

# A Beginning To An End

*by Nancy Sunderland*

As the sun no longer shining falls quickly behind the hills, the figure of a young girl stands tall, but alone. This young girl is alone as she stands held within the gates of Woodward.

The dark and blackened gates of Woodward open to a strange place of death and tragedy for many lost helpless beings. Woodward is just a short stop to heaven or hell, just a place for memories and love.

I can see her now as she kneels on the hard but sunken ground. Her head hangs low as the trees shed their tears with pity; the sky turns black, and the world around her turns a dying shade of brown.

In her hand is a flower, a rose, not a part of death but a part of life, a new life, a new beginning, without someone's love or someone who is needed. These are her thoughts.

The darkness is crawling closer as the girl pulls herself to her feet. She

stretches her arm downward to give up her rose as a gift, a gift of very little, not enough, not enough to replace what is now gone, gone forever.

She is walking very slowly, held by a force in a strange trance. Once again one can see the shadow of a tall, young girl. The moon reflects on the trees and on the written stones of names and dates, as she passes through the blackened gates of Woodward.

The long walk home is a great task, for her vision seems blurred with a screen of tears and past long-lost memories. The idea of the empty house around the next bend seems to haunt her.

Seeing a sudden flash of light she runs to the side of the gravel road. Suddenly there are yelling brakes, screaming tires, and crashing glass. There in the road is the body of a tall, young girl, no longer alone, no longer afraid.

There in the road lies a once tall, young girl soon to be uncaged in the gates of Woodward. She is no longer alone, no longer afraid. There she lies, with a tear in her eye but no longer alone.



## UNLIMITED?

*by Jan Goocher*

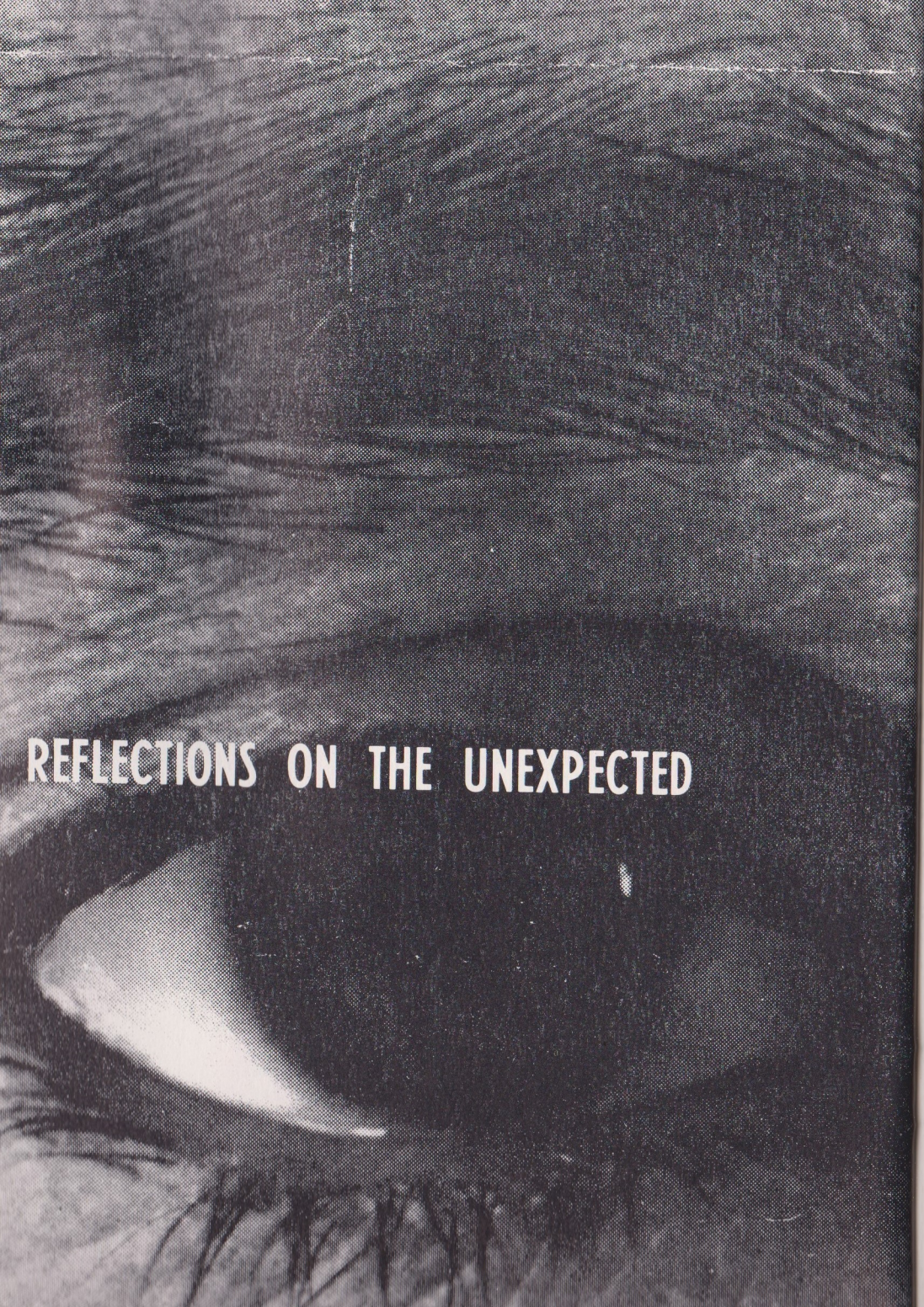
None of this I owe to you.  
Loves greatest factors are untrue.  
I see  
By thee the reality in me—  
Unlimited.

## SUNSET

*by Laura Dunaitis*

There it was  
Big and bright,  
Descending slowly.  
Round and full,  
Half snickering, almost flirting.  
It's gone and left a glow,  
A glow soft and golden.  
It was a sunset—  
Warm—  
Like him.





# REFLECTIONS ON THE UNEXPECTED



# THE INSANE GOD

*by Nancy Yeager*

Staring through the bars like a caged animal,  
He wonders, why is his life thus?  
Where is his Eldorado, his fortune and his fame?  
Why is he pushed away, persecuted because he lives on?

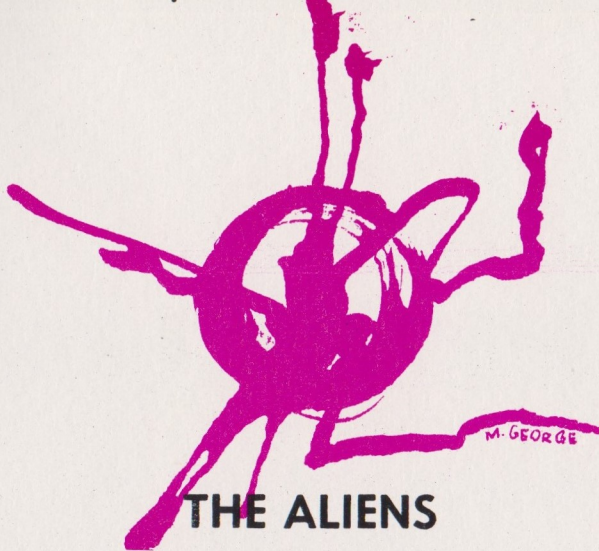
He is very pensive, and looks on toward the distorted  
Figures of people, unhappy with their destination.  
The shadowed eyes look upon him, and he hears conversation  
In murmured tones.  
He feels freakish, and screams,  
"We all have a beckoning passion for the clean break.  
Why murder me, day by day, with your implacable stares,  
You who think of me as an ignominious, dissipated old man?"

"I tell you, it is you, you who are the freaks,  
You who practice dissimulation,  
You who call me dead, and have no life in yourself but to  
Murder others with your stares, and non-ending whispers."

"But I shall live on, while you become inert.  
I shall live on and let you fade away with the dust.  
For I am infallible. For I am God."

Thus the crazy man, alone in his barred room, talked himself  
to sleep.





## THE ALIENS

by Mike Smith

The summer wind felt warm as it sifted through my hair and rustled the leaves of totac trees. I was alone in the night of quiet. It was a splendid evening for a walk in the country, so I sprang at the opportunity to do the thing so many people had labeled as "a waste of time." The serenity, the solitude . . . they stimulated my inner soul. I gazed up into the heavens, doing what my ancestors had done, many thousands of years before me.

As I looked upward at the innumerable clusters of stars, my eye caught a slight movement of what appeared to be a star. This motion, which was almost imperceptible, gradually increased until I knew it was not a celestial body. "Probably a meteor," I told myself, but I continued to observe it. It grew larger now and it was changing color. I could now see that it was moving towards me at ever-increasing speed. I could sense a fear beginning to develop inside of myself. Was I seeing what others had seen and told of to disbelieving ears?

Within a space of a few seconds, what was once a twinkling star had changed into a cylindrical object of

several hundred feet in length. It gave off a deadening roar and a phosphorescent light as it neared the ground. Suddenly it was quiet. It was as if nothing had happened. But the spacecraft was still there.

After several minutes, a door opened. Out stepped a creature, followed by another. Both were carrying what seemed to be weapons of some kind. Something was peculiar about the way they walked, but I couldn't think of what it was at the moment.

Apparently, I was unnoticed for the time being. I watched them as they scouted the surrounding area. I was so mystified by these aliens that I was not aware they were so close to me. Suddenly, I was discovered . . .

The horrid-looking beasts started toward me. Now I realized what was so strange about the way they walked—they had only *two* legs. I started to run, but I felt the pain of their weapons before I could reach any form of safety. I heard them talking as I lay dying. And with my dying breath I cursed the hellish aliens from the Planet Earth!



# THE CLEAN CUT

*by Nancy Yeager*

He was alone, the time was now;  
The thought boiled in his blood.  
He thought of them, their glares, and how  
They said his name was mud.

"No more," he shouted, "will they curse;  
For soon enough I'll die.  
They will cry for me as I was  
And think of that cold, gray sky."

They'll say, "Poor boy, he was upset;  
We knew his time was near.  
He put his head through the TV set  
And was slit from ear to ear."



# WALKING ALONE

*Linda Fontaine*

The house felt stuffy. Cigarette smoke filled the interior. Outside, the ground was damp; water puddles spotted the area. A light refreshing rain had just fallen. I decided to leave the stuffy atmosphere of the house and take a walk to relax in the cool air outside.

Once outside, I became entranced by the quiet, comforting, carefree mood that my surroundings cast upon me. As I walked on, I must have taken a turn-off from the main street, for I found myself walking towards a dead end.

After realizing this, I turned and headed back towards the main street. When I got to the place where I should have emerged onto the street, there seemed to be a large misty figure lingering in front of me. Was it a shadow of my imagination? I couldn't tell for sure. The street was dark, the shadows unbearable.

The figure was slowly moving towards me. Yes, I could see clearly now—it was a man. He was oddly attired. His long black cape gave him the appearance of a bat which was about to sink its blood-thirsty fangs into an innocent victim. I turned away from him and began to run—run, but where? In my terrified state, I tried to scream. My throat felt parched; nothing vocal was emitted from my mouth. The sound I had tried to scream out were ringing in my ears; my head was spinning. I fell to the dirty, wet ground.

I was getting delirious; footsteps seemed to pounding, pounding upon the pavement. As I brought myself up from the ground, I began to run to a house, the only one around, which stood upon a slight hill. I ran with all my strength to that house. I pounded and pounded upon the door. Ah, it opened! Relief came to my mind and body. I stepped inside, the door closed.

At this, I remember waking up. I must have been screaming in my sleep. I felt nervous all over and jumped up from my bed. I looked around for comfort and reassurance, but this—this wasn't my house. The only thing which seemed to stand out in the strange room was the black cape, which had been removed from its bearer. Where I was or what happened next, I'll never know for sure: blackness had overcome me.



# THE HOUSE

*by Sandy McMurray*

It was June 2, 1965, on a Friday, when all this happened. On my way to work I was passing this big beautiful house that is two blocks away from the apartment where I live. I had never seen anyone go in or out of the house so I thought no one lived there. But this morning was different. There was an antique limousine in the driveway from which a vaguely familiar man was emerging only to disappear in the front door. I naturally thought someone had bought the house.

I casually went on my way. Oh, I meant to tell you why I was always so interested in that old house. I had heard a story about the house and about the people who lived there. There was a young couple who owned the house at one time. One night they went out for a while. There was a very bad storm that night as they were on the way home. They were seen going into their house but were never seen or heard of since then. But that was a long time ago, and as for myself, I didn't know if I believed it.

So to go on with the story, one night I was on a date and we were on the way home when I noticed that the front door of the house was opened a little. Surprising myself, I suggested that we stop and shut the door. My date, however, didn't care to stop because he said that it looked like the house was haunted. So he took me home and when he left, I couldn't stop thinking about the front door of that big, old house being open. Compulsively I decided I would go and close the door myself.

I drove up to the house and just then I remembered the limousine and the oddly familiar man, but that didn't stop me. I started walking up to the door; the wind was blowing and it had just begun to rain. If I remembered correctly, this night was like the one long ago, the night the couple had disappeared. The more I thought about it, the more frightened I became. I walked closer to the door, closer, closer. I started to touch the door knob, then suddenly the door flew wide open. I entered the vestibule. I couldn't understand it, but I knew this house. Then a man stepped out from behind the door. Suddenly, I started to remember, I was the missing girl and this man was my husband. We were the couple that had disappeared that night.

Everything came back to me about the night of the storm. After we had gotten home I realized that I had lost my glove and went back out to look for it. The last I remembered was being hit on the head by a heavy branch. I must have lost my memory. My husband said that when I didn't return, he moved out and has been looking for me ever since. He said he thought that he had seen me but wasn't sure and figured perhaps if he moved back into the house, maybe I would remember and come back to him.

Now I know why this house intrigued me. Something that I couldn't explain kept drawing me to it. It was my love for the house and everything that it stood for.



# WHAT I SAW

*by George Noory*

Overthrown by mists of stars,  
Thrilled to life by the Planet Mars,  
Churning, turning to the night,  
What I saw was quite a sight.

Venturing highly above the ground,  
Churning, turning, up, and down,  
Green in color, red and bright,  
What I saw was a delight.

Moaning, groaning, through the trees,  
Burning, turning all the leaves,  
I ducked and hid inside a hole,  
What I saw was a U.F.O.



Zilch! It hadn't always been my secret ambition to be encased in an eye dropper. I suppose it was just one of those things. The day was strictly Indian Summerish. Time, second hour chemistry. Crucibles and covers laid in pairs at each desk. Beakers and test tubes stood ready to be of assistance. Heated copper sulfate filtrated through the room, hanging like a curtain among the young minds of future chemists. Pencils moved persistently as equations and calculations appeared on note paper. And I? I remained imprisoned. I was sure there were easier ways to slim down.

My greatest fear was that of becoming a living appendage rather than a singular being. Not that it would have been of any great loss, I surmised. People considered me odd; tall in a bottom-heavy way, and slim if you like long necks and skinny arms. My eyes just kind of sat behind a pair of brown rimmed glasses. But returning to my predicament. I directed my attention to getting myself well out of reach. Now you must use your imagination on how it feels in such tight quarters. My glasses looked like two bubbles suspended on a multi-colored amoeba. I viewed everything with a limited amount of comprehension. Now my aim was to roll under any subtle safety margin until a solution could be devised. This I conceived considering, of course, the situation would need a strong faith rather than physical mobility.

All this time my chemistry partner had figured I skipped out. He was unconcerned, however; since I was usually more of a hindrance than a help, especially when it came to chemicals and their reactions. If he only expected, I could foresee myself slowly

## 'JUST A DROP'

by Anne Marie Kurzyniec

being disassembled: a drop here, a drop there, possibly dissolved with some carbon tetrachloride and heated until I evaporated into life hereafter. Imagine an arm of mine being combined with crystalized salt and ground up until it was no larger than a grain of sand. Oh, my worst fate would be that of being consumed by one of my mortal companions. I could visualize myself floating through the internal anatomy of probably my worst enemy, drifting through his blood stream, floating past his heart and then becoming embedded in his liver.

My attempt at escape was a failure. My partner grasped me by my transparent waist and set me in the drawer. This was it. This was also Friday. This wasn't all. The closing of the drawer jolted me out of the eye dropper, and I was sitting in the bottom of the drawer in an emulsified pool. By slithering to the end of the drawer I might have found a means of escape. But, alas. I had no means of mobility. Between the heat of the room and my present condition, I met my end. I was slowly evaporating, disappearing into my surrounding atmosphere. I no longer belonged to myself. I became a part of the world I drifted in.

M. MARCENKO



# Murder In The Dark

*by Bonnie Clark*

This is the story behind the death of my brother Dean's best friend. As you read I hope to see if you derive the same suspicion as I did when I was told what happened. My belief is that my brother, Bill, and his friend, Wayne, committed this crime through pure malice of forethought. I believe you will take Dean's side when you hear the circumstances leading up to the murder, the cold-blooded, ruthless murder of his friend.

It all started two years ago, in June, as a matter of fact. Bill, Wayne, Dean, and his dear departed friend, had arrived at White Lake, in Canada, on a fishing trip. He told me how beautiful the country was with its huge rolling hills and pine trees. There were lakes everywhere in the area, that were as congested with fish as New York is with people. It was just after dark when they finished putting up their tent; so they waited till morning to begin their fishing. They were all confident in their ability and made bets on the size of fish they would catch. Dean said that he believed he, with all of his fishing skill, and a lucky fishing pole, would catch the largest one.

Up early the next morning with sun rising on the other side of the lake, they prepared to start their competition. Dean got out first by sneaking past Bill and Wayne, who were arguing over who would get out first. The first thing Dean said was "Eagle-Eye Annie." That was the name he gave to his lucky fishing pole. He liked that pole so much that my father had often remarked that it was his best friend

By the time Bill and Wayne were ready, Dean was at the boat and ready to shove off. The motor started with a few groans, gurgles, and growls, and they set out for the bay on the other side. Dean shut off the motor at the mouth of the bay to keep from scaring the fish. He then began the task of extracting a worm from the bait box. After a considerable struggle between himself and the worm, he won. The worm was too tired to put up any further opposition. They started catching small fish as fast as they could overpower a worm and hook it. The fish began getting larger, but came less often. Dean decided that the smaller fish left because the larger ones had scared them. Bill and Wayne were talking over the situation of this slowing down. Dean didn't agree and went on to give them his opinion. The great debate was turning into a heated argument, when Dean felt a tug that almost pulled him from the perch he was sitting on. He pulled back and Eagle-Eye was bent double. Bill and Wayne watched in amazement. The fish gradually gave up the struggle and came to the top. Boy, was it big! Wayne's eyes were standing out around, and his mouth hung open as he stared. Bill could only say "Wow!"

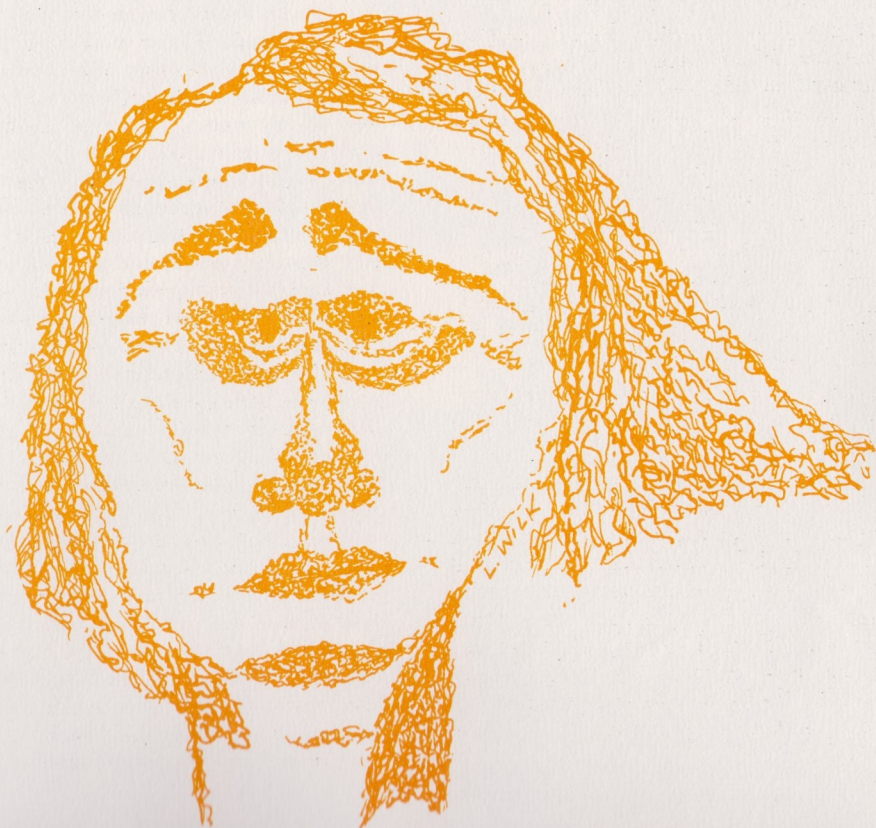
After this Bill and Wayne wanted to return to camp. It turned out that they let Dean off there and went back out. Then they began to realize from what Dean said, that they were jealous of his skill and "Annie." The two returned later with no more luck and a lot more anger. They were more angered at "Annie" though, as he found later.



That night as they turned in, Bill told Dean not to go outside. He said he was afraid he would let in mosquitoes. Dean took this for the truth until the next morning. He was out first, as the day before. When he turned to see "Eagle-Eye Annie," he stunned to find her mutilated. His dear friend was broken beyond repair! She was crushed in the tailgate of their station wagon. This fine old fishing pole, once a two piece six footer, was now a mass of fiberglass. Bill and Wayne arrived just as he opened the deathtrap jaws and removed his faithful old friend. Both be-

gan telling him it wouldn't have happened if he hadn't put it near the car, and accidents do happen. They said that the night before when they closed the tailgate, they heard a dull crunch. Then Wayne said, "It was dark and we didn't know it was there."

After reading the story anyone can see the truth of the crime. Was it really an accident? Maybe so, but there is one other fact that may answer that question. Dean left "Annie" against a tree about twenty feet from the car the night of the murder.





# Shamus Murphy And The Leprechauns

*by Linda Judge*

As dawn broke, the mist from the Shannon River shrouded the hamlet of Malone.

The field of clover was covered with dew. The air was filled with the sweet smell of freshly blooming flowers. In all this beauty sat Shamus Murphy. He wore a torn shirt and patched trousers. In his left hand Shamus carried a jug of whiskey. As he stumbled along the river bank, his blood-shot eyes scanned the woods. Shamus saw a flock of birds who were singing their first song of the day. Amused with the delightful sound, Shamus sat down under a tree to enjoy it. Suddenly from the woods came the sound of high-pitched voices. Shamus turned toward the sound. He heard the voices again.

A strange fascination came over Shamus. He went further into the woods. There he thought he saw men three feet tall, all dressed in green. Wondering whether his Irish liquor had taken control of his senses, he looked again. There they were, wee ones all dressed in green. He said, "hello," then gave a nervous little laugh. They laughed back at him, then spoke with a strange accent, but still fine Gaelic. Eager to learn where the wee people came from, Shamus asked them. A spokesman for the group replied, "We are leprechauns, and who might ye be?"

Shamus replied, "I am Shamus, Shamus Murphy that is." The wee people were pleased to have another Irish man among them. They asked Shamus to join them in a jig. Soon the sound of laughter could be heard coming from the woods. Shamus and the wee people romped in the woods for many hours. It was much later when the spokesman for the group said the wee people must

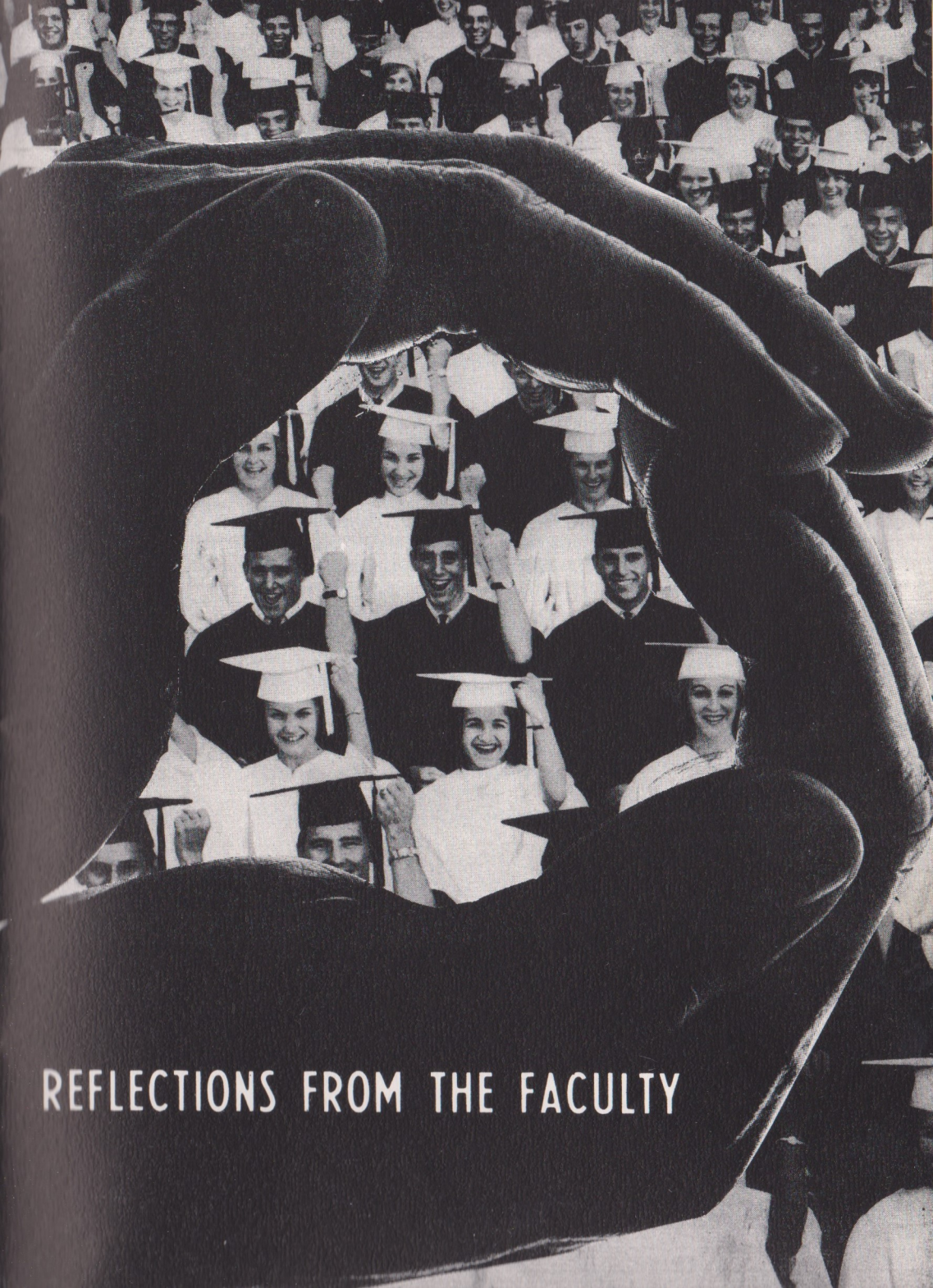
be running along as it was getting dark. As the wee people hurried off, Shamus called to ask when they might see each other again, but was answered with complete silence.

Walking back to town, Shamus wondered if what he saw was real or merely a dream. Before he had a chance to think about such things his friend O'Sullivan met him. They walked into town together. Suddenly Shamus' friend asked if had seen a ghost. Shamus replied, "No, I haven't seen a ghost, but five leprechauns." A roar of laughter soon rose from the street. As his friend talked on, a crowd began to form. Shamus was taunted and called a drunk and a liar. Feeling very tired and confused Shamus returned home to try to sleep off his woes.

As he awoke the next morning, the thought of leprechauns still haunted Shamus. He was unable to eat his breakfast so Shamus decided to take a walk along the river bank, and perhaps prove what he saw. Trying to follow the same exact path as he had the day before, he entered the woods. Once again he heard the high-pitched voices. Drawing closer to the wee ones, Shamus was asked to join in their merry-making. A gleam of delight shone upon Shamus's face. It was this moment that marked a change in Shamus' life. The wee people liked him and realized he had faults, but accepted him because they knew he was human. Realizing this, Shamus chose to toss his jug away and go and live with the wee people.

Today if you are Irish and really believe and go to the banks of the Shannon River you will hear voices, high-pitched and squeaky; all but one that's a deep bass.





REFLECTIONS FROM THE FACULTY



VACANT LOT

by R. JONES  
*Art Department Faculty*

Thrill seekers, snipers

"Get the lighthouse!"

Tearing steel on rock. Listen!

Tittering. Questions, jibberish

Blanket, more of holes, made to

Despise

Separate! Douse the light!

Make your mark — red, life ink.

Spit, show the world!

Smash, thrash rudderless — up

To the bottom.



# To Whitman Who Tried To Make Too Little Of Time

*by F. Donohue*  
*English Department Faculty*

Light Bearer,  
Like your brought-you-to-a-boil friend,  
You managed, almost,  
To make too light of time.  
Scions of this illusive legacy, we've had  
A sobering task  
This century since,  
Sifting the blinding brightness  
Out, bringing some darkness in again,  
To delineate.  
Omnes. . . omnes. . . with all your  
Transcendental ferrying until all  
Blurred in one amorphous amalgam;  
We've been un-merging these afterward decades.  
Tensing the slack  
Which you so lightly let out,  
Drawing our tempered studies,  
Our darkly modeled vision,  
From those two dissenting Tenebrists,  
Caravaggios of Salem  
And the Sea  
Who cast a saving shadow  
Through your facile luminescence,  
And slipped a somber veil  
Upon the visage of your upward surge.

## Life's Fulfillment

*by Don Beesley*  
*English Department Faculty*

If total knowledge was present from birth.  
And man was free from distress,  
What standard would measure personal worth.  
And how would one gauge success?

Though life apart from this common dream.  
Is more realistically hard.  
Wisdom from experience ranks supreme.  
And exalts individual regard.



# Legends

*by Mary VanWinkle  
English Dept. Faculty*

The magic sword was cast in old  
Samurai days. Heroic molds were common then  
Because the mountains were not filled with men  
Yet. It was a great thing to go from Kyoto  
To Ashikaga, to ride the serpent's coils  
Which glittered spray upon the islands—  
Spray as bitter as the spring's snow  
Deep on unsuspecting valleys.  
Spray as hard and glittering as the spoils  
Of war. To sit with warriors too,  
That was exacting in its cost  
Of wit, its calculated cruelty. The hands  
Of heroes are severe; their fingernails  
Are clean and cleanly cut straight across  
In a rigid line close to their fingertips.  
Precise are their eyes for measuring the gales  
Sweeping strong on the islands. Expert are their fingertips  
Resting severe on the sword.

And the warriors were known in the valleys  
Where deep in the spring snow worked others  
Whose browned hands were dirty and blunted  
From battling the rice shoots. Within small homes of wood  
Warped by spring snows their brown coats were damp  
And their pinched mouths were singing of spirits—  
Green spirits who lived in mountains,  
Looked over the valleys.  
Then sudden unsuspected, swooped down the green mountains  
The samurai hard-eyed and slashing the rice shoots leaving stamp  
Of their hard boots deep in the gorge near its  
Warped huts and blacked roofs. The workers with pinched mouths could  
Have sung then of fields without rice shoots, of brothers  
And brown coats lost in the last bitter spring snow.

But the samurai days had been long ago.  
Now they sing in the valley of heroes—  
Their honor severe and their hardness,  
Forgetting their boots and their clean fingernails  
Remembering the magical sword.



# Alas For Grass, The Pigeons Are Upon It

*by Mary VanWinkle*  
*English Department Faculty*

Pomposity in garish feathers  
With stalking feet of shocking pink  
Possessing park-ground,  
What bothers  
Me is your bald eye-blink.  
Ungraciously you grab at bread crumbs.  
Always food!  
Don't you see the bee hums over  
Clover blossoms?  
Lovers  
By the river-bank will  
Wink at silly squirrels  
Did you ever watch while little boys  
Raced on dirty sidewalks?  
Noise  
Disturbs you? Well, I think  
Your poise  
Is awfully tiresome.



## Second Hope

*by M. Helveston  
English Department Faculty*

Tin soldiers crucify the hollow god,  
This human sacrifice of boneless flesh,  
Pound paper nails upon a cross of glass:  
A second coming and a second hope.

Now stand upon the happy tomb and wait  
To sing the given words, to glorify  
The resurrection of the vital ghost:  
To see the earth regurgitate a corpse.

## Marching To Byzantium

*(or Notes in a Cemetery)  
by M. Helveston  
English Department Faculty*

Those eyeless stares in chiseled heads  
That work so hard defying men,  
Determined now to testify  
That life does not mutate in death;  
And perjuring themselves each time  
They fiercely grasp below for bones  
That they refuse to recognize  
As being marrowless.



# Asia Minor

*by M. Herbston  
English Department Faculty*

The ancient stones  
Are laid anew where Mary walked;  
And mud-thatched huts  
Are newly built on Homer's Troy;  
And donkeys graze  
Where Alexander cut the knot.

Mud desert hills  
Which barrenly beget but mud,  
Where Christ-like shepherds  
Guard their sheep from unknown foe  
And oxen raise the dust  
For dust to grow again;  
And black-veiled woman  
Dig with ragged handkerchiefs:  
And untouched god-forbidden water  
Moves below

This is the land of Cybelle,  
First of ancient gods,  
The first of saddened mothers  
And their dying sons.  
This Cybelle, answering the dreams of man,  
Conceived great gods  
Begot by men  
For man to serve,  
But her birth pains  
Immortalizing man,  
Destroyed her soul.

And yet  
Her greatest monuments  
Are not destroyed,  
Are not the broken Troys  
Or buried Gordiums:  
But are her black-veiled woman  
Barefoot in the fields,  
Digging roots,  
And praising her forgotten sons,  
Not seeing all the generations  
Born to die.

M. WENZEL



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