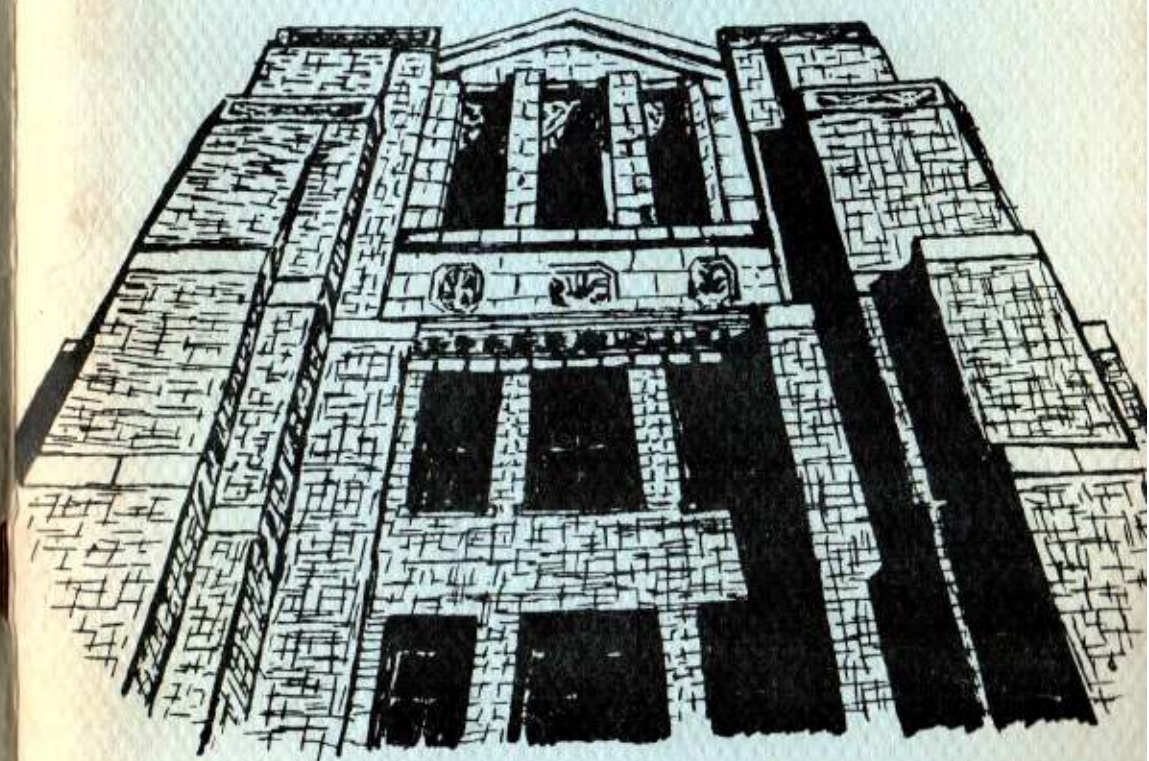


Parnassus

**In
Print**

1976



Wauwatosa East High School

Wauwatosa, Wisconsin

Volume 43

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DEDICATION

This issue of PARNASSUS is dedicated to the old Wauwatosa East, and the people who knew it well.

To the passers-by, who saw it from only the outside.

To the teachers, who taught in its unforgettable classrooms.

To the students, who ran through its halls, who sat in its classrooms, who threw snowballs in it, who hung out its windows, who suffered in its studyhalls, who were thrilled with it, who were enchanted by it, and who were bored by it.

To anyone, who remembers it and the way it once was.

Stalking across the sky
Unbelievable brilliance
Nothing dares to bar its way
Sometimes a bit shy
Hiding behind clouds
Illuminating western skies
Night approaches while the sun shining
Ends with a finale of color

Heidi Kuenzi '76



Lisa Carlson '76

You can't draw a metaphor between
Two Similar Things

What is a comparison?

You and I
are too much alike to be
a metaphor for
each other.

I feel guilty when
I see what's in
your eyes
and I haven't done anything!
that you
wouldn't do.

I don't hardly like you
and could
never love you.

we're
too much alike.

Look at someone
tell someone else's jokes
Find yourself
someone else to
compare yourself with
Not
me! cause

You can't draw a metaphor
between two similar things.

Mary Ellen Lives '76

If we discovered that we had only five minutes left to say all
we wanted to say, every telephone booth would be occupied by people
calling each other to stammer that they loved them.

Why wait until the last five minutes?

Anonymous

People are so inhibited about the word "love." We seem to have
no trouble saying it to a cat or a dog, but to say "I love you" to an-
other human being seems sometimes impossible. Are we too hung up on
our pride to admit we have feelings? Life is strange.

Sharon Kilmer '76

I
am being standardized.
My unpredictable fits of laughter and joy
are mellowing into the nonchalant smile of an adult.
My open happiness and love are
being looked down upon by others.
My open emotions must now be suppressed.
I must "act my age."
I can't be myself any more--
I must uphold the image.
If this is what it means to grow up--
I don't want to.

Cora Carter '76

What other city has
A name as large and
Unique as
We do?
All the others
That I can think
Of are common and
Short like Miami.
At least we're one of a kind.

Sue Witzel '76

THE LAST SCENE

Between crowds of rustling reeds
the muddy creek flowed.
Some stretched their dusty, velvet heads above
to watch black water spiders dodge
scattered dry leaves and brown-veined lily pads.

Betsy McFarland '77

AN ORDINARY PERSON

Who's that person that you see
On the other side of the street?
Have you seen him before?
Do you know who he is?
You think maybe, just maybe before
You've seen him.
His face is familiar,
His features are there,
But you can't for the life of you
Remember his name.

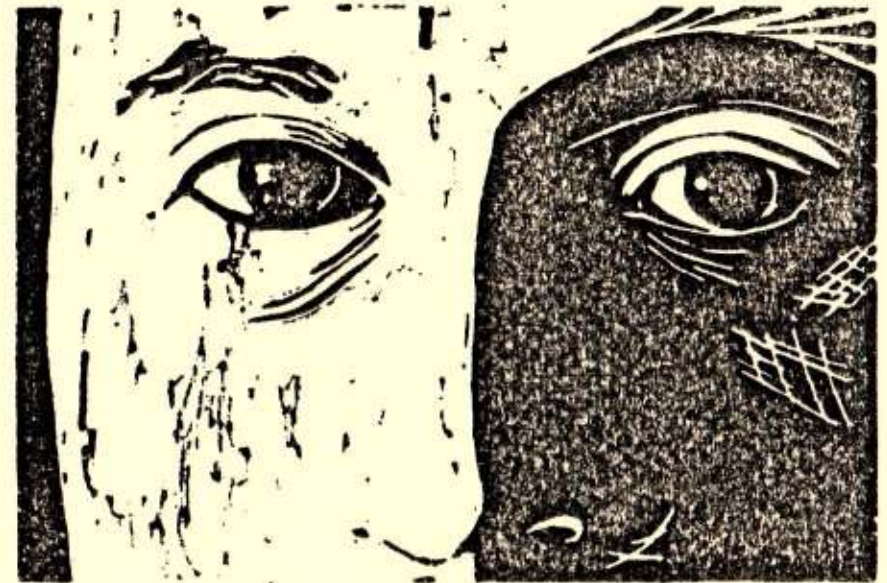
No need to worry,
It has happened before.
You remember, but you don't!
He's not that special,
He's not that great,
But he's still in your mind.
You think to yourself
That you know that face,
That hair, that walk.
But why don't you know his name?

You look at him again
To study his figure,
His coat in hand,
That steady walk.
You know too soon
That he will pass,
And yet, you don't know his name.

You walk on down
To the end of the road,
Still thinking of him,
That ordinary person.
He's passed you once,
He's passed you twice,
He's passed you so many times
That you just can't remember
The last time you knew
And remembered his name.

That ordinary person
That causes all that trouble
Must be someone special.

Ellen Reifurth '77



Louise Flick '76

I walked through the mosque
deep, silent, dark
My breath echoed through the trees
bouncing back in whispers
of our last conversation

Lonna Dee Henkel '76

Many things I still do
have lost their brightness
since I fell out of love.
And when it was over,
I felt like I should cry for hours.
But I didn't--
I did the laundry.

Holly Beyer '76

There comes that time at the end of the growing season when you are able to sit back and relax. The harvest is stored securely in the barn for another year. It was that time of year again. He had been through it many times before. He couldn't always remember how many times he had done it; sometimes he didn't care to be reminded.

They were celebrating now. It had become almost a ritual for this group of farmers to gather at the bar in the small town and party at the end of each growing season. They would sit and drink until late at night, telling stories to each other. Many of these stories had been told before, some times before, but these men could still appreciate these special moments. The bartender would join in the conversation now and again when he wasn't busy with the other customers. He would contribute stories of the happenings of the people who lived within the limits of the small town. Gossip got passed around among the men. The small tavern would fill with laughter when some of the jokes or stories were finished.

They would drink their way into another year of planting. But that was a way off, beyond the coming winter. They would have their problems to deal with when winter arrived in full force. But, for now, they were satisfied with just bundling up against the cold winds that were beginning to blow from the north.

Everybody seemed to melt together in that small tavern on that autumn eve. It was a combination of middle and older age farmers, though, that were gathered around the bar. Most of them seemed pretty much the same. There was one, though, who seemed to stand out more than all the rest.

It's not that he was totally different. He looked the oldest of all of the group. He sat there and listened more than he talked. He thought of all of the crops that he had brought in. He dwelled on his younger days when he worked a second factory job to help support his start in farming. His mind crossed to the floods, droughts, and all the other hardships that had almost sent him packing back to the city.

The look of his face showed what he had been through. It was no longer the fresh, young face filled with the excitement of starting a new field of endeavor. No, it was a well-aged face, showing years of hard work. Its creases were filled with sweat and dirt. It was a hard-earned, back-breaking sweat that had almost closed his eyes. It was the times that he didn't have the bare necessities that caused his teeth to rot away. As he sat there, his stogie protruding from the corner of his mouth, firmly chomped in his jaw, he saw this all. The projector in his head showed a fine movie of all the good and bad memories that his life had encompassed. He tried to enjoy the crowd and the good times that were going around him, but he couldn't.

He got up off his stool, paid his bill, and walked out the front door. He said his goodbyes as he passed one friend after another as he was leaving. He recognized his purpose had been fulfilled.

Karl Spring '76

THE SHARPENER

Life starts in a factory,
Put together by a
cold machine
First the lead, then the
wood
And, to top things off, a
soft rubber eraser

Red, green, yellow, orange
and even black,
Tall and slender,
Such a marvelous creation

Each day it is sharpened,
more and more
Writing, writing, and
constantly writing
Each day it gets smaller
and smaller

The end is near,
Long and slender is
now short and little
The last turn of
the sharpener
All is gone except
the soft rubber eraser

Nancy Doberstein '76

Ice cream
Cool lumps of flavor glide down your throat
soothing all along the way.
Cones piled high
excite the drooling faces of children,
as they behold the many scoops.
Its creamy texture is swirled to a tip,
and filled with nuggets of fruit,
as it entices those with licking lips.

Mountains
Snowy peaks point toward the heavens,
as they reign over lesser beings. Their
ridged slopes, laden with rocks, forbid those
who challenge to climb. Clouds lurk around steep
sides, hiding deep secrets. Green spotted ledges
are scented with fresh pine, inspiring all.

Ellen Brussock '77

storm I

a sparkle and crash
a bright glare, gone
in a second
and then the smash
trees lit up white
against the night sky
shakes the unwary from their beds
and the sky opens

storm II

dripping, damp, humid
the forest sleepily opens its
eyes, awakens
the onslaught over
a deer steps
a branch cracks
weeds begin to raise their heads
the moss steams
the short term quiet over
the birds call
insects shake out their wings
and bask on a leaf in the sun
to dry

Kathy Zauner '76

TERSE VERSE

What the father
said to his
depressed son

"Moan
Alone."

Cindy Van Kohn '78

You called it a failure--
It was more
like a popsicle
that fell
on the sidewalk
and
melted.

Holly Beyer '76

SIAMESE MISCHIEF MAKER

A dun-colored rattan basket
claims its spot on the floor.
Red yarn and needles, once neat,
are in order no more.

From deep inside the basket,
two chocolate paws emerge.
They stretch, white claws extended,
and say, "I had the urge."

Electric blue eyes glitter,
black pupils dilate,
Brown velvet nose sniffs the air,
to see what's on the plate.

A masked head like a bandit,
guilty without a trace,
Reminds me of a chocolate
mess, smeared on its face.

A curious cage of whiskers,
white in the slanting sun,
Move forward during a large yawn,
exposing a small pink tongue.

Soft, custard-colored body,
sharp shoulder blades protrude,
Stretches, relaxes, and says,
"I'm not in the mood."

Chris Rinzel '76



Debbie Hetzel '76

THE MAESTRO

I had come home from school expecting about six or seven Oreos and a rousing episode of Cowboys and Indians. As soon as I came home I tiptoed to the cookie jar. My mother was waiting next to it. Rats, I thought, she knows my M.O. But she had a washcloth in her hand. This, of course, meant trouble. She clotheslined me before I reached the door, confiscated my Daffy Duck lunchbox, and began scouring away at my face. Among screams of pain, she commanded, "You're going to your first piano lesson."

There goes my normal childhood, I thought. No more Oreos, no more TV, no more Cowboys and Indians. I had heard stories about young Wolfgang Mozart. His mother dragged him to his first harpsichord lesson when he reached the tender age of four. He went insane (this was my explanation) and began practicing seven hours a day. All this work burned him out, and he died at age 39. Of course, I didn't want this to happen.

My mother read my thoughts and helped me tremendously.

"Just think," she smiled, "in no time at all you'll be playing like your great Aunt Bess."

Wonderful, I thought, she went senile from over-dedication at age 52. One thing was sure, though, she sure could play the piano. She could barely walk, but she knew every ragtime piece in the book.

"How long before I can play like that?" I asked.

The teacher's name was Mrs. Hall, and she appeared to be senile, also. She gripped my shoulders with surprisingly strong hands and pushed me over to her piano. Well, it was about to happen.

After a half hour of grueling work, she was sufficiently pleased; I was sufficiently exhausted. Now I understood why Mozart died young. I was determined not to follow his path and allowed myself only a half hour of practice each day. It seemed, though, that more and more this half hour always occurred during prime-time for Cowboys and Indians.

A year later, my attitude towards the piano changed somewhat. I had exchanged dear old Mrs. Hall for a nun. Sister Therese, my mother was convinced, could put me in the same class as Van Cliburn. She began by assigning impossibly long and boring numbers, which I grudgingly learned to play. I came in for my first lesson with a song already learned. I sat down like a fool, pounded through the jumbled garbage, turned to her for approval, and realized the obvious truth. She, too, was senile. Her eyes were closed, a smile was on her lips, and she was swaying in time to the music. When I finished, she continued swaying until I walked over and shook her out of it.

"Beautiful," she expounded, "like an angel playing a harp."

I knew she would be like Mrs. Hall. She was, with one exception. She believed in annual recitals. When I learned that I would perform in public for the first time, two things happened. First, I panicked. I saw the piece I was to play and my knuckles perspired. Second, after the fear passed into reality, I promised myself that I would be perfect. No mistakes, total concentration, utterly tremendous. When "judgment day" arrived, I would be ready.

Several months later, the big event was about to take place. All of Sister Therese's young musicians were gathered in the ready room, and stage fright had hit in epidemic proportions. Sister came in to deliver us her own pep talk. She was no Knute Rockne, but she had something important to say.

"Performance," she told us, "the use of talent, is a gift of God." That's all she said.

The spot right after I sat down to play until I was finished is still a total blank. But I will always remember the feeling of accomplishment as I stood to accept the applause.

After the performance, my mother said all the things I knew she would say. Dad, I could tell, was about to bust with pride.

"That's my son," he kept saying.

Later, as we were driving home, I found myself telling Mom I wanted to continue piano lessons. They were fun, I finally conceded. I owed it all to the good Sister.

"You know," my father pondered, "that Sister Therese doesn't do too bad for an over-the-hill nun."

I had to agree.

Dan Burkee '76

PLEA OF LIFE

King of all things evil and pure
master of wisdom in our dimension
keeper of the eternal secrets of life
knowing of the future, reminiscent of past
worldly in the ways of love
devastated through the presence of hate
enlightener of reality
in a world of abstract insanity;
reach out and make yourself known,
take me into your mind, body and soul
receive me in an apprenticeship
teach me

Why?

Pat Penzey '76

WHO ARE YOU EATING FOR DINNER?

Plants are very funny. If you don't treat them just right, they become moody and feel dejected. If you treat them bad, they give you no end of complaints. Some even become hostile. Take Harvey, my Venus Fly Trap. I forgot to feed him one day, and he almost bit my finger off.

It all started in the mid-sixties when some smart-ass young med student attached electrodes to a hanging philodendron and heard it "scream" when he lit matches under its leaves. The next big step came in the late seventies when government scientists developed the "Brain Wave Booster," a device that amplifies the electronic signals inside the brain enough to be picked up by outside sources (radios, TVs, or other people). Then, in the early eighties, another smart-ass med student hooked the Brain Wave Booster up to a cactus. Lo and behold, he heard the words "Water, water" coming from his receiving unit. The more times he plugged into the cactus, the larger its vocabulary got. It turned out, you see, that the BWB was capable of awakening consciousness in seemingly unconscious life forms. So now we talk to plants, and they talk back.

Redwood trees are very egotistical. Grass is a little paranoid because it says it's always getting stepped on. Christmas trees say "Ho, ho, ho" a lot, and marijuana is a bit apathetic. Elm trees are angry and dissatisfied; they blame man for their near extinction. Watch out for maple trees if you ever need maple syrup; they don't like having holes in their bark. Lately they've even been giving the woodpeckers a hard time. Roses' personalities are generally as thorny as their stems. Lilacs like scented baths and perfume. Apples have sinful thoughts, especially towards young women. Of all plants, grapes have the highest tendency toward alcoholism. Weeds are easily offended and are always looking for revenge. But the worst plants are the perennials. They'll insult you, laugh at you, and downgrade you any way they can, because they know they'll always be around for another year.

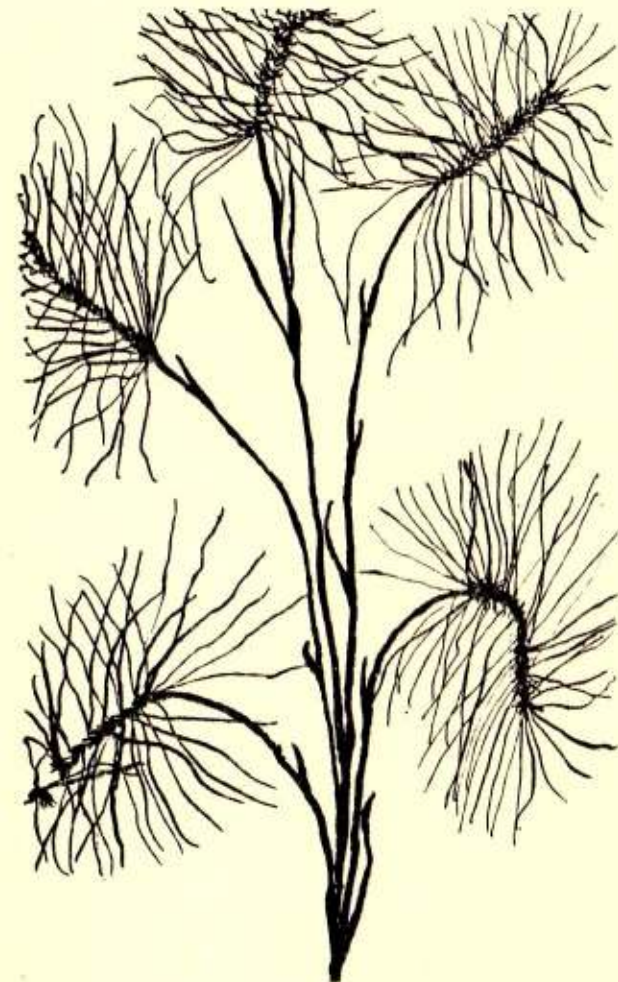
Aaron Huth '77

THE ODDS-AND ENDS MAN

My father was an odds-and-ends man. He was a tin-pan man, a thread-and-material man, a fruitie-tootie, candy man, and a milk man. Any way you name it, he was an above-average, inventive, odds-and-ends man.

Full of honesty was this man, and he stood by his word. Being a man of inventiveness, he could always make all of our sad and lonely days a bit brighter. With his horse pulling his caravan of goods, my father would travel many a city a day. People would buy my father's goods, every place he went. We certainly were blessed with a good, kindly, providing father, even if he was an odds-and-ends man.

Julia Esser '77



Sharyn Reinke '78

The train crosses the countryside calmly with its monotonous beat. The smoke is visible as it slowly lingers toward the moon overhead. The light on the big old steam engine shines one big beam out into the darkness. Everyone is asleep, except the engineer, the fireman, and the conductor. The rest have fallen asleep to the trance of the train; the others wish to. The train disappears around a bend unwatched. Heading for a destination unknown.

Mitch Calkins '77

UTOPIATE

I. Centurion:

Guardian hills parade their captives
Nourishing the shadows that swallow
Those curious.

The Cave Dweller quakes.

Wind carried warnings combine.
The Mosaic, its pieces retort.
"Define us," they cry, "Our pattern is truth!"

Unknowing, the Cave Dweller runs.

The pieces regard his fate with verse;
 "Perceive us!"
 "Believe us!"

The Cave Dweller shouts.
"Leave me. I ask not for your help."

The pieces fuse; mosaic absorbed into life.

The Cave Dweller weeps.

II. Onslaught:

Across dry fields, lines advance.
Drowning in sleep, trembling with fear
Their swords reflect a virgin moon.

The eyes of their horses exhibit sorrow.
The long journey comes to an end.

The Cave Dweller peers down through the rocks
A sea of torchlight rolls slowly forward,
In tune with the field marshal's cries.

Patrick Downey '76

RAG DOLL

Limp, tired, worn
My knees buckle under me.
I flop into a chair;
The permanent smile on my face
Has faded.
My shoe-button eyes have
Lost their glitter;
Too heavy to hold up, my head
Hangs sadly upon my shoulder.
My elbows are thin and worn; my
Knees also need to be mended.
Cares are creased into the folds
Of my being.

Yet if a friend came,
Studied me closely,
He could still read plainly
"I love you"
Bright as ever across
My heart.

Kathy Nelson '76

Enter stage left
Your cue is on, thirty years too late --
 the curtain is down.

Construction boots have scuffed the stage
Footlights once shining are passe
The spots are burnt out
Dusty corroded velvet
is molding down to ash.

A wooden catwalk has fallen
to the floor
The props are gone -- the set is propped
The Galaxy Theatre is no more.

Exit stage right
Bring on Act Two
The wrecking ball -- center stage
 a star is born.

Sandy Fast '76

BUS STOP

"What time's the 5:20 gonna arrive in Milwaukee?"

"Oh, about 8:35 p.m."

"Thanks." The young man walks over to a plastic chair in the corner, sits down with his suitcase between his legs, raincoat on his lap, and waits. The clock above the Go Greyhound sign just turned 4:00. The young man's gaze shifts down to the man behind the counter. He looks as if he's had to work one too many night shifts.

A girl sits down in another plastic chair. The man wonders to himself that perhaps she is going to Milwaukee, too. Striking up a conversation would certainly make the long trip home go faster. For some reason, the young man doesn't speak to the girl; his eyes wander back towards the clock. It is 4:03.

Leaning against the pillar, the young man examines the passersby. He had already covered every inch of the four walls in the one-room bus station. Suddenly in the distance he sees a bus. "Oh, please be my bus," he says quietly to himself. The bus pulls past him to a stop, and the exhaust gets caught in his throat. As he is wiping his eyes and clearing his throat, the dispatcher comes out to tell him that this isn't his bus.

"This is only fer freight, bud. Yours 'ill be comin' next."

The young man slouches against the pillar. Soon, the girl comes outside to wait. They exchange smiles, but that's all. Another bus appears on the horizon, and his spirits rise. It is 5:18.

There are only two other people on the bus as the young man boards it. He takes a seat in the middle. Thus, all four people -- the girl, the two strangers, and he -- are a safe distance from one another. The bus begins to pull out. It is 5:21.

As the young man stares out the window, he begins to day-dream. Up until now, he has been aware of everything. The three stops they made, the girl getting off at one, a person getting on at another. The sun is beginning to set, as his mind wanders. It is 7:00.

"KENOSHA!" The young man jumps up. "Kenosha already; I must have fallen asleep." He watches as one of the passengers leaves the bus. It is 7:45.

For the rest of the trip, the young man is not asleep and not awake. He seems hypnotized by the passing lights. Each one seems to be blinking the word "Home." Suddenly the lights become brighter, and the young man sits up. He is now able to put meaning to the lights. He refuses to believe what his mind keeps telling him. He wants to be sure. The bus turns into the depot and lumbers to a stop.

"MILWAUKEE," declares the driver.

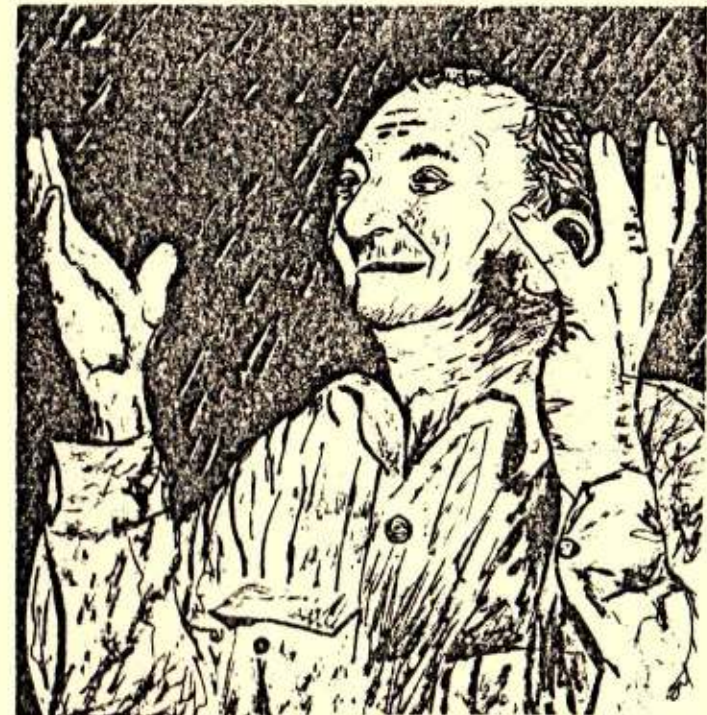
"Alright," exclaims the young man. He flies down the steps and into the waiting area. There in the corner on four plastic chairs waits his family. Happy greetings are exchanged. Arm in arm the family leaves. On their way out, they pass a young man whose eyes are moving up the wall, past the Go Greyhound sign, to the clock. It is 8:37 p.m.

Cindy Kraemer '76

Our friendship reminds
me of the sky.
The brilliant blue with
the laughing sun
is the love that is always
there.
Sometimes a cloud covers
the perfect sky,
or even a flashing
rainstorm comes ...

but I love the rain.

Polly Drew '77



Louise Flick '76

You know you're hooked because...

If he doesn't call you for two days you think he's dead, and because

If he doesn't call you for six days, you wish he was, and because

His baby pictures make you cry, and because

You check his horoscope before yours, and because

When he tells you to shut up, it turns you on, and because

You lost eight pounds without dieting, and because

You smile at strangers, and because

You try to analyze his telephone doodles, and because

You're not afraid to catch flu germs because they're his, and because

You call him late at night to see if his phone is busy, and because

You spend more time in the men's department than you do in Casual Corner, and because

You don't have to read lists like this to know you're hooked!

Carol Ruck '76

THE REBEL

Our neighbor's maple tree is turning red again. This tree has always been a rebel. Always a brilliant scarlet before the other trees have begun to show a hint of yellow. When the other trees are brilliant with their own reds, yellows, and oranges, the rebel maple stands with its once-red leaves in a brown circle at its feet. I love this maple; it has the courage and conviction to be different.

Gail Kassilke '76

The metal canoes slithered past the girls scout camp and swimmers swam ashore, dark ripples upon the dark waters. In the tents the girls are collapsed in sleep. Only their faces show under the glow of the moonlight--faces and an impression of suitcases and sleeping bags and bodies. Leaders and chaperons guard the girls' tents, their weekend homes, the only homes a few girls ever had. An odor rises from the tents, the characteristic odor of a girls scout troop. It is the smell of canvas and insect spray and pimple medicine and soggy blue jeans. The girls lie motionless, some with mouths open, and drool on their pillows. They are too worn out to pull any pranks and their breathing is rhythmic, soothing lullaby.

Sue Nicholas '76

OCTOBER SHADOWS

Shadows of the old and bare oaks and maples pressed silent, long, and black against the dirt road's grey chill. A half-moon shone with a skittering of stars, seen as if pin-pricked holes in heavy woven quilt. Through them glittered future daylight, patiently gleaming in wait for the cover to dissolve in the early orange of a morning haze.

My breath drifted visibly in a wool-soft fog through the frozen air. Leaves beaded with a perspiration of frost lay quiet on the path. They were robbed of the slightest twitch by the stillness that clung to the trees. A faint silver essence lighted those trees, making them take on an ethereal air.

The oak that stood by the walk at the edge of the field (forgotten by day) rose up against the deepness of the moonlit skies. It loomed, and that stillness hung beneath it. Its massive and gnarled arms bent outward and covered the moon: an autumnal eclipse. The shadows of the giant gnome stretched across the path, dark and disfigured, though obscure in fading light.

As I walked home, the leaves and stones in the path scraped together silently. Their whispers quickly shriveled.

Jay Baugniet '77

There, beside the lectern, the scholarly old professor used to stand, while the students--seldom listening to his ideas or theories--were usually sleeping or chatting among themselves. He seemed utterly ridiculous to us, standing up there rambling on. He seemed to be a shadow, though his voice droned on. He seemed strange, though we saw him as a human outside the lecture hall. It might be said that he learned more from himself than we did. Meanwhile, the life of the students moved on: tests, papers, football games, graduation.

Ellen Bartling '76

The first of the Great Starships fell gently to Earth, leaving the rest of the fleet behind it, a new life returning to the old. Inside the great hull and in the corridors and rooms of the ship the crew of hundreds lay strapped to their landing couches. Only the dull roar of the engines was audible, and the sound of an officer giving an occasional order. Computer and mighty thinking machines guard the great ship in the final part of its epic voyage. A tenseness radiates from the crew, a tenseness characteristic of a long-awaited event. It is a feeling of expectancy and of longing for faces not seen in many years. Returning travelers always feel that way. The men lie still, some with eager looks of jubilation pasted across their faces, but they do not call out or talk. For many years they have talked to the same people, and they are sick of it.

Aaron Huth '77

In search
everywhere
collecting
facts of growth.
Experiencing
different styles.
Examining
smell and taste.
Making a
collection
of clouds,
Each being
one of a kind
as only
they can be.
Filtering out
imperfection.
Taking the pick of the
box, looking for the
ultimate pinch of
your desire.
You pick the style,
You pick the taste,
You light the torch.

Bryan McDonnell '76

Potato chips
crunchy paper
erupting gigantic pimples
great with beer
greasy

Mitch Calkins '77

Sleeping
eyes closed
rolling around
can't wait for it
snoring

Mitch Calkins '77

THE SILENT TEAR

Everyone knows what happiness is, but how many people really know what it is like to be sad. To me, sadness is a single tear.

On Monday, my grandfather came to pick up my cousins and myself. We got in the car, and we were all laughing and kidding around when he said to us, "Boys, Grandpa isn't feeling so snappy today. My older brother was just found dead in his home." The car was silent; and, as I looked at my 72-year-old grandfather, I noticed his eyes were brimming with tears. One by one, the tears rolled a small processional down both cheeks. As he drove, he tried to fight back the tears, but his love for his brother was too much.

My cousins were dropped off in front of their house, and my grandpa proceeded on to my house. I had never seen my grandpa this sad. It was a whole new experience, and I was awed. I knew the man that died, but I was saddened more by seeing my grandfather so depressed. As we neared my house, I found that I was fighting off tears, too. You don't know how hard it really is until someone you really love is crying. Maybe then I realized just how much I love my grandpa. I wanted to tell him that I loved him, but the words wouldn't come. So, as we pulled up to my house, I leaned over and gave this great man a kiss on the cheek. He looked at me for a moment, then smiled, and gave my head a pat. As the door closed and he drove off, I realized that someday his time would be up and then I would feel for him what he felt for his brother.

As I remember back, I can still see a single tear resting on his cheek. There is nothing quite as sad as seeing another person cry. Sadness is a single tear.

I love him.

A grandson

Rhonda Kuban '77

SUNSET

Majestically
the sun departed,
sweeping the darkened sky
with his blazing fire-colored
broom.
first with long, careless, scanning strokes,
then harshly and purposefully
slapping the blackening sky
trying to force the darkness back.

Successfully, the red-hot patch of light
shone
before being enveloped by the charcoal sky
forever.

Laurie Gusho '77

THE SOFT PARADE (biography of a dream)

The Soft Parade passes by

I can see four men

One as a spirit in an evermore

One as a medium between two worlds

And two as part of the silent revolution.

Down a hallway four doors long

The air smells of riders on the storm

nights on fire

Spanish caravans

horse latitudes

the big beat, and

moonlight drives.

And all the other things beyond those doors

That are in the minds of those four souls

Are frozen in time.

Some of the forms which pushed their way into reality

Were perverse and misunderstood.

Others were more velvet than a sonnet.

The spirit has breathed among us

And because he was

We can never be the same.

The medium brings to us

A distant voice as true as death

And continues with the work,

The word, of the dead

As well as creating other voices:

perfumed gardens

solar boats, and

moorish idols.

The revolutionary aides are but a memory

To an overall scheme

Which died by accident along the way

To Utopia.

The Soft Parade,

A revolution,

Lives on to see each day that follows night.

Waiting for the sun,

Someday the spirit's dream

Will be as real as he.

Cathy Schulz '78



Sandy Lebesch '76

The horse's body was perfect--every part, muscular and perfect. His ears were so sensitive that they twitched at faint distant sounds and the tips stood at attention waiting for commands. His mane was thick silk and so soft that a brush ran right through it. His face was intelligent and noble with distinction. The eyes were wide, the nostrils were flaring, for he was a proud horse. The muscles of his body rippled with power, and, even then, the full understanding of the horse's potential could not be determined. He wore a light racing saddle with short stirrups to enable the rider to lift his weight from him. The horse stood patiently as the jockey mounted and prepared for the run. His body was knotted together, ready for action. A juicy, tender clover caught his attention. He reached down and snapped off the delicacy and did not eat again. In the background, the sounds of the race called for him to prepare.

Mary Galko '76

CHARLY

He was a small, knotted muscled man with thick, bifocal glasses. You couldn't see his eyes if you looked because the bifocals were so big the glasses looked steamed. And he squinted anyway. He wheeled around a garbage can to be the janitor at school. He was diligent and inaccurate about spearing tin cans and he picked up wrappers in the wind like he didn't mind the wind, either. For his balding head on cold days he had a baseball cap without a team but never a coat. Once I said "hi" to him, mostly remembering the time he let me inside school when I was locked out. He said "hi" back to me like he was glad to see me or else he wasn't or else he remembered me or else he didn't. He looked to be in his proudest moment in the cafeteria one day. A blow torch in one hand, he gestured to the principal with the other and there was no doubt that whatever was broken would be fixed.

Kelly Vetter '76

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

It is with great remorse that I summon back to mind the fourth of April, for that is the day of the liver paste hors d'oeuvre.

The sun crept timidly into the clouded sky. I felt a premonition of impending disaster when I trod upon a simmering lump, a gift from Festus, my bulldog. Scraping the finely textured footprints from the carpet, I proceeded to wash my foot, and the rest of my overworked self. It was 6:40; I would soon be late.

When I had rendered myself thoroughly presentable, I paraded out of the bathroom to discover what meager breakfast my three-room efficiency apartment had to offer. The precious mound of bills beneath the mail chute seemed in better health than I, so I decided something extra special was in order. Just then the phone rang.

The grim-sounding voice of Horst Haymaker, sales manager and keeper of the royal dungeon titled "Upthrust Vacuums," broke into my ears.

"Irkskine, I just want to make sure that you haven't forgotten your duties at the staff luncheon this noon. I'm looking forward to your presentation. Make it good."

The significance of the blue string around my index finger could now be recalled. Breakfast became a foregone conclusion.

In a flurry of futile vulgarities and primitive gestures, I grabbed what I needed and flew out the door. 7:10. I had a little less than three and a half hours to invent an enlightening sales presentation. As I reached the door of the high-rise urban madhouse I called "home," the faces of my critics materialized in the dreary department store showcases. There was J. J. Makemore, president; Frank Burlesque, vice-president; Inkwell, the bookkeeper; and, as always, there would be Jenkins, Kilroy, and Burns, back stabbers and fellow employees.

On my immediate left, the friendly green-and-white neon sign of Epstein's delicatessen, a treasured lunch stop, quickened my pace. Mr. Epstein's learned counsel had aided me at various times, so why not now? Please why not now? I opened the door and my nostrils throbbled from the overbearing odor of Limburger cheese accented by sawdust. My aging oracle stood smiling behind the row of refrigerated display cases, which held his livelihood.

"Fred Irkskine!? This kind of morning I don't need."

"Henry, I need your advice," I said, not wasting any time.

"So what else is new? Maybe some day you buy some of my cream cheese."

Relaying the details of my predicament, I watched as my advisor's large eyes rolled into an all-knowing smile.

"For that problem there's only one remedy," he replied, seeming almost disappointed that I hadn't already thought of it.

"What's that?" was the puzzled response I gave.

"Liver paste!" he shouted back. "And it's fresh, too."

All I could manage was a feeble echo of what I thought I had just heard. "Liver paste?"

Before I had a chance to evaluate his solution, I found myself the purchaser of a pound and a half of fresh liver paste and two boxes of Triscuits.

"They'll make the luncheon," he promised, and sent me on my merry way.

By the time the effects of the Limburger had passed, I had reached Thirty-third Street. I decided it wise to duck into McCalley's Drug Store and procure a much-needed bottle of Bromo. Already the store was alive with ailing citizens. The piped-in radio serenaded the throng of bug-eyed hypochondriacs with:

"Take Sominex tonight and sleep, safe and restful sleep sleEP SLEEP." That's it!

Tightly clutching the brown paper bag of liver paste and Triscuits, I dashed towards aisle one. Sure enough, they were there. I grabbed several of the friendly blue bottles and slid them onto the counter.

"Plannin on takin a nap, mister?" inquired the beady-eyed sales clerk.

"Keep the change" was my response. I slapped a \$5 bill onto her anxious palm and scurried to the street. My watch read 7:35.

It had to work. I knew full well my job was in the balance. I reached my destination at five to eight and received Kilroy's gracious welcome.

"It's your turn to empty waste baskets, Irkskine ol' pal. Look out for the strawberry jam on mine."

When I had rid my day of that bothersome chore, I went to my closet-sized office to prepare my presentation. It didn't take long. With the knife I had removed from the jar of preserves in Kilroy's wastebasket in hand, I spread the contents of the brown bag before me and began.

The clock on the wall above my littered desk rotated slowly until it marked 10:30. At this point I rose, took the tray of liver paste hor d'oeuvres I had prepared, discarded the empty Sominex bottles, and strode into the board room. My audience was already assembled.

"Good morning, gentlemen," I beamed with a smile.

"Before I get under way this morning, I'd like to call your attention to the hor d'oeuvres on the table. Feel free to devour one at any time. They're quite good."

Although a bit perplexed, each of them indulged in at least two of my creations and was quick to agree on their delectability.

Meanwhile I began.

'I'd like to start by telling you how delighted I was when I learned that I had been chosen to deliver the message this morning.'

That statement was followed immediately by a chuckle from Jenkins.

"Next, I would like to bring to your attention a few basic facts about Upthrust Vacuums. Last year, as you all know . . ."

"Gentlemen? Pardon me, Mr. Makemore? Mr. Burlesque? Ah, Kilroy, are you there?"

The clock said 11:45. Mr. Makemore stirred in his chair.

"What was that you were saying, Irkskine?"

"In conclusion, sir, I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for allowing me to make this presentation today."

"Oh, yes, of course. Very good hor d'oevres, by the way."

THE END

Patrick Downey '76

I AWAIT THE COCK

I await the cock.

To tuck our heads beneath
our wings after the crow,
after the dusty morning intruder.

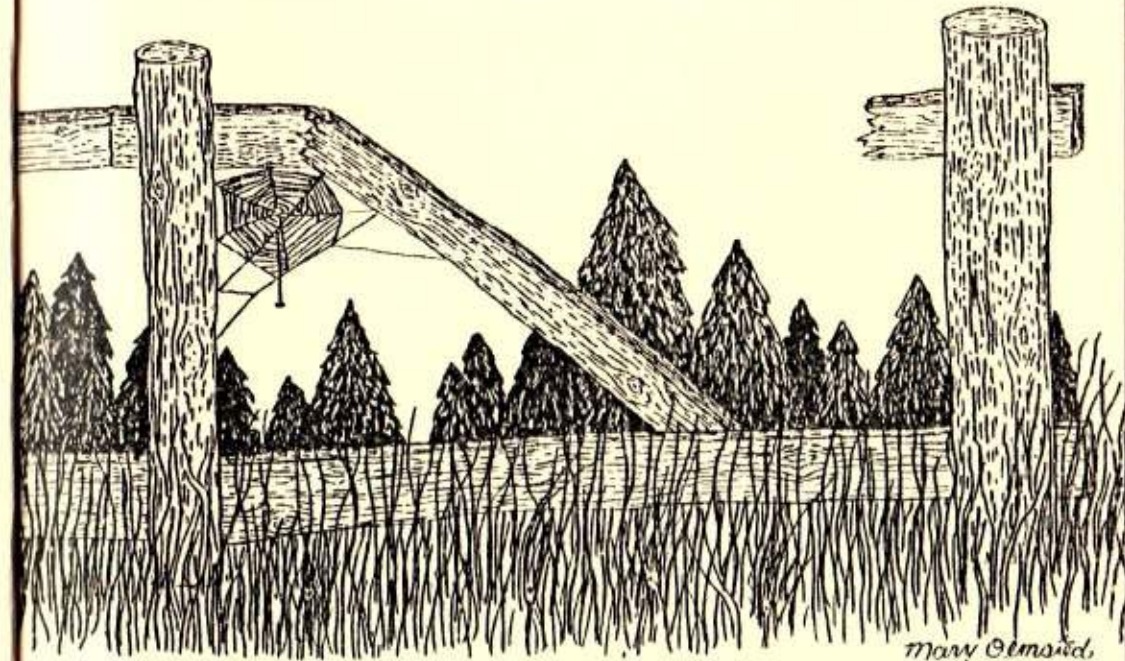
Before spindly toes from boned ankles
kiss cold the wooden floor,

I await with wrap and darkness
piled thick like railroad ties,
my one-eyed pillow-top blurs
convict the day.

Plucked from bed and peeled side by side
naked fatty pig strips
snap like insect bites.

I await the cock.

Kelly Vetter '76



Mary Olmsted '78

PLEDGE OF A RETURNING CHILD

It's late, but warm
Remnants of the afternoon rain
Linger on the grass, in the air
The earthy smell of the country road hangs near its surface
Nothing is moving, except for a sporadic wind
Rustling the fresh summer leaves
And the tracking of the stars
Screaming silently across the black night
At the railroad crossing I can see the large town's glow
The glow of civilization humming on the horizon,
Linked to the very rail I am standing on
The stillness signifies the land's willingness to listen
But I am not yet ready
I feel so helpless, unable to change my past
All I can do is exchange vows for the future with the bright stars
Night is beautiful over my homeland
I whisper, between sobs, my allegiance to the good earth
And though I wander far from your love
I vow to someday make you proud of me
Then the world will know
The peace The warmth The power
And the virtues of Indiana

Paul Snyder '76

Raindrop:

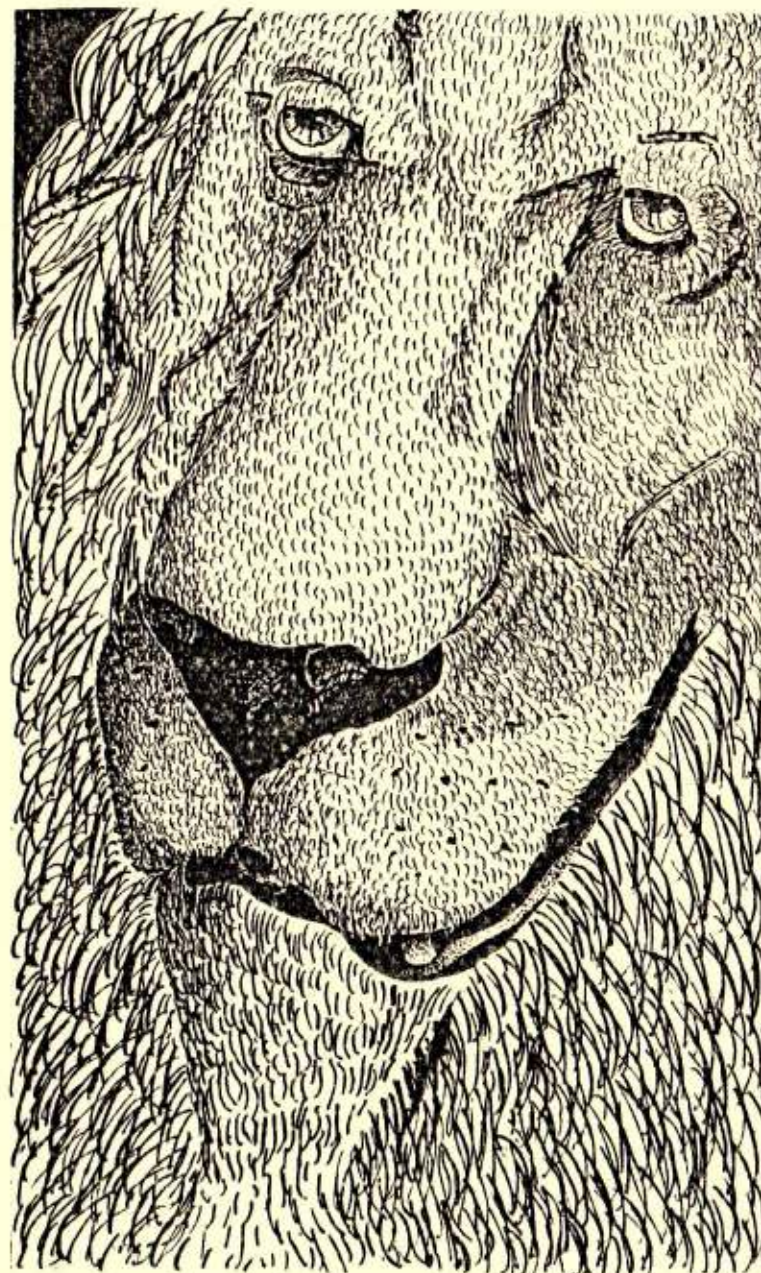
Its misty dew beats a steady rhythm on the roof.
The damp grayness pounds a beat like delicate drums.
Wetness drips into the open mouths of children, and oozes out of leaky boots. Its humid drops spatter on endlessly. After the shower, all that's left is the memory contained in rippling puddles. It leaves a fresh scent, spreading color throughout the damped grayness of the sky.

Ellen Brussock '77

THE TINMAN

Old and rusted,
Alone, forlorn,
A tinman stands deep within
The dark forest.
How long he has stood silent,
How long he has been forgotten!
Crusted, caked with red decay,
His eyes are forever welded shut;
Eaten by the cancer that is slowly
Creeping over his body.
Rains and snows, winds, hails
Are slowly but surely
Wearing the tinman to nothingness.
His fingers have been frozen
In an act long forgotten.
The knuckles are cracked by
The creeping mold.
Dusty cobwebs deform his gallant nose.
Around him he hears
Only the silence of the forest,
Dark, green, full, deep,
And the tinman joins the silence
Forever.

Kathy Nelson '76



Gary Tutaj '77

MY FAVORITE KIND OF JOOLRY

It started abruptly, cleanly, and sharply; the first two brass blasts echoing three times, each an octave lower. After a brief but tasteful bit of beat-setting by the bass and guitar, in strode the saxes with a subtle harmonic pride that suddenly burst into a heady sound and spilled forth with vital vigor. They repeated the harmony softly, the second tenor climbing and descending behind the others and then swinging with the trumpets. It sailed on a breeze of brass, soaring and dipping, moving on the trombones' current of swelling notes. The flight reached a forceful climax and another sax tumbled across a short interlude.

It lead to a change of heart as the brass took full command of the piece. The trombones belted an introduction. A trumpet soloed. Briskly it climbed over and around the lower brass. It climbed higher as the tone shifted. With a final toss and two drum beats, the solo fell into a few carefree bars on the piano. The saxes played their bright harmony behind a bouncing chorus of muted trumpets. The piano added a few closing remarks, then made still more harmony as the band repeated their new phrases, softer this time, and prepared for a majestic end that ended, after all, with a gorgeous swell of saxes that faded into the crackles and hisses of the old, worn wax.

The "String of Pearls" had not changed. Miller was still an artist.

Jay Baugniet '77

MY VIEWS ON A WEIRD MOVIE

The movie, A Dream of Wild Horses, was a decent flick. The photography was excellent; the horses, beautiful; and the free, splashing water, stimulating. I hope that someday I can see those wild, free, enchanting horses galloping somewhere through my dark and restless dreams.

Jim Konkel '76

PREJUDICE . . .

Is a matter of differences.
It is happening
all around us.
Solution?

--Nix
It is all in our heads.
Superiority
is our problem.
Equality
has no existence.
Classification
is our hobby.
A psychological problem
which harms us physically.
Face it --
We are living in it.
No one can change it
until we straighten
our minds out.
Then, someday,
they'll get revenge.

Patti Listle '77



Julie Tobin '78

THE CORNER SUICIDE SHOP

I'm Ed Sapinsky, runner of the suicide shop you are now touring. You will notice the services we provide. We supply the means, the place, the note. Your average suicidee isn't usually in the mood to write any good note, so we provide them as a service. After the customer has completed the task of selection, we escort him to the cemetery across the street. A service like this is expensive. It is kept up by hard work from many devoted people.

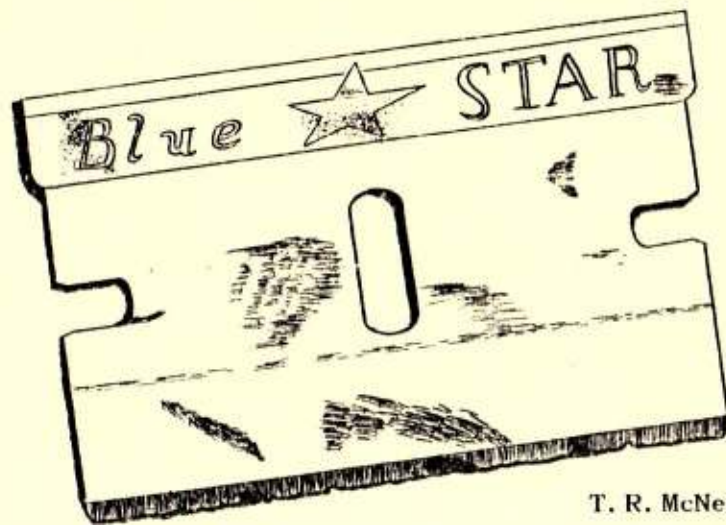
Whew, the prices for devices have gone sky high. Cyanide is up 30 per cent over last month, and the bullets are not so cheap, either. And those deluxe electrocutions are driving our electric bills through the ceiling. "Carry-out service," as we call it in the business, is costing us nearly 10 per cent of our intake. But I'll have to face the fact that our most expensive aspect is advertising.

People seemed turned off by suicide parlors, at first, so we had to advertise quite extensively in the media. We had to get men, women, and children out of the old-fashioned way of thinking that death is unplanned for and should be a surprise of fate. Because, even after the courts ruled in our favor, we still had protestors calling for our closing. But, after some successful advertisements -- "A chicken in every pot, a suicide in every family"; "Life is for the taking"; and "Give an anniversary present they won't forget" -- soon we had the booming business we have today.

However, let us not forget we still have illegal "road mechanists," who will do a suicide by killing the person, then writing a note and rigging everything up. It states in our law book: "No person who has agreed upon his own death may be helped or in any way aided in the direct occurrence of his death." Those men are in almost as much trouble as the quacks who don't complete the service. They leave the bodies lying, and every once in a while you'll see a customer choking on a diluted cyanide tablet. Here we give the customers everything they want so they can kill themselves in peace. All groups in life do it, and we are doing a thriving, expanding business because we are just public servants.

Now we will begin our tour. Here is your guide.

Steve Benthien '76

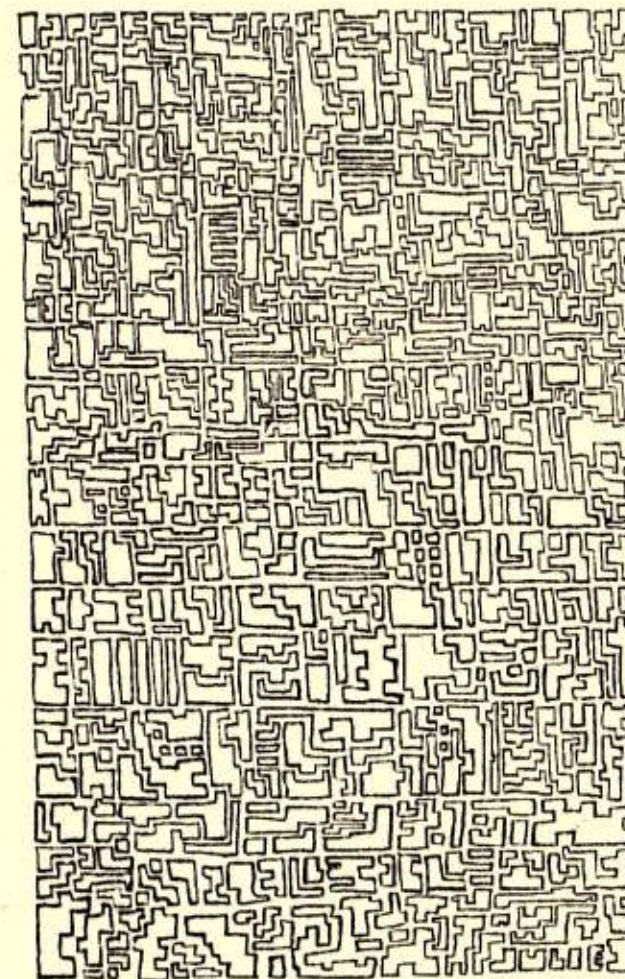


T. R. McNeer '76

ANT HILL HYSTERIA

An attempt by an ant
to refurbish his hill
has been quashed by a squash
from a shoe and until
the reports are released
on the six o'clock news
the ants of the world
will be safe from our shoes.

Peter Hennen '77



Julie Reiland '77

LIFE WITH DAD

He couldn't help it, and probably didn't want to, but Dad was critical. I always thought it intriguing, but Mom thought it bad for my morale. When I would finish a theme, I would take it to Dad and have him "look it over." This process invariably ended up with red markings on my paper, looking much like the design ice skates make on ice.

He was right, though; he knew about these things and so I was proud of him. I never felt insulted when he put "repetitious and trite" on a work I felt pretty good about. I would look critically, too, and see the rough edges; I didn't always have the patience to smooth them out, that being to my discredit.

Every time Dad would look at me and say, "It's good, but the mechanical errors are God awful!", Mom would say, "Pat!", in protest. I loved the criticism because I knew Dad loved me and criticized to make me a more effective writer. It might have been different if he had had no sense of humor, but he did. His wit was sharp and quick.

The few times Dad said, "Very good," I knew I'd created a masterpiece. Mom would still protest Dad's rough analysis, but then, I couldn't blame her. After all, Mom knew how it felt; Dad used to send back her love letters with all the errors circled in red.

Abby Forbes '76

THE DISTURBANCE

The humidity is unbearable, the room is silent, and the pool is clear and cool. The lines marking the lanes are perfectly straight. The underwater lights shimmer through, giving the water a bluish-green color. There's nothing to disturb this peaceful scene, not a ripple or splash. It looks like a sheet of glass. Then he enters, tall, sleek, and slender. Wearing only a red, white, and blue swimming suit, he loosens up his big muscular body. He stands at the very edge of the pool, with his head down. With a sudden burst of energy, he breaks the sheet of glass with a perfectly executed dive. The water now ripples into tiny waves as his body churns smoothly through the water. His legs kicking, just breaking the surface of the water, arms stroking in rhythm to his even breathing. His body glistens in the light as he works out for the big meet tomorrow morning.

Julie McCormack '77

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

The battle swirled around him. Spitfires and Messerschmitts went down in flames. There was a loud explosion. One of the bombers must have been hit. Lieutenant Vern Matthews of the 101st fighter squadron of the R.A.F. wheeled his Spitfire and shot at an enemy plane, which exploded. Suddenly he saw a stream of orange tracers whizzing past his head. He quickly put his plane into a steep dive. "I was sure lucky that time," he thought. Then his plane shuddered. He had been hit. He jet-tisoned the canopy as his plane nosed over into a steep dive. He was about to climb out of the cockpit when...

"Vernon Matthews," a stern voice said, "are you cleaning up your room?"

"No, Mother."

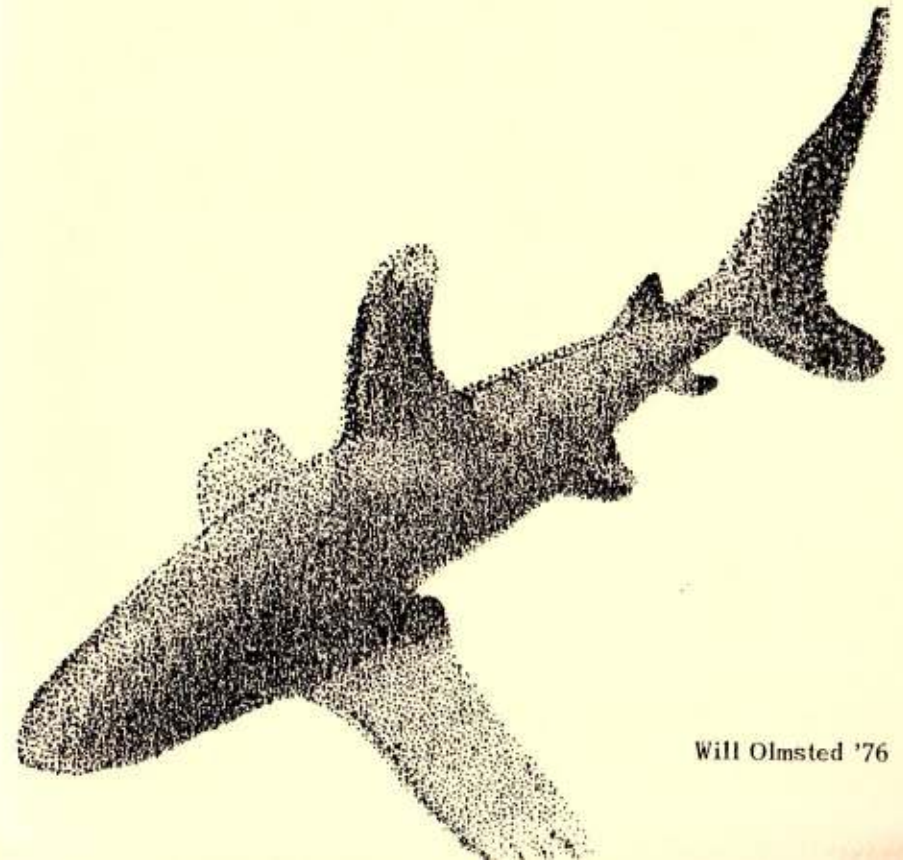
"Well, quit daydreaming and get busy," the voice said.

"Yes, Mother."

He started with his Spitfire, which sometimes doubled as a writing desk. "I can always do it later," he thought, and sat down.

He pulled the ripcord, and his 'chute billowed above him. The Channel would be cold this time of year...

John Wilkinson '76



Will Olmsted '76

LIFE

His name was Life because he
didn't get a chance to see it.

He was only five weeks old when
death touched his shoulder and said,
"Come, Life, it's your turn."

I sat with him in his last minutes
holding him gently in
my hands begging God to give him
one more chance.

My face was streaked with tears
for I knew he was gone
and would not return. I laid
his limp and lifeless
body in a grave and said goodbye
to a little gray kitten
that I dearly loved, but whose
living was cut short
by fate
His name was Life.

Terri Collier '77

THOUGHTS ON CLOSING A SHOW

(From "I Became An Actress")

...On the walls of the backstage area all the names of all the past shows were painted, with a listing of the cast below. The director gathered the cast in an area backstage, we looked up, and there in bold, blue lettering was the title of our play, the show dates, and a space for our names below. One by one, we climbed the ladder and wrote our names on the wall. When everyone was done, we folded the ladder, stepped back to look at our epitaph, and with that the show was formally closed. We put away props and costumes, lowered the curtain one last time, closed the door, left the school, and walked away. We were walking away, leaving the show behind, but we had gained so much, and we were taking more with us than we could have ever left behind...

Danita Cole '76

SAND CASTLES

The wind whipped at the crushed beer can on the beach. A battered tennis shoe was lost in the seaweedy tide. The summer season had ended; the tourists had gone home. The sea was alone with itself. King Neptune and his followers carried on their ancient rites beneath the foamy water. A battered rowboat with LIFEGUARD printed on its side sat at its mooring. The tide methodically brought to the beach treasures from the sea. But the summer was over; all the sand castles were gone.

Ellen Bartling '76



Heidi Meirich '76

SMOKE SCREEN

I look at you across the table. Everything is wrong. You play games with your friends and expect us to believe. You tell me in subtle ways that you have changed, that you are now out of my understanding. I can look in your eyes and see the summer. It was night, and we sat under trees in a cabin filled with cedar planks and broken glass from vandalized mirrors. A cloud of smoke hung over us, but it was we who floated, drifting across the lake. I knew how different you were from me, your secrets told me. And I felt we were immortal friends. The night was quiet, except for the coming and going of the waves. I could have believed that nothing but our friendship existed. I could have believed it would last forever, just as it was that night. But I don't think I ever really believed that, and I'm glad now that I didn't.

Mary Ellen Lives '76

FALSE STYLE

Trying to impress people has become an obsession with me. I am constantly trying to act like somebody I'm not. Whether it's Clint Eastwood, sullen and withdrawn; Mick Jagger, rich and conceited; or Don Rickles, outward and cutting -- it's always an imaginary image I put forth. This habit always seems to pop up when I'm around girls. I like to be thought of as sophisticated. God, what a joke.

If I'm contained in a crowd and a conversation gets started, I get started.

"Sandy's visiting the Bronx this summer; Tom, the Grand Canyon."

"Well, I plan on going to the Bahamas and, after that, Mexico City."

Impressing has become a habit. I always try to set myself up as an individualized person. But my act ceases to exist many times. I'm led around fairly easily by my friends. If they decide to go to a movie, before I can think, I end up going.

I'll probably grow out of it, but, until I do, I might grow a mustache and become Clark Gable.

Rick Ranz '77

LOVE IS BUT FOR THE ASKING

"Love is but for the asking"
So many have proclaimed.
Endlessly I have searched,
But I am losing at this game.

Why then do I try, when
I find to no avail.
However hard I search
I always seem to fail?

It looks as if my career
Will be an endless trade.
Have you heard of making millions
By being an old maid?

Patti Listle '77



She lives in a world of silence
where silent winds blow past
sirens don't scream
verbal voices don't exist

Her hands are her voice
her eyes are her ears
silent language for spoken song

She may not hear the sound,
but she feels the wind
and interprets the noise

She replaces action for word
and
 movement
 for
 sound

The silence does not overcome.

Sandy Fast '76



I've always wanted to visit Norway. I picture it as being a land of ice and snow. Never-ending winter. The ocean breaks up the land with its fiords. The fiords are deep, almost bottomless. They are cold and unswimmable. The bitter frost of the evening doesn't give in during the day. It only becomes more fierce. The raging snowstorms cover the lands of Norway and anything in its way. The winter shows no mercy to the land or its inhabitants. Norway is a land for the strong. It is beautiful country; clean and pure, all evils are covered with a blanket of white loveliness. The white loneliness, however, brings its own innocent dangers.

Beth Bares '76

Cheryl Bump '77

INTRODUCTION TO SENIOR MEMORIES

In response to the question, "What was your most memorable experience at Tosa East, concerning the old building?":

The '73-'74 school year was the most intriguing and exciting, not to mention different, school year ever. Where else could you watch steel girders swaying from a thin steel cable four feet from the window and take a test with six jackhammers pounding away outside the window? The walk from your third floor locker to the cafeteria in the basement made for a good appetite. The best memory of all was the free turkey dinner.

Tom Witte

What we used to do in winter in the tower was throw snowballs at passers-by. I suppose they (the targets) didn't appreciate our "youthful exuberance," but to us it was fun.

Steve Benthien

In my innocence at becoming a great big sophomore, I was shocked to learn about the many uses of stairways that led to nowhere. Let's hear it for the dark corners!

Carla Durand

Since my thinking goes back to 1946, I remember too many things to mention in one paragraph. However, my fondest memory goes back to the time when all girls wore skirts to all school events and boys generally dressed up to come to school. The only thing affected was attitude, but that's a fairly big thing, isn't it?

R. A. Dawe

Mr. Oswald Snicks had finally arrived at our house, and he was hardly what we had expected. He was nothing like his brother, whom he resembled only in facial features. His nose was large and flattened out, a feature accented by his narrow oval face and shallow cheeks. He brought with him two gayly decorated boxes with expensive ribbon around them. He kept these to himself until he had become settled in our house and only then presented them to the children. Inside lay the treasured surprises amid the folds of tissue paper. Only when these were removed were the strange gifts from far away revealed. It would be fun to have him around for a while. There was so much mystery in him, and we could not wait to discover more.

Bob Baird '76

But I still long for the past. Not the easier ways, the lost innocence, the complete dependence, but the tender caress, the good night kiss, the I love you Mom. I dream back to the afternoon nap time, my mom priming me for it by telling me, "Two more minutes before your nap!" The protests and tears that raged every day...almost every day. I miss the "See you later, alligator"--to which I would retort--"After while, crocodile." And later, in the afternoon when I'd wake up, I miss her head peeking in the door to check on me and her telling me I could hop out of bed, and remarking on what a nice long nap I had had. Little did I then realize it was her only time to herself--my nice, long nap. I miss those days.

Gary Rebholz '76

One day half our basic art class jumped out of the third floor window onto the roof of the new building and hid from our student teacher.

Gary Rebholz

One of the things I remember about the old third floor was walking up the last flight of stairs to get there. The worn gray tiles seemed a million feet high and endlessly long. I also remember the study hall, Room 365. The long rows of graffitied desks made a walk up to the pencil sharpener seem like a journey around the world. In the afternoon the sun beat down, glaring off our books and turned the air into a haze of swishing dust particles.

Ann Wagner

My first recollection of the old building was the filthy art loft with the colorful graffiti walls. I spent many an hour up there creating, thinking or whatever. It was a good recluse.

Louise Flick

Sorry, new building, the old building beats you out. You may be modern, but I prefer the decrepit, crumbling walls of tradition to the boxed-in, windowless prison of newness. The old building allowed me to know what kind of weather was occurring outside; it allowed me to feel and see the natural sunlight streaming in, and the old building let my mind wander out the windows and into the wind, trees and freshness. The old building just had that certain special something.

Mary Galko

HONORABLE MENTION

Gayle Holter '77

Kurt Schulz '76

Cindy Greer '77

Kelly Vetter '76

Roger Voltz '76

Ann Thibodeau '77

Jean Crabtree '76

Patti Listle '77

Holly Beyer '76

Regina Van Beckum '77

Dale Weidensee '76