



*Oscar M. Chute  
Middle School*

*1970-1971  
Volume IV*



Sun...

What has happened to you?

Where have you gone, my best friend?

Now winter takes your place.

When cold, you warm me,

With heat, you spite me,

Now the clouds block you.

Sun...

I long for your return.

Arna Sosewitz  
Team Six

# Let The Sun Shine In

Let the sun shine in... let it shine where there is no happiness or food. Let it shine where people are dying of starvation, disease and war.

Let the sun shine in... let it shine in Biafra, Viet Nam, and Cambodia where children suffer from war, where people and soldiers lie dead in the streets after battle. Let it shine where American soldiers are in prison camps, not knowing if they will live or die.

Let the sun shine in... let it shine in Russia where Jews are forbidden to practice their rightful religion.

Let the sun shine in... let it shine on Blacks and Whites, Jews and Gentiles. Let the sun shine in.

Jennie Rose  
Team Six

Night came,  
Enveloping the day  
In hazy slumber,  
Thickly settling,  
Offering sleep,  
Hiding, crouching.  
We wait for the dawn  
Coming bright and sudden,  
Not so gay as content,  
Not hiding like night,  
But open...  
Showing its face to the  
Earth.

Carla Kaplan  
Team Eight

Let the sun shine in,  
Don't be afraid.  
Be yourself,  
Then you've got it made.  
Let the sun shine in,  
Say it loud:  
"I am myself"  
For once, be proud.

Glenn Terry  
Team Seven



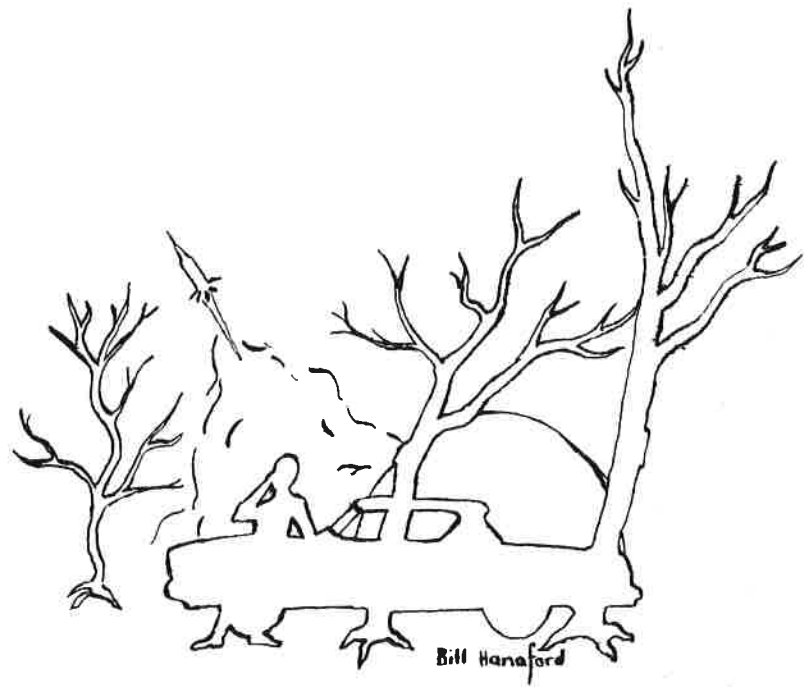
He drove on, his foot pressed against the pedal. His legs stiff, his arms had long since gone numb. How many hours it had been he did not know. He had had to stop once to find gas. He neither ate nor slept now. He had long since ceased to watch the plains and mountains slip by or the road roll away under his wheels. He had learned to let his mind sleep while his eyes were always awake.

The pain in his leg throbbed less now. Finally it ceased until he could feel nothing. He could not feel the pedal pressed almost to the floor nor the pressure of the wind which had nearly pushed the car off the road. All he saw was the white line of the road as the car sped on.

Now and then it would seem as if everything was moving past him and that he was stationary. He pressed the pedal down to the floor, trying to determine whether or not he still maintained control. He swerved to one side of the road, then the other until he regained a steadiness.

His mind slept for a short while. At some time he must have put the can of gas in the car, because now it was gone. He looked at the sky and saw the sun start to set. He pressed his foot further on the pedal as if to push the pedal through the floor. The car screeched to a stop as he crying, screaming, watched the flames of the rocket disappear, taking the rest of the people on Earth with it and leaving him behind.

Carla Kaplan  
Team Eight



-Julie Hacker-

they battle constantly, the Sun and Moon  
within me.  
tearing and pulling at my brain and laughing,  
yes, laughing at my pain.  
so i stop in the dark tunnel and call  
upon the Strength... and it comes  
with the stars and soft gray grass.  
i try to forget.  
the sharp knife sinks deeper into the softness of my head,  
crumbling jumbled thoughts into broken feelings  
of love and hate...  
right and wrong.  
past and present, here, yet forever gone.  
the Moon calls and I answer.  
sleep will bring me peace, but  
tomorrow? the Sun...  
the cold emptiness of sorrow,  
of times known once and tucked away  
somewhere in the folds of yesterday.

Laura Dranoff  
Team Eight

# Activities



MEDIA CENTER STAFF-- Adrienne Tanner, Ed Ashcroft, Joan Friedman.



The CHUTE SAFETY PATROL is on duty each morning and afternoon at the crossings which surround the school. The boys assist the community in maintaining a high standard of safety for the Chute students.



The 1970-71 STUDENT COUNCIL contributed to the progress of Chute. Selected representatives from each homeroom participated in earning money for charitable organizations as well as helping students voice their grievances. The council provided a valuable learning experience for its members.





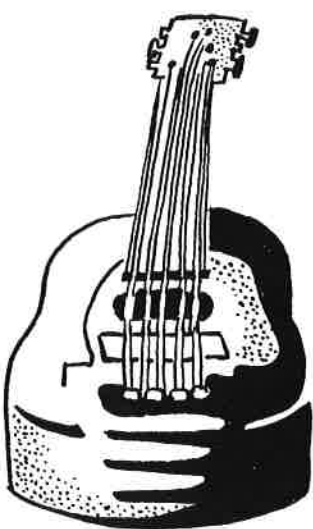
# Music



The Chute Instrumental Department has a tradition of producing fine musicians. Participation is offered in Cadet Band, Orchestra, Stage Band and Combo. Two annual concerts are presented, a Winter Concert and Chute - O - Rama. All organizations provide concerts to feeder schools. Chute Stage Band - 1st Place winner in 1971 Chicagoland Jazz Festival.



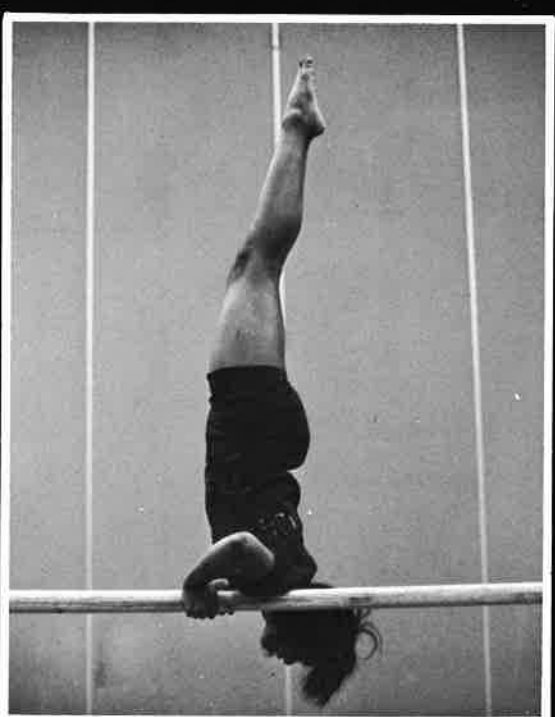
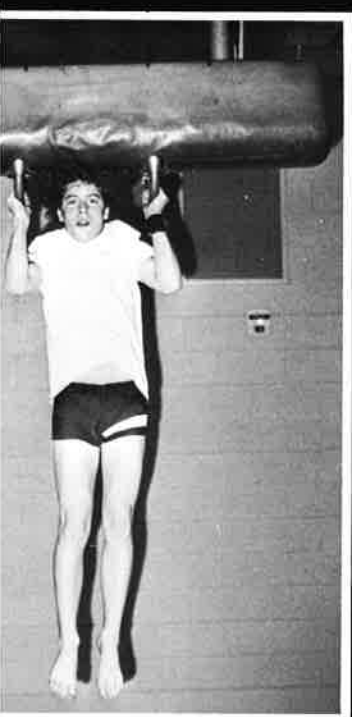
# Athletics



..., 7th and 8th grade  
prizes are chosen  
from the general music  
classes and perform in  
the Winter Concert,  
the Spring production,  
the O - Rama,  
and assemblies.





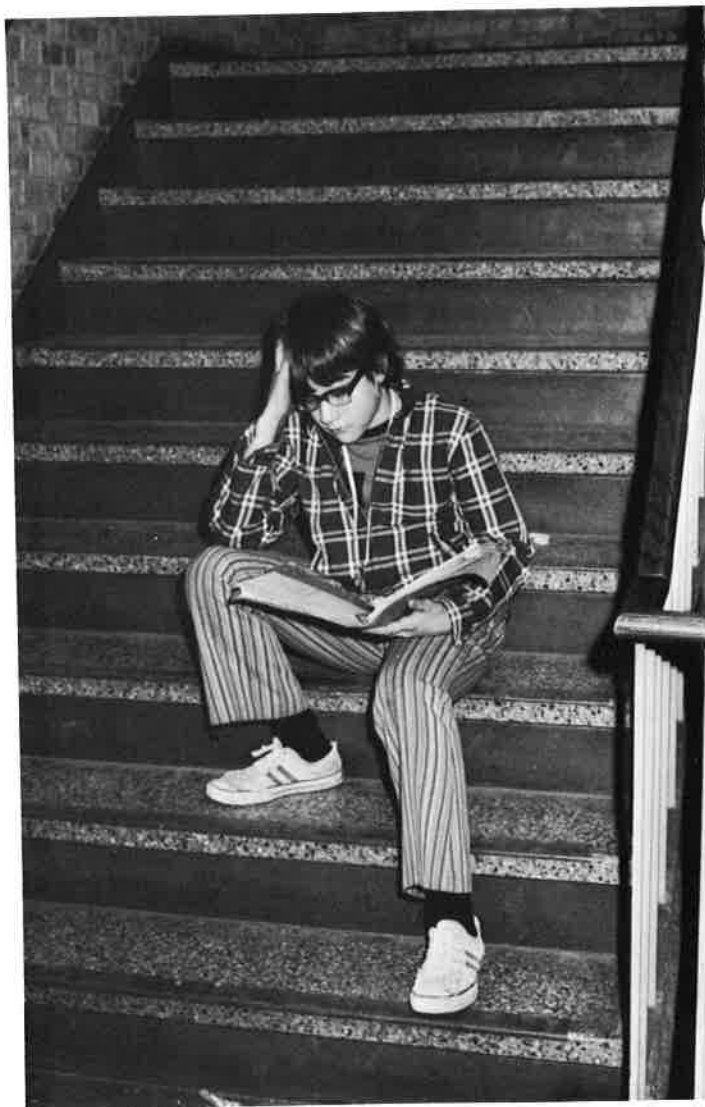




# Team Six

One autumn evening, I sat on the porch humming tunes I've made from bits of joy on sunny days while I watched the leaves flutter to the ground and wondered how long was time. As the night grew dark and the street lights flickered on, a man came shuffling down the sidewalk. His head was bowed, and his hands were shoved deep into the pockets of his tattered corduroy coat. His footsteps were heavy with the sounds of weariness, and I could hear his deep breathing as he went by. Many nights I had seen him walk by, always alone and always silent. Perhaps some night I will confront this man who has so often passed through my life. I will walk steadily down the steps to the sidewalk and venture my friendliest hello. Perhaps.

Tracy Lawrence  
Team Eight



TEAM SIX-ROW 1: Pamela Perry, Richard Spejcher, Thomas Rees, Sally Merar. ROW 2: Barbara Bennett, Rachel Goldman, John Bernstein, Stephen Chaney, Jay Chambers. ROW 3: Jill Mast, Sharon Clements, Christine Saucier, Donald Goldsmith, Jean Le Cloarec, Steven Byce. ROW 4: Archie Karel, Ilene Hackman, Jeri Davidson, Pearl Wells, Brad Lerman. ROW 5: William Dorsch, Steven Morton, Jeffrey Johnson, Miss Cris, Ronald Camp, Lori Naritoku, Mark Richmond.



TEAM SIX TEACHERS-SEATED: Annette Jacobsen, Lois Shartiag, Pearl Roth, Delcome Hollins, Elearnor Hansen, Gerry Burke, Pat Cris. STANDING: Sheldon Schwartz, Mark Reitman, Howard Gellerman, Frank Clark, Jerry Murphy, Judith Nack.



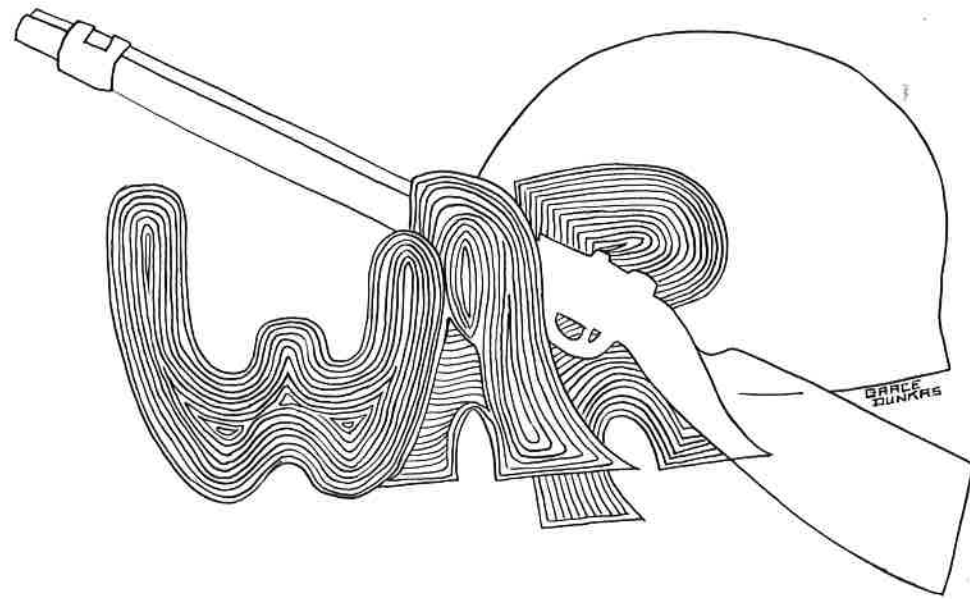
TEAM SIX-ROW 1: Barbara Rabin, Mary Sue Stump, Marlene De Saegher, Tammy Fender. ROW 2: Joel Blau, Arthur Smith, Robin Diamond, Cindy Einbinder, Ronna Pritikin, Janet Jacobs. ROW 3: William Crane, Frank Lejedly, Sheldon Tenenbaum, Alan Crain, Mary Schiltz. ROW 4: Joann Pedersen, Christopher Derfler, Michael



TEAM SIX - ROW 1: Mathew Finston, Vicky Wolfe, Jeanne Conway, Jonathon Babbin. ROW 2: Mr. Murphy, Lathrop Philips, Beth Oldeen, Janice Oppenheimer, Nancy De Rose, Ellen Fogel, Judy Stein, Ken Erickson, Kathy Osborne, Jacqueline Dyess, Cynthia Moore. ROW 3: David Geldzahler, John Chatz, Jerry Dalton, John Mosser, David Nimerov, Elvis Norfleet, Scott Hatanaka, Thomas Disney, Michael Takehara, Jeff Wood, Crawford Richmond, Donald Fowler,



TEAM SIX - ROW 1: Mrs. Nack, Alan Chapelski, Becky Lillian, John Grentz, Larry Jackson. ROW 2: Miriam Romain, Pam Logan, Leonor Guizar, Reid Michaels, Ray Chambers. ROW 3: Janine Gault, Margaret Reppening, Bob Hillman, Norma Jurney, Bobby Jones. ROW 4: Melissa Maes, John Ichkoff, Reva Kleppel, Lori Laker, Jack Martin. ROW 5: Carol Colbert, Richard Gunnel, Richard Gilbert, Jonathan Andes. ROW 6: Tony Clark, Kurt Gunderson.

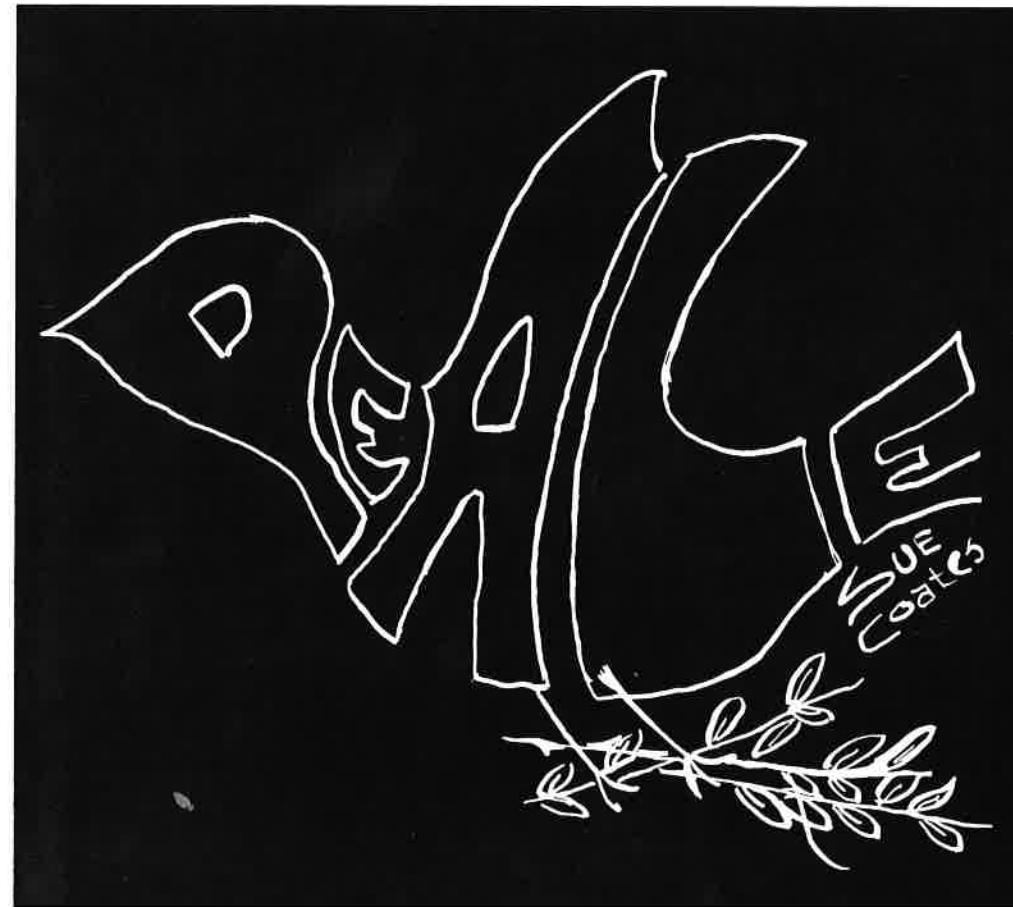


-taking

ting, killing, destroying

ays starting, never stopping

Cindy Warner



## Why War?

There I crouched alone and scared,  
Clutching my carbine hard as I dared.  
Knots in my stomach, fears in my head,  
And there slumped a body, cold and dead.  
The rations in my stomach I was struggling to  
hold,

Shivers racing up my back, violent and cold.  
Running now and running hard,  
Going faster with every yard.  
Slipping, sliding,  
Ducking, hiding,  
My strength is ebbing away...

Hold it now, I've got to stop;  
Quickly now, before I drop.  
Huddling, shivering behind a stone,  
There I sat completely alone.  
But hark, what is that I hear?  
Oh, no, please God, not my biggest fear.  
Scraping, crawling along the ground,  
Stopping and listening to the slightest sound.  
And then he stood, calm and bold,  
His steel gray eyes, staring and cold.  
There it was, that searing pain;  
My running had been completely in vain.  
And this is the story that shall be told,  
Of the enemy so cunningly bold.

Silence at last...

Bill Hanaford  
Team Eight







There once was a boy from Wheeling  
Who crawled all day while kneeling  
Said his Mom with a roar  
Get up off the floor  
So he jumped up and crawled on the ceiling.

Richard Lewis  
Team Six

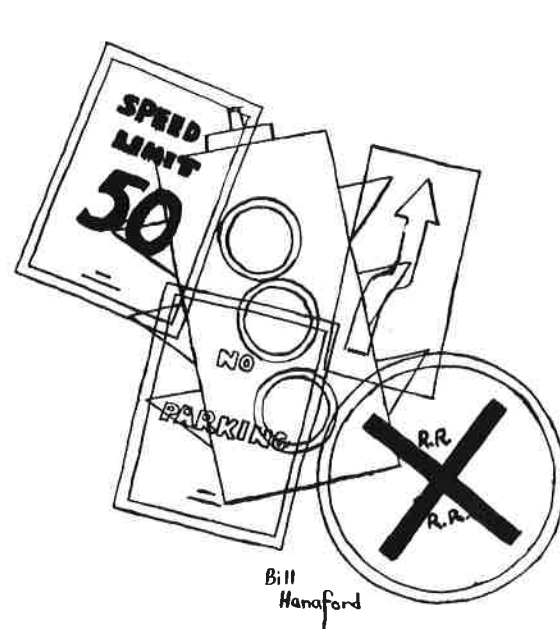
There once was a big old tree  
That hit my mother's knee  
When my mother woke up  
And saw the big lump  
She shouted and hollered at me.

Richard Freeman  
Team Six

TEAM SIX-ROW 1: Randy Loebbaka, Joe Black, Mark Barenbaum, Craig Robitaille. ROW 2: Peggy West, Patrice Thomas, Valorie Barton, Karen Tegtmeier, Frances Weinberg, Andrea Tosic, Pat Smith, Gerald Boguse, Jay Margotte, Alan Branstrom, Bob Ward. ROW 3: Mrs. Cumming, Cindy Warner, Lisa Mason, Robert Johnson, Jo Amos, Bak Allen, Rosa Altun, Candy Starr, Janice Bahn, Randy Beller, Mike Bender.



TEAM SIX-ROW 1: Daniel Pope, Ira Naiman, Leonard Hall. ROW 2: Jaimie Koppenhoefer, Gregory Johnson, Samuel Shelist, Rachid Id-riss, Diana Sedor. ROW 3: Judy Washington, David Bolsenga, Rory Mc Gahan, Arna Sosewitz, Sandra Hiram. ROW 4: Shernan Ackers, Stephen Horwich, Rachel Anderson, Darnett Baker, Rosetta Haris. ROW 5: Rainer Krautwald, Frances Chalem, Adrienne Sutton, Andrea Idelman. ROW 6: Larry Bard, John Butler, Judith Simon, Kimberly Bresnahan.



City  
Dirt  
Grime  
Soot  
Filth  
Choke  
Cough  
Rats  
Cars  
Buses  
People  
Noise  
Death  
Hate  
Fear  
Large  
Money  
Graft  
Greed  
Speed  
Drugs  
Collapse  
Destroy

Doug Goodwin  
Team Eight

#### Confusion

Traffic, people, confusion. The city, what a mess! People running from store to store, buses and cabs and cars and crowds. Ladies hurrying to get to a sale. Men rushing to get to work. Everyone all wound up. You turn around and you are surrounded by people everywhere you go. Then comes rush hour and oh, what a crowd! Tired men wearily make their way through the crowds to catch their bus while others tackle the job of driving home through the endless stream of slow moving traffic. Meanwhile, the ladies have completed their shopping and add to the wearisome crowd already on their way home. And so the rush continues for hours on end until finally, the city is quiet. The parking lots are empty and so are the stores. No more confusion in the city, but just as it's over, it's over.







TEAM SIX—ROW 1: Sara Genny, Valerie Brown, Bernadine Diedrichs, Mary Lane, Margaret Norman, Audrey Smith. ROW 2: Stanton Lewin, Steve Mc Rae, Lisa Hansen, Eleanor Kerlow, Leann Mai, Barbara Baker, Jeff Henry. ROW 3: Scot Hambourger, Richard Lewis, Joe Sanowitz, Terry Tiersky, Rosemary Ozete, George Stephanides, George Tuggle. ROW 4: Richard Freeman, Patty Vargas, Paul Miller, Frankin Waker. ROW 5: Myles Krane, Keith Galibreth, Mike Mockenhaupt, Brian Miller, Derek Ross, Mrs. Roth.

EARTHQUAKE

Earth quivers  
Houses fall  
The earth cracks  
Some people are buried alive  
Some are in a state of shock  
Buildings collapse  
Chaos...

Myles Krane  
Team Six



AFTER THE ACCIDENT

All there is is silence... no sound at all, just silence. Soon the sirens stop as the stretcher is brought out of the ambulance. People begin to crowd around and stare as the dead body is covered. They just stare at the blood on the ground. Soon people walk away. They shake their heads and slowly walk away.

Valerie Brown  
Team Six

The Trip to Never, Never Land

Oh stop, stop! Everything is closing in. All my friends are so much smarter than I am. I promised Mom and Dad that I would study during vacation. Study. Oh, help! I need to get out for a while. I'll take a walk.

Going down Peterson Street, I saw in yellow and red letters painted on the sidewalk,

"Drugs are cool. They are HIGH in my mind."

Pusher, drugs, homework, high. It was all running through my mind; confusion everywhere. I stood there, dumbfounded. "Your sign?" I stammered to the man in the flashy suit.

"Sure. Interested?" he inquired.

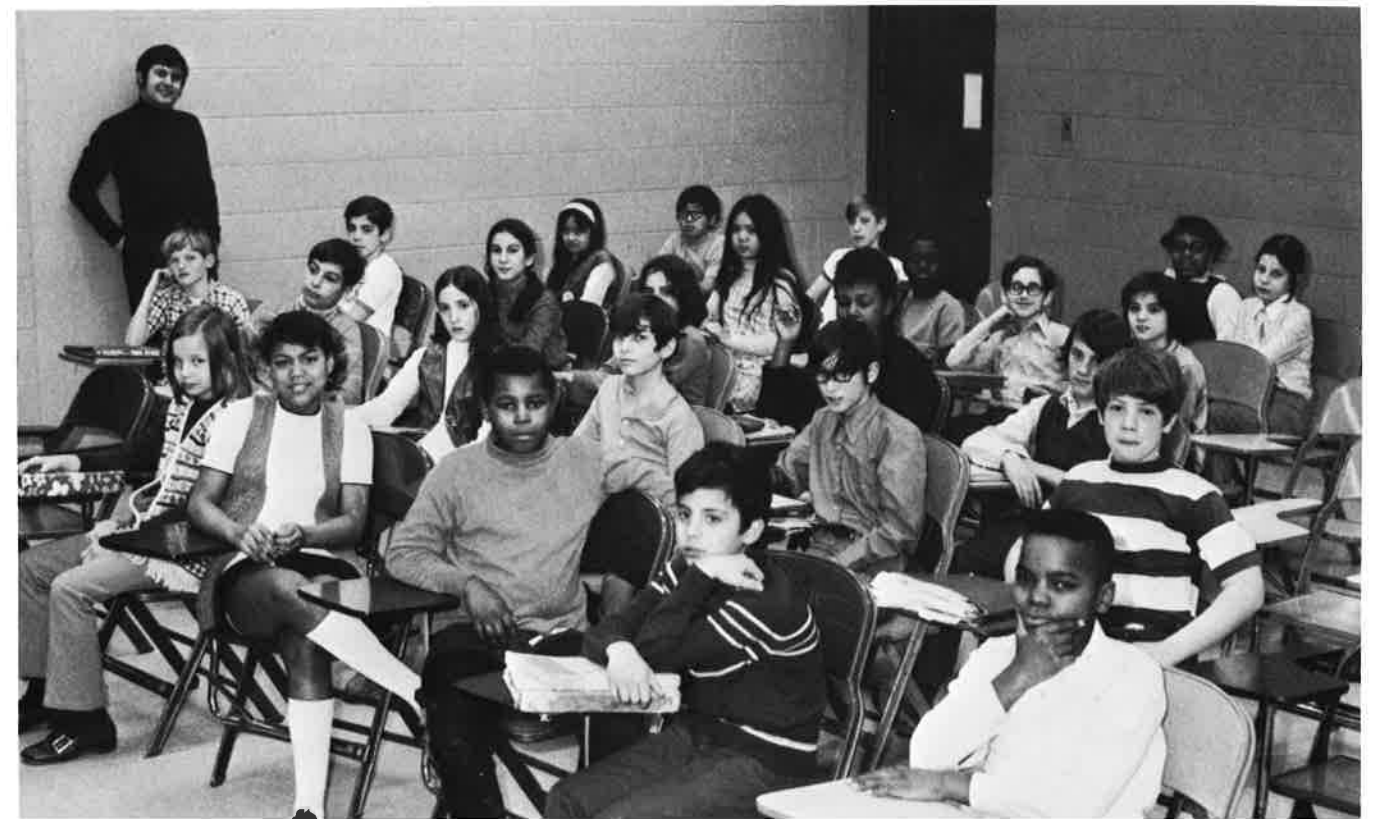
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The next thing I knew, I was home in bed. The sun was shining through my window. I thought of the night before, and I shuddered. "Mama," I called out. She was there almost instantly. "I'm sorry," I said, looking up at her tired face.

Janet Jacobs  
Team Six



TEAM SIX—ROW 1: Anne Hansson, Sandy Wilson, Lucian Hatfield, Samir Idriss, Charles Jones. ROW 2: Mr. Clark, Robert Keith, Jerry Kersz, Nancy Kipnis, Bruce Kirschenbaum, Barry Krost, Daniel Kuraner. ROW 3: Tod Lending, Susan Levine, David Lipschutz, Connie Lohman, Fredrick Londinski. ROW 4: Rowena Rivera, Lourdes Cabilites, Mark Mc Gee, Robert Haas, Yokoo Teiriki. ROW 5: Eric Yamuchi, Spencer Journey, Beth Lane, Anne Le Cloarec.





Team Seven



TEAM SEVEN TEACHERS - SEATED: Robin Hinderyckx, Nancy Bakalar, Kathleen Hughes, Ernest Roehrborn, Pat Gibson, Laverne Mayes. STANDING: Abby Hoerber, Robert Jacobsen, Sara Lee Lessman, Reva Denlow, Gary Justus, Allan Stuart Berman, Jean Oliver, Jody O'Leary, George Wessel, Tom Sprengelmeyer.

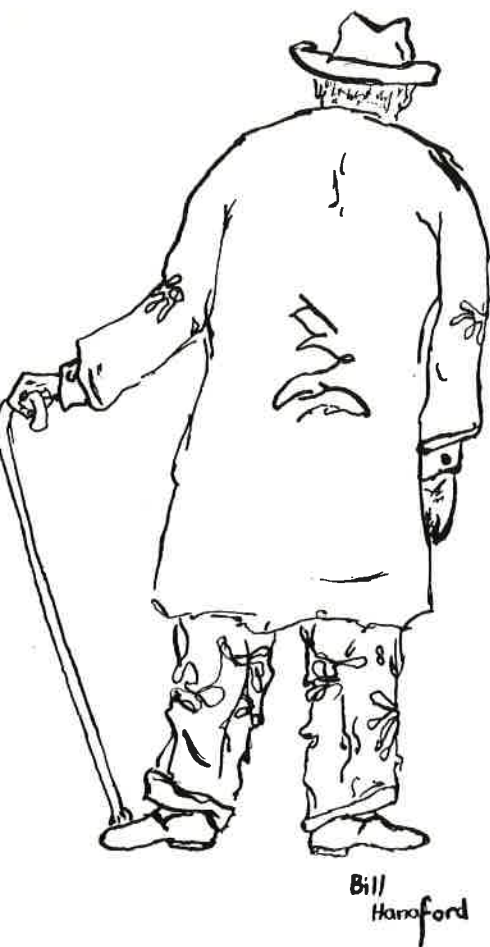


TEAM SEVEN-SITTING: James Johnson, Pam Glaser, Grace Dunkas, Janice Rappaport, Howard Schoeneman. KNEELING: Lynn Staffileno, Pam King, Debbie Gordon, Jana Burdick, Corney Lenz, Michelle Stacey, Leslie Golinken, Barb Stempel, Cindy Saxman, Kathy Oline, Anita Ross, Mary Nevelle, Chris Van Mullen, Janice Tuggle. STANDING: Mr. Justus, Mike Travers, Marty Howes, Larry Smith, Gus Eliopoulos, Billy Mc Clelland, Richard Polen, Phil Magruder, David Allen, Mark Field, Tim Johnson, Jim Schofield.

The Grandfather

The tears fell generously against my forlorn face. I desired to keep them back from the crowd of people gathering, but they consistently welled. I could not appreciate the crowd who had come to sympathize with my family and I at the death of my grandfather, who had been so close, and the only one who had understood my problems. I wanted to be home in my bed, waking up with the dream behind me... and to have my grandfather come into the kitchen and sit beside me while we had breakfast. But that only made my cries worse. They would not falter. My insides felt like nothin, and my throat felt sore. I watched the casket being carried, and I turned from the scene. It was a desolate feeling that grew within me, and I felt weak from the pain that was in my heart. Soon, to my relief, it was time to go home. Mom was trying to look cheerful, but the same feeling I had had circulated through her. I could tell. Her eyes were swollen and her hair was mussed. I pitied her. She had lived with grandfather all her life and was the first to hear of his death - the "Heart Attack." That's what it was. The "Heart Attack." I said it over and over, trying to find use of the word, but nothing came. Dad's hand shook when he helped Mom to the car. He, too, was changed by the whole incident, and his eyes watered with fluids of sadness. He tried to act calm, but no one took notice. Everyone was thinking. But in spite of my terrible thoughts, I prayed that grandfather would rest in peace. I knew he would always have a place in our hearts.

Lisa Block  
Team Seven





Blindness...

Blindness is loneliness,  
Knowing much,  
But seeing nothing.  
A world of my own,  
Different from everyone else's.  
Interesting things that I cannot see.  
I'm different...

In a world of my own.

Debbie Kreiman  
Team Seven



TEAM SEVEN—ROW 1: Virginia Brown, Michelle Cohen. ROW 2: Jonathan Anshel, Judith Lubecke, David Schwartz, Norman Rubens, David Iida. ROW 3: Phillippe Bas, Andrea Colbert, Melvin Smith, Thomas Breit, Heardy King, Richard Hakiminian. ROW 4: Noel Comess, Carolyn Comisky, Joel Becker, Patricia Murphy, Alan Jones, Katherine Scheiberg, Stephanie Wideman. ROW 5: Elyse Weinstein, Rochelle Baker, Betty Hanson, Raymond Swafford, Marie Takada, Mrs. Mayes. ROW 6: Miss Boone, Marla Forbes, Audrey Babbitt.



TEAM SEVEN—SITTING: Brad Shaps, Debbie Dixon, Lilith Fantl, Jay Jaffe, Gail Rabin, Gina Perry, Janice Bryant, Elizabeth Johnson. KNEELING: Eileen Tanabe, Nancy Shomo, Eileen Gaughn, Sue Coates, Carrie Steinbuck. STANDING: Mrs. Denlow, Kevin Koalenz, Larry Cohen, Glenn Patterson, Harvey Rodney, Sidney Mayer, Glenn Terry, Steve Pearl, Scott Polakow, Doug Culbertson, James Burns, Charles Mc Common, Richard Piepho, John Bareither.



*I wish ...  
I wish Man could be Man's friend instead of Man's enemy.*

Peter Karr  
Team Eight





I'm going to live  
and live like

I  
want to.  
Wear what I want  
to wear  
whenever

I  
want to.

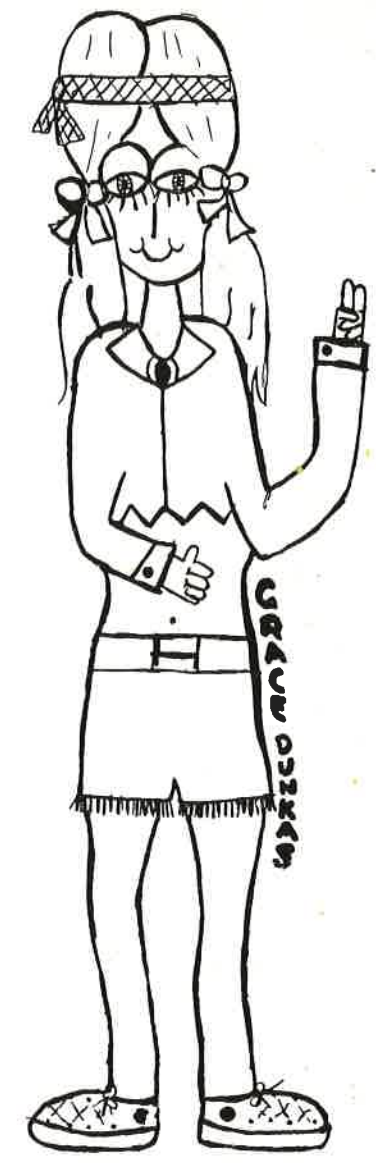
I  
have my own ideas and  
I'll use them  
no  
matter  
what.

I  
create my own  
thing,  
but  
only when  
I put my heart to it will  
I get something good

I'm going to live  
and live like

I  
want to.

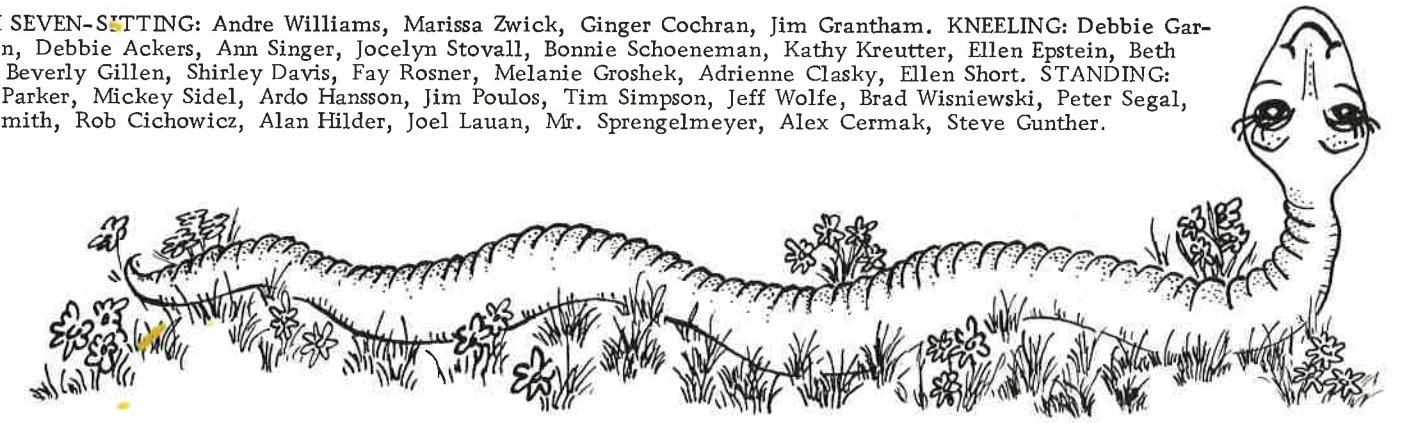
Laura Dincin  
Team Seven



TEAM SEVEN-ROW 1: Linda Bolsenga, Alan Lodinski, Mike Goldman, Carol Johnson. ROW 2: Sue Von Dohren, David Hartmann, Bill Schultz, Diane Stahl, Maria Georgouses. ROW 3: Dan Madden, Paul Sailor, Dan Kopelson, Amy Lange. ROW 4: Lisa Block, Mike Thompson, Karl Ahlers, John Viets, Beth Noparstak, Winfred Richmond, Marcy Kuttner. ROW 5: Bobby Whitaker, Belinda Bester, Rocky Fuller, Zach Maupin, Cynthia Pryor, Gary Barton, Steve Young.



TEAM SEVEN-SITTING: Andre Williams, Marissa Zwick, Ginger Cochran, Jim Grantham. KNEELING: Debbie Garmanian, Debbie Ackers, Ann Singer, Jocelyn Stovall, Bonnie Schoeneman, Kathy Kreutter, Ellen Epstein, Beth Vogt, Beverly Gillen, Shirley Davis, Fay Rosner, Melanie Groshek, Adrienne Clasky, Ellen Short. STANDING: Steve Parker, Mickey Sidel, Ardo Hansson, Jim Poulos, Tim Simpson, Jeff Wolfe, Brad Wisniewski, Peter Segal, Tim Smith, Rob Cichowicz, Alan Hilder, Joel Lauan, Mr. Sprengelmeyer, Alex Cermak, Steve Gunther.



TEAM SEVEN-ROW 1: Ina Silvergleid, Mike Schaab, Ken Kaplan, Karen Zielinski, Debbie Kreiman, Amy Wasserman. ROW 2: Mark Baum, Merrill Prager, Debbie Reynolds, Elizabeth Fukuda, Ann Murao. ROW 3: Tom Guenther, Marcia Blecher, David Newton, Carol Burnes, Brian Crane, Linda Ewing. ROW 4: Mickey Svarc, Gene Sanders, Jack Brown, Charles Goss. ROW 5: Linnette Gibson, Jeff Wade, David Leon. REAR: James Dukelow, Mrs. Oliver.



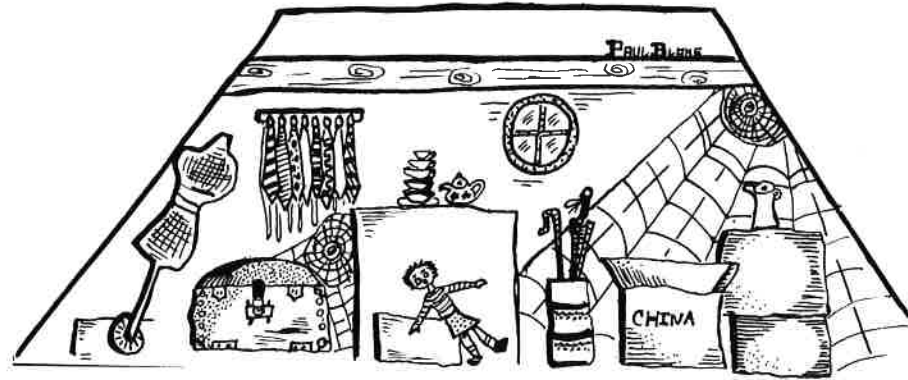


Ron Lass

Illinois

Illinois, you grand old lady,  
 The world wouldn't be the same without you and  
 All your glory.  
 You bore Carl Sandburg,  
 Edgar Lee Masters and more.  
 You nursed them until they were full grown.  
 You took Abraham Lincoln as an orphan,  
 And now look at the legend you've created.  
 You suffered at the Chicago Fire,  
 As if a leg had been burned off.  
 And then, miraculously, it grew back  
 To twice the size of the other leg.  
 You are now an old lady.  
 Wise,  
 Live on, live on,  
 The world wouldn't be the same without you.

Steve Fintel  
Team Eight



The Attic

The light fell from a solitary, musty window through empty shadows into the refuge of my life, the attic; the place I visit when I'm feeling blue or lonely.

I go here to calm myself. It makes me feel cheerful when I'm sad. It contains all the remnants of my childhood. It reminds me of all the little details of being small. I see this in the tiny, cracked and dirty pitcher, which is now full of cobwebs. The pitcher was used to fill tiny teacups on tiny saucers for my used and misused dolls. One of these is sitting next to me on a battered bench. The doll looks like a meek, dirty midget who has not yet found her home.

I see the many ties hung over the battered heater--the ties my dead father used to wear. He loved horizontal thick stripes and wore them with blue, gray and black suits. I see my grandmother's old buggy, looking like an antique car with tires flat and motor missing.

Memories fill my lonely hours. The attic is MY place.

Diane Ichkoff  
Team Eight



Man is born to trouble,  
 That is what I've heard.  
 I thought his trouble syndrome,  
 Could easily be cured.  
 But Man is born to trouble,  
 And all through his life,  
 Everything he touches  
 Turns to war and strife.  
 Someone here is dying,  
 Please don't turn your head,  
 'Cause when the cold moon rises  
 Our brother will be dead.  
 Man is born to trouble.  
 Is there nothing we can do?  
 Though Man is born to trouble,  
 Perhaps his cure is YOU.

Sue Locander  
Team Eight



TEAM SEVEN-KNEELING: Mark Stein, Laurie Fujii, Theresa Wright, Patty Reid, Krista Miller, David Sandoval. SITTING: Wendy Zich, Barbara Smutnik, Sharon Mc Kinley, Sandra Mayfield, Caroline Akins, Gwen Ward, Karen Brown, Susan Pod, Laurie Richmond, Nancy Altmeyer, Elizabeth Mazurack, Patti Hill, Lori Larson. STANDING: Mr. Jacobsen, Richard Thomas, Ernie Martin, Martin Goldblatt, Vincent Cole, Julian Courtney, Matt Ullenbrac, Ricky Szurgot, Todd Omori, Paul Blake, Joe Moore, Mark Davidson, Alan Chalem, Charles Murray.



TEAM SEVEN-ROW 1: Raymond Garrett, Norman Gonzales, Mike Benson. ROW 2: Joan Peterson, Althea Smith, Ron Lass, Rene Miranda, Mike Benson, Bruce Schumacher. ROW 3: Pat Wilson, Barbara Zaretsky, Gerald Johnson, Carl Brandt, Chris Weaver, Harold Burkhart.





TEAM EIGHT TEACHERS-Paula Castagna, Ron Levitsky, Lorraine Morton, Mary Os, Phil Boyce, Sharna Lang, Don Mast, Andy Crefe, Arnie Abrams, James Chandler, Francine Markwell, Ray Krenske, Luann Glick.

# TEAM EIGHT



Deborah Adams      Fern Anderson      Victoria Anderson      Keith Archer      Gary Armour



Victor Baum      Donna Becker      Chris Belbin      Bruce Bell      Bonnie Beller



Louis Berger      Teri Berk      Alan Berolzheimer      Robin Blackwell      Gary Blau



Howard Bloomfield      Eva Bonya      Hayden Brammer      Lee Brannstrom      Glenn Brown



Larry Brown      Maxine Brown      Terry Brown      Linda Brownell      Karen Bryant







Jonnie Conway



Lawrence Courtney



Wanda Cox



Stephen Craig



Marshall Craigen



Marie Croft



Anthony Crooks



Eileen Daley



Leatrice Daniel



Mary Davis



Sandra Davis



David Day



Richard Dean



Linda Derose



Daniel Detlefsen



Wendy Didier



William Doby



Phillip Dover



Laura Dranoff



Michael DuCharme



I am so sad  
that sometimes I wish death upon me.

But for that brief happiness,  
But for that moment  
when you reach the top of that far off dream mountain,  
when joy bubbles from every pore of your body  
and you feel your heart pumping,  
your blood moving,

And you know that this is just for a moment,  
that you must grab it,  
hang on to it,  
memorize it,  
for it will soon be gone--  
all this will filter out to nothingness;

Then,  
then is the time to pretend that it's not happening,  
the agony tearing you  
when you realize that it's gone--

But for that moment, I would die.

Nicole Stacey  
Team Eight



Michael Figman



Steven Fintel



Mark Fisher



Janice Fivelson



Oswald Francis





Michael Gardner



Cara Genny



William Ghiselli



David Gimpel



John Girard



Cynthia Higdon



Bobby Hill



Martin Glass



Jennifer Glienna



Susan Golberg



Kenneth Goldberg



John Goodman



Eugene Hill



Lynn Holden



Douglas Goodwin



Dale Gordon



Scott Gottlieb



Irmgard Grabowsky



Ruth Grentz



Lee Horwich



Pamela Hrejsa



Keith Gunderson



David Gunnell



Julie Hacker



Michael Halun



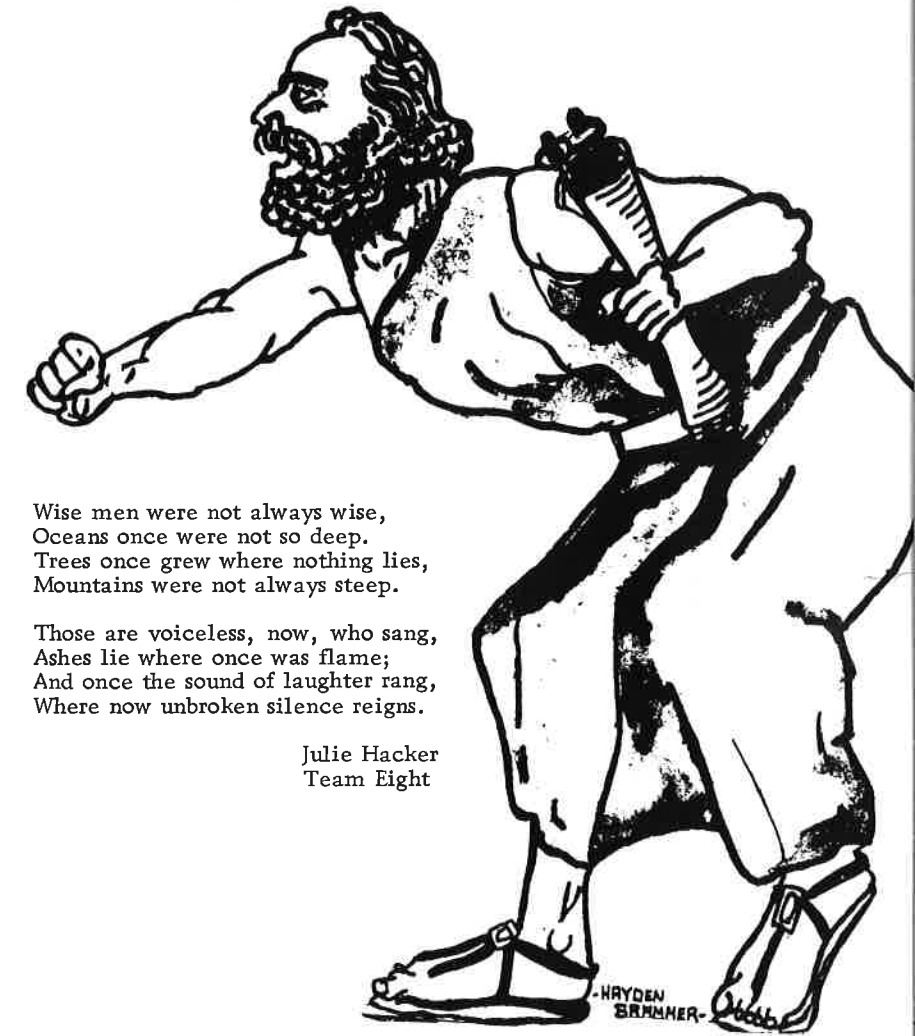
Scott Hammack



William Huett



Diana Ichkoff



Wise men were not always wise,  
Oceans once were not so deep.  
Trees once grew where nothing lies,  
Mountains were not always steep.

Those are voiceless, now, who sang,  
Ashes lie where once was flame;  
And once the sound of laughter rang,  
Where now unbroken silence reigns.

Julie Hacker  
Team Eight

Love

Without love, who am I?  
Do I live or breathe?  
Do I even exist?

I can answer that, my friend, even as I sit here;  
Without love it is impossible to be little more than human;  
It is impossible to have life;

But where is love and who can find it?  
Is it in the rocks, the trees?  
Is it found in the beauty of the earth around us?

Nay, my friend, I've found it in God.

Steve Stultz  
Team Eight





Stanley Jackson



Roy Jacobson



Steven Jambois



Philip Jefferson



Cynthia Johnson



Shirley Lane



Debra Lawrence



Tracy Lawrence



Adam Leber



Nancy Lee



Derrick Johnson



Diana Johnson



Kenneth Johnson



Theresa Johnson



Carla Kaplan



Julie Leidig



David Lessard



Joel Levin



Curt Levine



Mark Lewis



Ginny Karel



Jacqueline Karnatowski



Peter Karr



Douglas Keith



Susan Kimmons



Sherri Kirschenbaum



George Klessen



Diana Kochin



Daniel Komaiko



Stanley Komendowski



Nursery Rhyme For Today

Mary, Mary, quite contemporary,  
How does your garden grow?  
"With DDT and pesticides,  
And all the junk we know!"  
(10 years later)

Mary, Mary, quite contemporary,  
How does your garden now?  
"I'm sorry to say that it's passed away  
From the chemicals made by D-w!"

Alan Berolzheimer  
Team Eight





Herbert Liverpool



Susan Locander



Melissa Longacre



Molly Luey



Eugene Lyons



Joan Lyons



Robert Mack



David Mackey



Maryann MacPhail



Daniel Mai



Ellen Mantell



Michael Marks



Christopher Martin



Clara Mato



Deborah McBride



Carlos McCain



Brian McCaslin



Marc McIntosh



Odessa McKinley



Barbara Merar



Paula Naiman



Robin Natkin



Joan Neistein



Hayward Nipper



Jill Neusbond



Flashback...

She walked down the hall with her head high and her nose up in an almost snobbish manner. I remembered when she had first come to school as a new student. She was shy and subdued. She never said much, but what she did say was sweet and polite. Now she took an aristocratic air to her; it was said...

Joan Lyons  
Team Eight





Sharon Patala



Mala Paul



Marcy Paul



Delphine Perrin



Barbara Perry



Arnold Salazar



Kim Sanders



Yolonde Perry



Cynthia Peters



Jean Peterson



Frances Pincus



Carol Piotrowicz



Rhonda Sanders



Gina Sandman



Denise Pompey



Lavinia Pressley



Mark Prosniewski



Robert Reid



Patricia Repenning



Stephen Sato



Steven Schiltz



Glenn Reskin



Henry Revis



Paul Robertson



Scott Robertson



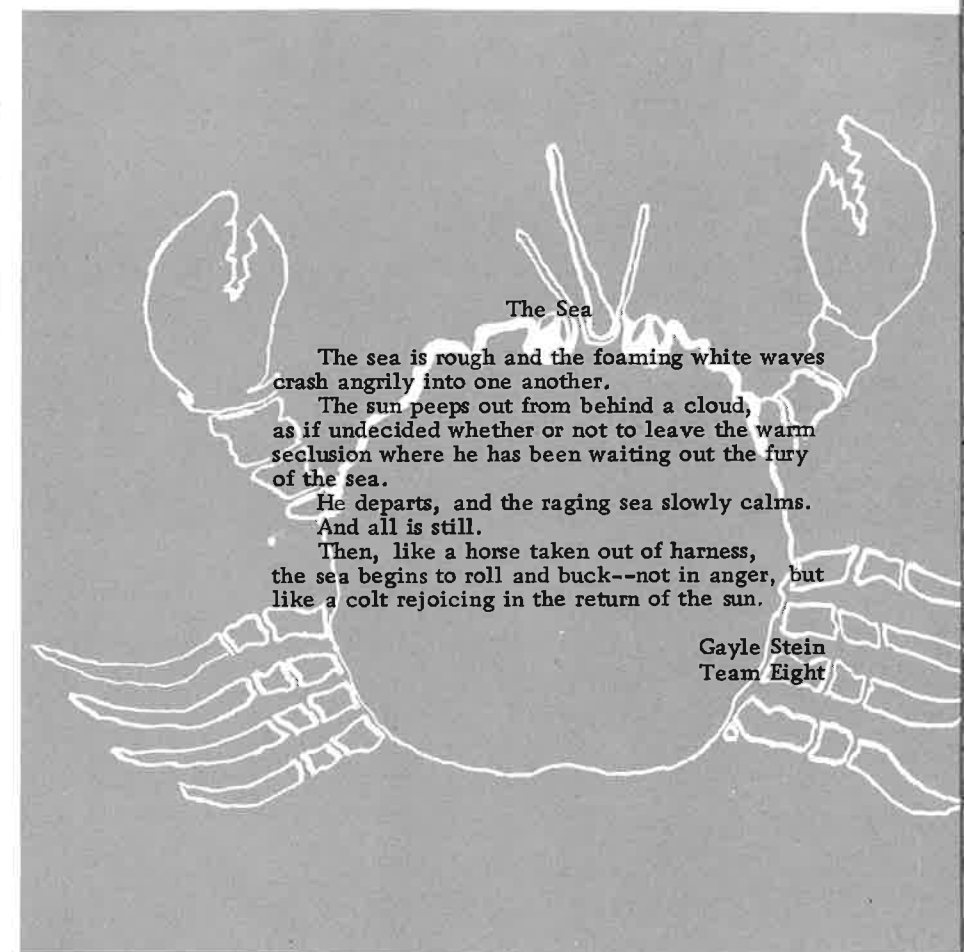
Randi Roth



Sandra Schmidt



Judy Schnoor



The Sea

The sea is rough and the foaming white waves crash angrily into one another.

The sun peeps out from behind a cloud, as if undecided whether or not to leave the warm seclusion where he has been waiting out the fury of the sea.

He departs, and the raging sea slowly calms. And all is still.

Then, like a horse taken out of harness, the sea begins to roll and buck--not in anger, but like a colt rejoicing in the return of the sun.

Gayle Stein  
Team Eight





Janet Schroeder



Robert Schwartz



Sherelle Scott



Linda Seidner



Barbara Shahin



Derrick Taylor



William Taylor



Phillip Teich



Margaret Telser



Loren Thompson



Judy Shayman



Michael Shumsky



Deborah Shuster



Kathleen Sillars



Brion Simon



John Tidwell



Danae Tinch



Johnetta Towns



Pearl Tsao



Ann Tsujimoto



Glen Simon



David Sklan



Anthony Simpson



Susan Skolly



Pat Smith

The sun popped in the sky with heat to warm the world  
But the world just took the sun for granted.  
And when the flowers and things began to bloom  
The world took beauty for granted.

People were made...  
And people made people and people fought people and people made  
pollution and people mugged people and people made people  
and people fought people and people made pollution and

The world was mad, and made earthquakes and storms.  
And people took over the world. And now  
People are starting to take over the world's brother,  
The moon.

David Gunnell  
Team Eight



Robert Souza



Nicole Stacey



Bruce Stahnke



Carol Steele



Gayle Stein





Donnell Turner

Humberto Vargas

Nena Vogele

David Vogt

Jeffrey Wagner



Tina Ward

Ida Washington

George Washington

Wendy Waters

Bradley Weiner



Leah Wenzel

Carol West

Danielle Wilhelm

David Williams

Robert Williams



Roslyn Williams

Reid Willis

Donna Wilson

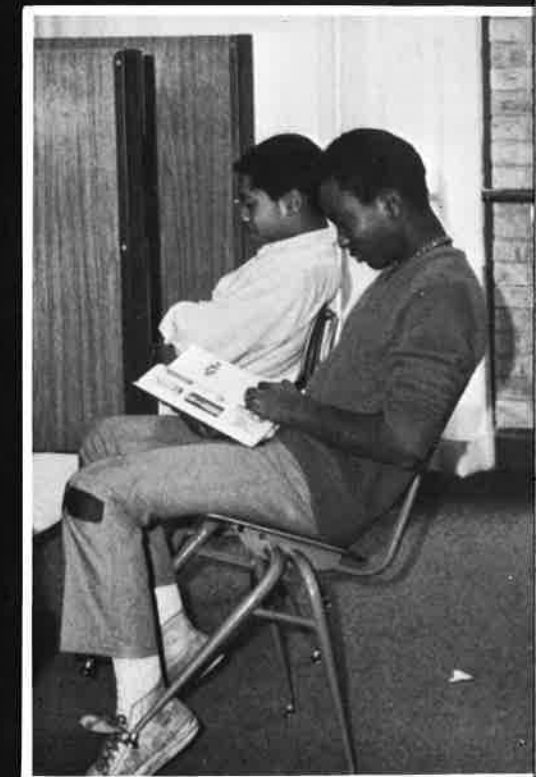
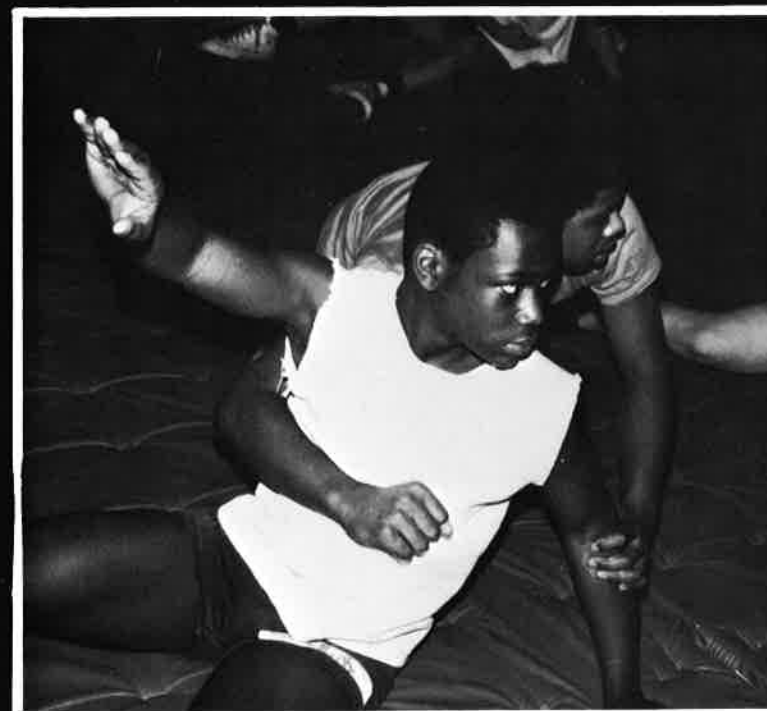
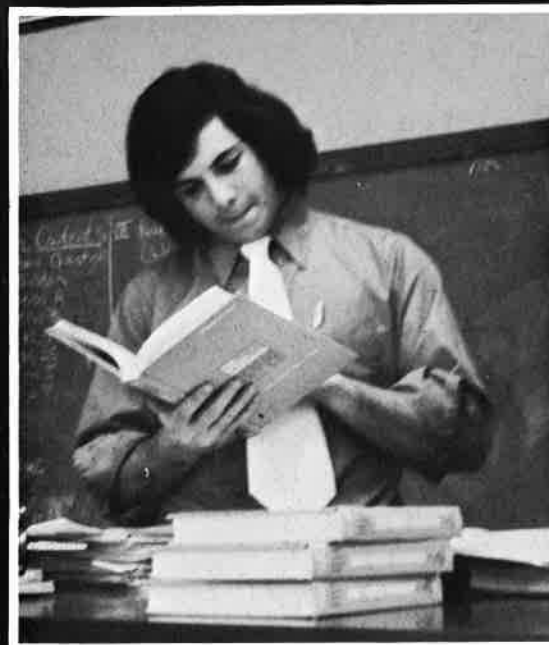
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Marsha Wimsberg



CAMERA SHY

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- Joan Bryan
- Gloria Groshek
- Michael Hartmann
- Michael Janotta
- Celia Lazarro
- John Newton
- Larry Posey
- Jack Rubenstein
- Suzanne Takahara







JOSEPH HILL--Interim Superintendent



PHILIP WYE--Principal



FRANK PHILLIPS--Assistant Principal

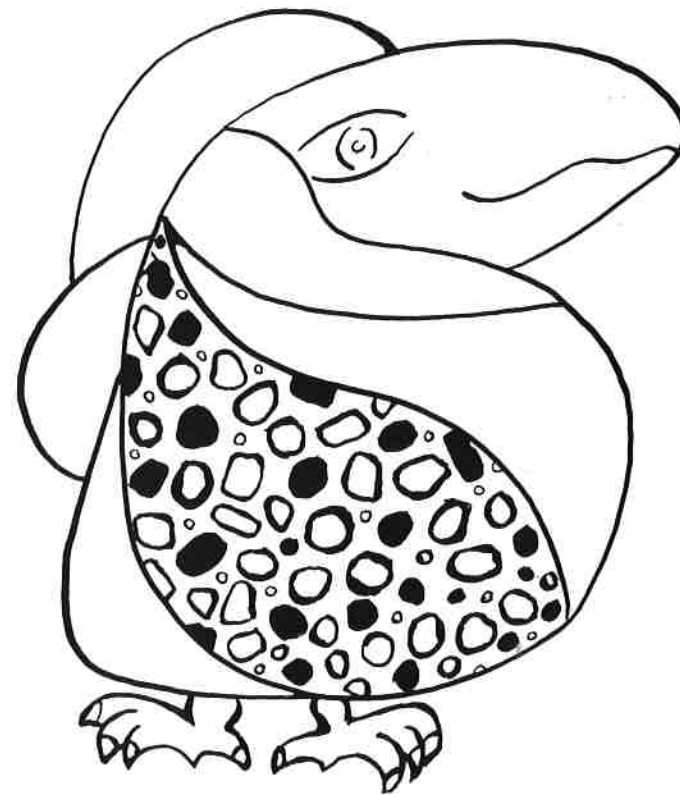


JUDITH ADAMS--Social Worker

GWEN PITTARD-- Guidance Counselor



JERALDINE YOUNG--Administrative Assistant



GEORGINE LE VON--Nurse

WOODSTOCK



Tell it like it is  
 Who are the youths of today?  
 They are the NOW generation, ready for the action.  
 They are not afraid to look Today in the face and  
 Tell it the way it is.  
 And more important, they are not afraid to look Tomorrow  
 in the face and  
 Tell it the way it's going to be.  
 What makes them so sure?  
 The strength of their own determination and hope.

Sue Gates 7-2

Wendy Zich  
 Team Seven



HENRY WHITE--Liaison Police Officer



ALLAN ELLIS--Behavior Modification Specialist



PHYSICAL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT-- Kay Thompson, Ron Risch, Sandy Schultz, Tod Wise, Bobbie Garret.



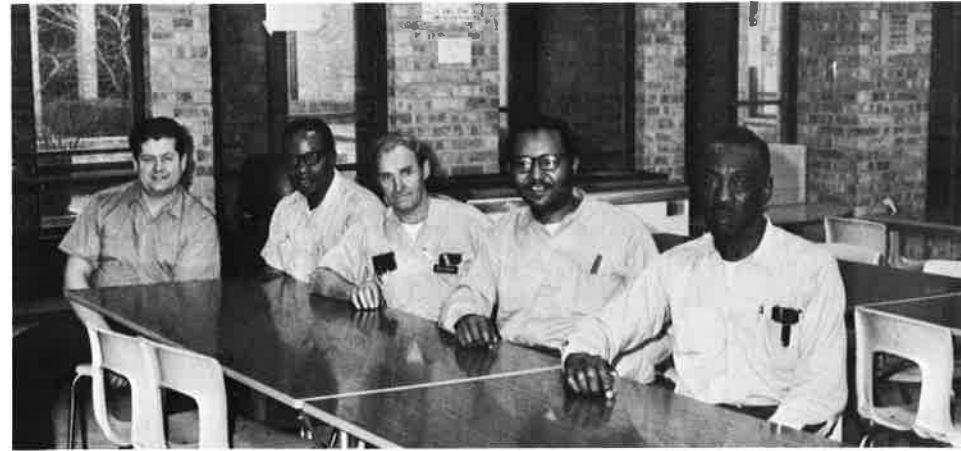
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CUSTODIANS-- George Aumiller, Bill Butler, Scott Buchanan, Hoover Pat Bristow, Bill Trapp.





ELAINE SCHULTZ, MARY OSTRANDER--Office Secretaries



MARY SCHILTZ--Office Secretary

Night Falls

As the birds of the sky  
And the mammals of the land  
Turn in for the night.

Men of cities

Enjoy their leisure,  
Rove their streets of fury.

The changing world of commercial labor

Factories,  
Industries.

But . . .

Where is Nature? •

Pearl Tsao  
Team Eight



To Frederick Douglass

Come walk with me,  
Let me know you are real;  
Come talk with me,  
Let me see the light.  
Come lock your hand in mine,  
Let me hope;  
Let the clock of freedom strike,  
Let you who gave me hope,  
Deliver me . . .  
On the wings of  
Freedom to equality.

Carolyn Comiskey  
Team Seven



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*We Remember . . .*

*James E. Saunders*