

UNION ^{of} the
EIGHTEEN

by Barry Brown & Brian Vraley

NEWS * ANNOUNCEMENTS

NEW PEOPLE

Room #3

NAME EILEEN BRASLEY
 ADDRESS 39 CRYSTAL SPRINGS
 WHERE FROM IRONDEQUOIT
 HOBBIES SEWING AND SKATING

NAME KAREN NYLEN
 FROM FLORIDA
 ADDRESS 5 DUNHAM CIRCLE
 ROOM #8

The newspaper club hereby sends their deepest apology to people whose articles did not appear in the newspaper. We hope that they will send in more articles.

FRENCH CLUB

In French Club we are seeing movies in French. We have seen "Cinderella" and "The Three Bears". Movies such as these are easier to understand and you can learn more words because you know the stories. We are also seeing movies on French people and French landmarks. Sometimes Mrs. Gatto reads to us in French and we translate it to English. Everyone in French Club is working on La Fleur de Lis (French Newspaper). We all enjoy playing the French Bingo game. Someone reads a number in French and we try to find that number on our Bingo sheet. I think French Club is a lot of fun.

Patricia Shoolman #4

In rocket club, we had a contest. Congratulations to the winners! They were Don Ellsworth of the division of people who were building their first rockets and Bruce Johns of the division of people who had built several rockets. A lot of good rockets were on display, and the judges had a tough time deciding the winner. Some of the judges were Mr. Criss, Mr. McMillan and Mr. Dunton.

Want Ad: I am in need of postcards, Old and New. If they are dated 1920 and back, I will pay money for them. Call Pat Yanko - 377-1578

Don't know what to do after school?
Join the Chess Club, it's cool!
Wednesday after school in Room #18

Lynda Schwock #17

BULLETIN - FLASH!

In case you are wondering, we ARE doing something about your complaints written to the newspaper about the cafeteria situation. In the March issue we will publish the final results of our investigation. Meanwhile, this is what we've found out.

The portions might not be equal because the clocks in certain parts of the school may differ and the cafeteria workers don't know when to expect each class so they might feel rushed in order to serve all the kids. Maybe cold food is caused by some classes arriving late to lunch.

Also, in response to your complaints, several members of the staff have written a letter and sent it to Blue Boy All-Star ice-cream manufacturers, requesting that they fill their ice-cream cups to the top. We are awaiting results!

Congratulations
To The
Winners Of The
Valentine Contest

The winners are:

GRAND PRIZE - BILL HOWARD

Original Use of Materials

1. Paula Gately - Room #14
2. Julie Burnham - Room #8
3. Kimberly VanDenBush - Room #3

Creativity In Thought

1. Joli Malagamba - Room #8
2. Brenda Rickard - Room #4
3. Jeff Thomas - Room #5
3. Greg Evonsky - Room #18

We also congratulate the people who got Honorable Mentions.

"My Opinion of Winter Weather"

I like winter weather because it's so cold. You can sled, ski, skate - practically anything!!! Everyone get's all bundled up to go out and have snow-ball wars, and after awhile you get so frozen up you can barely move!!!!!!

Then, when you go into your house there will be a glassy, gold, fire just waiting for you to cuddle up close to, with a nice warm glass of hot chocolate-
mmmm--! That's what I like about winter weather!

DONNA MILLECAN

Winter Weather

Winter weather is full of fun,
Even without the warming sun.
The clean white snow is cold,
It has six points I've been told.
The wind and its blow is very strong,
As it whistles through the trees with its merry song.
The happy children plow in the snow,
And their bright red noses shine and glow,
There's more to be told about Winter fun,
But its starting to melt by the Summer sun.

VERA MIKOLJI

"Weather"

One night while I was in bed it started to thunder and lightning outside. When it did I couldn't get to sleep. So I decided to stay awake. I had just closed my eyes when all of a sudden a giant crash hit. I looked up at the window and saw a green flash. Everybody in the house got up. The lights had gone off but went right back on. We had thought lightning had hit the house. But the next day we found out that it only hit a telephone pole. We were greatly relieved.'

GREG BATES

Sunset

The sunset is beautiful to see. Come explore it with me.

From the sky above, to the seas below the sunset shines, high and low.

When the sea goes asleep, you hear not a peep, for the sun has set.

I hope you like the sunset for it is beautiful to see, take it from me.

ELLEN M.

Society Is:

pollution	wine	slums
beer	drugs	milk
money	water	furniture
shrimp	houses	ham
cars	no food	trash
confusing	rats	people
education	littering	discrimination
no work	inflation	rich
war	poor	protesting
high prices	taxes	welfare
poverty	hunger	death
birth	over-population	
luxuries	shack	love
peace	robberies	"pushers"
ghettos	LYNDA SCHWOCK	#17

"Weather"

I was skiing down a slope one night, it was dark and weary. I could hardly see. It was a bit icy. Suddenly I hit a jump, I went flying up in the air, suddenly a swirl of wind hit me! I went flying into the powder I was stuck, my leg felt like it was broken! What had I done? I couldn't see, my head felt funny, I didn't know my name! Was I losing my mind? But the snow was getting all soft the snow wasn't on the tree I knew one thing it was beginning to be spring again. But my leg was broken or was it?

BETSY - Room #5

"Weather"

Weather is the nicest thing,
With Winter, Fall, Summer and Spring.
Spring I guess is my favorite season.
Though I really don't have a special reason.

Winter is cold but still lots of fun,
Even without the nice warm sun.
One of my favorites is also, Fall,
With the trees so pretty and tall.
Summer to me means no school,
Running and jumping and a swim in the pool.

SUSAN GORDON

LITERATURE

All Through Eternity

It was October 31, 2070 and Carl Howell started toward his glistening spacecraft. This was it, the final day. He felt his stomach churn. His atomic powered spacecraft, the Lightbeam, was the first in the world. He was the first person to own a private spacecraft. Since back in the Twentieth century, scientists had been trying to find a way to prolong life. He had found a way too. It consisted of nothing more than lowering the temperature to absolute zero. He was a muscular man, able to stand up to two hundred times his weight on earth. He was also able to think with computer-like accuracy. This was due to the special breeding the scientists had developed. His craft, he calculated, would go up to one hundred thousand miles per second. Now was the day to test it out. As he climbed into the cabin, he thought how long it had taken him to figure it all out. It had cost him millions of dollars for this spacecraft. As he laid down on the couch, technicians strapped him in. He now could hear the emotionless voice call out "1" minus ten minutes and counting". It wouldn't be long now, he thought. "1" minus ten-nine-eight-seven-six-five-four-three-two-one-ignition" the voice boomed out. There was a pause, then the voice boomed out "We have liftoff. He felt the pressure push him into the couch. This was nothing compared to what they had given him in the centrifuge. Now he was in orbit. "Well done." Control commented. "Jettison fuel boosters now" now he said, as he flipped a switch. He felt a light jerk, that was the jettisoning of the boosters. The liquid fuel was used because the atomic engine was radioactive. In four minutes he would fire the atomic engine. He cut the radio because he wanted to do this manually. Now he fired them. The force pushed him into the couch. He looked at the "speedometer". It read six and one half miles per second. The green button blinked on. This meant that it was safe to escape the Earth's orbit. He pushed the "throttle" up to ten miles per second. Now he pushed it up to 750 miles per second and eased it up gradually. Some hours later, he held it at 80,000 and gathered his thoughts. He then remembered to turn on the radio. He put the ship on automatic and flipped the radio switch. But he threw the deep freeze switch instead and was instantly frozen. He would be frozen for six billion years, as he did not set the timer or anything! Then he felt chilly. The chill went away and he looked around. He was going at 90,000 miles per hour. He then realized his mistake and shut off the deep freeze switch. The automatic timer had given him 90 seconds to turn the switch off. If he did not, he would have been frozen for another six billion years. Now he could not go into the deep freeze again. He turned on the rear scanner and viewed a huge orb with bodies constantly crashing into it. So their theory was right! The theory was that everything was made from a huge orb that exploded and threw fragment out from the center. Then gradually everything came back to the center again and it started all over again. He glanced at the speedometer. It was 60,000 miles per hour. Now he was faced with a difficult decision. Was he to turn around and go crashing into the orb, destroying his life quickly or was he to try to escape it drawing his life out slowly and painfully? Suddenly he had an idea. It was crazy but it might work. He was going to turn around. He turned it around 180 degrees and accelerated. Thanks to the gravity of the orb he was going 120,000 miles per second and gaining steadily. Now he was going 140,000 - 150,000 - 160,000 - 175,000 - 180,000 miles per second. He was pinned to the couch and grasping for breath. With one final effort he accelerated it as far as it would go and slumped back into his couch. Now it was all he could do to watch the speedometer climb - 185,000 - 185,500 - 185,750 miles per second. Then there was a burst of glaring light. Then he hit the orb. Nothing happened! He was going through it! His plan had worked! He and his spacecraft had turned into a sort of light. But unlike light it just went forward, not spreading out. He could go through material, not being reflected as usual light is. He could also move. Now he looked at the clock. It showed 12 midnight. "What a day." sighed Carl. He, Carl Howell was destined to travel for all eternity. LARRY ROBINSON

THE RED CAVE

It was supposed to be a happy vacation but it turned out to be the most terrible I've ever been on.

It was a brisk day when we started out. I was going with Mr. Brewer, the ranger, on a week filled with fishing, boating, and camping. I don't have a mother or a father so this was the first trip I had ever been on.

It took us three hours to get there, and what a "there" it was! There was one side. The sand was the kind that when you played in it, it warmed your toes because it was so hot. But the river, oh, it was something else. It had a deep, clear blue channel running through the middle. It trickled over the rocks on either side as if the rocks were the rivers playthings. After we had admired the place we put our gear in the canoe so we could paddle to the campsite.

On the first night we still hadn't found the right campsite so we set up our tent. I was so excited I couldn't get to sleep but, luckily the river was there. It sung me to sleep and what a sleep. I dreamt that we were stranded with nothing, stranded in the woods. If only I knew how close I was to what was in store for us.

When I woke up the next morning I was dying for something to drink. I ran down to the river and drank, drank, drank. It was good water, clear, and cold, better than any tap water. I was more like the woods itself, more like real water. At these times I just wonder how there can be such a thing as pollution. How could people throw waste and debris into such a wonderful natural resource? But soon the dream is over and I am back in a world of poverty, pollution and problems. I ran back to our tent to get all packed and ready to go again but first breakfast - bacon, sausages and eggs. Plenty of it too! You might think that that would be enough food to last you through the day but not when you're camping. You'll eat all the grub you can get.

We started out about 7:30 the next morning, not too bad.

It took us two more days of long, hard paddling to reach the campsite and what a campsite. It was a nice little clearing, sitting there like it had been waiting for us to come along.

We put up our tent in a small cave, since it was warmer in there. Oh, but I must be confusing you. How can you have a sandbar and a cave along the same river? First, the two banks of the river are two entirely different stories by themselves.

The one side is soft sand and fields. But the other side is rocky and hilly with lots of aged trees all gnarled and bent under their own weight. Our cave was near the rocky shore. It wasn't one of those caves where you just walk in. You had to go down from the top. A flat rock was nearby so we could cover up in case it rained. There were steps in the rock going down just as you walked in. The room our tent was in was just a big square thing with passages at both sides. The entrance was at one corner. In the corner opposite it there was a huge ledge. It tapered downward at the far end. From the other two corners there was a creek. There were a few fish in it. Our tent was between the entrance and the creek. There was a campfire near that. The temperature was about 57 degrees and the ceiling was quite high. There were no "icicles" hanging up or down from this room.

For the rest of the day we fished in the river. Did we catch fish! We caught enough fish for ten meals, nine after we had had supper.

When we went to sleep that night the air was calm and still. There was no noise at all, that is except for the river outside talking endlessly to all the woodland creatures, the trees, and all of the wilderness around her.

I don't know what woke me during the night but when I did wake up I heard a crackling sound. I didn't know what it was so I called Mr. Brewer and asked him what it could be. He said he didn't know. We got up and looked outside.

FIRE!

...to be continued in the next issue

The Furious Furnace

December 17, 1969, Mrs. End's gas furnace finally made the Furious Furnace Company happy because Mrs. End of 36 Potter Place was threatened by her furnace. It came upstairs and into Mr. Jack End's room and stood there and shook and growled and growled and shook because the End's didn't take care of it. Mrs. End elbowed Mr. End in the stomach to wake him up. As soon as Mr. End got up Mrs. End told him and he told her to go jump in a lake. She yelled and he sprung to his feet and put on his clothes and went to talk to the furnace. But he had no luck. It just growled in his face. Then in Mrs. End's desparate search for the telephone, suddenly, she felt it and she called the emergency gas man and she told him and he told her to dry up and blow away. Then before he hung up she begged him and then he said the repair man wouldn't be there til 7:00 and it was only 5:30 and then she said forget it. By the looks of our furnace we won't be living that long.

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo

If you like exciting war stories, you'll be sure to like this one. It is about men who volunteered for a raid on Tokyo after Pearl Harbor was bombed. The author and main character, Captain Ted Lawson writes an exciting account with a first-hand view of the crew as they bomb Tokyo with little or no resistance from the Japanese, then crash during a heavy storm in a sea near an island off the China coast. Then the crew of Lawson, Clever, Davenport, McClure, and Thatcher are found by the chinese and taken to the mainland and safety. There they meet Charlie, who somehow locates Dr. Chen who takes care of their injuries. After many unbelievable experiences, they finally come home- months after they first started from California.

JAMES HALPIN - #8

The Bandit of Norway

There once was a bandit of Norway
Who committed a crime in a doorway.
He slammed into the door
And dropped to the floor,
And that finished the bandit of Norway.

MARK MUTHIG #8

C O B W E B S

Between myself and the rising sun,
This way and that cobwebs run.
They dance up and down
And spread around town.
Did you ever wonder how cobwebs are spun?

Teachers

Some teachers are as nice as can be
Others should go climb a tree
If you work like a slave,
And try to behave,
They'll be kind to you and to me.

JOSEPH RIZZO

The Fried Man

There was a man who lived in a can.
Then a lady dipped him in a pan.
As he started to fry
He began to cry.
And that was the end of the man.

STEPHEN BRIGHT

The Wind

The wind is something special
As around it blows,
In and among the trees
Around and around it goes.

It swirls and whistles
And every night when in bed I lay
I listen very closely
To hear the tune it plays

The wind is something very big
but also very little
And there is something that I've found
That it's a great big riddle.

COLLEEN CAMPBELL

Night

Night has come,
The day is done.
In the town at night,
The lights are shinning bright,
The wind and the bees,
That were in the trees,
Are silently sleeping now.

KATHY JOHNSTON

MISCELLANEOUS

The Peas and Particles Projects

Peas and Particles has to do with estimating and counting. But it really is more than just that.

When our class first started out in this we had jars filled with such items as lima beans, macaroni, chili beans, and other things like that. Nobody could figure out what they were until we traveled over to Mrs. Beardsley's room. That's when we found out what we were going to do. Both teachers explained it to us, how to take a handful of whatever you get, put it on the desk, estimate how much there is, then count them to find out how much there really is. We recorded it, then went over it in class and discussed it.

Soon we had gotten the "hang" of it and did bagfuls, which was pretty hard because you didn't know what was in the bag.

As you saw in some of the pictures outside on the walls, we also worked in our own class. That was fun, too.

About a week ago our teacher brought in some large pictures that showed pictures of rabbits, men on ice, fish, sunbathers, and things like that that had to do with Peas and Particles. I guess that ended our projects, though, and I really don't know if the kids were glad or sad.

Geoffrey Burt

Dear Unknown,

There is this girl in my class that takes her leftovers and puts them in her milk cartons and squashes the food. It can make you sick to your stomach, and you can lose your appetite. How do I tell her she is disgusting?

GETTING SICK FAST

Dear "G.S.F.",

As always, I can't give you or anyone else a serious answer, but I do believe that there's a logical answer to it. Perhaps she's on a diet and has to keep from eating the blankety-slurped stuff somehow, or maybe she can't chew it so she has to drink it. As always, this letter will self-destruct as soon as she reads it.

Four Seasons

Season one is Spring
it's when the robins sing
The flowers bloom
and all winters doom
Goes away in Spring

Summer is Season two
and that what I tell you
It's not the third like
some people say
I don't care anyway
Spring is Season two!

Season three is Fall
it's almost the funnest of all
The leaves turn color
and then they fall
But it only happens in Fall

Winter is Season four
now let me tell you more
Christmas comes and
snow falls

That's what makes it the
best season of all!

Bonita S.

The X's that you see on the wall next to the French class are done by Mr. VanDerMeid's class. For sometime now we have been doing a science project called, "Peas and Particles." It is to do with having a large amount of something, estimating what the amount is, and then figuring out a way to count the amount.

Our class estimated that there were 5,300 X's in all, rounded off to the nearest hundred, on each sheet of paper. Then we hung 106 sheets on the wall. That would make 561,800 X's in all. But how many X's would make a million? For the answer, come to Mr. VanDerMeid's class, Room #16.

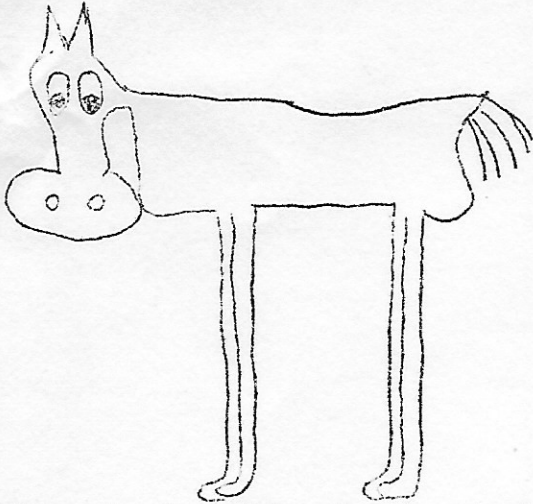
GEOFFREY BURT

CHESS CLUB

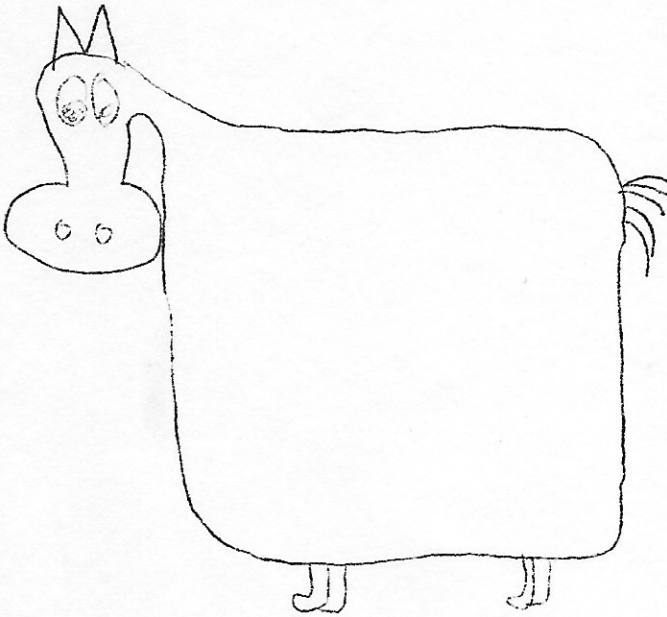
In the Chess Club we are having a tournament. We play each other and record it on the chart. We are almost finished. The results will be printed soon.

LYNDA SCHWOCK #17

Diane and Angela were working on a school project. Diane said, "what should I draw?" Angela said, "draw a horse." "OK" Here is what she drew:



Later, Angela said, make the stomach a little bit bigger and the legs a little shorter. "OK" The finished product:



A TRUE LIFE ADVENTURE
BY
RIBBET 'N PAYROLL

UNION OF THE 18 STAFF

<u>FUN PAGE</u>	<u>ROOM</u>
Brenda Rickard	#4
Carol Young	#3
Cindy Reus	#2
Irene Peck	#9
Kathy Balbierer	#6
Lynda Schwock	#17

SPORTS

Chris McWilton	#5
Pat Ramsdall	#10
Rick Falzone	#12

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Larry Robinsen	#18
Brian Fraley	#2
Scott Douglas	#2

LITERATURE

Ellen Seebold	#1
Mary Burke	#7
Margaret Freisem	#12
Patricia Shoolman	#4

EDITORIALS

Chris Lennon	#7
Paula Gately	#14
Pat Randall	#11
Julie Burnham	#8
Margaret Felker	#8
Mike Benkowitz	#13

ART

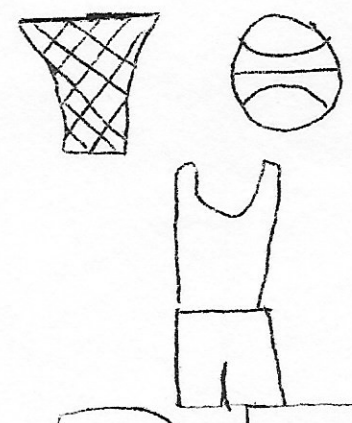
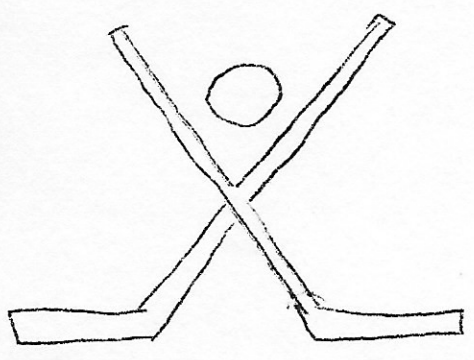
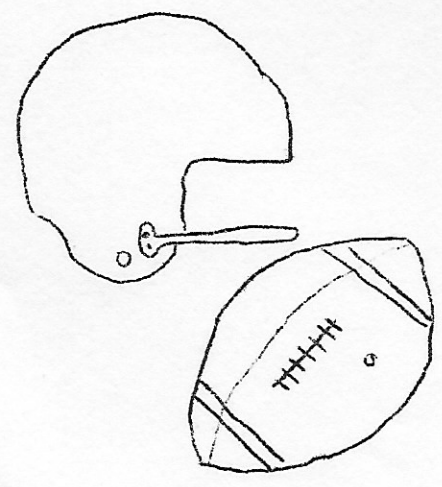
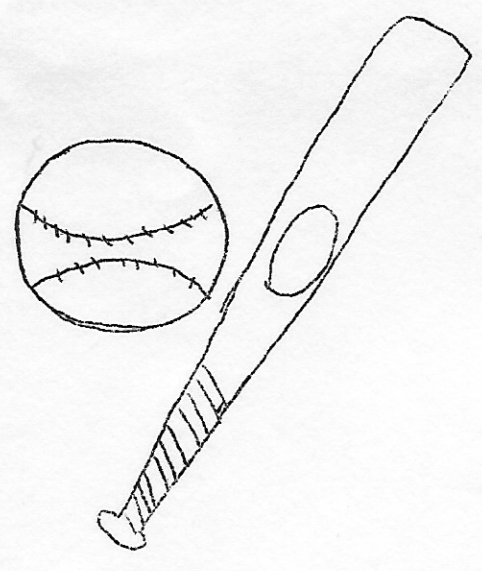
Barney Brown	#9
Ken Smith	#9
Brian Fraley	#2

Sue: "You broke your glasses!"
Sally: "I know. Do not worry".
Sam mumbling: "Worry, worry".

Did you hear about the sock that wrote to:
AIR POLLUTION U.S.A.

What's worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?
ANSWER: A tired brain on Monday morning.

Rich Falyone
Chris McWilton



SPORTS

'70

MARK IN YOUR FAVORITE
TEAMS