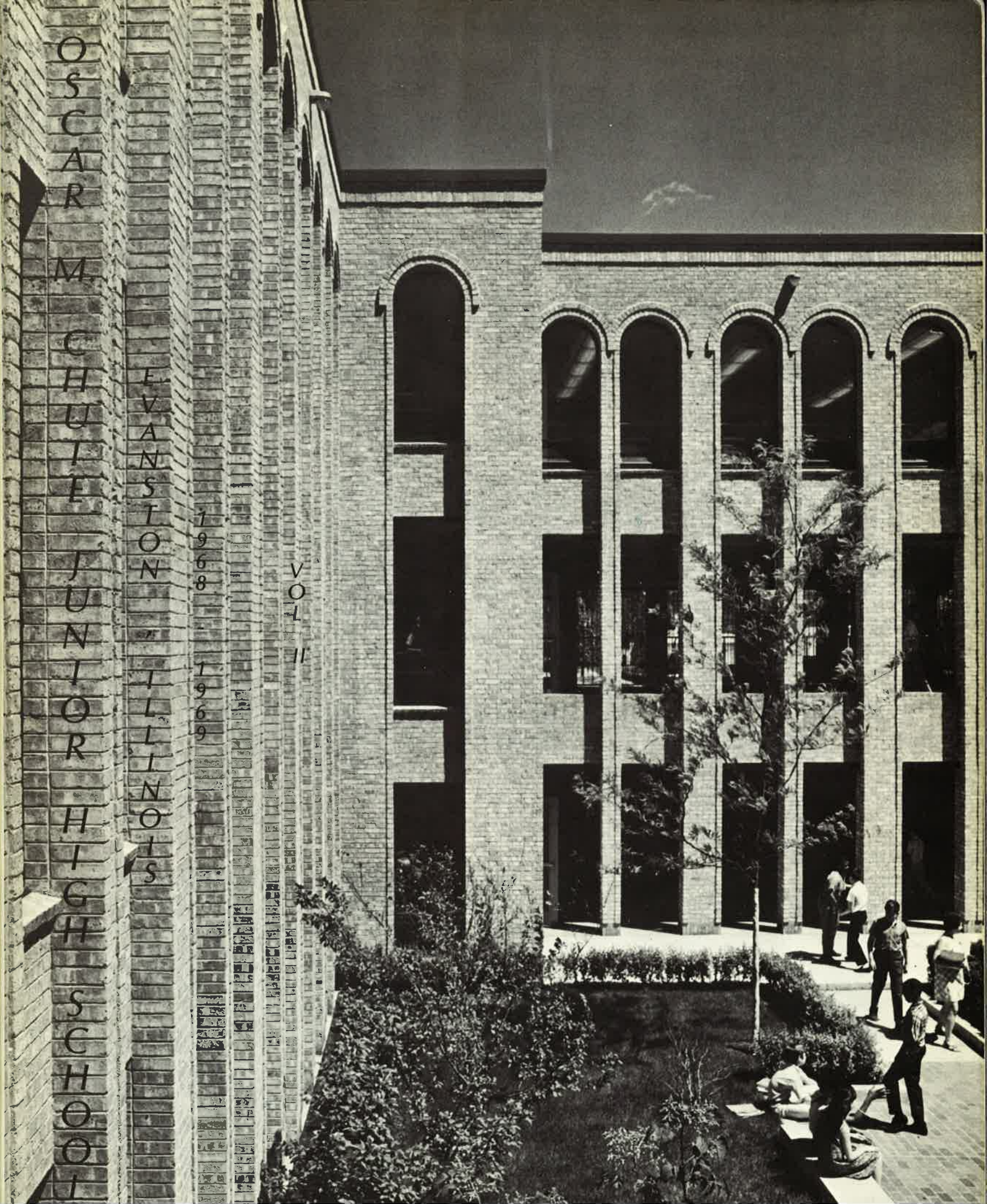


Tom,
 I've really been
 at having you as a
 check this year. I hope
 see you around (where? I don't
 know.) Love, Beth Baker
 P.S. Congratulations on your graduation!
 (in 2 months!)

Dear Mr. Tom (grad beginning)
 I'm glad that you will my
 a teacher for Social Studies. It was
 a nice change from my old teacher
 in the summer. To see you around
 High School. To remember my
 turn to J. D. and in
 Love, Sharon
 P.S. (Good luck with the girls)





Principal - PHILIP H. WYE



Assistant Principal - EDWARD PATE



Liaison Police Officer
Henry White



Guidance Counselor
Gwen Pittard



Social Worker - Gene Schiltz



Superintendent - GREGORY C. COFFIN



Office: Philip Wye, Principal, Jill Coughlin, Secretary to Mr. Wye, Mary Schiltz.



Speech Therapist - Nancy Wurzburg



Nurse - Georgine Le Von

P.T.A.



P.T.A. - SEATED: Carl Jackson, Karl Berolzheimer, Mary Os, Sally



Office: Estelle Wroblewski, Teacher's Secretary.

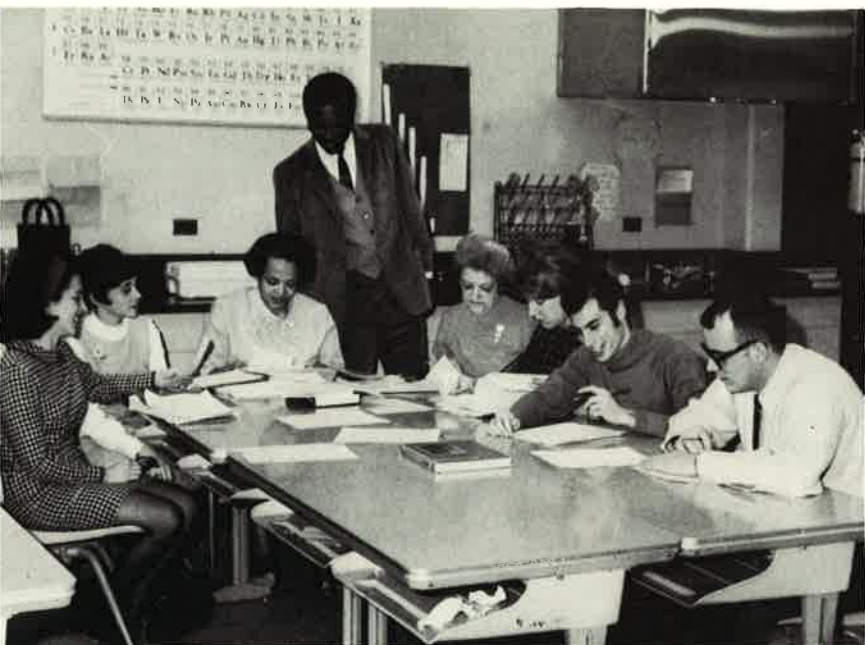


Faculty Meeting



Study Supervisor - Mary Swenson

TEAM SIX



6th grade team - Rosalyn Friedman, Randy Ehrenberg, Gwen Pittard, Alan Ellis, Eleanor Hanson, Susan Cutting, Sheldon Schwartz, Rick Shaffer.

TEAM SEVEN



Team 7: Carol Nelson, Nancy Bakalar, Charles Brown, Judy Lazik, Gwen Pittard, David Hein, Kathleen Hughes, LaVerne Mayes.

T E A M E I G H T



Team 8 - Sharna Lang, Frank Phillips, Luann Glick, Helene Boyer, Eloise Hein, Lorraine Morton, Alma Jenkins, Melinda Kahn, Donald Mast.

CAFETERIA STAFF



Cafeteria Staff: Glendora Sibatka, Helen Rudenko, Violet Sowinski, Thelma Smith,

A S S O C I A T E D A R T S



Associated Arts: Delcome Hollins, Barbara Pantigoso, Joan Artstein, Reynaldo Mena, Barbara Howell, Barbara Kollen, Mary Mumbrue, Kay Thompson, Roberta Stone, Rosalyn Friedman, Ronald Risch, Frank Croston, Lorenz Schelhas, Lynn Fenske, Donald Baker, Raymond Donatell, Ernest Roehrborn, James Saunders.

CUSTODIANS



Custodians: Bill Trapp, George Aumiller, Scott Buchanan, Hoover Bristol.

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Laura Addelson



Kurt Ahlers



Carlton Ammons



George Brazitis



Janice Brostoff



Robert Brown



Ronald Bryant



Jeff Budrys



David Arenberg



Marc Arenberg



Cary Aucunas



Donald Burnes



Linda Buyer



Ron Carey



Alan Champion



Cynthia Chaney



Larry Banks



Bettye Barber



Kathleen Becker



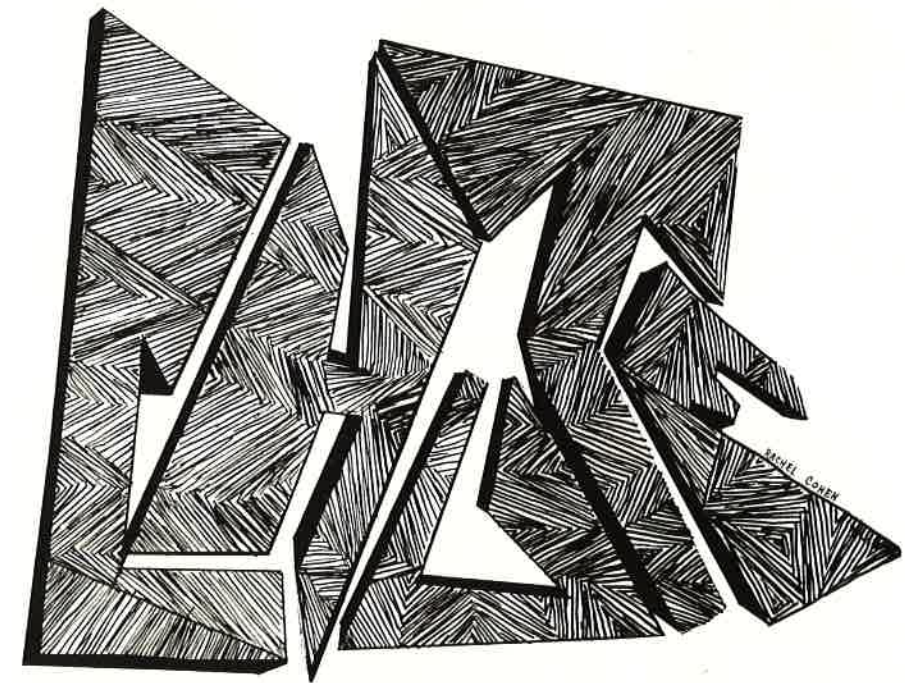
Peggy Belbin



Jeri Bell



Maurice Choice



Steve Cichowicz



Stewart Bell



Ira Berk



Linda Biegert



Gayle Blackwell



David Blum



Nancy Claussen



Ernie Clements





Regina Combs



Danny Comer



Margaret Comer



Jay Conviser



Leanne Cook



Abbie Fink



Carol Fink



Pamela Fleetwood



Tom Flores



Karen Footlik



Nancy Covington



Karen Craig



Larkin Crane



Karen Dahl



Robin Daley



Cynthia Forehand



Brian Franczyk



Rhonda Frifield



Carl Fuller



Lance Fuller



Bryan Davies



Patrick Dessent



Judy Deutsch



Pamela Donaldson



Jack Drog



Sandra Gardner



James Gaughan



Jeri Gibson



William Gleespen



Susan Goldberg



Rosemary Ducato



Denice Eason



Aron Edidin



Brian Factor



Felicia Fantl



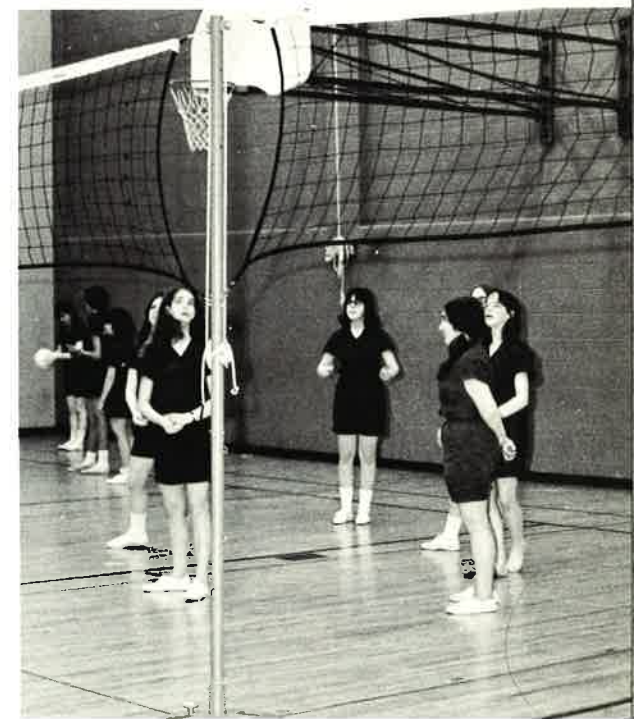
William Goldberg



Sydnee Goldstein



Lori Goodnow





Glen Gyurin



Frances Gzesh



Karen Hacker



Julie Hahn



Debra Halun



Cathy Hyde



Leslie Ingram



Yoko Ishino



Debbie Jackson



Shirley Jackson



Paul Handler



Scott Hansen



Thomas Harmon



Donald Jacobs



Patricia Jefferson



Jean Johnson



Leslie Jones



Robin Jones



Peyton Harrison



Marc Harty



Michael Harwood



William Jones



Andrea Karoff



Paul Karras



Ruth King



David Lamm



Ace Hassen



James Haussener



Mary Henry



Vanessa Hereford



Philip Hilder



Lisa Lawrence



Merna Legel



Sharon Leibovitz



Michael Lensink



Judy Leon





Robert Levy



Carol Lewis



Diane Lewis



Fay Lipschultz



an Lipschultz



Stuart Livingston



Harold Lohman



Daryl Longton



Gay Lubecke



Lubecke



James Lynch



Jeffrey Lyons



Celia Mandelstam



Harold Marshall



Roberta Michelson



Gregory Miller



Judy Miller



Susie Miller



Raymond Mirowski



Paula Mitchell



Gladys Moore



Ira Moore



Danny More



James Murphy



Alfred Murray



Beth Murray



Marty Negrin



Ronald Neistein



John Neville



Gwen Nicholson





Jeff Osser



Jim Otto



Peter Overfield



Sam Owen



Gregory Palmer



Gary Riskin



Susan Ritter



Grace Roberti



Eligah Robinson



Fred Roman



Dorothy Parker



Linda Paul



Fess Pearson



Robin Perry



Carolyn Peters



Marilyn Rose



Ken Rosenbaum



Barry Ross



Susan Rothchild



Janet Rothenberg



Elaine Peterson



Larry Pettigree



Jill Plotky



Bradley Polakow



Rochelle Pompey



David Rubin de Celis



Daniel Rubinoff



Donald Rubinoff



Lauren Rubinson



Mary Ann Rudenko



Tony Prieto



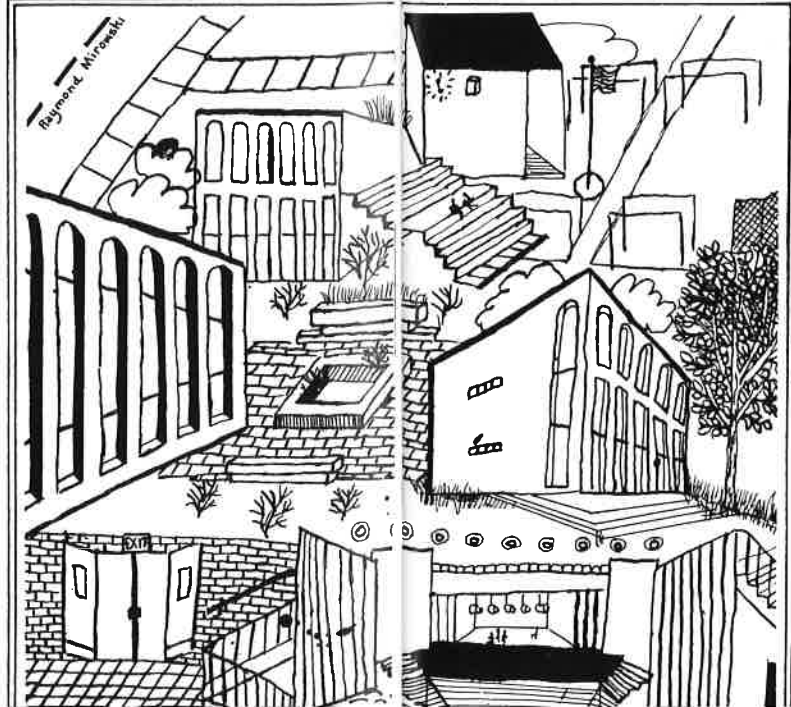
Larry Rè



William Redding



Richard Reid



Geri Rue



Claire Rydell



Linda Saltsberg



Susan Schaffer





Douglas Schuett



Barry Schultz



Janice Schumacher



Jimmie Schwarzbach



Andrew Segal



John Strohmeier



Michelle Stumpf



Lois Sugerman



Lisa Sulski



Barbara Sundblom



Thomas Sexton



Nancy Shender



Robert Shiffman



Joanne Sigel



Marc Sillars



Andrea Sutker



Marla Sutton



Edgar Talistu



David Tanaka



Paul Tanaka



Marcie Simon



Constance Smith



Sheila Smith



Terry Smith



Bradley Smulson



Robert Tannenwald



Jill Tarnow



Craig Teich



Elyn Terry



Andrej Tosic



h Sosewitz



Michael Souza



Jerry Steele



Deangle Tounsel



Kevin Tracz



Roy Tsujimoto



Philip Tugendrajch



Edward Turner





Candice Wall



Weldon Ward



Linda Weinberg



Roger Weinberg



Alan Weissbaum



Stanley Wilk



Jacob Willens



Marla Willens



Michael Willens



Barry Winograd



Charles Winokur



Michael Woitesek



Larry Wolfe



Jeff Wolff



Ronald Zielinski



Maria Zubillaga



Jacki Zuckerman

CAMERA SHY

Midori Chino
 Larry Cobb
 Melinda Dahl
 Michael Goldberg
 Michael Johnson
 Robert Jones
 Lenore McBride
 Debra Perkal
 Jonathan Rothstein
 Rickey Saskill
 Gordon Silbert
 Norman Stewart
 Gary Thomas
 Debbie Weinberg
 Luvinia Woolridge



TEAM SEVEN



Team 7

1ST ROW: Mr. Brown, Donald Myerson, David Frosch, Steven Hoffman, Stephen Laubert. 2ND ROW: George Aronson, Mari Gomez, Jill Newburger, Karla Karres, Sharon Weatherly. STANDING: Jacqueline Valarie, Sharon Glatzer, Lydia Freiberg, Karen King, Jada Rabilille, Beverly Hill, Wesley Kaufman, Cameron Bergendorff, Gary Shaw, Susan Shapiro.

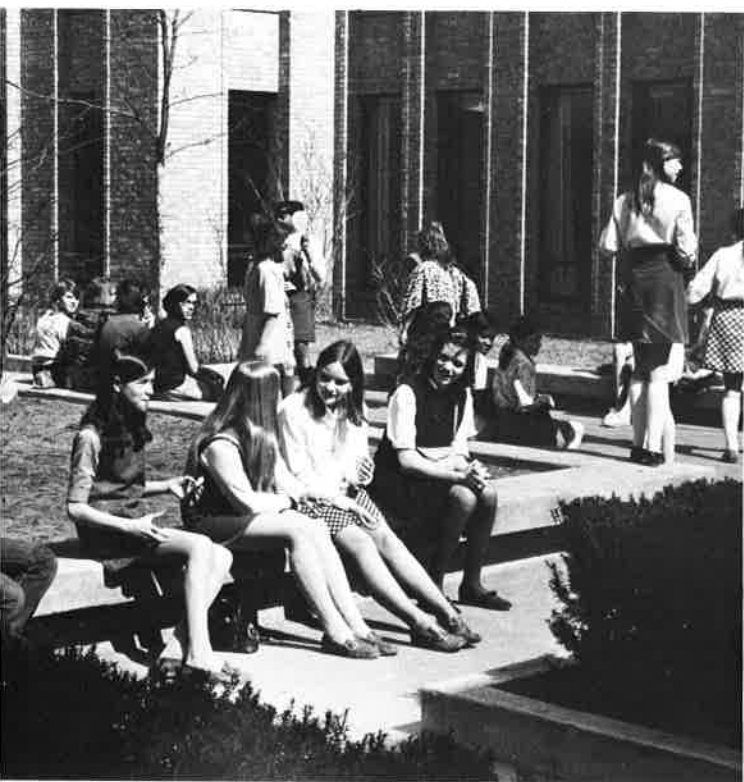
Team 7

ROW 1: Jackie Valrie, Walter Lawson, Birdis Wright. ROW 2: Christopher Williams, Mary Triplett, John Splett, Kim Chandler. ROW 3: Charles Wilk, Kim Wallace, Pam Quillian, Douglas Zabrin, Clarence Duling. ROW 4: Judy Weltsch, Enid Sklan, Mrs. Nelson, Eliza Schwarz, Debbie Wasserman, Steven Roth.





Team 7
 ROW 1: Suzanne Katz, Belinda Braham, Andre Lerman, Steve Deitelbaum, Timothy McCabe. ROW 2: Mr. Brown, Jack Miller, Michael Ross, John Keuth, David Krakowski, Sergio Arriaga, Charles De Graff. STANDING: Eliza Schwarz, Rodney Garmanian, Phillip Fabregat, Beverly Bowie, Gina Pressoir, Esperanza Flores, Marty Goldberg, Diana Morton, Ricki Greenberg, Laura Kipnis, Sheri Levin, Amy Koppenhoefer, Lynda Hopkins, Janis Swafford, Robin Riggins, Michelle Bitoun, Charlene Bear, Susan Derex, Donna Kossy.



Team 7
 ROW 1: Julie Bond, Phil Roycraft, Mike Takata. ROW 2: Refaat El-Mallakh, Dumont Cretton, Fred Andes, Eric Johnson, Gerhard Massat. ROW 3: Linda Homesly, Demi Ganes, Louis Cohen, Bruce Bochner, April Baum. ROW 4: Joanne Huang, Deborah Frosch, Gail Peterson, Bob Blecher.

Team 7
 ROW 1: Jerry Whittaker. ROW 2: Tom Panucci, Howard Levin, Tim Powers. ROW 3: Steve Blum, Bill Buck, Richard Skolly. ROW 4: Lisa Blair, Larry Elisco, Robert Peterson. ROW 5: Danny Rappoport, Donna Rabin, Caryn Zimmerman. STANDING: Sandy Kahn, Josey Nipper, Mrs. Bakalar, Wendy Lundeen, Carl Haussener.





Team 7

ROW 1: Mrs. Hughes, Cynthia James, Karen Monson, Maureen Dodson, Patty Hammer, Judy Kreisberg, Susy Saxman, Zanthia Hicks, Patty Sands, Kim Kurlander, Kathy Gaughan. ROW 2: Jim Schultz, Lee Zuckerman, Mark Liten, Peter Marten, Steve Lewis, Aaron Crane, Byron Schneidman, E. Jeff Kosberg, Daniel Boguse, Jerome Lewin. KNEELING: Gerald Cobbs, Ed Vargas, John Nangle, David Eisler.



Team 7

ROW 1: Janice Peterson, Mary Ann Kelly, Diane Selvey, Annalu Ginsberg, Margaret Mattka, Judy Didier, Semara Lindsey, Adrienne Schwarzbach, Linda Cegielski, Donna Branstrom, Barbara Reid, Terry Burnes, Regina Elam. ROW 2: Harold Dill, Lee Sandlin, Steve Caloger, Howard Prager, Wolfgang Neumeier, Mrs. Lazik. ROW 3: Tim Mast, Dean Naritoku, Jeff Hill, Robert Gutner, Evan Howes, Rick Bruck, Tim Irgang, Mitchell Omori, Cory Krane, Pat Rzepcki.



Team 7

ROW 1 (seated): Ronald Clements, Tim Messet, Richard Sebastian, Masao Ohno. ROW 2 (kneeling): Brenda Aiden, Debra Tilford, Teri Oldeen, Kim Larson, Enid Richmond, Susan Bohm. ROW 3: Rodney Bell, Beth Lange, Sharon Fein, Scott Michelson, Ruth Hurwitz, Sarah Lipman. ROW 4: Mrs. Lazik, Milton Taylor, Amelia Stone, Karen Forslund, Diane Settles, Bonnie Kryzwa, Barbara Sydel. ROW 5: Richard Gilbert, Harvey Lipschultz, William Delaney, Dale Rank, David Minter.



Team 7

LEFT TO RIGHT: Naydes Williams, Karen Witty, Laurie Friedman, Joneida Henry, Janet Weinstein, Martha Valdivieso, Lisa Wells, Leah Seidler, Betsy Sherwin, Gregory Terry, Murray Stein, Mrs. Mayes, Jeff Tobias, Eugene Schiltz, Jason Seiler, James Lipton, Erwin Jackson, Bill Cassato, Rodney White, Larry Tanabe.



LEFT TO RIGHT, STANDING: Michelle Duling, Diana Johnson, Lauren Rothstein, Kathleen Sillars, Josephine Dyess, Mr. Allan Ellis, Pat Smith, Wendy Waters, Gladys Wilson, Virginia Steele, Chris Martin. KNEELING, BACK ROW: Daniel Komaido, Edward Avery, Michael Hartman, Brian McCaslin, Jess Wagner. KNEELING, FRONT ROW: Kim Trelford, Cindy Peters, Paul Baker, John Tidwell, Steve Jambois.

TEAM SIX



Team 7

KNEELING: Christopher Williams, Leslie Kaplan, Samson Flores, Bill Klessen, Stephen Roth, Walter Lawson. STANDING: Carrie Hassen, Pamela Kelley, Scott Mackey, Mr. D. Hein, Marla Goldwater, Myrna Tannenbaum, Barbara Rubin, Georgia Karres, Gail Schwartz, Michael Fuld, Jeffery Sedor, Daniel Lesser, Wesley Rieger, Carla Levine, Laurel Convisor, Rita Podolski, Joshua Kutchin. BACK ROW: Bernadette Elam, David Liebovitz, Brian Dantzig, Robert Woods.



Team 6

ROW 1: Steven Schiltz, Barbara Merar, Odessa McKinley. ROW 2: Andre Wallace, Mark Mundy, Donna Becker, Raymond Monson, Irmgard Grabowsky. ROW 3: Peter Karr, Mrs. Roth, Joe Henry, Mark Fisher, Bruce Stahnke, Rosalind Lamb, Rosalind Cobbs. ROW 4: Keith Gunderson, David Sklan, Robert Schwartz, Markus Pipne, Richard Morris.



Team 6

ROW 1: Alan Berolzheimer, Linda Seidner, Barbara Hatfield, Carla Kaplan, Dwaine Foster, Elyse Schoeneman, Teri Berk, Leah Wenzel, Paula Naiman. ROW 2: Steve Budrys, Glenn Brown, Debbie Lawrence, Steve Fintel, Robert Williams, Paul Olsen, Delphin Perrin, Pauletta Coleman, Christine Lane, Danae Finch, George Washington, Mike Wolff, Donna More, Jahnnetta Towns.



Team 6

ROW 1: Michael Gardner, Derrick Johnson, Brian Simon, Bonnie Beller, Laurie Cohen, Fern Anderson. ROW 2: Bruce Bell, Antony Simpson, George Klessen, Joan Neisten, Lynn Freeman. ROW 3: Ronald Eisenberg, David Gimpel, Robert Mack, Robert Jackson, Denise Pompey. ROW 4: Juanita Barrett, Chiecko Takahash, Sherry Kirchenbaum, Lisa Randall.



Odessa McKinley



Team 6

ROW 1: Kenneth Wallace, Joel Levin, Ibrahim Valdes, David Mackey, Paul Peterson, Hayward Nipper. ROW 2: Kiana Kochin, Wendy Didier, Marsha Wimsberg, Gary Blau, Sharon Patala, Terry Brown, Yolande Perry, Lavinia Pressley, Diane Ichkoff, Joan Lyons, Michiru Yonekum, Theresa Johnson.



Team 6

ROW 1: Tracey Palmer, Ida Washington, Randi Roth, Nicole Stacey, Susan Locander, Judy Shyman, Judy Keating, Scott Gottlieb, Jack Rubenstein. ROW 2: Mr. Schwartz, Mickey Craigen, Phil Teich, Scott Hammack, Paul Meyers, Victor Baum, David Mouri, Laverne Woolridge, David Williams, Sandra Schmitt, Debra Swetish, Scott Robertson.



Team 6

ROW 1: Glenn Reskin, Mary Davis, Shirley Lane. ROW 2: Michael Shumsky, Debra Kreutter, Vicki Anderson, Bill Ghiselli, Gail Rosenchien, Mrs. Ehrenberg, Pam Miller, Steve Craig, Stan Jackson, Janice Fivelson, David Bryant, David Auerbach, Gina Sulski, Eugene Hill, Louis Berger, Henry Revis.



Team 6

ROW 1: Nancy Lee, Carol Piotrowicz, Marcy Paul, Pearl Tsao, Virginia Steele, Susan Skolly, Donna Buyer, Laura Dranoff, Linda Brownell, Cindy Griffin. ROW 2: Dale Gordon, Pat Smith, Alan Tardy, Humberto Vargas, Dwaine Montgomery, Mike Marks, John Girard, Scott Walker, Richard Dean, Curt Levine, Rhonda Saunders, Molly Luey, Wanda Cox, Debby McBride, Toni Harrison, Chris Martin.



Team 6

ROW 1: Lisa Takaroff, Debbie Weiner, Debbie Adams, Debbie Shuster, Kathy Sillars, Dan Komai. ROW 2: Danielle Wilhelm, Lauren Sneed, Eileen Daley, Janet Schroeder, Olga Sanders, Kathy Agnew, Sandy Davis, Kathy Jones, Dewarda Woods. ROW 3: Mark Lewis, Ronald Rothschild, Tom Trauscht, Hayden Brammer, Stanley Komendowsky, James Collins, Ed Avery, John Goodman, Doug Montgomery, Lee Brannstrom, Robert Stone.

6, 7, 8 TEAMS



Team 6
ROW 1: Shawn Riskin, Jean Peterson, Gina Andrews, Betty McGee, David Lessard, Eva Bonya, Cindy Redding, Jonnie Conway, Donna Wilson, Carlos McCain.
ROW 2: Diane Sundblom, Midori Ishino, Abigale Owens, Cheryl Pompey, Raymond Simms, Robin Blackwell, Jill Noosbond, Chris Belbin, Barry Frank, Douglas Goodwin, Marty Glass, Doug Keith.



6, 7, 8th Teams
LEFT TO RIGHT SITTING: Joyce Widermyre, Easter Cobbs, Gregg Miller, Granville Murphy, Harry Schwartz, Richard Dean, Fred Roman. STANDING: Cindy Griffin, Lisa Oppenheimer, Phillip Jefferson, Miss Artstein, Jimmy Latta, Velma Wilson, Pamela DeVold.



Team 6

TABLE 1: Eugene Lyons, Bobby Hill, David Vogt, Willie Seals. TABLE 2: Jacqueline Karnatowski, Sue Goldberg, Lulie Leidig, Gale Stein. TABLE 3: Leatrice Daniels, Maxine Brown, Francis Pincus, Yorlanda Brinson, Cynthia Higdon, Roslyn Williams. TABLE 4: STANDING: Laila Tarazi, David Schreiber. SEATED: Ruth Grentz, Mark Dudovitz, Kenneth Goldberg, Adam Leber, Michael Halun, Larry Ziniel, Terri Smutzer.



By Paul Baker

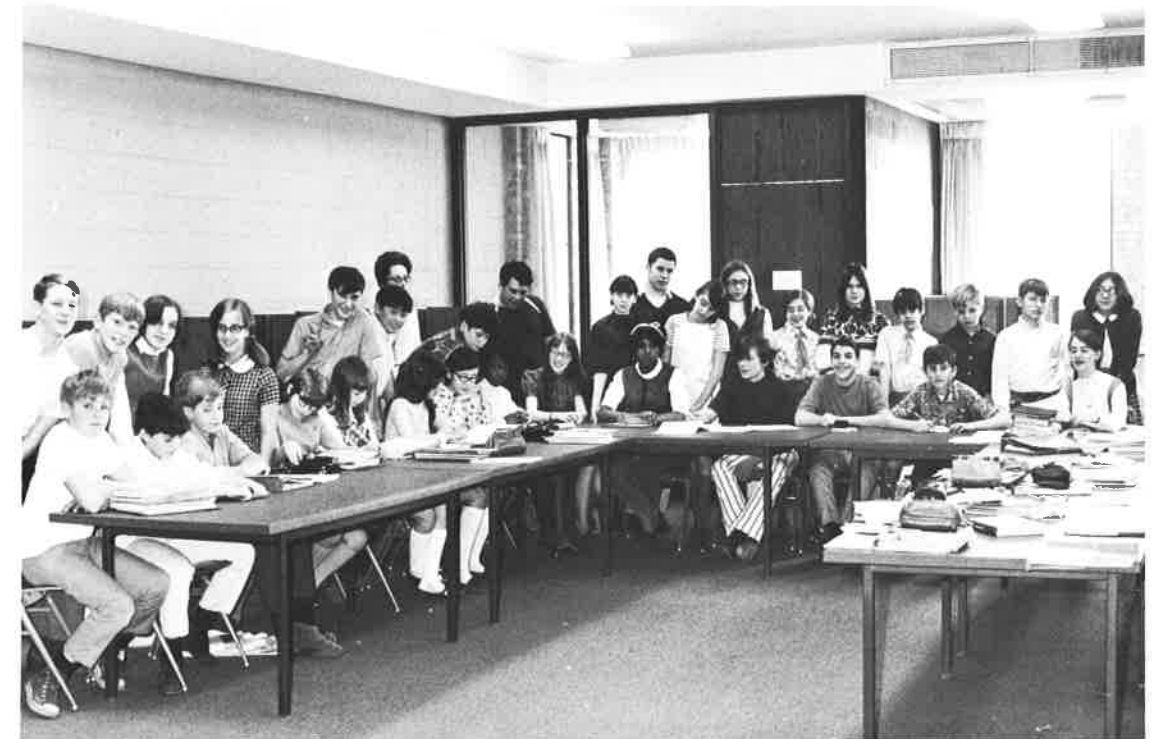




Team 6

ROW 1: Kim Trelford, Cindy Peters, Paul Baker, John Tidwell, Steve Jambois, Pat Smith, Wendy Waters, Gladys Wilson, Virginia Steele, Chris Martin. ROW 2: Daniel Komaido, Ed Avery, Mike Hartman, Brian McCaslin, Jeff Wagner. ROW 3: Michelle Duling, Diana Johnson, Lauren Rothstein, Kathy Sillars, Josephine Dyess, Mr. Ellis.

ACTIVITIES



Student Council

At the beginning of the school year, one representative is selected from each attendance section. Four officers are elected by the entire student body. Together, the officers and representatives work to voice student concerns and provide programs and special events for the school.

STUDENT COUNCIL

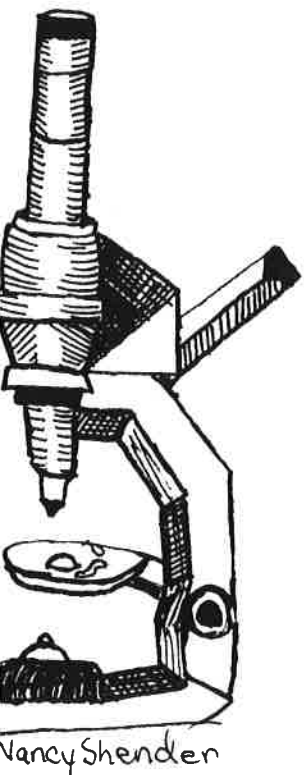
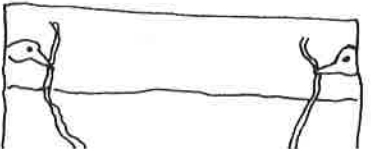
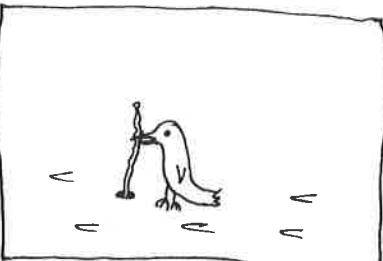
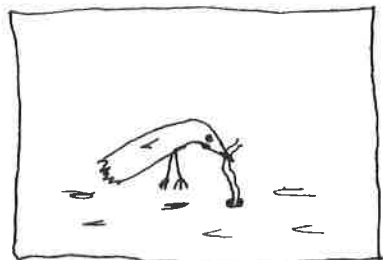
Stage Crew

The behind-the-scenes expertise of the stage crew contributes to the success of school assemblies. Responsibility for lighting, sound effects, and props is energetically undertaken by these youngsters.

STAGE CREW



Queer Birds



Nancy Shender

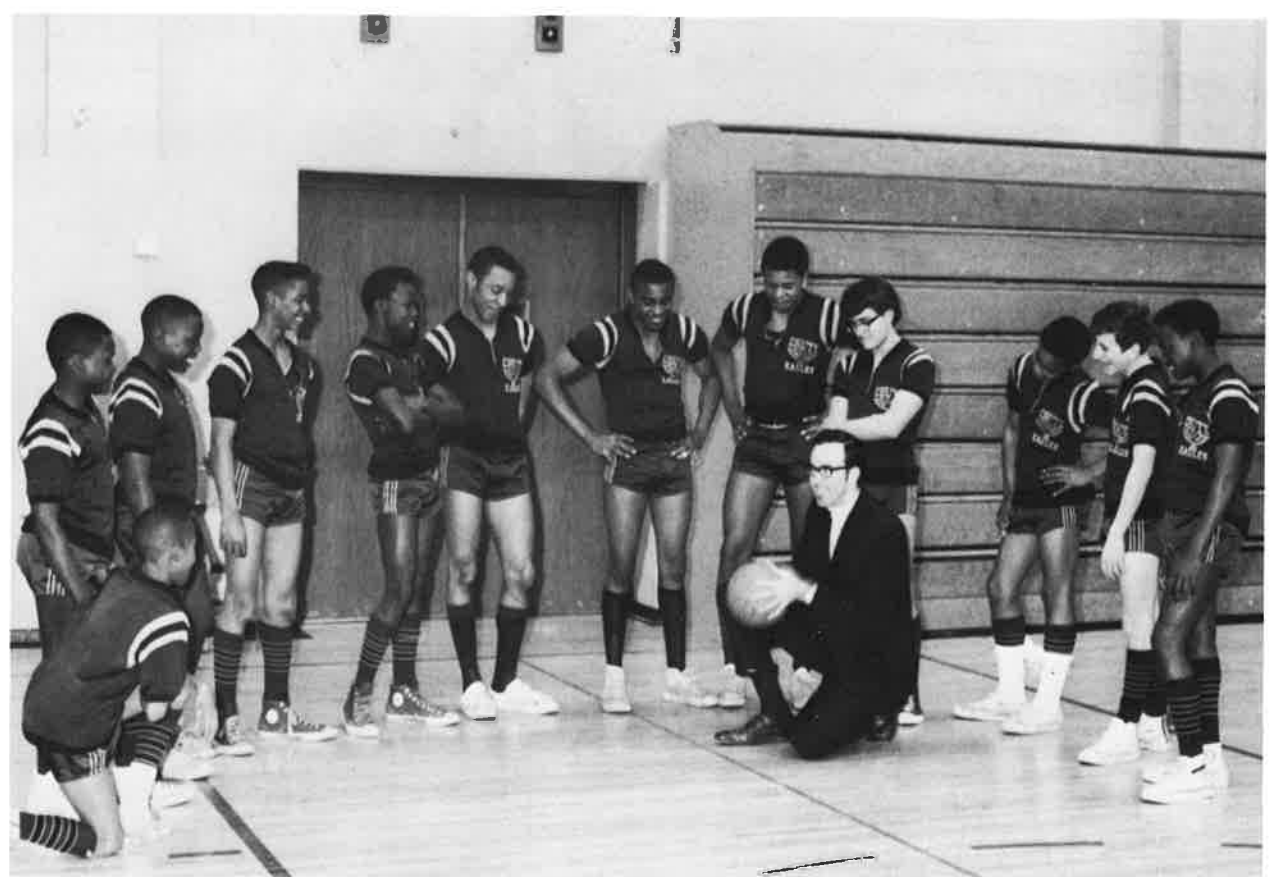




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The 7th grade basketball team showed great improvement toward the end of the year, producing a winning season. This improvement next year should put them in contention for the 8th grade championship.



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Our Chute eighth grade basketball team this year was a very talented group. They tied for the championship in league play. We all are anticipating seeing them play when they continue in high school.

EIGHTH GRADE

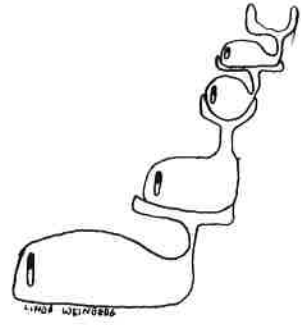
TRACK TEAM

Success is ours! 7th and 8th grade girls gymnastics teams were District 65 champions.



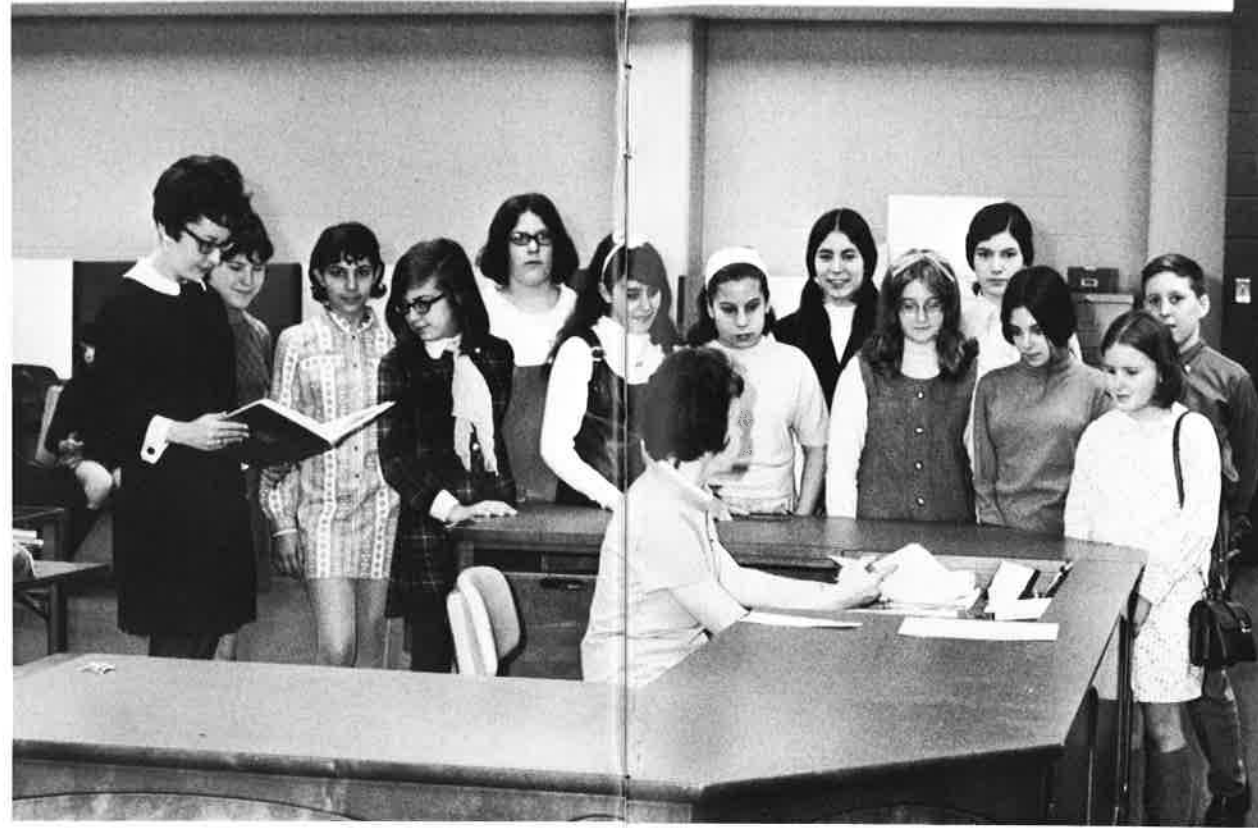
Hard work during many early morning practice sessions allowed the 8th grade boys to win the District 65 gymnastics championship and the 7th grade boys to place second.





SAFETY PATROL

LIBRARY



AIDES



*INDUSTRIAL ARTS
EXCHANGE*



For the first time in the history of Chute Junior High School, the boys have put on aprons, and the girls have learned to hammer and saw. This year, a select group of students has been involved in an exchange with regard to the Industrial Arts and Home Economics classes.

SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADE CROSS COUNTRY TEAMS



The Evanston seventh graders are cross country champions. These boys showed that they had the dedication, enthusiasm, and courage to punish themselves beyond normal expectations to obtain the physical condition needed to become outstanding distance runners.



The eighth grade cross country team did not reach their fullest potential. However, each individual that participated and worked hard during the season will retain endurance and strength that will aid him in future endeavors.

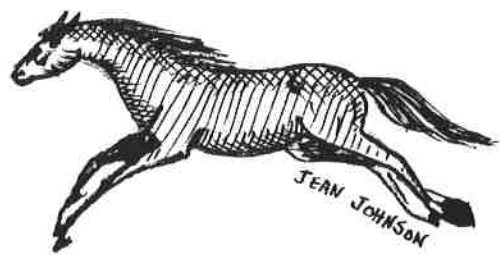
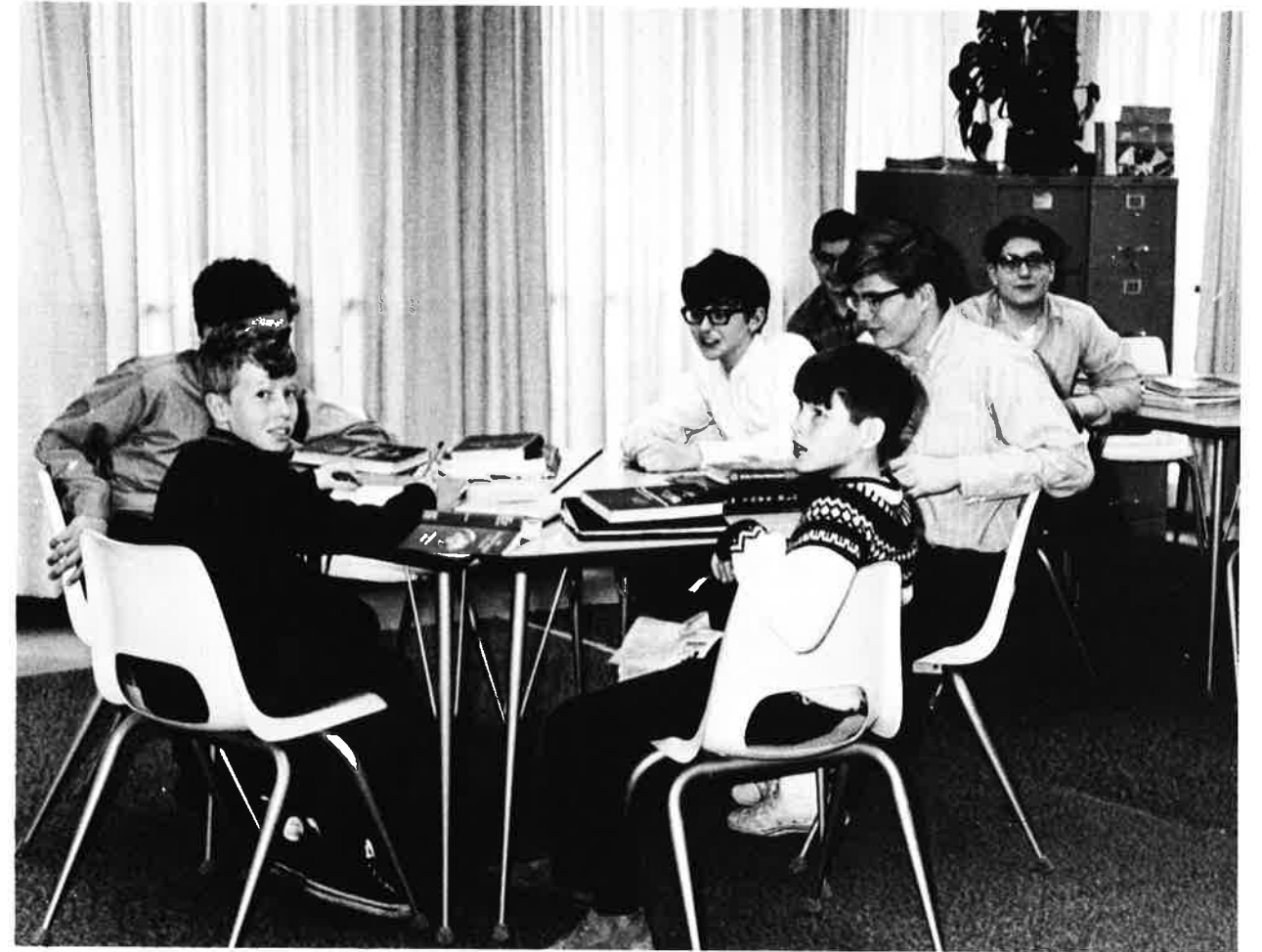
EIGHTH GRADE TRACK TEAM



Track with its variety of events appeals to many students at this age. Although natural ability is important, success is primarily the result of dedication, self-discipline and physical conditioning. This year's eighth grade track team will be favored to repeat their seventh grade championship performance.



CHUTE CANDIDS





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The Cadet Band presents two annual school concerts, the Winter Concert and the Spring Band Show. During the second semester, the band tours feeder schools. Enjoyment is stressed in band through learning ensemble skills by playing literature of interest to junior high students.

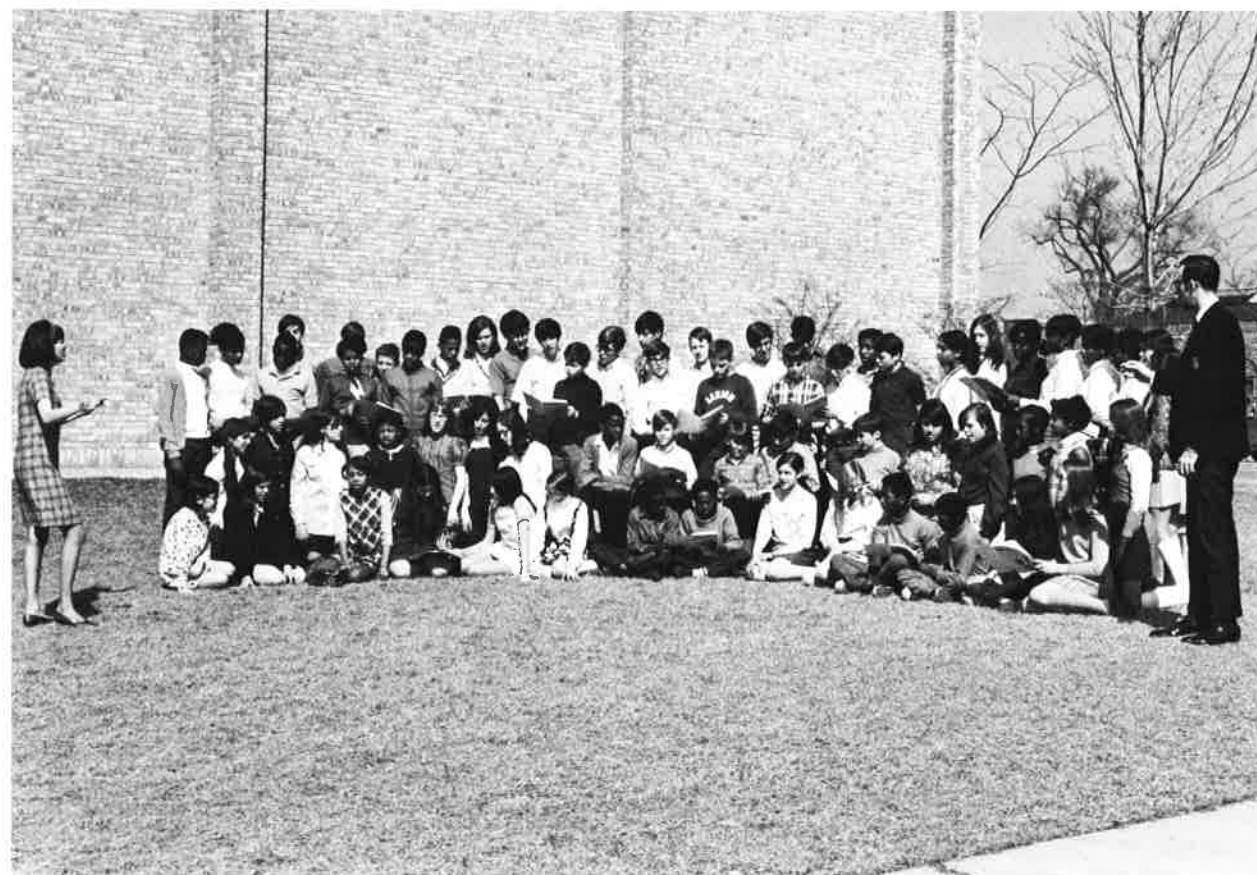


STAGE BAND

The Stage Band performs at major school assemblies as well as community functions. Membership is based upon playing ability and the selection of the director, Mr. Barrett. One of the purposes of stage band is to give basic instruction to players who may become members of the E. T. H. S. Stage Band.

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Select Choir is composed of sixth, seventh, and eighth grade students who were selected for membership through auditions. A variety of music is stressed.



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Orchestra is a performing group open to all students who have had a minimum of one year of instruction in an orchestral instrument. Classical and semi-classical music is studied.

THE EAGLE

Eyes sharp as a nail
Wings that never fail
Pointed beak and pointed claws
Fly so fast without a pause.

Perches up so very high
He looks like a black dot in the sky.

Oh! The Eagle!
With rushing wings
Alas! For he shall never sing.

Fran Pincus
Team 6



Listen . . .
To the patter
Of rain, falling on roofs
Like drums tapping a rhythm, then
A leak.

Bruce Bochner
Team 7

People,
Conformists all,
Fads, fashion, vogue and,
Security in their sameness,
Fearful.

David Eisler
Team 7



Progress

Development, growth

Flowering, blossoming, ripening

Advancement to something new

Maturation.

Bobby Blecher
Team 7

MY GRANDMOTHER

My grandmother is an elderly woman with wavy black hair, a twinkle in her eyes like an excited teenager, and delicate wrinkles framing her weary face. Her sense of humor is quick and witty, and her warmth has not been tarnished by age.

Carla Levine
Team 7

Drivers
Very careless
Driving into busses
Driving off cliffs and into walls
Clumsy.

Aaron Crane
Team 7

Chasing . . .
Through foggy streets
Running like the lightning
Nearing the exhausted hoodlum
Captured!

Michael Takada
Team 7

BOOKS OF NIGHTMARE, BOOKS OF GLOOM

Four, five, six, seven days since he had borrowed the book. Which book was it? He had forgotten which book, but he knew which type of book. Negative utopias, gospels of pessimism, call them what you may. To him they were demons.

As he shuffled absently toward the living room library, he remembered how it had begun. Who would have thought that one borrowed book would lead to such a grim, almost hypnotic fascination? But none of that mattered to him now. For the moment, his sole purpose in life was to finish 1984.

He entered the room slowly. Around him were: 1984, ANIMAL FARM, BRAVE NEW WORLD; all the famous ones, plus hundreds of lesser works. Suddenly he remembered a couplet:

Books of nightmare, books of gloom
All around my living room.

He had made it up himself to keep his mind off the library, but soon it turned on him and only served to increase his longings.

He took the book off the shelf, knowing that to resist would only make the desire worse. Not like a hungry Jew with pork placed before him, he reflected, but rather like a thirsty man with nothing to drink but salt water. Any drink would only make him thirstier, but not to drink was impossible.



Time

Ever-lasting, fourth dimension

Ticking, passing, aging

Gone but ever present

Frustrating.

The 7-10's
Team 7

Was there any way out, he asked himself? Yes, there was. He had rejected it before, but now returned to it in desperation. If only he had the courage to act . . .

That night a burglar broke into his house. He was met by the strange sight of a body slumped on the floor, with four empty bottles of sleeping pills around him.

Adam Stephanides
Team 7

Meadow

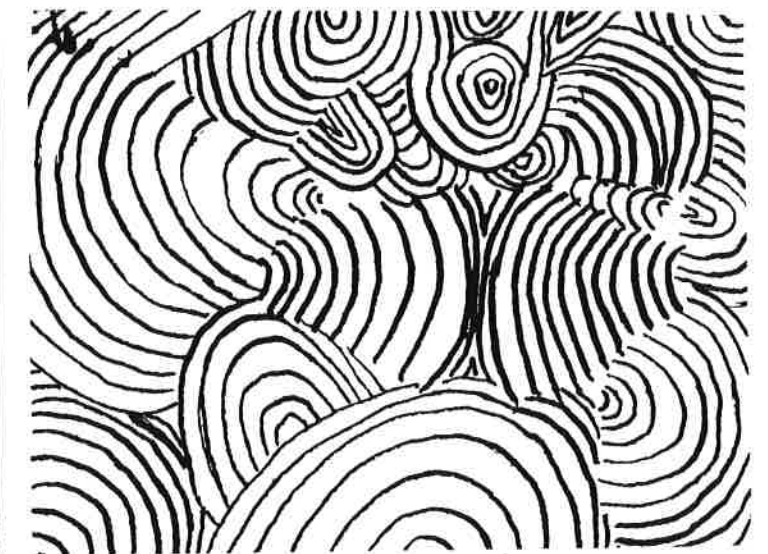
Flat, grassy

Swaying, bending, blowing

Small streams quickly flowing

Peace.

Robin Shattan
Team 7



REMINISCENCE OF A WHALER

It wasn't the first time I'd been out. Not my last either, I hoped. Hope. Bah! It's another name for deceit. But often I find that it's my only weapon against despair. Believe me when I say despair, because it's not just despair, it's the oblivion of the "horse latitudes", it's the reality of death during a gale, it's the suppression of a tyrannic captain, and most of all, it's the terror of a raging whale charging at you. But there's no time for despair then. Sometimes I look back and ask, why? And of course there is the same old reason. The same motive for almost everyone in this boat. It is the only way of life. My father before me was a whaler and his father before him, I suppose. I wonder, though, where did it all begin? It comes to me now; to think I'd almost forgotten.

I had become a cabin boy at the age of ten, give or take a few years. Five years later, I had completed two sailing trips, one aboard a double mast and the other on a triple mast. I was no longer a plebian, for now I was a harpooner. It comes to me now, the feeling of that moment. As I recollect, a fatalistic mood pervaded the atmosphere, and after eight months of anticipation, we were ready for anything. Suddenly, a loud shout came from above: "Thar she blows, starboard side!" Each of the words were long and distinct. In an instant the boats were loaded and set into the ocean. The misty air now slapped our faces. As usual, the head boatman's voice filled our ears, now cursing at us, then praising, pleading, singing to put our backs to it and get the cursed whale!

It had gone down below again. These are the most terrifying moments a harpooner faces. The whale waits below, usually for fifteen minutes, but where will it come up? Under you? In front or from behind? Suddenly, there came from the depths a massive bulk of darkness. The harpooners headed towards the monster. As the blood spurted from the beast, we knew it would be our prize or our doom. Down came the immense tail that brought choking, foaming sea water into our lungs, noses, and eyes. The whale would now give the fight of its life, and so would we.

Our two lives were in balance. Our knowledge against its instinct, its fear and its strength. All it had to do now was to submerge and backtrack under us. We all knew that! But somehow the whale's instinct led it away from us and towards the open sea. The once deep green sea was now maroon. What was once life for the whale, had now seemed to betray it in its last hour of need. The fight had ended and we were the victors. The spoils of war were ours!

Our vessel trailed back to us. We were loaded aboard and by the grace of God were safe again. The whale was intact and on the starboard. We now had the long and arduous process of skinning the blubber. It would then be boiled in a kettle down to oil. Though the stench was strong, the memory remains sweet in my mind.

Then a loud shout came from above, "Thar she blows!" And like a sixth sense the boats were all boarded.

Mike Sousa,
Team 8

Make-up

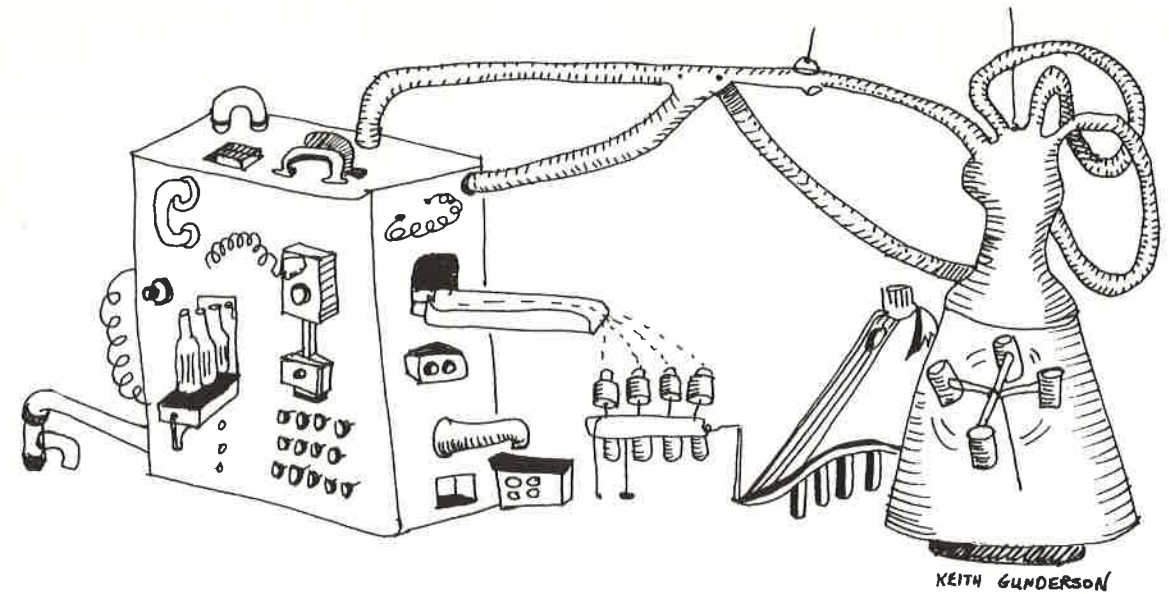
Funny mask

Hiding, deceiving, beautifying

Fun to put on

Camouflage.

Pam Quillian
Team 7



UP AND UP

Mr. Up was his name. He had only one ambition to fulfill. This goal was to create a soft drink with a completely new and exciting taste. His first try at this was simple enough. After studying many methods of making soft drinks, he realized all soft drinks had sparkling water and other types of flavoring added. "Why," he thought, "do people have many ingredients in their drinks?" Why is not just one ingredient enough? He put his theory to work by using just sparkling water as a drink. His first attempt was entitled "One-Up." After testing it on several of his friends, he decided it needed something else. After studying soft drinks for two more years, he knew what "One-Up" had lacked. He added this ingredient (which is secret, so I can't relay it to you), and this, too, was not successful. Since it was a failure, he decided to simply call it "Number Two," so his name would not be connected with another failure.

For five more years Mr. Up studied and tried again only to fail. At this point his "mixtures" totalled five. For another year he studied soft drinks in every possible way, and once again he attempted to make an irresistible drink. After mixing, stirring, testing, and adding more, he dared to taste it. He did, and it was AWFUL! "Number Six" was a failure! Well that was it. If an irresistible drink had to be made, someone else would have to make it.

Mr. Up was not a young man and died later that year, leaving everything he owned to his son, Tom. Tom had respected his father greatly and wanted to carry on his father's work. He studied his father's notes, night and day for a week and decided the least thing he could do was try.

For two years Tom Up studied soft drinks all over the world. Now it was his turn to try to make the irresistible soft drink. After mixing the "potion," he tasted it. It was drab. He, too, called his first attempt, and failure, "Number One". After 5 years he had had five mixtures that had all failed. Again for a year he studied, but this time he used his father's notes as a guide. He used some of the ingredients from each of his father's mixtures. After he made it and tasted it, he entitled the concoction "Number Six". It, too, was unsuccessful. But Tom thought, "I will not stop at six as my father did, but try once again."

For another year he studied every possible type of soft drink. One afternoon after a complete day of studying, Tom Up began to prepare drink "Number Seven". After working on it for two hours, he thought it was done. The time came to taste it. As he did, his eyes lit up and a look of complete satisfaction had come over his face, HE HAD DONE IT! HE HAD MADE AN IRRESISTIBLE SOFT DRINK! Traditionally, he named it "Number Seven". "But," he thought, "my dear father and I deserve some credit for the drink. After all, we both spent the prime of our lives working on it." So Tom added his name to number seven and the irresistible soft drink came to be known as "Seven-Up"!

Janice Brostoff
Team 8

Quietly... the sun comes
 Floating gently
 Into heaven.
 Creatures stir...
 It is time!
 Time to awaken
 Awake and go about
 Our business
 Gad about
 Until sunset
 At which time
 You will go
 Leave and depart
 To bed
 Where you will stay.
 Keep the night
 Until tomorrow
 At which time
 You will awaken
 Again
 For
 Another day
 And its business

Julie Hahn
 Team 8

Walking
 as a woman in
 darkness looking for light
 trying to overcome the strange de-
 lights

Slowly
 she stands to learn
 the man she has to earn
 if men and women will ever
 learn to love

Happy
 as the ones above
 and below, striving for freedom in
 many ways
 working hard through the passing days

Sudden changes disappear and appear
 and fill her with lots of fear

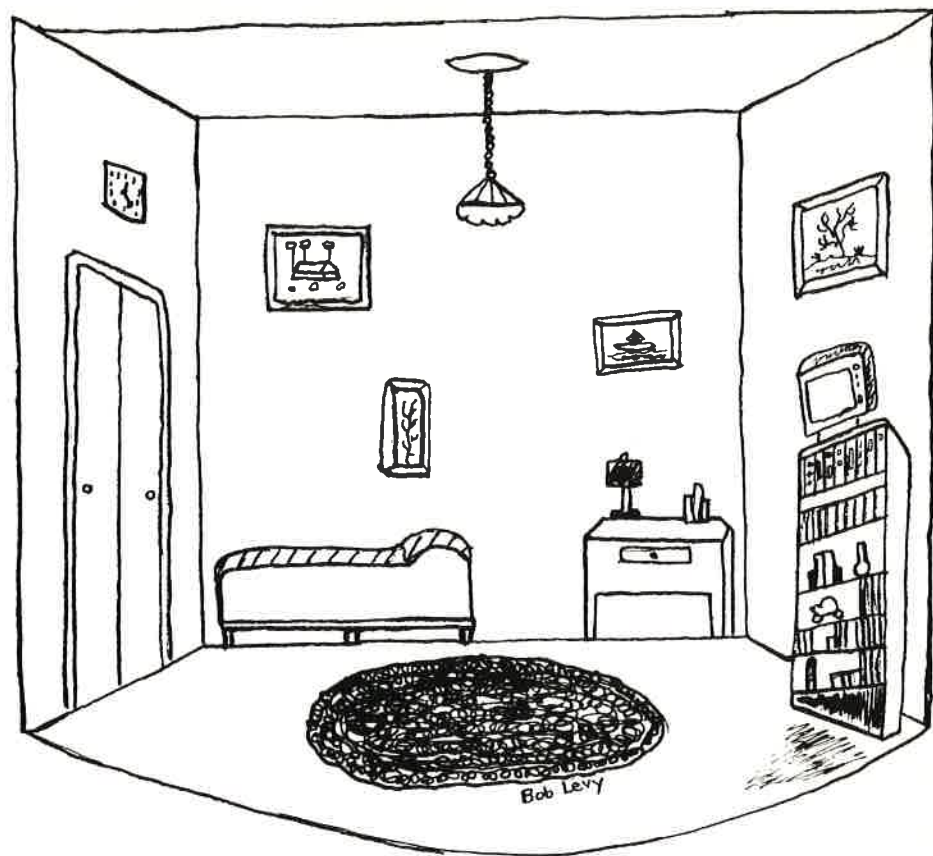
Sorrow
 for a man of mind
 the gentle and loving kind
 so what else can he be
 but black like me.

Georgetta Martin
 Team 8



Breakfast time!
 On the spruce table are eggs,
 The masterpiece of breakfast nutri-
 ents.
 They are done to ultimate perfection,
 Gently mingled fallow gold with
 prism-frosted white.
 They are pleasingly delightful
 To the palate.
 So healthy and slenderizing.
 Wouldn't you, too, crave this deli-
 cacy?

Rita Podolsky
 Team 7



THE ROOM

Feeling old and a trifle sad, he shut out the memories by changing the entire alcove. The cluttered wooden bookcase filled with toys in past days, now contained religious and scholarly books. He remembered the Donald Ducks, Mickey Mouses and other recollections from the sweet past. High school textbooks now sat on the glass-topped desk. Before, the rug had been ruined; now a fluffy maroon replacement filled the emptiness of the bare floor. The solid white walls and ceiling looked oppressive. How he wished everything could be like it was before. All he'd have to do would be to turn back the clock...

Barbara Rubin
 Team 7

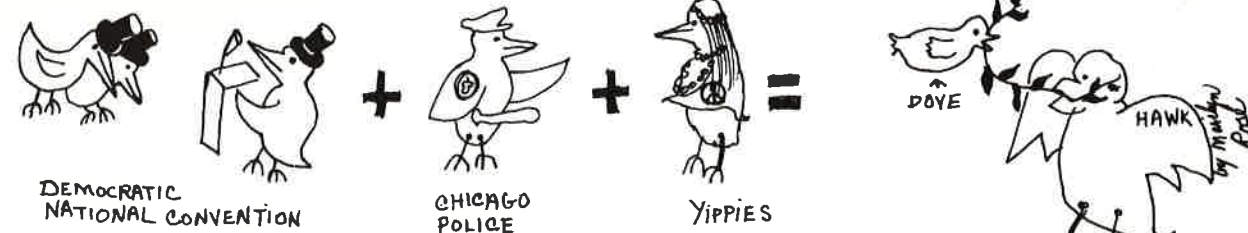
THE OLD WOMAN

Her hair is snow white, almost
 like floss
 Her old heart has suffered so many
 a loss
 Her eyes slightly sparkle, their
 bright lights have dimmed
 She sits and remembers, her eyes
 are tear-rimmed.

Her shape still is trickling like
 sands almost gone
 Her small body's frail, her old
 face is drawn
 Her skin is so soft, yet wrinkled
 and pale
 She still meets the mailman, but
 now there's no mail.

Her life is now empty, so hollow
 and dark
 Loneliness has left many a mark
 No one to love, nor to be loved by
 Nothing to live for, yet not
 wanting to die.

Marilyn Rose
 Team 8



SIMPLICITY

Man is never satisfied with simplicity.
 He is always looking for more and
 better things.
 If he has one pencil,
 He wants two pens.
 Why does man enjoy complexity over
 simplicity?
 With complexity man is in a
 rush.
 With simplicity he may move
 about slowly and peacefully.
 He may enjoy things for what they are,
 Not what he wants them to be.
 With complexity time is a fast train,
 rushing ahead without a pause.
 Simplicity is where time is a river.

Robert Tannenwald
 Team 8



THE OTHER SIDE

As she waddled down to the rivershore, she raised her head and sniffed the air. No unusual smell was in the air today. She reached the rivershore and hesitated. Then she put her paw in and tested the water. So far so good. The water almost warm enough. She had to make her decision. Should she cross the river? She had tried frantically many times before. She thought of what was on the other side. Then, without the slightest warning, she jumped in.

The river currents were strong, the water didn't seem as warm now. She pushed and pushed, but no matter how hard she struggled, the water just pushed back. She swam back to the shore and shook herself. She was wet and angry, but she was determined. She walked upstream. In the middle of the stream she saw a rock. She jumped in. This part of the river wasn't as strong. She struggled with all of her might and soon reached the rock. She pulled her wet body up. When she was on top the rock, she sniffed the air around her. There was a definite smell of danger. She looked at the shore she was determined to reach. She sniffed again. The smell was a human smell. She had to make her decision. Should she jump in and struggle on, paying no attention to the danger? Or should she go back to the other shore and shield herself from the danger? But the decision was made for her. A shot rang out.

Days later her body washed ashore. It was the shore she wanted to reach - alive. Man had destroyed her.

Karen Dahl
 Team 8

THE MEAL

It was winter when I spied him
(I had not a bite to eat.)

He was sitting on a tree branch
Looking like a scrumptious treat.

With beak made of banana,
And body of whipped cream,
And chocolate sauce to top it off
(It must have been a dream!)

I planned to make a meal of him
That barren winter day,
But before I'd even found a spoon
My meal had flown away.

Julie Leidig
Team 6



Greg Terry

Buses

Large, agile

Swift, stream-lined, silent

Movers of the nation

Dynamic.

Richard Skolly
Team 7

Oh my back, it aches, my eyes
grow weary
But still I go on with
greater fury.

When I think of all the
wrong that's been done
I know my mission has
just begun.

I alone must stop the
hatred that shatters and kills
the minds of men in this whole
world.

I've not much time, for soon
I shall die

Hoping that others will take
my place,

I try to stop all this
killing and hate.

Candi Wall
Team 8

Buffaloes stampede
Like violence in the streets

Steve Fintel
Team 6



MONDAY

It was Monday. I found myself lying in bed listening to the shiny silver alarm clock blasting its pleasant tunes into my ear. My arm swung slowly and painfully around and slammed down upon the loathsome noise. I screamed as a huge throbbing pain shot through my arm. The clock spun across the room and hit the pale wall. I dragged myself out of bed and picked up my alarm clock, which was slowly sinking into masses of scribbled-upon papers beside the wall. I had been lucky. The papers had cushioned the fall of the alarm clock.

I got dressed and stumbled out into the kitchen. I poured some cereal into a bowl and then poured some milk on the floor. I wiped it up, ate, and began to read the paper. Suddenly, I felt a strange sickening feeling as I glanced uneasily at the clock. With mounting panic I realized it was seven o'clock.

I put on my coat and hat and stepped out into the freezingly cold world. I fell down the stairs and hit an area of cold hard ice. It wasn't hard enough, though, and I fell through. I was engulfed in the freezing water. I glanced at my waterproof, dustproof, shockproof, Swiss-made watch. It had stopped.

As I lay at the bottom of the freezing pool and reflected on the chances of my drowning, I realized something; Monday had just begun!

Lee Sandlin
Team 7



GOOD FRIENDS

Two friends are one
Whether together or apart
They are close
Wherever they are
And always thoughtful
Not mean or cross
That's what I call good friends.

Bobby Woods
Team 6

A THOUGHT ON DEFEAT

I know it is a shock to hear when you
Have tried your best--
To hear that you've been beaten out,
To hear you've failed the test.
For you have given all you've got
To top that mountain high--
Now see your efforts wasted
See that chance pass you by.

Donald Jacobs
Team 8

FUTURE

When present is past
And past is no more;
When what we adored
Is long since gone
From our minds,
Then it is Future.

And no more the surroundings
Where our eyes once gazed,
When all things that were
Are no longer here,
Then it is Future.

Linda Weinberg
Team 8

MY FAVORITE LEADER

My favorite leader is Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Even though he has died, his dreams still linger. He spoke of reaching the top of the mountain and had he not died, this impossible dream might have been possible.

I think our generation should carry out his plans so that the generation which follows us lives in a peaceful world, a world where black and white children live in the same neighborhoods, go to the same schools, and give no regard to color, race or creed.

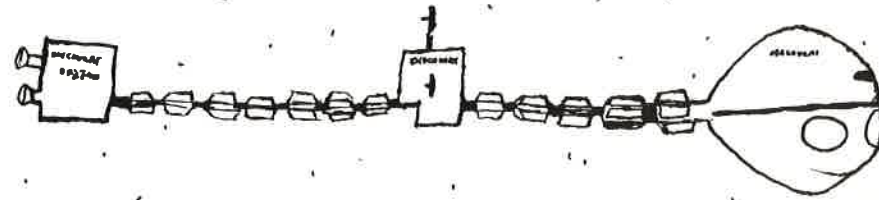
Martin Luther King was important to today's youth. He made them aware of how many black people suffered because of color. He made them aware of how many oppressed black and white people there were. He made more Americans aware of the fact that all people are equal, that they are brothers and should live peacefully.

The hope to reach his goal still remains in the hearts of many, for he fought for the innocent children of all races.

Laura Dranoff
Team 6

Police
Guns, badges
Burglaries, killings, accidents
Help! Robbery! Come fast!
Fuzz.

Roy McGruder
Team 7



Raymond Hansen

BEST OF LUCK

I seemed to be lost. I told myself to look for a person. There aren't many people in this area, so I was mostly out of luck. Then I spied a boy; my only hope! I came up to him and no sooner did I get there, then he turned away. I started to call him back, but he ran like I was some sort of kidnapper. I yelled for him to come back, but when he kept on running like a deaf-mute, I ran after him. I caught up to him, and he struggled, yelling and kicking to get away. He got away this time, running like the wind.

It seemed almost hopeless. I sat down breathless and tired, thinking what to do. He would be the only person for hours. Then I heard a noise. I turned around, and it was he, panting and exhausted. I got up, and he backed away. I tried to tell him that I was lost, but he didn't answer. Then I just sat down by the tree, and he came over and sat next to me. I then said, "Pretty good chase, huh?" He just nodded. I said, "Where and what town is this?"

He then replied, "How should I know, I'm lost, too!"

Mike Willens
Team 8

"Sand is white, sand is
black, sand is death."

Somewhere in the hills of darkness, somewhere a violin is heard. Nearby, a movement is felt. The sky is an eerie grey, and the sand, continually changing shape, an ebony black. The sands are swirling, twirling, twisting. You are walking, the sand is rising higher, blowing harder. Then there is no sky. Only sand, sand, and more sand, accompanied by far off strains of the "Dance Macabre."

"The sands are alive,
the sands are moving."

Barbara Duarte

Moon
Earth satellite
Mysterious, forbidding, lonely
Goal of our astronauts
Distant.

Fred Andes
Team 7

Beads of sweat grew on my face as the minutes came closer. Any second now a man would walk out of the door of the stadium and go to the platform where he would fire the gun as a signal to go.

I really should have been proud to represent a school as great as Chute for the race, but at this moment I wasn't, I was just scared! I looked back toward the door, and suddenly, I saw a man walk through it. He walked toward the stand calmly. He could be calm, he didn't have to run in the race. "On the count of five," his words echoed out, "I'll fire the gun. Best of luck to all of you."

The words rang through my mind like the pealing of church bells. Now the man began to count, "One"; I stooped down into a running position; "Two"; I lifted my head to study the field; "Three"; I looked for my partner to whom I would hand the orange stick; "Four"; "Five", I thought to myself, here goes! And then it came, BANG!!

I ran my head off, praying to God that I wouldn't trip or fall accidentally. My partner grew nearer and I swiftly handed the stick to her. We had practiced this many times so I was positive it wouldn't fall. She took it and ran off.

I suppose we both must have run very fast, for a few minutes later we were standing on the highest platform with a gold pendulum around our necks. We had WON!

Barbara Merar
Team 6

DISAGREEABLE OUTCOME

They argued long and loud and strong,
And at the bitter end
Both had lost
For winning had cost
The "Champion" a friend.

Alan Champion

QUESTIONS ABOUT TIME

What is time? It comes it goes. You don't smell, taste, feel or hear time, but you can sense it. When did time begin? Will it ever end? Does anyone know why time exists or why we live through it? Why can't time disintegrate? What would the world be like without time? Does anyone really have "all the time in the world?"

Don Rubinoff
Team 8

THE SANDS OF LIFE

The Sands of life, so small and light
They shine like crystals in the night.

Jon Olsen
Team 8



The universe may come to an end
But time will go on forever.

Leah Wenzel
Team 6

Greece
Gods, kings
Killing, loving, ruling
Land of ancient heroes
Olympus.
Kim Wallace
Team 7

Nancy Shender



Running . . .
Across a bridge
On a frightening night
Suddenly footsteps from behind
A scream.

Demi Ganes
Team 7

Listen!
The stamp of feet
On the cold winter soil
Long columns of soldiers going
To war.

-Adam Stephanides
Team 7

The Pond
Green frogs splashing
Water lillies floating
Reflections in rippled water
Nature.

Pat Hammer
Team 7