

IMAGINE . . .

Well, here they are, or perhaps, were, in all their shining glory: The Senior Class. What if they were never to return? Would they remain Seniors perpetually? Or in perpetuity? It's an interesting [or is it horrible?] thought — terminal senioritis. Imagine students simply "blowing off" . . . eternity? Imagine 334 dreamers and their infinite dreams, forever put "on hold"; the touchdowns never scored, the songs never sung, the applause never heard, and the final exams which remain untaken . . .

Imagine, if you will, the stories behind the formal portraits and candid pictures which follow. Try to imagine the upperclassmen, torn away from summer jobs and sun, or suds, wandering into a photographic studio in jacket and tie, or in a frilly blouse with Mom's best necklace, beads or gold . . . with a bathing suit or halter on underneath, a pair of "jams" or shorts, and the obligatory Reeboks or tennis shoes, sans socks, of course. Imagine what the camera's eye did not catch, and never will . . .

Have you ever imagined the relationship between the fleeting blink of a camera's shutter and the passage of human life? No, you probably haven't. Well, consider that this yearbook contains approximately 1500 photographs, each containing an image, now a memory, captured in about 1/125 of a second. Click. Sorry, you missed it. Fifteen hundred pictures, each representing 1/125 of a second; two hundred eighty pages, telling only about twelve seconds of the photographic story of the previous ten months. Imagine all that has been missed . . . all that must remain in the memory . . . forever.

Imagine the future . . . congratulatory speeches prepared for the Class of '87: words of wisdom for future classes, words of praise for the Seniors, their talents and accomplishments, their friends and families, all written down . . . speeches left undelivered, unspoken, for as you have hopefully noticed, the Class of '87 is gone. Missing, inexplicably, for the time being. Forever? Who can say. Through the photos in the following section, and the individual introductions by the Seniors, with personal memories, loves, nicknames, and philosophies, you may catch a glimpse of the mysterious Class of 1987. The Senior Class. Imagine 12 seconds as the beginning of an eternity.

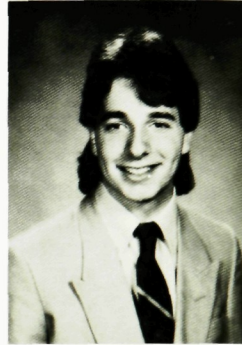
Imagine. You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one.

ALICIA E. ABBOTT

. . . "The time has come for parting, our time together ends, no matter where our lives may lead us in our hearts we'll still be friends." BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, kernel ok, LBI, Belmar, McD #22, BJ — Oct. 18, Nedicks-NYC, Killington . . . Varsity Softball, Culmen, SADD, Key Club . . . ST — Thanks for 10 great yrs. BFF . . . Good luck to everyone in the class of '87 . . . Thanks to all my friends who have created great memories and driven me around . . . Plans to attend college, marry, and be happy and rich.

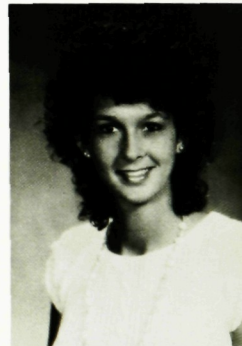


DAVID ACOCELLA



AMY L. ADAM

Mal, Amelia A. The Daytona Don't Play. I'm clue' in in R/J Steph, my BF, Bermuda, FLA, VT, we did it all (LYAB) Crane, the nip VW, clues too many, WHACK (LYA) LB — my twin — TD, PB, FF, Moe in the pond. The Angels — SC, AA, CC/BMAP CM, You gotta luv it! Thank you MOM & DAD I Love You! — Rick, (FRANCIE) YTB, FBLA (Great One #2), SGA (Comm. of LEG), Golf, AFS, Sub-Jun. Women's Club, Frosh Orientation. Plans to attend college, get married, and join the other 90% of the population.



SANDRA MARIE ADINOLFI

Sandi, "Sandra D" D-Crew KDCDMNLV "Thank you for being a friend" BFF. "I quit!" D-C dejection, mission impossible, going incognito, Fort days, SS II, y-van, Dude "In my House" 5 min to late, airport spies, just called to . . . "Panama," "Shadows in the dark," Don't look you can never look back. "Think of Me" "Everything in my heart" "Missing You" jd "I.A." my sl, someday, I.W.I.C.W. Though You Don't Believe That They Do, Your Dreams Do Come True. To my family + friends thanx for putting up w/me. I Love You.

