Mr. Fiocco, we dedicate rampant 1974 to you. We hope that you will take pleasure in our reflection of four years spent at West. To perceive the essentials, however, you must look beyond the photographs and black on white words. Our gratitude is hidden in a kaleidoscope of memories and experiences shared between advisor and class, mentor and student, believer and believed-in. We have grown together as time now dictates that we grow apart and so, accept rampant as a last token of our esteem and appreciation. Above all, remember us . . .
Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!
Look to this day!
For it is Life, the very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the
Verities and Realities of your Existence:
The Bliss of Growth,
The Glory of Action,
The Splendor of Beauty,
For Yesterday is but a Dream,
And Tomorrow is only a Vision:
But Today well-lived makes
Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
and every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well therefore to this Day!
Such is the Salutatation of the Dawn!

—Based on the Sanskrit

Four years have passed, four years of experiences shared or uniquely private. The staff of RAMPANT 1974 has chosen to portray the events of our brief stay at Cherry Hill West as the progression of a day. Because we believe that “this day . . . is life,” time has been regarded with the utmost reverence. All that is within the individual’s grasp will determine whether each day will merge into the next without form or purpose or whether it will stand alone to be remembered and cherished.

Each major period of the day has been assigned an artistic motif and theme. DAWN has been alligned with an awakening of the spirit, MORNING with the tenor of speculation, AFTERNOON with the tone of reaction, EVENING with the flavor of reflection. MIDNIGHT remains undefined, a crossroads for the individual between the high school experience and the world one faces beyond. “Look well therefore to this Day!”

Cover Design By Beth Yaffe
Editor-in-Chief
Anita Ark

Literary Editor
Carl Shuman

Art Editors
Benjamin Gable

Photography Editor
Beth Yaffe

Activities Editors
Mark Laubauch

Advertising Editors
Robin Finklestein

Senior Editors
Ann Vallianos

Business Editor
Amy Block

Faculty Editors
Bonnie Block

Jann Giacoboni

Kent Amstutz

Phyllis Granzow

Robin Levit

Jane Treuhaft

Carol Laible

Adrienne Price

Sue Morris

Andi Cohen

Andi Black

Kathy Carbonell

Linda Naimo

Linda Solomon

David Weinstein

J.C. Morris

Joe Segrest

Terry Davidson

Linda Formigli

Linda Goldstein

Marianne Huddell

Judy Traubman

Andrea Czarniecki

Robin Hurst

Sue Dranoff

Denise Lafferty

Donna Reinert

Advisor
Mr. Charles Buchheim

Literary Advisor
Mrs. Sharon Dymowski

Art Advisor
Ms. Kitty Robinson

Photography Advisor
Mr. Donald Almon
dawn.
flowing amidst butterscotch shades of sunrise
there are untapped secrets
personal as sleep
sleep that fades with the passage of time
and involvement.
visions of beachfront scenes
in summer
honky tonk storefront popcorn shops
are forsaken in the wake of
eyear morning pots clanging
tapwater running rushing gushing
alarm clocks and digital radios
that challenge
us
to face the world
or crawl beneath warm sheets
once again
a perennial decision
a decision
of life
whirling
reeling
within a portrait changing colors
changing
images
defying time and yet
flowing with its very heart throb.
dawn. an awakening
of the spirit
the body
the mind.
DAWN . . . awakening 1

dedication, mr. fiocco 2
theme explanation 3
genral introduction 4
rampant staff 8

MORNING . . . speculation 12

administration 18
secretaries 22
special services 24
guidance department 26
faculty 28
underclassmen 56
AFTERNOON . . . reaction 88

fall sports 94
winter sports 114
spring sports 136
special events 152
activities and clubs 166

EVENING . . . reflection 208

senior section 214
senior portraits 226

MIDNIGHT . . . 286
morning,
pastel monarch of the speculative realm
ushers in september
with a muffled surge of energy
born amidst streams of muted light and
sleepy autumn children caught
within a swirling cycle of
first-day outings.
as chalk hopscotch lessons fade to
geometric theorems
one finds reassurance in a stabler world of
taxicab yellow schoolbuses
rainbow bicycles oiled rag polish clean
queued in metallic jungles
children with toothy smiles clenched
joking in nervous anticipation
of bells ringing
crowds pushing rushing shoving flowing
toward cubicles tabulated
filled with thirty
antiseptic formica desks
thirty wooden chairs lined neatly before
two blackboards painted green
three broken pieces of dusty
dustless chalk and
one anxious smiling
second-day teacher.
a routine is established
as tensions break and early
morning shades blend to
afternoon golden browns
dulling in the wake of
north wind chills.
morning—
a fragile beginning.
Daniel A. Rowan
Principal

I was walkin' in the hall mindin' my own business when I accidently bumped into Mr. Rowan and I got all flustered but he just said hello and asked me my name and how I was and I said somethin' stupid like how're you and the school board and then I sorta slunk away but today he saw me in B-wing and called me by name and so I just said how's it goin' Mr. Rowan while all my friends turned around wonderin' how he knew me as he walked into the office and man did I feel important.
Edward Collins
Director of Student Affairs

Warren J. Jordan
Assistant Principal

George Williams
Assistant Principal

Seymour J. Wallach
Assistant Principal

Gregg V. Amiriantz
Administrative Assistant
Dr. Robert Holl
Superintendent

Dr. Robert E. Hansen
Assistant Superintendent

Mr. Robert M. Salati
Assistant Superintendent

Mr. William H. Thorpe
Assistant Superintendent

Jacqueline Weiss

Dorothy Flanagan

Rita Marrara, Anne Dickerson, Helen Hammond, Mary Chambers, Office Secretaries.

Harriet Grissom, Mary Howison, Sylvia Dworkin (not pictured) Guidance Secretaries.
hello special people!
you know who you are
come on
crack a smile
another forty-two pages of typing
won’t kill you
don’t let one more
lunch splattered on the cafeteria floor
ruin your day
that dent you made in the principal’s car
will never be noticed
with a little muscle and paint
that last sore throat from shushing
people in the library
shouldn’t affect your sunny disposition
come on
that’s the spirit
s-m-i-l-e
we love you
college catalogues on shelves for a future
posters on walls for glamour
secretaries at typewriters for paperwork
aides amidst files for information
counselors in cubicles for guidance
humanizing the process of education
a difficult business for the untrained
a life's career for the dedicated
I once thought that English teachers spent all their free time writing secret novels about teenagers trying to find themselves in New York City always remembering that you can't go home again in the age of innocence babbityting and babbling about Lord Weary's castle or Walden pond but making about as much progress as a pilgrim but two weeks ago I passed my English teacher's home on my bicycle and to my amazement he was muddy and sloppy playing football with his kids who were laughing real hard so I went to school the next day with my fantasies shattered and as my teacher passed I whispered who won the game and he smiled slightly and said they did and then he told me to finish my homework questions off the board just like that and I sort of wondered what it might be like teaching English if I could ever make it through four years of high school grammar.
Anthony V. deSalis  
Department Chairman

Theodore L. Page

Margaret Gibson

Samuel Pollock

Edith M. Emmel

pythagoras
would be very proud of his children
his twentieth century arithmetical wizards
turning blackboards into angles
test papers into forty-five degree failures
theories into realities
students into novice mathematicians
learning a new language of symbols coded into data
fed into machines one day
to save the human race from its finite
tendencies
primitive man communicates on cavern walls painted animal of the hunt etches hieroglyphics in triangular stony vaults paying homage to gods of earth and star and moon prints eternal laws in goat skin scrolls of which a civilization grows and falls and darkens gothic invents inky machines enabling renaissance thought en masse of revolution sets quill in hand for restoration of order and human sovereignty begets atomic man communicates in shelter walls painted fallout speaks electroglyphics in media boxes declares peace in double think and human blood as we become primitive once again

Ellen Barmach

W. W. Belfield
Department Chairman

Ronald Hillman

Ellen Rochford
Pasquale R. Carlucci
Department Chairman

welcome aboard t.w.a.'s non-stop flight to paris. if you need assistance just pull the lever above your seat and we will be most happy to . . .

a quelle heure arrive l'avion? ou sont mes bagages? pardon mademoiselle, avez-vous la clef pour la salle de bain? je m'appelle . . .

here in heidelberg you may eat and drink to your heart's content for only a few marks. in the distance you may see the large factory where we make our famous beer . . .

einen tisch fur zwei personen, bitte. ich mochte die speisekarte sehen. die rechnung, bitte!

after our visit to the bullfights this afternoon we will take a walking tour of sunny barcelona, visiting this city’s famous shops, points of interest . . .

¿ que lugar es este? de vuelta a la derecha. se prohíbe pasar. dirección unica. salida . . .

the test on chapters 19 and 20 is scheduled for thursday. that's all class . . .

damnation! verflu chen! condenacion!
i dreamt a horrible ghastly dream
of pie clouds and hazy benzene rings
of scaly actinides and ugly bohrs
with tusks and moles
a network solid of ignoble gases
and halogens periodically spewing
ethyls methyls and propyls from
their vile mouths
a legion of vanderwaals forces
surrounded me
and then in the distance
galavanting upon a giant avogadro
charged the fearless white lab coated
knight
with trumpets blaring and
balances balancing
saving my lab
and my sanity
from the ravages
of the murky bubbling underworld
of experimental foundations

James Lanier

Hrair Zakarian
Department Chairman

Paul Finkbiner

James Braack

Joseph Gellura

William Artz
Edward Erne
Susan Leibensperger
Ralph Parker
Robert Primiano
Murray Fineman
Bernhard Foerster
Barbara Lacusch
Edward Zivitz
upon entering the biology lab
a hairy ape in a white coat
leaped from behind the human
skeleton dangling in the corner
and proceeded to wave his
arms while jumping from one
table to the next
eyeing the contraptions of modern
technology in childlike wonderment
then
he perched himself on the front
counter and began to sip hot
coffee from an earthen mug
suddenly
his hair faded
his shoulders became erect
his forehead receded
and lo and behold
my biology teacher stood before me
in all his scientific glory
"now class, today we will study
the theory of evolution—
any questions?"
ah... physical education. five times a week you greet me. what is it that draws me to you? is it your captivating aroma that meets me as i open the locker room door? is it your wonderful sense of timing that has me doing thirty push-ups, thirty squat thrusts and a cavalcade of assorted exercises to the voice of my favorite drill sergeant? is it the chill you send down my spine as i run after a piece of inflated pigskin in forty-two degree weather? ah... the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune do not compare with your archery tests. the deer in flight cannot equal the grace of the vaults and hurdles with which i must contend each day. what bliss! what rapture! indeed, you have made me what i am today. the world's greatest athlete on crutches.
watercolors from spring showers
clay pots from warm earthy red summer days
macramé designs from spider webs in autumn
charcoal sketches from naked branches in winter
God's gift to man
truth as we see it
life as we know it
time as we capture it
art as we create it
in the beginning
man beat hard upon a rock
and created the percussion section
whittled hollow a reed
and invented the woodwinds
whistled through a ram’s horn
and produced the brass section
ran his fingers through an animal net
and devised the strings
chanted hymns to the gods of fate
and formed the acapella choir
and if you should perchance pass through c-wing
you will see a bristly-faced man
wave his club
and take twentieth century man
back to the essence of what he was
a creature of perfect harmony
for music is the language of peace.
Rhonda Krankowski  
Governor

Lynn Sparacio  
Lieutenant Governor

Ed Mello  
Advisor

how to play high school. this is your freshman survival kit. read it carefully, memorize every direction. roll the dice and move three spaces. you have bought two pool and three elevator passes from a sophomore. go back three spaces and roll again. you are late to english class because you lost your map and ended up in the parking lot. move back four spaces and look as innocent as possible. you try to impress a cute blond in earth science and drop a rock on her foot. forfeit all self-esteem and go back six blocks into isolation. poor freshman. it seems you haven't even reached "go" yet. and you say you followed every rule? wait until sophomore year. then the real fun begins.
Andi Kinney, John Sedarat
Treasurers

Tammi Schwartz, Leslie Brodsky, Lori Shuldiner
Secretaries

Sherri Weiss, Claire Massino, Kathy Doyle
Assistants
proceed. The dice are rolled, the pieces moved from one square to the next. Sophomores race against time in preparation for grander events. Wealth is laid up in class coffers, community chest for the community good. Classes are attended, preferences are chosen, one begins to clarify academic directions. Land on editorship square, captain's row. Are the responsibilities too great, is time too precious? Each decision lends a different spark to a class' combined energies. Once around the board and insecurity begins to fade. Viable class and individual personalities begin to develop. Sophomore year strengthens foundations. Take a chance. Develop your future.
L. Wolf, W. Purvis, D. Naish, A. Epstein
Secretaries

M. Pottiger, R. Greenblat
Business Managers

J. Yaffa, M. Yaffe
Treasurers
tanenbaum, robin
tate, uoyd
tears, donald
splinter, melinda
terle, gary
thomas, carleigh
thomas, robert
thomas, william
thompson, charles
tochterman, marc
tolotta, michael
tomasetti, michael
trupce, mary
tsamutalos, thomias
turner, susan
ummarino, richard
vadino, joan
van deventer, mark
venturo, grace
vermes, debra
verne, stephen
viladevall, vivien
vilary, sandra
vilsensky, lee
viscuso, ernest
viti, dominick
vivone, anthony
volk, mary lou
vrana, bruce
vuccolo, diane
wacker, teresa
walker, sharon
walters, daniel
walten, thomas
waslbourne, chas.
watson, jeannette
waxman, denise
weaver, jeffrey
webster, kathleen
weidler, ali
weinberg, david
weinberg, rhea
weinert, linda
weintrout, neil
weisbarth, mark
weisbecker, joyce
weiss, randi
weitz, neil
wharton, janet
whitfield, jordan
wilcox, randy
williams, carolyn
williams, donald
williams, helen
williams, michael
williamson, darlene
willmore, martha
wilson, thomas
whittenberger, deborah
wixted, david
wolf, david
wolf, judy
wolf, lance
wolf, linda
woold, michael
wright, marc
wurz, janet
yaffe, irwin
yaffe, joel
yaffe, michael
yanover, jonathan
yunsetto, donna
young, seth
yurekko, steven
zane, george
zerbo, salvadore
zidow, barry
zitomer, mitchell
zitz, joseph
N. Chutter, S. Leach, C. Dale
Secretaries

E. Guralnick, E. Morley
Treasurers

C. England, B. Snodgrass
Undersecretaries

Committee Heads
proceed. The dice are rolled, the pieces moved from one square to the next, juniors pray for a winning combination. Fall into chance. You are awarded first prize in the float competition. Receive a healthy dose of self-esteem. Land in the prison of responsibilities. All-nighters, term papers, near-failing grades are the pitfalls of academic directions more clearly defined. Forfeit your nerves and move into activities row. With commitment, move one step up the ladder of success. Experience the satisfaction of group involvement. Know the thrill of individual achievement. Take two steps sideways into lover's lane. Score a maturity point. Forfeit ten units of time for the luxury tax. Hurry junior. Keep moving. If you are lucky you will come out even. Just one more run around the board and you will pass go and collect your diploma. Then you will play another game. It is called college.
shimmering sun
in the afternoon
gentle breezes swirling
lost among the willows of the courtyard
in the afternoon
involvement
a cavalcade of activities
to fill your time
before the coffee-stained eyes
of homework pressure appear
in the afternoon
person in your life
on the telephone
before falling asleep on the couch
to a favorite record
or the shrill of your mother's voice
demanding k.p. duty in your room
filled with scratch pads
and telephone numbers
yesterday's clothes and a fading love note
broken pencils and chewed bic pens
in the afternoon
forging of time
grinning in the midst of despair
at a genius-type gem under the lights
of your still cluttered desk
growing
seeking
following clouds in the azure distance
that somehow relate to labs exploding
and teachers talking of dreams and visions
in the afternoon
sun in your face
smile on your lips
glimmer in your eye
you know it all
in the afternoon
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lions</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>lenape</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>j.f. kennedy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>camden catholic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>paul vi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>east</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>bishop eustace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>woodrow wilson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>camden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>pennsauken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

96
as a beast
the team stalks its prey
eye to eye
measuring the strengths and
weaknesses of its opponent
flexing its muscle
smelling the air of victory
amidst sweat dripping cold
in the
November sun
the trap set
the play begun
the jaw open
the claws outstretched
in nervous anticipation
of moves unforeseen
carefully
calculating
slowly
arching
the beast attacks
touchdown
football
Judy Porch, Solo Twirler

Debbie Ring, Solo Twirler

Bonnie Roohr, Solo Twirler

Patty Baldyga, Solo Twirler

black and white
ball spinning gray
amidst purple and white
bodies bumping black and blue
energy directed toward two white posts
and the golden glimmer of a possible trophy
—soccer is a colorful game
go little hockey player
dimmer, dimmer
—flick, scoop left hand lunge
dribble, dribble, drive...
we can see your fingers ain't gettin' no slimmer
—you gotta want it, gang, this is a team effort...
teeth are false and hair's peroxidized
—okay, Rob, take 'em on the grand tour...
even in the moonlight you look lopsided
—it's all in the state of the mind...
buttons on your bows and your bowlegged kneeses
—accelerate...
we can see your tunics flapping in the breezes
—okay, who stole the last orange slice...
how in the heck do you expect to beat great kids like us
—state champions...
da-da da da da like us
rah!

We're No. 1. GO LIONS

(Roar) Beat East.

WEST is BEST
lions | hockey | opponent
---|---|---
0 | east | 0
3 | lenape | 0
2 | pennsauken | 0
5 | camden catholic | 0
1 | j.f. kennedy | 0
2 | paul vi | 0
1 | bishop eustace | 0
2 | east | 2
2 | lenape | 0
4 | pennsauken | 0
2 | camden catholic | 0
1 | j.f. kennedy | 0
4 | paul vi | 0
4 | bishop eustace | 0
3 | lenape | 0
2 | gloucester | 0
3 | collingswood | 3
1 | east | 1
2 | mainland | 0
2 | princeton | 0
ballerina with a tennis racket
a flowing mass of white swirls
decorating an asphalt stage of
splendor in the grass
green smelling tennis balls
dot a landscape of
cheering rubber banded swans
drinking cartons of orange drink
knowing that east is beaten
in an undefeated season
and victory
the greatest dancing partner
of them all

14-0
south jersey girls tennis league champions
tired aching
swollen muscles
concentric circles
wrapping themselves
around your body
overworked
underfed
pulling tighter
blood in your breath
throaty coughs
staring at the cracks
never noticed
the branches
swooshing against your face
the sun slowly fading
the moon slowly rising
goodbye warmth
hello darkness
keep running
gotta win
come on
final lap
push until your tearing
at the air
at the pain
pulling
until you win
for the team
for yourself
for the longdistance runner

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>lions</th>
<th>opponent</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>haddon heights</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>pennsauken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>bishop eustace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>camden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>lenape</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>cinnaminson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>woodrow wilson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>shawnee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>east</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>paul vi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>camden catholic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>j.f. kennedy</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
basketball.
five in formation
moving in unison
players of
carefully
orchestrated
freedom
passing
dribbling
weaving
through
arms up and down
legs up and down
up and down a
court of opposition
each team
courting
an evolutionized
peach basket
hanging so
temptingly
above
each
courting
an oddly
meaningful
reward:
two points
and the game of
basketball.
Girls Basketball

Lions | Opponent
--- | ---
22 | Paul VI
26 | Lenape
21 | J.F. Kennedy
51 | Bishop Eustace
32 | Pennsauken
20 | East
36 | Camden Catholic
31 | Paul VI
17 | Lenape
34 | J.F. Kennedy
34 | Bishop Eustace
19 | Pennsauken
21 | East
23 | Camden Catholic

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lions</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Camden Catholic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Shawnee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>Collingswood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>Camden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>J.F. Kennedy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>Paul VI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Bishop Easttace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Haldon Twp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>East</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Cinnaminson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Pennsauken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>Burlington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Lenape</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>Woodrow Wilson</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

wrestling, as ancient as man's will to survive steeped in a tradition of splendor and hero-worship of greek demi-gods matching strength for brutal strength in stony arenas in modern gymnasiums essential principles remain intact balance coupled with leverage momentum speed flexibility endurance ingredients that transcend time in muscular combat on blue mats on brown earth a wooden staff for a score card in this modern sport ancient art form wrestling.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lions</th>
<th>Opponents</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>73.12</td>
<td>Brandywine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75.47</td>
<td>Haddon Twp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67.12</td>
<td>J.F.K.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73.14</td>
<td>Riverside</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67.48</td>
<td>Lawrence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68.49</td>
<td>Middletown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67.84</td>
<td>Huntendon Cent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60.41</td>
<td>Henry Hudson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74.53</td>
<td>East</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>93.13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>79.67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>78.22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>61.53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>69.53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>100.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>79.51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>114.77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>74.53</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
crowd silent
before stage set
with geometric bars
a flash of white
streamlined movement
takes position
face tensing
purple
steady
steady
sudden mount
bated breath
legs tuck under
hips pull over
a flutter of
unseen wings
gymnast suspended
then released
dismount
judges appeased
arms outstretched
head thrust high
in humble tribute
to a noble task
now completed
gymnastics 1974
Gymnastics

Lions
58.83
64.72
45.10
64.29
59.18
58.93
won
57.84
67.56
59.77

Pennsbury
67.13

Brandywine
80.63

St. Marks
81.59

East
50.75

Princeton

Pennsbury

Rancocas
forfeit

East

Lawrence

Pitman
39.72

Opponents
71.50
73.85
47.10
81.59
80.63

Girls Gymnastics
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lions</th>
<th>Opponents</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>110</td>
<td>Haddon Twp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>96</td>
<td>Moorestown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>114</td>
<td>Haddonfield</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>George School</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>112</td>
<td>Pennsauken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Toms River South</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>91</td>
<td>Lenape</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>111</td>
<td>Haddon Heights</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>81</td>
<td>East</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>Baldwin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>112</td>
<td>Shawnee</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

swimmer taking mark
feet thrust forward
hands stretching overhead and out
take your mark and—
swimmer
underwater becomes
phantom
breaking the still
in burning chlorine water
muscles aching
heartbeat pounding
water rushing past
blue phantom gliding
eyes the shadow of a wall
almost
almost
touching
jettison back
on feet afire
water slapping harder
shadow competitor gaining
controlled energy releasing
in final surge
while muffled cheers
above
are heard
not quite heard
near the wall
floating ahead
phantom approaching
touching
phantom thrusts head
above water
blue phantom
becomes wet swimmer
becomes victor
(once again)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lions</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>West Catholic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>Mainland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>110</td>
<td>Haddonfield</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79</td>
<td>Lenape</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>Pennsauken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>Haddon Heights</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>Ocean City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>Hamilton East</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>East</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>Shawnee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>Atlantic City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78</td>
<td>Moorestown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>Holy Spirit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>Camden Tech</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>Camden Vocational</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>Trenton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>Haddon Township</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Boys Bowling

Lions

Camden Catholic
Pemberton
Lenape
Deptford
Bishop Eustace
Knockdown
Atlantic City
Shawnee
Cinnaminson
Pennsauken
East

Opponent
1
0
2
2
2
1
2
2
2
2

First Row: Coach Miss J. Free, J. Weisbecker, C. Rowe, L. Goldstein, L. Connor, N. Happer, L. McLaughlin.

Ten pins wait for the bowler who approaches cautiously and studies an army of toy soldiers at attention that stand beyond the gleaming wooden field as an arm is raised ready aim fire and suddenly the ball is released gaining momentum in ruthless pursuit of ten pins cringing in nervous anticipation of a major strike causing them to wobble and fall in utter defeat. bowling. victory.
batter approaches
digs heel into orange dirt
grips bat
wrist tenses vicelike
keen eye on
ball released from leather
connects to bat
snap
sending two-dimensional
figures
into flight
and suddenly
you feel it
an aura of great
tradition
memories of unshaven
men in white shirt collars
open
chewing dead cigars
cheering
freckled faces
darting underandover
ballpark seats
with stadium hotdogs
in hand
memories kept alive
each time the
batter approaches
grips bat
connects
to baseball
all-american

Baseball
Collingswood
Paul VI
Lenape
East
Pennsauken
J.F. Kennedy
Camden
Bishop Eustace
Woodrow Wilson
Camden Catholic
Paul VI
Lenape
East
Pennsauken
J.F. Kennedy
Camden
Bishop Eustace
Woodrow Wilson
Camden Catholic
Haddonfield
it was just another typical day at the track. everyone was warming up, preparing for the big meet later in the afternoon. we had one of our biggest crowds (all three of them) cheering us on. suddenly, the starter’s gun went off. as if by remote control i started to run. unfortunately, i tripped over the pole vaulter just as he was nearing the bar. he prematurely fell on top of the hurdler who ran into the shot-putter who threw his heavy, metal sphere on the javelin’s big toe who, shrieking in pain, accidentally Speared the discus thrower (america’s first human shish kebab) who hurled his mighty weapon into the crowd thereby discouraging spectators from ever coming to any of our future meets. although we set all kinds of records that day, no one comes out to watch us anymore. i tell ya, track is a lonely sport (but a helluva lot of fun).
Track

Bishop Eustace
Pennington
Camden Catholic
Camden East
Paul VI
J.F. Kennedy
Woodrow Wilson
Lenape
what's purple and white and filled with spirit . . .
—yeh?
and carries a cross with a net . . .
—yeh?
and cradles all the time . . .
—yeh?
and runs around a field that has no bounds?
—gee, ya got me. what is it?
i don't know. i was hoping you could tell me.
—oh.
Lacrosse

Pennsauken
Moorestown
Gloucester
Cinnaminson
Rancocas Valley
Maple Shade East
Collingswood
Pennsauken
Moorestown
Gloucester
Collingswood
Rancocas Valley
Maple Shade East


Softball

Lenape
Camden Catholic
Bishop Eustace
Haddonfield
J.F. Kennedy
Pennsauken
East
Paul VI
Lenape
Bishop Eustace
Camden Catholic
East
J.F. Kennedy
Pennsauken
Paul VI

It's springtime. And when it's springtime there are spring sports. And where there are spring sports there are girls. And where there are girls there are softball players. And where there are softball players there are batsandballs—and basesandinningsetc. And where there are batsandballs—andbasesandinningsetc. there are teams. And where there are teams there are west girls. And where there are west girls there are winners. Any questions?
eyes concentrating
extension of mind
arms bracing
wrists locking
extension of body
club swinging
extension of combined skills
ball flying
extension of champion
golfer
P. Robinson, Coach Mr. T. Page, R. Walker, J. Yhanatko, R. Hopp, A. Lou, S. Estilow.

Golf
Lenape
Bishop Eustace
Paul VI
Haddonfield
Pennsauken
Camden
J.F. Kennedy
Pittsburgh
East
Camden Catholic
Pennsville
Woodrow Wilson
Paul VI
J.F. Kennedy
Bishop Eustace
tennis (tennis), n. a game, usually played outdoors, in which players bat a fabric-covered, hollow rubber ball back and forth over a net stretched across a specially prepared court of turf, clay, asphalt, etc.

tennis (tennis), n. (modern West transl.) a. a game in which player is blinded by sun looking for fuzzy object with over-sized fly swatter powered by body that occasionally trips over net that unthoughtfully gets in player’s way as feet blister on red hot asphalt and sweat drenches white uniform and regulation headband, etc. b. a game of champions.
Tennis
Father Judge
Audubon
Lenape
East
Pennsauken
J.F. Kennedy
Camden
Woodrow Wilson
Moorestown
Lenape
East
Pennsauken
J.F. Kennedy
Camden
Woodrow Wilson
Collingswood
Haddonfield


fantasy and reality intermingled in
bittersweet reunion.
bleachers filled
once again
phrases peppered
of traditional rivalry
in a strangely
untraditional mood.
there was little left
to dream of
for we were the football players
and the little pretties to be
auctioned
the powder puffers and the seniors
rah-rahing
for the last time.
in our almost day
we waited for the bonfire
to rekindle the spirit
the dance
to rekindle the flame
in hopes of capturing
the homecoming
one reads of in yearbooks past.
the bonfire,
  a brief interlude
  when inky phantoms
  and fiery sparks
  intertwined
  kindling an inner flame
  of contentment
  a chance for brief
  reflection
  too soon marred
  in the ugliness of
  passions stirred
  a mark that plagued
  1974 from its inception.
  painful realities
  consumed the fantasy
  of homecoming
  and in its wake
  left the spectres of
  shame to stalk the
  midnight air.
  almost . . . once again.
suspended moments
of unbridled spirit
a last hurrah
for the purple and white
the pom-pom saddle shoes
and mr. touchdown
the halftime show
where the fruits of your labor
paraded by and took second place
and j.c. said goodbye for the last time
as you wondered where the years went
but somber reflections faded
for there was a game to win
and songs to sing
and cheers to cheer
and you realized that you were
proud
even in defeat
because it was team effort
between spectator and player
purple and white
fantasy and reality
hurry! hurry! hurry! step right up and see the greatest show on earth! you will not be sorry, ladies and gentlemen. why there are feats about to be performed that would stagger even the most active imagination! see the very laws of nature being defied by our juggling cyclist! marvel at the glass shattering pitches of our world renowned vocalists! stand dumbstruck with fear and awe at the daring acrobatics of our gymnasts and dancers! why, ladies and gentlemen, if you miss this evening you will have missed the most stupendous collection of talent ever assembled on one stage! i still see a few doubting looks in the crowd, you don't believe me? see for yourself, all you need is a little talent in the area of imagination and you will be transported back to a time when life was carefree and easy! hurry! hurry! hurry! the show is about to begin!
in black DA's and pony tails
in shades and bobby socks
they came in wheels and by their heels
they danced to roll and rock's

the frosh invited shared the fun
in elvis imitation
and by their night in exercise
shared pelvic deformation

and by the looks of this sad tale
we wonder of its sequel
for though it seemed that frosh were guests
the hosts enjoyed it equal
the still alarm. stage stricken. the veldt. adaptation. four plays. four interpretations of life. four companies sharing opening night jitters compounded with the anxieties of competition. back stage, actors rememorize lines, play catch with a prop, crack nervous jokes. wait. the stop watch is pressed. the minutes begin to fly as lines, cues, and movements are performed with utmost care. the curtain drops. actors wait. the surly beast applauds. satisfaction. and the waiting begins once again. the judges' decision. most are disappointed. only a few can be recognized for the perseverance and dedication that all have displayed. but it no longer matters. it is the spirit of the endeavor, the friendships formed that are essential. it is class competitions 1974.
methods in the making
institutions for the taking
save the children who are waking
to America midst the shaking
of foundations that are quaking
and morals that are aching
for reform . . .

... fta. a rhyme and a reason
for the future

Officers: Sharon Wilson, Debbie Abrams.
mr. businessman personified with a twinkle in his eye and success in his smile. He is corporation. He is dollars and sense. He is Wall Street with a cigar. He knows the money world. The American dream and the American reality.
biologists
swing from branches
with bananas in hand
slowly arch their backs erect
and discover
the secrets of the universe
in e-wing and elsewhere

Officers: Paula Moore, Steve Cohen, Patti Haycock, Mark Cohen, Liz Sevast.
‘Twas brillig, and the oily slicks
Did grease and ramble o’er the waves:
All covered were the birdyfowls,
And fish met watry graves.

“Beware the ‘dustrialist, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that clutch!
Beware the moneyman and shun
The furtive smokesack hutch!”

He took his sterile sword in hand:
Long time the bawdry foe he sought-
So hid he by the ec-scce tree,
And petitioned as he thought.

And as in uffish thoughts he stood,
The ‘dustrialist, with eyes of filth,
Came scotting through the tulgey wood,
And pluted as it will.

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The sterile blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went garnering back.

“‘And hast thou slain the ‘dustrialist?
Come to my arms, oh nature’s child!
Declare this as environment day,
For earth is free and wild.”

‘Twas brillig, and the oily slicks
No longer greased o’er rambled wave;
All healthy were the birdyfowls,
Since scce of man did save.
america
a composite
of nationalities
a melting pot
that somehow
failed to mold
the unique character
of old country flavor
with the hustle bustle
of twentieth century
main street u.s.a.
and so
we imitate
we roll our rrrrrs
we click our tongues
we attempt to sound
foreign
in a very natural way
as our ancestors must have sounded
there is something special about
capturing the past in language
something promising about
capturing the future
through universal communication
german club

Officers: Pat Martin, Karen Nothstein, Kathy Rowe, Barbara Nothstein.

Officers: Laura Manthei, Anita Hagan, Dede Dranoff, Faye Kertzner.

french club
spanish club

Officers: Cathy Greatrex, Linda Weiner.
Advisor: Ms. Lapidow.

israeli culture club

Advisor: Ms. L. Neev.
the power of the printed word.
seventeen inky people
conserve energy
convert energies
into dollars
for benefit of
environment
class
individual.
the experience . . . invaluable
the satisfaction . . . fulfilling
the bank account . . . looking good.
fox-trotting clarinets
marching tubas
jitterbugging piccolos
one-stepping
two-stepping
on a field of green
creating geometric patterns
with their music
dancing regimently
before dazzled audiences
that never see
the chapped hands
the sore feet
the rehearsals
ad infinitum
the musicians
who
for a few days each week
forsake bach and beethoven
for a little light entertainment
and a lot of satisfaction
All State Orchestra: Christine Banda, Nancy Haimbach, Linda Draper.
i passed the auditorium
on my way to lunch
when suddenly i heard
the crack of a baton
some musical directions
in a gentlemanly southern drawl
"a one anda two anda . . ."
squeel of flutes and
a tympany roll
a crescendo of violins
and basses
and i was so captured
by the sound of it all
that i fantasized
waltzing down the corridors
of c-wing
but
captured in the mad rush of
changing classes
i simply whistled
under my breath
to the beat of the music
content to dream
on my own time
i entered, my nerves were frayed from too much homework and too little sleep. people were chattering in syncopated anticipation of his arrival, just as my eyes began to flutter in a final decrescendo, the door closed with a melodic thud. he walked over to the piano in staccato motion, a whistle in his white starched pocket and a smile on his musically bearded face. his arms moved suddenly in vivace fashion as backs arched, chests heaved, and mouths opened in a wild frenzy of sonorous, silver-tongued, symphonious song. "you're flat, people," with dignity and grace we tried once again, proudly portraying the spirit of america's pioneer stock. "ching-aring-aring-ching-ching-ho-a-ding-a ding-kumlarkee?" and yet, in spite of strange lyrics and sour notes, we succeeded. as christmas carolers or penzancian pirates we harmonized for the sake of choir, friendship, music, and most importantly, barclay. he was all the inspiration we needed.
All State Chorus: Barbara Berry, Kent Amstutz.
Officers: Ilene Ruttenberg, Sharon Wilson, Joanne Daoust.

on-stage... rehearsing... can't even hear myself think... hammers hammering... drills drilling... lights flashing on and off, blinding me... directions being hurled across the auditorium... nerve-wracking... yet thrilling... theatre workshop at its best... pizzazz.
THE CAST

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Character</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pat Doyle</td>
<td>Patrick Dennis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Creá</td>
<td>Hair Dresser</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ilene Ruttenberg</td>
<td>Old Belle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lynn Alstrom</td>
<td>Young Belle &amp; Baby</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vivienne Matalon</td>
<td>Momma</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ed Silverman</td>
<td>George Musgrove</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andy Fisher</td>
<td>Bracy, General, Ship Captain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joan Sperling</td>
<td>Ramona</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Victor Gennaro</td>
<td>Noble</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Judy Porch</td>
<td>Mrs. Eggelston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steve Cohen</td>
<td>Butler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Linda Solomon</td>
<td>Miss Keplewhite</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geoff Alnutt</td>
<td>Pinchley Jr., Yulnick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joyce DiBattiste</td>
<td>Nurse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corey Bowen</td>
<td>Pinchley, Fred Poitrine, Doctor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Danny Rothchild</td>
<td>Newsboy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bud Lauer</td>
<td>Preacher, Assistant Director, Golf Pro</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carl Shuman</td>
<td>Bennie Buchsbaum, Prince Cherney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J.C. Morris, Jr.</td>
<td>Bernie Buchsbaum, Victor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Rose</td>
<td>Defense Lawyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mike Schagle</td>
<td>Announcer, Ballet Master</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dean Walton</td>
<td>Val du Val</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diane Pitetti</td>
<td>Collette</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chuck Goldstein</td>
<td>Otto Schnitzler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Victor Gennaro</td>
<td>Noble Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kamal Khan</td>
<td>Jewelry Salesman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bob Sheldon</td>
<td>Soldier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CHORUS</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill Johnson</td>
<td>Carmella Payne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeff Tate</td>
<td>Dede Dranoff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sal Ciampi</td>
<td>Monica Merchel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mike Schlage</td>
<td>Sue Dranoff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valerie Ranieri</td>
<td>Ann Vallianos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beth Tober</td>
<td>Laura Giambalvo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ann Milam</td>
<td>Joel Garber</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beth Schuldiner</td>
<td>Bonnie Roohr</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheryl Daniella</td>
<td>Cheryl Oettinger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sharon Wilson</td>
<td>Charlene Trout</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Joanne Daoust</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
the daily bulletin read "try-outs monday through thursday." this was the moment i had been preparing for. i had always wanted to be a performer. in preparation for the event i searched from one end to the other side of the tracks for a copy of the record. i rushed home with my treasure and proceeded to learn every number. confident that i was on my way to stardom i walked into the auditorium. suddenly my heart pounded. "boom boom." there were hundreds of real live girls and guys all waiting for their big chance. finally my name was called. "o.k. kid," said the director. "i got your number. show us what you can do." i cleared my throat and smiled so that every doggone dimple would show. after i sang a few bars the director yelled, "next!" was this to be the end of my budding career? was i just another unappreciated poor little hollywood star? suddenly a voice rang out. "hey you, with the dimples and the big mouth! get back up on stage!" i knew that deep down inside this was the moment of truth. it was either hello or goodbye. "kid, you got the part," said the director. after two months of back-breaking dance routines and sore throats i wondered whether it was all worth it. but after singing here's to us for the last time i understood. it was no longer little me that mattered. it was little us.
get yer lions roars. hot off the press. read all about it. benard's moustache gets caught in press. i didn't do it says editor edelstein. flash cohen and speedy greenberg vie for record number of bylines in news section. movie critics goldman and azorsky collaborate on features section. expect 'saga of pica ruler' to appear on stage later in year. cohen and bastnagel nominate each other for athletes of the month. meet with little opposition. zanghi and mclaughlin run off with newspaper profits and take twenty-four hour vacation in beautiful downtown pittsburgh. cooper and dranoff make fortune in stock market from remaining circulation earnings. the great hulse, world-renowned photographer, takes picture of himself and disappears. get yer lions roars. only ten cents. a real bargain.
i have never been one for pointy-headed exercises in eastern establishmentarianism but i decided to be brave so i bought a book of rod mckuen love poems (so that i should not be obvious) and quietly sneaked into f-32 convinced that a communist plot of the gravest proportions was in the making but to my unqualified surprise i found the room bristling with enthusiasm for mere poetry and occasional prose and i was indeed taken aback as each member considered imagery and syntax with the utmost care (of course a few giggles were heard but this is to be expected from the radical fringes of society) and then they proceeded to vote on each piece without even knowing the name of the author and furthermore at least three people led the meeting (no doubt a manifestation of creeping socialism) and plans were being made for a poetry workshop and bake sale and future layout meetings and yet as the day progressed i could find no evidence of effete intellectual snobbery and was actually quite impressed by the whole affair and what did you say the name was . . . aspects . . . a silly name but a most impressive organization.
Yearbook Advisor: Mr. Charles Buchheim.

Photography Advisor: Mr. Donald Almon.
Editor-in-Chief: Anita Ark.

Art Advisor: Ms. Kitty Robinson.
Literary Advisor: Mrs. Sharon Dymowski.
Activities Editors: Robin Finkelstein, Ann Vallianos.

Sports Editors: Denise Lafferty, Sue Morris, Andi Cohen.

Underclassmen Editors: Andi Black, Cathy Carbonell.

Special Events Editors: Carol Laible, Adrienne Price, Sue Dramoff.

Seniors Editors: Jane Treuhaft, Robin Levit.

Literary Editor: Carl Shuman.

Faculty Editors: Kent Amstutz, Phyllis Glantzow.

Art Editors: Linda Naimo, Linda Solomon, Ben Gable, Beth Yaffe.

Advertising Editors: Amy Block, Bonnie Block.

Photography Editors: J.C. Morris, Mark Laubach.

it all started on a warm july day in a little room off mass. ave. a couple of de guys got togedder and decided to come up with what ya call a theme. got it straight, mack? anyways, like we was all sittin' around when it starts to rain. lefty (dat's me) gets hisself an idear. "how about de wedder as a theme?" "naaa," day all says, "like it's gotta have class," so we all sits around some more. "how about different times of de day, fellas," says dumplins. "not bad, sugar," i says. so we work out di here theme about dawn and afternoon and midnight. den we presents it to de whole gang around de pool and we votes on de whole picture. got it straight, mack? like i don't wanna have to explain it to ya again. so den we rub out de guys who don't sees it our way and begin to put de book togedder. first, we gets us some die cuts and some spot color and like we paint de town red. except in dis case, we kinda paint it in orange, yellow, and blue. den we meet kinda casual after lights out. like de whole gang is dere. dumplins and gabeey come up wid de artistic end of de picture. arky walks back and forth runnin' de whole show. big kent and little phil take care of de faculty. like it dese teachers gives us any trouble we just crop out dere heads. like get de picture? finkey, crazy annie, de treuвит twins, blacky, cookie carbonell, big a, blue eyes laible, giacobonibird, pinky naimo, de flash brodders, peewee, morris, solly, elbow andy, de block babes and de rest of de crew are all lined up in de back laughin' and throwin' pencils and croppers at each udder. and dimples dymowski, kittens, and bucky de boss sorta look after us. so after it's almost all over, we goes to de art museum. like we ain't no ordinary mob. we gots class like i says before. and like, dat's it. dis is sorta like de frostin' on de cake. now why don't ya pays yer $8.50 and buzz off. like it's over. it's all over.
Secretary of State: Jerry Haubrich.

Secretary of Interior: Eli Aslan.

President: Marc Taicher.

Secretary of Treasury: Holly Hunkins

Secretary of Education and Employment: Donna Zanghi.
Supreme Court Justice: Chuck Goldstein.

Supreme Court Justice: J.C. Morris.

Vice-President: Gary Hill.

School Board Liaison: Frank Rose.

Advisor: Mr. Peter DiCostanzo.
Freshman Senators: Judy Orland, Lisa Taicher, Sharon O'Malley, Bob Cardonna.

Sophomore Senators: Debbie Gilbert, Sharon Harvey, Robert Frank, Mark Finelli.

Junior Senators: Michele Boory, Maryann Bastnagle, Steve Hintz, Brian Gullet.

Senior Senators: Linda Solomon, Sharon Serebransky, Patrick Viscuso, Gale Andrews.
evening.
the darker side of day
beckons us toward
seas of reflection
as baby turtles
instinctively clamoring
for safety in the
crashing waves of time.
compelled
we attempt to focus upon
the fragile border between
adolescent dreams and
adult realities
separating early morning arrivals
from late afternoon departures
first impressions
from implied routines
immature fancies
from intimate relationships
facts memorized
from concepts newly discovered
newly applied.
in juxtaposing aspects of our lives
we experience
twinges of remorse
in paths not taken
pangs of fear
in visions of the future
filled with new halls
new faces
satisfaction in growth
and perception.
evening.
we have forsaken wheatfield shades
for cornflower blue
in hopes of capturing the past
for future use.
Karen Calloway, Secretary-Treasurer; James Coben, Vice President; Eugene Symbolisty, President.

37. Mark DiMarcangelo
38. Anita Ark
39. Marianne Huddell
40. Lie Sevast
41. Adrienne Price
42. Denise Lafferty
43. Beth Yaffe
44. Jane Treshaft
45. David Bosh
46. Eli Aslan
47. Carl Shuman
48. Linda Solomon
49. Marie Strauss
50. Laura Manthei
51. Robin Finkelstein
52. Linda Edelstein
53. Deborah Kraemer

not pictured
Amy Block
Keiran Dale
George Dempsey
Bruce Feldman
Barbara Fox
Holly Hankins
Arlene Lauf
Lori Main
Valerie Ranieri
Sharon Serbiansky
Janice Sooy
Patrick Viscus
Steven Vittori
Shelly Weiss
Martha Wright

Miss Ellen Rochford, Advisor.
Eric Haswell, Mark DiMarcangelo, Hank Langknecht, Mark Seraydarian.

Linda Edelstein, Carl Shuman, Judy Porch.

Barry Horwitz, Frank Rose, Treasurer.

Advisors: Mr. Kenneth Dockrey, Mrs. Thelma Jaffe, Mr. Joseph Gellura.
Amy Block, Publicist; Brad Weiss, Linda Naimo, Secretary; Bonnie Block, Vice President; Linda Solomon, Jane Treuhaft, Robin Levit.

Nancy Plaskin, Laura Mantzi, J.C. Morris, Andi Cohen, Mark Laubach.

Valerie Ranieri, President; Sue Plumb, Beth Yaffe, Historian; Michelle Vilk, Benjamin Gable, Martha Wright.

not pictured:
Barbara Cameron
Jim Carr
Kathy Chromiac
Jim Coben
George Dempsey
Chris DePolis
Kathy Downey
Craig Frater
Victor Gennaro
Tom Giordano
Sue Greenspan
Jeff Melrore
Alan Pressman
Debbie Ring
Kevin Roche
Bonnie Roehr
Joanne Rupp
Marie Strauss
Robin Wilson
Sharon Wilson
Wendy Weissman
Robin Levit, Alternate; Arlene Lauf, Delegate.

boys state

Delegates: Eugene Symbalisty, Carl Shuman, Dave Weinstein, Jim Cohen.

Alternates: Bill DiBianca, J.C. Morris, Marc Taicher.
Delegates: Shelly Weiss, Holly Hunkins
Alternates: Jann Giacoboni, Anita Ark

Second: Anita Ark
First: James Cohen
Third: Eugene Symbalny
James Cohen

Andi Cohen

Robin Altorfer

Shelly Weiss

Not Pictured
Janet Swanson
Linda Naimo
Publicity Co-Chairman

Beth Yaffe
Publicity Co-Chairman

Andi Black
Dues Treasurer

Rosemary Cappo, Mark Laubach, Donna DeMarco

Jann Giacoboni
Treasurer
you don't know about us without you have read a book by the name of rampant 1974; but that ain't no matter. you see, we come to this here school in september 1970. all these teachers heard we was something special and they told the truth mainly. there was things which they stretched, but mainly they told the truth. anyway, we elected us a governor, some pretty little lady with the name of ol' deb kraemer. then they gave us some advisor named fiocco and said it was all done by enchantment but we don't take no stock in such things. we had what you call a magazine sale and made money and we was free and satisfied. then we made ourselves famous by winning this play competition cause regular school was rough living in all the time, considering how dismal regular schedules were. a bunch of weird people with clickity shoes all danced on stage and it was beautiful to see. they sang songs about some fella named george m which seems like a pretty weird name but by and by we got so we could stand it. anyway, ain't nothing more to write about the beginning.
class history II
then they graduated us to sophomore year
but nothing don’t look natural nor sound
natural in sophomore year. this fella named
sammy boulmetis jockeyed himself into
the governorship. he and this guy we told
you about before, fiocco, went to marching
up and down, thinking, and frowning hor-
rible every now and then cause we didn’t
seem to work together no way no how. but
we left our mark individual like around
this place, we donated all our float money
to the poor and we took hold of organiza-
tions and it weren’t by no magic either.
another bunch of weird people with foreign
costumes sang and fiddled and it was so sad
we nearly wept our eyes out but by and
by we got so we could stand it. anyway,
you don’t want to hear no more about us
m-a-t-u-r-i-n-g cause you know what its
like.
class history III

Junior year was real strange. We decided to be different and the like so we elected two governors, lou caltabiano and shelly weiss. We all went a skiing, shivering cold but enjoying the spectacle. We made more money than we knew what to do with and we staged a play by ourselves this time. We done waked up to the stars shining bright and this fella named don quick-o-tee which seems like a pretty weird name but by and by we got so we could stand it. then we elected us a president and a vice-president, one looking just like a beanpole and the other resembling some stumpy tree. they done said we could lean on them. some said '74 would never make it. that is just the way with some people. they get down on a thing when they don't know nothing about it. but they was wrong.
class history IV

well we’re near done telling our story so you don’t have to worry none about rambling and such. this here shelly weiss continued to govern but this time we got a nice room with a real couch all comfortable just like senior year. most of us studied about this guy’s bare bodkin that makes calamity of so long life in english class but most of us don’t take no stock in english anyways. we went roller skating and we had us a prom all proper and then we graduated. all the girls were kind of sentimental and so was the guys but that ain’t no matter. well, there ain’t nothing more to write about, and we are rotten glad of it, because if we’d a knowed what a trouble it was to make a class we might not have tackled it and ain’t a-going to no more, but we reckon we got to light out for the territory ahead of the rest. high school? we been there before.
so they dragged you out of bed in late august and shipped you off to the photo studio on the second floor of strawbridge's. you pretended to act very casual as you adjusted your tie, took a final glimpse in the mirror. as the lady placed the cap on your newly cut hair, tilting your head toward the camer's eye, you struck a few poses, testing your facial expressions for a smile. you were subtle yet convincing, dashing, debonair. and when it was all over you traded a few pictures, turned the velvet tone portrait on its face because you didn't look like that anymore and faced the remainder of the year with an anxious yet fearful look toward the future. in the back of your mind you knew why it was all worth it. there it dazzled on page 255 as a token of the past for your someday-kid to look at when he was growing up too fast.
the college application
that multi-colored document
that tests your ability
and tries your patience
did you even try to fit
nameagesexsocialsecuritynumberaddress
on one line
or write your life autobiography
in three hundred words or less
but it is not so bad
there is something
challenging in filling out
each form in triplicate
making sure not to detach parts a and e
from parts d and g
while using a number two pencil
for the computer which evaluates
your personal statement
then
sign
seal
stamp
and voila
"we are pleased to announce...
but before you come
would you please fill out
the following forms . . ."}
bek
We all attempt to leave
some imprint of self
on this hollow shell
it is the quality of our
endeavors
that shall ultimately
determine our worth
collectively
individually
whether in verse
on stage
in the arena of
athletics
someone will notice
that '74 did more
we shall be vindicated
you have said good-bye
and you are alone
in the setting sun
in the cool wafts of summer night air
that caress your face and hands
that run across
the rough hewn brown stones
of west
in a touch of empathy
an understanding that you are tired
the walls are tired
and as old friends
you share the confidential secrets of
early love
and valued conversations
that take refuge in the shadows
you create
that dance in the metal and the glass of
empty classrooms
one last good-bye
and you know the chills of evening
the icy touch of the past
upon this all too fleeting present
a bittersweet taste of growing up
and you are alone
1973-4. the year of the flood
nixon announces that we are on the
threshold of peace
p.o.w.s come home
but there are no parades
no smiling soldiers kissing
buxom women in the street
only pain
    truman dies
and we remember the bomb
    johnson dies
and we remember the war
not yet forgotten
never forgotten
the wound begins to fester
the gate is broken
the nation bleeds
and john wayne labels it nothing more than
    a panty raid

as haldeman
    ehrliehman
kleindienst
are added to the growing list
of watergate casualties
mitchell indicted
stans indicted
david eisenhower

writes sports columns for the Bulletin
will wonders never cease
john dean points a finger
nixon defends candidly
john wayne is silent
uncle sam ervin moves an eyebrow mistrustfully
ulasewick says something is not kosher
    and we forego the taste of salami
in the midst of a grain deal
the wound opens further
and tapes come spewing out
rosemary woods should have gone out for
gym
    nas
    tic

    s
and then the vice-president
becomes spiro who once again
indicted arrested convicted
the wound bleeds and bleeds and
ford sells his automobile factory
to become a veep veep honk honk veep
hum hum is the password in the tapes game
deliberately erased
thermostats go down
confidence goes down
as we bleed into a new year
we wake up and it is dark
a comet is falling
any predictions?
Sharon M. Wilson  Steven J. Wittkopp
Alissa B. Wolf  Steven Wolfe  Sally A. Wood
Joseph R. Wright  Martha A. Wright
Valerie A. Wymer  Beth Lynne Yaffe  John Yhnatko Jr.
a touch of unreality
pervades every college
catalogue
you wonder if you will look like that
so old
so self-assured
knowing just what you are
just where you are going
wearing ivy league neat
dungarees and sweaters
independence personified
sitting under an ancient elm tree
reading tolstoy
catalogues do not show changing people
only people in the midst of change
you will find out soon enough
and you will learn that life
is like the book title
you can never really go home again
midnight we are
alone as before
clinging to purple and white hues of
night and day
of crossroads vaguely familiar
bewitched with untapped secrets
answered long ago
still to be answered
deep in the bosom of
innermost thought.
in paths taken
yet to be taken
there are treasures unsuspected
in the simple flight of time
just a heart throb’s distance from
the dawn of man
the beginning
a day in search of self
in search of others
of thrill in discovery
deeply personal
intimately shared.
midnight, dawn
but a fleeting moment
a single memory
a necessary awakening
of the spirit
the body
the mind’s
eye.
Helen Robinson was a member of the Business Education Department at West for 12 years and a former faculty adviser of Future Teachers of America. With Mrs. Robinson we learned shorthand, typing, and note-hand; but with her we also learned that there was much fun to be found in the classroom, that hard work and understanding are necessary in teaching and learning, and that there is a levelling influence in laughter. She will be greatly missed.
DR. ROBERT HANSEN


Assistant Superintendent for Academic Affairs, Cherry Hill Township Public Schools 1966-74.

The students, staff, and school community of Cherry Hill High School West pay their respect, gratitude, and affection to him for his educational leadership and his efforts in their behalf.