

It all started because Kathy Giroux was a free-moving, fun-loving girl. But above all, she loved flowers. When you called her a flower girl, you were saying an ultra-true thing. Now it just so happened that Kathy had a rich uncle who liked her very much. But one day he died. Kathy was heartbroken. Even when she learned she had inherited a fortune, she wasn't consoled. Several days later she became her happy self again. Because she was fun-loving, Kathy changed her name to McCarthy Pix. When Kathy discovered she had been left so much money, she knew just what to do with it. She went directly to her florist.

"Hi! I'd like to have enough flowers to build a house."

The women behind the counter turned around slowly. "Did you say what I think you said?" replied the long-haired brunette.

"Geri! Geri Jarzombeck!!"

"Kathy Giroux!!!" she screamed. "I haven't seen you since we were at St. Paul's."

Kathy and Geri went out to lunch to talk about old times and Kathy's plans for her flower house. "I think we can fill your order," Geri said. Kathy told her where she wanted the house. Four months later, there was a house of flowers on the corner of Pine & Elm.

Kathy was very eager to find out who her new neighbor's were. (Remember, all this time she had gone under the name of McCarthy Pix.)

As she approached the door, she was very nervous. "I wonder if they'll like me," she thought. The door opened and a thin, lithe blond stood in the doorway. "Terry!!!"

"Kathy!!!"

It turned out that Terry Hoffman was her neighbor. Terry had become a ballet dancer. Kathy had been living in her flower house about a year when a Presidential messenger came to her house. "The President wishes to see you to commend you on your home," he said. Kathy was amazed. She asked Terry to come along. Kathy thought she noticed a mischievous gleam in Terry's eye. Well, they were finally there. Kathy and Terry were so excited they could hardly move. When they walked in the room, the chair was turned with its back to them.

"They're here, 'Mr.' President," announced the secretary. The chair swirled around and there sat Susan Kelly, President of the U.S.

"Sue!" shouted Kathy.

"I thought you'd be surprised," said Terry.

PEACETIME REVOLUTION

"The whole world is watching!" was the repeated cry from a group of civic-minded adults in Central Park. Their leader, Ann Pankow, devised their motto to emphasize the meaning of homeless children.

Working along with Ann was Kathy Fletcher who meant well, but tended to be a flutter-head at times. Then there was Patti Kaepplinger, vigorous, but who couldn't even decide what color stationary to use. Last there was Maureen Michalik, perfect in all ways, except for a tendency to put business before pleasure.

Even with a slightly inadequate staff, Ann managed to get an appointment with Debbie Georgen, the new woman mayor. To do this, she had to go through agonies with her built-in-excuse-giver-of a secretary.

The time had arrived for her appointment, and, of course, they weren't ready for her. Seated in the waiting room thoughts sprinkled through her mind. "What if she says no to the building plan-- she'd better not say no!....If she says no I'll..." Then the secretary called her name.

She entered the mayor's office and quickly ran through the plans for the new orphanage. At the end of their discussion Debbie said in so many words....NO. "There aren't enough funds for a project like this right now, maybe next year," she concluded. Ann got the hint, got up & left.

SPORTS SPECTACULAR

Yes, folks, it's Dan Sitt, star quarterback of the Chicago Skinnies. All four feet, 8 inches of him is pure muscle! He can even beat up his big little sister! What muscle power! Tomorrow is the big game-- the Unsuper Bowl: Chicago Skinnies versus Minnesota Fats. Ole Dan is getting all purtied for the occasion. He first visits his neighborhood minicurist, Linda Nilsson. As his oval-shaped nails are being polished, Donna Faleni, the famous fortune teller, drops in. She predicts that Dan will play a bad game. Horros!

Dan packs up and goes to practice. Coach Janet Schniedwind gives the team a great pep talk and tells them to be in bed by eight.And it's kickoff time. Kelly Lawson, captain of the Chgo. Skinnies Cheerleading Squad, leads them in a rousing cheer....It's halftime. The Skinnies are leading 14-0! Hurray! Dan trots to the locker room to rest. He's played beautifully so far. It looks like Miss Faleni was wrong....It's the third quarter. The Fats are catching up-- it's 14-10. But Dan will save the Skinnies. Dan is out on the field again. TOUCHDOWN. Another six points. Come on, Dan! "Ray, ray, ray, shish boom bah," yelled Kelly.

"Come on, Dan," yelled Linda from the bleachers, "do it for me."

Coach Janet has by this time gone insane. "Danny Dan, you can do...Remember, keep as low as you can and maybe you could go right through their legs."

....end of the fourth quarter, ten seconds left, Fats lead 21-14. Dan is running down the field in the last five seconds-- but what/s this? It's a touchdown. Two seconds left and Dan is running wildly for another touchdown. "Yeah" he made it. The game is over. Skinnies win 26-21!

ONE DAY

One day in the year 1990 Pilot Doug Jensen and co-pilot Ed Smyth took off in a 847 from O'Hare. After they had gotten 1000 feet in the air the door of the cockpit flew open and in walked Patti Jo Paluch. She immediately said, "I'm hijacking this plane to Poland."

"Immediately Pilot Doug said, "But that's over 50,000 miles from here; it would take us a whole 15 minutes."

Co-pilot Ed added, "Why don't you hijack the plane to Ireland? That's the greatest place. Did you know that the handsomest people come from Ireland?"

"Okay," said Patti Jo, "hijack this plane to Ireland." Looking at Ed again, she abruptly said, "Oh, no, hijack this plane back to Poland."

"Oh, no, I've got an ABEG leadache from all this," said Doug.

"What does that stand for?" asked Patti Jo.

"An Anacin, Bufferin, Excedrin, Regurgitating headache."

Suddenly the cockpit door opened again and in twirled Bonnie Begg who shouted "I'm hijacking this place to Cuba."

"But I just hijacked it to Poland," said Patti Jo, "and besides, why Cuba? Those people are so rough and mean, but they're not as mean as the French."

"Why are the French mean?" asked Bonnie.

"Because they're always walking around pinching girls, said Patti.

"Then, hijack this plane to France!" exclaimed Bonnie.

"Christopher, Christopher, bring me some more congo red, baby, I am about to discover the ultimate disappearing ray. I am on the verge of becoming famous. Hurry and bring some congo red," shouts mad scientist Mike LoPresti.

"Yes, Master," shouts Mike's assistant Chris Komornicki, "I'm running as fast as I can." Chris flew as fast as he could to the other end of the room over to a shelf with about fifty bottles. Chris grabbed one and scampered over to the Master. On the work table were hundreds of bottles and test tubes. It looked very much like a still. Chris then said to Mike, "The congo red, Master."

"Good, Chris, baby, now I will mix this with another substance. Ah, it's smoking, bubbling, ha-ha-ha! It is going to blow up!"

Mike was right. There was an explosion. The room rocked fiercely. After the little blow up, Mike ran over to the bottle of green fluid. Mike then shouted, "I have done it, Chris, I have finally done it! Ha-ha-ha!"

"What have you don?"

"Oh you moron-baby," yelled Mike, "I have invented the ultimate disappearing ray. One spray will make you shrink to nothing. Ha-ha-ha."

"How have you done it, Master?"

"I took some congo red, which makes you fat, and then I added some midget's blood to make you skinny. Do you understand?"

"Not really, but when are you going to test it on a real live person? He-he-he. I'll go out and catch you one. He-he-he. It will be very fresh, He-he-hee," chuckled Chris.

"No, Chris, baby, we will have no time to run and catch a person. We will have to use what we have," Mike said excitedly.

"But," retorted Chris, "there's only two specimens-- you and me. Oh, Master, you're very brave to test it on yourself. That's what I call courageous. A scientist dying for his work!"

"No," said Mike, "you've got it wrong. Hee-hee-hee."

"No, you wouldn't," stammered Chris.

"I wouldn't?" said Mike laughingly.

"I'll clean your test tubes, anything but don't disappear me," pleaded Chris.

"Sorry, Chris baby," said Mike. Squirt, squirt. Chris started losing weight and height and then he turned to nothing. Mike then said sadly, "I have one regret for shrinking Chris baby: good help is hard to find."

Suddenly the lab door opened. In walked gangster Jim Paschen holding a submachine gun. He looked around the room and then motioned for gangster chief John McLaughlin to come in. Mike stood motionless as John McLaughlin walked in, viciously chewing a huge wad of gum. Mike finally got up enough courage to ask, "What are you doing here?"

John answered, "We's here for that there fluid."

"But why?"

This time Jim answered, "You see, the boss here-- he needs it for his gangster type work. We need to eliminate a few unwanted substances, such as the police chief and Fat Man. By the way, where's your assistant Chris Komornicki?"

"Well," answered Mike, "you could say he sort of disappeared. And I don't give you the fluid. So there, gangster baby. Ha-ha-ha."

Jim Paschen threw a gas bomb on the floor, knocking Mike out for a short time. John and Jim took off for the Park Tidge Police Station-- with the disappearing ray. There, sitting at the front desk, was sergeant John Hartmann who said, "Are you here to register your machine gun?"

John McLaughlin said, "No, we's here to correct some business 23. with the chief fuzz."

"What's your name so I can tell chief fuzz, I mean Chief Mutert," said John Hartmann.

"Better yet," piped up Jim, "we'll give you our card." Jim and John then cocked their machine guns and blasted away on the rear wall. The holes read: MC LAUGHLIN & PASCHEN

CERTIFIED PUBLIC GANGSTERS

OUR MOTTO= "IF YOU HAVE TO DO ANYTHING BAD, DO IT GOOD."

John Hartmann got up and told Chief Mutert about the men outside. Chief George Mutert got up from his chair and said, "Send them in." Then he sat back down.

Once inside, John spoke first. "I suppose you've seen our card?" "No."

John and Jim again blasted away with their guns. Chief George said the only thing a man in his position could say-- "That's a heck of a waste of bullets."

Meanwhile John Hartmann, sensing trouble, ran to the nearest janitor's closet. When he emerged, he was dressed-- as a janitor? No! As the superman of Park Ridge: Fat Man (and that's no exaggeration). Fat Man (alias John Hartmann) entered the room just in time to block the spray of the ultimate shrinking fluid. Fat Man, being the super-duper type guy, the spray didn't hurt him. Fat Man flattened Jim and John, took away the fluid and drank it.

Chief George then spoke: "You see, boys, crime doesn't pay."

THE NINE GNOMES AND LOCKSEY-GOLD

As there are still people in the world who believe that fantasy does live, ten of the more prestigious members of the St. Paul class of '70 set out to demonstrate.

Alan Marzano and Bill Pankau masterminded the plan-- namely, to man a high-powered sub-oceanic raft and settle on an uninhabited island. "Thomas More had a nifty idea," blinked Bill, "with his utopia. Cats like us could really dig it out there with only us, the sun and water, and the shiny fishes."

"Yeah," said Alan, "sounds cool!" He then settled down to map out their route. "Guess we should try off the coast of Australia-- just in case anything goes wrong and we need Civilization close by."

So the plans progressed. John Connolly and Dennis Carroll were assigned the complex task of hewing trees with their bare teeth (they insisted that the whole job be thoroughly primitive) and blowing the raft's glass dome. It took them ten days to chew down enough wood-- they're still complaining about sore gums and constantly soothe the open wounds with bazooka. The glass was shaped by being molded on both of their heads. John suggested that maneuver.

Doug Seabolt was chief cook and bottle-washer. Having been assistant to Betty Crocker for 12 years, he was certainly well-qualified. He insisted on ordering only 99 & 44 100% pure Ivory liquid, though, because he doubled as a Liberace expert and mimic-- and one must keep those pinkies delicate for the ladies...

Jim Griesback and Joe Kowols had worked in architecture for many years, so they planned housing details for the island. They chose polyethelene spray with cardboard base molds. Joe sprayed and Jim held the molds. One slight accident marred their fine accomplishment, however, Jim didn't move fast enough and his left foot was sprayed permanently to the spiral staircase. He was glued there for several years. Joe tried to amend Jim's immobility by lighting a vigil light

in front of him nightly and chanting, "Walk a Mile in My Shoes." 24. Even the potted palms surrounding him didn't cheer him up. (John Connolly finally succeeded in gnawing his way through and Jim was free again.)

Jim Lonergan was hired as the group's fashion consultant and clothes maker. He attained world recognition for his straw-matted bell bottoms and grass sandals. He himself insisted on wearing only red-flowered suits made of compressed marijuana and scented with pineapple blossoms in his lapel.

The nine dwarfs-- I mean gnomes-- had desperate need, of course, for a scuba-diving pro-- so Maureen O'Grady joined them. She had served as Head Mermaid at UCUAA (Ultra-cultural Underwater Appreciation Association) for a number of years. Maureen instructed them on mermaid survival tactics and underwater manners. Her golden locks had, by this time, grown to nearly 9 feet in length. She was also adept at instant tree climbing. She would scurry up the tallest of coconut trees then let down her hair so the others could climb up and share the profits.

Oh-- the vital participant was almost overlooked in the telling of this marvelous exploit! Kevin Plencner. He was the hypnotist-magician in residence. (Svery utopia needs it thinkers, you know.) Kevin had practiced acquiring the ancient mariner's glittering eye-- and many a passer-by lost his money and valuables to the Utopians because of Kevin's hypnotic powers. Maureen and he would hide out in an advantageous palm tree and when a likely suspect went cruising by the island, Kevin would dangle from Locksey-gold O'Grady's hair and engage the person in a stare out. He never lost! Kevin also conversed nightly with Jules Verne via his super-plex glass dome (also shaped on Dennis' head). Finally, he lured the native animal dwellers and trained them to be the Utopians servants. Kevin claims he's the only person in the world to have his own private mandrill for a wine-maker and a pigmy elephant for a shoe-shine boy.

So the nine gnomes and locksey-gold lived a happy long time.



Marty Alstadt- Maine South: an accountant
James Joseph Anton- Notre Dame: a lawyer and rich
Peter Armstrong- Maine South; an architect
Bert Atkinson- Champion: an architect
Kathleen Barrett- Maine South: a stewardess
Bonnie Begg- Maine South: an archaeologist
Terry Boettcher- Maine South: airline stewardess or secretary
Tim Bopp- Maine South: a dentist
Paul Bors- Maine South: rich(?)
David Buckley- Notre Dame: a success
Karen Cappello- St. Scholastica: a high school teacher
Dennis Carroll- Maine South: airline pilot
John Connolly- Maine South: a carpenter
James Dase- Maine South: anything that involves money
Joan Delfosse- Maine South: a stewardess
Dan Dohn- Maine South: an airline pilot
James W. Dohn- Maine South: business man or baseball player
Donna Doubek- Maine South: a stewardess
Jane Ehardt- St. Scholastica: an airline stewardess
Cindy Emo- Maine South: a teacher
Donna Faleni- Maine South: undecided
Tim Farmer- Notre Dame: a doctor
Sharon Fitzsimmons- Marillac: an assistant and part-time hairdresser
Kathleen Fletcher- Maine East: a secretary or teacher
Jean Garrity- Resurrection: model or airline stewardess
Thomas P. Gehl- Notre Dame: twenty-one
Debbie Georgen- moving to Hudson, Ohio: a nurse
Kathy Giroux- Maine South: a physical education teacher or model

GRADUATES- Continued.

26.

Judy Governile- Maine South: a nurse
James W. Griesbach- Maine South: a veterinarian
Maridell Patrice Hall- Maine South: airline stewardess
John David Hartmann- M.S. or St. Dedes: actor, commercial artist, architect
Ellen Herdrich- Maine South: airline stewardess
Terry Hoffman- Maine South: model or stewardess
Bill Hupp- Loyola Academy: a priest
David Igyarto- Maine South: an oceanographer
Geri Jarzombeck- St. Scholastica: a secretary
Doug Jensen- Taft: Tribune editor
Patty Kaepplinger- Maine South: woman sportscaster
Chris Kasper- Maine South: teacher
Jayne Keifer- Regina: teacher
Rusty Kelly- Notre Dame: a businessman
Susan Kelly- Maine South: singer or teacher
Diane Kenny- Maine South: an airline stewardess
Craig J. Kielhofer- Loyola Academy- a physical education teacher
John Dale Kielhofer- Notre Dame: executive salesman
Chris Komornicki- Maine South- President
Richard Anthony Kopacz- Maine West: sales representative
Joe Kowols- Maine South: electrical engineer
Mark J. Krause- Maine South: successful
Ed John Lannon- Maine South: electrical engineer
Maureen Lannon- Marillac- technician
Kelly Patrick Lawson- Notre Dame: a racing snow skier and insurance sales
man
Terry Lederer- Marillac: model or airline stewardess
Marla Lehman- Regina: a nurse

Jim Lonergan- Maine South: pilot(?)

Michael Paul LoPresti-Maine South: technical engineer or scientist

Pat Lusk- Maine South: a restaurant manager

Rick Magnuson- Maine South: doctor

Paul Malek- Notre Dame: pilot

John Majewski- Quigley North: a priest or archaeologist

Jeanne Marie Marggraf- moving to San Diego: secretary or stewardess

Alan Marzano- Notre Dame: airline pilot

David John Maslanka- Notre Dame: a football player

Mariann Master- Maine South: teacher

John McCarthy- Maine South-an engineer

Robert G. McCarthy- Notre Dame: doctor

Edward Patrick McHugh- St. Viator: veterinarian

John McLaughlin- Notre Dame: oceanographer

Brian McMahon- Notre Dame: doctor

James McParland- Notre Dame: doctor

Wendy Meier- Regina: a model or medical secretary

Maureen Michalik- Maine South: a nurse or home economics teacher

ChristineMarie Miller- St. Scholastica: a child physical therapist

Matt Morris- Maine South: mechanic

George Mutert- Maine South: a geologist

Linda Nilsson- Maine South: gym teacher

Maureen O'Grady- Regina: actress

Patty Jo Paluch- Resurrection: undecided

Bill Pankau- Maine South: a doctor

Ann Pankow- St. Scholastica: a Peace Corps volunteer

Jim Paschen- Maine South: rich

Jerry Pientka- Maine South: lawyer or structural engineer

GRADUATES- continued

Kevin Plencner- Maine South: attorney at law
Joseph Rassenfoss- Notre Dame: comedian
James Russell- Notre Dame: engineer
Mary Scheller- St. Scolastica: author
Janet Schniedwind- Maine South: teacher
John August Schramel- Maine South: an athlete
Sue Scotese- Maine South: an airline stewardess
Douglas A. Searson- Notre Dame: a missionary doctor
Doug Seabolt- Maine South: naval officer
Gary Seno- Maine South: engineer
Tom Shanahan- Maine South: electrician
Dan Sitt- Maine South: undecided
Christine Skowron- Maine South: 2nd grade teacher
Kathy Smith- Maine South: a model
Pat Smith- Maine South: a successful businessman
Edward Smyth- Maine South: a lawyer or an electronics engineer
Amy Solarz- St. Scholastica: volunteer child care and airline stewardess
Barbara Ann Stanger- Maine South: undecided (Milhouse turtle)
Cheryl Szymczak- East Lynden (River Grove): a nurse
Terry Tierney- Marillac: music teacher
John Tobin- Notre Dame: undecided
Patrica Topel- Maine South: a secretary
Mary Van Houghton- St. Scholastica: social worker
Nancy Behrendt- Maine South: a teacher at Notre Dame
Mark Kaleth- Maine South: a successful businessman
Eileen Plesa- Maine South: a model

SEVENTH GRADE ODES: ROOM 101

PART III
PAGE 29.

Thomas Crowe will most likely be
A professor at Harvard University
He'll earn a doctorate for sure
He may learn a way to make water & air pure
Prizes, honors and awards he'll receive
For all the great things he'll achieve.

Tom Stanger we're sure Will win a gold medal
For his actions on ice
With the aid of his blades
He'll beat one and all
In Olympia '76.

Pat Haas'll be one of her kind
She'll drive everyone out of their mind
She'll be a professional girl-who-is-late
She'll miss every party-- perhaps it's just fate.

Pam DeLeo, as you well know,
Is that funny comedian
On the Pat Pauson show
She'll never make a gypsy median.

There was once a girl named Sue
who grew and grew and grew
she grew so tall that she had a ball
catching up to us all. (S. Holmstrom)

A boy named Ricardo
had a dog named Fido
who went to a silo
and that was the end of Fido.
(R. Enriquez)

Mark had a splinter
in the top of his finger
that caused such a pain
but it was all in his brain.
(M. Cavanaugh)

Louis was a champ
who had so many stamps
he left them under a lamp
and that's the end of the stamps.
(L. Rossetti)

There was a conductor named Dave
who once had his mouth sprayed
he has never been the same
since that very day.
(D. Amedeo)

There was a boy named Bill
who once sat on a sill
he took a pill
and that's the end of Bill.
(B. Bors)

Lance went to a dance
in his first pair of long pants
he hanced and danced and
danced
and that's the end of Lance.
(L. Brandt)

Mary Sue made some stew
which was as soft as dew
she ate her stew
and then felt blue.
(M.S. Meersman)

Barbara had to bake
a delicious cake
it was so great
that she won first place.
(B. Trudeau)

Kathy Downey is quite the
opposite
of what she will be, yes we must admit
she'll be with the circus
in charge of soda and fuzz

Kevin McKenna, you can be certain
Will, inevitably turn to curtains
 Draperies, bedspreads, carpets all
 Will take their shape in his
 great hall.

He'll travel 'round the world to view
 Designs from France to Timbuctu
 He'll be an expert in his field
 And curtains will be his famous yield.

Oh, we predict that Susan Shaw
 Will be an officer of the law
 She'll be in the Army, too--
 She'll follow in her father's shoe.
 While in the Army she'll wear blue
 As a policegirl she'll wear it, too.
 In every venture she'll succeed
 In each position, she will lead.

There will be a girl named Denise
 who'll travel to wish everyone "Peace!"
 She will be in charge
 of a noisy and large
 and quite unusual group of geese.
 (D. Connolley)

Georgia Virginia Louise
 will, we've decided, plant trees;
 she'll work as a gardener
 for J.J. And Jardener
 and collect only small minor fees.
 (G. Bowden)

Kathleen Emo will study quite hard;
 she'll save her money and live off lard
 and then one day her moment may come.
 It has to come (or she might have to live like a bum)
 With success there'll be lights and beautiful clothes
 she'll live in big houses and will polish her toes
 and men will go mad, men on land and on seas
 for she'll be the charmer of all the movies

Pat Glafcke will always be crowded with things,
 voices that squeak and moan, others that sing.
 She might be allergic to one kind or two
 but she won't mind, for she'll name them
 Kevin, Kathy and Lou.
 She'll love her job and she'll have some proof,
 scratches and teeth marks from when she made a goof.
 She'll let the whole world know, for above her door,
 will be the sign "Pat Glafcke's Pet Store."

Paula Pranka will lead a normal, everyday life
 she won't fool around with a drug or a knife;
 she'll be very popular, not to mention her charm
 she'll know how to economize, for she'll come from
 a farm.

She'll eat hardly anything, she'll
 always go dutch
 she'll go on a diet and then won't
 eat much
 after working, suffering and saving
 money so
 she'll be the skinniest lady the
 world will ever know!

Mark Morris, we're sure
 will discover a cure
 for an incurable disease;
 his remedy, you see,
 will be the sting of a bee
 along with a whole can of peas.

The fate of Sue Bayers
 will be to climb stairs
 day in and day out
 all year through
 'cause she'll be a guide
 for the company of Tide
 giving tours in their
 building that's new.

And then one day after working her way up
 by learning to do straight walking & sitting up
 she'll have a domed dress of the new
 sackclothica
 and she'll win the title, "Miss America!"

Peggy Sitt will be wild and unusual;
 she'll live off her group laws that are in the manual.
 Maybe she'll work enough to earn a dime
 to save and buy aspirin for headaches she gets all the time.
 Peggy will wear modern clothes "A year ahead
 of the time they'll be in style," fashion experts said.
 She'll never see water or a tub
 for Peggy will be a member of the hippie club.

Eileen will one day be a clown
 who'll do handstands and jumps up and down.
 She'll have a green nose and some horns and big toes,
 bring laughter to others, two upon row.
 (E. Lannon)

Our victim of the future, Brad Boos,
 will easily be heard, oh yes, we propose
 he'll have a big hammer and shout out some names
 and money will be used in this of all games.
 Now what will the name of the big-mouthed career be?
 You could wait and wait and wait to see
 or read it right now and here:
 That's right! He'll be a loud auctioneer.

Little Miss Buckley is sweet as can be
 and tho she is quiet don't let it fool you or me;
 for one day she'll get herself in quite a mess
 for she'll be surrounded by maniacs, oh yes.
 She'll walk quietly down dark, spooky corridors
 in a big remote castle out on the moors
 but she'll be a woman of great charity
 'cause she'll be the warden of the poor-- a rarity?

Richard Cappello will be a man of many a game
 all over the country will be known his name.
 His voice will be heard bringing good news or bad,
 different people will be glad or sad.
 Now's the time to reveal our prediction.
 He won't be a man of very high education.
 He'll be on TV seeming free of cares;
 he'll be the announcer for the Cubs and Bears.

Patti will live to be an octogenarian
 and also a librarian.
 She will reprimand and shush the boys,
 but never shoosh the girls.

(P. Miller)

Marty Winn will be a quarterback
 and he will never order back
 anything that he may get
 from Burger-king or McDonald's.

Edward Pudlo will take to politics
 like a fish that takes to water;
 he'll chew big cigars,
 and pass laws to investigate Mars.

Little Miss Weiland sits on a grammar book
 one hundred years from now--
 says she to me, "Oh my good friend, hast thou
 the answer to 's' on a verb-- please look?"

Lisa Carpenter

living fair as a flower bright & free,
 called it good barter,
 so it seemed to me.
 t'was explained by Ann Russell, a theologian
 (she explained it as a geologist!)
 for one flower is cut,
 and one person gets freedom...but
 The "but" was looked into by Geri O'Connell.
 According to her, the trade was null
 as a naturalist, she could say,
 "A flower's life is measured dy the day,
 people's by the year,
 tis this I fear."

Carolyn Pientka understood this
 as a painter she could hardly miss.
 Is this a fair exchange--
 a person for a flower and no change?

Cindy Wasko the musician
 composed a song about a mortician,
 She wrote this ditty
 that was ever so witty
 comparing him to a beautician.

Miss Mollie Meehan's president
 of these United States
 one of the greatest girls you can find,
 in beauty as well as in mind.

Cary Conley-- professional browner--
 "Good evening, you look very nice"
 to him, everything, boy or girl,
 is made out of sugar and spice.

Adrienne Ward, prominent artist
 with creations found near and far,
 with paintings of men, women, children
 a window sill or candy bar.

Joe Fink, hammy comedian,
 who steals jokes from Milt Berle.
 There is no relief from the stupidly
 wild jokes that you he'll hurl.

Jeff James wants to be a fireman,
Colleen Moore a cook,
Donna is sincerely thinking of
 writing her own book.
 They'll all have their troubles,
 it's common but true,
 maybe they'd be better off
 just singing, perhaps to you.

Veternarian Tom Mikal was in a dither
 until he found, one day
 as he opened a door
 and beheld with galore
 that his pet chipmunk was ok!

A Las Vegas gambler, that's Tim Bock
 wasting money-- in fact quite a lot
 Forever hoping and always wishing
 to hit the grand jack-pot.

George Evans, cotton planter,
 frequently engages in banter.
 So small is his yield
 that his lips are forever sealed.

Miss Novak incessantly talking
 can stop only with the use of caulking.
 Cathy's problem is much the same
 as what plagues Miss Lane.....

Karen lilted to her secretary
 "Oh, today I feel so very contrary,
 I have spun so many millions of poems
 and enchanted the world with beauty and light
 it's time for a smokeless Tareyton and fight:
 Bring on the powder-puff boxing gloves!"
 (K. Brandstrader)

Miss Lane constantly flying in the air
 .caused many a person to stop and stare.
 .Mickey has tried caulking
 but it seems that only helped talking.

Mark Winters, experimental scientist, came to the rescue
 of Mickey; he begged, "Please, let's test you!"
 He found the perfect gop
 which finally made her stop.

Ron Pankau

did with "WOW"

everything he could.

Until one time he made up his mind
to do it pretty good!

Chris Gleason is a funny man
who wants to be a comedian
With Paul Ginger as a sidekick and
Kathy Gorman with beige lipstick
They'd make a "lousy" trio.
It just couldn't be real--
could it?

Glenn Rolbiecki drinks cool-ade
Mike Scotese is his right-hand soda pusher
Rich Sittinger likes to lead the parade
chanting poly-syllabic ads for
"Come and get 'em."

Jeanette Mutert owns their stand
where she reigns like Peanuts' Lucy;
so, if you ever there do land
you'll see this four-some sipping away.

Annette Charuk chuckles 'bout some little thing
she's heard or may have seen,
and laughs out loud at jokes she's read
in some old battered magazine.

Jim Plesa's view on math
he says it's so hard to learn,
especially in the summer,
his wheels just don't turn.

Debbie Zuro is always happy,
she'll grin from ear to ear
at each amusing incident
which she is apt to hear.

Patrick Begg is soon to be
a local city yokel;
however, I say, according to me
he'll obtain an enormous sum.
He'll be an heir to a very rich aunt
and inherit a sum far from scant.
Then he'll be on the top of a hill
pondering on writing a generous will.

Chris Block is the first
(of which there are many)
to sit in his room
and count up his pennies.
He carefully counts all of his money
and saves it for long dreary days that
are sunny.

Here's a good name, it's Terry Memmel,
he gathers stray dogs,
and puts them in kennels.
Although his main interest lies among
monkies

A housewife with 11 kids
Sandy Artisuk will be
dusting, cleaning, resting, leaning
down upon her knees.
Washing floors and fixing doors
quickly she will tire.
And finally after all this work
some credit she'll acquire.

Steve Guziar, with hair-a-white
wasn't always extra bright,
but he will find,
as times goes on
his mind will glow alight!
(if he studies...)

he associates mostly
with a bunch of clunkies.
Last but not least is Carey Barcel,
who likes to ring
every kind of bell.
She tries desperately to break this habit
by sitting up nights
and watching Dick Cavett.

There was a girl named Kathleen Currier
who was a famous warrior
all through the world she was renown
and she worried herself to death in a
small town.

There is a boy named John Dormin who might someday be a corpsman because he looks like he'll fly everyday till he dies and I think he's a great guy.

There is a girl named McLaughlin Patti
who isn't a fatty
and she isn't bratty
plus her hair isn't matty
and that's the girl named Patti.

There was a girl named Inqolia Mary Jo
who could never say no.
She runs a five and dime
and is never bothered by time
for she makes life of rhythm and rhyme.

Joanne Roth was a merry old soul
come to think of it she had a lot of soul
and this will be her claim to fame:
she'll dance from Washington to Maine.

Elizabeth Ryan, red of hair,
decided to join Project Care
and so you might see her from day to day
In a foreign country like Brazil
Helping the poor folk and ill.

Tom Walsh had a very great feat
that everyone tried to beat
he said and he did as he decreed
and jumped across the moon, indeed.

If Joy Ciecko had her wish
she'd wish for these two things to own:
her first name is one
--the other, a chocolate icecream cone!

Although Bob Hallagan was quite small
he had a heart ten feet tall
with his generosity he overwhelmed one and all
as he traveled around the world on the ship
Naugachall.

Sally Zilla is a legend told by many near and far for the things she did while traveling by car recognized by her golden throat and silver hair peddling poems, songs and wares.

Julie Grego so it seems
was very small and very mean
but soon the truth was known
to everyone
that she was sweet and had a
sweet son.

Judy Krejci was smallest of
the small
but everyone treats her like
the tallest of the tall
though small in size and
stature
she'll have a statue erected
for her.

Diane Magnuson of brown hair
she had a problem that needed
care
although her talking is
quite much
I think she'll win medals
for honor and such.

Jim Tobin is a great sports fan
and he joined a band
so you might find him across
the land
playing his tuba boom, boom,
boom.

Jerry Bogacz was his name
and also his claim to fame
for although he didn't do it
at all
they found his name carved
into a painting by Saul.

Kathleen Kennedy was no relation
to the departed head of the nation
but this was her aim she told all very bold
that she'd sit in the White House in hot or cold.

Small and meek but quite bold
Mary Pat Kubina someday will be told
that she just won
a world of fun and sun.

Jean Obermaier was a bit tall
she was underrated by all
good in math but so good in English
Miss Quillinan was ever in a tisk.

If you would say James Zealey was a tall guy
I would say it was far from a lie
in spite of your poor eyesight.
If you would say he was a great guy
that too would not be a lie;
but before all else, in making excuses
he out-moooses all mooses.

There is a boy named Cavanaugh John
who was an excellent artist of "con"
his eyes are gigantic
when they close they can sink the Titanic.

Joe O'Donnell had speed beyond belief
he ran so fast that his feet gave off
steam
and someday he'll win medals
as member of the U.S. Olympic team.

Jonno Schaeffer once had a holy dream
and because of his deep faith he had hope
although the Vatican disagrees
he is now the Pope!
Pope Jonno the first and the last
that is his name
but as for his fame
it's gone down the drain.

Sheila McCarthy lives a happy life
for she has no trouble with the human race
she gets away with a lot of things
all because of that big fat smile on her face.

Janine Toenings now has a steady job
that she got just last summer
people call her when they have a drain-clog
for she is a plumber.

Vince Marzano was a great
sport
and so one day will be in
royal court
not as a squire and not as
a jester
but rather as King Vincent
of Chester.

There is a boy named Willy
or you might say Billy
it doesn't matter because
Billy Armstrong
is a great guy, though I don't
mean to flatter.

There is a boy named Tyska
Paul
who is really quite small
he gives out advice-- & that's
really nice.
He's a fine boy and not very
coy.

Sue Bradley looked quite
sadly
for she did not become a
swimming diver
but she sits there and drives
all day
for she is a bus driver.

James Madden,
he makes more racket
just sitting still in a
bracket
but continues to smile on.

Jennifer Waters is in the jet set
now she has everything she needs
for a groovy way of transportation she did get
oats is that upon which it feeds.

36.

Chris Almeroth was a small boy indeed
with a bigger mouth than he did need
although he played great basketball
and for that he was loved by all,
he will never make the Varsity basketball team.

Dan Connolly came in late every day
on his way to school his time must be
gay
his teacher around his neck would have
liked to put a noose
everytime they heard his creative
excuse
for he was never early a day.

Big Ed Gallagher stood strong and tall
and for many girls he did fall
only the sight of girls falling for him
is something greater too see for all.

Tom Hupp was skinny and tall
and reached the ceiling with
no trouble at all
he would become a swell
basketball player
but as it turns out with his
brains
he became mayor.

The telephone rang and a voice inquired
"Krause?"
and that it was very important for him
to come to my house.
He arrived with a felling of prestige
just because he was to rid me of a mouse.
(M. Krause)



YEAR BOOK STAFF



THE PASSING OF LEADERSHIP: The cracked leaves will diddle along with the dry gusty wind as the dawn of a new September begins.

Scrubbed, shining but mischievious grins will stare as they occupy cleaned eighth grade classroom. New faces, new teachers, new squabbles, new books, and new bodies will situate themselves in these homerooms of ours. And yet a stub of pencil or grafitti writing of lost love will be memoirs of the class of '70.

We, the eighth grade, the strong leaders of our place and time, will show lifted faces a new hope...On graduation night when clothes in blue we dash up the stairs and silent giggles walk into pine pews while a few walk up for a diploma...well, we have met experiences that we'll be able to laugh off yet remember. And we have been caught up in the sweep of the greatest group of 100 some odd people who have helped to shape our thoughts, opinions and hopes.

Now it is your job when we leave the halls of eighth grade to open yourselves to life through education-- school-wise and people-wise.

-Mary Scheller

- YEARBOOK STAFF -

Kathy Barrett	* Sandy Artisuk
Jim Dase	Sue Bayers
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* Maureen O'Grady	John Dormin
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