

SENIOR ST ★ R

Senior Issue
May 27, 1983
Riggs High School, Pierre, SD 57501



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Are you a Real Riggs Senior? p. 3

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This is dedicated to... p. 6

A Real Deal - Classified Ads p. 7



SENIORS. . .Preparing for Baccalaureate is a tough job. Tammy Helgesen helps out. Jane Westall and Doreen Jorgensen looks on in awe.

The school year is almost to an end and graduation is just around the corner. A lot of ideas are going through senior minds: summer, college, friends, relationships, family and what not. Who knows what the summer has in store.

Even though this seems like a time for sadness, don't let it be; it's really a time for rejoicing. A friend of mine told me that from May 19 to May 29 there would be a least four times that I would be crying: baccalaureate practice, baccalaureate, graduation practice and the final commencement.

While I know at least two of these are true, try to make the best of what you think is the worst. While your head is swimming, full of thoughts of good-byes and leaving your old friend Riggs, think of all the good times you've had here. Yes, believe it or not, I believe everyone has had at least one good time at Riggs High.

Try to remember all the good friends you've made and how much fun you had together. The relationships whether good or bad are another thing to think about and to tuck under your belt. And also no matter who you are you also learned something at Riggs. You learned not only book knowledge, but you also learned how to get along with people (peers and adults alike, remember teachers are people.) But the most important thing to remember is now you're off to bigger and believe it or not, better things, no matter what you choose to do.

JOHN'S COLUMN

by John Mollison



Goodbyes. All these goodbyes are driving me nuts. At long last I'm getting away from that place that made me want to say goodbye to it in the first place, school. I complained about the place ever since first grade when nap time wasn't long enough and play time was too short.

At long last I am away (until college) from that heart jerking rasp from my alarm clock that sent my body flying out of bed to the shower in the one skinny little goose pimple. At long last I can get up in the morning and have it sunny out. There is something about watching the sunrise that makes you question if all this trouble to get up for class is worth it.

Do you know how down right rotten it is to be awoken in the middle of a fantastic dream? I am thoroughly sick of it. Every time I just about conquer the Martians or have some other delusion of

grandeur, that stupid clock would go off.

Don't get me wrong, I didn't hate school to the point of not learning anything. I had loads of fun once I could keep my eyes open. Bathrooms were a place to compose poetry. "Now I sit broken

hearted". . .timeless stuff. Books were to deface. Like, the typical picture of a country. I wonder how many maps I added to with shark fins in the water, naked people on the beach. I hope someone out there who got my books has a few laughs.

Did you know that if you suck on paper it not only flew through the air better, but it splatted when it hit your face. Neat stuff those spit-wads. How about paper airplanes? If they weren't for school, I never could have never thought of half my ingeneous designs.

Substitutes, I used to think (still do) were hired for our amusement. You could have told them anything and they would believe you. Lots of fun those subs.

"Can I go to the bathroom?"

"Does our teacher let you?"

"Oh yes! Of Course!"

This was my cue to tear down the hall and write on the walls and try to load the toilet for 15 minutes. In third grade I made a sub cry. I fulfilled my duty for the year.

I'll never miss school however. I had fun, but I could never get out of my mind how much I wanted to sleep, watch cartoons, eat breakfast all day long. . .I'm glas it's over. Now college. I suppose I will grow up and study there. I hope that they have recess!

REMEMBER WHEN:

- the sophomore keg got busted before it began.
- Chip Clelland was singing "Fire" at Kellie Heuer's party.
- Ross Bak pulled down Jane's gym shorts.
- Craig Keller got thrown away (by the seniors of '81).
- all the guys played pinball at the "Y" dances.
- Renae Kautz and Karl Adam broke Sue Chu's sink
- Kristen Fridley got sent to the hall for sitting on a tack in Mrs. Fosters math class.
- Steve Brinkman ate some gold fish at Carol Anderson's party and she started crying.
- the first day of seventh grade sex education with Mrs. Chandler.
- John Zimmerman ate his regergitated ham & cheese.
- Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Forney and Miss Moore gossiped in the 9th grade hall.
- Mr. Crance used to pick and flick.
- Allen Gordon has an accident in his pants when Red Westall chas ed him.
- the guys used to throw food at lunch (guess they still do).
- Mrs. Fjelstad danced on her desk in 6th grade.
- books were thrown out the win dows in junior high.



Notorious untouchables ride again. Super Senior staff takes time-out of their busy schedule. John Mollison, columnist and pade editor; Bruce Kleinsasser, page editor; Karla Gaarder, page editor; Jane Westall, co-editor; Rise Hawkins, page editor; Renae Kautz, reporter; Peggy Ellwein, co-editor; Cass Herrin, page editor.

Final Thoughts

- Good-bye
- Roses
- Announcements
- Decisions
- Unique
- Accomplishment
- Tassles and Tears
- Intelligent
- Our new life
- Now it's over

—NOTICE—

All the material in the Senior Issue is meant to be fun, no malice is intended.

Sincerely,
The Senior Staff

A salute to the REAL SENIORS

One in people's lives they reach their full potential, they are young enough that their bodies haven't gone flabby from years of use and yet old enough that they are mentally prepared for anything they may have to face. This supreme state of being is commonly referred to as a SENIOR.

Let's look back and see what it takes to be a senior. Since no one really cares to remember grade

school, we'll skip it. (We really didn't do all those stupid things everybody said we did).

Remember junior high, the worst three years of your life? The guys kept watching the girls get taller and taller while they stayed right around 5'1". The guys would go around and pop the girls bras while they would think of neat things to do with icy hot. Remember at every "Y" dance you thought tonight

was going to be your big night, and it never was.

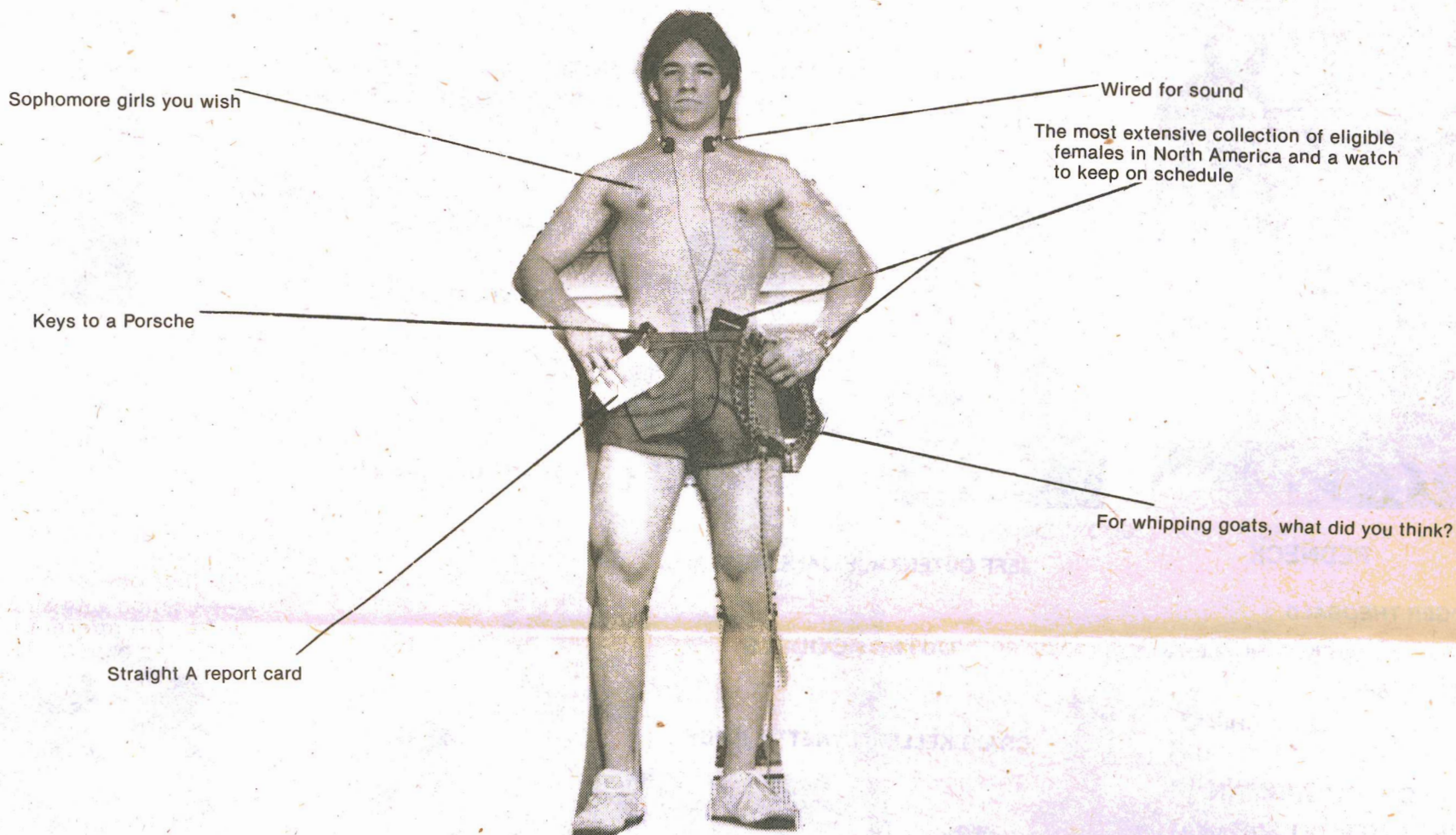
Now we move on to high school and our sophomore year. The constant jeering about being goats, the fear of going into the bathroom lest we be stuffed in a garbage can. The long agonizing hours sitting in the cafeteria wondering what we were really eating and finding little things that usually don't belong in pizza.

Let us not forget the teachers who have guided our education so

steadfastly. Remember those rousing lectures by Mr. Townsend on how to take notes, and also chemistry and psychics with Mr. Peterson. How about those deeply feeling and emotional classes with Mr. Robinson. And, Jeez Guys, we can't forget Mr. Trautner, boy oh boy!

All of these hardships have made us even more worthy of the distinction of being called SENIORS.

AN AVERAGE SENIOR



Real Seniors eat Quiche if they want to
 Real Seniors drink beer for lunch
 Real Seniors decorate the U
 Real Seniors entwine if they feel like it
 Real Seniors don't like to be called goats
 Real Seniors don't break training rules
 Real Seniors don't get caught if they do
 Real Seniors can spell sophomore

Real Seniors know how to operate a keg
 Real Seniors' kegs don't get busted
 Real Seniors come to school at 8:25
 Real Seniors don't do homework
 Real Seniors drink beer at the drive-in
 Real Seniors don't hit Jakes on the weekends
 Real Seniors don't struggle

THINGS THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN

QUESTIONS WE WOULD LIKE ANSWERED

- Boys State A champs.
- Tammy and Mike.
- Cass Herrin 7 feet tall.
- Colored senior pictures in the GUMBO.
- Governors at the Dome.
- 12 players on the boys basketball team.
- Sophomore respect seniors more.
- Jean Misterek-Miss Basketball.
- Not having to call your mommy and ask her if you can take aspirin.
- Mike S. \$5 richer.
- Traditional 12 year club picture in the Gumbo.
- Lady Gobs ESD CHAMPS.

1. What does "STRUGGLIN" really mean?
2. What tastes great?
4. How many pets does Mrs. MacNally really have?
5. Who is "STRUGGLIN" now?
6. What's less filling?
7. Who put the sign on C.H.'s Locker?

The Senior's Choices

TIGHT-WAD JEFF GUTENKAUF, MARIE GREENFIELD & DAVID TAYLOR, CAROL ANDERSON

CONSERVATIVE . . . KENT HUCKINS, DONNI KUCK & CAROLYN SWAN, KARL ADAM

MOST IN DEBT

KEVIN WHARTON, CATHY GREENE & STEVE KOOYMAN, BRENDA HECKENLIABLE

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

MIKE SCHNEIDER, JEAN MISTEREK & KARL ADAM, TAMMY HELGESEN

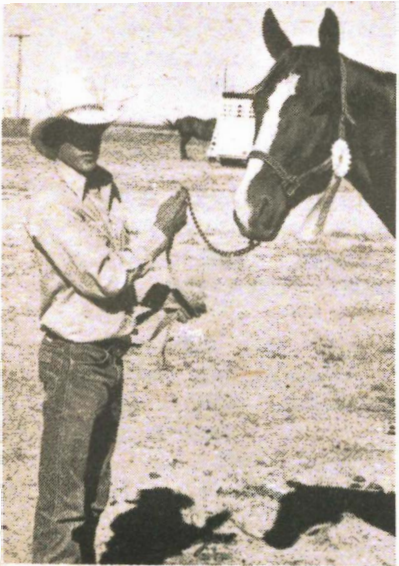
MOST SPOILED

JOHN MOLLISON
MARIE GREENFIELD
ROSS PETERSON
JACI BARTLETT



RICHEST KARL ADAM, PEGGY ELLWEIN & JOHN MOLLISON, KIM STEELE

FIRST TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE KARL ADAM, JEAN MISTEREK & TERRY TREIBERG, CHERYL MARTENS



REDNECK

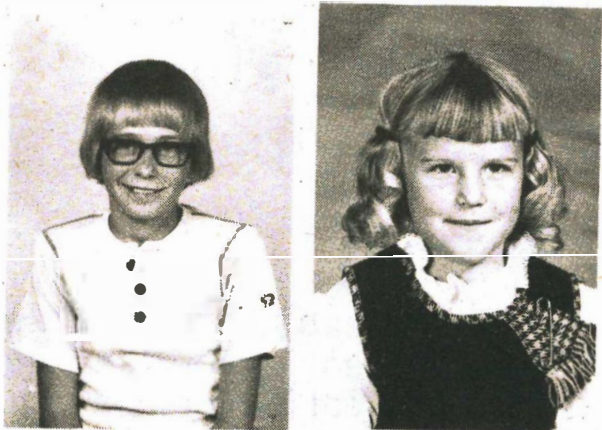
ROGER THEOBALD,
BECKI WINCKLER &
D.B. GARBER,
JILL SCHIMKAT



JEFF GUTENKAUF, JANE WESTALL

CUTEST COUPLE

CRAIG KELLER, LYNETTE JERDE



OUTDOORSMAN

RON KAYSER, JILL SCHIMKAT
STEVE LEE, LYNETTE JERDE



JOCK, JOCKETTE

TROY SCHAEFER, JEAN MISTEREK & CHIP CLELLAND, RISE HAWKINS



BEST PHYSIQUE

DAVID SMITH, CATHY GREENE & TROY SCHAEFER, PEGGY ELLWEIN



SARAH SCHOESSLER

MOST PHOTOGENIC

MIKE SCHNEIDER, SARAH SCHOESSLER & TROY SCHAEFER, SHEILA BEOUGHER



TAMMY HELGESEN

BEST LOOKING

JOE HARTFORD



TROY SCHAEFER



BEST DANCER

STEVE KOOYMAN,

MICHELLE SPENCER

KARL ADAM
SARAH SCHOESSLER

FRIENDLIEST . . . KARL ADAM,

TAMMY HELGESEN & JOE HARTFORD,
SHEILA BEOUGHER



FLIRT

CASS HERRIN, TROY SCHAEFER,
AUTUMN LIDEL JACI BARTLETT

BIGGEST SPENDER



MIKE GRAMM, PEGGY ELLWEIN & JOHN MOLLISON, KARLA GAARDER

CLASS PARTIER

MIKE GRAMM,
TROY SCHAEFER



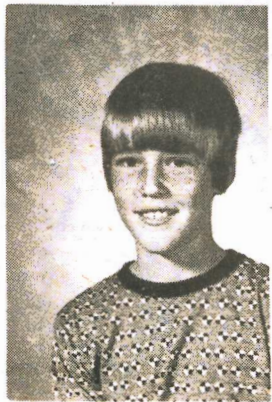
HUGGABLE JON MOYER, PEGGY ELLWEIN & SHEILA BEOUGHER, KENNY COYLE

CLASS CLOWN

STEVE POHLMAN, CAROLYN SWAN & ERICH WERTHMAN, JANE WESTALL



JACKQUIE JACOBS, ROXY RICHTER



WOLF, WOLFESS

KARL ADAM, CARMEN HOWARD & MARK SHERRILL, KARLA GAARDER



SHYEST

KENT HUCKINGS, BARB REGYNSKI

CHAUVINIST

JOHN ZIMMERMAN, BECKY SMITH & JAY PETERSON, SONYA SORENSON

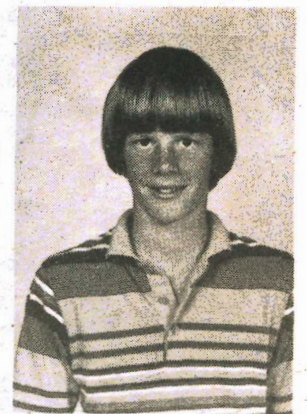
BEST DRESSED

KARL ADAM, KIM STEELE

TODD NELSON, MELINDA LYNGTAD



MIKE SCHNEIDER, ROXANNE BLUMER



OPEN-MINDED

TERRY TREIBERG, JEAN MISTEREK & MIKE SCHNEIDER, TAMMY HELGESEN

MOST INTELLECTUAL

TERRY TREIBERG,
CHERYLEE MARTENS & MIKE SCHNEIDER,
LINDA WAGNER



ENTHUSIASTIC

BRAD MERKLE, SHEILA BEOUGHER
BRUCE KLEINSASSER, KRISTIN FRIDLEY



Seniors swing with the sound in '83

MUSCLES - David Smith
 BEAT IT JAY - Jay Petersen
 WHAT A FRIEND YOU ARE - Karl Adam
 FIRE - Chip Clelland
 HEAT OF THE MOMENT - Carmen Howard
 MICKEY - Ken Coyle
 HUNGRY LIKE A WOLF - Steve Brinkman
 WORKING FOR THE WEEKEND - Rod Seidel
 TAKE IT EASY ON ME - Mr. Merkwan
 CALL ME - Cass Herrin
 SWINGING - Roger Theobald
 BRICK IN THE WALL - School Administration
 EYE OF THE TIGER - Steve Rounds
 JOHNNY BE GOOD - Tim Blow
 THEME FROM SESAME STREET - John Mollison
 UP WHERE WE BELONG - Senior Class
 I'VE GOT THE MUSIC IN ME - Mr. Upsahl
 STEAL AWAY - Steve Kooyman
 DIRTY LAUNDRY - Autumn Lidel
 LUCKY ONES - Dave Lonbaken
 THE KID IS HOT TONIGHT - Allen Gordon
 HEAVEN ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR - Jean Misterek
 HOT LOVE - Jeff Gutenkauf and Jane Westall
 LONELY BOY - Kevin Wharton
 JAIL BAIT - Dave Taylor
 HIGH TIME - Kelly Schattuck
 DON'T TELL ME YOU LOVE ME - Peggy Ellwein
 DOWN UNDER - Class of '82'
 HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT - Chip Clelland
 EVERYBODY WANTS YOU - Jay Parker
 EVEN THE NIGHTS ARE BETTER - Troy Schaefer
 BABE - Sarah Schoessler
 MY BOYFRIEND'S BACK - Kathy Williams



OH, LORD IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE-Cindy Klein
 GONNA HAVE A PARTY-Mike Gramm
 TINY BUBBLES-Jon Moyer
 HE'S SO SHY-Kent Huckins
 I GET AROUND-Kim Steele
 UP WITH PEOPLE-Sheila Beougher
 LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL-Renae Kautz
 I LOVE TO LAUGH-Bruce Kleinsasser



MOMMA'S DON'T LET YOUR BABBIES GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS-DB Garber
 FAME-Michelle Spencer
 WHIP IT-Kristen Fridley
 TIE A YELLOW RIBBON AROUND THE OLD OAK TREE-Donna Butt
 WE'VE GOT THE BEAT-1983 Drill Team

Parents party with their Seniors



BABY PICTURES. . .Carol Anderson and Kendel Newling observing the baby pictures.



GAMBLING. . .Mark Sarsam, Craig Keller, Lynette Jerde, Jim Hyde and Steve Brinkman making some bucks.



POPPING BALLOONS. . .Elisabeth Rey, Tony Randall, Cass Herrin aiming for balloons.

"American Music" was the theme for the awesome Parent Senior Party. The night was filled with fun entertainment provided by the parents.

Each senior received a flying record as they entered the "recording studio" for a hit memory. The atmosphere was created with strobe lights and streamers and records hanging from the ceiling. Entertainment booths included casino, video games, fortune telling, penny lane, ice cream parlor, and a mess tent to satisfy the hungry.

The skits brought back memories starting with childhood and ending with the 1983 senior year. Despite all the embarrassment, the parents did an excellent job of amusing their audience.

The scene from Saturday Night Live and the Body People brought the most applause.

Mr. Mollison and Mr. Sterner did an outstanding performance in the Blues Brothers hit.

Mrs. Schaefer, Mrs. Hartford and school board president, Mrs. Adam dressed up like the Pointer Sisters in the opener.

We would like to thank the parents for a fun-filled evening. Also thanks a lot for everything you've done for us in our school years.

WANT ADS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE: by Class of '83, one large building. Nine bathrooms, two clogged with report cards. Patrolled by middle-aged authoritarians with extreme delusions of grandeur. Contact "iron man" Rog, or The "G" Merkwan.

FOR SALE: Trent Flingsingers brain, Fun at home! Be the life of the party! Amaze your friends! Call St. Mary's and ask for Dr. Strange-mind.

FOR SALE: Brad Merkle's shoes. Great water skiis for the low budget. Contact Brad at 34,000 ft. on a clear day. Phone: 4-7777

FOR SALE: 1965 Galaxie, lousy condition. Engine runs well on steep hills (downward slope). Interior perfect. (Minor wear spots on the backseat) Built in ventilation. Contact Cass 'Rich Gere' Herrin.

FOR SALE: "Eddie", the car for the party-minded. Eddie comes equipped with a unique 2x16 gal. trunk, assorted lock breaking items, and comes complete with an "I Love Skoal" bumper sticker. Contact Ream, after 7, before 8. Previously owned by a noted tennis and female player.

FOR SALE: Sports car. Questionable condition. Can even be carried to school in your pocket. Used by weird little senior to dry his hair. Price negotiable. Contact J.M. before his bedtime.

FOR SALE: 1967 Mustang. "A piece of crap", owner says. Would like to be bought by older, athletic type male. Owner approved, of course. Contact P.E. after her bedtime.

FOR SALE: One large black horse whip. Also, 3 bulldog collars with extra wide neck. Michelle Spencer, 867-5309

FOR SALE: I have it! Yes it's true, I have the most desirable item in the known world! John Moyer's comb!!! Price: If you have to ask...

FOR SALE: Last Chance! To get actual action pictures of Troy Schaefer. Some even complete with simulated fingerprints rumored to be of Troy's hand! Contact Roytsay Aeffershay after midnight.

FOR SALE: Autumn Lidel's contact lenses, Pearl Drops Tooth Polish, \$50 worth of blush and the book, The Femine Mystique. Call me, A.L., I'm joining the Army.

FOR SALE: Japanese sports car. Owned by senior debater. Price fixed. Don't try to argue with him. Call the "T" at 4-5495.

FOR SALE: One slightly used copy of the book, I Was A 98 lb. Teen-age Weakling. Call Dave Smith.

WANTED

WANTED: A copy of the book, I Was a 98 lb. Teen-age Weakling. Must be in good condition. Contact Steve Kooyman after Scooby Doo.

WANTED: Full size mirror. Must be free of any warps and distortions. I'd also like a nice frame. Contact me, Troy, at Micheles or Kims or Natalies or....

WANTED: I NEED an obstacle detector, or some kind of radar device. I could also use a hardhat and possible a book on coordination. Contact John Z, 4-1111.

WANTED: Anything Barbara Mandrell has touched, looked at, thought about or was thinking about thinking about! I will pay top dollar!!!! Contact Ron Kaiser. P.S. Barbara, if your listening, I am single, tall, dark, and handsome.

WANTED: The Sophomore Class needs Help! And it is our responsibility to give it to them. We are trying to raise money for their lobotomy's.

WANTED: Stilts! Stilts! Stilts! If you've got 'em, we'll buy 'em. Contact: K'enny, Brett or Rise Hawkins.

WANTED: Any large quantity of Peroxide. Those little black roots are coming back. Hilex will do in a pinch, I guess. Lisa, 4-9384.

WANTED: Reality. Call Scott Gregg. 4-*\$\$#

WANTED: Senior guys to do some shoe shopping with me. I take anyone over 5'10". See Mrs. "M".

WANTED: An identity. Call Scott Gregg, 4-1000.

PERSONALS

PERSONAL: I challenge anyone to eat as much as me. I will personally pay \$10 to the man who can stuff more pizza in his mouth than I can. Females need not apply. Kevin Miller. Lunch Room, after 11:30.

PERSONAL: To Karla Gaarder. You are the most fabulous person that I know! Your clothes are fantastic and the way you carry yourself is beyond reproach. You're just the most wonderful person I know! Thanks for all the tips on being so absolutely neat, Arlakay Aadergay.

PERSONAL: Ethan Schmidt desires a female helper to help him cope with reality and the fact vandalism is illegal. Cell #6, 4-0000

PERSONAL: To Jeff Gutenkauf. Jeffy poo! You are such a wittle sweetie! I tink you are the most scrumtios hunk ever! and your ooo so strong! Lovey dovey, Janey.

PERSONAL: To Chip Cleland. Is your name really Pereley?

PERSONAL: To the world. Tammy Helgesen has just been added as my newest chapter in my ongoing saga, "R.H.S. Girls". Thanks, Brad.

LOST: My thinking cap. I haven't seen it since third grade. I sure would like it to help me to tie my shoes. If found, call "the egg" Taylor. 4-5601.

FOUND: Clifton Skye's Mellowness! \$5 a gram.

LOST: Steve Brinkman would like his copy of "American Gigolo" returned to him immediately.

LOST: Six cases of Twinkies. Last seen near the back of Sooper Dooper. 4-0001 ask for Mr. Watkins.

LOST: The vowels from our names. Please return, no questions asked. DB Garber, JD Fischer.

Lost: My record, "Short People," Call Jean Cloud at 10, after 2.

Lost: My direction in life. Contact Scott Gregg. 4-????



The new Monkees...Steve Youngberg, Kevin Wharton, Scott Petersen and Kent Huckins.



- FAVORITE DRINK BEER
- FAVORITE FOOD PIZZA
- FAVORITE MOVIE TOOTSIE AND OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
- FAVORITE PLACE TO GO CORNER POCKET AND OUT
- FAVORITE TOWN RAPID CITY AND PIERRE AND BLUNT
- FAVORITE STREET EUCLID
- FAVORITE SOAP YOUNG AND THE RESTLESS AND TROY SCHAEFERS LOVE LIFE
- FAVORITE PLACE TO PARK TEACHERS PARKING
- FAVORITE COLLEGE USD AND NSC
- FAVORITE SAYING YOUR OR I'M STRUGGLIN
- FAVORITE YEAR 1983
- FAVORITE SPORT PARTYING (KEG RACES) AND BASKETBALL
- FAVORITE SONG TIME (THEME FROM TOOTSIE)
- FAVORITE PLACE TO EAT PIZZA HUT
- FAVORITE PLACE TO PARTY DAM AND PRIVATE HOMES
- MOST MEMORABLE EVENT WINNING GIRLS STATE "A"
- BIGGEST JOKE MR. MERKWAN AND JAY PETERSON
- MOST HEARTBREAKING EVENT LOSING STATE CHAMPION GAME

WORDS FROM BELOW

Cocky
Lustful
Awesome
Senior keg
Struggling

Oh @* &#
Forever friends

Eighty
Three



Smile, you're on CANDID camers.

This senior class is one of the finest groups I have seen graduate in 16 years. I will always remember the positive contributions they have made to the success of our school in debate, athletics, band, music, and also in the area of academics. It is a great joy to see our efforts as teachers pay off so handsomely. I know this fine group of people will go far in the future, and I wish each the best of everything life has to offer.

KEN LARSON
English teacher



I'll remember the Class of '83 for their spirit. These people have been a great bunch. . .As Juniors, working on the '82 prom, you were great. As Seniors you've kept it up; you're on a roll, keep going.

PAT HOING
Industrial Arts teacher

I will remember the Class of '83 as being one of the hardest working classes I've ever had the pleasure of teaching. They have been a great bunch of singers for me and had the attitude to match.

JACKIE EWING
Chorus instructor



Oh J.D., you're my buddy.

Move it over - you're on my face!

Memories in my locker

Not long ago I faced the arduous task-one that some seniors were approaching for the first time - of cleaning out my locker. As I rummaged through the year's accumulation, bits and pieces of my "life" at Riggs brought back old memories.

One of the first things I pulled out was the Playboy centerfold that someone left hanging on the front of my locker. I don't know who put it there, but man did I get in trouble!

I also found some juicy notes. I think I'll leave them for the next occupant. Whenever he's feeling blue these should perk him right up.

Stuck to the side of the locker, all crumpled up and dirty were my "fire up" signs the cheerleaders made. Speaking of cheerleaders, there was also some cake that the cheerleaders made at the beginning of the year. And...it's...not too bad.

On the bottom under some very late assignments, I found one old sweat sock left from sophomore physical education. Hmmm, something green is growing on it. And, on the very bottom there are several wads of chewing gum.

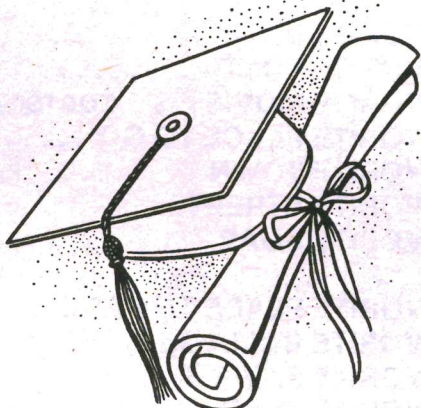
Now there's only one thing left... my memories of high school. Even if I can't remove them physically, they will remain with me for the rest of my life.



Troy and Karl can ALMOST reach the basket

I will remember the Class of '83 because they were real "go-getters." I will especially remember the shop boy's of '83 because of the skills they demonstrated.

JOE HIEB
Auto Mechanics teacher

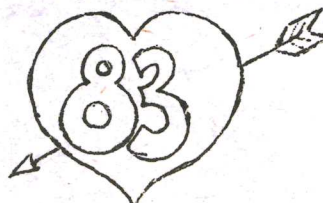


I will always remember being the assistant coach of two basketball state champions to which many 1983 grads contributed.

SKIP KURTH
Government teacher

I'll remember the "curious" and fun-loving senior journalists and the material they left out of this issue. I'll remember John Zimmerman's incessant desire to play Scrabble in Advance comp; and generally, I'll remember the great leadership the seniors provided for the underclassmen.

SUSAN LAITALA
English and Journalism



The times have come and the times will go, What memories we'll keep only each one will know. With some will be happy ones, times filled with cheer, With others will be sad ones, times they shed tears. But, regardless of memories held dear in our hearts, We must now look ahead to make our new starts. We must strive for our goals though far away they may seem, For, a man never dies till he loses his dream. Good luck to you all, now, and never forget, That we are the very best class to come yet. We're not just ordinary Seniors, you see, We're the outstanding class of 'Nineteen Eighty-Three'!

Sheila Beougher