

HAPPY GRADUATION !



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Thespians Compete

by Barry Alterwitz

On Saturday, May 17, Stamford High presented its production of *Chastity* at the Annual Connecticut State Competition in Simsbury, Connecticut. *Chastity* is a melodrama revolving around an Aunt and her three nieces. The Aunt was played by Sandy Stadtmiller. Aunt Absinthe is a role of concern, with the mortgage due the only thing she can depend on is the kindness of her friend Henry Homeward, the banker. Aunt Absinthe depends on Henry to give her the money.

The lead role of Chastity was played by Elizabeth Ernst. Chastity is a sweet naive, virginal girl. Chastity seems to be the only straight character in the show, not like her aging aunt who gets drunk all the time on a potent cough syrup.

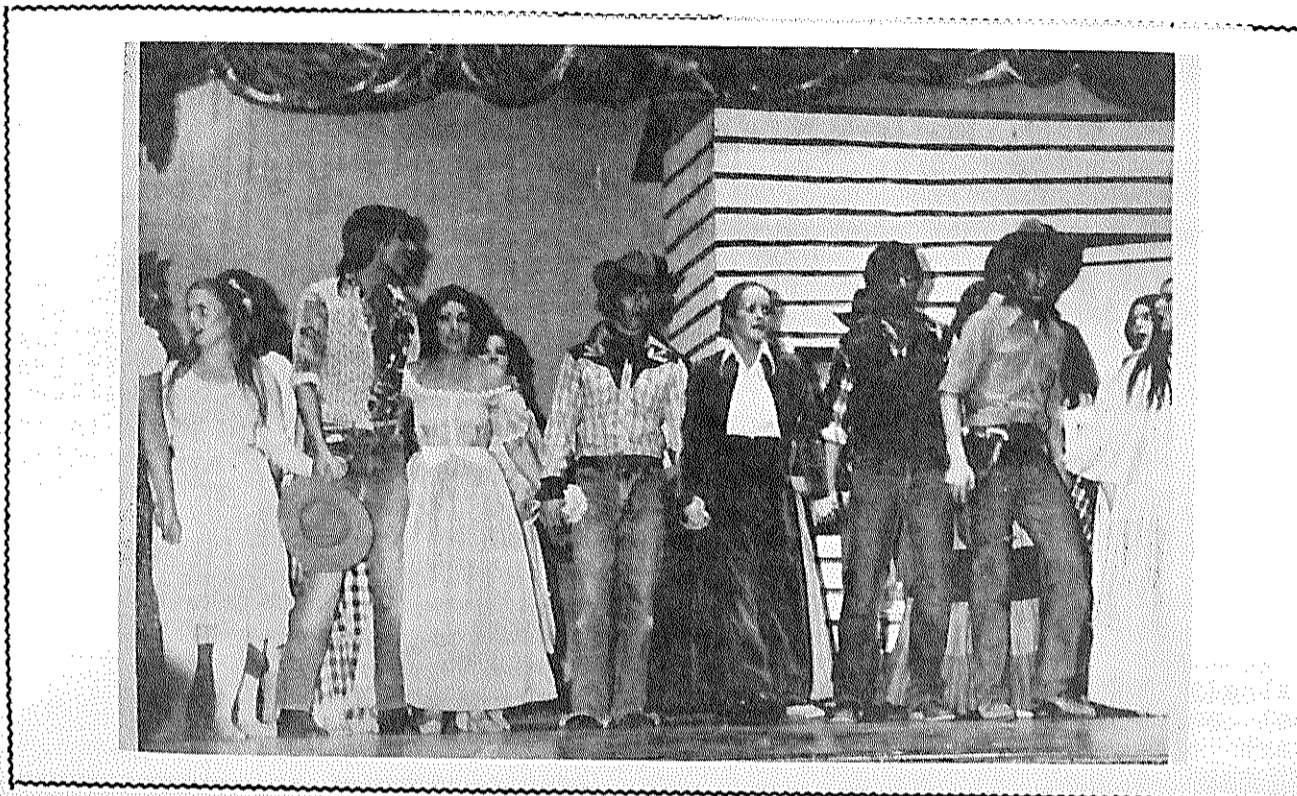
Chastity's sister, Melody Bo Peep, was played by Lucy Stafford. Melody is the longlost sister who returns home to find her lover, who only left her with a damp pile of blankets.

Another major role in the show was that of Terence True long, played by Bob Ericsson. Terence is Chastity's lover. He is the typical hero and like Chastity, he is clean, true, and a sincere person. The villain in the show, Desmond Dark Acre, was played by Larry Roberg. Desmond finds silver, gold, and other valuable materials under

Aunt Absinthe's house and decides that since she can not pay the mortgage, he will snatch the house from under her.

The role of Violet Shade was played by Valerie Stack. Violet is the last sister of Chastity who went away to become a wicked city woman. Violet decides to come home and marry Sheriff Tin Foil, played by Doug Moore. Sheriff Tin Foil is portrayed as a rather dumb man who is invariably unable to resist Violet and throws himself madly into her arms.

The play *Chastity* was performed in the S.H.S. auditorium on June 8th along with *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Pipes*. These one act plays were an afternoon of enjoyment. *Chastity* was directed by Joe Downey, assisted by Terri Weiss. Make-up chairman was Deena Gelb and stage manager was Joe Purdy.



Curtain Call! As the applause swells, the happy cast sings "Oklahoma!" (L to R) Ellen Powers, Bob Ericsson, Deena Gelb, Tom Bowes, Cathy Simons, Barry Alterwitz, Ben Levitan.

Graduation June 22

by Juli Kugelman

The fourth Sunday in June is the day that will bring freedom to four hundred and eighty-five Stamford High School seniors. After four long years of waiting, friends and family will gather in Boyle Stadium to wish the departing seniors happiness and good luck upon their graduation from high school.

The ceremony is slated to begin at 3:30 p.m. on June 22, with the excited seniors wearing the traditional caps and gowns in the green and white class colours. They will then march to the familiar strains of "Pomp and Circumstance" while the diplomas are distributed and the Class of 1975 will then become high school graduates.

Under the direc-

tion of Miss Helen Olsen and Mr. Patrick White, the senior class advisors, invitations have been sent to a number of prominent personalities, one of whom will have the pleasure of addressing the Class of '75 as their featured speaker.

Then, all too soon, it will be over and the graduated seniors will begin preparing for a new and challenging life ahead of them.

school. I know the work and teachers can get boring at times but if you don't tell them that you're bored

Grads - No Nos

by Deb Dunlap

For the past year the Round Table has been printing articles about what opportunities there are for employment, recreation, and volunteer work. Well, now we have a list of what you

should NOT do after high school.

1. No matter how much you want things changed around the school, it would not be advisable to apply for the job of principal.

2. Do not apply for a lifeguard job because someone told you that you had water on the brain.

3. Do not go to Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Clown college because you were voted the class clown.

4. Do not try to get a job as a garbage man if the thought of eating lunch in the cafeteria revolts you.

5. Do not become a window-washer in New York City if you read *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*.

6. Do not join A.A. because you think it is an athletic association, like in school.

7. Do not think that inflation will not bother you because you're (a) head.

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No Joke

by Claire Taylor
 One day while walking down the hall, I passed a restroom and noticed that smoke was oozing out from under the door. Various terrifying images flashed before my eyes, and finally I saw a poor soul trapped on a toilet with red-hot flames leaping around him. In an effort to save his life, I rushed to a fire alarm, but my better senses got hold of me and I went back to check things out. Expecting the worst, I forced the door open. When I looked for the poor soul, I saw only a group of people sitting around smoking. Absolutely disgusted, I turned around and walked away, wondering where a non-smoker could go to be free of the smoke.

The courtyard, when first thought of, was a great idea. It would get the smokers out of the restrooms and save some wear and tear of some of the student's lungs, but even with the use of the courtyard, students still return to the restrooms, unaware of the dangers to themselves and others.

A convenient and weather-proof place the restrooms are a personal risk to the student who decides to smoke there. If caught smoking inside, a student is subject to suspension.

With all the warnings about cigarettes out, the smoker knows what physical harm he is subject to, but do they realize what they are doing to non-smokers? The American Lung Association has done a study on poisonous gasses and cigarette smoke. They found that when a non-smoker is in a smoke-filled room, he inhales more dangerous gases than the smoker.

"Twice as much tar and nicotine, three times as much of a cancer-causing agent, five times as much carbon monoxide, and fifty times as much am-

monia comes from the smoke of the lighted end of a cigarette as is inhaled in the lungs."

Mr. Davies, the advisor to the Student Advisory Board said that in past years an effort has been made to close the courtyard, because of students smoking in the building and a lack of policing of the area.

Students that use the courtyard are supposed to keep the area clean. There was a vote to end the use of the courtyard if its cleanliness continued to be neglected, but the principal at that time decided to "give the students another chance."

Until students became more conscious of the effect of cigarettes to their health, or a smokeless cigarette is invented, the portion of the student body that doesn't smoke will have to continue to grope their way through the blinding smoke in the restrooms.

Whatever became of common courtesy?

For most college bound seniors, acceptance letters have been received. What a relief it must be to know something has been accomplished by filling out all those applications. If you haven't heard anything yet, go to your guidance counselor and have him call the college. Then you can rest in peace.

by Mike Wilson
 Have you ever had a hard day in school and come home, lie on the couch and say to yourself, "I'm sick of school"? Well, if you're one of the many students who say this, talk to any senior who is at the end of his school year. Most seniors I've talked to say that it is worth it. Going through all the heartache, arguments with teachers pay off at the end. There's a weird feeling inside of you when you know this is your last year.

There's also a sad feeling knowing that you'll be leaving your friends that you've known for a long time. In all, high school was well worth it but I don't think you could get me to do it again.

At a growing number of colleges and universities you can now study peace instead of war. The peace studies boom is one of the fastest growing phenomena of recent years. This has started since a group of students troubled by the Vietnam War wanted to explore the alternatives to violence. Administration and faculty members responded with new courses and in some cases let the students create their own. Today, fifty three colleges sponsor peace programs.

A Senior's Dilemma

Was It Worth It?

by Lois Kapteina
 Dropping out, or stopping out is the term used to define the time taken off between the furthering of one's education. A common practice between college and graduate school, it's becoming increasingly more common between the high school and college years and between semesters at college. In fact Business Week reports that "as many as 1/3 of all undergraduates on campus take a leave of absence at some point in their careers."

Kids drop out because they're dissatisfied with the structured form of education. Many are unsure of their future field or whether they're college material. By dropping out they have the time to find out where their interests lie or whether they even want to pursue college study.

Some consider that the year off between schooling is a wasted year. It can be and it can't be. By working at paid and volunteer jobs, traveling and pursuing individual interests a young man or woman can broaden their educational horizons. The classroom isn't the only place to learn.

Some dropouts find fairly interesting jobs which enable them to bring home a substantial paycheck, forgetting that though money seems good now they may remain at that pay level for the rest of their lives. Others have found that with out a skill a good interesting job can't be found. They have opted to go back to college or into vocational training.

Some students due to the year off have forgotten how to study and have lost all interests in going back to school. Others have gone back to school with a keen awareness and open mind for learning.

By stopping out young men and women are given the opportunity to earn and put aside some money to help finance an education. They've been given the opportunity to find their interests and have developed an appreciation for the options that extended education offers them.

Collectively no one can say whether stopping out is good or bad. It depends on the individual, his maturity and whether he sincerely wants to make the most of the year off. No one can deny the fact that there is a wide variety of options at a stop out's fingertips if he wants to take them.

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"IT PAYS TO GO TO MEETINGS"

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

I never expected to be assigned the task of reuniting the Class of 1975. Living up to my statistic as "most reliable", I was called on by Paul Beluk, Senior Class President of '75, to locate my former classmates. (Now, Paul is married and is president of Atlantic Records. He attained his position when he discovered the newest craze in Space Age Rock, Dan "the Man" Gunnip, who, by the way, is married to fashion designer Lise Bourret.)

My first question was: Where to start? I thought I might as well start in Stamford (where I just happen to live) so I pulled out the old yearbook and switched on the Protakow Phone-a-tron (that is a new-fangled machine that was invented by Walter Protis and Mike Fishkow to replace the telephone book.) The first name it flashed out was Barry Alterwitz still living with his parents, but intermittently (how is that for a big word? That's what you can learn in only one year in Mr. Palley's class. Tee-hee.) flitting around the country directing various musicals and side-kicking in chart-making (unfortunate that they're in Hebrew). He's directed such stars as Deena Gelb, "Bubbling" Bob Ericson, Kevin Kelly, and Cathy Simons. Members of his crew include Nancy Oppenheim - make-up; Bob Whalen (married to Irene Koda) technical director; and several others.

The next name that was flashed out was Mike Wilson who is a sports reporter for the Stamford Advocate. I called Mike and he informed me of our former classmates who were now professional athletes. I almost fainted when he told me that Linda Sikora had fulfilled her dreams and became the first female to play professional hockey. And with what other team but the Philadelphia Flyers, of course.

Surprisingly enough the togetherness of Paul Fay, Riti Freitag and Jeff Cook was disintegrated when each was recruited by a different team. Fay (married to Patty Lester) is with Montreal, Freitag (still seeing Patty Toner) is with the Black Hawks and Cook is with the Islanders.

Speaking of sports, the foursome of Bob Hagerty (still capturing many hearts,) Brian Lionetti (whatever happened to Tori Turnbull?), John Walsh, and Bill Sabia finally got a break and are now playing football for the N.Y. Giants (Well, of course they are all still together; it is part of the contract.)

Gary Cobb, Ernie Cobb, Jim Fields, Robert Clark, and Forest Andrews are the new edition of Harlem Globetrotters. Jim Richar almost made it but was turned down because of technical difficulties.

Barry Merrill, Mike Wise, and Roland Sherwood (Nancy Shelton was there to see the moon rise over Tanganyika) are still running on their round-the-world trip they undertook about 5 years ago (they encountered a little difficulty on the Pacific Ocean.) Pete Bartush and Paul Kossluk were outstanding gymnasts in the 1976 Olympics at Montreal, leading the U.S. to its first gymnastics title since the Olympics began. John Ela Kurt Bishcoff, and Gary Gruber are members of the U.S. Ski Team. Elaine Mascia is bowling with the U.S. Women's P.B.A. and is earning a pretty penny doing it. The tennis partnership of Rusty Morrell and Jerry Sontag and Sharon and Margaret Shaw are touring the country challenging pros of yesteryear.

That Sunday, while at church, (don't laugh, it's a bad habit I have) I noticed a familiar face at the altar and it turned out to be Janis Daddona. Speaking with her after the service, she told

me that she had "joined together in holy matrimony" several of our former classmates. They were: Bob Glick and Sue Ieva; Rick LaBella and Ann Lynn; Joe Valenti and Sue Baxter; Ken Rosi and Jean Fogarty; Bob Cowic and Gail Othouse; Bruce Reichlen and Susana Gutierrez; Pete Sarantos and Mary Cesareo; Bob Schreifler and Roseann Pavlia; Chris Burke and Cindy Crolla; Bill Manchuck and Joyce Offiero; Jeff Schloss and Mindy Katz; and Dave Kelly and Cindy Hardiman. Wow! She's been kept busy. Janis also told me of some Bishops that had recently been ordained, and to my surprise, the names sounded very familiar. Vin Giordano, Tony Macari, Bob Toscano, Mike Lawrence, Bob Spelke and Kenny Roller were among the list of names. (At least they had a little practice in high school, although I'm not sure this was what they were practicing.)

The next day I went to Stamford High School to make arrangements to use their newly constructed banquet room and was met in the main office by Principal Phil Kogan (taking over Mr. Markosky's position) and Assistant Principal Linda Price. Phil's office staff included Pam Chalukis, Lenore Rogalski, Doreen Longo, (who now has seven kids) and Sue Walker. They informed me of some classmates who were working in the Guidance Department. There I found Nella Russo, Emerfil Emmanouildi, Mary Jean Perry, Ellen Powers, and Paul Leder. The latest topic of discussion was the newly renovated auditorium, remodelled by Ron Pike and John Heath. And guess what? You may not believe this but Ray Green is the new Ombudsman. They gave him a padded office on the fourth floor. The administration consisted of Bob Mehner, Steve Lazlo, Ken Kweskin (married to Claudia

solomon), and Ruben Cuevas.

I was also shocked to find so many of my classmates as members of the faculty. In the English department was "Sexy" Shawn "Poo" Potenza (who moonlights at night doing whatever it is people do at night) and Loni Thillen (she liked the U.S. so much she decided to stay); History Department, Ann Mandi (during the summer Ann leads Safaris to Africa. It seems that she has a thing for elephants) and Sheldon Kivell; Foreign Language, Carla Podesta (giving lessons in sophistication to those who need it. She really helped me. I haven't used my sleeve as a tissue in years.) and Patty (Pazit) Magnus; Mathematics, Robert Tarr (who's still wondering what dy/dx is); Science, Nick Stamatelos and Bob Patusky; Art, David Chien and Bonnie Copeland (taking over Mr. Preu's position as Department Head. Now she can have his typewriter for her very own); Business, Gary Sansone and Lisa Depeola; Music, Art Thursland (heard any good stories lately?) and Randy Thompson; and Special Education, Nancy Lyman (it's helping, really). In the gym I found an entirely new staff composed of 1975 graduates. For the boys were Casey Gawlak, Don Aulenti (married to the former Laurie Jessup), Bill Romaniello, and Mark Libowitz. In the girls' locker room I saw Toni Rinaldi (captain of the U.S. Women's Field Hockey Team), Patty Nolan (moonlighting as President of J.A.), Pam Prindle (Gold medal winner in the uneven parallel bars in the 1980 Olympics), and Ann McMillan (successor to Chrissie Evrqt.)

A little on the "lighter side", Joe Pokorny and George Cunningham have established the first Jack LaLanne Health Spa in Stamford. (I'll bet you're wondering what I was doing there. Blame it on McDonald's and the DQ.)

Running from room to room has tremendously reduced their weights and they're down to 300 lbs. (that's between the two of them!) One of their regular customers is Shauna "Fats" Hall, desperately trying to exercise her weight down to 100 lbs. (Keep it up, Fats!)

The entertainment world paved the way for many of my '75 classmates including Nat Booker and Charliece Summers, regulars on "Soul Train", robbing their way through dancing history. Diane Battle, originally a Cover Girl Model, was discovered by some famous motion picture director and soon landed a part in the Oscar-winning picture "Shallow Nostrils". The movie's supporting actress was Elaine Joyce, a former Miss Midget America.

Shopping around downtown Stamford, I was looking for an outfit that would rekindle the nostalgia of my high school years. I decided on top-siders, levi's, tube socks, and an alligator shirt. I noticed that some of my former classmates had made it big in the business world. The Student Shop is now owned by Dean "Keen" Glenges, who never goes to work without a three-piece suit and 5" heels. The first things he did when he moved in was to raise the doorways and ceiling, so he wouldn't bump his head.

Casual Corners is now partly owned by Barbara Bernier, who takes full advantage of the 20% discounts.

Julie Kazan manages the Stamford Book Store and encounters tough competition from Bennett Book Store owner Randy Bennett.

Janet Fawcett is owner of Steven's Inc.

Madeline Saltis is presently employed at Chelsea Bootsmith where platforms are still rising. (Everybody at Chelsea's has always been high.) Frequent customers are Eileen Phillips, Rita Mediate, and

Senior Class Prophecy

Heather J. Patterson, all multimillionaires, who acquired their wealth by hiding stash in their platforms.

Sue Fricker and Dee Dee Osborne are co-owners of La Bagatelle. Andy Rosen owns Hair and employs Steve Holbrook, successor to Bob Seagren.

Christine Xanthopoulos and Maria Moustakas (it's Greek to me!) are now co-owners of Zarkadi Restaurant.

A big surprise came when I was told by a reliable source that Dawn Jalet and Carol Gaudio are owners of the Plaza Theater. It seems they only show Walt Disney films there. The latest showings are entitled, Bambi In the Nude, and Donald Ducks Shows It All. (Sounds pretty risqué to me.)

The Ferguson Library has been converted into a symphony hall where I wandered in to use the john. A rehearsal was taking place and I heard the cacophony of a practice session. That "music" sounds familiar, I cleverly thought. No wonder, Tony Zac-

cagnino, Vivian Hsu, Barbara Maxwell and Kurt Mechaley were part of the orchestra.

Being the social butterfly that I am, flitting from place to place (I shed my cocoon in my high school years), I attended the Pink Tent Festival. Among the array of talented artisans was Jean Dixon, exhibiting her mad Bohemian artistic style. Other exhibits included the works of Nancy Parson, Trish Bihler, Michael Schoolnik, Mitch Underwood, Jocelyn Sandor, David Strousse, David Philpot, Ralph Crane, and Glenn Warren. Displaying fried chicken was Frank Perdue's No.1 fan, Bettina Bernstein.

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Two weeks later....
.....Here I am dressing for tonight's Class of '75 reunion. I realize now what a big mistake was made when I was chosen as "Most Reliable" because this is an impossible task. I have failed to locate 326 of my former classmates. Aw, shucks, forgot it!!

Farewell

Joe Student

Well, Joe Student has finally done it...Graduation. After four fun-filled years, the day we've all been looking forward to is almost here.

Right now I can't wait to get out, however I realize that as the day gets closer I will feel the hard reality that it is all over. All of the strong friendships, the well worn books, the teachers we've come close to, will soon be memories.

Thinking about the end brings to mind the beginning Freshman year. We walked into a strange new building full of these students that looked like teachers. We stood against the lockers in awe as those seniors (you know, the ones we all had crushes on) walked by. I remember walking down the hall and being

looked down on just because I had creased pants, tie shoes, a thick note book and an arm full of neat construction paper covered books.

Sophomore year wasn't too much to remember, but we were alot cooler than those Frosh we finally got to pick on.

Junior year was much more fun. We weren't quite Seniors yet, but we weren't children

like the underclassmen. We started driving to school, and going out on weekends. Talk about partying. We all got the joy of working after school. What a drag, but the money was nice. Seventh period releases became a reality..."Free at last". We finally became friends with the seniors.

With Graduation over, we're on to college and work. Good Luck!!

Innuendo

Seniors...E.J., two weeks and counting. ...G.K., get some glasses....S.P., Good Luck with Chuck! This time it will work out!.....M.W., who's your new conquest? A.L.?.....Birthday greetings for A.M.....Hey, Seniors! When will we hear the corks popping?....P.T. & R.F., We're quite proud of that.....P.L., is C.M. who you really want?...M.S., watch out behind you...P.N., who do you really want to go to the prom with?.... D.J., I can't believe D.S., can you?... P.L. & P.F., how many months has it been?...J.P. & S.S.? Watch out! Someone's trying to muscle in....L.M. & R.H. just friends?....T.T. & B.L....B.W. and B.S....L.J. & D.A....S.I. & B.G..... C.H. & D.K....Hey B.M., P.N. and S.P. I remember the second row and the "animal"...Hey B.T., crush that pretzel... A.T., keep your mouth shut. Everyone's forgotten but you..... Juniors...A.S., good luck, but how long will it last?...C.P., how's M.H.?..... Sophomores and Freshmen....Hey A.K., it is elitist, not egotist....Matt, you're my one and only cutey....Hello to K.G., D.D., M.D., S.O., and F.P., and B.B., from your mom!!!.....

JUNE 22
GRAD



SENIOR CLASS WILL

We the Class of '75 hereby bequeath.....

I, John Ela, hereby bequeath to Little Bro a golden shovel and to SHS, I leave Joel Hollander. I, Paul Viscontini, leave to Mr. Skruck a big kick in his philosophy book. Forrest L. Anderson leaves "my sneakers to Mrs. Wilkov and my enemies to Mr. Morabito". I, Mike Corridor, leave to Mr. Macari ten losing tickets on count KEF..... Gary Cobb bequeathes to Michael Cobb 5 inches and 40 pounds so he can keep the family name alive. I, Sheri Romano, hereby bequeath to Mr. Lemone the opportunity to walk the halls without fear. Peter Bartush leaves to Mr. Pike a book on "How to Play Winning Football".....I, Dean Glenges, leave my permanent 5th period pass to Paul and to Andy my worn out sneakers. I, John Torre, leave Mr. Scanlon an Italian Dictionary.....Patti Beirne leaves to Bonnie Janefski two more years of "Fun" and an old gymsuit. I, Arthur Thursland, bequeath a half gallon of whiskey to Dr. Liggett in partial payment for the things he had to put up with in our class. I, Monkey, leave my magic markers to the administrators-the ones I used to decorate the walls.....Paul Kossluk leaves a gallon of grape shots to Mike Giordano.....I, Flip Collins, leave to Dionne Moses a bottle of MadDog 20 20.I, Joyce Ofiero, leave all my best jumps and a good voice to the Varsity Cheerleading Squad. Gaile Othouse leaves to Andrea Tomczyk a brand new cash register and her choice of Joe or Al. I, Lisa Mercado, leave my ability to stay in school to Steve Lamprinakos.....I, Lena Gruel, bequeath frustration, aggravation, humiliation, broken resolutions, and a year's supply of tests to Mr. McWilliams.....Jayne Shawinsky bequeathes her parking space (including broken glass) to any junior who drives a Firebird. I, Janis Daddona, leave 20 Latin students to Mr. Loughran per annum. Nancy Lynne Cummings leaves to Mr. Downey a lot of love and gratitude. I, Robert A. Spelke, leave to Donny Olsen, Kenny Roller's old car to use as he sees fit. I, Bettina Bernstein, bequeath one PSSC Physics Book, notes and labs to Michelle... Maria Moustakas leaves to M.V. all the stuff in her locker. I, Nancy Lyman, bequeath a tin of brown paint to those skilled enough to dab on appropriate teachers' noses.....I, Angela Cameron, leave to Claudette one more year in school and the determination to finish it.....I, Barbara Tarantino, leave Vanessa a new set of golf clubs and Pat Colucci a six pack of beer... Micki Improta leaves Judy Palermo her best wishes for all the gossip she can absorb... I, Theresa Crosby, leave a cup of coffee to Mr. McWilliams and a new Volkswagen to Mr. McGee.....I, Sue Copley, bequeath a kiss to the blushing Mr. Gardner for being the nicest guy I know.....Gary Santagata leaves to Mr. McGee one year's supply of M-eighties to wake up his 6th period class... Hitchcock, leave Mrs. Liptak a life preserver in case no one leaves her a repaired roof.....I, Rita Mediate, bequeath to Miss Hickey a huge piece of Chocolate Cheese Cake and to B.V. a key to my old Mustang... Jim Bolanis leaves to Mr. Dawid two big rotten banana peels to match his arms....I, Gary Sansone, leave a bottle of Kosher Walnuts to the Deca II class of '75 and all my love to Brenda. Jacqueline Simmons leaves her knowledge to her little buddy Estelle and her books to Cupie. I, Jocelyn Sandor, I, Gordon Knight, leave to Mr. Burns all my broken pencil points. I, Barry Merrill, hereby bequeath one pair of SL-72's to any junior distance runner who wants them..... Marty Monroe leaves "my front sidewalk and a 5x20 piece of French toast to all my loyal friends in SHS". I, Eugene Lozyniak, leave to all A.P. Cal. and Physics students my 20 volumes of tests, notes, and passes.. I, Joe Valenti, leave alligator clips to future Physics students, and a big smile for Mr. Cleary. Linda Sikora leaves all her hockey knowledge to Mr. Gurney....I, Carol Gaudio, bequeath my empty Physics notebook to Paul Brown and my Indian descent to Bob

Patusky....I, Ellen F. Powers, leave to the editors of the 1976 Flashback, a prayer and a penchant for making deadlines.....Steven Cox leaves Ralph, Bob, and Mike one albatross and Ben one Geek.....I, George McLauchlan, leave to Ben a Geek so he doesn't have to sleep with a teddy bear any more. Robert Edward Mehner leaves to Ralph Grasso the task of leading next years Drafting 3 class and a supply of scum--s erasing bags to Mr. Burns.....I, Fred leave to Arnold Karp my "big bird" costume so he can carry on the tradition...Sylvia Smith leaves "my knowledge to my sister and my quietness to Bunny Francis". I, Nancy Shelton, leave to Dave Budnick a worn out edition of Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Swimmers, but Were Afraid to Ask. Paul Laveris leaves to Andy Rosen all his Star Trek comics, and to Mr. May, the book "Anybody Can". I, Bill Manchuck, leave some eye-black and shoe polish to Richard Walsh and Frank Surmac. Sam Marsico leaves "to my 1st period English class the missing letters in our yearbook biographies". I, Ann Mandi, will my orange and black hockey hat to Mr. Gurney, if he wants it. I, Toni Rinaldi, bequeath to Vicki "memories", as B.S. so sentimentally put it.....Barbara Bernier leaves to Laurie Guzda a peach of the "Peach Tree", and one-way ticket to Florida.....I, Kevin F. Kelly, bequeath to all those remaining, the diligence and extreme wisdom I have attained here, which amounts to not a damn thing!.....George Cunningham leaves to Victor his shooting scores and to his cousin's husband's nephew a fat lip.....I, Giovanna Castelli, leave to Anna Marie a life size Raggedy Ann Doll. I, Laurie Jessup, leave to Jeanne Lester the D.Q. after softball practice. Cliff Burrell leaves a sun spot to Mr. Wuensch, and a new student for Mr. McWilliams to brainwash. We, the senior Tierras, leave to the junior Tierras better luck next year and all the mass confusion of this year!.....I, Michael Bogdanski, leave the synthesizer and burnt-out equipment to any doink who thinks he can initiate "The Stroke" on it.. I, Doreen Capiello, bequeath my belongings to Doreen Longo and to the junior girls a book on How to Be a Successful Jockette.... Karen Goettel leaves her lunch to Sue, and the rest she is taking with her. I, Linda Puckett, leave to my sister Brenda all my fantastic grades. Michael Schoolnik leaves his darling autographed glossies, and his collection of Genesis albums.....I, Sue Adamo, leave stares, comments, and a 40lb. box of coffee mizers to Mr. Ceritelli. I, Joanne Geas, bequeath to Mrs. Prarat all my steno papers, books, and steno pad. Carol Mozdzer leaves to her brother John a four-year supply of passes and re-admits. I, Jerry Massari, bequeath a toupe to Mr. Scher.....Linda Price leaves to all young souls 2 chocolate kisses, 1 poem, 3 thunder storms with lightning, and a painted egg shell.....I, Cindy Ruttkamp, leave the 2nd floor bathroom to all the female smokers for an after lunch cigarette.....Randy Bennett bequeathes to Mr. McWilliams his virgin mind and to Mr. Rembetsy the National Honor Society.....I, Heather Patterson, bequeath to Linda Burns a three hour tape recording of me singing all the tunes of Todd Rundgren. I, Warren Hoehn, leave my biography. I, Elaine Joyce, leave all my morning detentions with Mr. Rembetsy to anyone taking A.M.&J. Brenda Drungo leaves "my seat in English to my sister Debora, and my Dyn-o-mite skill to June".....Lita Eng bequeathes all her Accounting I papers to Roy Graziano and Dan Protas. I, Randall Marc Skigen, leave. Cathy Leary leaves an efalet to an elephant freak, and the strength to carry on.....I, Elayne Rose Mascia, bequeath to Miss Wiener her choice of my trophies. I, Paul J. Hospodar, leave to Mr. Lyons the remains of my studio chair. Pat Feighery leaves to Mike Giordano two cases of Miller and four Muff Burgers. I, Patty Magnus, bequeath to Miss Uhrich a dummy to stand in the hall in the morning so she won't have to.....Elsa Maria Ceneda

leaves her second period oranges to Mr. Anderton. I, Alex Wainwright, leave to Tom Bowes my place on Doug Moore's rug and to the Thespian Society a fully equipped first aid kit. Bill Cohen bequeathes his beat-up gym bag to any incoming freshman. I, Jean Fogarty, bequeath to Annmarie Capp, the honors of doing my manual over.....Roseann Pavia leaves to Robert Schriefer a bigger nose and a bigger pair of eyes.....I, Bob Glick, bequeath to my sister Bonnie my "We don't Mess Around" button. I, Sharon Shaw, leave to Sharon "Boog" Potenza my old tennis racket. Jane Fraser leaves her van keys to any A.K'er. I, Maureen D. Burke, bequeath to my sister the stains and ping-pong balls to Claudette Miller.....I, Kim Peterson, leave Mr. Barney chewing gum for the rest of his life. I, Peter (Casey) Gawlak, bequeath my old beat-up running shoes to Colleen D. and my head band to Meg Pr. Eric Alan Rosen leaves his shin splint to Frank Liberty and his track shoes to Mr. DeFeo. I, Cindy Simmel, bequeath Mr. Dawid my finger. I, Jodell Innes, leave all my term papers on Martin Luther to Mr. Kovacs. I, Cheryl Pia, bequeath my gym suit to my sister Sandra and my sneakers to my brother Nicholas. Jim Zurzola leaves his greaser jacket to Sue Osker and his fishing skills to Mr. Mark.....I, Penny Herndon, bequeath "my favorite coffee cup" to Mr. Downey. I, John Walsh, bequeath Tobie Frangione a look of death. Mike Celotto leaves his mouth to SHS. I, Kendra Wilkenson, leave my brain to SHS and a pair of orthopedic shoes to Miss Hickey. I, Dimitra Kakunes, bequeath my sister Choch to all the teachers of SHS. I, Daryl Helsing, leave my smooth running '68 Pontiac to the SHS Auto Mechanics Shop. I, Dave Kelly, bequeath the Bishops to Donald Olsen and a ten lb. bag of bird seed to Miss Friedman. Denise Russo leaves her school folder to Mr. Markosky. I, Jean Dixon, bequeath to Nette Olsen a stand of young birches and rising hopes on swift light wings. I, Dawn Wagner, leave a shiny red apple to Ron Noe. I, Janellen Sockol, bequeath one Life Saver Factory to Mr. Meyers. Betsy Schwartz leaves to Ron a "Banana Royal" and to B.V. a box of hot-balls. I, DeDe Dembroski, bequeath all my belongings to Francoise Shay including my banana pound cakes. I, Gary Gruber, leave to Frank Aulenti all five tubas, but not a single one works. Arthur Adams bequeathes to Mr. Swenson a 1974-75 YMCA card. I, Joe Christiano, bequeath my book on how to skip to the freshman class.....I, Bob Morell, bequeath a locker filled with the pleasant odor of month old egg salad sandwich. Tom Bakes leaves my beer in the student parking lot.....I, Brian Maple, leave my looks to George and Karen.....I, Tony Mendola, bequeath to Mr. Anderton my hair and my height of six feet four inches. I, Bird, leave my eye patch to Mr. Morabito and my car to Ralph Crane. Bob Tyler leaves his auto body work and his auto mechanic skills to Kathy Tomonto. I, Todd Vanderwerken, bequeath my old football number 72 to the lucky person who ever gets it. Myron Porto leaves his burlap jockstrap to Mr. B. and to Chris Burke his getting high kit.....I, Vivian K. Hsu, leave all the AP exams to those other insane people who can make it through the courses without going crazy.... I, Robert Tarr, bequeath to Mrs. DiMattina my enthusiasm and also my collection of jokes. Michael Lawrence leaves his book on how not to get caught going out to lunch to all the administrators who thought they were going to get him.....I, Lisa Legato, bequeath my parking space down the pond to C.C., M.C., and L.S. Larissa Beck leaves to Doreen Capiello 50 mirrors so she doesn't have to bother her every morning. I, Pam Prindle, leave my weight to Mrs. Davis who really needs it. I, Andy Rosen, leave myself to the class of '76.....Jim Richar bequeathes to any upcoming basketball star, his job as seventh man and a spot on the bench. I, Paulie Fay, leave Mr. Meyers 25 Oscar Mayer Weiner Rolls. I, Norman, bequeath Mr. Meyers 25 Oscar Mayer Weiners. Elly Ponce de Leon bequeathes his old jeans to C. White and all his love to A. Kelly, N. Talmadge, and G. VincentI, Colette

Breden, leave my blue eyes to Mr. Vincent and my smile to Mr. Moho. I, Kevin Hogan, leave my body to Annette and my doctor bill to Brian. Barry Alterwitz bequeathes all his fortune and fame in the theater to any dummy who wants it.....I, Lisa Damico, bequeath to Debbie and Karen the gym and my blank passes and re-admits. I, Ruben Cuevas, leave all my absences and F's. I, Lucifer, leave to Mr. Scher my hair so the sun doesn't hit his head too often.....Terri Frangione leaves her Accounting books to Miss Friedman.....I, Roxanne Gallagi, bequeath my seat at McDonald's to Jeff. I, Deborah McCray, leave my unusual laugh to Pat Bradbury. Michele Coppola bequeathes a years supply of Deli Bake and a trip to Disney World to Mr. Cote.....I, Gregory J. Koczanski, bequeath to Joel Hollander a little bit of class and my real announcing voice for the morning announcements.....I, Diane Franchina, leave all my passes, re-admits, and skipping exits to my sister Michele.....Brian Regan leaves the T.V. broad and cameras to whatever poor soul gets stuck with them.....I, Patti Lester, bequeath to Mr. Carlson a-a- um -nice-a-um-big-red-apple-um-with-a-worm-in-it. Trish Bihler wills "three gym suits and a balogna sandwich for '72 to anyone getting my locker.".....I, Brian Bushley, bequeath the Studebaker's foggy windows to anyone driving by with a spotlight or a pie. Bonnie Copeland bequeathes one beautiful secretary to Mr. Preu. I, Bob Whalen, leave one full fire extinguisher to Miss McSorley.....I, Mary Jean Perry, bequeath to my sister Sue, my tremendous school spirit. Lynn Tomczyk leaves a dozen diapers and a baby carriage to Kym C.....We, Kenny Roller, Dave Kelly, and Bob Toscano, bequeath a lifetime supply of small pencils and a sweat rag to Mr. Tenca. I, Pat Mecca, leave Dee Powell the nickname Weasel.....I, Stell Demakos, bequeath the blow dryers to anyone stupid enough to wash their hair in the morning and walk from the parkinglot to school with a frozen head. Cary Fontneau hereby leaves to C.R. a natural high and to B.V. all her bags at rush hour. We Nella, Patty, Laurie, Cary, Kelli, Betsy, Diane, Judy and Nicky, bequeath to Miss Weiner a clean hall after 6th period. Joe Purdy leaves Super Tech's problems to any nut who will bust his tail to get on it. I, Doreen Covino, bequeath all the clay stuck on the walls and floors in Room 364 to Miss Lewis.....Napoleon Fleming leaves cut slips to remain in Mr. Mark's file until judgment day. I, Donna Mancusi, leave a book on how to make it through four years of SHS without going crazy. I, Robert Toscano, bequeath to Miss Weiner her own room of ill compute, and my heart and soul to all those girls I never went out with. Cindy Crolla leaves Laurie Guzda all the luck in the world to get through her senior year with all the jocks. I, Daniel E. Gunnip, bequeath my incredible ability to cut without getting caught to "Lucky Pierre" Bourret who is really going to need it. Steve Laszlo leaves to "Miss Hickey the biggest bag of Fritos I can find and some of my leftover potato salad". I, Kelli Burns, leave to Betsy and Cary all my good lunches and 2nd base to Jill Gonet.... I, Nancy Oppenheim, hereby bequeath a single principal to SHS to serve well and faithfully for a minimum of 5 years.....Rusty Morrell leaves his Paul Butterfield Blues Band records to Scott Thurm. I, Joe Dypa, leave a book on "How to Win" and a course on cracking kosher walnuts to Mr. Shlien... I, Randy Thompson, leave my music ability to the next person who comes into the music room and sits in my seat. Janet Faucett bequeathes to Andy Rosen her right and left toes.....I, Jeff Olson, leave my great friends. I, Joseph Pokorny, bequeath 5th period at McDonald's to my brother and the Greenwich Police to Mr. S. Geffery Wallach leaves to future World Govt. students a supply of Lealy Posturpedic mattresses... I, Michael Fishkow, bequeath to Mr. Burkhardt 180 new pep talks and to Barry my sticky socks. Tony Zaccagnino leaves "to Mr. Gurney my size 9 super tacks and to Mr. Murphy my old tympani sticks".....I, Fred Harris, leave to Mr. Ceritelli a room without windows. I, Lois Kapteina, bequeath a

Chinese dinner to Jackie Figueroa.....I, Sharon Douglas, bequeath my re-admits and early dismissals to Kathy Davis and my "Hanes" to Mr. Preu. Susan Poulos leaves all her blank passes, re-admits, and happy years to her incoming sister and friends... I, Gisele Lesberance, bequeath my gym suit for Hinique and my dirty sneakers to Liz... I, Mike Wilson, leave my parking space in the corner of the two tennis courts to anyone with a shiny fast "G.T.O.". Joe Perna leaves a book of passes in my locker to the lucky person who gets it next year.....I, Phyllis Scruggs, leave Aretha Newton quietness and Michelle Enoch a typewriter. Alex Olszewski bequeathes a bottle of Vitalis to Mr. Scanlon. I, Donald Aulenti, being of polluted mind and body, bequeathes to Charlie Price a book entitled "1001 Football Frustrations and How to Deal with Them".... Carl Bryan leaves a new tie, high heel shoes, a 3-piece suit, and a wide brimmed hat to Mr. Anderton.....I, Dave Bender, bequeath Led Zepplin to all those who do not yet believe.....I, Sue Eberhardt, leave to my sister all the male inhabitants of SHS, monotony and general boredom. I, Riti Freitag, leave David Bowie. Billie Adameck leaves the wish that everyone would stop trying to be someone he isn't and be himself for once. I, Cindy Hudak, leave to the future students of SHS the mind-shattering boredom of this rut.....Robert Schriefer leaves the incoming freshmen all the trouble of finding their way around.... To Leslie and Tina, Carole Argenio leaves a Friday night in First National's parking lot, a lifetime supply of feathers and shells "tomorrow". I, Corrie Costanzo, bequeath three years of hope to "jaybird", and to Miss Weiner--another banana like Me! Maggie Warner leaves her car to Lori, and her intelligence to Denise.....I, Bill Romaniello, leave to Dave a case of M.S. and a little L.Z., and to Mr. May my good looks so his wife won't kick him out. Rose Skrepetio leaves her sister her brains and books.....I, Joyce Drotar, leave to Anna Marie a scale and a large pizza from Cove Pizza.....I, Doreen Longo, leave Tracy Redfield all my best wishes and everything but Paul.....Elena Fabrizio leaves Frank Vartuli all her love. I, Franny Howley, bequeath to Ann Tosches, T.C.R.'s and D.S..

I, William "Majic Fingers" Laughlin, leave my mad graffiti to some youthful apprentice Chris Burke leaves his workout program and an old bottle of English Leather to any wrestler who is bold enough to use them.... We, the senior M.G.R.'s, leave the junior M.G.R.'s one more P.D. and a winning team.. I, Linda Christiansen, leave one F-85 Oldsmobile to whoever can get a new transmission for it. Anna Marie Antonelli leaves to her sister her "regipetto" and to Giovanna a big tuna sandwich.....I, Mike Tamplin, bequeath all my crosses to Kim Mendonca and a pillow to all of Mr. Lehman's students.....I, John Heath, leave to Mr. Burkhardt the tail that wags the dog. I, Dee Edwards, leave Mr. Page my profound respect. I, Emily Richardson, leave all my love to Miss S. and my knowledge to the Class of '76. Linda Boyle leaves her car to Joe so he can give HER a ride home.....Alan M. Grossman leaves my seat in front of the TV for Mr. Palmgren so that he can watch Sesame Street. I, Ronald Pike, bequeath

one bottle of Scope to Mr. Burns to ease the suffering of next year's drafting classes.....I, Mike Russo, leave a belt to Joe Small to help keep his pants up in drafting class. Jeto Kolb leaves her state of unreality to any junior who wishes it... I, Dennis Doherty, leave an erasing shield and a 4-H pencil to Kevin Floreno to guard his life in drafting class.....Tom Coyne leaves his perfect attendance policy to Mr. McGee. I, Marylou Gumkowski, bequeath to Mr. Macari my great wisdom of music.....I, Dawn Jalet, leave my beloved HayF the job as rink rat. I, Ralph Crane, bequeath to Bob Taylor all my time in Bob Sports and to Liz Alpert, a year's supply of cloth patches... Sue Ieva leaves her appreciation to Mrs. Solomon and old Bailey to Mrs. DiMattina.. I, Michele Teplica, bequeath to Michele Coppola, a six pack, and a year's supply of toe socks to Sue Baxter. I, John Kotosky, leave Miss Hickey 10 quarts of Polish

Kimberly a peach with a container of salt.. I, Cheryl Cecio, leave a life saver to kick down the hall to anyone who wants it.. I, Donna Varian, leave my hopes for the trophy to Betty Deveson and my mishaps on casting to Mr. Rembetsy.....Paul Costanzo leaves to Miss Lewis Room 364 and all the clay that's left on her ceiling and walls.. I, Eileen Philips, bequeath to my brother Jim everything he will need to graduate from SHS.....Lynn Russo leaves a year's supply of Starbursts for the future 6th period Business Law classes.....I, Steven Faski, will all my Black Sabbath records to Mr. Macari. I, Irene Vlash, leave Friday nights at Cummings and the Pancake House to Michele Cop., Shell, Kathy, and Sue.....I, Diane E. Battle, bequeath the rest of my house to the "junior class destruction committee". Ann McMillan leaves to Debbie DeCarlo her tennis abilities and to brother Guy her height. I, Greg Monteiro, leave to the young black and beautiful ladies my joy and love that comes from the heavens above, and the fun and laughter that remains hereafter. I, Joy Blanchard, leave the name "Joyous" to Valerie Stack, who so justly deserves it. Colleen Kelly leaves a permanent tardy pass to her sister Noreen.. I, Anne Heath, leave a case of coconut custard pies with whipped cream and all the red traffic lights on Hope Street to Andrea Tomczyk. Keith Mechaley bequeath his brother (who was adopted) to anyone that will take him. I, Carl DelVecchio, leave my extraordinary driving skills to Mr. Skruck. I, Aleta, leave "soul" and can of black paint to Mr. Morabito's Afro-American Studies Class.....Nancy Parsons bequeathes the seclusion of the Art Dept. 5 periods a day plus after school to anyone crazy enough to do it.....Robert Lee Ericsson leaves the Fame to Terri (Tessie) Weiss that she deserves for having been Stamford High's first Leprechaun. I, Nella Russo, bequeath to Jack the letter V, and to Nancy and Cathy, an Italian. Mike Wise leaves his Calculus notes to Jim Kappas hoping he will put them to good use. I, Bruce Mudzinski, bequeath to Carol T. my entire barbell set along with all 382 back issues of Strength and Health. I, Bruce Reichlen, leave to Mr. Kovacs seven turtle neck shirts, one for each day of the week, to hide the strange spots on his neck.....I, Vincent Giordano, bequeath a psychiatric chair and patience to Coach Barber. David Strousse leaves a new pad of failure notices and all the head aches he gave me to Mr. Rembetsy.....I, Dionne Moses, leave to Gail Wilson the sense she wasn't born with.....Bob Haggerty bequeathes Barb McCarthy to Rich the Wonder ful. Gus Roseman wills Mrs. Steglich a book on how to tell jokes. I, Francoise Shay, leave to Dave Strousse my services to help him succeed in finding a sex life. Robert Cowic bequeathes to Andrea Tomczyk a lifetime guarantee on her new blue bug.....I, Leta Osborn, leave my North Stamford attitude to Rich Williams.....Judy Burns leaves to Iris the hope that she'll come to school more than she did.....Bill Bohrer bequeathes to Beaver a book called 104 Ways in a Ford. I, Mike Paccarnella, bequeath Mr. Wuensh grease, and to Mr. Downey, last night's sleep. I, Rise Moskowitz, leave to all the underclassmen of the Sigmas one empty treasury. Ken Rosi leaves a leather jacket to Mr. Scanlon to go with his D.A... I, Dan Tadeusiak, bequeath Jesus Alou's bubblegum card to anyone in the school with a name like that. Sue Tyler leaves her seat in the guidance office to anyone who needs as much help as she did. I, Holly Reding, bequeath my little brothers this school and all my re-admits. Allan Inger bequeathes an automatic zero-maker and a new pencil to Mr. Tenca. We, Elaine Krom and Nancy Lang, leave the next lucky DECA student to do a manual all our frustrations. I, Ruphie Powell, hand down my roach clips to Mrs. Baldwin.....Kevin M. Kelly leaves Phil and all of his realm to any student who has the knowledge to comprehend him.....I, Cathy Bernstein, bequeath a quartet minus one to any darling violinist. Kenny Kveskin leaves a soapy rag and his sympathy for the janitors who scrubbed all of his KK's. I, Michelle Jones, leave to Michelle Reason