

1971-1972



THE  
Eagle

NEW DALLAS UNIVERSITY





When I saw him standing  
near the plane,  
I knew I'd never see him again.  
I'll remember the good times  
and the bad,  
But tomorrow's a new day  
Just like he said.  
I miss his soft touch, and his  
big, strong chest,  
And the way he would tell me that  
I was the best.  
Now I get a letter. It says,  
Dear Mrs. Jones,  
Mr. David R. Jones won't be  
coming home.  
He was lost in action, he may  
still be alive,  
We are so sorry, and more  
of that jive.  
It's now two years later,  
I won't give up hope  
That one day he'll come home  
by plane, train or boat.  
"Tomorrow's a new day," were the  
last words he said.  
"Tomorrow's a new day!" I cry  
in my bed.

Beth Noparstak  
Team Eight

It's a new day, Mr. Sun.  
Wake up so we can have some fun!  
All right, dear Mr. Moon,  
I will get up very soon.  
It's a new day, Mr. Sun.  
Come get up; we'll have some fun!  
Now the day is past, Mr. Sun,  
And all the fun we had is done!

Marcia Goldsen  
Team Six

The sun rises,  
And the gentle warmth flows  
down to wake the world.  
You wake and find it's  
a new day.  
Overnight, the miracle called  
world proclaimed that  
there should be a new day.  
Topping the last one.  
Giving everyone, everywhere  
a chance to begin again.

Janet Jacobs  
Team Seven



The Door

With TV broken, there wasn't anything to do. Milly had a slight headache and didn't really feel like doing anything anyhow. She sat in the armchair staring at the wall. Suddenly, she sat up straight.

That's funny. She got up from the chair and walked over to the table. I've never seen that before. Behind a table there was the definite outline of a little door hidden in the wall.

She moved the table and stared at the door. Crouching down, she put her ear to the door. From far away she heard the sound of strange music. Slowly she pushed the door open and crawled through. Milly couldn't stand or walk, because the hall she was in wasn't tall enough. She could only crawl along in the darkness toward the distant music.

Meanwhile, Milly's mother came home. "Milly, Milly, honey, I'm home!" No answer. "Milly, where are you?" She shrugged her shoulders and carried the bag of groceries to the kitchen.

"Mommy, can I have a cookie?"

Mrs. Langston turned around, "Oh, Cindy, have you seen Milly?"

Cindy shook her head. "I just got home, Mommy, can I have a cookie?"

Mrs. Langston was busy putting cans away. "Mommy, can I have a cookie?"

Mrs. Langston slammed the cupboard door, "No, you may not! Now don't bother me!"

"OK, I'll go outside, OK?"

"Yes go! Just leave!"

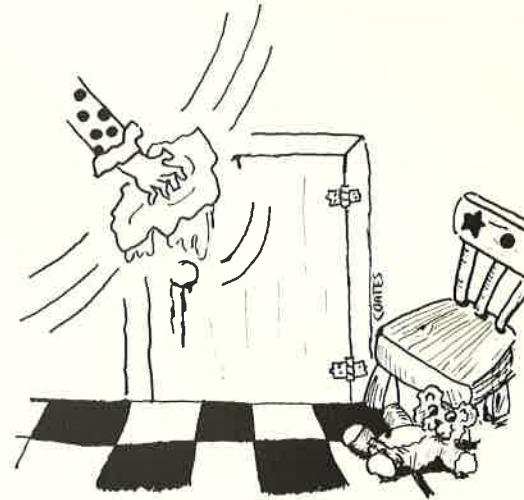
Cindy ran out the door. The groceries were all put away. "I wonder where Milly is?" Mrs. Langston thought. She ran up the stairs. Milly's bedroom door was shut. "She's probably taking a nap." she said to herself.

Mrs. Langston came downstairs and walked into the living room. "Oh, for pete sakes!" Her hands flew up and her face turned an angry red. She was staring at the misplaced table and the door on the wall. She stormed to the window. The sidewalk was clear, no one in sight. "When she gets home, just wait!"

She ran into the kitchen, and, in a moment, returned with a can and a rag. She sprayed something on the wall and began scrubbing vigorously. The door slowly started to disappear until not a mark was left. "If Cindy ever draws on these walls again...!"

She replaced the table and walked back into the kitchen.

Barbara Bennett  
Team Seven

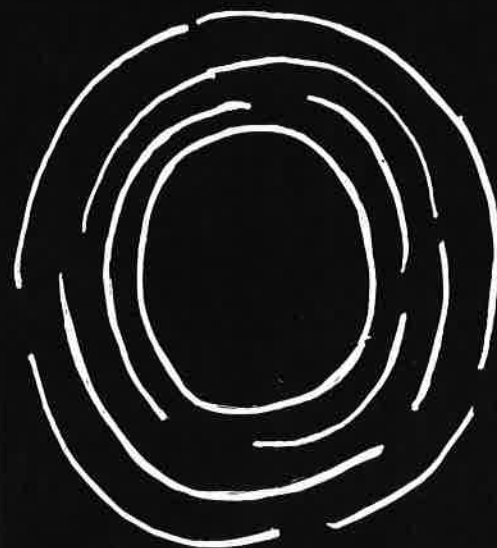
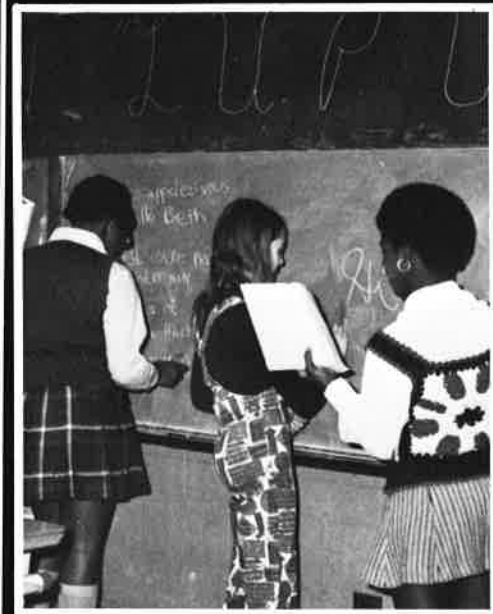


Freedom

I'd ride a white stallion  
To the ends of the earth.  
I'd laugh  
In kaleidoscope bubbles of mirth.  
I'd glide through the air  
On two paper-thin wings,  
Why, I'd do a million and one different things.  
Run barefoot  
Through acres and acres of mik.  
I'd buy a striped unicorn-  
Purple and pink.  
I'd lie on my back in the grass,  
And I'd dream  
Of diamonds and toadstools and chocolate ice cream.  
I'd gaze at the lights  
Of a far-distant world  
And touch a new butterfly,  
Wax wings unfurled.  
I'd roll in a blanket of new-fallen snow,  
Lift my face to the sun  
And feel its warm glow.  
I'd climb to a mountaintop  
To shout, "I am me!"  
I'd do this and more  
If I only were free.

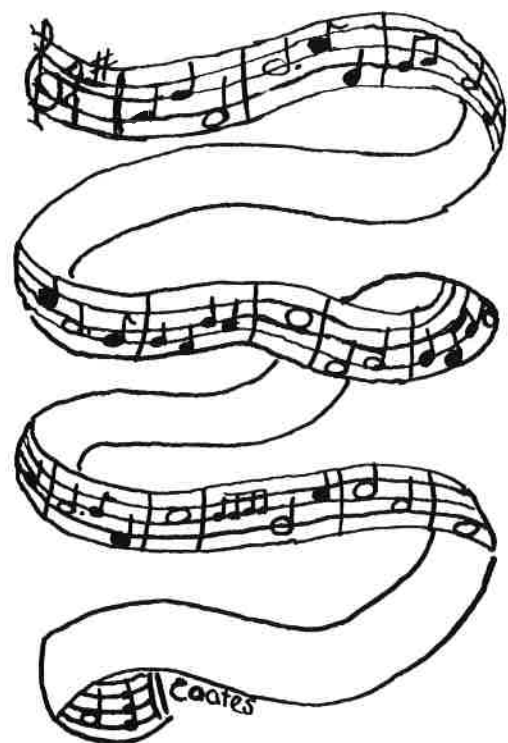
Julie Goldflies  
Team Eight





-CORTES-

music





My Brother

My brother is so silly,  
And chubby as well,  
And he always has to ask me,  
If a word he cannot spell.

Sometimes he is nice though,  
And he likes to play with me,  
But other times he's bothersome,  
And yells, "Come see, come see!"

It's nice to have a brother,  
And sometimes I wish for his double,  
But other times I blow my stack,  
When he gets me into trouble!

Amy Heimerdinger  
Team Six ♥

Chorus



TEAM SIX TEACHERS-SEATED: Pat Cris, Geremia Burke, Delcome Hollins, Georgine Le Von, Eleanor Hansen. STANDING: Allan Ellis, Sheldon Schwartz, Howard Gellerman, Bobbie Garret, Mark Reitman, Jerry Murphy.



ROW 1: Ramze Idress, Sharon Byre, Marilyn Eason. ROW 2: Daniel Gonzales, Holly Gordon, Howard Gordon, Rebecca Heydeman, Karen Dolenga. ROW 3: Wendy Zirlin, Debbie Johnson, John Krufft, Marcos Levy, Charles Martin. ROW 4: Jory Natkin, Terrie Sturm, Grady Fike, Marie Ripp, Isabel Ruiz, Diedra Brown, Mrs. Hansen. ROW 5: Alan Shapiro, Randall Sanders, Howard Scheck, Robert Spejcher. ROW 6: Denise Thompson, Debra Parker, Lorraine Kern, Colin Shattar, Michael Izbicky.

What if, just what if, the world were all black?  
 Of prejudice and hatred there might be a lack.  
 People today judge others by their skin  
 And not by the important thing,  
 Which is what's really within.  
 So next time you see someone  
 Who isn't your color,  
 Don't stand there and stare,  
 Or start laughing or holler.  
 Just act like a normal, sensitive, human being.  
 Because the person you're looking at is the very  
 same thing.

Susan Glick  
 Team Six



ROW 1: Mr. Schwartz, Karen Yokoo, Lorie Swetish, Gregg Sato, Anne Mockovac, Peppi Southall, Matt Kutchin, David Macherey, Mary Meyer, Tim Iida, Aaron Frank, Dan Soglin, Sadi Zunnarian, Ron Crabbe. ROW 2: Joe Smutnik, Sam Thomas, Don Repenning, Arnett Jackson, Pryor Logan, Mark Miller. Carl Nejedly, Abby Johnson, Levette Tomlinson, Theresa DeVold, Tammy Hatchett, Robin Lewy, Jan Perkal.



ROW 1: Pat Ferguson, Ruth Singer, Tracy McCaslin, Gordon Massalihit, Marya Glass, Sandra Wolfe. ROW 2: Donna Williams, Launita Petty, Peter Lobin, Mark Freeman, Wally Levis, Randy Hassen, Carmen Massie, Damita Bridges, Ann Brown, Sam Schofield, Dannielle Bitoun. ROW 3: Chansoo Joung, Les Harold, Harlen Lobel, Scott Fargo, James Edwards. ROW 4: Steve Richmond, Jeff Larson, Eric Perry, Kenny Hammer, David Bernstein, Dean Ekstrom, Winifred Tipton, Mrs. Hollins.





Emillie Lim, Lauren Peoples, William Dembski, Jo Ramirez, Gary Simon, Trude Weniger, Kathleen Dolenga, Billy Burks, Fred Marks, David Souza, Mike Bertan, Anita Bester, Christine Seiler, Bertha Schwartz, Ann Schwartz, Martha Beilly, Jennie Remsberg, Jennifer Berman, Robert Lamb, Donald Cherry, David Fogel, Diana Warren, Marsha Brown, Rendell Phillips, Lamond Williams, Laura Idol, Sharon Malone.

Pollution:  
dirt  
dust  
smog  
soot  
cough  
choke  
sick  
die

John Beneventi  
Team Six



*a pleasant nap is a happy nappy.*

Sheila Tanner  
Team Six



ROW 1: Robert Prinzing, Dave Bond, Bill Logan, Donald Stewart, Susan Brownell, Calvin Mims. ROW 2: Tim Budrys, Paul Piotrowicz, Bob Hill, Sherry Johnson, Craig Barton, Barri Stallworth. ROW 3: Margorie Chambers, Roger Hatanaka, Larry Hart, Denise Jackson, Jeff Berk. ROW 4: Linda Winters. Marcy Firmis, Robert Bohm, Alisa Edwards, Larry Verkouler, Steve Schmidt, Ricky Hilliard, Perry Brodsky, Mr. Gellerman.



ROW 1: Kathleen Dodson, Scott Lawrence, Jocelyn Edelstein, Lavea Dorsch. ROW 2: Sue Goldberg, Margaret Mayer, Sheri Byce, Elnora Cook, John Stultz, Carolyn Gillen. ROW 3: Susan Gunsberg, Kathryn Johnson, Michael Penick, Scott Beller, Mark Muschenheim, Aneeta Talwani. ROW 4: Yvette White, Stephanie Wilson, Karen Garrison, Peter Mast, Daniel Schoessow. ROW 5: Scott Saskill, Patrick Keuth, John Anderson, Verne Noparstak. ROW 6: James Ackers, Glenn Ghiselli, Rahul Naidu, Ronald Cohen. ROW 7: Arthur Roman, John Belbin, John Phillips, Mike Handler. ROW 8: Miss Cris.



Birds are flying in the trees,  
Bees are humming here and there,  
In the flowers everywhere.  
A fawn is running through the wood,  
To find his mother if he could.  
A fish in the brook swimming along,  
While birds in trees are singing a song.  
Now the day has no more light,  
And owls are hooting in the night.  
And all is right; day and night.

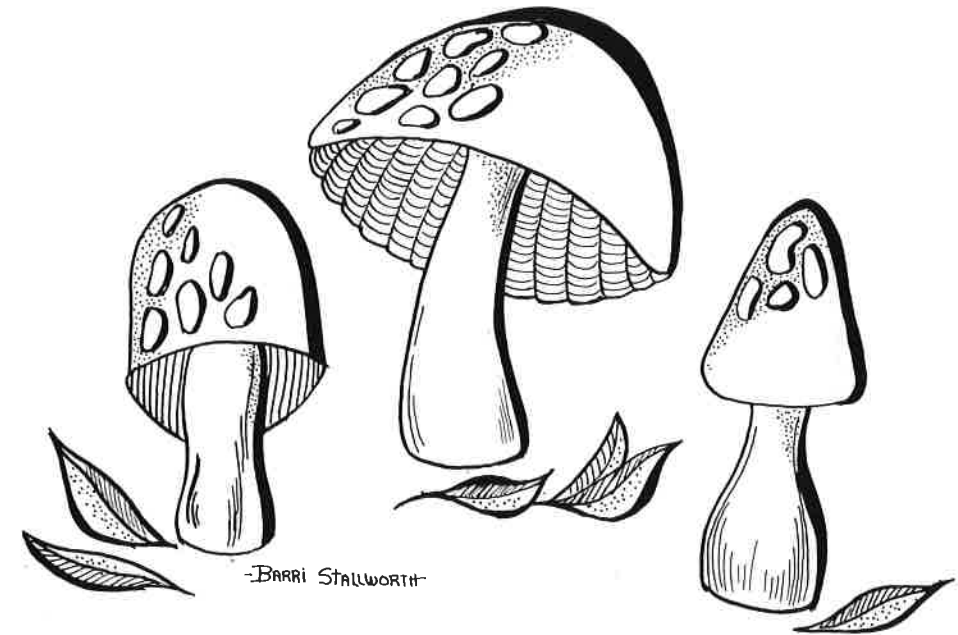
Scott Lawrence  
Team Six



In My Backyard

In my backyard,  
With trees of green,  
The thoughts I've thought,  
The sights I've seen,  
No one knows  
Where I have gone,  
But there I sit,  
Upon the lawn.  
Some people say  
My time is wasted.  
They'll never know  
The truth I've tasted.

Pamela Logan  
Team Seven

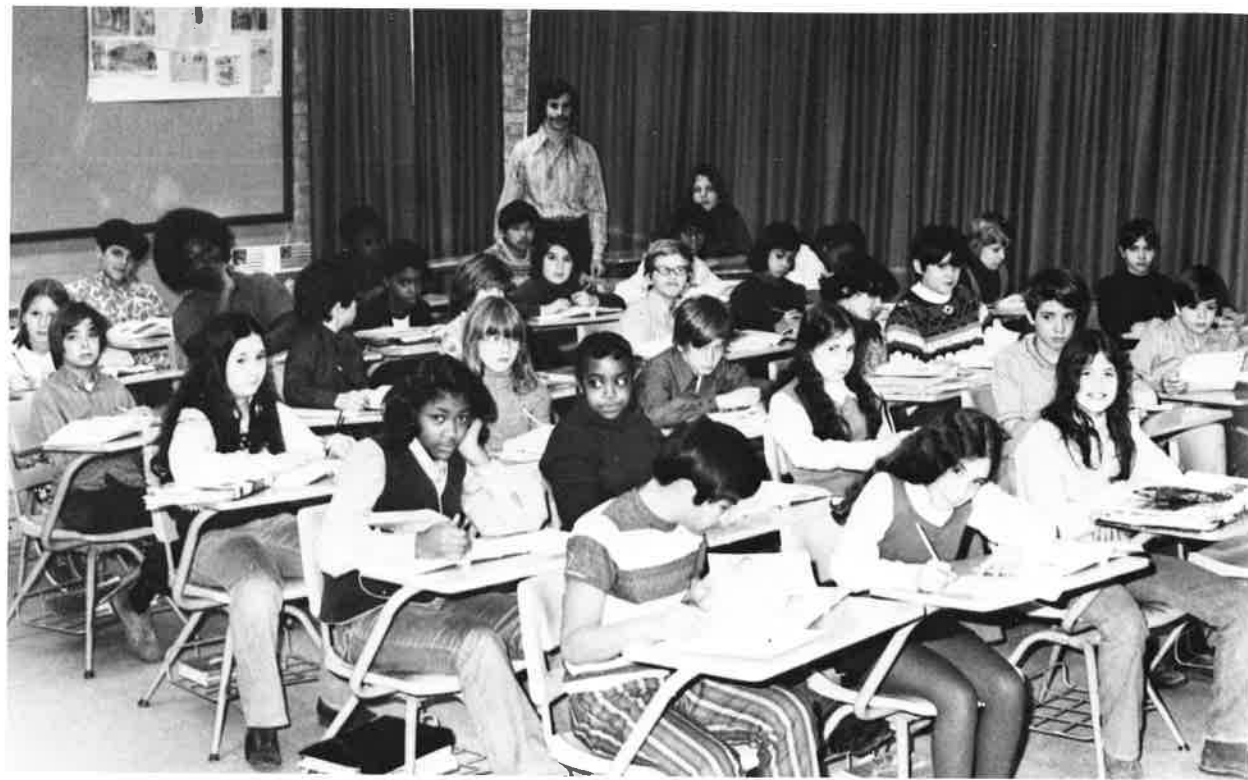


ROW 1: Becky Burnette, Martin Conchola, Carlos Johnson, Phillippe Peterson. ROW 2: Sue Elam, Marcie Goldsen, Maria Gianes, Dwight Taylor, Ami Dahl, Jean Schwind. ROW 3: Vivian Tucker, Bryon Lewis, Laura Parry, Margy Jurney, Vola Johnson, Beth Waters, Mary Ann Utter. ROW 4: Julie Price, Barry Herschman, Andrea Gebel, Jay Goldring, Tom Swendrowski. ROW 5: Tony Margotte, Anthony Todd, Eliot Brooks, Ken Saag, Barbara Vogt. ROW 6: Diane Winters, John Swift, Mr. Murphy.



*the colors of a sunset :*

*pull them out of the sky  
and boil them down into dye.*



ROW 1: Randy Ase, Pam Barber, Agnes Bohacsik, Eric Berolzheim, Kris Brandt. ROW 2: Ellen Walchirk, Anne Craigen, Jennifer Geis, Charles Filvelson, Fred King, Jerry Fargo. ROW 3: Sandy Shaw, Susan Glick, Michael Hoehne, Bob Jamboy, Ty Brown. ROW 4: Jeff Olsen, Jon Ritter, Brian Riley, Phil Schwager, Ed Normen. ROW 5: Pat Saccente, Brian Tidwell, Dawn Taylor, Lesley Lane, Noel Miranda. ROW 6: Cathy Derfler, Ellory Bisk, Willie Davis, Debbie Spalla, Mr. Schwartz.

ROW 1: Linda Brown, Maureen Riley, Olympia Papayannacos, Brian Bruce. ROW 2: Vivian Alsberg, Renee Staffney, Susan Monson, Patrick Goss. ROW 3: Amy Heimerdinger, Dorothea Pompey, Robin Conners, Steven Economou, Steven Damascus, Fredrick Arriaga. ROW 4: Karen Mac Leod, Melody Marion, Edwin Meyer, Paul Matkovic, David Browdy. ROW 5: Antonio Penaloza, Paul Ellin, Joseph Wright. ROW 6: Kimberly Hubbard, Joan Klessen, Elise Walker, David Winograd, Allan Freedkin, Richard Peterson, Steven Evans, Mr. Ellis.



"I have a dream," you say?

I dream a dream that's shared by many throughout the world, but scorned by many, also. I dream of eternal peace and a world without racism, prejudice or injustice present in the remotest spot on earth.

I dream also of a time when the word "poverty" is non-existent, except in old stories of days past.

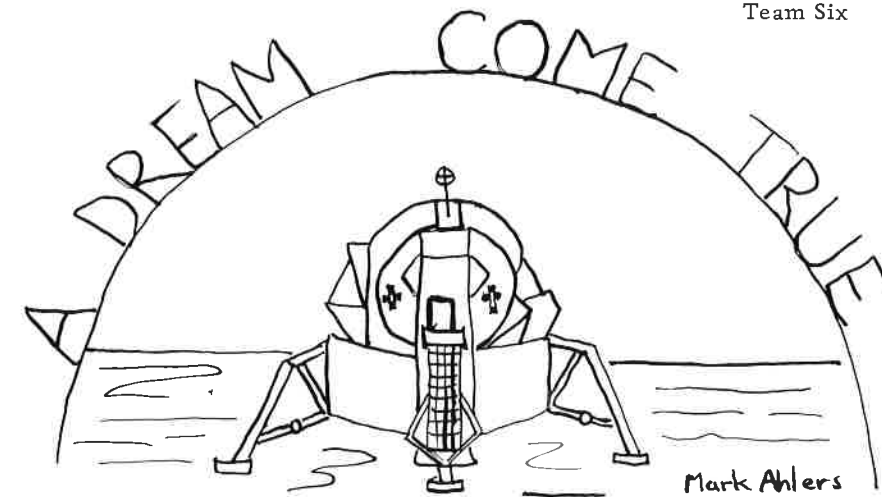
I dream of a time when smokeless cars move cross a country where fresh air is abundant and industries do not foul air and water, where strip mining is dead, and where our natural resources expand instead of contract.

I dream of a time when a courtroom will truly be just and the gallows shall swing empty.

I dream of honor in public office.

Most of all, I dream of living my small part of eternity to the fullest. While I'm here, may I make this Earth a better place to live for my children and their children and their children and always.

Mike Handler  
Team Six



I Saw That Man Standing There

I saw that man standing there,  
I looked again; he wasn't there.  
He had his dreams, and they went by,  
His last one said he's going to die.  
He lived his life, but now it's passed,  
His last words were, "I'm free at last."

Virginia Brown  
Team Eight



ROW 1: Sheila Tanner, Neal Blau, Charles Goetz, Gary Johnson. ROW 2: Sheri Perlman, Stephen Harmath, Marc Gimpel, Stanley Wideman, David Hanaford. ROW 3: Leon Benson, Jonathan Hammer, James Ackers, Carl Babb-Fowler, Dion Flake, Keith Sterrenberg. ROW 4: Monique Petan, Charlene Hill, Marilyn Smith, Patricia Washington, Anthony Graff. ROW 5: Maryrose McCudden, Lilia Cabiltes, Cheryl McDermott, Michael Papangelis.

*the many  
faces of  
chute*



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TEAM SEVEN TEACHERS-SEATED: Robin Hinderyckx, Karen Bozeman, Nancy Bakalar, Kathleen Hughes, Lauren Paul, Jean Oliver, Laverne Mayes. STANDING: George Wessel, Gary Justus, Bob Jacobsen, Reva Denlow, Linda Kruzic, Marilyn Skau, Jack Carpenter, Tom Sprengelmeyer, Rick Dernehl.



ROW 1: Rowena Rivera, Melissa Mayes, Baki Allen, David Nimerou, Rick Tsuru. ROW 2: Karin Teftmeyer, Pamela Logan, Reva Kleppel, Chris Derfler, Leonard Hall, Miss Paul. ROW 3: Andrea Tasic, Ricky Barber, Valerie Brown, Craig Heimerdinger, Margie Powell, Lilli McKinley. ROW 4: Susan Levine, Franklin Walker, Fred Londinski, Rachid Idriss Lourdes Cabiltas. ROW 5: Charles Tinch, Ira Naimen, Richard Gunnell, Iain York, Mark Wayne.



God. Who is God?  
Is he of the spirit?  
Or of the mind?  
Is there any real religion?  
Is there more than one God?  
We pray to him, but  
Do we understand him?  
I ask many questions  
Only to seek the answers.  
Do you have them?

Life. What is life?  
Is it just before death?  
Or is it more?  
Is it love?  
And does it give the spirit freedom?  
I wonder . . .

The man stands still within the forest.  
"Die, man, die."  
He stands upon a sandy hill.  
"Die, man, die."  
Who could that man in the distance be?  
"Who died, man, I?"

*jay chambers*  
*team seven*





ROW 1: Art Soudek, Eric Newman, Dave Salzman, Dave Resnik, Rich Freeman, Sheldon Rennebaum. ROW 2: Mrs. Mayes, Sue Palmgren, Bernadine Diedrichs, Lisa Hansen, Kim Waters, Helene Freidman, Mary Milanko, Sara Genny, Melissa Printis, Rita Walker. ROW 3: Larry Bard, Tony Clark, Hank Lin, Bob Ward, Donald Fowler, Paul Mille, Jeff Trainer.



ROW 1: Sherman Ackers, Liz Stewart, Barbara Baker, Terry Tiersky, Janice Oppenheimer, Beth Oldeen, Connie Lohman, Wendy O'Donnell, Norma Jurney, Margaret Repenning, Anita Lee, Janine Gault, Mrs. Bakalar. ROW 2: Jeff Henry, Chuck Dawson, Jeff McIntosh, Joe Black. ROW 3: Dale Schroeder, Lee Schwarzbach, Arthur Shaw, Kurt Gunderson, Emmanuel White, Jay Chambers, Archie Karel, Gerald Boquse, Myles Krane, Jon Andes, Bob Wish, Steve Byce.

The Fourth Dimension

Time;  
The Fourth Dimension.  
Time;  
Time to think.

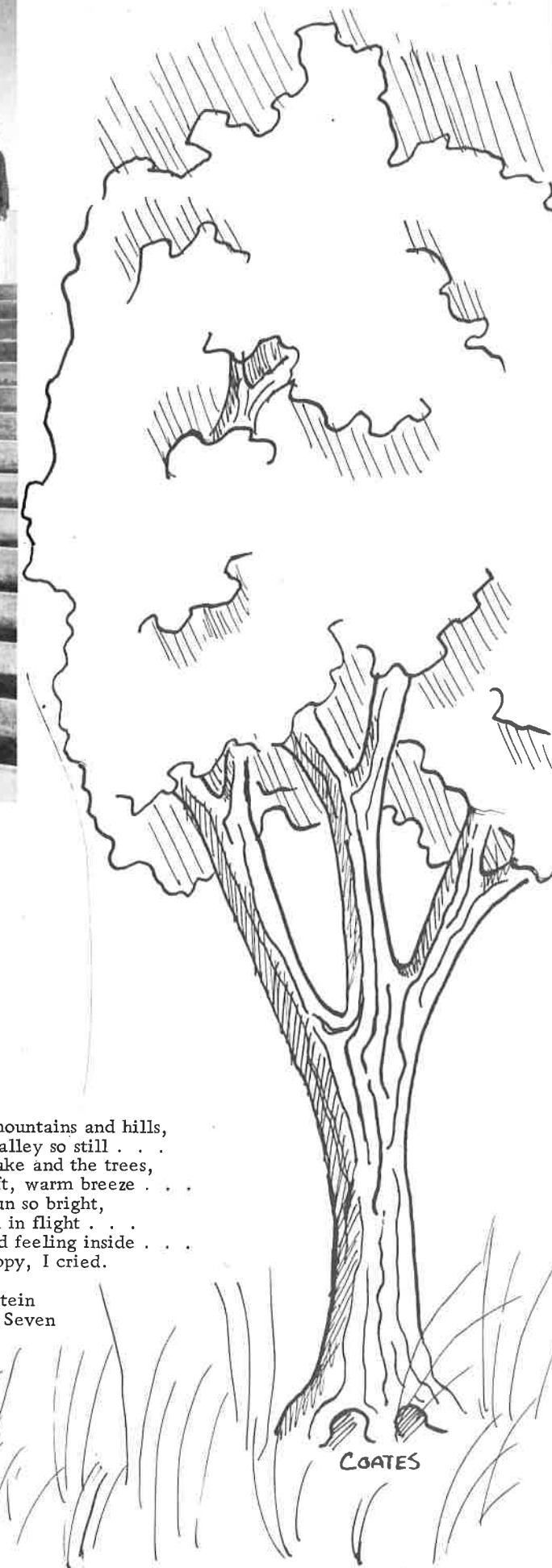
Time to do your heart's desire;  
Time to rest;  
Time to work.

The Fourth Dimension;  
Never stopping;  
Continuing forever;  
The Fourth Dimension.  
Time. . .

Bob Hillman  
Team Seven



ROW 1: Eric Yokoo, Harriet Posner, Ronna Pritikin, Audrey Smith, Craig Robitaille. ROW 2: Mike Goldstein, Frances Weinberg, Rachel Goldman, Rebecca Lillian, Samir Idriss, Donald Goldsmith. ROW 3: Alan Brannstrom, Keith Galbreath, Barbara Rabin, Jean Egbert, Joanne Pedersen, Adrienne Sutton. ROW 4: David Perkins, Greg Johnson, Carol Colbert, Nancy Wilson, Barbara Bennett. ROW 5: Ray Chambers, Randy Loebbaka, Elizabeth Brown, Bruce Kirschenbaum. ROW 6: Steve McRae, Mrs. Hughes, Scott Hamburger.

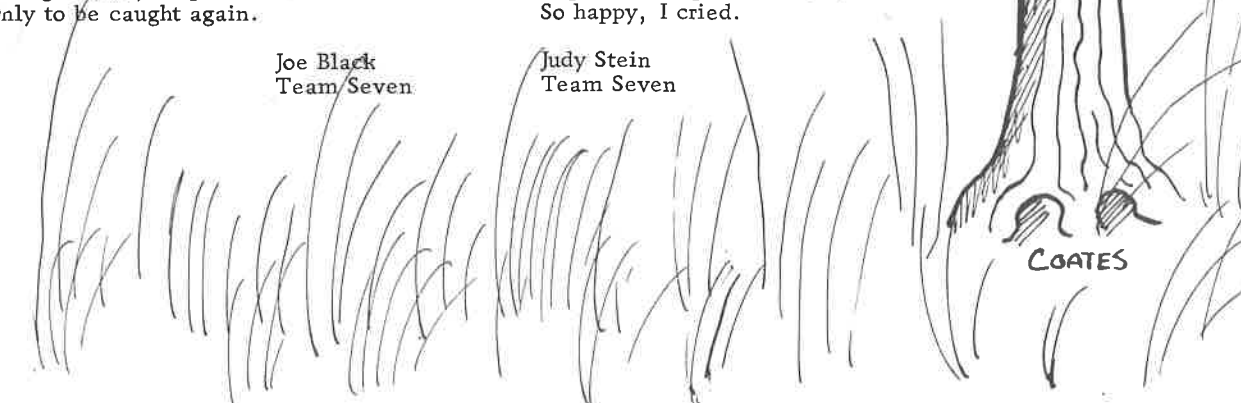


Run. . .  
The fear crazed egg,  
Turning the corner of reality blindfolded.  
Look around you in wonder. . .  
And awe. . .  
And break your shell.  
Emerge from your prison  
Only to be caught again.

Joe Black  
Team Seven

The mountains and hills,  
The valley so still . . .  
The lake and the trees,  
A swift, warm breeze . . .  
The sun so bright,  
A bird in flight . . .  
A good feeling inside . . .  
So happy, I cried.

Judy Stein  
Team Seven





ROW 1: Dan Kuraner, Lisa Mason. ROW 2: Miriam Romain, Eli Kerlow, Lisa Bush, Beth Lane. ROW 3: Vicki Wolfe, Scott Hatanaka, Joni Miller, Darnett Baker. ROW 4: Margaret Norman, David Lipschulz, David Pawlan, Ronald Camp. ROW 5: Richard Spejcher, Cathy Osborne, Tom Disney, Shelly Blackwell, Norman McNaughton, Mr. Jacobsen. ROW 6: Joseph Amos, John Mosser, Judy Mandell, Frank Nejedley, Joe Savage.



### The Race

There I was with beads of sweat running down my face. Then it came: 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Red, yellow, green!

My rear tires hugged the ground, screaming and whining, fire spitting out on both sides of me. I tipped my airfoil, put the shift into high, and jammed my foot on the pedal even harder, as though I were trying to push it through the floor.

I didn't dare look to the side of me because of one thing I learned: never take your eyes off the road. I took a quick glance down at my speedometer. I was doing something near 200 miles per hour!

Then it happened. My brakes failed, and I couldn't stop. Realizing it, I popped my drag chute. It slowed me down a little, but not enough.

I took another glance at the speedometer: 135 m.p.h., 125, 115, 110, 90. I was getting closer and closer to the end of the track, heading for the Whipple and McCulloch pit stop.

Seventy, sixty-five, and still going. The end was only a few yards away, so I braced myself. There it was . . . .BAM! . . . Silence hushed over the crowd as they looked in terror.

His name was Big Daddy.

David Levinson  
Team Seven



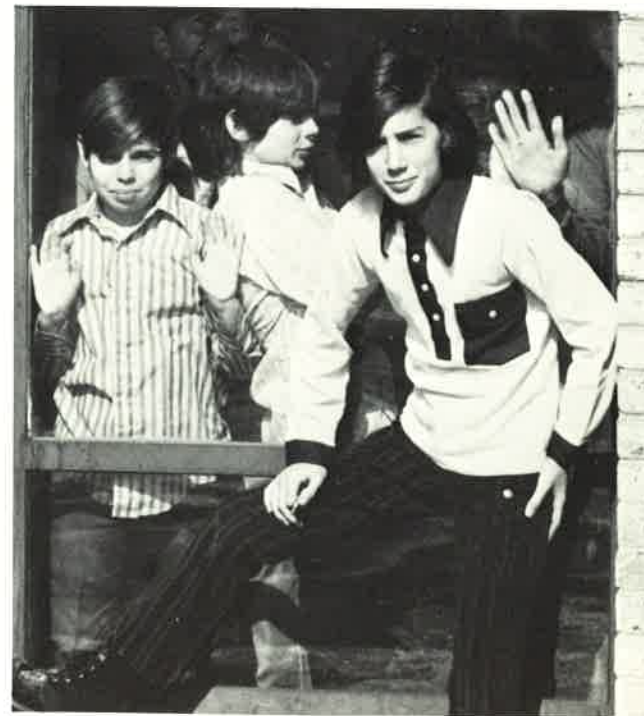
ROW 1: Lori Laker, Bobby Jones, Paula Mathews, Judy Stein, Leonor Guizar, Michelle English, Nancy De-Rose, Rory McGahan, John Chatz. ROW 2: Cindy Chamberlain, Roza Altum, Meg Davis, Sandy Wilson, Rachel Anderson, John Ichkoff, Mark Barenbaum, Jacob Leber. ROW 3: Mr. Wessel, Darnell Jefferson, Bernard Grace, Derek Ross, David Bolsenga, Joel Blau, Mike Takehara, Spencer Journey.



ROW 1: Jeffery Wood, Shirley Ray, Mrs. Oliver, Jeanne Conway. ROW 2: Judy Simon, Richard Gilbert, David Geidzahler, Patricia Vargas, Patricia Smith. ROW 3: Arna Sosewitz, Mark Simon, Brian Vetter, Kial Stovall, Sally Merar. ROW 4: Larry Parker, Robert Hillman, Jill Mast, Michael Mockenhaupt, Jacqueline Dyess, Nancy Kipnis. ROW 5: Paul Pozzolini, Jerry Dalton, David Karr, John Bernstein, Milburn Borden, Anne Hanssen.



ROW 1: Evelyn Dumlao, Mathew Finston, Jon Babbie, Frances Chalem, Mary Sue Stump. ROW 2: Marlene De Saegher, Pam Perry, Ellen Fogel, George Tuggle, Glenda Gray. ROW 3: Bill Crane, Debby Kreisberg, Sam Shellist, Margaret West, Diana Sedor, Mrs. Bakalar. ROW 4: Raphael Gardiner, Linda Hawkins, Bob Koch, Jamie Koppenhaefer. ROW 5: Jack Martin, Steve Horwich, Michael Munding, Ken Ericson.



RED

Red is a color with many personalities;  
 It could start with a rising sun.  
 Red is the color of shooting and killing,  
 With blood running down.  
 Red is royal and rich and thick;  
 It's a school house standing in the fields.  
 Red is a red bird flying above,  
 Over the mountains and over the hills.  
 Red is a fire-burning with anger in a face.  
 It's the color of one's lips; it's the color of a race.

Monique Peterson  
 Team Eight

*i wish . . .  
 i wish people would wake-up  
 and get the dirt in their eyes.*

Ellen Bruce  
 Team Eight





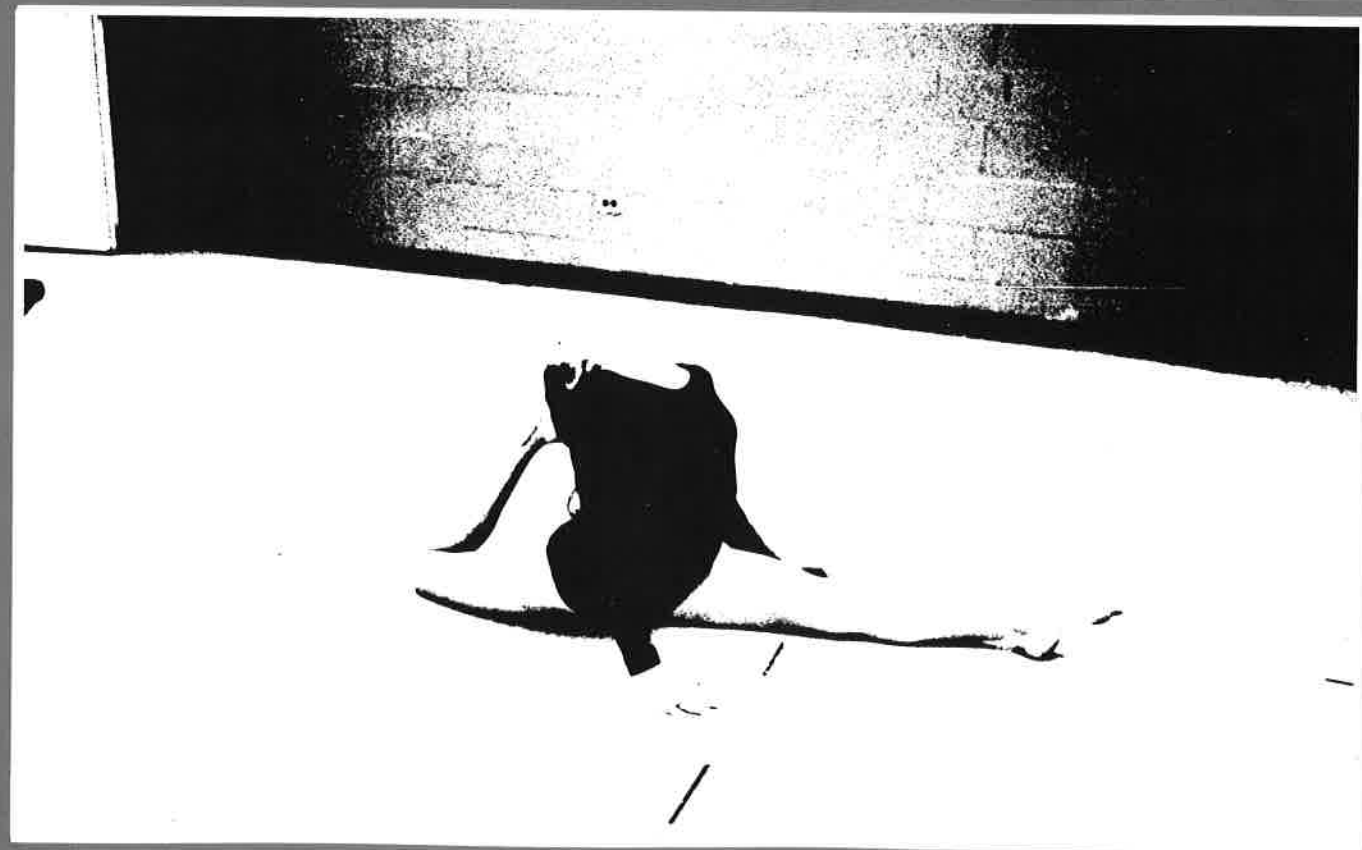
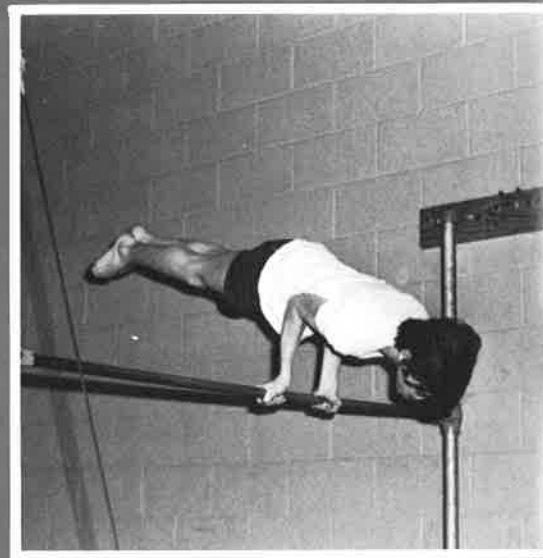
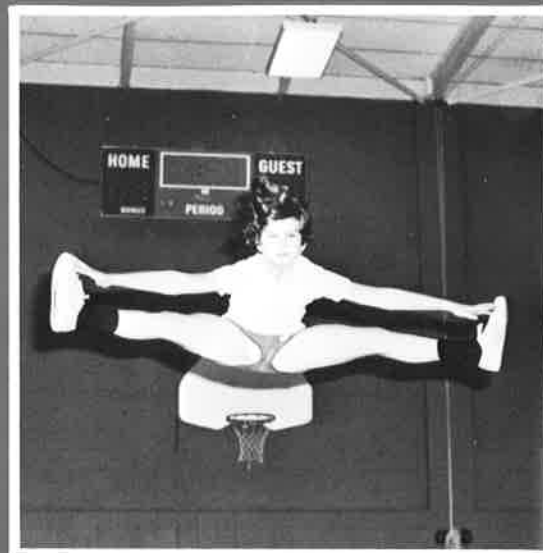


SITTING: Dan Epstein, Ralph Williamsen, Steve Wood, Barry Krost, Sharon Clements, Antoinette Chandler, Sherry Brown, Ilene Hackman, Susan Kaplin, Andrea Idelman, Nancy Martin, June Donaldson, Laura Patala, Cindy Einbinder, Christine Saucier. STANDING: Robert Keith, Crawford Richmond, Robert Muno, Lucian Hatfield, Jerry Kersz, Todd Hansen, William Wood, Robert Johnson, Lathrop Phillips.

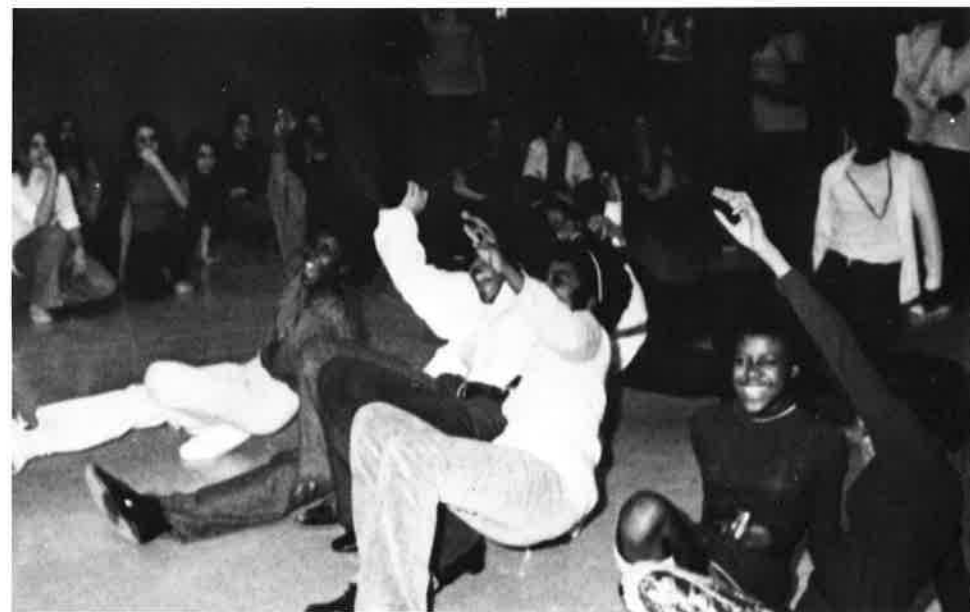
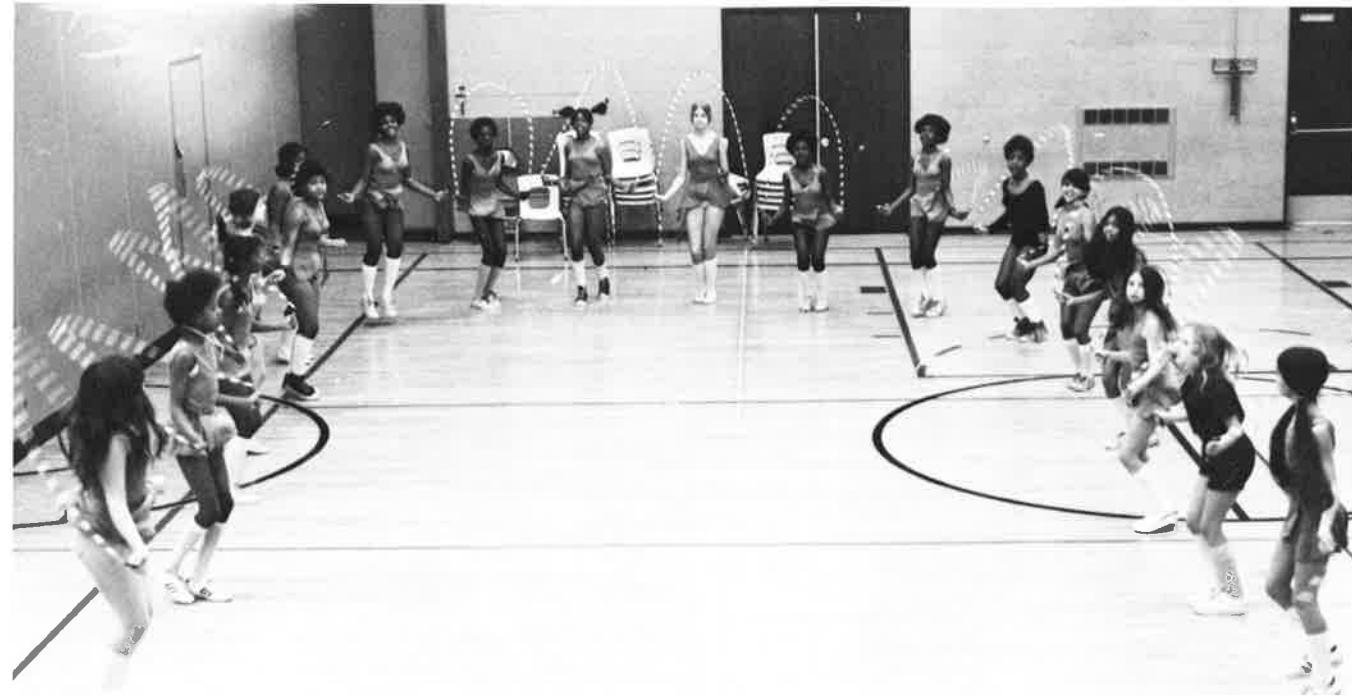


ROW 1: Debbie Hakimian, Alan Craine, Sherri Stien, Charles Jones. ROW 2: Tammy Fender, Lawrence Jackson, Eric Yamauchi, Paul Mocrovak, Valerie Barton. ROW 3: Dale Daugherty, Kim Bresnahan, Dean Olsen, Judy Washington, Cynthia Moore, Danny Pope. ROW 4: Tim Calborg, Randy Beller, Sandy Hiramí, Glenn Ruff, Candy Starr, Vanessa Thomas. ROW 5: Steve Morton, Brad Lerman, Edgar Munoz, David Levinson, Mr. Sprengelmeyer, Paul Hillebran. ROW 6: Stephanie Terry, Mr. Dernehl, Jeff Johnson, Paul Miller.





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TEAM EIGHT TEACHERS-SEATED: Shama Lang, Lorraine Morton, Marge Sobel, Lois Shartiag, Marilyn Levy, Paula Castagna, Luann Glick, Andy Gross. STANDING: Don Mast, Ernest Roehborn, Dave Beckman, Carlis Sutton.

## team eight



Deborah Ackers



Karl Ahlers



Janice Aikens



Caroline Akins



David Allen



Laurie Allen



Nancy Altmeyer



Juluyet Altun



Lila Ammons



Jonathan Anshel



Audrey Babbitt



Rochelle Baker



Warren Baker



John Bareither



Gary Barton



Marc Baum



Frank Becker



Joel Becker



James Burns



Alexander Cermak



Susan Beneventi



Michael Benson



Belinda Bester



Paul Blake



Marcia Blecher



Lisa Block



Allen Chalem



Robert Cichowicz



Neil Blum



Linda Bolsenga



Kris Bond



Loretta Bookout



Stephanie Borden



Susan Bowers



Adrienne Clasky



Susan Coates



Tyrome Bowie



Paula Boyell



Karl Brandt



Thomas Breit



Patsy Bristow



Leslie Brown



Ginger Cochran



Janet Cogan



Virginia Brown



Ellen Bruce



Janice Bryant



Jana Burdick



Harold Burkhardt



Carol Burnes



Larry Cohen



Michelle Cohen



i saw the little robin  
hopping around on the branch outside.  
he stared at me, and his  
black, beady eyes glinted  
in the early morning light.  
i slowly raised the window,  
and i thought i might scare him away,  
but he stayed there.  
he trusted me.  
people had stopped trusting me  
a long time ago.

he hopped onto the sill,  
but strangely  
i wasn't surprised.  
he tilted his velvet head as if to say  
that he understood  
the tide of desolation washing  
over me.  
he understood.  
people had stopped understanding  
a long time ago.

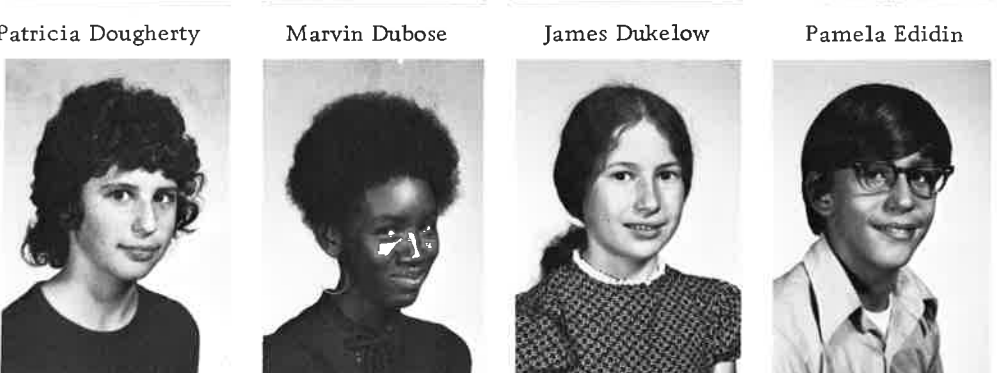
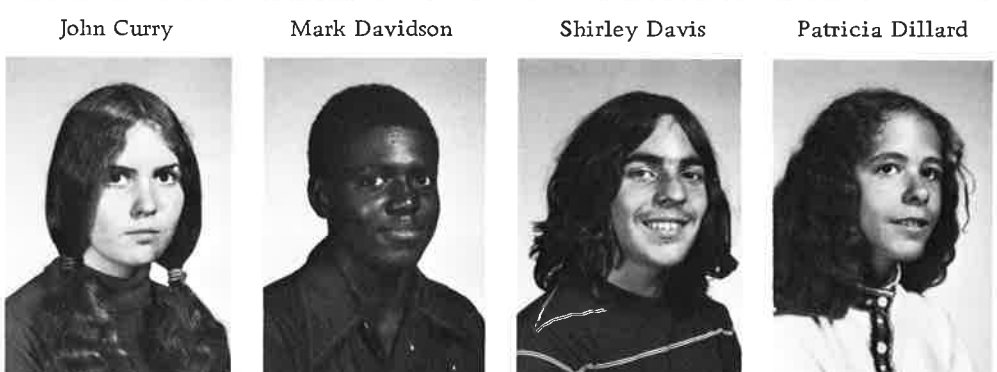
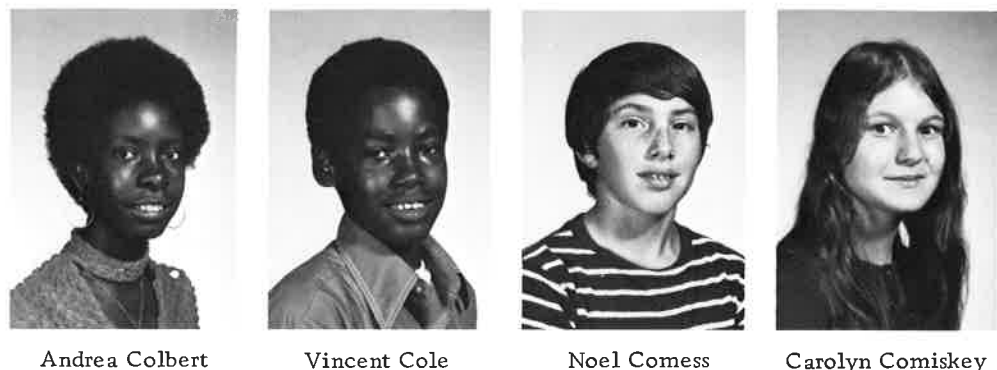
i told him how it felt  
to have nothing left in my body  
but ashes of bygone  
emotions,  
the burnt ends of love  
and kindness,  
happiness and hope.  
he listened.  
people had stopped listening  
a long time ago.

he hopped over to me,  
and he tapped my hand  
with his tiny beak.  
then he turned and flew homeward.  
he cared,  
people had stopped caring  
a long time ago.

that little robin gave me courage.  
i had lost courage  
a long time ago.

Julie Goldflies  
Team Eight





Douglas Culbertson Michael Cummings

Laura Dincin Debra Dixon

Gus Eliopoulos Mary Ellithorpe

Andrea Colbert Vincent Cole Noel Comess Carolyn Comiskey

Julian Courtney Jennie Covington Brian Crane Thomas Cross

John Curry Mark Davidson Shirley Davis Patricia Dillard

Patricia Dougherty Marvin Dubose James Dukelow Pamela Eddin

Ellen Epstein Linda Ewing Lilith Fantl Brian Fassett



Mark Field Michael Fields Marla Forbes Sharon Friend Laurie Fujii Elizabeth Fukuda  
Harold Fuller Yvonne Gardiner Deborah Garmanian Raymond Garrett Eileen Gaughan James Gault



Self

I am born, and why I am here I have yet to know. But only through life itself may I draw one or many answers. And what I am yet to become I must seek out through my own efforts. And if I lack the strength, I shall not survive.

Lynn Staffileno  
Team Eight

each breath  
lets me fall  
deeper  
and  
deeper  
into sleep.  
each breath  
brings me  
closer  
and  
closer  
to dreams  
at each breath  
I can see  
less  
and  
less  
of the world.  
with each breath  
I get  
older  
and  
older.  
each breath brings me  
closer  
and  
closer  
to death.





Maria Georgouses



Linnette Gibson



Beverly Gillen



Pamela Glaser



Ellen Glick



Martin Goldblatt



Julie Goldflies



Michael Goldman



Lesley Golinkin



Norman Gonzales



Debra Gordon



Charles Goss



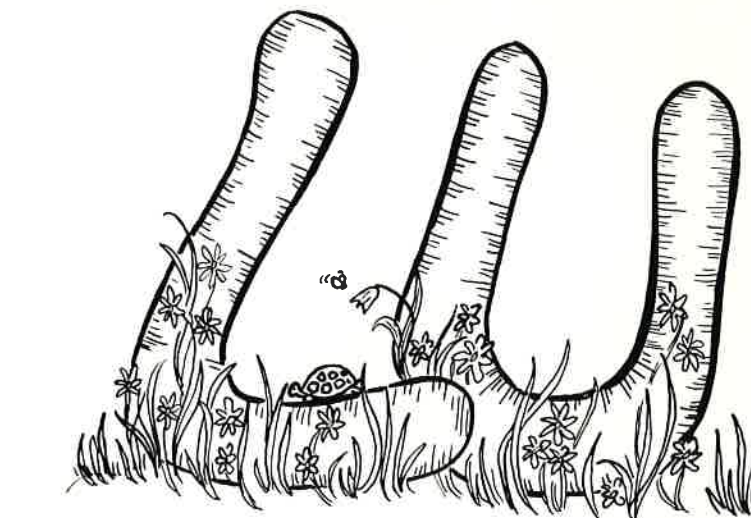
Thomas Guenther



Gail Haefke



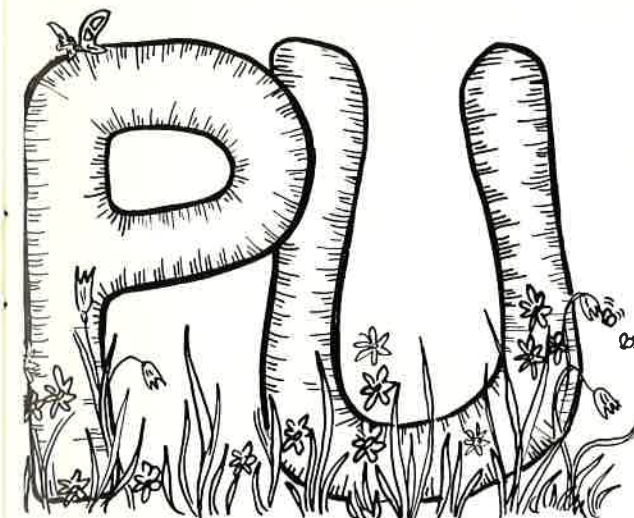
Richard Hakimian



I Wonder Why?

I sit under this green tree, looking at the blue water,  
Wondering why the world can't be one.  
It's only logical that in a world "so far ahead", so  
knowledgeable,  
People might at least get along with each other.  
If we live with one another and work with one another,  
Why can we not love one another?  
We must make the world open its eyes.  
We must make the people open their hearts.  
I sit under this green tree, looking at the blue water,  
Wondering why the world WON'T be one.

Laurie Allen  
Team Eight



See the Light

You call me TOM, I know not why,  
You laugh at me and make me cry.  
If you were light-skinned, you would see,  
So do not laugh and jeer at me.  
Black is beautiful,  
But so is white.  
Open your eyes and see the light.

Gina Perry  
Team Eight



Cynthia Graff



James Grantham



Melanie Groshek



David Hartmann



Cheryl Harty



Richard Heeter



Allen Hilder



Patricia Hill



Todd Horwitz



Karen Handler



Ardo Hansson



Darlene Hartleben



Pamela Hubbard



Sandra Hurwitz



David Iida



Melinda Jackson



Jay Jaffe



Thomas Jambois



Carol Johnson



Elizabeth Johnson



Gerald Johnson



Gina Johnson



James Johnson



Timothy Johnson



Nancy Levin



Paula Levinson



Mark Lewy



Benjamin Kadish



Kenneth Kaplan



Hardy King



Pamela King



Kevin Koalenz



Lynda Koch



Katherine Logan



Alan Londinski



Judith Lubecke



Keith Koehler



Nancy Kohn



Daniel Kopelson



Andrew Kosberg



Deborah Kreiman



Kathy Kreutter



Daniel Madden



Phillip Magruder



Ernest Martin



Andy Kosberg  
8-4



Marcy Kuttner



Robin Lamb



Deborah Lane



Amy Lange



Lori Larson



Ronald Lass



Cornelia Lenz

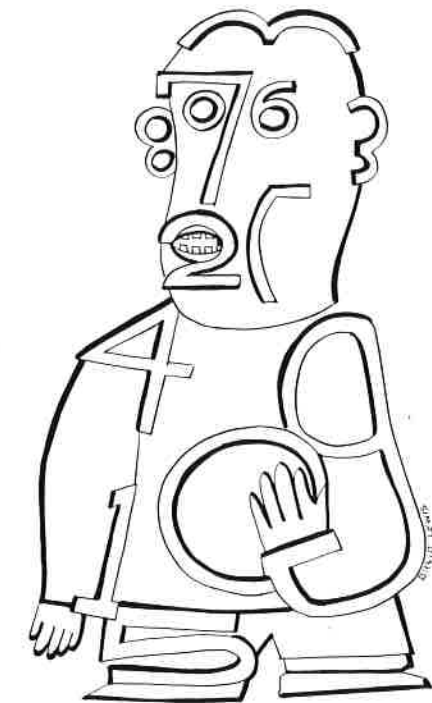


David Leon

### The System

My life's been changed into a number,  
No ideas will come from me.  
Our leaders say they act in mercy,  
Stealing personality.  
What will come of uniqueness?  
How will they deal with me?  
They shut me off like a lifeless sun,  
Nothing coming from within.  
Since I'm not dead, this can't be hell,  
But is hell only for the dead?

Marc Baum  
Team Eight





Gaston Martin



Zachery Maupin



Sidney Mayer



Sandra Mayfield



Glenn Patterson



Stephen Pearl



Gina Perry



Robert Perry



Joan Peterson



Monique Peterson



Steven Mazawa



Elizabeth Mazurek



William McClelland



Charles McCommon



Elizabeth Petrusczak



Richard Piepho



Sharon McKinley



Michael McRae



Krista Miller



Rene Miranda



Frank Moen



Joseph Moore



Scott Polakow



James Poulos



Ann Murao



Patricia Murphy



Charles Murray



Sandra Nafe



Mary Neville



David Newton



Merrill Prager



Mary Sue Price



Beth Noparstak



Frederick Oesau



Kathryn Oline



Todd Omori



Kenneth Panucci



Steven Parker



Cynthia Pryor



Gary Psotka

The Sun

The Sun sits,  
Blazing on the road before my feet.  
And as I come closer,  
She moves on,  
Leaving me in loneliness.  
For when I get to the spot where she stood,  
She has left,  
And walked on down the road.  
I run to catch up,  
But she runs faster.  
I am playing a game of tag with  
The Sun,  
My friend, the Sun,  
But she will not play with me.  
She leaves me all alone,  
Not like any real-life friend.  
But then again, she's neither real  
Nor alive.  
That saddens me.  
For while not being real,  
She is my only true friend.  
But she, too, deserts me,  
And leaves me on an empty road,  
An empty road of sadness.

Marc Baum  
Team Eight

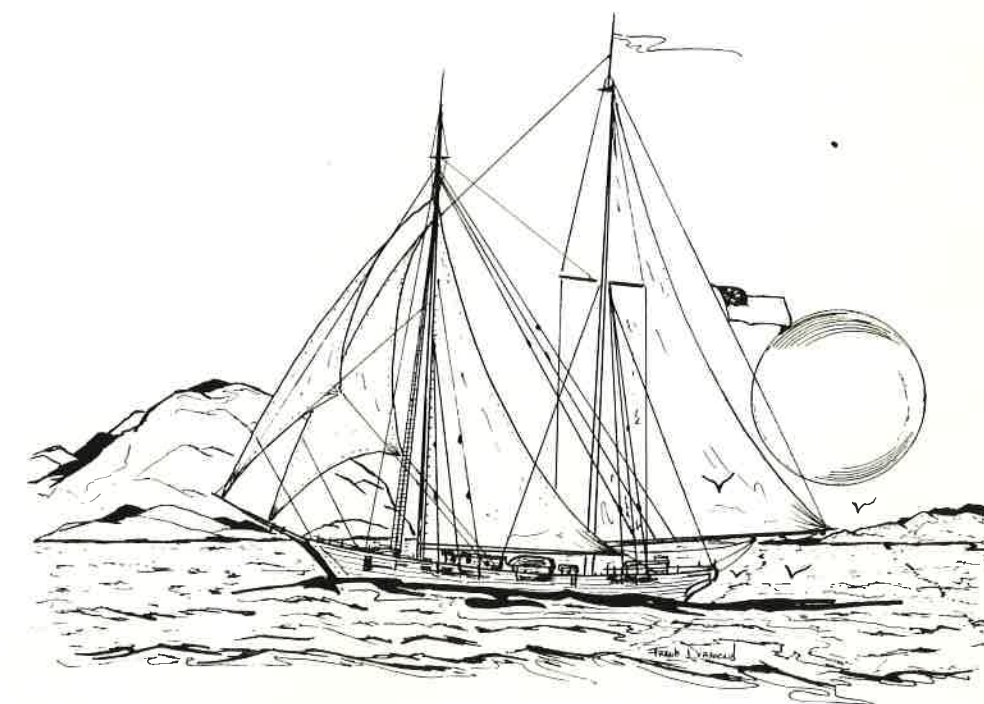
An orange-red ball of  
Flame sets slowly in the  
Gray; it falls ever so gently  
Behind the sleeping trees.

The lake, as calm as the heavens,  
Has a reflection like a night-  
light.

The sound of crickets fills the warm  
Damp air; a small ripple in the  
Water's current forms as a  
Small frog hops to his bed of  
Lily pads.

Then silence overcomes the  
Earth.

Maria Georgouses  
Team Eight







Michael Purcell



Lori Puro



Patricia Reid



Debra Reynolds



Grace Schwartz



Laura Richmond



Winfred Richmond



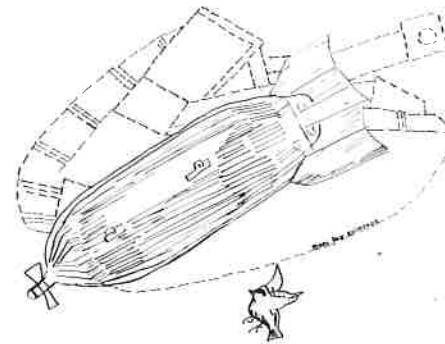
Harvey Rodney



Lisa Rosenberg



David Schwartz



Lying in bed awake,  
Thinking of old times.  
A loud voice fills the barracks  
Like thundering chimes.  
Another day begins.  
I look around, and everything I see  
Reminds me of dying flowers.

Load the killing machines;  
Start your daily massacre.

Barbara Zaretsky  
Team Eight

My Name is. . .

I've never brought pleasure.  
Maybe saidistic pleasure to those who have no feelings  
Toward their fellowman.  
I separate the wrong from the evil.  
My friends are enemies.  
I exist while others die,  
For my existence is death.  
I've met everyone, been every place.  
When I leave, I leave a special mark;  
One that will remain in everybody.  
I have no friends, but people support me.  
Although no one likes me, no one will let me go.  
But if I ever do go, I will be forgotten;  
Forgotten because of memories,  
Which no one will want remembered.  
Otherwise, I might be born again.  
My name is War . . .

Glenn Terry  
Team Eight



Nat Rosenberg



Fay Rosner



Anita Ross



Judith Rubin



Norman Rubens



Lisa Sanders



Mitchell Schwarzbach



Robert Sanders



David Sandoval



Cynthia Saxman



Michael Schabb



Bonnie Schoeneman



Gary Schoeneman



Peter Segal



Julie Shapiro



Maureen Shattan



Nancy Shomo



Ellen Short



Michael Sidel



Howard Schoeneman



James Schofield



Karen Schroeder



William Schultz



Linda Schulz



Bruce Schumacher



Ina Silvergleid



Timothy Simpson



Ann Singer



Sheila Slavin



Althea Smith



Lawrence Smith



Melvin Smith



Timothy Smith



Barbara Smutnik



Anthony Spalla



Tommie Southall



Michelle Stacey



Lynn Staffileno



Diane Stahl



Mark Stein



Carrie Steinbuck



Barbara Stempel



Jocelyn Stovall



Gerda Wandel



Gwendolyn Ward



Raymond Swafford



Richard Szurgot



Marie Takada



Eileen Tanabe



Glenn Terry



Donna Thompson



Amy Wasserman



Christopher Weaver



Michael Travers



Janice Tuggle



Matthew Ullenbrauck



Christiane VanMullen



Sheryl Weeks



Elyse Weinstein



Stephanie Wideman



Andre Williams



John Viets



Beth Vogt



Margaret Walder



Christopher Walker



Pat Wilson



Brad Wisniewski



Jeffrey Wolfe



Christine Wood

Ann

The day was dark, damp and windy. The figure against the dark horizon was small compared to the dark, vast clouds. The figure was a girl wearing a raincoat two sizes too big.

Ann. That was the girl's name. She wasn't your ordinary run-of-the-mill fourteen year-old girl. Oh, she looked very normal; in fact, she was pretty. She had blonde hair and a sprinkle of freckles over her nose and cheeks. She didn't look at all evil.

Ann was walking toward the outskirts of town. That's where the cemetery was. She went to the cemetery to put flowers or say a prayer over her mother's grave. Her mother had been dead for two years.

Today was different. Instead of flowers or prayer book, she had a shovel in her hand. She began to dig on the exact spot where they had buried her mother. She dug until nightfall. Quietly she walked over to a tree stump and started eating a sandwich. She had decided to stay all night because it was Friday, and she had told her father that she was staying at a friend's house. Finally, she was through with her sandwich and was digging again.

Suddenly, she came upon something dark and hard. An evil grin spread across her dirt-smudged face. She started smashing the casket. All the while she was laughing; not a happy laugh, but an evil cackle. Soon after she began to hit the casket, it broke. A sullen look came over Ann's face. She timidly looked inside the coffin only to jump back in surprise and disappointment. The coffin was empty! No bones, dust, nothing!!!

Ann jumped when a cold, clammy hand touched her shoulder. She whirled around to see her mother standing there, airy and dim.

"I've been waiting for you, my dear. Would you care to join me?"

As she said this, Ann stepped back and fell into the grave and disappeared into a deep, quiet darkness.

Sandy Hurwitz  
Team Eight

### hysteria

It mounts slowly,  
getting closer.  
I try to escape.  
Impossible.  
It creeps nearer  
and  
nearer  
but then, it diminishes.  
Relief floods me.  
Then  
suddenly  
it's there.  
Worse than ever.  
Everything is red,  
Reeling.  
My body shakes  
as I scream  
senseless  
muddled  
thoughts.  
What am I doing?  
I fall  
swirling in a sea of red  
unable to stop myself.  
I shriek  
as I collapse.  
Dropping to the floor  
I sink  
convulsing,  
Uncontrolled,  
as the blood runs burning  
down my face.

Michelle Stacey  
Team Eight



Theresa Wright



Stephen Young

It follows you like a shadow,  
Disappearing in the sunshine,  
Only to return when you are alone.

Fear . . . .

You can't hide from it.  
Like a needle, it pricks your heart.  
Stabbing at your courage, causing you to gasp.

Fear . . . .

You can't run from it,  
For unlike you, it never tires.  
It will always catch up.

Fear . . . .

You can be fearful of the dark,  
Fearful of loneliness, fearful of pain,  
Fearful of

Fear . . . .

Pam Edidin  
Team Eight

CAMERA SHY

- Yvonne Andres
- Noel Bentley
- Ruth Burnette
- Steve Fisher
- Carolyn Hanaford
- Craig Jackson
- Wendy Lauter
- William Lewin
- David Lewis
- Patrick Lynch
- Michael Mockovak
- Sandra Nelson
- Katherine Scheiberg
- Barney Smith
- Michael Svarc
- Richard Thomas
- Walter Walker
- Eileen Ward
- Norman Washington
- Bobby Whitaker
- Wendy Zich



Barbara Zaretsky



Karen Zielinski



Marissa Zwick



The Empty Stairs

Cold and quiet were my stairs, old and dusty  
as they lay. But they were special. Yes, they  
were. They held the truth of long ago. They  
held secrets long forgotten.

Yes, my stairs knew a lot, but they never  
spoke, never, not since that day long ago, very  
long ago when the sun wouldn't rise and there  
was only darkness.

The stairs became empty and lost, the  
glossy finish turned to dust, and the finecut  
wood darkened from age. No one used them,  
not anyone at all since that day long, long ago  
when the sun wouldn't rise and there was only  
darkness...

Ina Silvergleid  
Team Eight





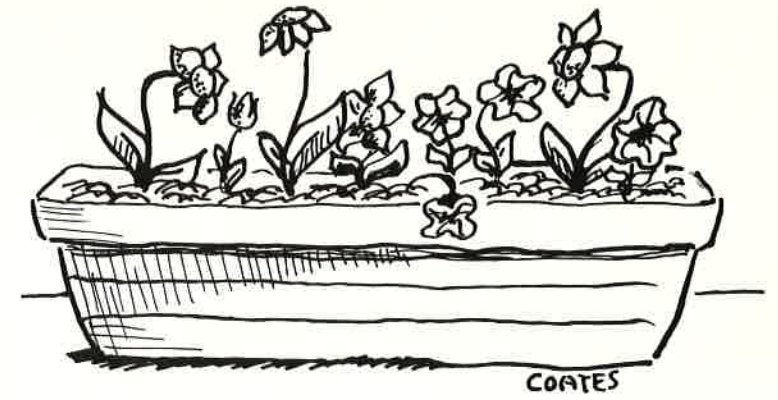
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FRANK PHILLIPS -- Assistant Principal



MARY PDAVIC -- Nurse



JUDITH ADAMS -- Social Worker



ADMINISTRATIVE SECRETARIES--Mary Ostrander, Elaine Schultz



SUSAN KOZAK -- Special Learning Disabilities Specialist



JUDY WEISS -- Speech Correctionist



LINDA KRUZIC -- Tutorial Specialist



GWEN PITTARD -- Guidance Counselor



HENRY WHITE -- Liaison Police Officer



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