

ST PAUL JUNIOR High

1969-1970 YEARBOOK

/ REBOUND /

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The journalism class dedicates this yearbook
to the graduates of 1970.

May they grow in enthusiasm and insight.
May they rebound to others what Christian education
has tried to give them.

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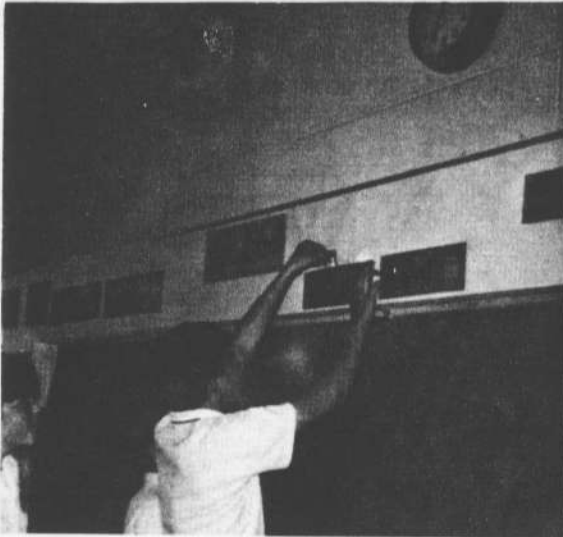


An hour and a half later: they're not disobeying the rules-- the sign says "Keep off the grass"-- they're on the mud! Across on the pom-pom, the rest of the Junior High celebrates recess with games of softball, basketball, rumble ball or repose.



The school's hallowed halls are transformed into a mini-dragstrip as the milk crew makes its return trip, via an empty milk cart, to the store-room. The winner of the pretend race was a souped-up milk cart powered by a four-foot drive.

After the lunch hour, the duo-ranger, Dodge boys, what you will, strike again. We've heard of people riding horses-- but this is ridiculous!! Then, again, at St. Paul's you can expect anything.



The mystery of the disappearing penguin is finally solved as the most notorious offenders are caught by the camera. It's not unusual for students to indulge in between-class adventures.

Lone student "serves times" as he finishes up his late assignment. Perhaps he finds that an assignment is better late than not at all. Or perhaps, he's taking advantage of a quiet moment plus a thought.



5.

EDUCATION IS -- What is education at St. Paul, besides broken beakers, late assignments, skits and laughs?

It is learning to wash test tubes, catching on that sentences have subjects and verbs. It is being able to say "hi" to everyone-- and being a Christian. It is realizing that school means learning, means that knowing how to relate to people is as important as being able to multiply fractions times integers.

These abilities are "taught" at St. Paul's through teachers and students alike. Students learn other people are as important as themselves. Teachers learn again that a praising word can sometimes help more than anything else. Some of this system and its values may seem old-fashioned, but it really is the basis of reality. It prepares us to live a good life.

I like it.

A TRIBUTE TO A TEACHER

Miss Janet Jungel has been here nine years. Almost a decade. To be at one school that long is unusual loyalty. And that she certainly has. During that time, she has given advice, coached innumerable cheerleading teams, and helped to shape countless personalities.

She has given her strength, her faith, her love and sometimes even her money for her students. Her many contributions to this school will never be forgotten. And above all, her students, no matter how old, will never forget her.

We thank you, Miss Jungel!

WHO CAN DEFINE JUNIOR HIGH?

As everyone has experienced, the first couple of days of school can be pure chaos (so can the rest of the year) not only for the student but for the teacher as well. But that's over now (everyone wishes). But there is never that pure sense of quiet with kids wiping out in the halls, books flying everywhich way, and a rumble or two in the corner. But that's cleared up in a few minutes by a rush of whispers-- "here she comes"-- or by a simple sound of a door slam or hard-heeled shoes scurrying around a corner.

The school is never the same after a year of being occupied by students or as sometimes called: zombies, dead beats, ding-a-lings, do-dos, dear hearts (that's a laugh), darlings (also a laugh), jolly numbers, ruffians, you people!! and the FAGA-- Fun and Games Association (8-1)-- by our zealous faculty members. The floors are badly marred by crayola which is ground into the tiles or desks and chairs with the engraved initials of students; later-- perhaps within a few minutes, another would-be students attempts heroically to write, only to find the desk engravers have made simple writing impossible... as your paper rrrrrrrrips.

Though we students know our teachers will be crying their eyes out to see another great eighth grade move on, the teachers try to hide it with phrases such as "I'll be glad to see this one leave" or "I'll never forget last year's group, the greatest group I ever had!!"

FACULTY: Sister Mary Armella, Principal
 Sister Donna Mary Sister Jeanne
 Miss Janet Jungel Mrs. John Lannon
 Miss Jeanine Quillinan Mrs. Betty Bravieri
 Miss Judith Zarob Miss Patricia Hammill

6.

Student Council Officers: Mary Scheller, President
 Ed Lannon, Vice President
 Tim Bopp, Treasurer
 Ann Pankow, Secretary
 Bob McCarthy, Sgt.-at-Arms

Homerooms Officers:

Room 101	<u>Room 102</u>	<u>Room 103</u>
Paula Pranka	Alan Marzano	Janet Schniedwind
Kevin McKenna	George Mutert	Rich Magnuson
Tom Crowe	Maureen Lannon	Bill Pankau
Kathy Downey	Joe Rassenfoss	Wendy Meier
Room 105	Room 107	Room 109
Jim Anton	Mollie Meehan	Chris Almeroth
Jeanne Marggraf	Cary Conley	Joe O'Donnell
Peter Armstrong	Adrienne Ward	Paul Tyska
Terry Hoffman	Ron Pankau	Bill Armstrong

Hall Guard Squad: Capt. Rick Magnuson
 Lts. Jim Russell, Joe Rassenfoss, Tom Gehl
 Pvts. 1st Cl. Ed Lannon, Jim Anton
 Pvt. 2nd Cl. Tom Shanahan
 Lavatory Custodian Paul Malek

Oct.: Field Day
 8th grade-- Book Fair, Museum of Science & Industry
 Nov., Jan., Mar.: Hamburger sales/ Student Council Activity
 Dec.: Speech Tournament, Regina Dominican/ Participants: Lisa Carpenter,
 Patti McLaughlin, Paul Pranka, Mary Scheller, Rich Sittinger,
 Barb Trudeau, Adrienne Ward, Cindy Wasko, Jenny Waters, Sally Zila
 Feb., May: Band Concerts
 Apr.: Kite Day
 Stud. Council Officers Convention, Granite City
 7th grade-- field trip; tour of Chicago & Chinatown
 May : Art & Science Fairs
 Jr. High Musical
 22/ Graduation Dance
 24/ May Crowning
 25/ 8th grade Picnic
 28/ Hello-Goodbye Day
 June: 1/ Graduation

"The Free Soul" by Sally Zilla (This short story received professional⁷ recognition and a certificate of merit from Scholastic Publications, which sponsored a national creative writing contest. Congratulations, Sally!)

As I walk lazily down a deserted street on a mid-summer afternoon, my attention is attracted to a dusty old store window. And way, way back, in a hazy section of the little shop, sits a tiny, bent old man whittling away at some sticks.

I step inside the shop. As I look around, I notice stacks of dusty antiques. Dust seems to thrive here, and indeed it seems that if some of the day could be brought in with me, it would do an endless amount of good.

The further I venture, the more engulfed I become by the atmosphere. Finally I become aware that I am in the very back of the shop, and glancing hurriedly over it, my glance rests on an elf-sized man, crippled with age. As I walk towards him, his hands capture my attention. They are so fascinating! Gnarled, wrinkled, weathered hands. Yet extremely powerful! Then my attention is diverted to his face. Oh, I know it is impolite, and I really try to tear my eyes away from it, but I just can't.

There are thousands of things reflected in his face-- character, determination, strength, courage, patience and a certain radiance which naturally accompanies kindness. But cloaking these gifts are wrinkles-- wrinkles upon wrinkles. These creases are set off by the healthy sun-browned coloring of his face.

But, more than anything else, one feels the power of his eyes. Their sparkling reflects adventures at sea, untold mysteries, and worlds of joy and praise.

Then, abruptly, the old man catches me with his eyes. I blush crimson, ashamed of my impudence. I cannot bear to look into those honest eyes which seem well able to read even my innermost thoughts.

Then I hear a chuckle...a dry, dusty, deep chuckle. Above all, I recognize not mockery at my extreme embarrassment, but a friendly, warm, jolly laughter. I was right. I had not misjudged the countenance of this man.

I study the origin of his whittling. Seeing that I am interested, he stands up and waddles over to a small heap of yellowed newspapers and miscellaneous bits of cloth. He lifts several of the latter and selects the most lovely shade of robin egg blue. I cannot take my eyes off the large sheet which he holds up. He removes a pair of squeaky shears from an ancient wooden desk. Then he starts cutting rapidly. When he puts away his shears, he reaches for some red and white striped string. He shapes the cloth over the now-bent sticks and ties them with string. Many colored satin ribbons are added, so the tail now stretches five long feet, with a bow every six inches. What a grand kite it is!

Out in the sunshine, he ties three hundred yards of string to the crossbeam and then around a hand-sized spool. He reaches out his gnarled hand and holds mine. We start running. He runs quicker than lightning with me next to him. The wind begins blowing. As I look behind us, I see the kite unfurl and soar into the sky. Up and up it goes-- never stopping. We stop running and watch the beautiful kite skip royally, yet quite daintily across the sky. We sit and watch till the sky darkens with dusk.

Then, just before the last breath of an old day, the kite tugs at the line. He lets it soar-- free.

SEVENTH GRADE CHEERLEADERS

8.

On a late September day in 1969, Diane Magnuson, Mollie Meehan, Kathy Currier, Pat Haas, Denise Connelly, Patti McLaughlin, Adrienne Ward, Gail Weiland, Sheila McCarthy and Peggy Sitt were chosen as the seventh grade cheerleaders.

They had a lot to learn about being cheerleaders. Practicing twice a week, they worked hard and learned all of it, excellently.

For performing, the cheerleaders chose a long-sleeve, navy-blue sweater, decorated with a gold dickey and a large gold P with a megaphone extending on either side. The skirt was also blue, with gold flaps. Completing the uniform were white bobby socks and "spotlessly" white gym shoes. The girls made a major part of the uniform themselves.

The cheerleaders proved their talent when they won awards. From St. John Brebeuf in Niles, they won a second and third place award. From Quigley North, they placed second. And finally, from St. Peter's they merited a first place trophy.

The girls learned a good deal more this year than just cheers. They learned responsibility, punctuality, and a very valuable lesson-- working with one another.

The seventh grade cheerleaders were generously helped by many people. Heading the "gratitude" list are Sister Jeanne and Miss Zarob, who coaches the cheerleaders and gave a great deal of time helping to organize the girls. At the beginning of the year, the eighth grade girls were also very helpful. Thanks, too, to all of the girls' mothers who drove or lent their cars, especially Mrs. Currier, Mr. McKenna and Mr. Armstrong. And lastly, thanks is given to a group of seventh grade girls who very loyally attended almost every game.

SEVENTH GRADE VARSITY

Members of the seventh grade varsity are:

Bill Armstrong
Tim Bock
Jerry Bogacz
Cary Conley
Joe Fink
Ed Gallagher
Tom Mikal

Kevin McKenna
Ron Pankau
Jim Plesa
Jonno Schaefer
Rich Sittinger
Paul Tyska
Marty Winn

The team had a hard year due to such factors as starting late and changing coaches. The coaches did a fine job in the little time they had-- they were Mr. McKenna and Mr. Armstrong with help from Mr. Bogacz.

The team had many memorable games. One of them was the last game of the season against St. Joseph of Wilmette. The team was leading until three of the first stringers fouled out: K. McKenna, C. Conley and M. Winn. The final score was 48-39, St. Joe the winner.

The team has many returning players for next year and they look forward to a better one. Good luck!



EIGHTH GRADE CHEERLEADERS

9.

This year's enthusiastic eighth grade cheerleaders and their coach Miss Jungel have won three trophies. They have won first place in the DePaul tournament, second place at St. John Brebeuf, and second place at St. Ignatius.

They have had to sometimes make it through games with only five and six cheerleaders. But they made it. Who wouldn't, with such a fantastic team to cheer for? This year's eighth grade team's record is 38 wins, 3 losses.

It is too bad the basketball season had to end so abruptly. Through every game, you felt like you were really out on the court with them (and most of the time-- we were!). But I suppose all great things must come to an end.

These cheerleaders were:

Sharon Fitzsimmons
Kathy Giroux
Terry Hoffman
Susan Kelley
Wendy Meier

Linda Nilsson
Maureen O'Grady
Patti Paluch
Janet Schniedwind
Sue Scotese

EIGHTH GRADE VARSITY

The 1969-70 basketball season undeniably proved to be the best yet for the St. Paul Tigers. To back up this point is the varsity's record: 38-3 for the season.

The varsity starters this year were: Jim Anton, Tim Bopp, Ed Lannon, Rick Magnuson and Bob McCarthy. Other members of the team were: Pete Armstrong, Dave Buckley, Tim Farmer, Tom Gehl, Bill Hupp, Kelly Lawson, John Majewski, Jim McParland, Joe Rassenfoss and John Schramel with Bill Pankau as student manager. The coach of the victorious Tigers, Mr. George Grego, was said to be more than proud.

The final game of the season was against last year's varsity. The game was one with a large amount of bodily contact and when it was over found all the members of the Tigers' first string with at least three fouls.

During the game, there were a few minor fights in the stands involving eighth graders and freshmen. At many points during the game, shouting matches took place in stands between the eighth graders and cheerleaders and the freshmen and cheerleaders which seemed to be won mostly by the eighth graders (or we'd like to think so).

After the game, the winning Tigers were rushed by a mob of students wishing to congratulate them. This is one game the members of the Tigers probably won't forget.

CONGRATULATIONS on a wonderful job-- all season.



Here we are, ladies and gentlemen, on WCKK-FV (that stands for feel-vision) on September 5, 1990. Nothing much in the news today. Oh yes, the orbiting space ship, the NSS Lusk -- named after its famous, a bit backward but famous, captain of the same ship, Dr. Patrick Lusk-- has drifted out of its orbit. There is no apparent reason but reports say that the captain didn't know right from left??? That couldn't be.

There were only slight mishaps reported. It seems that Bill Hupp, who has no scientific reason for being in the ship besides washing windows (this is because he can do two floors without moving up), has broken loose and is desperately trying to reach earth. It is reported he is within inches.

Bert Atkinson-- public relations man between earth and ship-- was trying to blow a glass rubber ball when the abrupt move occurred. The glass was completely destroyed and Bert is in a state of shock. He keeps muttering: "It's a Commie plot...it's a Commie plot."

Ed McHugh, vet aboard the NSS Lusk, was not seriously injured. Since Ed doesn't have much of a job (there are few animals in space), he has taken over as cook. He was quoted as stating he had "a lot of experience." When the accident occurred, he was making soup, spilled it and scorched his toupee.

Mary Scheller, noted for her beautiful enunciation of the English language, was studying the effects of prolonged space on speech patterns. After the accident, she was quoted as saying, "Shazoon, if that ain't the funniest darn thing I never did see!" Before joining the crew, Mary was a "quilltine" operator.

Terry Tierney, sixth and last member of the crew, is the morale lifter and entertainer. She has a well-know repertoire of Mikado, H.M.S. Pinafore and Babes in Toyland. (The crew says she does these from memory.) The only accident related to her was some glass and ceramic figurines-- all of ballerinas. When the jolt unsettled the ship, she was in her luxurious cabin. Seeing the figurines toppling, she shrieked in a beautiful, exquisitely tuned, perfectly pitched scream. It seems she was not available for questioning but reports say she had to talk with the captain about the broken windows her perfect high C scream caused.

When questioned later, Pat Lusk said: "Well uh, you know, it was like, um, ya see, I um, I didn't, um, mean to, you know..."

This is Station WCKK signing off with: The government picks the crew....and we wonder. Good night.

COINCIDENTAL RESIDENTIAL CONFIDENTIALS

It was a hot, quiet afternoon at the Rassenfoss residence. Joe and Wendy's (nee Meier) children were all playing outside (there are fourteen-- so far). Wendy and Joe were inside watching TV. Joe had previously broken his leg when he tripped over the family cat. As they watched, an "up to the minute" news report flickered on.

"We interrupt this program for the following announcement. Senator Paul Bors from Rhode Island has just announced to the Senate that he plans to secede Rhode Island from the Union", the broadcaster shrilled.

"Paul Bors!" shouted Joe. "Wendy! Remember good ole Paul? He

used to go to St. Paul."

"No, can't say that I do," replied Wendy.

"Give me a break! Don't you remember those chuckles? And what a 'brown' he was to that nun-- what's her name? Oh yes-- how could I forget Sister Donna Mary! Gee, I really liked her."

"Oh yes, now I remember," Wendy mused.

Just then the doorbell rang. "Hi! I'm your friendly Avon lady," smiled a youthful, well-dressed woman.

"MARLA!!!!" Wendy screamed, throwing her arms about the woman.

"Wendy!! How have you been?!"

Wendy was still crying.

Two hours later. Wendy and Marla had told each other what had happened to each of them. It seems after high school Marla joined the Peace Corps. She liked it so much in Africa that she stayed there. Now she was visiting America and found her money had run out buying clothes, so she took a job as an Avon caller.

Three hours later (after dinner and meeting Wendy's family) Marla decided she had to go. While walking out the door, however, she tripped over a roller skate. Luckily, an ice cream man was there to catch her. When she peered into that freckled face which said

"Are you all right?"

she knew instantly it was Pat Smith, her long lost friend.

"Pat!" she shrieked. "Where have you been?"

"Looking for my darling. Speaking of darling-- will you marry me?"

"Yes!!! Wendy can be my maid of honor. And Joe can be your best man!"

Well, Pat and Marla moved close to Wendy and Joe, and they all lived happily ever after.

NOT QUITE CAMPTOWN RACES

Here we are! The year is 1981 at the Indianapolis 500. My name is John Schramel and it's a beautiful day. In car number 1, Jim Dohn will drive a BRM. His brother Dan is in the pits. (Dan was originally scheduled to drive but his insurance policy was discontinued due to excessive accident proneness.) In car number 2 John Kielhofer will drive a Ford he himself assembled. His brother Craig is also in the pits. (Craig had already pains-takingly memorized his 5000 word victory speech.)

And there goes the flag. John seems to have taken an early lead around the first turn, but he's sliding into the walls. He got out of his car with the Ford driver's manual and pulls his bubble gum out of his mouth. He blows a bubble and puts it on the axle. And he's off again. Jim Dohn is coming around the corner and hits John's flat tire and flies out of the stadium. And J. Kielhofer wins the race! The sight of John with his orange bell-bottoms and fusha shirt out-dazzles even the shining gold medal he's flashing at the crowds."

"Hello, hello-- is this John Schramel?"

"Yes."

"This is Jack Brickhouse and I have a favor to ask of you. Keep your cars out of Wrigley Field!"

WE GREW UP, TOO

Kathy Smith was an ordinary, everyday housewife. But, as this sort of thing must happen to everybody once in a lifetime, it has to happen to her.

Kathy had just put the two children to bed for their naps, and she was about to take hers, when the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it," she said, then realizing there was no one else to answer it anyway. She sprang up and walked to open the door.

"Hello, I'm Mark Kaleth."

"It's not my fault," Kathy icily replied.

"Very funny. You are entitled to a free brush. Here ...let me see...." He opened his case. "Anyone you want."

"There's only two kinds here," Kathy said, challenging him.

"I can't help it if you're the last one on this block," Mark said.

Kathy was about to speak when the bell rang again. She peered out the door only to hear "Avon calling."

"Oh, hello. Miss Avon Calling. What a name."

"No, I'm Eileen Plesa, I'm an Avon saleslady. You're entitled to a free bar a scented soap."

Mark leaned over and sniffed Eileen. "Some scent," he remarked.

Eileen opened her case, holding only two more bars.

"Big choice," Kathy said dryly.

"I can't help it if you're the last one on this block," Eileen echoed.

Again the doorbell pealed.

"Hello, I'm Dave Buckley of Buckley, Heel & Sole. You're entitled to one of these many free policies."

Glancing through them, Kathy moaned something about there only being two policies-- one in case your pencil point breaks, the other if the cover comes off one of your books.

"I can't help it if you're the last one on this block," piped Dave.

"Well, join the party. C'mon in,"

said Kathy. All three of the salesmen and saleslady began talking at the same time.

"Which one do you want?" the three chimed in unison.

Kathy started to reply, but the doorbell squealed again. "Oh no!" she muttered to herself.

"Hello. I'm John Majewski of the US Census Department. I have to ask you a few questions."

"Come in."

"I'll start right now. What's your name?"

"Kathy Smith."

"How old are you?"

Mark and Dave leaned forward.

"I'd rather not say."

"You have to."

Kathy whispered something in John's ear. He wrote it down.

Mark broke in. "What about your brush?"

"What about your bar of soap?"

"What about your policy?"

Kathy said, "I'll pick one up as you file out."

They trooped past and out of the house.

"Now you," Kathy said to John, "get out! I've answered enough of your questions! Now shoo."

He left and Kathy plopped on the couch. The doorbell rang again. This time she didn't answer.



As I went over to the New York Medical Clinic for my annual check-up, I happened to notice a small diner at the corner of Irving and Broadway. I was very thirsty, for it was a warm day, 98 degrees, 87 percent humidity. As I took my place at a swivel stool at the counter, I looked up and noticed Jane Ehardt.

"Hi, Jane," I said, "how's the waitress business?"

"Oh, hi" she blurted from under a five-foot stack of dirty dishes. "It's going good." (She wasn't great on English but she had a steady hand.) "I'm getting married tomorrow," she exclaimed.

"To whom?"

"The chef, he makes the greatest saurkraut and hot dogs in the world."

I suddenly put down my half-finished cup of coffee (or at least that's what Jane said it was, though I saw her wringing out her dirty dish rag into the coffee pot) and dashed frantically to the men's room. A few minutes later I gave Jane a tip of five cents, paid my bill and left.

Arriving at the clinic, I saw Sharon Fitzsimmons in a flood of tears rushing out the door. "Hi, Sharon, how's it been?"

"Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo," she sputtered louder.

"What's the matter?"

"I have appendicitis!!"

"So, is that so terrible?"

"Yes, I won't be able to see Joe and Bob and Rick and Ed and..."

I couldn't hear the rest of the names for she was five blocks down the street. I entered the reception room and read a notice to all patients: "All doctors are out of town on a convention. Substitutes will be assigned. I read down the long list and found one for my doctor, Doug Searson. "Doug Searson?" I blurted-- "I know him, unfortunately." After a short talk we went to work. Examination after examination, then I asked Doug what he had been doing with himself. I learned that he married Ellen Herdrich who is a math teacher. He said she is a second "you know who." Doug told me that he gave a brain transplant to a cat but he forgot where he put the brain. He also tried to transplant a body.

PHILANTHROPY WILL "GET" YOU NOWHERE

"But, doctor, what in the world should I do?" cried diamond-studded millionaire Jeanne Marggraf.

"Why don't you start from the beginning," comforted psychologist Cindy Emo.

"It all started when I used the get-rich-quick scheme. As you know, I got rich so quickly, I didn't know what to do with all my money. One day while buying a newspaper, I ran into a dear old friend, Chris Kasper, from our junior high school. We began to chat and found out about each other's status. She was so shabbily dressed that I decided to take her home with me. I couldn't bear the thought of a dear old friend being poor, so I decided to give her a measly sum of \$10,000.

"Word spread to all her relatives. A few weeks after our meeting came a pounding at my front door. It was her lovely sister-in-law, Chris Miller, who had decided to drop by and see if there were any handouts left. I was utterly revolted. I had never minded handing out money before to people who needed it, but she wasn't one who did. I didn't want to be harsh with her, so I told her because she was my dear

friend Christine Kasper's relative that I would give her a small sum of \$2,000.

"But getting to the problem. I cannot sleep nights because of phone calls, doorbells ringing, and mail pouring in. I would swear that people from all over the world are demanding sums from me. I can't decide whether to give all my money to charity or to all those people in need."

Dr. Emo cut in: "Would you please make an appointment with my secretary for sometime next week, same time, same place?"

ON A CLEAR DAY NEAR THE SANITATION PLANT

Jim McParland, garbageman of the year, has been making passes at Barbara Stanger, a beautiful "dame", as the British would say. Taking full advantage of his glorious, glamorous, and delicate job, he sees her every day. (Poor Barb.) Pat Topel, his fiancée, plans to marry Jim because he is such a wonderful garbageman, though she hates garbagemen in general.

John McCarthy and Rusty Kelly are Jim's two partners. John is Pat's former fiancé.

Rusty, usually a very understanding, kind, tall, dark, handsome, beautiful, wonderful....all right-- we get the message: he's an "old bag." He has just lately received the last straw which turned him into Mr. No More, Mr. Nice Guy, on a special delivery by Jim.

"Rustaline," calls Jim.

"What's that?"

"Pat told me to be dignified and glamorous if I want to find a wife."

"Well, at the rate you're going, you might as well catch her in a skunk trap," replied Rusty.

"Besides, if you want to be formal, call him 'Rustitti,'" replied John.

"Don't drive so fast! You'll wrinkle my corsage," said Jim.

"I'll drive then," said Rusty. Three turns of the wheel later and it broke loose again. "If you hadn't been combing your hair, you wouldn't have driven into the middle of the polluted mud puddle called a lake."

"Don't worry, Rusy," said Jim, "you look natural that way."

"Fells, I don't care what I look like, what I think like, what I say or what I do, I'm beautiful. No more Mr. Nice Guy for you," burst out Rusty. "Now, hurry up with that garbage can."

"Rustitti, one must be delicate about things, besides I already misplaced a hair and had to climb through a garbagepile twice to find it for one doesn't look good when bald," said John.

Rusty replied: "One doesn't look good with a broken limb, a misshapen nose and two black eyes."

"Rustitti, I am guilty of none of those faults."

Crash, bang, boom and my favorite ka-pot. "Rustitti, you are now."

Now for the happy ending: Jim didn't get Barb. Pat didn't get John. Rusty is alias Mr. No More, Mr. Nice Guy. John is still stuck as John and Barbara is stuck as Barb. (Poor Barb.)

BONNIE MINUS CLYDE

It was a fair winter morning as Jean Garrity opened her bank. She fussed around, dusting the tellers' windwos. This was an important day in the First Un-national's history. There was a city-wide contest for all banks. The bank with the most money, most customers, best record of robberies (i.e., no robberies), the neatest building and friendliest clerks and tellers was to receive a hundred-thousand dollars and the title "Honorary Good-guy Bank - 1970."

For an hour, Miss Garrity went over everything-- each little detail¹⁵ till she was satisfied that her bank would be \$100,000 richer the next day. As the tellers arrived, Miss Garrity greeted each separately, cautioning them, advising them and wishing them good luck. The morning went smoothly till 11:30. Sue Scotese, a Teller, shrieked.

"Robbery, robbery!" she yelled.

Jean Garrity ran to Sue. "Where'd he go? Which way did he go?" she queried impatiently.

"It was a 'she' not a 'he,'" Sue sobbed.

As always, each customer thought of his money. They pummelled Jean demanding, "Give me my money back. This is a rotten bank."

Poor Jean retreated to her private office and bolted the door. She poked her head out after a minute and a policewoman approached her dragging someone by the arm.

"I got him-er-her," she explained. Jean seem to peer into the thief's face. It was impossible-- Maridell Hall-- an old schoolmate.

"Maridell," Jean shouted in disgust. "You of all people."

Maridell gracefully took the circumstance in hand. "Why, Jean Garrity, you old friend. You haven't changed a bit. I was just talking about you the other day."

The policewoman hmrumphed. Jean glanced at her and did a double-take. So did Maridell. It was Terry Boettcher-- another old classmate.

Sue Scotese strode over-- impatient with the delay. "Miss Garrity-- Terry Boettcher-- Maridell Hall! I don't believe it! IS it really you?"

The four crowded together unmindful of the crowd around them. Happily they reminisced old times. Jean and Sue accompanied Maridell to jail and Terry, Jean and Sue were also arrested for loitering and disturbing the peace.

TOPSY_TURVY AND THE FALL GUYS

It's a warm July day in 1984 at Park Ridge's Lutheran General Hospital. The head receptionist, Mary Ann Master, is filling in the latest accident reports when a stretcher brings in U.S. Olympic star Jerry Pientka. It seems that Jerry, after losing the one mile race, was so disgusted that he didn't watch where he was walking and tripped on his shoe lace.

Nurse Master immediately called for Dr. Dase. Jim Dase, Jerry's doctor, went to the front desk and then to the examination room. Jim looked at Jerry's right leg that was beginning to swell. X-rays showed a torn ligament.

"What is it, Doc?" Jerry asked.

"You have torn a ligament in your right leg-- we'll have to operate," replied Dr. Dase.

"What does that mean?" inquired Jerry.

"Oh, nothing much," replied Jim. "You'll be able to walk without a limp in about six weeks."

"Six weeks!" exclaimed Jerry. "You're not keeping me here one week." As he shouted this, he began to run (or at least limp) out of the room.

As Jerry limped past the corridor leading to rooms 101-135A, Tom Gehl, a 6'7", 175 lb. male nurse at the hospital, stepped out and lifted Jerry a foot off the ground. He took Jerry back to Dr. Dase who was still trying to get up after Jerry had knocked him down. Tom helped Jim to his feet only to have him fall again.

ANONYMOUS

Rick Magnuson, alias Casinova, has been "checking out the town" with Tom Shanahan for a number of months. Shanahan is rather talented for a Polis tap dancer. Jim Russell (also known as "The Big Tinker") tries

to steal away some of the Casinova's time for his own creative flings.¹⁶
Meanwhile, back in his laboratory, David Maslanka is trying hard to destroy the world by discovering a terrible monstrosity supposed to leave the universe in shambles. But instead he creates a horrible-tasting love potion.

Ed Lannon, alias ickey man, makes everything ickey. Hearing about the love potion, he swiftly mixes his ickey potion with David's and comes up with an even stronger love potion, which he can surely testify to-- having consumed three bottles of it himself.

A LOT OF TALKING, TALKING, TALKING AND SOME WALKING

Walking down the street one hot summer day in Chicago eight years from now, you might notice five very newsworthy young ladies. They are a tight-knit group who had taken a big part in Circle campus politics, despite their scant twenty-one years.

You would recognize: Joan Delfosse, Diane Kenny, Terry Lederer, Nancy Behrendt and Kathy Barrett, the perennial sorority. Talking with them and expecting to hear an avalanche of information about boyfriends, you are startled to hear that they are attending school at the Chicago Circle Campus where each holds an important office. They had jointly taken over as the Deans (five instead of one). They had accomplished this impossible feat by submitting a document (drawn up by Joan and Diane) to be signed by the proper authorities.

Of course, you ask why? And Nancy tries to convince you it was because of their eloquence in asking for the job, but Kathy tells the truth about the matter. The people who signed had been swayed by the fact that they were in peril of losing their lives. They had all been assembled in one hall by student roudies threatening them with instant death. Terry, however, had mastered bull-dozer operations and came to their instant and successful rescue.

This little episode shows that teams-manship can get you somewhere other than just talk...

AN UN-VERNE ADVENTURE

Captain Bob McCarthy of the boat "Janet" sat smacking his lips, about to bite into a leg of turkey. Three raps sounded at the door. "Who's there?" he inquired.

"Sparks."

"I'm eating."

"This is urgent."

"Come in."

Tim "Sparks" Bopp, the radio and telegram operator, entered. He has to duck under the doorway as he entered.

"Cap'n, we're sinking."

"Oh, well, then tell 'em to hold the dri-- did you say a word that means going down to Davy Jones' locker?"

"Yes, Cap'n."

"That's a no-no around here, you know," said Bob.

"It's true. We're sinking, Cap'n."

The "Cap'n" finally realized the gravity of the situation. "Well, tell them to get the lifeboats."

Tim Farmer, wearing two buttons reading: "I made the St. Paul Varsity" and the other reading "The Janet Is Unsinkable," heard them talking. "Sssssssssssssinking? Immmmmmmmmppossible." Tim (finally) started pulling his dark black hair, showing the carrot red roots. "No!!"

Pete Armstrong, the boat's bartender, didn't mean to stumble into the room, but the pink elephant pushed him.

"Pete, we're sinking," Bob said calmly.
"(Hic) those miserable torpedoes! (hic) Full speed (hic) ahead!"
"I used to have a teddy bear," Bob said.
"What'd you say that for, Cap'n?"
"'Cause I have to say something stupid. Now it's your turn."
"Okay, Cap'n. Abbie Hoffman's my grandmother. How 'bout that?"
"You need practice."
Tim Farmer had run out of hair to pull, so he started on Pete's.
"Mosquitoes (hic) in here are terrible (hic)," he finally announced.
"Sorry," Tim apologized. "I thought you were my rabbit's foot."
"Let's go men," Bob directed, picking up the leg of turkey. "We're sinking."

Jim Anton, the great but vain actor, heard him talking. "Sinking? No! I'm too...I'm too...I'm too me to die!" He would have pulled his hair, but his toupe wouldn't come off.

"Don't worry, Jim. Just get on a lifeboat, and you'll be safe."
"What? Ride with these peasants? Me? You gotta be kidding?"
(I guess we must say they all lived, and the name of the boat was mistakenly written down somewhere as the "Titanic" instead of the "Janet." We might also add that they were all bachelors, if it's any consolation to any of our characters.)

IT'S CHEAP

Richard Kopacz and Matt Morris, now going to college, decided to rent an apartment of most inexpensive means. Noticing an ad in the paper, Matt said, "Let's take it-- it's cheap."

"Well, I dunno," replied Richard.
"Come on, it will be great, and it's cheap," retorted Matt.
Finally Richard gave in and they found themselves at the doorway.
"Oh my gosh. What smells in here?" inquired Richard. They began to look around and found the apartment to be a fraud. For a bed the rock hard couch was unfolded. The so-called "Free TV" was broken. Also, the place was freezing cold and the water lines were cracked.

"What a piece of junk, and what smells?" asked Richard.
Matt had no answer but he smelled something like a year's worth of laundry. When dinner came, their next-door neighbors joined them in the common kitchen they shared. The other two people's names were Mark Krause and David Igyarto. The meal went fairly well until Mark began slurping his soup and David began chomping loudly on some fruit. Then Mark tipped over some milk and before you knew it, Matt and Richard left the table.

In the morning Richard went to get some aspirin. As he opened the medicine cabinet, there on the other side was David again.
"Didn't you know we share the same medicine cabinet?"
"Oh, I see-- you use new super Right Guard. I use regular." Richard now slammed the medicine door, causing it to break off. "Matt. Let's blow this fell trap. I've had it!"
Matt just stood there, open-mouthed. "It's cheaper, it's cheaper."
Richard replied, "Well, I don't know about you, but I'm leaving."
Their bags were packed and they left in haste.

A FOILED ATTEMPT

The phone rant at 2am Tuesday morning at the home of Karen Cappello. The anonymous caller yelled "Help!! Help!!" and a shot was heard. Karen was on the case whether or not she knew who, when, why, where or what had happened that morning. She quickly relayed the strange event to the Chief of "Out of Control", Miss Mary VanHoughton herself, who in turn called her

favorite detective Chris Skowron, known as 99½.

They started the case by tracing the call to a house at the address of 6631 Terrace. There lived a kind, nice, sweet, loving 96-year old young lady. Karen gave her the facts, and after eating 19 brownies, she denied knowing anything about it. Her alibi was that she was at a discotheque that night. 99½ asked Donna Doubeck for permission to investigate and look over the house. Donna had no objection so 99½ proceeded. Donna started toward the kitchen to get some more brownies, when she ducked into the bathroom. She took her trusty razor blade with her and returned to her guests. Donna then said sharply, "You know too much, and boy! you're awfully snoopy!" Using her razor blade as a threat, she tied Karen and 99½ to a chair.

Just as Karen was about to witness doomsday, she inquired "What are those purple spots on the Rug?"

"Well, you see," said Donna, "I'm a terrible housekeeper. When I tried to get the blood spots out of the rug using lemon juice, they turned purple."

"Oh," said Karen looking puzzled, "will we have a nice funeral?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"By the way, you know of a good spot remover-- grape jelly! Oh, my mom used it since she was a little girl."

"Really? Well, I'll try some, someday."

"Why not right now? We've got all the time in the world."

So stupidly, Donna went into the kitchen to get some grape jelly. By the time she returned, Karen and 99½ were free. Soon Donna was the one who was tied up. Just then Chief Mary entered upon the scene. "Just in time--- to be late," Karen concluded.

"Oh, Karen, that was a brilliant idea, to pretend that grape jelly was an excellent spot remover," 99½ said.

"Oh, but it is," Karen said modestly, and she bent down to show them it really did work. She plopped on a blob and started rubbing. The spot didn't come out. "Well, it might be orange jelly," she said. "Or maybe cherry, or even raspberry."

THE GARY SENO SHOW

One dark night I clicked on my TV to find to my amazement my old buddy Brian McMahon. He was saying, "Hello, I'm Brian McMahon. Welcome to the Gary Seno Show. Gary's guests tonight are that great comedian John Tobin, that very beautiful actress Cheryl Szymczak and actor Paul Malek. And N-O-W-- Here's Gary!" Gary Seno came running on stage wearing a bright purple tuxedo and started singing a chorus of "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" and finished with a few verses of "Goober Peas." Gary then sat down at a desk with Brian next to him.

Gary exhaustedly said, "And now here is our first guest, Puff Puff John Tobin!"

John wore a patriotic red, white and blue striped suit. He said, "Do you like my suit? I think it's very patriotic. It's so patriotic that when this show is over the hippies are going to beam me, but the national flag association said that if they got here before the hippies, they'd shove me up a flag pole." John made some more funny remarks then he sat down next to Gary.

Gary said, "I'm sorry, John, that we won't have time to talk because our show has been pre-empted by the landing on Saturn. But now for a commercial about Brian and dog foods-- I mean, by Brian about dog food."

In a minute, the camera flashed back to Gary just in time to hear him say, "Here on our very own stage is that beautiful actress Cheryl Szymczak. Cheryl swished on with a gold-pleated, velvet pants suit. Gary continued, "I hear you are in a new off-Broadway play called

'Dandruff.' The play is certainly different from all others. All the actors and actresses in this act fully clothed. The New York Times said that the play is 'a very stupid play.' What do you think, Cheryl?"

"What does he know?" said the actress.

"I'm sorry, we can't talk longer but we have such short time. And now here is that great actor Paul Malek."

Paul came on sporting a bright yellow electrified suit. He sat down next to Cheryl and Gary said, "We only have a minute, Paul. We hear you're making another movie."

"Yes," said Paul swiftly, "it's called 'The Nursing Home.' It has such great stars as Tony Curtis and Richard Burton and myself."

Just then the camera flicked to the first man on Saturn shot.

THE COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Marty Alstadt opened Sears' complaint department at 8:10 am. His day began with the usual tie-up for birthday complaints, but around 11:30 a group of three women walked up to the counter carrying a stuffed alligator. The tall blonde yelled "Marty, Marty Alstadt, my old school peer! Remember me?"

"Yes," yelled Marty excitedly, "you're Maureen Lannon." Marty then looked at the other two women and shouted while pointing to a medium-sized brunette wearing glasses, "and you're Rudy Governile."

Judy Governile shouted "Judy, Marty dear. Judy."

"Oh, yes, sorry Rudy, I mean Judy." Then Marty said looking at a brunette who was a silly millimeter shorter than Judy, "Oh, yes, and you are Jayne Keifer. What are you three doing with yourselves? And what can I do for you?"

"You can take something back that a salesman sold Judy dear. It's an alligator. It's lead and stuffed so there's nothing to worry about, Marty," said Maureen.

"What is wrong with the alligator that you're returning it?"

"Can't you see," said Judy, "that the skin is all rough and green? And look at the mouth-- the thing's sneering at me. How horrible!"

"May I have your receipt? In order to return something you have to have a receipt," said Marty rather loudly.

"Here it is," said Jane, handing Marty a small piece of paper.

Marty glanced at it and then replied, "But it says on this receipt that you bought the alligator at Montgomery Wards."

"That's right, Marty," said Jayne; "but you have such great bargains here we couldn't pass them up. So we came here to return the alligator."

"We also came here," said Maureen, "because Montgomery Wards wouldn't take it back."

"I'm sorry, ladies, but you can't return something here unless you bought it here."

"Can't you even take it back since we're old school friends?" asked Judy.

"No," answered Marty.

At that minute a medium-sized brunette walked up to the counter. Marty then said, "Girls, I would like you to meet my dear wife Amy Solarz Atstadt."

"Remember us, Amy?" spoke up Maureen. "I'm Maureen Lannon and this is Judy Governile and Jayne Keifer. Your husband won't let us return this drab, ugly alligator-- and to think we're old friends."

"Well," yelled Amy, "to think that you haven't seen these girls for twenty years and you won't let them return something when you do see them. What kind of a husband are you?" Amy kept on shouting. Meanwhile Marty's face began turning blue-- he klunked onto the floor fainting.