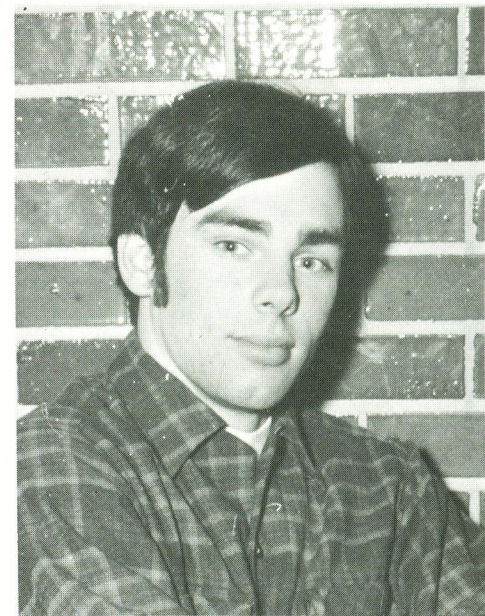




Dusty Macgregor



Bonnie McCannel



Greg Hamilton

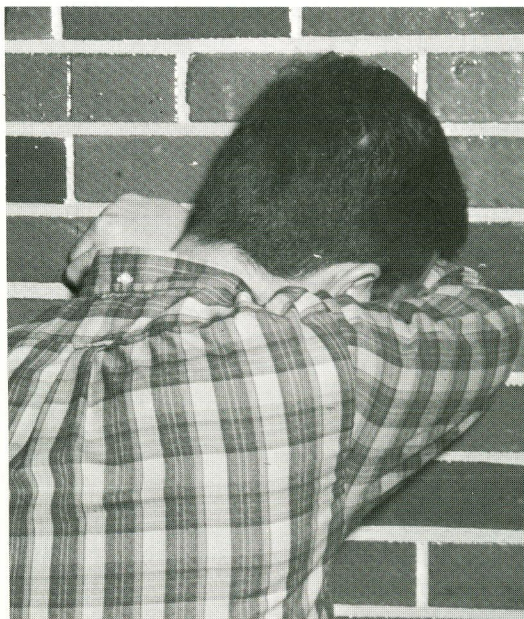
Thanks

Yes, a yearbook did finally emerge amidst the rubble, tea, and ginger snaps of the Pub. I want to thank you all.

Mr. Freeberg, honored advisor, thank you not only for keeping the staff from each other's throats, but also for the gentle greeting, "Well, hello there. Aren't you on the yearbook staff?"

Oh hallowed executive staff. Thanks to Ruth for endless proof sheets, pictures, and cheeseburgers in the dark room. Keep your shirt on Ruth. To Bonnie for piles of triplicates, French-fries and consultations at the club. To Greg for soliciting a record amount of money, and for knowing exactly what is happening. To Bob, climb out of that locker you coward. At least I didn't drown you in developer.

I find it hard to believe that heads never rolled among the picture grubbing section heads. Val and Dave never came to blows, Nancy finally filled her pages with rye crisp, Bob and Betsy got their two extra pages, Pudge finally got his triplicates transferred, and Wendy and Karen never once crossed Mr. Freeberg. And finally, thanks to all the unofficial staff members for the leg and finger work, and long hours necessary for the completion of this monument to the senses.



Bob Lopez



Ruth Schering

Well, the pub will be empty without Garbett to jump out of closets, Vicki and Dave in their corner, and the talent show during lunch.

Yes Biss, thanks to the Wayako staff, our yearbook will have more than one page.

—Dusty



Mr. Don Freeberg and Dan Gleason