bridge • O U R initials • Piggyback rides • Lost in Columbia • Rio • Smiles • "Does your D o g Bite?" • Robert and Roberta • "Hello George?" • Truly • Five of Seven • Jenifer • Yentl • PYK • Chinese food • Motes • Palsy Walsy • Babysitting • Kennedy Center • Woodies & Raleighs • Eating Lunch together • The Hallway • Talking • The Best dog in the world • Prom • The view • Ritchie Park • Laughing • Plays • "I think I'll go back to sleep" • Meeting at the Fence • Continental Divide • Holding Hands • Shopping • Hugging • "Eh Boo Boo" • McDonald's • H o m e c o m i n g • waiting for the right idle • The Future • Being Together • "So Tomorrow, Sally?" • Love Kevin

Catherine, Kendra, Stella, Kath Ba-ha, Nadinee, Syd, Michele, Caroline, Rach, Tara, Adrienne, Virginia, Francine, Luisa, Caryn, Karen, Eliza, Lee Anne, Robin, Lisa, Ann, Daph, Lee Anne, Mimi, Miriam, Anne, Sally, Susan, Sarah, Nicole, Crissie, Bizzy, Abril, Emilia — Good luck! Love, Christine

IF YOG NEED ME, CALL ME NO /MATTER WHERE YOG ARE, NO MATTER HOW FAR, JGST CALL MY NAME AND I'LL BE THERE IN A HGRRY ON THAT YOG CAN DEPEND AND NEVER WORRY.

Mimi's Dead . . . Let's get skied ... all nighters . . . "No J, we're the pep squad" . . . Road trips . . . Safeway in our PJ's B E E R S . . . Jennifer's picture albums . . . wild parties . . . carpools . . . Motown . . . Silent treatments . . . Mimi's matchin bathing suits and towels . . . Future Foxhall h o m e s . . . Big League C h e w . . . memorable Holloweens . . . keys . . . PYT trivial pursuit . . . frozen snickers . . . Rag on Mimi, Monica, Peggy, Jennifer . . . Proms ... "I know where we're going — Y right, M o n " . . . frozen strawberries . . . "Don't worry I've got the fishing pole." . . . Beach W e e k '83 ... Dressed to kill . singing telegrams . . . Dance Marathons . . . Monica — Roy's winner . . . Big Red . . . "Are you buzzed?" . . . S A T course ... way ... Redskin poncho's . . . "What prep party? . . . Jacksons . . . Jennifer's killer cats . . . you queer . . . laughs . aches . . . "How'bout Georgetown, Mimi?" . . . Chinese food . . . B's, C's, D's, G's, J's, M's, N's, R's, T's, S's . . . swingin's . . . backrubs . . . J a m e s Taylor . . . covered wagons . . . picture books . . . rum ... 1,000 assorted cookies . . . vi alarms . . . if looks could kill . . . Body Heat. . . teacups . . . Smokie . . . visitors . . . "Are you hungry? — How'bout the floor? — u m m . " . . . best friends . . . Through good times and bad times we'll always stay friends. Advertisements / 283

Best Wishes to The Class of 1984 Mr. and Mrs. Jacques d'Eprenesnil

Beth, Lisa, Catherine, Julie

GOODBYE! Thanks for Being There . . . â€” Leslie

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Congratulations, Anne! Shaba, Thanks for s o m e of the best years of m y life. I will miss you. Love, Zein

Love, Mom, Dad, and Mark "All I wanted was a sweet distraction for an hour or two, had no intention to do the things we've done" . . . sole confidante . . . Third Edition . . . Road Block ... Billy Jean . . . unsupervised endless weekends ... B Y O N ... penalty shots ... Oregon ... "I don't think you understand." . . . looking for Mr. Goodbody . . . K P . . . "You can get it if you really want it" ... victims ... the stincoln . . . shopping list . . . Pirate's Hideaway ... Curry Shuffle ... memory lapse ... the Company Thanksgiving . . . PPD's . . . Crispy fries . . . 360's . . . Lawn jobs The Big Chill . . . business cards . . . H.B. '83 . . . bathroom floors meaningful relationships . . . French champagne . . . Chinese food schnappes . . . threatening phone calls . . . LR's . . . Beauty Queens "Lean on m e , when you're not strong and I'll be your friend, I'll help you carry on . . . For it won't be long, 'till I'm gonna need somebody to lean on ..."

To m y best friends, Near or far we'll always be together. Love you all, Miriam

Jeff, Thanks for being there when I needed to talk, to cry, to laugh, to scream, to work, to party, and to love. Your phone calls got m e through those late nights when I thought the world was going to end, and you m a d e senior year so m u c h more than classes, and books. I'll miss you. Love Always, Miriam

Advertisements / 285

SCRIBBLER .. A WAY OF LIFE

Daphne Holt Lisa Shapiro Julie Cantor A m y Englehardt Zahide Erkmén Valerie Rousset

Miriam Herman Lee Anne Elliott Beth Glennie Virginia White Catherine Mastney

Waxy fingers, typing corrections, "It's a \$50 charge after midnight," Jerry's, McD's, Sterling, "How do you spell . . . ?," headline headaches, cutline convulsions, "Where are the Scissors . . . the cartoon ... the directory?" Greasy hamburgers from Little Tavern, "Mrs. Case is on the phone," "Does anyone know what's going on?"

GOOD-BYE ZEIN WE WILL ALL MISS YOU! >-

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From far away we have watched you grow up Miriam, and we have lovingly followed you step by step along these years. Today it is with great emotion and admiration that we congratulate you and wish you all the happiness you so much deserve as you start a new page in your life From Brazil with all our love, your Aunt Henriette and Gncle Poldi.

Advertisements / 287

To: FRANCINE, THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF CONGRATULATIONS! LOVE GRANDMA AND PAPA

CONGRATULATIONS MDS

GCRDCN STUDIO & CAMERA (3C1) 94&- €995 GORDON'S vs. EVERYBODY ELSE

Al Gordon*, we've (Mill our irpuuon on grvtng our tuuomen authorized, nameprand. m m n m d u r at the lo*ru potable pneec. B U L pneec alone u only on* up<ci al th« C O R D O N DIFFERENCE

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In Maryland 1-800-492-7156 All Otfi.r Aran 140^638-7076

IN THE GAITHERSTOWNE PLAZA

228 NORTH FREDERICK AVE. GAITHERSBURG, MD. 20877 .

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>

You've come a long way, Chrissy! CONGRATULATIONS! Love, Mom, Dad, Ralph and Tom.

'M NORTHWEST LAWN SERVICE Landscape Maintenance Fully Insured

JOHN SHORB 364-2400

HOW DARE!

4800 Woodway Lane, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20016

See our advertisement in the 1984 Yellow Pages

Love, All 13 of us.

Jo Esdsdt^i-L/-) chufi fl%5.

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Advertisements / 2 8 9

The American Cafe congratulates the graduating class of 1984

The American Cafe • Georgetown • Chevy Chase M o m and Dad, I'm having trouble saying what I want to say without sounding trite so I'll just say, "Hi! Coop!"

• Capitol Hill • Harborplace

The Market Cafe Fair Oaks

• National Center

Good Luck to the Class of 1984 HAFAMA (Scribe '84 appreciates HAFAMA's support)

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CONGRATULATIONS MARIA! Love always, M a m a , Baba, Yianni, Soteri, and Eleni.

In m e m o r a n d u m of Francine (Francis, Almighty) for rides home, spending the night, running away from D.C, ruining ten rolls of film, fights with D.C, crashing dances (Middle School, Dance Marathon), looking for layouts (copy, cropper, etc.), "yummy," bulging eyeballs, swiping Shastas, Madrigal flowers, index, senior story Diane (Miss Chong, D.C.) for morning visits, h o m e m a d e potato chips and macadamia nuts, driving to Shakey's, over 100 lbs. of porcelain, North China, photography and ceramics, the mysterious James, "How Dare!", "Life goes on," Chinese Narcissis and its marbles, the Toilet Bowl, Tomkins' bra (and Mr. Lewis' suprise visit), caffeine (sorry I'm still addicted); Ann (the prude, Ann without an "e") for "Don't be glum," running up and down the stairs, soccer spread, leap-day, banana chips, wholesomeness, feeling fat, math contest, selling ads at Montgomery Mall, Calculus Quizes (more like exams). We'll miss you until the Scribe room's clean (forever?) Love, Creep, Tompkins, Fred the Fish, and the Klutz

(Mel)

M o m , Dad, Melis, and T o m I don't think I've said 1 love you near enough. â€” Jennifer

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And Now About The Authors ...

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JL

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Student Index O U R [INDEX] is very timid, and a bit awkward is his initial bow, but we plead his youth and beg your tolerance. He is really very eager to be friends, but fearful lest he find no welcome. For a long time he has been anxious to show himself; but lessons and music, tennis and basketball have quite crowded him out. Now at last he is here, and he hopes long to remain ...
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You mean m e ? Ann Davidson stands by her locker

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Yea, they've all got brains the size of a jelly bean Christi Curtin sits in the Library

But they always told m e B c a m e before Al? Lower Schoolers browse through the Library Files. I'm very disappointed in you, Mr. Higgins. Mr. Michael Higgins and Ana Coyne discuss math

A Good-Bye

It must be Caffeine Time! Seniors enjoy the Father's Club Lounge

We could say the 1984 school year ended just like any other, but it didn't, so w e won't. It seems like only yesterday w e were saying w e would never graduate and it would be the longest year of our lives. But thanks to our friends and teachers, the year flew by. W e explored the new horizons (and in s o m e cases the new aggravations) of computers. N e w Academic concepts like Calculus, Physics, and Engfish filled our minds and time. W e learned the joys of wearing grey cords and "in uniform" long Johns. But the cold weather is gone, and w e can pack away the winter clothes. Beach week is almost here. We've had a great year and it'sfinallytime to say good-bye.

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