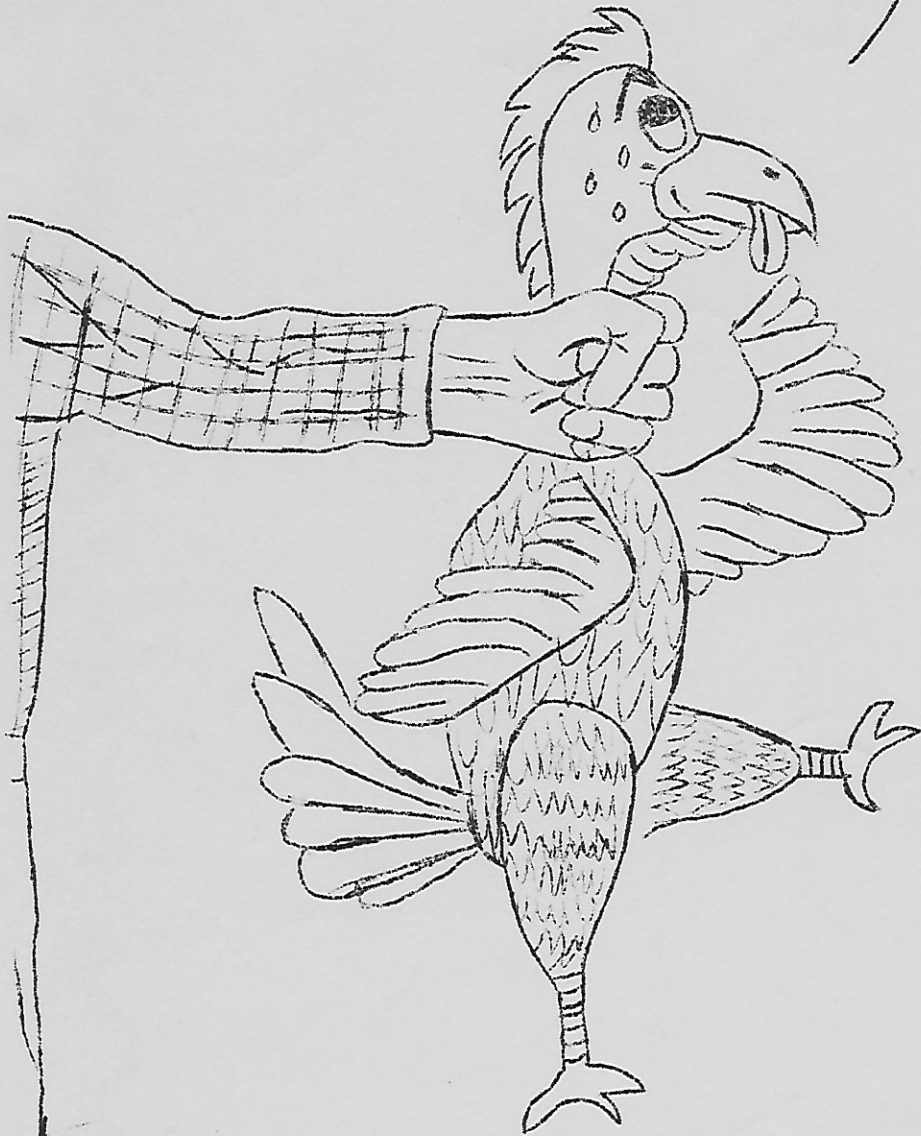


It's 'THAT' time ^{again}
"The things I do for
my Country"



Union of
the 18
Acme-CHOPPINGBlock

By BARNEX BROWN

LITERATURE PAGE

The Desert Unknown

Chapter I

We were on our way to the desert. A college prof., a high school prof., a doctor and myself, a doctor of science. We were going on an expedition, which believe me, was well planned. We had water, tents, plenty of canned foods, and flares.

Once on location we decided to pitch camp and rest. The next day we would start walking, through the Sahara dessert.

The following morning it was blazing hot and we were tired of walking, but pressed on.

Suddenly a sand storm blew up! We got sand in our eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. It got in our water and folded tents. Our water supply was ruined. All we had was food now.

Chapter II

We had been going without water now for 1½ weeks and our food supply was gone. We ate lots of food for replacement of water. I knew we were in trouble if we didn't find water soon. Already we were wrinkled and pale.

The next morning a sad thing happened. George, the college prof was dead! We were all desperate, we had to find water, and fast!

Chapter III

Then I started to have halucinations. I thought I saw pools of water. I went to drink from them and I got sand in my mouth. I could feel death coming now for certain!

Then I had another halucination. I thought I could see water running. Like a falls. I knew it was only in my mind because the others didn't hear it. Suddenly I fainted and I almost went up to St. Peter!

Chapter IV

When I woke up I was under a tent with all my friends around me. I started to get up but they wouldn't let me.

After a good night's rest I felt better, but still thirsty as all of us were. None of us looked good. We had wrinkled faces and we were pale. We all walked slow and sometimes we would just collapse. It had been a month since we started and we had not had water for 3 of those weeks. How

long would we last? It was as if we were just waiting to die.

Chapter V

Our doctor friend had been thinking of ways to make a substitute for water out of elements of the desert. But it was no use now because the next morning he was dead too. Now there was only two of us left. The high school prof. and myself. We put our heads together to think, though it was hard for we were sort of only half alive and our minds seemed faded and dull. We decided to just keep walking (as well as we could) and hope.

Chapter VI

The next day found us barely able to walk. Then we heard it! It was a trickling sound. It wasn't a halucination either because we both heard it and it was loud and clear. Water, we were sure it was water!

And then we saw it. A clear running stream! I never ran so fast in my life. I was at that stream in one second flat. I gulped for 15 minutes. I could feel my self come back to life. I was going to live! I wasn't going to die! My friend and I we were going to live!

Then we discovered that it was a large oasis. There was a village. We borrowed two mules and discovered we were not far from the edge of the desert.

Well, now I'm safe and sound back in the U.S. But I'll never, ever forget my terrorizing experience in the desert.

Ellen Seebold - #1

FALL

Fall is the season for buying clothes, Reading books, exciting shows.
Fall is the season for starting schools, Meeting teachers, obeying rules.
Fall is the season for all squirrels, Busily storing nuts---like pearls.
Fall is the season for raking leaves, Snipping branches, climbing trees.

Patricia Schoolman - #4

LITERATURE PAGE

A Funny Thing Happened To Me On My Way To The Can

One fine day I was on my tree, hanging in the warm sunlight, when three men with a truck of bins drove up. Our farmer who took care of us met them. They started talking, then split up. One man put a ladder on the trunk of the tree I was on. The branches shook and down I fell. I landed on top of some of my other apple friends.

The man came down off the ladder and put me and my friends on a truck. After a time the men got on the truck and started the contraption. The next thing I knew, trees were whizzing by, and we passed the farmhouse.

It was a bumpy ride, but it soon ended. We stopped in front of a big building, and it wasn't the old familiar farmhouse I had known all my short life.

Men carried me off and put me and my friends on a big, black moving belt that led to a noisy room.

A large machine first sorted us by size. Next we were graded as to how healthy we were. I went to the Grade B slat. I found out from the other apples that Grade B section was used for applesauce! I didn't want to be made into applesauce. I didn't even like the sight of applesauce! I tried to wiggle off the black belt, but it was no use! I was doomed.

The next stop for me was the peeling machine. A huge knife peeled off my beautiful red skin! I felt naked. Next I was moved along to the chopper. I was all chopped up and my core removed. The sauce maker was the next stop.

I fell off the band into the sauce maker. Squish, squash, squish, squash. I am no longer a single apple! The final stop was the cannery, where I was poured into a can.

Aren't you glad you are not an apple? You, too, might have been canned!---Gee it's stuffy in here! (Do you believe my story? You don't have to. It is just a lot of



Joli Malagamba - #8

A Funny Thing Happened To Me On The Way To Get My Arm X-rayed

When I broke my arm, I was waiting at the hospital to get it x-rayed. I met many nice people there. There was one lady, who had fallen down the stairs and broke a bone in her back. She was an old lady; seventy-five years old; who was very nice and friendly. She made me forget my little old arm for awhile.

There was also a real Hippie there. At first I couldn't like him, but he was humorous and had a kind, considerate face. He had long hair and a beard, unclean clothes, and boots, but he was so friendly that I found myself forgetting how messy he looked. He humored me even when I was in pain, and if you ask me, he made me feel much better. He wished me good luck when I went into the X-ray room.

I learned a lot that day. Broken arms aren't as serious as broken backs, and Hippies are humorous!

Pam McPherson - #8

The Fall of the Year

One day I was walking through the woods It was a lovely day in the fall, There were many beautiful trees All red, yellow and orange and very tall.

I saw a squirrel gather acorns. And a chipmunk crawl down its hole, I saw some beautiful blue birds flying south And I watch a skunk play with a mole.

Julie Burnham - #8

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving, Thanksgiving it's come at last, We all drop our worries and remember the past. The time has come to remember things. And hope for good, that the future brings

Chris McWilton - #5

LITERATURE PAGE

The Room

The room was long and wide. Row upon row of almost identical machinery sat there. A metallic voice boomed out, breaking the silence. There was a wide assortment of screens showing a multitude of pictures. One big screen, taking up almost all of one wall showed a scene that will never be forgotten. The dazzling, blinking lights from the machines could almost blind you. Each machine had a different purpose, but they all linked together in one cause. This room could decide the fate for all mankind. The people in it were very important. The machinery in it was probably some of the most sophisticated in the world. It was expensive-running well over one million dollars. The decisions made by the people here could bring unlimited joy or sorrow to millions - perhaps billions of people scattered all over the earth. Tension mounted as the metallic voice counted. "T - minus ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, ignition" a pause - then, "We have liftoff". Millions of people watched this scene. The gigantic Apollo moon rocket had just blasted off. It will bring memories for years to come.

Larry Robinson - #18

Mr. Dintruffs Bedroom

When in the afternoon his wife takes a little care and thought to clean the mess he makes.

The poor old chest was nice and clean, but the man got up and out of bed and wanted his clean blue pants, he thought he knew where they were (but didn't) he was slowly strutting in his nice neat drawers looking for his pants. He could not find them, suddenly he yelled loud and clear "Where are my blue pants?" He was still in his now messy room, his wife finally said "Don't you care about a beautifully clean room like the kids have," and he said "My room is the way I want it". So day after day he looks at his room and says "I need more room". So he started or at least tried to rearrange his room but he couldn't because so many things were on the floor. He said "I better get dressed for school." Looking for his bright new yellow tie, thing after thing kept flying out of the drawers. Sheets were on the floor. That night he and his wife were at his mother's house. He didn't know how to make a bed so he slept on the dull old floor.

Julie Race - #18

FRENCH CLUB

The Wednesday French Club met on the 22 of October for the first time. It was great. We elected officers. These are the results:

- President - Badeen Cooman #1
- Vice-President - David Carlton #18
- Secretary - Paula Bergeron #15
- Treasurer - Arlen Leonard #8
- Brett Lawrie #4

Monday French Club Officers:

- President - Bob Allen #10
- Vice-President - Margaret Moore #17
- Secretary - Karen Smith #7
- Treasurer - Patty Harris #7

Room 18 and room 17 went on a field trip to Fallbrook a few weeks ago. We got a lot of good fossils. Two boys fell in, both from room 17. We had a lot of fun!

If anyone has any problems of any kind, please write to Dear Unknown for advice.

Bake Sale

The UNICEF fund is going to be over \$70 richer because of the efforts and their teachers. The pupils of three sixth grades with the help of their parents baked all kinds of fancy cookies and cakes for a bake sale which was held November 6 in the sixth grade corridors. All the money received was given to the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF).

The work of UNICEF is to care for children throughout the world. It was started in 1946 after World War II when there were many homeless and starving children. UNICEF works with governments of the world that need help to feed hungry children, fight diseases, train nurses and doctors, and help set up schools.

We are glad to be able to do our part to help this worthy cause.

Julie Burnham #8

Notice: to all Chess Players, Bugs, etc. The Weatherman says it's almost Chess time.

Mr. Dintruff - Rm. 18

NEW KIDS

Name: Chris Cartheuser - Rm. 3
 Address: 91 Pebble Hill Road
 Where from: Indianapolis, Indiana
 Hobbies: Collect insects and animals

Name: Jim Alward - Rm. 1
 Address: Brambleridge East
 Where from: Erie, Pennsylvania

UNION OF THE 18

Staff

- Brenda Rickard #1 - FUN PAGE
- Julie Burnham #8
- Carol Young #3
- Cindy Reus #2
- Irene Peck #9
- Kathy Balbierer #6
- Lynda Schwock #17

- Chris McWilton - SPORTS
- Larry Robinson - ANNOUNCEMENTS
- Brian Fraley
- Scott Douglas

- Ellen Seebold - LITERATURE
- Margaret Freisem
- Patricia Schoolman

- Bill Sculley - EDITORIALS
- Paula Gately
- Pat Randall

We are proud to announce the following members to the Art Staff of the Union of the 18 - Barney Brown
 Tony Webb
 Steven Dempsey
 Ken Smith

THE EDITORIAL PAGE

Dear Editor,

I like your newspaper very much. I think you let people be very open minded about their opinions. I think you have a lot of guts.

Barb Wallace - #9

Dear Editor,

I would like to answer to the females wearing bellbottom pants to school. "It depends on the shape of things".

Frank Green - #2

Dear Editor,

I think that if some people just won't do a thing for the paper, then why should they get a paper?

Mike Renkawitz - #13

Dear Girls?

If you're going to comment on my editorials, will you please have them make sense!!!

I have disposed of many comments. Also no name please!!!!

Bill Sculley, Editor

Dear Editor,

I don't think Pat Randall had any right to say what he did about boys being sent into the hall because I've been sent into the hall with my girlfriend, Mary Meyer.

Margaret Freisem - #12

Dear Editor,

I'd like to take this opportunity to complain about the silly complaints that you put in our newspaper. I always run across silly complaints that are just a waste of space. They should make sense like this one does.

Brian Fraley - #2

Dear Editor,

I am filing a complaint about the ice cream in the school. When you buy it, you get half of what it is worth. I know it is not the schools fault, but, please try to improve it.

Chris McWilton-#5

Dear Editor,

I think it was a lot of fun watching the wall being put up. I never knew a wall could be put up so easily and so fast. But I would like to know what the space in the wall is for.

Thank you.

Lysanne Cape - #11

Dear Editor,

I have seen no results pertaining to my past article. I'll inform you that I have received verbal abuse because of my standpoint. Never-the-less I stay steadfast in my belief that there is a time and a place for slacks and it is not school. If you wish to comment on my view, give them to your room reporter.

Bill Sculley

P.S. The only reason they wear them is because it's cold. They think they're militants. Girl power!!

Union of the 18

- Q. When was baseball mentioned in the bible?
- A. Abraham made sacrafice; Rebecca went to the well with a pitcher; Gensis tells us of the big-inning
- Q. What's orange and goes click clack?
- A. A ball point carret.
- Q. Why did the elephant have holes in his hide?
- A. He forgot to put moth balls in his trunk.
- Q. How are seven ordinary days like five days in school?
- A. They both make one weak.

Virginia Robinson

Seven suffering stringbeans straddled six strings of spaghetti.

Five four-footed flabbergasted fireflies fought a feeble fight.

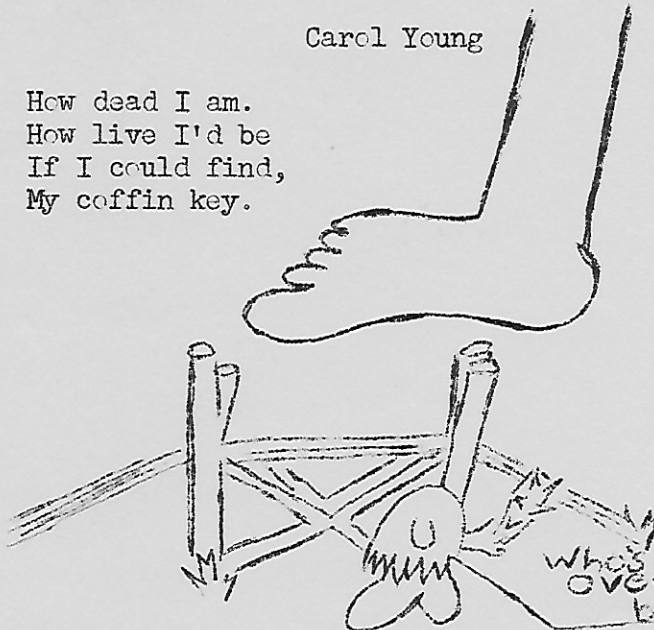
Brenda Rickard

Patty Penguin paddled Peggy Penguin for putting purple peas in Pandy Penguin's pocket.

Tammy Turtle tried to tell time by twisting two-hundred and twenty-two tulips twice.

Carol Young

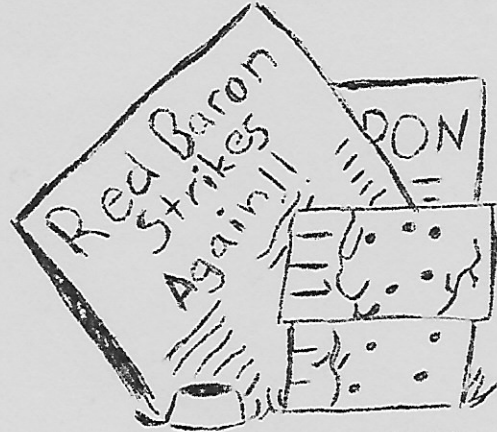
How dead I am.
How live I'd be
If I could find,
My coffin key.



Who's tromping over my bridge?

What did one flower say to the other?
Nothing. Flowers don't talk!
TEE, HEE

Barb Wallace - #9

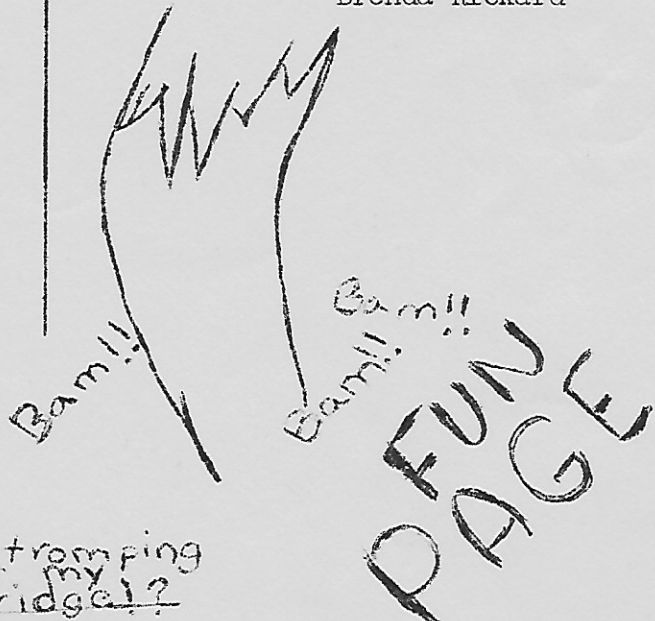


MANY SADDLES HAVE BEEN
EMPTIED BY THE RED BARON

Topsy
urvy
eachers MARKS

- A=Awful
- B=Bad
- C=Correct
- D=Delightful
- F=Fabulous

Brenda Rickard

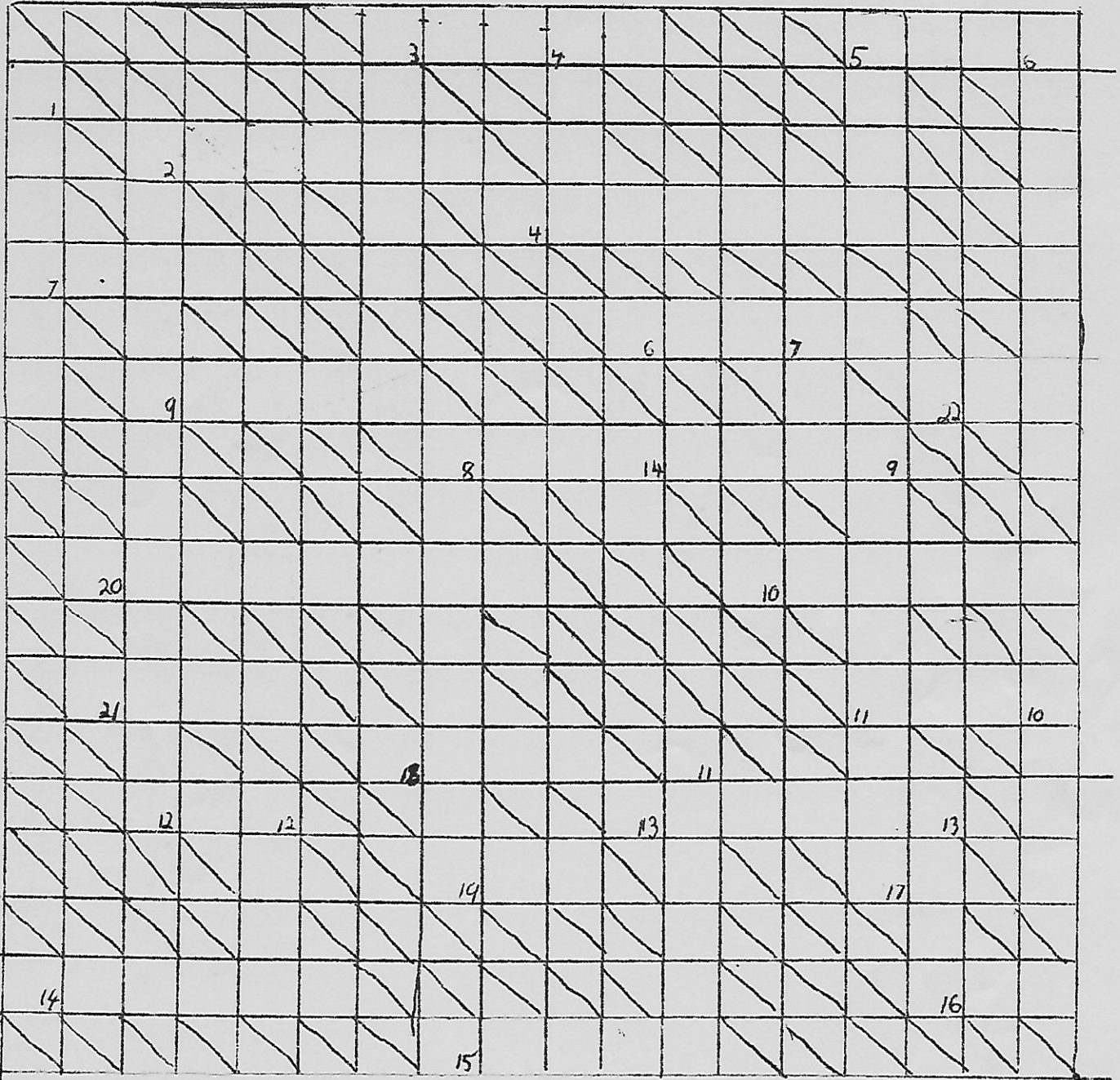


Have you ever seen a sugar - bowl?
Kim Barnum - #9

THANKSGIVING

- 7 -

FEAST



BY MISS HALVORDSON,
SUZIE TAYLOR,
IRENE PECK,
LINDA HASSELL,

Barney Brown,
Don Leopold,
Ken Smith

QUESTIONS FOR ABOVE PUZZLE TO BE FOUND ON PAGE 8.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE BELOW ARE TO BE FOUND IN YOUR CLASSROOM -

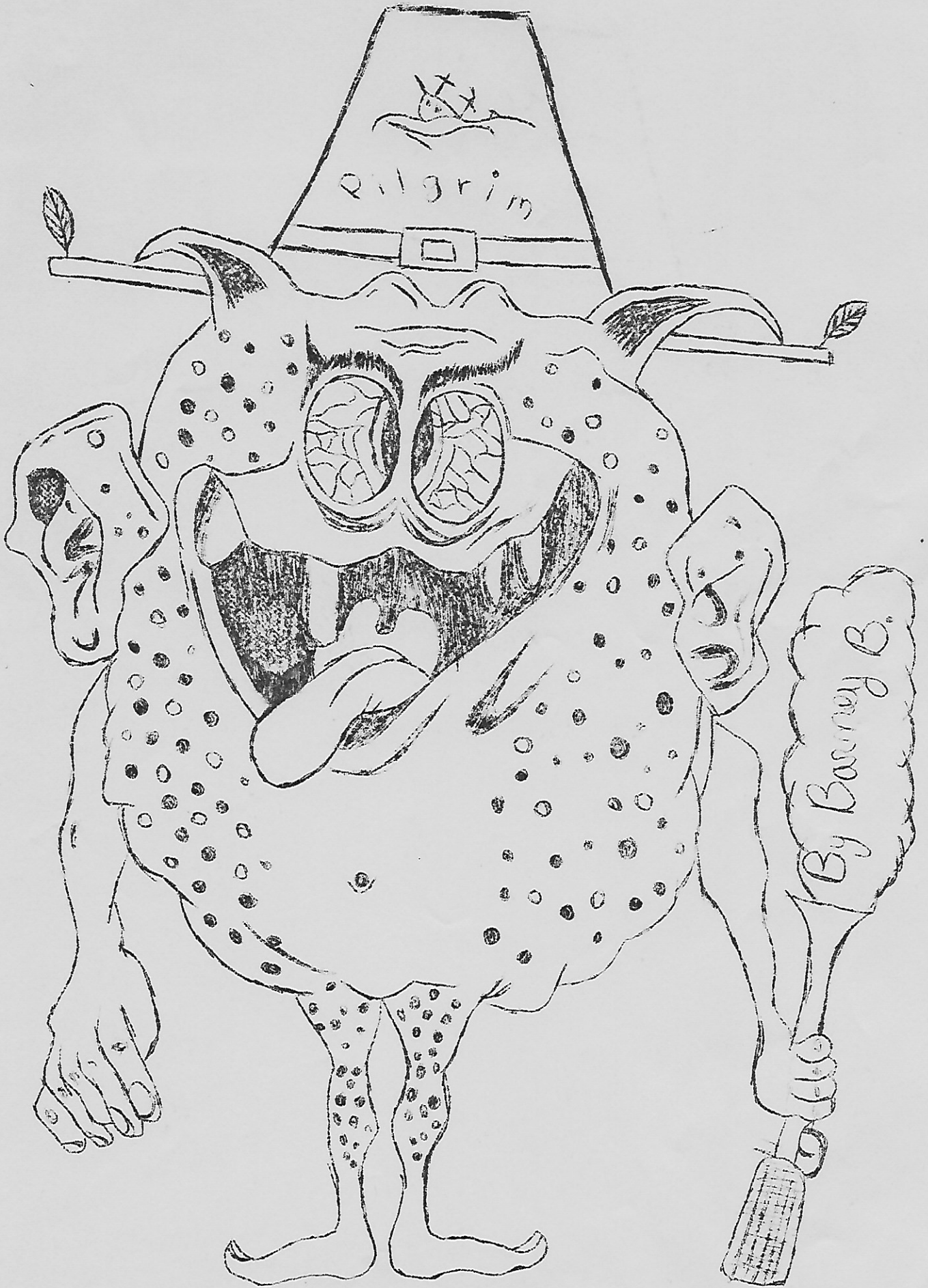
QUESTIONS FOR CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 7

ACROSS

2. A colorful bird
3. burp
4. friends of Pilgrims
5. made from fat
6. used for transportation
7. processed by the Jolly Green Giant
8. an underground vegetable
9. a carving tool
10. apple, peaches, pears, plums
11. has gills
12. a weapon
13. a house made of logs
14. a pumpkin like vegetable
15. gay
16. over stuffed person
17. antonym of stop
18. made from grapes
19. tree "blood"
20. English settlers
21. cow juice
22. portable roof

DOWN

1. mammals
2. a fall holiday
3. baked flour
4. grows on stalks
5. fathers children
6. famous rock
7. crust with filling
8. used on Halloween
9. bread crumbs
10. sounds like crash
11. group of relatives
12. something that squirrels eat
13. liquidy substance
14. a sharp object to chop trees down



Pilgrim

By Barney B.