CONGRATULATIONS
CLASS OF 1985

Best of Luck
to all
in the future
from

David Carey     Brett Ginter
Tim Lucier      Barney Know
Elbert Ruff
The Trim Dining Experience

by Kim Johnson

Rumor has it that Trim has pretty good food, as far as college food goes. I sure didn’t start that rumor.

Well, maybe I’m being a little hard on Big Dick — it isn’t that bad. But those Sunday night leftovers have got to go. Ship them to those undernourished kids in Asia where food is desperately needed.

Once in a while you can go to Trim for a meal and it’ll seem like everything goes wrong. First of all, you hand the kid your meal card, only to find out you brought your driver’s license instead. After signing your name to the list of “I forgot-my-mealcard” people, which I’ll bet they never check anyway. You proceed down the ramp and the toe of your sneaker catches on the rug and you non-challantly trip and fall to your knees. It’s o.k. — it’s only 5:15 when the dining room is at its fullest and forty-five of your closest friends cheer you on. You quickly pick yourself up, hide your head beneath your coat, and get to the bottom of the ramp to read the menu. Nothing sounds too appetizing. Unfortunately the entrees look even worse than they sound. The meat has a gray-ish tint, the spaghetti has congealed, and what’s worse, the meatloaf looks meatless. That’s o.k., there’s always the deli bar. The line is just about as far as the dish return area, but that turkey and cheese sandwich with lettuce and tomatoes will be worth it. Twenty minutes
later your turn finally comes up and you feast your eyes on the deli selection. The lettuce is brown on the edges, there’s one slice of Swiss left, and no more turkey. What!!! Only Ham?? Don’t they realize ham makes you break out?? Forget it, you decide on soup’n’salad. Cream of asparagus? Yucky-poo, you’d rather starve. Amazingly there’s plenty of green lettuce so you fill a bowl high, only to find out they ran out of your favorite dressing. How about a nice big bowl of Sugar Pops? Better than nothing. You sort out the bowls to find a semi-clean one, fill it up with cereal, of course spilling puffs all over the floor, and get to the milk. There’s only chocolate milk left. Where’s the guy to refill this thing? No Trim employees are to be seen, but that’s expected — They’ve been understaffed all year. So now that you’ve got your Sugar Pops with chocolate milk, a spoon would help. Out of the three left, two have dried up goop stuck on them and the other is bent in half. A fork will have to do. This meal is a lost cause anyway you look at it. Now, if only you could find your friends and sit and enjoy this gourmet delight. Just as you scan the crowd, your two buddies come up, ask where you’ve been, and tell you they’re leaving now. You’re debating bothering to eat this nutritious bowl of sugar when a Freshman knocks into you, spilling it all over your sweats and new Nikes. Oh well, so much for dinner, the popcorn back in the room will have to do, again.
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The following was written in a melodramatic mood swing prior to an artificially produced deep hypnotic depression about two moons previous to graduation and captures a senior's state of confusion before hitting the real world in the mid-1980's.

Why are we here? To become famous heads, or unknown bodies. The drive, the fierce competition that is to motivate us, can, in a weak moment, cripple us for life. We should gain an understanding and have a feel for the arts and social programs, and believe we can make a difference; rather than a buck, which can undermine a community where peace has reigned and anarchy is about to overwhelm. Time to reflect, as things get too complex in life it is time to revert to the simple; The basics — food, shelter, and happiness. No longer keeping up with the Jones', but in near poverty, with no cars, but mass transportation, no bank accounts, but food stamps, no suburban houses, but a two-room tenement apartment, no psychologists, just innocent happiness. Instead, health, with no ulcers or high blood pressure; a happy family, with no separations or latch key children. A one on one with life at its fullest rather than at its dullest. As the 80's are mid-way through, a revival of conservatism and the protestant ethic have affected the direction of America's future the strongest. Putting us in a position to topple — politically, socially, mentally, militarily, and most especially economically. To many ideals, of people, governments, businesses, et alia revolve around the economic aspect. There is life after the ECONOMY. As we live now few believe it, or so it seems. We no longer care about Moore, Degas, Joplin, Gershwin, or Shakespeare without a pricetag and future value. Whatever happened to art for art's sake. When did we leave the realm of the realist and end up in the profitist realm? A better question is; why? As we lose the grip on our environment, sounds, sights and actions we also lose our ability to feel, and therefore our ability to relate to others successfully. It is present in our society now and can be seen through divorce statistics, backward steps in the women's and civil rights movements, and the increasing use of terrorism as a means of diplomacy. As we face this confused world willed to us by older generations few of us a "Baboites", have plans to make the world better for the generations to follow, let alone our own. As Baboites, we have a tendency to be obsessed with ourselves, to the point that our caring for other human's well-being depends upon what that individual can do to help our own ego, where it's for enhancement or security. Now is the time to break these chains of insecurity and insincerity, to bring peace within ourselves, our peers, our society, and our world and to benefit each of these to the best of our ability. We can make a difference, individually or collectively in making the world a better place. Not for ourselves alone, but more importantly for our families and friends whoever they are, wherever they may be, and whatever they may stand for. As one of the greatest joys is in sharing the success of someone else after you gave your all to help them achieve that success.
HAPPY HOUR!

by Kim Johnson

4:05 — WOW!!! Thank God, I’m finally outta there. What a dull class. This accounting stuff is so boring it’s not even funny. Only five of us showed up, but being a late class on Friday afternoon, I’m not surprised. Geez, it’s taking me forever to get to the Pub — did they add a fifty foot extension to this hill or what?

Ahh! At last, I’m here. Fourth guy in the door, I breeze past the manager — she knows me too well to bother asking for my I.D., probably only because of my innumerable visits. Quick, gimme a beer! On second thought, skip that, I need a pitcher. No, I’ll have two (I always enjoyed going double fisted). “Sorrrey,” the bartendress says, “One pitcher per drunk, since we’re running short from so many kids walking out the door with them.” Well, O.K., one pitcher will have to do.

Being the sociable guy that I am, I stroll around the Pub, saying hi to the guys (only the cool ones) and offer an occasional cute girl a beer. Oh great! There’s Professor Bruno! I see he was just as anxious to get here as I was. I don’t know how he can deal with those damned balance sheets day in and day out. Now’s my chance to feed him a couple o’ beers and butter him up for an A-. I figure with my 79 average, if I ace the next “quiz” and get him semi-inebriated I’ll be all set. At least if that doesn’t work I won’t have to face the reality of my lousy grades until after I get my diploma.

By 5 p.m. I’ve killed a couple of pitchers and the distinct sound of bouncing quarters rings through my ears. Great!

There’s Susie — boy, would I have
loved to be in her policy group — and she’s aiming for the glass now! I’ll run over and impress her with the way I can actually bounce the quarter off my nose — I’ll show her whose the stud in this joint. “Susie, s’up? Hey, let me bounce that one for ya! I guarantee I’ll get in eight in a row for ya!” “No thanks, Hank, I’m having a good time with my friends. I’ll see you around.” Ha! She’s great! What an act. I know she’s dying to see me later, she just doesn’t want to seem over anxious in front of her friends. I’ll just wait to catch her winks and make arrangements with her later. WOW, this could be an awesome night . . . 8:10 — Oh my God! I can’t believe how much I drank. I lost track by the sixth time to the men’s room. Wait a minute, where’s Susies? She must’ve left already. My head feels like it weighs fifty pounds — I’m really having a rough time lifting it off the table here. What’s worse, I’ve got to make it back down the hill, I’ve got to get to South and find Susie. I know she’ll be glad to see me. Maybe if I sat down and slowly make it down crawling. Oh second thought, the pile of leaves by that tree looks kind of comfortable. If I could just make it that far