

RILEY REVIEW

James Whitcomb Riley High School 405 E. Ewing Ave. South Bend, IN 46613 May 20, 1983 Volume 13 Number 14



Congratulations Class of '83

Four valedictorians lead senior class

Four students who maintained a perfect 4.0 grade point average throughout high school lead Riley's senior class as valedictorians.

Jacqueline Anderson, Daniel Hennessy, Peter Kolettis, and Richard Silberman earned the highest academic distinctions while David Kosnoff and Jennifer Showalter followed closely behind with the next highest grade point average.

A member of the National Honor Society (NHS) and a participant in the High School Bowl, Jacqueline plans to attend Indiana University for a major in chemistry. She won a \$500 Hoosier Scholarship for her academic excellence.

Daniel, a Purdue University candidate for aerospace and electrical engineering, is a National Merit Commended Scholar for his PSAT scores. He plays french horn for the symphonic band and orchestra and was drum major for the marching band this past year. He has participated on the tennis, debate, and High School Bowl teams and is a member of NHS.

Peter will pursue a pre-medicine degree at Notre Dame University. A member of NHS

and the Student Awareness Group, he has also participated on the varsity basketball and High School Bowl Teams.

Richard, co-editor-in-chief of the **Riley Review**, has journalism at Northwestern University set for next fall. Quill and Scroll, NHS, and the High School Bowl are other activities that he has been involved in at Riley.

Bloomington will be David's residence next year as he plans a bio-chemistry major at Indiana University. A member of NHS, he was secretary-treasurer of the Student Awareness Group. Dave also played trumpet in the band and was a member of the tennis team.

Jennifer plans on a business journalism major at Indiana University-Bloomington next fall. She was winner of the Schuyler Colfax Good Citizen Medal and was recently named Kiwanis Teenager of the Year. She is also active in NHS and Quill and Scroll. Jennifer headed the **Hoosier Poet** staff this past year as yearbook editor-in-chief and has been a soprano in the Choraliers and glee club while at Riley.

Other seniors finished with academic excellence. Receiving summa cum laude ("with great praise") honors, are Gregory

Elin, Steven Gardner, Kenneth Humphrey, Steven Longenecker, Ronda Zeigert, and Georgia Zorich.

Magna cum laude ("with much praise"): Lisa Ervin, Jerry Hardman, Philip Hohulin, Lorraine Osowski, Lisa Panzica, Scott Regina, Susan Rogers, Wendy Stillson, Deborah Truesdell, and Kathleen Warren.

Cum laude ("with praise"): Bruce Arick, Mark Bauer, Adam Beatty, Patricia Boyce, Teresa DeSmet, Shawn Dietl, Deborah Dunlap, Karen Edwards, Sheila Flint, Dawn Jones, Brian Mercedes, Andrew Miller, Scott Polsgrove, Susan Shaw, Anthony Stout, Donna Swoverland, Theresa Visocky, and Theresa Walker.

Scholarship with Distinction goes to Frances Almaguer, Lisa Arch, Amy Benko, David Bowman, Angela Boykins, Laurie Butts, Eric Chapman, Rebekah Davis, John DeCocker, Andrew Dunn, Douglas Franson, Gregory Fredenburg, Carl Freitag, Karen Gabey, Jeffery Goffeney, and Cheryl Gustin.

Distinguished Students are Margaret Hines, Stephanie Hochstetler, Kimberly Horvath, Joseph Ihns, Yvone Keltner, Sally Kirwan, Russell Koch, Thomas Kocsis, Annette Koenig, Julie Konkle, Patricia Kruszka, Lisa Leliaert, Lori Little, and Wendy Little.

Kelly Major, Tracy Marietta, Lisa McClurg, Lori Molloy, Tamra Michael, Robin Miller, Julie Mudrovich, Mark Olson, Sean O'Neill, Charles Pankow, Ralph Pieniazkiewicz, Rachel Porta, Derrick Preston, Carter Reznik, Michael Riddle, Daniel rodenbach, Keri Roenfeldt, Michael Rosenberg, and Melanie Rowe.

Also Scott Schmok, Jacqueline Scott, Ronald Shulman, Valerie Snyder, Susan Stancati, Jennifer Steele, William Strantz, Deborah Stroop, Robert Strzelecki, Scott Stuck, James Thompson, Marcus Wimmer, Kelly Woods, and Lisa Zsedely.



Valedictorian
Jacqueline A. Anderson



Valedictorian
Daniel M. Hennessy



Valedictorian
Peter N. Kolettis



Valedictorian
Richard M. Silberman

For the third year straight, Riley seniors will receive their diplomas at the Century Center.

On June 6 at 12 p.m. the commencement exercises begin in the Center's convention hall with about 350 graduates attending the ceremony. Mr. Dan Miller's glee club and Mrs. Marilyn Fisher's orchestra will provide the music.

Riley is the only area high school to hold graduation ceremonies at the Century Center. Commencements used to be held at Jackson Field, but bad weather forced hasty moves to the Riley gym. When the ceremony was held in the gym, each senior was allowed only two tickets for family members,

compared to six at the Century Center. The Convention Hall is also air-conditioned while the gym is hot and humid.

Mr. Wally Gartee, commencement ceremony head, would like to continue to hold graduation exercises at the Century Center if the classes are financially able. This year commencement costs \$950; next year it will probably cost more. To help raise money, a student assessment fee may be charged.

Costs for next year's prom will also go up from \$550 this year to approximately \$1000 next year. Riley already has secured a Saturday in May for the prom at the Century Center.



Salutatorian
Jennifer S. Showalter



Salutatorian
David M. Kosnoff

Seniors: Come to "A Picnic With Algie"

By Linda Makley

Seniors, don't forget to mark May 27 on your calendars. Besides being the day of rehearsal for commencement, this final day of senior classes is also the time for "A Picnic with Algie." It will be held at Bendix Woods and all seniors are invited. Bus transportation will be provided free by Mr. Oldham. "Bring a sack lunch and get ready to play softball, volleyball, and have a good time," said Mr. Oldham. Orange drink will be provided at the picnic for all students, compliments of McDonald's.

Mr. Oldham wants the seniors to know how much he appreciates them helping to make this year successful. "I

want to commend all the students and all faculty members for making possible all the improvements we've had this year," said Mr. Oldham. The number of fights and thefts has been drastically reduced. "The students seem to be happy and enjoying school," continued Mr. Oldham, "and that's what I like."

Another new idea Mr. Oldham is working on for next year is a new category of classes. He hasn't decided what to call these classes yet, but they will be for students who have the fundamentals, but need development. He wants these classes to build up self-discipline so these students

can accelerate and move up to higher levels of study. It is hoped that these classes will enable more students to move up to Honors classes.

Plans for next year are now being considered and "invented" by Mr. Oldham. "I'm going to start a new policy next year, requiring all students to bring home at least one book every night," stated Mr. Oldham. He feels that too many students go home empty-handed. "Hopefully more students will bring home homework requiring a book and do it. The purpose of this policy is to raise GPA's," said Mr. Oldham.

Take a musical tour with the Glee Club

The Riley Vocal Music Department will take you on a "Musical tour of the United States" on May 24 and 25 at 7:30 p.m. Tickets cost one dollar per person and may be purchased at the door of Riley's auditorium.

Director Dan Miller's Choraliers will open the program with a set of nine melodies, including "Memory," from the Broadway musical smash **Cats**. Jackie Hildebrand and Bart Goldberg will star in "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B." The group will also perform the jazz arrangement, "Moonglow."

All songs performed by the concert choir pertain to either cities or states of the U.S. tunes such as "Moon Over Miami" (sung by a all-girl ensemble), "Kansas City" (with a male duet), "Gary, Indiana" (from Broadway's **Muscle Man**), "Beautiful Ohio" (featuring Phil Hohulin and Jackie Scott), "Yell Rose of Texas," and "Chattanooga Choo Choo" will echo through the auditorium.

Riley students take a trip to "Germany"

By Kyla Pershing

After pledging their intention to refrain from using English during their trip to "Germany," sophomores Sarah Vakkur and Linda Marcedes headed to Ball State University on April 29 to participate in the fourth annual German Workshop. Upon arriving at Kitselman Center, Sarah and Linda gave their passports to the proper authorities and proceeded to cross the "German" border.

Ball State German students, dressed in German attire, demonstrated various German dances for the 40 students who

were visiting "Germany" that weekend. The visitors joined in the group dances which Linda described as being "more like the polka and square dance combined. I think the dancing was the best," added Linda.

The girls not only ate German food all weekend but also experienced making it. After deciphering a recipe written in the foreign language, they attempted to make a kerchekuchen, better known in English as a cherry pastry.

The informal weekend also included the singing of German songs, a tour of the campus, a picnic, a short skit by the

students, and a small visit with Governor Orr.

"I had a great time," commented Sarah. "I like to speak German," she continued, "so speaking it all weekend wasn't too difficult for me." Both Riley students would like to attend the workshop again next year.

The trip was offered to any student who had had at least two years of German. The fee for the weekend was \$50 per student. Riley's German Club paid \$40 of the cost for each student.



New RILEY REVIEW editors-in-chief Chris Pickenpaugh and Linda Makley.



Linda Garberick and Jill Maza, HOOSIER POET editors-in-chief.

WILDLIFE

Showalter selected "Teen of the Year"

Senior Jennifer Showalter was selected "Teenager of the Year" in the girls' division by the South Bend Kiwanis Club. She received \$200 and a plaque for this achievement.

As one of five finalists in the boys' division, senior Pete Kolettis got \$50 and a certificate. Pete and Jennifer were selected as the one boy and girl to represent Riley in the city-wide contest, that also included Mishawaka and Penn.

All candidates filled out forms, listing their school activities, church activities, awards, leadership positions, and grade point average. Next, five girls and five boys were chosen as finalists. The finalists were interviewed and the winners were then selected.

I.U. tops poll for seniors

Indiana University-Bloomington will be taking in the most Riley students as freshmen next fall, if a poll of 225 seniors is any indication. Out of those polled, 96 percent will be going to college for the 1983-84 school year.

Twenty-four seniors are heading for I.U. while the next highest number, 18, will be going to IUSB. Third-place Purdue University will be the home of 18 Rileyites next fall. Six seniors listed Ball State as their fall destination while Notre Dame and Indiana State will each be enrolling two Rileyites.

Various other colleges were mentioned as well. The University of Southern California, Memorial Hospital School of Nursing, Vogue Beauty College, and Marquette University will have two Riley grads as students, as will Vincennes University, Manchester College, and Butler University. Colleges and universities such as Northwes-

tern, Oberlin, Concordia, and East Kentucky were also listed.

Of those heading for college, four girls have marriage as near-future plans, but all also plan on continuing their education.

Only 10 seniors indicated that they are not going to attend a college. Three are going into the military. One girl said that she will be attending a police academy instead of college.

Exchange club honors students

The Exchange Club of South Bend honored outstanding students from all the South Bend area high schools at a luncheon on Friday, May 13, at the LaSalle Hotel Building. The outstanding students selected by Riley teachers were Greg Elin for math, Richard Silberman for English, Phil Hohulin for social studies, and Steve Longenecker for science. Principal Algie Oldham was an honored guest at this luncheon and directed his speech to the students present, giving advice for the future.

Debaters finish winning season

Once again, the Riley Debate and Speech teams proved their dominance over the St. Joe Valley Forensic League at the annual speech and debate banquet May second. Riley garnered the Hall-Maple traveling trophy for overall excellence based on combined points for the second consecutive year. The four-man debate team won the number one trophy with an impressive 14-2 record, represented by David Clark, Jerry Maynard, Robin Borr, Sally Kirwan and Geoff Klinger.

Other awards were: in boys extemporaneous, junior Doug Dunham took seventh place while senior Steve Gardner captured fourth. In discussion, junior Robin Borr took fifth.

Sophomore Helen Hillman took fifth in impromptu while in the humorous after-dinner speech, Kirwan placed second. Maynard placed eighth, senior Bill Flesh took fourth and Borr captured second in congress.

Kirwan also shined in the VFW's "Voice of Democracy" speech contest. Her essay, "Youth, America's Strength," brought her a fourth place finish in State and a \$100 savings bond. Earlier she won the Riley, City, and district contests with her speech.

Library books due

Students not returning books by the end of the school year will be fined one dollar per book, warns school librarian Pauline Abraham.

The library will be closed Friday, May 27, but the last day for book check-out is May 20. Students who need the encyclopedias may use the library during the first week of June, providing they have passes from their teacher.

Graduating juniors "get out" early

"I want to graduate now because I am going to IUSB in the fall and then plan on going to IU Bloomington the year after that," said graduating junior Dawn Schultz.

Nineteen juniors will be graduating with the class of '83. Other reasons for graduating early include wanting to hit the job market early, make money for college, or simply get out of high school quicker. Some of these early graduates feel that

another year of high school would be wasted because they have taken all the required classes and credits.

The other graduating juniors are Kim Allison, Marvin Cleveland, Karman Duke, Martha Gorka, David Heilman, Ken Karmolinski, Homer Hudgen, Collette Jennings, Lydia Lopez Pedraza, Mark Minix, Kelly Nutting, Tina Riffle, Derideri Roe, Jennifer Scott, Kathleen Simon, James Smith, Stacey Tetzlaff, and Greg Wegenke.

New publication editors named

By Susan Shaw

The "Devil" came to visit the annual Press Banquet for Riley publications staff members on May 10 at China Garden restaurant. He announced that Linda Garberick and Jill Maza will be co-editors-in-chief of the *Hoosier Poet* next year.

For the *Riley Review*, however, two lovely "ladies" (Tammy Michael and Marc Katz) presented the sealed envelopes containing the names of the new newspaper staff to co-editors-in-chief Brendan Powers and Richard Silberman. The result--Linda Makley and Chris Pickenpaugh will take over Richard's and Brendan's positions for the 1983-84 school year.

Linda and Chris will also serve as head editors of the feature and opinion pages, respectively. Helen Hillman will assist Linda, while Jenny Sibley will work with Chris.

Denise Jozwiak and Rick Longley will edit the sports page next year. Mary Klosterman and Maureen Manuszak will provide the photographs. Mary

also will serve as ad manager with Georgianna Burks, and Maureen will serve as co-news editor with Kyla Pershing.

Mary will also sell ads for the *Hoosier Poet* next year. Head photographer, however, will be Chris Lowe. Ellyn Simon will assume the duty of editor of the yearbook's senior section while Teri DeVorkin, Sherrie Szuch, and Shawn Thurin will manage the underclass section.

As index editor, Andrea Pyott will also assist Kelly Freeman with the faculty/academics section. Kim Mosel will assemble the sports section. Vicky Vanderwall and Michele Stepanek will edit the student-life and activities section, respectively.

Besides the singing telegram deliverer in Satan's disguise, South Bend *Tribune* photographer Joe Raymond spoke before the staff members and their guests. He presented a slide show and explained the stories behind each photo. Neal Weber, this year's *Riley Review* feature editor, was master-of-ceremonies.

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Seniors, let's take a trip down memory lane

By Richard Silberman

Memories.

In two weeks our high school years will be nothing more than memories. These last days of school offer the perfect time to look back upon the great friends, the great times, and the great memories of Riley High School, as well as a time to look forward to the exciting future.

On June fifth, all Riley seniors will be taking a step up on the ladder of life. Hard to believe, huh? How time flies. Why, only three years ago we were naive sophomores, boldly entering the world of James Whitcomb Riley High School. Ah yes, remember . . .

That was the year 1980 and we were the youngest people in the school. The seniors picked on many of us underclassmen. Luckily we weren't so naive that we fell for the ol' elevator pass routine. After three years in the "easy-to-find-your-way-around" Jackson, Riley, with all of its hallways and stairways, and its "crazy" room numbering system, was like a maze which took some time to master. The classes were harder, the teachers were tougher, the food was . . . in the fine tradition of all school's foods. (Seriously, the lunch ladies don't get the credit they deserve for their dedication and all the work they do to feed the school body).

It was obvious that the newly arrived class of '83 was special - we had more spirit than the juniors and put on great cheering battles with the seniors at pep assemblies. Football and basketball games always had a good representation from the class of '83, too.

And then finals came; our first taste of "real" finals. This new and frightening experience was portrayed by some upperclassmen as "harrowing" and impossible. Of course, those who were "warned" to start studying for finals weeks in advance, didn't do so. After all, procrastination is our middle name. For people who wait until third hour to whip up a paper due fourth hour - even with a week of preparation time - why should finals be any different. After all, everyone knows that the time to study for finals is late the night before the tests are given, right?

March was an unexpectedly exciting month as the 'Cats took the sectional title. The rumors floating around said that the school that wins sectional gets a day off school: the rumors were wrong. All we got was a pep assembly with some big-shot speakers like Dr. Seamman and Tom Denin. But we were proud of Riley and the team.

Ultimately spring came and summer soon followed.

And then we were juniors - in the middle of the totem pole. We were in a secure spot, but we were "nothing special." We remained the strongest class at Riley, however, and never let anyone forget this.

This was the memorable year when we, and our beloved Riley, were graced by the appearance and continuous presence of freshmen. Well at least we now had someone to take our aggressions out on. Homework became an ever-increasing burden (but there was always time for fun). The junior year also brought PSATs, SATs. The school was replastered and repainted, and soon after re-graffitied and re-vandalized. But honestly, Riley looks very good now - for a wretched old building. One thing must be said about Riley; it's got character.

And so the junior year came and went and that spring we were excited, for we were almost seniors, and following a wonderful summer, we ruled the school.

What a school year this has been. It seemed to have begun only yesterday. This was the year that Riley received some bad press and a bad reputation concerning discipline and racial problems. And then, Mr. Ell (for those of you who know him) up and left - just quit "like that" one day. He's never been seen since that final day and God knows what he's doing with his life now. And so, Christmas was, as the popular joke went, with Noell (get it).

And in, like a savior, came Mr. Algie Oldham and an all new administration. Mr. Oldham had established himself as a friend of Riley and a personal friend to each member of the student body, and he was warmly, graciously and spontaneously taken in. He's highly respected - he earns it - and he has had a visible impact on Riley with both his policies and his presence in the role of principal. With the fine new policies of the new administration, the front of Riley looks grand, the halls are virtually empty (except during passing periods, of course), the new minute bell is a fair and successful system and the crime rate - a major

problem of years past - has been minimized, at least it's no longer visible and no longer a major threat for students. Yes, South Bend, there is peace at Riley High School.

What other principal leads cheers at pep assemblies and games, and gets such a warm response, from the student body and who else can always be found talking with students during lunch or passing periods every day? As our cheer goes, "we're proud of Algie."

Speaking of pep assemblies, this was the year for creativity, not only in the faculty performances but especially in the most spirited classes' assembly "rituals" who can forget those surgical gloves; floating and bouncing through the stands, bubbles galore, the stuffed Wildcat, the confetti, the avid cheering, and our respect for the "no toilet paper throwing rule." Assemblies really were fun, but far too scarce.

1983 brought the "winter that wasn't." In February temps reached the upper 60s. Would this be a snowless winter? we wondered. No - we got our arctic blast in April, along with our one snow day. And, who can forget the excitement and pride that abounded at Riley about this time of year, as our undefeated swimmers headed down to state.

This was a year for dances, dances galore. New Wave, '50s, St. Patrick's Day, "Dress like Algie" and Sadi Hawkins. Every dance was a blast and a jam packed success.

The quiz bowl was instituted this year, and Riley ended up victorious in the tournament competition.

Senior term papers will remain in students' minds for awhile. Isn't it funny how the people who actually read the actual novels will inevitably end up with lower grades than those who "struggled" through *Cliff's Notes*.

But, it must be granted that seniors had a right and reason to use *Cliff's* this year; for they were all stricken with the painful malady called SENIORITIS.

This crippling affliction struck some in September and others at semester break, but by the end of the third quarter, with graduation in grasp, all seniors were possessed by senioritis. Symptoms? Skipping school and going to the beach in nice weather, shirking off all assignments, sleeping in classes and not trying to hide it, and generally not "giving a damn" about school at all. Seniors are now anxiously waiting to graduate from high school. But for the sake of argument, in our heads high school's been over for weeks. Our bodies just exist in this building, and habitually work, while our minds are focused on the summer, on parties, on graduation, on the future, and on ending four great years.

So, let's remember dear old Riley; the Thespians and their fine plays, the pep assemblies, getting better year by year (remember the first year before paper airplanes and toilet paper were forbidden). Remember Riley as the fire drill capitol of the world. Sometimes we'd have three or four in one day. It was great for getting out of tests, but terrible during lunch. Remember all the bees that found their way into classrooms each spring and fall? Remember powderpuff, Homecoming, prom, the marching band in Detroit, the old juke box, the great friends, memories, and of course, the fine education we've received from Riley.

But commencement, as the term implies, is a beginning; a new beginning for all of us, and our day of commencement approaches rapidly. We've had a foundation set, and are now heading toward bigger and better experiences in life.

Sadly, the time nears when we must say "goodbye" to those friends and acquaintances who have been such an important, reliable part of our lives these past years. We, the class of '83, attended Riley under some chaotic and "a changin'" times, but received a fine education and wonderful memories.

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Feature

Dancing, acting, singing; all talents of Debbie's



Debbie cheers on the team during another Riley football game.

By Chris Pickenpaugh

With the sometimes overwhelming tensions of high school life, it is easy to step back, away from the hustle and bustle of teenage society, and become an idle bystander. For some, however, it is impossible to sit back and watch. They have to go out and do. Debbie Stroop is such a person. She has decided to make something out of her years in high school. By applying her talents as a dancer, actress, and singer, Debbie is doing her best to avoid the "fine art of teenage apathy."

Growing in an environment surrounded by music and dancing, Debbie was quick to make herself a "part of the family." At the tender age of 5, little baby Debbie took her first dancing lesson. As she stepped into the age of seven, Debbie began to expand her dancing talents by taking lessons in ballet and tap. But it didn't stop there. Debbie went on to take classes in jazz dancing. Now she has made dancing into a real "family act." Most of her dancing is now with her mother in the dance act *Fascinatin' Rhythm*.

Looking at her dancing, Debbie said, "Dancing has been around all my life. It's great exercise and a lot of fun. It has become a real part of my life."

Along with taking jazz classes in middle school, Debbie also tried her hand at singing. Throughout her three years at Jackson, Debbie was a faithful,

spirited member of the school's choir by being in both early morning choir and chorals (for which she and her mother often choreographed dances) through all of the three years she has attended Riley.

"Getting up at five a.m. is really difficult," said Debbie, about early morning choir, "but I think it is worth it."

With all this talent in dancing and singing, it seems almost inevitable that Debbie should find herself where this talent belongs - in theatre. Throughout her years as a middle school and high school student, Debbie has performed in six theatre performances: *Bye Bye Birdie*, *Godspell*, *Shrew*, *Voices from the High School*, *Dark Deeds at Swan's Place*, and *Tony II*. Out of the six plays the one Debbie more about theatre, however, through her performances is *Voices from the High School*. It was here that Debbie had the challenge of acting in three roles, the most difficult being the character "Patty." In this role Debbie had to thrust forth her deepest, saddest moment through her mourning character. On stage Debbie had to do her best to convince the audience that her emotions were sincere. "It meant having to cry," said Debbie, "and that was a real challenge."

With her avid involvement in dancing, singing and acting, one would suppose that that was enough to fill up her time, but

Debbie does even more. To display her spirited backing for the varsity sports Debbie became a Riley cheerleader (the mascot Wildcat, no less).

"It's nice to see the games from a different point of view," commented Debbie.

Debbie also uses her skills for helping people. As a cadet counselor, she is given the opportunity to help out the counselors and tutor those who are having difficulties in school (for instance a girl having trouble in biology and Spanish).

To earn a couple of bucks, (when she has the time) Debbie has been employed at *Chick-Fil-A*. She finds work there to be occasionally hard and always time consuming but she has no regrets.

"The job has helped me feel more responsible," said Debbie. "I meet a lot of people and I feel more independent."

In addition to all the time she spends dancing, singing, acting, working, and helping others, Debbie still finds time to participate in many school-oriented subjects. She has been a member of the National Honor Society, Vice-president of the Student Council, on the prom decorating committee, and a member of the Homecoming Court. Debbie hopes to travel on to Indiana University in Bloomington to major in psychology and minor in drama.

RILEY 1983 SENIOR POLL

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED	JENNIFER SHOWALTER	PETER KOLETTIS
MOST SCHOOL SPIRIT	VARENA TOWNSHEND	KENNY HUMPHREY
MOST TALKATIVE	TRACY MARIETTA	GREG ELIN
MOST CREATIVE	GINA SPAGNOLO	GREG ELIN
MOST OUTGOING	LORI BONK	GREG ELIN
MOST UNFORGETTABLE	SUSAN SHAW	MARC KATZ
MOST ABSENT MINDED	LISA PANZICA	TODD LEHMANN
BIGGEST FLIRT	KERI ROENFELDT	TIM WIRT
BIGGEST COMEDIAN	VICKI CARR	NEAL WEBER
BIGGEST GEARHEAD	ROBIN MILLER	DUANE WUNDER
BIGGEST JOCK	VICKI CARR	SCOTT SCHMOK
BIGGEST PARTIER	SUE ISBELL	DONNY HATFIELD
CUTEST SMILE	MELANIE ROWE	MIKE MEDICH
BEST DRESSED	LISA PANZICA	MIKE MEDICH
BEST ALL-AROUND STUDENT	JENNIFER SHOWALTER	SCOTT REGINA
BEST ATHLETE	ANGIE BOYKINS	MIKE MEDICH
EASIEST TO GET ALONG WITH	DEBBIE STROOP	SCOTT SCHMOK
BEST PERSONALITY	KELLY WOODS	MARK BAUER

The last wills of the class of '83

I, Deanna Avery, being of crazy mind and undescrivable body, will to my sister Debbie all my best times through high school; to Carmen Barger, all the fun in math; to Mel Wells and Lisa Barger, a stand partner as fun as me; to Andi Lanum, a spare set of crutches in case someone ever decides to "borrow" yours; to Mr. Miller, I leave my sister who will never be tardy. To all the rest of my terrific friends, best of luck! I definitely can't forget, Julie Johnson, all the gossip (ha ha) about our wonderful, "spacey" weekends. And to Lesli, thanks for everything.

I, Amy Benko, being of happy mind and energetic body, hereby will the following: To my baby brother, my fantastic study habits and energy to stay awake past 9:00 p.m. Remember guy! swish for basketball, pop for baseball--don't get the two reversed. To Dawn I leave my job at Arby's. Now you can "chow" on onion rings whenever you want! I also leave you an extra room for all your clothes and the ability to drive a car. To Todd, Doug, Mike M., and Mike J., I leave the rest of the gas in my car, a million dollars, and a trip to Hawaii. Happy New Year, guys! To everyone else a great 1983-84 school year. Love, Amy.

I, Amy Benko, being of worn out mind and exhausted body, will the following to the Pom Pon Squad: To Melinda I leave my calm, cool, and collected nature; to Peters the ability to keep Melinda under control; and to the rest of you "fags" the patience to put up with all the decisions these two make. Please stay together, you've worked too hard and too long to let things fall apart now. I will miss all of you! Come visit me anytime and please keep in touch!! Love, Amy.

I, Doug Bognar, being of tattered mind and multi-purpose body, do hereby bequeath the following. To Tom DeBaets, three kegs of ice cold Strohs and a razor to shave off your pants. To Dawn and Dorothy Medich, all the scrap metal at the bottom of my locker, it's worth a fortune. To Mrs. Smith, a detailed map of Adams and another group of Quiz Bowl thieves. To Staci Roenfeldt, the shelf in my locker. Hope you can reach that high. And not to be forgotten, to Shelly Roenfeldt, my smooth moves on the phone. To Matt Weides I leave my prized scruff. To Scott Regina, a permanent lunch-room companion. To Cathy,

Keri, and Linda, I leave great times in the future, if we don't kill each other first. To Drugs, the greatest friend I could hope for, I leave my great personality and party time at I.U. To Steph H. I leave my undying love and affection. Have fun at Purdue. To Amy Benko, gas money and a trip down grass road. To Mr. Clayton, a trip to the moon since that's the only thing you've never done. To Mel Rowe, my ex-neighbor, a new Trans-Am and something of real value, my dance-floor technique. Love ya. To Scott, my smooth moves with the ladies. To Mike Med, I leave a knife and two clubs to beat off all the girls, and two lashes, one for Jenny and one for Elaine. To Mike J. I leave New Year's Eve or the little I remember of it. To Todd I leave my great driving ability and to all three I leave my ability not to puke after a game of Tag-team Quarter. And finally to all underclassmen, I leave the greatest school and best principal in the whole state. Go get 'em Algie.

I, Laurie Butts, being of sound mind and demented body, do hereby leave Tammy and Michelle the entire varsity football team to flirt and have their way with next year. To the coaches, a winning season. I'll miss you next year. To Coach Clarke, the ability to go caffeine free every morning before practice!

I, Laurie Butts, being of sick mind and sleazy body, do hereby bequeath to Carol and Amy another fun-filled spring break in Florida, and a week's supply of junk food and Kentucky Fried Chicken to live on. Don't forget to feed those retarded pecans! To Tim Farley I leave two new artists to cut down and the latest 69ers! Don't forget that Julie and I still want dinner!

I, Laurie Butts, leave Mr. Rozewicz and Mr. Hoover the best of luck in the Scholastic Art Competition next year. I've learned a lot in your classes. To Julie Mudrovich and Laura Dean, my best friends. I wish all the opportunities that life can bring. I'll miss you guys! Good luck!

I, Shawn Dietl, being of sound mind and body, leave to all my friends that know the story my five stitches from Easter weekend, my bald spot, and the ability never to drink peppermint schnapps again. To Mr. Hoover, I leave all of the remaining artists and a lot of good luck so that he and his students may clean up in Scholastics next year. To Kim I leave the ability to write letters

regularly next year, all the nicknames from our notes, and the ability to keep spying.

I, Shawn Dietl, being of demented mind and body, hereby bequeath to Carol my name so that she may be able to call her dog (Shawny). To all underclassmen, I leave my ability to procrastinate. Make the most out of your high school years and have fun!

I, Shawn Dietl, being of confused mind and short body, do hereby bequeath to my cousins--Kenny, the ability to stay in school for a whole semester and some 409 to clean off the table in the cafeteria. And to Debbie, I leave my shortness and my hands so that she can draw her own frogs from now on. To the people at my bus stop, I leave my little brother to take care of next year and the door unlocked in case of rain or snow. To Laurie Butts, I leave her ability to mix STRONG drinks.

I, Suzy Dillon, being of superior body and mind, leave Rodney, Tim, and Quinn the use of the library. Have fun your senior year and good luck! I'll try having that congratulations party this summer. Don't over-exert yourselves--remember, someday you might want children.

I, Suzy Dillon, being of sound mind and body, leave Karen all the "great" men of Riley including the ones in the locker, all my class notes, and the warning not to abuse Rod and the guys on the way home. Have fun and try to enjoy new experiences. Don't worry--it's over before you know it.

I, Angie Dilts, leave to Mr. DeBaets my gopher belongings. I leave to Cheryl A. a bag of cherry drops. I leave to the lower classes Mr. Kreitzman's jokes. I leave to Rebecca J. the many experiences that you will gain in COE. To Debbie I leave the formulas of math. To Jill I leave Mrs. DeVries, COE class, and luck. To Mr. Vanderweide I leave Richard Houser's job.

I, Karmen Duke, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave my possessions to the following people: To Mrs. Brewer the ability to treat her future students better than she treated me. To Michael Graves, David Clark, Doug Dunham, Darlene McMorris, Lisa Bonk, and Michele Stepanek all of the luck in the world. To Sherry Adams, the ability to handle all of the B's in this school. And last but not least, to my

best friend Mary Hanback, all of my love and friendship.

I, Cheri "Spike" Gustin, being of crude mind and luscious body, do hereby leave the following items: To Kelly, Club Manhattens and maracas to seduce Ricardo with. To Mel, endless juices and the will to put up with me at I.U.; Bruce, the ability to ask intelligent questions; to Chris Lowe, more lies to tell Mr. Hoover--maybe he'll like you more. And to Todd H. my eyes and whatever goes along with it. To Dave K. my nickname "Ricky Racer;" to Kristy, a constant supply and a devoted boyfriend; and to Marc B. the ability to sing Def Leppard. To Mike Rosenberg, endless sex notes and kosher wine forever; to Mike Riddle a dictionary and a pair of loose-fitting jeans; to Trish, the perfect animal to ride; to Suzy, cleavage and all the parties we never had; to Lisa, better neighbors and more coughs in living rooms; to Georgia and Lori, a few of my inches; to Tim Farley, the sight of me in tight jeans, an Italian look, and a pair of scissors. To Louie P. a straight nose and some straight stories. And to Mark Boetsma, the ability to fight me off when I get the chance, a pair of leather pants to match your jacket, and infinite poetry.

I, Greg Elin, being ecstatic to leave high school, demand the following occur: To Algie Oldham, Riley's first decent, caring principal, I leave my wildcat. I leave my deepest appreciation to those teachers willing to talk inside and outside of class. I leave my back to any girl willing to rub it and my glasses case to anyone who would steal it. I leave mailboxes to anyone who needs them and a day when it does nothing but beer. I also leave an English class having a desire to do more than quizbowl. To the guys in Physics I leave each of them one way to make a quick million. To the men who play poker, I leave my skill, my luck, and as always, my markers. Also I leave behind the following miscellaneous items to those people with a right to claim them: my lap, knee, and furry sweater; a beautiful, intelligent female who plays ping-pong; a real man's computer and matching knees; precopied physics assignments; a hat to wear in school; the ability to fly a helicopter; self-scratching underwear; one unassembled cat, his Diana and a son with a 3.89 GPA; my stomach to punch; self-blowing bubbles; my fancy; two Styx concerts;

Senior legacies passed down to friends

wouldn't-couldn't-thing; not my mailbox but one corner of the market; a union; John MacArthur or Steven Light; eggrolls and blintzes; friendship and tickets to the **Peter Pan-Gone With The Wind** double feature; ability to seduce women across a table; nasty canoe pictures; car keys; a chapter flag; a birthday flower; late-night second thoughts and slow dances; a Duran Duran giggle; a flying hug and escort; pinstripe and turned-up collar; the blonde guy; a stamp collection; a latenight pizza with Vonnegut; and good luck in college and a fond farewell.

I, Steve Gardner, being too cheap to pay for extra words which describe my mind and body, do hereby will to Donna Towell, the mind and body not described above (sort of); Sue Brumer, memories or Aretz Yisrael, worth more than any tangible possession; to next year's senior debaters, a captain worthy of the legacy (may the most comparatively advantageous person win); to Mr. Goodman, millions of unsold M&Ms; to DBG AZA, more JHPs, to Mr. Clayton, a property whose applications are not enormous; and to Mrs. Cassidy and Mr. Oldham, more pull with the Ivies (Oberlin's better, anyway!).

I, Ken Humphrey, being of sound mind and sometimes pale face, leave to Algie Oldham the coveted "Down By the River" cheer. (Sorry, Jack). To Mike Medich I leave two dog leashes. To my brother, Jeff, I leave my car, "The Black Demon." To Tom Florkowski, I leave the permission to beat up Mike Weber any time he gets out of line at cross country practice. To Rhett Harris, I leave a limousine so "Muffy" can come to your games. To Mike Weber, I leave my running ability. To Dave Chapman and Wayne Morrison, I leave my hitting and pitching ability, respectively. To Coach P, I leave two good umpires. And finally, to Mr. Dunlap, I leave a new index finger.

I, Julie Johnson, being of touched mind and untouched body, will the following: To Lisa B., the ability to remember to never forget; to Laura D., the ability to keep up with me and my endless stories; to Carol G., solid shakes for every day; to Beth N., lots of luck with her toy; to Dea A., all the fun with our letters and to see the "dudes" once more; to Mr. DeShone, all the piles of marching music under my locker; to Jenn S., all our baby talks and the great memories of our locker; also I will to Jenn

M. and Amy B. my half of the locker, only if they leave the buns in there as tradition, otherwise forget it. And last but not least, to all my friends who have always been there, you're all very special and I won't forget you.

I, Wendy "Mozart" Little, leave the following items: To Kim Voreis I leave Grandpa Mo and the "D.M. Rules for Life." Follow them! (I'm talking drumstick); to Heidi Frankson I leave the Zibby and Leal tapes, a candle and two tomatoes, a Hawaiian weenie roast, worth, and Bobby M.; to Alice Lerman the ability to pass high school; to Jenny Sibley a brrrrllt . . . and John Waite's phone number; to the orchestra I leave some musical ability . . . try using it!; to Wendy Wagner "Litvag" a bi-lingual date and dancing burrito men (look for the bag on your car); to Missy Pattee I leave Antoinette; to Skipper I leave some piano lessons; and finally I leave Grandpa Mo a quarter to play Pac Man and a trip to Florida with your grand piano--don't get so tan, it might affect how you tickle the ivories!

I, Robin Harrah, leave to Chris Jordan the ability to make it through a whole day of school, the ability to control his temper, and a clean neck. I leave you a special thanks for being such a great friend and providing me with a lot of memories. And lastly I leave you a big "NOTHING." To Kenny Gundrum I leave the memories of our many fights and the ability to keep Chris away from "you know who." To Mike I leave one evening of non-stop conversation, many evenings of watching the Care-Bears, and an Air Supply tape.

I, Robin Harrah, leave to Leann Lisenko an apology for holding a grudge this long. To Sue Rogers, the ability to get ready in less than two hours, and candy-gram, Thera-gram, loan-shark and land-shark, and all the memories of a great friendship. To Debbie Dunlap, a set of windshield wipers, the ability to put up with me next year at I.U., and a big thanks for everything. To Sue and Debbie, twelve hours at EPCOT Center and an unlimited supply of sweat-shirts. To Mr. Dunlap, a pair of summer slippers and the ability to lose at Monopoly.

I, George Hazlett, being of warped mind and overweight and underdesigned body, do hereby will the following: To Paul Jones, I give my uncanny ability to accidentally fall into the back

of an opposing player, thus making him fall. To Kim and Kristy Hively I give back all the hot sauce I've accumulated. To Jeff Appenzeller I give someone crazy to share a stand with. To Mr. DeShone I give a moron to fill my spot, and finally to Coach Berta I give someone who not only can play guard, but also quarterback and free safety.

From, Kris Heckaman, to Andy, the nude bomber, I leave a pair of shorts for my next swim party. To Coach "P" I give a box of M&M's, you got that! To Karen, I leave everything else but my shorts: my summer, my caring, my love, and most important, my body.

I, Steph Hochstetler, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath to Mr. Dippell my skinny chicken legs and a coupon good for one free visit to Dr. Ogre. To Mr. Tom BeBaets, a monster pizza and a year's supply of chewing gum. To Mrs. Wallace, all my love and thanks for not only being a great sponsor, but also for being a friend. To Doug Bognar, all my "passionate love" and best wishes for next year because "a day without you is sheer hell." And to Andy Miller, a box of Fiber Fair cookies for your next camping trip.

I, Steph Hochstetler, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave to the following underclassmen: All my "seesterly love" and wishes that next year as a cheerleader you'll get all the respect you deserve from two "you-know-whos" to Michele Stepanek. To Tommy O'Neill, my love as your big sis and an invitation to come visit me next year. To Michael Graves, my "forever friendship" and a 22'9". To Steve Schmok, the ability to control your flirtatiousness and a new bandana. And to "Mary O," a "full" bottle of wine to carry around with you.

I, Steph Hochstetler, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave to Greg Elin my thanks for all the help and understanding you've given me and a "new and improved backrub." To Deb Dunlap, a book entitled "101 Ways to Start an Intellectually Stimulating Conversation With The Guy of Your Dreams," my gratitude for your friendship, patience, "ears," and 18 rolls of T.P. To Lou, a 7/7 you once "forgot" on "someone's" car. To Coty, an Advanced Technology "Coty Radar" and new pink pajamas for a night out on the town. And to Brendan Powers, a rubber sheet, skippynap, a pair of

"Dubknits," and a new garbage can lid to play gladiators with.

I, Stefanee, being of inebriated mind and body, do hereby bequeath to Kelly Major a weekend in paradise with Gil, an old fogie's stogy, and good old Ursula. To Dawnald, a bottle of "HOCK-STETLER VINO" so 1/2 glass will get you where 20 beers won't, one night of my services as fruit chopper for another Bacardi party, and a wardrobe of turtle-necks. To Eugene, passes to Rainbow and a night out with Jeff, Rex, or Perry, a guided bowling ball, and my "sworn" friendship forever. And last but not least, I leave to Droopy, drugs!, the ability to play tennis in one court, the ability to feed yourself bread, a gallon of 7/7's, some "stick-um" for your bowling shoes so you don't wipe up the alley with everything but a broom, more "hip action" with which to open doors (bats in the belfry?), and my love and thanks for being there when I needed a friend.

I, Chris Jordan, being of "truant" mind and trim line body, will to Mark Marley my ability to pass gym class, my 185 bowling average, and a razor plus instructions. To Leann, my common sense not to talk about other people's girlfriends, and my ability to drink and remember what I've said (remember that?). To Bob, "Oh, Nothin'!" To Kenny Gundrum many nights of living alone and the ability to tug on my shirt and think nothing of it, ANYMORE!! To Val P., many thanks for everything you've done for me and finally to Robin Harrah, I leave all my love for being the best friend anyone could want.

I, Lisa Leliaert, being of what I'm not sure, do hereby bequeath to all of my poor remaining friends many thanks for making these years great. To Bart I leave a touch of sobriety and some decent jokes. To Tammy I leave the responsibility of the tenor section. To Alice I leave my kosher pickle farm. To Heidi I leave my forwarding address (hint), and infinite thanks inexpressible! to the remaining Choraliers I have my demerits and gum galore and something to clog Mr. Miller's whistle. To Mr. Miller I leave an extra Miller.

I, Steve Longenecker, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath my entire collection of research equipment to Andy Mesacar; all the very high notes Gary and I played in jazz band to Berners, so he can play some too; to Mr.

Seniors bid fond farewells to Riley High

Koellner, a case of cherry Faygo; and to Mr. Clayton, at least one coordinating necktie. To Amy, lots of love and luck for the future; to Keith and my brother, I leave intelligence and lots of beer. To all of my other teachers and friends, I leave thanks for everything.

I, Rosalind Luten, being of logically outstanding mind and body, will to my little sister Lisa J. much happiness and success at Riley. To my other little sister Debbie W. I leave all of my safety tips for skipping. To Buzz, another little sister, I will all of my good times partying after the football games. To all my senior friends I wish years of enjoyment and prosperity through the bumpy roads of life.

I, Julie Mudrovich, being of totally senseless mind and even worse body, do hereby will to Carol and Amy a week in the hot Florida sun full of peeling; a lifetime supply of peanut butter and Doritos and enough abouts, ridiculous' and retarded's to drive you both insane. To Michelle and Tami, I leave two tackling dummies to sit on during those long practices, a cooler full of ice to eat, and a season full of good times. And to Kyla I leave a year full of warm, dry mornings to walk to school alone in.

I, Julie Mudrovich, being of always dirty mind but clean body, do hereby leave Michelle Jankowski my Hallmark award from this year (along with the hundred dollars) to cherish forever. To Mr. Hoover and Mr. Rozewicz I leave every drawing I never finished. To Beth Niezgodski I leave a man to make her happy, and last but certainly not least I leave Tim nothing except my fantastic ability to cut him up in every category and, oh yes, some "size" too.

I Julie Mudrovich, do hereby leave the following to my good friends: To Lauralee I leave a classroom full of fifty screaming children to teach art to. To Wen I leave enough playful devices and men to keep you satisfied while Lazlo is gone and a lifetime full of happiness for the two of you when "lutzie" does return home. To Tikki I leave good luck in the future and happiness always. Finally, to all three, I leave a scrapbook full of all of the great times we've shared together through our high school years and the many to come.

I, Beth Niezgodski, being of rocked-out mind and denim clad body, do hereby will to Theresa V. Journey and

blank tapes to swap with someone at St. Mary's. To Steve Hives I leave my guitar playing ability (watch out Eddie Van Halen). To Laurie Schrader I leave the tupperware that's still in my locker. And to Julie Johnson I will a pair of jeans without a horse on them.

I, Mark Olson, being of naughty mind and studly body will to the football team a locker room that smells like the devil's armpit. To George Hazlett I leave all the Jello in the entire universe. To E.E. I leave all copyrights to admits. To Jon Kline I leave my toga. To Jerry Hardman I leave my latus rectum. Good-bye forever--R.I.P.

I, Scott Polsgrove, being of sound mind and body, do will the following items: To the junior basketball players, all the miles and sprints we ran, Uncle Bob's stories, and another Sectional Championship. To Coach Tom DeBaets a two-week vacation to Tahiti with your WIFE. To Steph, Deb, and Mel, all those trips to Lebanon. To Brent, I hope your senior year is as much fun as mine and get yourself a real girlfriend. To my best friends Mike J., Doug, Mike M., and Todd, more great roadtrips. And finally to Algie, thanks for making Riley something to be proud of.

I, Andy Pyott, being of warped mind and scattered body, hereby leave these following items: To the hockey team I leave my skates that need new blades, and rivets to hold them together. To my sister I leave a key ring, but no keys that will fit a Nova. To Rick, Phil, and Carter I leave a trash can for whatever "trash" you leave in the street. To Danny I leave a head start in our little race. To Gary Kresca I leave the ability to remove pool furniture from the pool in the morning hours. And finally I leave Carla all the vitamin C you could ever want. And a thousand more "I'll let it slide this time."

I, Dan Rodenbach, being of sauced mind and weary body, do hereby leave to the following underclassmen: A pair of safety glasses and the first name of "Bunsen" to David Berners, To John Duda a gag and a "How to Play Trombone in 10 Easy Lessons" book. To Billy and Anna I leave the wailin' tenor section. To Gary Kresca I leave my car (wait, no I don't), I leave you two more great years of partyin' at Riley. To Mr. Engeman I leave a pass to the spa and a dozen donuts, and to Jodi M. I leave a fireplace.

I, Keri Roenfeldt, being of sound mind and equal proportion body, do hereby leave the following things: To Mark Bauer I leave two buckets to be worn under his arms whenever he is nervous and a dance we never had. To DeeDee and Kandis I leave all the leftover perverted notes ever passed. To Teri I leave my most used ability, my flirting techniques--use them to their fullest. To DeeDee, Kandis, and Gill I leave a gallon of Hi-C fruit punch. To Mr. Tom DeBaets I would like to leave a Noble Roman's menu with coupons to be saved for when Stephanie, Debbie, and I come back to visit. To Mr. Hoover I leave my little sister, so he can have a Roenfeldt to flirt with him. Thanx for everything! To Coty and Lou I leave all the campusview parties. To Mike Cseh I leave his famous 5th District Councilman Cartoon. To Stefanee and Ola I leave the front part of my van to take trips to the lake and IU! And finally to my sister Staci I leave my fantastic driving skills and all my Cliff Notes to get her through Riley. Good luck.

I, Susan M. Shaw, being of no mind and even less body, hereby bequeath the following: To Sally Kirwan--Beatle memoirs, blistered fingers, Sunkist Oranges, FRIEDA CHICKEN!, and many GREEN things at Purdue. To Rachel Porta--Tom Selleck and a gift certificate for buns. To Pat Hechlin--lots of love and luck throughout the rest of high school, and thanks for the company during football games and for the fun memories of the trip to Florida. Also "Oink!" a "hickey," my zany perfume, shaving cream, and a handful of green M&M's for lunch. To Val Snyder--a box of dog biscuits and a howling good life (with Scott Jackson?!). To Linda Makley--much luck with the staff next year. To Debbie Warren--my college address and a lasting friendship. (Remember B lunch!) To Helen Hillman--the job of being the official boys' swim team reporter. (Wear this title with respect!) To Mr. DeShone--another lunch bunch of "idiots" and "mo-rons" to fill our seats after we leave. To the cross' country teams--lots of luck, speed, and endurance. And, of course, to Dunlap's boys--all of the love and luck for many more fine seasons!

I, Kelly Major, being of sound mind and body? bequeath the following: To Mr. Dunlap, the courage to talk about "sex" in psychology class. To Mr. Goodman, a new thermos with the beverage of your choice for extra-credit. To Mr. Hoover

coupon to get your hair cut like mine. To Miss Murphy, all my pictures of England and thanks for being such a great English teacher. To Sarah Vakkur, I leave my photography drawer with everything in it. To Nick Vakkur and Andy Shane, I leave my car keys so you guys can drive yourselves home. To Kathy Waters, my "mascot" and my "hat." To Ruthie, a variety of Val-Gal books and a pack of multi-colored pens and sweat-shirts. To Chris Lowe, the ability to keep your mouth closed. To Alan Hay, "Snail." To Tim Farley, thanks for keeping me company at work. To Tracy Jones, I leave you wishing. To Lori Osowski, another night with a car full of Marian guys. To Marc Wimmer, my great ability to blush. To Greg Elin, another great day to spend blowing bubbles and a summer where we might actually see each other once in a while! To Mel, the luscious butt! To Cheri, a can of Manahatten Club, but with a better mixer this time. To Steph, a peagreen sweater from Lerner's, and the will to stay sane with me down at Purdue. To Dawn, Steph, Lor, and Debbie, I leave coupons for Nicolas and Chippewa Bowl. I also leave a box of old stogies, a quarter, a trampoline, a loaf of bread for Debbie, and of course a case of beer. To Dawn, thanks for always being there and being such a good friend. To the senior class, remember the great times

I, Tamara Roe, being of totally deranged mind and misproportioned body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Mr. Hoover all my unfinished artwork and my memories of Washington Square. To Annette I leave a key that unlocks every room of the Conrad Hilton, a Terre Haute South phone directory and other unmentionables, and my "Charlie" curse. To Ruthie I leave my Tab addiction, my total mental block of multiplication, and a record book detailing all of the things I said I was going to do, but forgot. Like you're one totally awesome chic. Fer sure!

I, Tamara Roe, do hereby bequeath the following: To Valerie, a reserved ticket to the Bahamas, my skill for twisting bandanas, and a bottle of vitamin B1 to control your temper when you talk. To Mary Hanback, a giant economy pack of toilet paper. Yes, I know, but remember, revenge is sweet! Plus, a box of diapers for when you get to laughing too hard. Tee hee, tee hee! And I could never forget Alan and Tim who made my life in speech unpredict-

Teachers and underclassmen get gifts

able, nerve-wracking, but never dull and always interesting. To you both I just simply leave!

I, Ron Shulman, being of pressured mind and faltering body, do hereby leave an eternal smile for Jackie S. To Heidi F. and Alice L. all my love you can squeeze out of a box of chocolate pudding. I leave grain bran and steady nerves to Capt. Scholastic. To **The Family**, the hope we may all meet again. "I only wish you'd change the name." To Heidi I leave strength to go on pushing for the top. To Greg I give 1:1 2:1. Let you never forget my art locker will be auctioned off Sept. 8, 1983.

I, Jennifer Steele, being of very tired but sound mind and body, do hereby leave to Amy and Jenny sole responsibility of driving Mr. Engeman crazy for the next two years, and to do whatever they feel necessary to benefit the swim team. To my sisters, I leave with Lisa all of my Cliff Notes and to Rachel my flute (hope you make it). To next year's yearbook staff, lots of luck. And to Jenny and Amy again, my old band locker. I would like to give a special thanks to Jennifer S. for all her help and support and to Jenny, Amy, Julie, Deanna, Annette, Kelly, and Lisa L. for making this year bearable. And finally to you, David, a box of Ho-Hos, and the memories of the great times we've had together during the year. And thanks for everything you've done for me.

I, Theresa Walker, being of underdeveloped body, bequeath the following: To Cheryl, lots of luck in running and some wonderful memories; Buzz, Suzette, Kim, my smile and lunacy; Sandy (Grape Ape), my ability to play defense and foul out; Nancy, an unfinished bottle of Sprite(?); Tisch, stars to BRIGHTEN your MIDNIGHT; Dunlap and Star an INSTIGATOR (Cheryl) Tracy, my friendship, moods, letter sweater, and Kiwanis Award--sorry, no Most Valuable Award (talk to Angela); Angie, thanks for some great times and memories--good luck at E. Kentucky; to all my friends, thanks for making it all worthwhile, lots of luck and good times.

I, Kelly Woods, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Lynn, a razor so when she goes to the beach the sun will be able to find her legs! Lisa B., two ears the same size. Mary-O, a guy from "Nauter" Dame! and speech

lessons. Gail, throwing lessons and a lot of super great memories. May your years at Riley be excellent. Tracy, our great friendship. Sunday drives, and the ability to put gas in the tires. Kim H., a week of boating in Florida!! Julie W., a lasting friendship. Mike, some patience and a lot of great memories.

I, Pinky Roe, leave to Kelly, Mikhail, I've had my fun, do with him what you wish! To Joe Ihns, a Martin's sweatshirt. To Karen Gabey, all my Duran Duran memorabilia. I'm sure you'll cherish it forever! To Shawn, a pair of elevator shoes and a first aid kit for those wild weekends! And to Mr. Goodman, I wish you all the luck in the world next year if you are unlucky enough to have Mr. Hay and Mr. Nagy in your class again!

I, Susan Shaw, wish to add a final note to my will before I pass on to the Twilight Zone of Adulthood. To Sally and Rachel--you're the best friends a girl could ask for! Thanks for everything--the memories, the laughter, the shoulders to cry on, the sympathetic ears. (I love ya guys!) Let's keep in contact while you're at P.U., Sally; while you're still in South Bend, Rachel; and while I'm at I.U. Friendship always!

I, Jennifer Showalter, being of exhausted mind and weary body, do leave the following to: Mr. Miller--a smile; Bart--a downer; my favorite second sop Amy--my Japanese sayings and inside wit; Debbie--a freshman who pulls ties; Linda--"you know who" and all the luck; and Kim, Sue, and Nat--the impossible SMILE!

I, Valerie Snyder, being of no mind or body, do hereby leave the following items to the following people: A can of shaving cream and Zany talcum powder to Scott Jackson and Pat Hechliniski; hula lessons and new drummers to T.J. DeShone; my wonderful band locker and the Navy to Pam Davis; Mr. Kauss to my pal Michelle "So-Choke"; Mack to Tracy Firestone; Pollylop to Bart Goldberg; F.M.-D.S. to Anna Davies; pre-game music that can't be dropped to Dave Berners; bassoon reeds that don't break before concerts to Lauri Saltzman; and peace love and many happy times to Chris Sims.

I, Debbie Stroop, being of matured mind and questionable body, do hereby bequeath the following: To the staff and

faculty at Riley, all my love and gratitude. To Sue Peters (Petras), a life-size photo of T.G. and C.S. and my ability to drive "safely." Keep in touch, maut. To Andy Shane, someone to pick on in the morning and a pair of flippers to complete your "Kermit" look. To Bart Goldbert, my ability to tap dance. To Tom O'Neill, a night on Notre Dame's campus doing cartwheels and thanks for being a great friend. Big Guy. To Kelly C. all the good advice I gave you that you never took. To Lisa Bonk, the ability to talk like a normal maut and a lifetime supply of Tylenol and Chloresceptic. To Lori Bonk, the strength to enter a dance marathon and win with your "booties" on, and a jar of Motts Apple Sauce. To Mike Jakowiak, all the drugs needed to satisfy the "Winter of your Discontent," whenever it may be. To Doug Bognar, my friendship and a razor for your "scruff." To Todd Lehmann, the ability to go to church at least on Christmas and Easter, and a ride home. To Coty, a Mustang (Coty) convertible, and of course sex. Don't know what I'd have done without you--gonna miss ya. To Lou, the ability to relieve yourself of nature's call on the beach without much paper, and a lifetime supply of good bars to go to. To Eugene, all the guys in the world to satisfy "whatever," a monster pizza, and lots of luck with me at I.U. To Kelly Major, a lifetime supply of Manhattan Club sodas and an "old fogie's stogie." To Dawn Jones, a pitcher of screwdrivers and a lot of bananas for your "punch." And finally, to the Maut of the Earth, Stefanee Hochstetler, I leave all the "abusive drugs" that we've talked about; "some birds in your attic" (remember?); no curfew, or should I say, "walk through windows"; permanent supply of 7/7s; and transportation to I.U. next year. There's too many memories to write them all down! Lots of love--Droopy.

I, Susan Rogers, do hereby bequeath the following: To Kim (H.B.) Hively, I leave my ability to "banash" and make it look good and luck for the softball team next year (you'll need it). To Julie Wiener I leave a lesson on how to tuck your shirt in, a note, and a long talk if you ever want to. To Cathi Dieter, a blind date to the gory movie of your choice and the "best" seat in the band. To Lisa Trowbridge, the best sorority little sister, I will a perfect batting average and advice if you ever need it.

I, Lynne Franklin, will to Bart Goldberg my T.V. and Tang-lin shoes!! I will to Linda Frison and Aun O'Neal, the "Killer Lunch" in the cafeteria, and all the dudes that I liked this year. (Too bad they won't be here!) And to Mary Hanback . . . Cleon, Everette and Gaylords book of Drake Motel matches! I will to the A.T.A. players a new girl, just like me. (But of course she'll be on time!) Last but not least, Mr. Kauss, I will to you some black students who won't be late! Love ya Mr. Kauss!

We, Lisa Zsedly and Shellie Galloway, of warped minds and sound bodies, do hereby bequeath the following: To the hellasious underclassmen we will the ability to cruise 20 without getting busted. To our brothers David and Shane we will all our crazy times at Riley and all the wild times cruising T&C. P.S. Hope you never have to cruise in a safari wagon. To Todd and Troy we will our ability to graduate. And last, but not least, we will the Riley faculty our thanks for passing us.

I, Brendan Powers, do hereby refuse to mention the condition of mind and body in the beginning of my will because it's stupid. I also refuse to mention anything about leaving the "good and bad times I've had at Riley" because that's stupid too. Coaches and teachers? Stupid. So with that out of the way I can get on with it. To Nacho I leave the Bum and Margaret Hines as roommates down in Bloom-town and the membership to the Y that you'll never use. To the Bum himself I leave my ability to grow a real man's beard like mine. To the Machine--the same, the clean American boy life that I live. To Charlie Pankow I leave a broom with which he can sweep up the many broken coffee mugs in the backroom. To Vicky Vanderwall goes teh can of oil that I didn't put in your car. Finally to Kim Mosel I bequeath a convertible Mustang (preferably red), clothes like Susan Shaw's, a new camera, Mr. Hudson's address, and a card and five dollars. (Of course I wish you some good memories and good times in the future). That's it. No more. If you haven't been mentioned by now you won't be. Long drawn out wills form social snobs who mention every name in the world so they can sound popular are stupid. Oh yea, and to Smelly, Sticky and Kum I leave my body.



CHATTER

By Sean O'Neill

-Let me tell you from first hand experience at this very minute, you get very burned out by Sunday night of prom weekend.
 -Bandanas, bandanas, everywhere bandanas. Will someone please tell me why?
 -Five days left. One week. As nostalgic as I feel, why can't I force myself to go to class?
 -1984 is coming.
 -Why doesn't Notre Dame take any chances in its concert booking? C'mon, Styx and Journey? I think we're talking a little more about money than music.
 -Bruce Springsteen should be made a saint.
 -The prom is a good excuse to dress up, eat a nice dinner, spend a lot of money, and party until you can't any more. Too bad the band was so terrible.
 -Summer's here and soon the young ladies will expose more and more flesh. Invest in a pair of sunglasses and don't miss a thing.
 -What this world needs is a cure for cancer and more fat, hairy Cubans.
 -Student officer elections are a joke. And while we're on the subject, so are commencement and those silly square hats. Graduating from high school is not so hard.
 -Right at this very minute, Euell Gibbons is somewhere in

granola heaven, munching on a pine cone.
 -Downtown South Bend has got to be one of the ugliest municipal areas on this earth.
 -Item I forgot to put in my senior will: To all the underclassmen, I leave a good time under Mr. Oldham. Try to make things easy for him. You may not appreciate it, but he's the greatest principal you could ever have.
 -Elizabeth Taylor is a big fat pig.
 -What this world really needs is less Smurfs and more leggy blonds, preferably of loose moral standards.
 -What are earrings for? I guess we've all been brought up thinking they're normal and pretty, but why do people wear them? Getting a hole drilled in your head must hurt.
 -I guess what this world needs most is less old women who look down their noses at you and more intoxicants.
 -Over the years, I know I've gotten a lot of people mad. AC/DC fans, black girls, freshmen, all have read my articles and wretched. I wanted to write a last column and explain the motives behind my actions, and prove to people that I actually wasn't so bad. But then I thought, "Noah, I'm going to California. Forget 'em if they can't take a joke."

"Doctor Detroit," no classic

By Rick Nagy

Doctor Detroit is the first in the big studio line of "let's make one heck of a lot of money" movies that start coming out about this time of year and end around August. A third of these movies are pretty good, but the remaining two-thirds, well . . . unfortunately, Doctor Detroit falls into the remaining two-thirds.



Dan Aykroyd stars in Doctor Detroit as an eccentric but mild-mannered professor of literature and chivalry, who, through coincidence too involved to tell about here, falls in league, with a pimp named Smooth Walker (Howard Hesseman) and his four gorgeous prostitutes (including Donna Dixon of "Bosom Buddies" fame).

Although this sounds like it could be a Jerry Lewis movie, it's not that utterly stupid and mindless. It's just a little mindless and stupid. That's because Dan Aykroyd is much funnier than Jerry Lewis, and the Doctor Detroit plot isn't quite as hell-bent for mediocrity as, say, The Disorderly Orderly.

have anything all that funny to do. Most of the laughs are about how stupid the script is but how well Aykroyd handles it.

Unfortunately, along with the beauties comes the beasts - the chief of Chicago prostitution; a burly woman named "Mom" and her two burly sons. Smooth Walker set Aykroyd up as "Doctor Detroit," a big Michigan pimp trying to muscle in on Mom's territory, and being an expert on and believer in chivalry, he just can't let the ladies down after

Doctor Detroit has a few funny moments. When Aykroyd takes his guise as the infamous "Doctor" with yellow porcupine hair and metal fingers and a voice like Truman Capote, he's at his best. In fact, Aykroyd is always at his best when portraying eccentric characters such as the "Doctor," the Southern lawyer, or the professor. The problem is that

Doctor Detroit is just chock-full of overused schtick, and that's what keeps it from becoming a good comedy. Incredibly cliched stunts such as Aykroyd pretending to be a karate expert in order to fend off "bad guys" and a totally useless dance scene with the lot of Chicago gangsters just bog down the plot (but a great performance from James Brown).

Dan Aykroyd should try to make a movie that will prove he can be funny without John Belushi; Doctor Detroit just isn't

1ST Annual Music Poll

Music is a big part of any teenager's life, especially a high school senior. Music is the stuff of which memories are made. We'll probably all hear a song from this year in the future that will trigger a memory-happy or sad - but most likely it will be an appreciated memory because this is an important time in our lives. I'd like to thank everybody who filled out the first annual Senior Music Survey, here are the results. (Not enough people filled out the bottom half, encompassing all of our years at Riley, so unfortunately it is omitted here).

— Rick Nagy

Best Single

1. Beat It-Michael Jackson
2. Billie Jean - Michael Jackson
3. Photograph - Def Leppard

Best New Artist

1. Men at Work
2. Bryan Adams
3. Duran Duran

Best Video

1. Beat It-Michael Jackson
2. Seperate Ways - Journey
3. Billie Jean - Michael Jackson



Reader's Survey

Best Album

1. Frontiers-Journey
2. Thriller-Michael Jackson
3. Pyromania - Def Leppard

Best Concert

1. Billy Squier
2. R.E.O. Speedwagon
3. Rush **NO!**

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The Riley Review is published every two weeks during the school year by the journalism students at James Whitcomb Riley High School, 405 E. Ewing Ave., South Bend, IN 46613.
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 Feature Editor Neal Weber
 Assistant Feature Editor . . Chris Picken-paugh
 Sports Editor Charlie Pankow
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Sports

Three girl tracksters qualify for Regionals

"Even though the record wasn't victorious, we had a victorious season," said girls' track coach Colleen Doyle. The team had many individual victories, she explained, in that everyone went out and did her best each time.

The season record, however, does show more promise at 1-8 than last year's final standing of 0-9. The Cats placed fifth with 23 points in the Sectionals this year, compared to seventh place at the '82 Sectionals.

Riley also qualified more athletes for Regionals this year. 1982 Sectional champ, senior Angie Boykins, successfully defended her high jump title with a record leap of 5 feet 6 inches. Last year she tied her high jump title with a record leap of 5 feet and 6 inches. Last year she tied the 5 feet 5 inch record mark by beating LaVille's Sandy Prentkowski.

Sophomore sensation Nancy Scales, '82 defending champ, lost her Sectional crown by placing second in the 100 meter hurdles.

Also advancing to the Ft. Wayne Regionals with Boykins and Scales is junior powerhouse Cheryl Walker. She ran her personal best time of 5:28 and placed fourth in the 1600 meter run.

Riley Review chooses 82-83 All-Sports team

by **Charlie Pankow**
FOOTBALL

Jimmy Scales tops the Riley football talent with a fantastic season. As a senior, Scales received the honor of being selected for the All-NIC team. In addition, Scales was the only Wildcat to score a touchdown both as an offensive and defensive player, with the pulling down of three endzone passes, and the 90-yd. TD return of a LaSalle fumble.

BOYS' TENNIS

Sophomore Adam Borr receives the tennis MVP award with his outstanding play. Borr was the only Wildcat to qualify for state competition, with a great individual record.

GIRLS' BOYS' CROSS COUNTRY

Cheryl Walker and Kurt Frazier each broke several school records by racing through courses in very little time. Both participated in state competition.

VOLLEYBALL

Riley's volleyball team compiled the best fall sport ledger of any Wildcat team, and Rhonda Ziegert was a main reason why. Her powerful serves, and excellent play around the net helped Riley down many outstanding teams.

GIRLS' SWIMMING

For the second straight year, Kandis Perry receives the Riley Review MVP award. Perry was outstanding in NIC competition, and did well in both areas on the state level.

BOYS' SWIMMING

Senior Ralph Pieniazkiewicz led the boys' swim team to an undefeated season, an NIC title, and a runner-up finish at state.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Angie Boykins averaged in double figures, and led Riley in rebounding, as the Cats took runners-up honors in sectional play last winter.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Derrick Wesley led Riley to four victories in its last six games, and a near fantastic comeback win against LaSalle in the opening round of the South Bend Sectional. Wesley averaged over 17 points per game for the Wildcats, while shooting over 50 percent.

WRESTLING

Brendan Powers outwrestled his opponents to a fantastic record. Powers, a senior, was such a consistent performer, that his ratio of wins to losses often helped Riley pull out close matches.

GIRLS', BOYS' TRACK

Both Nancy and Jimmy Scales take track honors, as MVP's for their respective teams. Nancy's speed benefited her more than anything else, while Jimmy's tremendous performance in the high hurdles set the boys' track team on its way to the best spring sport record at Riley.

BASEBALL

Ken Humphrey's .375 average tops Riley hitting wise, and his smooth fielding ability gives him the MVP award for baseball.

GOLF

Doug Cohen's 79 stroke average per 18 holes, puts him atop the golf team, as first seed. The team's 10-4 record puts it in contention for best spring sport honors.

GIRLS' TENNIS

Amidst a disappointing season, Elaine Lawson has been a bright spot. Her tough individual play gives her the MVP for girls' tennis.

SOCCER

Finally, Terry O'Neill leads the Riley soccer team in goals with 5, and for a team which is defensive oriented, that's no small feat.

SOFTBALL

Heading into this week, Cindy Milbourne was hitting over .500, and had scored 12 runs for the softball team. The girls currently own the third best spring sport record at 8-4.



Senior Jimmy Scales used the high hurdles to help the Riley track team to a great start.

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Congratulations
Graduates

I, Kent Taylor, being of superior mind and studly body, hereby leave my worldly goods to the following: To Leann I leave my worn out tennis balls and broken rackets. To Andy I leave my swimsuit for times when you go bombing. To Jenny P. I leave nothing because you're nobody. To Andrea P. I leave my used toilet paper for the times when you open your mouth. To Amy B. I leave my toothbrush for the food in your braces. To Sam I leave all the memories of the times that we spent together, and times to come. Love ya, Kent.

I, Debbie Truesdell, being of somewhat sound mind and body, do hereby will "Indiana Joe" many baskets of mistletoe for use during vacation and all my love; Kim and Robin, the strength to support the team; Ski and the track team, all the luck in the world; the Choraliers and Danny Boy, the patience for next year; and best wishes to everyone.

I, Kathi Warren, being of warped mind and unsound body, do hereby leave the following items to those who remain. To Jeffy Humphrey, a box of green M&M's; to Jason Gerber, a bag of bubble gum for during Choraliers; to "James and Muffy," my gift of gab; and to Debbie Warren, a smile, lots of love, and all the hyperactive energy in I'm known so well for.

I, Neal Weber, being of "Let's get wasted" mind and "C'mon, just once more" body do hereby leave my stuff to the following: To Mike "Shaker" Cseh, a reservation, to come down to Bloomington whenever he wants. (Maybe Debbie and Joyce will let us go out one night this summer, if we're good). To Scott "Mana Moo" Schmok, something for us to do this summer, and the ability not to spill beer and other valuable organic substances in my car. To the Pow, let's hope we room together; if not, I'm quitting college. And, to the Sean Machine, about \$4000 to spend on all those drugs you'll be taking at USC. To El Vagabundo, about 10 million crusted nights for us before I go to college. To Jenn H., hey, before I give you my car to drive all next school year, I want to see that T-top that you're going to put in my car before I hand over the keys. Ya got that? And to everyone whose gotten drunk with me in the nightmare room, before, after and during class, Friday nights, Wednesday nights, whenever, I thank you. And to all those young girls, here and abroad, I'm sorry. I lied. I'm not really leaving town, and this will be the last time we see each

other. Hey, the line's worked before.

I, Tamra L. Michael, although I'm not sure how sound I am, whether it be in mind or body, I believe I can leave a few things behind. To Mary Klosterman I leave all the hassles, headaches, and laughs that come with advertising. Enjoy! (I'll make sure I leave my phone number, too!) To my sister Beth I leave you with the thought that Riley isn't such a bad place. The next two years here will really be a special time. Don't shrug it off. To Tammy and Michelle and the rest of my underclassmen friends, please you with the "rule of the school." Enjoy being a senior-it goes quick!

I, Mrs. Joyce Garretson, will to the class of 1983 the ability to smile at the little things in life so that the big things will be easier to overcome. Your volleyball, basketball, softball, and swim teams were the greatest because "you" were there. I will miss all of you! GOOD LUCK.

I, Gina Spagnolo, being of round mind and body leave to Mr. Floyd 1000 "thanks" for keeping me out of trouble for the past three years. To Paul Meribella 65 pounds of quiche for a "real man" and "thanks" for showing me where the horn was. To Bobby Hartman and Kenny Miller my 13 cars and a tow truck in case they break down. To Heidi Szocinski, a better attendance record than I had. To Mr. Hoover, a year's supply of vitamin B complex.

I, Scott Schmok, of crusted mind and worn out body, leave Mr. Kielton a one weekend visit to Margaritaville; Kandis Perry more locker space; Coach Ski a case of his favorite beer; Joe Waldron my copy of "Foolin'" from Def Leppard; Donny Hatfield all those intense hours of partying; Tony Ross my homemade neck brace; Frank Horvath my Triangle I.D. card; and Jeff Holtsclaw a mouthpiece so he won't bust up his teeth when he throws the shot put.

I, Kim Storms, the first one who will be running out the door the last day of school, leave to Annette B. and Denise D. the patience to stick it out next year. To my cousin Kelly, I'm leaving you some time to come out and see me, and the hope that you'll never let you-know-who hurt you anymore. I hate to see it! And finally to Tracy, Nancy, and Chris, who are leaving with

me, my eternal thanks. I couldn't have made it without you. Never forget the good times we've had. I wish you three all the happiness you deserve and I hope we never lose touch. Well, TNC, can ya believe we did it?

I, Sean O'Neill, being of crispy crusted mind and rapidly deteriorating body, do hereby leave the following things to the following people: To Laura Lee a one way ticket to California, and a couple of years of the best memories a person could have. To Gary a Grotto the Frog Boy (you never know when he'll come back again), a steady supply of soft young ladies, and a kidling to corrupt as you were corrupted. To Terry a year's supply of raw meat and beer. To Tom a Burger King crown and a year's subscription to G.Q. To Emily the desire to work hard to become the star you know you can be. To Nancy a great man you can fall in love and be happy with. To Richard a house full of drunken people. And last but not least, to little Jeffery, facial plastic surgery so you can be pretty, and a blow-up doll of Woody Hayes.

I, Richard J. Nagy, with absolutely no jokes about my mind or body, do hereby leave the following: To my friend and cohort Chris Pickenpaugh I leave the ability and further desire to only eat and laugh. To Todd (The Sivva-man) Silverman, I leave the title of school's primo guitarimo. To Phil (the Bitch) Hamburg, I leave this question: "What the hell are we going to act like in college?" To my Wombat Reading Club fellow members, Richard (BAAAWWW!) Silberman, I leave this advice-calm down and never break another form of measuring device again! To Greg (Greg) Elin, what do you leave to the man who has everything? A discout ticket to the porno flix. To Jessica Beatty, I leave any M and M's she can find on Mr. Goodman's floor. To Ann Osowski, I leave further good taste in sock buying, (especially pink bobby-socks). To everyone on the Riley Review staff, my gratitude for the most fun I've ever had will always be with you. To Ree-chard and Chris, Sean, Brendan, Neal and Charlie and Marc (Sweet Stinkfoot K) Katz especially, youse guys were great. I'm sorry (really) if I left anyone out. To everyone I leave the immortal words of some forgotten, anonymous poet: "Happy trails to you, until we meet again." And so with that thought, I bid a fond farewell to Dear ol' Riley (and of course, Mr. Oldham). My memories will never fade.

I, Leslie Drawert, being of warped mind and body, leave the following: To Mr. Fentes, a full class to sit and listen to your lectures. To Mr. Miller, the ability to smile while directing. To my sister Ellen, enough change for the bus to last for a whole year. And last but not least, I leave the Choraliers "The Body Electric" and "Follow Rain and Rivers."

I, Richard Silberman, being of perverted, deranged, and absent mind, and weary body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Jill Maza, the best of luck with school, yearbook, BBYO Thespians, and everything else you're involved in during the next year. To Ellyn Simon, also best of luck in everything. When you come to visit me at NU we'll go out for some wombat chicken. And please, stop wearing those denims, you two. To the whole BBYO gang, great times. To Susan, three great years of high school. I'll miss you. (Did I say that?) To Lisa, bootie, sister-II, you get a direct line to Whitey White's and a year's supply of dump. To Miss Murphy, a deluxe, executive style Kosnoff-Bauer English Poetry Lecture and Poster Kit. Rooh Shane, you inherit the honor and responsibility of promoting pigs and caring for the Pheebus dynasty. To the Boog, great times at AEPI, keep in touch and don't be a Wonda Baxter. Remember, wang chang bang the whole gang. To Linda, Chris, Mrs. Hamilton and the new Review staff, make next year's papers great and have fun at it. And Chris, I'll take your art for sarcasm and you get my laugh--and if you don't think my laugh is funny, then "ass James at Big Beah." To this year's senior staff, Nagy, Weba, Pow, Tam--, Stinkfoot, Charlie, Susan, and Sean--From Guatemala, Domino, McGann the Butt, the Damn thing, coffee cup tosses, unmet deadlines, Baby Goob, and all the other craziness, these last three years have been a blast--(fourth hour that is). I bet college journalism isn't like this! To Staci Roenfeldt, some epoxy glue and to Dinah, a dog with nipples who doesn't need a bladder control undergarment. Seriously, keep in touch and stay out of troubs gorgeous. To Teri D. my little "big" cute Bud. Thanks for sayin' "hi," and even waiting by Chem sometimes. Stay cute and have fun, young gorgeous.

Jessica "You are cordially invited to be my friend." I hope you accept. Remember Hector (R.I.P.), D.Q., "breasts," and "Let's Dance, da-da-da-da-da-da." To all my other friends--both seniors and underclassmen, thanks for the memories!