

Spurned class secretary tells all!

I rarely receive news from those in my class. I fear it has much to do with a fashion faux pas I made during an arraignment hearing showcased on an episode of *America's Most Wanted*. In my defense, it is very difficult to accessorize the orange jumpsuits that currently constitute penitentiary chic. My first choice was a single strand of pearls, elegant in their simplicity and practical as well, in case I needed collateral for bail. I was advised against this by Deborah Croxon and Julie Howard, who suggested that I go for a seventies retro look with a long silver chain and enamel peace pendant. Such a look, they added, would also lend verisimilitude to an insanity plea. Unfortunately, the chain, handcuffs, leg manacles and a bout of temporary water weight gain left me resembling a medieval tangerine flail. I meant to make up for it at trial, but instead chose to jump bail, pawn the pearls; since then I have never veered from my vow to stick with semi-precious stones. I was very touched when I received a letter of support from **Windy Daye**. Windy, at her parents' insistence, was forced to leave Wheaton at the end of freshman year and enroll in a small religious college close to her hometown in Georgia. Windy says that she has never stopped resenting her parents for forcing her to leave and regularly upbraids them for it during holidays and family gatherings. She honestly admits, however, that she spent six rewarding and uplifting years sleeping through early classes, changing

majors and wasting her parent's money. She somehow managed to graduate at twenty-five, although she believes it was a plot to get rid of her. Fortunately, she gained control of her trust fund about the same time, purchased a palatial doublewide outside of Atlanta, and now has three children by four different men. While she has "glimmerings" about the paternity of her youngest, Bud, she is reluctant to do the DNA thing because both of his dads take such an active financial interest in him. Windy also asked me to let everyone know

that **Trilby Birkett** is not a dead bore as previously feared. Trilby returned to Iowa after her Wheaton years. She eventually went on to attend the Des Moines University College of Podiatric Medicine and Surgery. Since then she has become a leading authority on foot fungus. Her two friends and one acquaintance became concerned this past Christmas when they did not receive her annual Yuletide fungicide sampler. Happily, they finally received word that Trilby has joined a charitable group of health care professionals called "Disiecta

Membra." Members of this group donate one year of their professional services abroad. Trilby donned a burka last September to join Muslim enclaves in the south of France, helping the women there cope with bunions brought on by ill-fitting French footwear. She moved on to spend Christmas in Lapland, treating the chilblains of indigent Sami reindeer herders, and is currently in Uganda, hoping to raise awareness on the issue of children and mosaic warts. Windy writes that Trilby keeps in touch with **Phillipa "Pippa" Hurst**, who left Wheaton after an argument with her roommate during Soccer Weekend of sophomore year. She told Trilby that it took two years of meditation, yoga and aerobics to cleanse her spirit of her Wheaton experience. The self-discipline Pippa acquired during those years allows her to maintain a healthy contempt for Wheaton and her former roommate, who is now living in a tract house in an undesirable suburb somewhere far away. Pippa eventually settled in Santa Barbara, California, and married her boss, a successful proctologist who always has his finger on a celebrity colon. She has two perfect children, two perfect breasts and a stockpile of Valium that will enable her to withstand the rigors of any future terrorist attack. Please contact me if you think that you might be able to give her some tips on setting up a Web cam in her husband's office. 

Joanne Victory-Broz is the Class of 1982 secretary. Her foray into fictional class notes serves as a warning to those who do not send regular updates.



Windy Daye enjoys her two packs-a-day hobby.