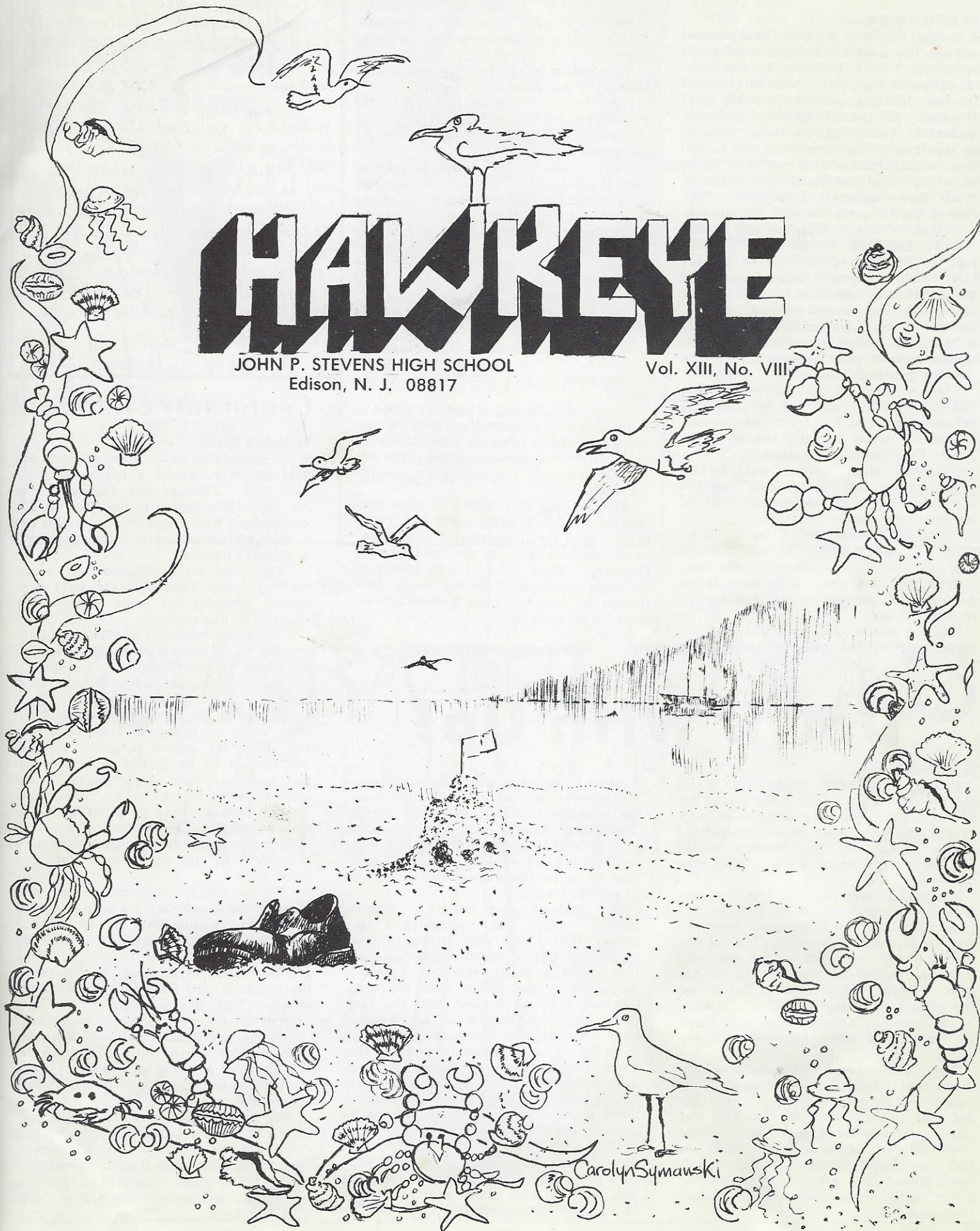


HALKEYE

JOHN P. STEVENS HIGH SCHOOL
Edison, N. J. 08817

Vol. XIII, No. VIII



Carolyn Symanski

Confusion Confounds Class

by Betty Takacs

It was the first day that I had stepped out of the Library in six months, so naturally, I was confused by the flood of activities that I was ordered to attend for my "Class". Since I couldn't quite remember all the correct dates for these gatherings, I scurried to my locker, scooped up my little yellow date book, and rushed over to the cafeteria to get the 'inside information' on the times and places for these very important festivities. The first student I quite literally ran into was a junior, who, in reply to my inquiry told me brusquely to "sit on it". Finding the yellow book to be both uncomfortable and extremely lumpy, I proceeded to join into a conversation between several seniors who were seated near me.

"Well, I heard that the Awards assembly is going to be held on the second Wednesday night at about seven thirty...." one trusting soul remarked.

"No, no, no!" another corrected, "It's on that Tuesday night in the cafeteria because they just found out that the new auditorium seats actually belong in the Edison High School Gymnasium!"

"Tuesday night, huh?" I said quickly producing my little yellow date book and scribbling the vital information down on the appropriate page.

"Night???" exclaimed a third, "What do you mean night?? It was changed over to the day over three weeks ago. I think they are planning to have it on the front lawn because the cafeteria doesn't open until lunch."

"Wait a minute until I get this down..." I said as I feverishly scratched down the news.

"Wait a minute," the third senior said, "I thought that's when practice was going to be!"

"Graduation is on the thirteenth of June isn't it?" the observer remarked.

"No, no, even I know that it's on the Fifteenth of June," I added.

"June???" the first asked, "When did they move it to June?"

"Why it was always in June, except that week it was in May," the second answered.

"Can you tell me when they are planning to distribute our Yearbooks?" I queried as I flipped the worn pages of the poor little dirty-yellow book.

"Well, that all depends on when they finally decide to have Class Night," said the third senior.

"You mean Class DAY!" the first pointed out.

In complete and utter frustration and confusion, I tore the defenseless little yellow book in half and stomped on the pieces.

"Pray, tell me my friend," I asked in a voice of total desperation, "Why did they change all these dates so many times?"

"Well," the observer replied, "The Administration was just trying to simplify the whole thing."

"Hold it, was that before or after they changed it back to night again last Tuesday???" said the first trusting soul. "Because then it was on the twenty-fourth of May. Since then, it was moved to the night and back to the day twice. Now it's on the sixth day after Wednesday next week, in the afternoon."

(continued on page three)

Down With Up!

by Linda Wellman

I took a bus home from Menlo Park today. There are never many people on a Menlo Park bus, and today it seemed as if there were fewer people than usual. At the back of the bus, however, about six junior high school students piled into one seat.

Noisy and rambunctious, I at first attributed the students' gaiety to a holiday from school. It soon appeared, however, that these children were not full of the natural joy of youth, but rather were anticipating something other than a natural high. These students were thrilled at the prospect of sniffing glue. Sitting in the back of a public bus only made the experiment more dangerous and exciting.

These students, who could not have been more than thirteen, were dressed in the rather extinct greaser fashion. Not only did they "walk cool", but I'm sure that they were convinced that they "talked cool" as well. Although I was surprised that they would insist that their experiment should take place in a public bus, I was really rather amused at the ridiculous situation.

After listening to their repeated giggles and boasts about being "really high, man" the situation began to be rather boring. Their "high" was as much from the necessity of looking tough before their friends as from any actual drug. After ten minutes or so my amusement was giving way to a slight irritation.

The students soon began to whistle, snicker, sneer, and proposition a very proper nurse who was sitting in front of them. Before the situation developed into anything really annoying, however, the children got off at their bus stop.

It was a long journey from the back of the bus to the front door. As I watched them stumbling and bludgeoning their way down the aisle, I suddenly realized that there was nothing funny, cool, or even sane about their behavior. It was really rather pathetic to watch these six children, and I found it sad to find that their whole concept of a day's fun was centered on sniffing artificial plastic in a Menlo Park bus. There was nothing tough about tripping down a flight of bus stairs, and there was nothing cool about wearing leather jackets in 80 degree weather.

Chit Chat

To whom it may or may not concern,
Please excuse my son for his absence from school Sept 4 - June 23. He had to go his doctor's funeral and have his haircut for the prom right after going for his driving test while he was studying for an AP exam, so he got a stomach ache and overslept because his alarm didn't go off and the car stalled when he took his girlfriend to the beauty parlor so she would look nice at the shore the next day, after he took her dog to the vet, and he could get a tan for his job interview at Great Adventure where he plans to make money for his college education which required his interview during a school day, and besides that he didn't feel well so I felt it best to keep him home, on family business. Sincerely,
The Doctor's Mother

Conformity Undressed

by Valeri Varas

It's graduation day. Rows of green and gold glimmer against a newly cut football field. Parents with Polaroids look for their little babies in the flood of caps and gowns. Wait--what's that?--Levis and a work shirt breaking the intricate pattern of tasseled figures?

"That's my boy!" a mother yells in the mayhem. She runs onto the field in a frenzy, grabbing her son's neck. "How could he do this to me?"

A bemused administrator is already in custody of the boy, and has given him his ultimatum to leave, since he has disgraced the Senior Class and School forever. But has he?

It was not the young man's goal, after four years of agony, to blow it on his last day. He wanted to prove a point: Why should he be forced to wear a cap and gown in order to participate in the graduation exercises? His mother had already fainted on the 30-yard line by the time he had stated his ideas.

He believed that caps and gowns weren't necessary in the exercise. Why, you might ask?

"Times change, customs change, and students supposedly are put through school in order to develop their individuality and maturity. Then, we are forced to dress up and look like everyone else. Like you've shipped us through the meat-packing machine, and kicked us off the great conveyor belt, like mindless clones. It's just so against everything you taught us."

"Strong statement," an administrator acknowledges with a nod. "But you know it's done for your parents, and you dress up once in four years for them. It isn't too much to ask."

The young man answers, "Ah, but yes, if it's done for the parents and has nothing to do with me--my ideals, my appearance, my individuality--then it must not be done!"

The senior class responded by removing their caps and gowns with a roar. The rest is history.

Experiences on Hawkeye Leave Valuable Lessons and Memories

As the year draws to a close, members of the Hawkeye staff look back upon it with mixed feelings. We remember the happy times we shared in the Hawkeye office after school - exchanging thoughts, joking around, just being friends. We remember the feeling of total helplessness we had when we worked hard to get an issue out on time, and it came out late because of printing difficulties. The unhappy memories of the fights we had become a little less unhappy when we realize they were all for the good of the paper.

Coed Pretense Criticized

by Elaine Epstein

Coed gym does exist in Stevens, even if it is mainly in name only. Gym is supposedly Coed and although there are some gym courses in which this holds true, in most cases it does not. Sports are still thought of as in terms of "girls sports" and "boys sports" and until this thinking is changed there is no hope for a truly Coed gym program.

Sports such as badminton and tennis are coed, but the "rougher" sports are separate for the sexes or offered only to the boys. Being one of those who is not afraid to be a minority, I, along with two friends enrolled in "boys" basketball. We were highly discouraged by the Athletic Staff and told that we would not get to play more than occasionally and would entirely dislike the class. I found this to be entirely to the contrary. The guys got used to us after a couple of days and I played and enjoyed myself more than I ever had in "girls" basketball, (which I took the following marking period).

Also noticeable were the differences in the courses, depending on which sex it was for. The boys play one-to-one defense, have two gyms and a number of "good" basketballs. In contrast, the girls play zone defense, have one gym, and two "good" basketballs for the class, if they are lucky. If sports are not Coed, they should at least be equal.

Although it is reasonable to assume that certain sports appeal more to one sex than the other, that does not mean that everyone feels the same way. By placing "token" amounts of the opposite sex in a gym class the appearance of Coed gym is upheld, yet no one is fooled. When it comes to deciding who must fill the vacant spaces in dance and gymnastics, girls are invariably "picked", and when a floor hockey player is in demand, a boy gets the job. This is not to say that the two would rather switch places, but they should be given a choice.

Understanding that there is a limit to class size and school-approved sports, Coed gym could in reality be much closed to what it is in name if both sexes were encouraged to sign up for whatever sport they felt interest towards, and not be intimidated by peers and teachers alike.

For us, Hawkeye has been a valuable learning experience. We've learned much about people, and we learned the meanings of the words "cooperation," "hard work," and "friendship." Close bonds form between people when they are working together under extreme pressure to meet a common goal. Though we leave Stevens, we'll always have the experiences that we've gained by working on Hawkeye.

Confusion (cont.) (con't. from p. 2)

"Next week???? Oh my God!!" I said in disbelief as I scrawled the new facts in my tattered little book, "I've got a paper due next week!! I won't be able to come!"

"You can't have a paper due," said the second senior calmly, "Because classes end three days before the Awards Assembly."

"No they don't," chimed in a casual observer, "They end three days before Graduation!!"

"WHAT??" I said as I scribbled out the other little squiggles in my book. "It can't end only three days before Graduation!! I have a job interview scheduled the eleventh of June!"

In closing, we'd like to thank all who've given themselves to Hawkeye this year, especially Ms. Kolbay, Carolyn Symanski, and Janet Rawson. Their help was deeply appreciated.

Signed,
Kathy Henning & Linda Wellman

Hawkeye wishes to Congratulate the Class of '77 Valedictorians:

**Judy Twine, Arnold
Breitbart, Steven Tasy,
Glenn Moramarco,
James Cassidy, and
Sue Miller.**

New Hawkeye Business and Literary Staffs Announced

From the Business Manager's Desk:

It's been a great year and one which will not soon be forgotten. My special thanks to all those who helped me by selling ads, candy, donuts, and who sold the paper on circulation days. Also, special thanks to our Advisor, Ms. Kolbay, who was there to give us a hand whenever we needed it.

At this time I'd like to announce the Business Staff for next year:

Business Manager.....Lloyd Whitman
Advertising Manager....Mary Beth Benitz
Circulations Manager.....Fran Storfer

I've had a wonderful year, and I'll miss you all.

Janet Rawson

HAWKEYE

Volume 13 No. 18 1977

John P. Stevens High School

Grove Avenue

Edison, NJ 08817

Editors-in-Chief.....Kathy Henning
.....Linda Wellman
Features Editor.....Betty Takacs
Sports Editor.....Tim Fields
Art Editor.....Carolyn Symanski
Reporters.....Sheila Barnes,
Elaine Epstein, Melanie Harris, Nancy
La Rosa, Lisa Noll, Jeff Rabin, Kim Reagan,
Betty Ann Scott, Bill Stella, Fran Storfer,
Valeri Varas

Business Managers.....Janet Rawson
Circulations Manager.....Randy Levine
Photographer.....Janet Rawson
Advisor.....Ms. Friederike Kolbay

Published by the A.G. Halldin Co., Indiana, PA

CLASS STARS

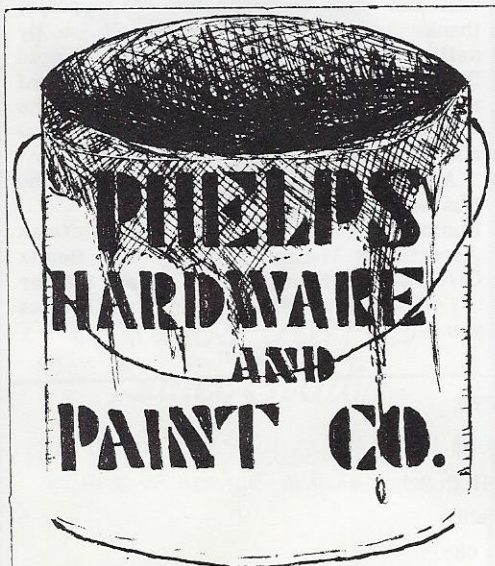
Class Artist
Class Writer
Class Flirt
Class Rah Rah
Class Jock
Class Freak
Class Greaser
Class Brownie
Class Rowdy
Class Thespian
Class Musician
Class Wit
Class Prude
Class Cutter
Class Drinker
Hotwater Kids
Cutest Eyes
Best Body
Nicest Smile
Best Legs
Craziest Laugh
Best Dancer
Most Gullible
Best Looking
Talks Most, Says Least
Talks Least, Says Most
Best All-Around
Most Congenial
Best Dressed
Cutest Couple
Best Personality
Most Likely to Succeed

Cliff Galbraith
Richard Robinson
Jay Tauber
Jay Simpson
Ed Williams
Jeff Plotkin
Tom Wroblecki
Steve Tasy
Larry Gold
Steve Tasy
Sal Ascolese
Larry Finman
Steve Tasy
Mark Bernstein
Jim Render
Rocco Granata
Neal Briskin
Bob Buccino
Bob Buccino & Tim Fields
Robert Finkel
Mark Bernstein
Dale Braverman
Ben Wilfond
Richard Gallagher
Jon Chimene
James Wales
Ed Williams
Ricky Leff
Dale Braverman
Bob Buccino
Glenn Moramarco
Glenn Moramarco

Carolyn Symanski
Kathy Henning
Bonnie Weitzner
Kathy Foxx
Cheryl Kennedy
Ann Sherber
Chris Schedeneck
Laurie Bell
Nancy Hersh
Janine Gevas
Judy Twine
Betty Takacs
Laurie Bell
Jody Bongiovi
Simone Roberts
Chris Schedeneck
Carolyn Symanski
Jenny Wilkov
Kathy Young
Susan Miller
Jane Simon
Jenny Wilkov
Kathy Henning
Dorian Maida
Cindy Winakur
Wendy Rubinstein
Sheila Curry
Lynn Sitrin
Randi Sanowitz
MaryAnn Bellina
Lynn Sitrin
Susan Miller

Future Plans

Melanie Harris - majoring in French and Spanish at University of Pennsylvania. She hopes to be a foreign correspondent or translator.
Darlene Diss - Glassboro College, Art Education
Karen Kava - Rider College
Sheila Denise Curry - Majoring in Pre Med, Biology at University of Arizona, Tucson.
W.B. - Attending University of Delaware
Bob Jaques - Montclair State College
Gladys Blanco - Boston University
Krista Oberlander - Majoring in Communications at Glassboro State College
Lourdes Fortin - Secretary, wife, mother
Mike Flor - Trenton State College, Electronics Technology
Ed Williams - will attend Gettysburg College
Gary Kaufman - Haverford College
Nancy La Rosa - Attend Glassboro State College as a Special Education Major
Matt Babin - Devry Technical Institute
Michele Pericci - Wilkes College in Barre, PA
Mary Ann Sochdolski - Douglas
Jennifer Dwork - Penn State
Laura Szykowski - Douglas
Karen Walent - Middlesex County College, for accounting
Todd Grabois - University of Delaware
Janice Kaczmar - Attending Middlesex County College studying Assistant in Early Childhood Education
Gail Peterson - Attending Middlesex County College for Early Childhood Assistant
Stacy Weisman - University of Delaware
Mary Ann Bellina - Middlesex County College
Gary Cushman - Middlesex County College
Cathy Dudas - Middlesex County College
Kathy Henning - Drew University
Randy Levine - SUNY - Binghamtown
Randi Sanowitz - University of Delaware's School of Business and Economics.
Jay Tauber - Stevens Institute of Technology
Jeff Katzelnick - Gettysburg College
Linda Wellman - Swarthmore College
Wendy Sue Rubinstein - Brandeis University
Katherine Young - Bryn Mawr College
Carolyn Symanski - Delaware Valley College of Science and Agriculture. Horticulturalist.
Betty Takacs - Rutgers College
Sandy Ricigliano - Kings College
Jeff Plotkin - Tulane University
Moira Quint - University of Delaware
Diana Mota - Middlesex County College
Karen Tripp - University of Rochester
Willy Sherman - Rutgers University
Ben Wilfond - Muhlenberg College
Jane Simon - Villanova University
Kathy Foxx - Southern Conn. State College
Pam Speck - Russell Sage College
Glenn Moramarco - Harvard University
Mark Bernstein - University of Pennsylvania
Barbara Karan - Douglass College
Steve Tasy - Georgetown University
Janet Rawson - On to become Business Manager of the New York Times.



1959 Oaktree Rd
Edison

That Girl's Beauty Center

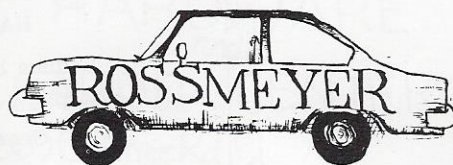
Open Mon-Sat
494-1226

(by appointment only)

Oaktree Rd + Wood Ave., Edison

Plaza Donut Shoppe
Oaktree Rd & Wood Ave.
Edison
548-4828

Sales and Services
at



Chrysler-Plymouth-Volaré

Amboy + Lake Avenues
Metuchen
548-1776

also Leasing of all make cars



CHRYSLER
CORPORATION

CONGRATULATIONS

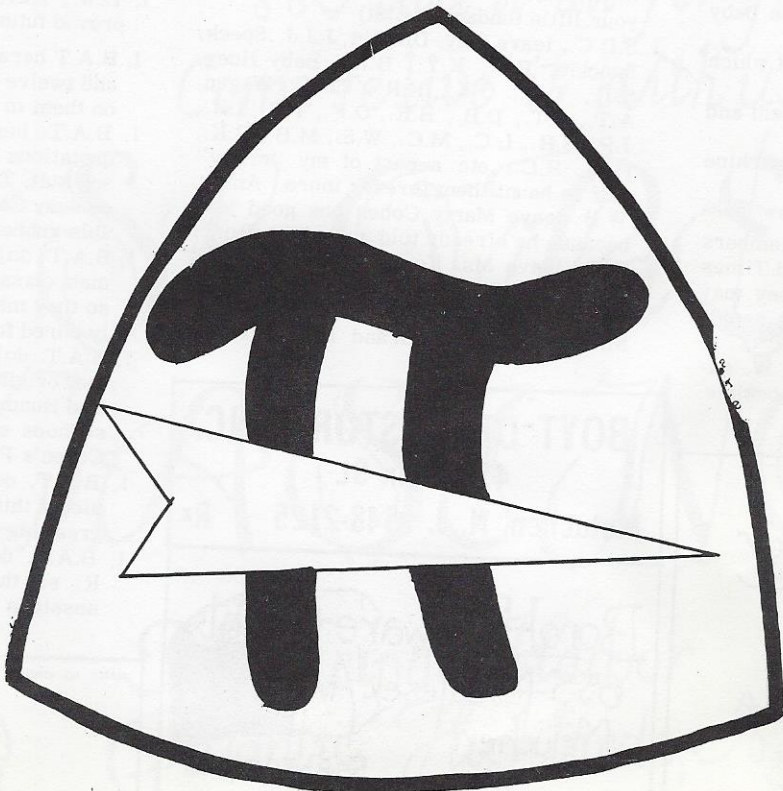
to the

Graduating Class

Thank you for letting

us help you get there

**Edison Township
Education Association**



Last Will

I, C.S. will Betty Ann Scott a pair of spikes for the prom.
 I, C.S. will Mr. Romanitz my "D" in Driver's Ed.
 I, B.S. leave Mrs. Moletta a tree with square roots
 I, B.S. leave Mr. Levunduskia bottle of spot remover.
 I, B.S. leave Mr. Blander scrubbing bubbles
 I, B.S. leave Mr. Homyak a "goosh"
 I, B.S. leave Mrs. Green two cute parnets
 I, B.S. will Mr. Green 1 bicycle and a T-shirt with Rhinestones.
 I, B.S. will Mrs. Hoffer 1 History of Petry title.
 I, B.S. leave Mrs. Brown a wind up toy to run down, a donut, a few critiquing remarks, i.e. Wow! this makes me feel blue, keep your day job and "bleh"
 I, B.S. will Mr. Stazko a Unicorn.
 I, R.T. leave Mr. Esterman 80% of all my grades.
 I, R.T. leave Mr. Michnowicz 1001 weird paintings.
 I, R.T. leave Mr. Carter eight "ladies in the back of the room"
 I, R.T. leave L. Homyak a few dragons and many thanks.
 I, R.T. leave Miss Moravek a choir full of tenors.
 I, R.T. leave Mr. Remer the opportunity to teach in Utopia across the hall
 I, R.T. leave Mrs. Brown a birthday during the school year so she can have birthday parties in school.
 I, K.Y. do hereby bequeath my brother Frederick to the J.P. Stevens H.S. because it would be lost without a Young in it.
 I, K.Y. do hereby leave the name of Hiroshima Bonzai Kafung.
 I, L.S. leave Mr. Shafranski a little baby girl.
 I, L.S. leave Mrs. Stein a thrown pot which I haven't destroyed.
 I, L.S. leave Mr. Gaughan a jade plant and a monkey to hang on it.
 I, L.S. leave Miss Miller a ball machine and a new pair of pony sneakers
 I, L.S. leave Mr. Cohen a yellow bus.
 I, B.A.T. do hereby leave the new members of S.H.S. a book of The Life and Times of Jorge Luis Borges so that they may know more about him than the senior class did at the time of induction.
 I, B.A.T. do hereby will to Linda W. another virus and all the happiness possible.
 I, B.A.T. do hereby leave.

I, M.H., leave my blessings (and my sympathy) to anyone who takes three A.P. classes next year.
 I, M.H., leave an endless roll of PSSC approved computer tape to Gary Kaufman.
 I, M.H., leave a year's supply of apple jokes to Mr. Kaminskas.
 I, S.S. leave all the fun of Powder Puff to all the Jrs. and Srs.
 I, S.S. leave O.J. all the rowdy Srs. from the Class of '78.
 I, S.S. leave J.P.S. with a lot of happy times.
 I, S.S. leave O.J. all the beautiful memories and times we've shared in the last three years, Thanks.
 I, J.K. leave Mr. Simpson many happy times in the future.
 I, J.K. leave Mr. Antzatic a pile of "How to do a formal Lab" sheets.
 I, J.K. leave Mr. Natale a case of "dotted chalk".
 I, J.K. leave J.P.S.
 I, D.D. leave Sunnyside Deli to all future seniors and Mr. P.
 I, K.K. leave Mr. Chamara a coffee and a danish.
 I, S.D.C. leave Mr. Whitman every muddy 50-yard line (I was always on the 50 each half time)
 I, S.D.C. leave Mr. Levenduski a new set of "Chemistry carols" and a new "enter Bunny"
 I, S.D.C. leave Mrs. Freeman a million copies of my Transcript.
 I, S.D.C. leave Mr. Cohen all his log jokes and Mr. Kaminskas his apple jokes
 I, S.D.C. leave the Nurses a five year supply of Kleenex.
 I, S.D.C. leave Mr. Esterman a carload of literature from Oral Roberts (from your little fundamentalist)
 I, S.D.C., leave Iggy, Dingbat, J.J.J., Speck, Speckle, P.S., K.Y., B.K., Baby Huey, S.T., T.B., G.K., R.R., Chuck Wagon, A.T., S.T., D.B., B.E., D.F., T.R., I.H., J.P., S.H., L.C., M.C., W.S., M.B., P.K., P.V., R.C., etc a part of my "crazy" self to haunt them forever more. Amen.
 I, W.B. leave Marty Cohen one good joke because he already told us every bad one.
 I, W.B. leave Ms. Kovacs a lifetime pass to the Gong Show.
 We, the Hawkeye '76-77 Staff, leave Miss Miller our seven Grand Master Keys.

I, T.G. leave Mr. Gray another great political science class
 I, T.G. leave Mrs. W. a book on how to teach
 I, T.G. leave Miss Di Goia patience in dealing with Key Club's new treasurer
 I, J.K. leave Mrs. O a ton of dittos.
 I, J.K. leave Miss M. my notebook
 I, J.K. will Miss M. all my gets, gots, alot, and things.
 I, G.P. will Mrs. O a year's supply of credit workbooks
 I, G.P. will Miss K. all the notes I took in her class
 We, S. W. and G. B. leave sunglasses, scarves, and 12 new cars in which to spy on those little back streets
 We, S.W. and N.S. leave the Garter to all those who are 18 or pretend to be.
 I, S.W. leave to N.R. and the Driver Ed, team a truckload of oatmeal chocolate chip cookies.
 I, S.W. leave G.B. studies and laughing and crying although "I'm shocked and appalled!"
 We, M.A.B., C.D., M.K., and R.S., leave to Mr. Williams quiet girls and a new seating chart
 We, M.A.B. and C.D. leave to all Stevens sports fans the memory of our attendance at every football, basketball and baseball game in 1976-77
 I, S.A. leave J.B. one stolen hubcap
 I, S.A. leave P.K. a long distance phone-call
 We, R.G. and M.B. will Mr. C a dead duck
 We, R.G., T.B., R.L., B.S., and J.A. will all those people, especially K.V., who were caught in it's inrelenting grip "the circle"
 I, L.W., leave Mr. Shafranski a PSSC approved future.
 I, B.A.T. hereby leave a woodgrained toaster and twelve pop-tarts with answers printed on them to Mr. Natale.
 I, B.A.T. hereby will to Gary one book of quotations from P.E. Divine, a Bobby Watson suit, Three Hundred obscure ways to do easy Geometry proofs, and an unbreakable rubber Bus seat.
 I, B.A.T. do hereby will the incoming Freshman class another Bill S. and David F. so they may not be completely and utterly bored for three years.
 I, B.A.T. do hereby will to the J.P.S. Library the original manuscript of my book of One Hundred and One Log Jokes and fifteen seasons of the television series "Marty Cohen's Flying Logs".
 I, B.A.T. do hereby will to W.R.S. all the nicest things that could ever happen and a great big ice cream cone that never melts.
 I, B.A.T. do hereby will to Ms. one Brian R. so that she may have unique layout sessions next year.

The Galross Agency
 A Division of Galross Inc.
 Coachman Office Plaza
 10 Jackson Drive
 Cranford, N.J. 07016
 Joseph M. Cooperstein 272-3100

BOYT DRUG STORE INC.
 411 Main St.
 Metuchen, N. J. 548-2125 Rx

Boro Hardware + Paint
 655 Middlesex Ave
 Metuchen
 548-3974

MADE TO ORDER • FUR STORAGE • RESTYLING • REPAIRS
Oscar Loewy INC.
 DESIGNER FURS
 PHONE: 549-3368 432 MAIN STREET
 METUCHEN, NEW JERSEY

And Testament

I, J.P. leave V.V. 3 minutes of passion and the outside rail
 I, J.P. I leave you what got in the way, and a string to pull
 R.S. - - You really did have one and I got the film to prove it.
 I, P.B. leave S.S. a gallon of Dirty Dek-tol sandwiches and 260 Joniers
 I, T.O. give D.F. a greatest hits album, my love
 I, J.G. leave 2,000 empty wippets to all
 I, J.G. leave my brain to the science department to be released in an advanced future race
 I, M.Q. will every bio-II student a science library
 I, M.Q. will J.S. her very own P.C.
 I, M.Q. will Mr. Cohn a class that will be able to understand the bumb analytic trig
 I, M.Q. will Miss Miller a successful tennis team in the years to come.
 I, M.Q. will K.O. a life size picture of lovable Mr. Kenen
 I, M.Q. will C.S. her own florist shop.
 I, M.Q. will Miss Di Goia a pair of elevator shoes
 I, D.M. leave to all underclassmen the Defective Theme
 I, D.M. leave to J.S. things that go bump in the night
 I, D.M. leave to Miss Lepp a Fiat
 I, D.M. leave to K.O. maturity
 I, D.M. leave to D.D. elbow love.
 I, D.M. leave to Mrs. Goff a matchmaker license.

We, S.R., A.S., M.V., and F.P. leave Mr. Antczak a P.S.S.C. approved Ripple tank.
 I, S.R. leave Miss Perzi one typing kit.
 I, J.R. leave the newsroom and all rights to Hawkeye, with many headaches, aggravations, and very wonderful memories, to Ms., Elaine, Linda, and Lloyd.
 I, J.R. leave Ms. an efficient staff for next year which will work very hard and turn out a terrific paper.
 I, J.R. leave JPS with many warm memories of my Senior year.
 I, P.S. will to J.S. an evergrowing and eternal friendship and a red rose for every day of her life.
 I, P.S. will to P.S. a life of perpetual sun and warmth (free of humidity so her hair won't friz) and a life supply of coconuts.
 I, P.S. will to B.E. an everlasting smile.
 I, P.S. will to J.S. a bottle of Kiunite (white).
 I, P.S. will J.S. me, so she will always have someone to tell her where her misplaced items went, especially for Bio Lab
 I, P.S. will Miss Di Goia a Bio II class, just like ours for next year.
 I, G.M. leave Mark Bernstein the key.
 I, G.M. leave Miss Lepp some of the wall cherubim and a much deserved A for the day.
 I, G.M. leave, but not before 4:30.
 I, G.M. leave Mr. Natale one spotted "U".
 I, G.M. leave a little bit less sane than when I entered.

I, W.S.R. leave Betty Takacs the right to multiply both sides by zero when calculus or anything else presents problem.
 I, L.W., leave it to Mr. C to distinguish between "condemn and condone", "Twelve year olds and John Lieu", and Bobby Watson Sr. and Bobby Watson Jr.
 I, L.W. leave all of my broken lockers to the mysterious elves who seem to enjoy breaking them
 I, L.W. leave Miss Bodnar one very large wall painting of a fetal pig in scuba gear. (Umbilical cord attached) and a secondary root.
 I, L.W. leave Mr. Esterman 80% of the school.
 We, R.S., S.W., and S.R. leave Miss Kovacs R.G., along with his book of compliments.
 We, R.S., and L.S., leave Mr. Natale a great big valentine, which we forgot this year.
 I, R.S. leave J.P.S. and all the good times behind . . .
 I, J.T. leave to S.F., R.G. and myself a bit of Jack D.
 I, J.T. leave J.P.S. for good
 I, J.K. leave Mr. C a new suit for Chanukah
 We, J.K. and E.W. leave Mr. R a pair of wings so he can disput the law of gravity
 We, J.R. & T.F., leave Ms. one dozen hot bagels.

Continued on page 10

Prom Memories...

*We did it all for you
 Come re-live it with us*

SHORE CASTING

*Municipal Harbor
 Atlantic Highlands, N.J. 07716*

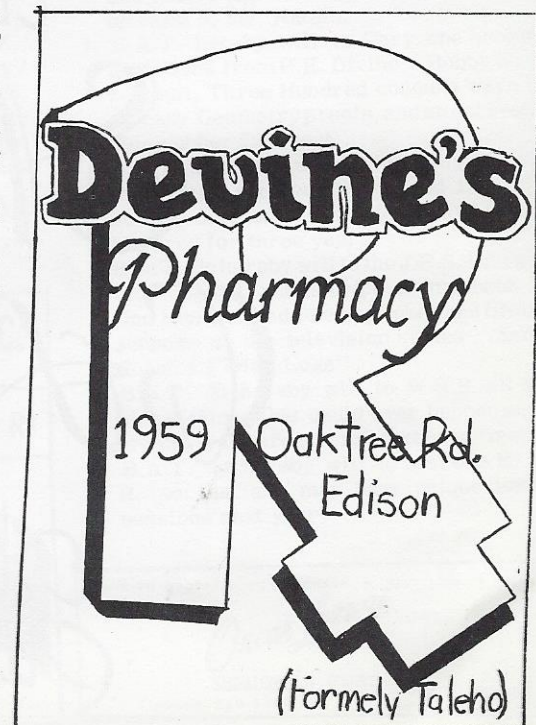
Last Will . . .

I, B.J. will Mr. Tracey an everlasting week-end down the shore.
 I, B.J. will Mr. Anczak all the coffee, cigarettes and buttered rolls in the world
 I, G.B. leave Mr. Reiter a carful of giggling girls and my life story
 I, G.B. leave T.P.D.I. to next year's seniors
 I, G.B. leave R.G. all my sarcastic comments
 We, "the girls" leave S.C. a valve to shut her mouth off.
 I, K.O. leave the J.P. Stevens H.S. Flag Twirling Squad many more great football games and parades.
 I, K.O. leave all the future seniors Dr. La Place's voice over the intercom
 I, K.O. leave Mr. R many more students like me for guidance
 I, M.F. leave R. K. all my Hamlet and Shakespeare memories
 I, M.F. leave R.S. all my respect for her playful attitude
 I, M.F. leave all that J.P.S. cafeteria food to all underclassmen.
 I, B.D. leave Mrs. Chmara her SOH-CAH-TOA!
 I, B.D. leave Wister Milliams and Wister Mcisloi
 I, B.D. leave Mr. Cohen a new suit!
 I, B.D. leave Mr. Levendusky a new chemistree!
 I, B.D. leave Mr. Esposito a pair of stilts!
 I, E.W. leave the memories of Sha, Hendri and L.H. Olsen to J.P.S.
 I, E.W. leave the biserkness of Monjers' park stunt.
 I, E.W. leave Mr. Remer the dopiness if J.K. and myself
 I, E.W. leave Mr. Cohen T.P.
 I, G.K. leave Mr. Fouratt a van M.B. and I cannot break into
 I, G.K. leave Mr. Natale a new 6 slice toaster for all his "toaster problems"
 I, G.K. leave Mr. Esterman all the papers he never read anyway.
 I, G.K. leave R.R. a Big 980 with a 681 to grind vinyl with
 I, G.K. leave Mr. Cohen - The Mad Typist -
 I, G.K. leave Dr. LaPlace - A country Club.
 I, K.H., leave much thanks to Ms. for making my senior year special.
 I, K.H., leave Mr. Carter fond (???) memories of "Ladies of the back", Jeff Turtle-taub, Tequila Mockingbird, the 3-D bulletin board, and a copy of "100 Ways To Sing The Impossible Dream".
 I, K.H., leave Fran and Barb a calculator to use in the stare count, straw hats to wear when playing "Bahama Delegation", and many thanks for all the crazy, wonderful memories I'll always have.
 I, K.H., leave Mr. Esterman a broom for his wife, a scrub board to remind him of the good old days, a new set of Bobbsey Triplets, and much thanks for making U.S. History 11 E one of the best history classes I ever had
 I, Anonymous, leave p.s. "some Shakespeare," one box of Quaker Oats 100% Natural Cereal, an autographed picture of Sir Walter Raleigh, a tropical island fully equipped with Jack Lord, Chica-gami, and little green men in tall silk hats.

I, M.P. leave luck for their next two years at Stevens to R.M. and D.M.
 I, M.P. leave a big car that always runs to Miss Yetman.
 We the girls leave K.F. a gallon of milk
 We, L.F., S.C., and G.B. leave S.L. some common sense.
 We the famous S & G leave the press box a new can of paint
 We the senior cheerleaders leave Mrs. P a bottle of Tranquilizers and a truck-load of tissues.
 I, N.L. leave S.M. a one-way ticket to Knickerbocker Avenue in Nutley, N.J.
 I, N.L. leave all the girls on the soccer team a busdriver who remains in the bus at all times.
 I, N.L. leave Mr. Patskanic approximately 5 thousand dollars, which I stole from the Newark School system, to purchase new lab manuals.
 I, M.B. will L.T. a face full of beer
 I, M.B. will L.N. a ride in my car.
 I, M.B. will T.B. some more of the good times we had together.
 I, M.B. will R.L. a squeeze at the Harem
 I, M.B. will T.B., M.D., R.L., J.A., F.M., another night like the one we had with Cinamon and iane
 I, M.B. will "Serious business" a basketball championship and a softball team
 I, M.B. will T.F., B.M., T.K., S.B., L.T., L.N., D.F., R.G., R.V., A.O., and others a part at T.F.'s house
 I, M.B. along with R.G. will anyone who hasn't got a laugh that will last a lifetime a dead duck.
 We, M.A.S. and J.D. leave M.S.B. 1 ounce phermaldahyde, an intestinal linging of a shark, 1 still beating frog heart and all our B-plus diagram
 I, K.W. leave "Poochie" with all my problems and dirty looks
 I, K.W. leave all good and bad memories at J.P.S.
 I, K.W. leave all my shortness behind.
 We the Senior Twirlers leave Mrs. Grasso next years Twirlers. Good Luck!
 We, G.B., S.C., L.F., leave summer catas-trophes to no one.
 We, J.K. and E.W. leave Mr. R. a pair of wings so he can disprove the Law of Gravity
 I, J.K. leave M.T. three basketballs which just might fit in his mouth.
 I, B.A.T. do hereby leave Mr. Ciociola a big lump of clay so that there could not be All The Clay Was Gone.
 I, B.A.T. leave Mr. Carter some brand new "Ladies of the Back".
 I, B.A.T., leave Kumquat with pleasure.
 I, J.R. leave my desk to Lloyd
 I, J.R. leave next year's Business Manager all the candy and donut sales that they can acquire.
 I, J.R. leave all the coin holders, purchase orders, invoices, receipts, advertising contracts and a pile of change to be counted, to next year's Business Manager.
 I, C.S. will this school the offering of Botany as a course on the curriculum.
 I, C.S. will Ms. Kolbay all the cat food at Stop & Shop for all her wonderful "fridders"

I, K.T. will L.F., B.J. and B.F. another pleasant trip to Florida.
 I, K.T. will L.R., R.L. and E.S. a future of good luck and happiness.
 I, W.S. leave C.D.G. a new class of Bio II clowns (Heckel and Jeckel)
 I, W.S. leave Uncle H. a spanish ashtray and a P.S.S.C. approved cup of coffee.
 I, W.S. leave Mr. G. a broadway cast of actors.
 I, W.S. leave Mr. B. my 2 yr. old dis-sected earthworm sandwich.
 I, W.S. leave Mr. F. a shiny new van.
 I, W.S. leave the junior class this school.
 I, P.S. leave Mr. B. a dissected seafood dinner complete with fermaldehyde.
 I, W.M. will L.T. a full sheet of paper.
 I, W.M. will S.B. a thousand proms to go to.
 I, W.M. will T.F. a clean bathroom and a new pair of shoes.
 I, W.M. will B.M. a million thank-you's for Brian.
 I, W.M. will L.T., C.B. and S.B. a healthy and prosperous future.
 I, B.W. leave behind that which I have forgotten and will try again.
 I will my Histo lab to the brave soul who takes Bio II, not to use but to burn.
 I will Mr. Remer a megaphone, so he won't have to yell so loud.
 I will alias Wesley to K.O. and D.M.
 To Miss Di Goia we will a perpetual scrubbing bubbles plant.
 I will to the Senior Bio II who takes P.S.S.C. Physics, due to teacher and Guidance pressure, a passing grade and determination.
 I will P.S. an eternal supply of gum.
 I will M.Q. a fresh set of jokes.

(Continued on page 8)



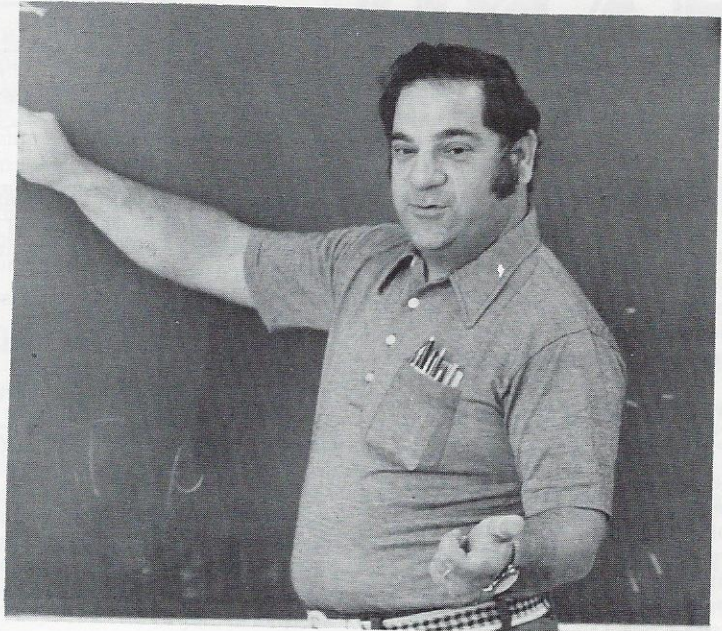
Mr. Natale Spotted "U"!

by Betty Takacs

As those who have Calculus or Trigonometry might have guessed, our final Mystery Guest was Mr. Richard Natale. Bearing a slight resemblance to Burt Reynolds, Mr. Natale is a small, easy going fellow who is actually rather shy. Amongst his school-reknown math masterpieces are the first, the second, and the third Most Important sheets in the Whole World. Teaching, to him, is a satisfying career because it provides him with enough time to involve himself in hobbies.

His pastimes include photography, puttering around his house, electronics, and especially driving and maintaining both his sports car and his tractor. "One thing I'd like to have," Mr. Natale remarked, "Is a car that says, 'I AM EX-EMPT FROM ALL TRAFFIC LAWS.'" He particularly enjoys driving his 240 Z on curvy, mountainous roads because there his car really handles nicely.

Mr. Natale is married and has two daughters, Janice, eleven, and Claire, nine. When asked, Mr. Natale replied, "They think math is dumb." Mr. Natale was a graduate of Bon Bosco College, in Newton, New Jersey, in the year 1956. He received his M.A. in Newark State, now Kean College. He once taught in private schools, and still believes that they are better than public schools. He spent two years in the army, stationed in South Carolina. He described the area as the



Mr. Natale makes a salient point

"Pits" and his experiences there are quite "forgettable".

He started teaching in Edison Township in 1962. "That means I've just finished my fifteenth year of teaching here, now!",

When asked for a quotable quote, Mr. Natale replied, "Pi 'R' Round! Pi 'R'

NOT square!!" Nothing ever seems to bother him and when asked if there was anything that really impressed him, he thought a while, then said, "Yes, they just recently found rings around Jupiter... or was it Uranus?? Well, that really impressed me!"

Congratulations

To The

CLASS OF '77

From the

Class Of '78

Good Luck!

HAND in HAND



by Linda Wellman

There is something touching about a twenty-six year old man who refuses to go home after a day long carnival spree. There is something special in a six-year-old's smile when he sees thousands of helium balloons floating in the sky. And there is something altogether marvelous that allows over ten thousand volunteers to work together baking cupcakes, become traffic guards, setting up booths, and organizing an immense festival for the mentally retarded.

This year's Hand-in-Hand Festival provided all of these memorable moments. On May 7, over four thousand mentally retarded citizens travelled from all over the state to come to the fair at Middlesex County College.

Throughout the day, the retarded guests were encouraged to do anything they wanted to do. Sponges were thrown into clowns' faces, cardboard boxes were stacked up and knocked over again, hay stacks were scattered by scampering feet, and helicopters, fire trucks, and ambulances were explored by curious guests. Punch and Judy puppets battled, and clowns with painted faces surrounded the campus. Live singing and dancing and other exciting entertainment, was presented hour after hour.

A large band started playing a lively march, and lunch was served. Hamburgers, hotdogs, sodas, and orange drink disappeared by the thousands. Children's faces became dotted with mustard and ketchup.

And when the stage was being disassembled and the buses were leaving for home, one twenty-six year old man sat down and refused to leave the scene where he had been shown so much love that day. Dozens of doctors, nurses, and psychologists were unable to convince this man to board his bus. That was perhaps the most beautiful scene of all.

Last Will and Testament

(Cont. from p. 7)

- I will P.S. all the sleep she needs to catch up on the nights that we spent burning the candle.
- I will Mr. Cohen a bottle of methyl cellulose so he will slow down and his students can take notes.
- I will to all my friends a memory more like mine.
- I will K.O. optimism and a smile till the end of time.
- I will D.M. the speed of light so that she can run from her house to mine without anyone seeing her.
- I, K.F. leave G.B., S.C., L.F. and S.L. the "Foxy Mansion" on C. Lane for future escapades.
- I, K.F. leave "the girls" memories of 4 nervous backseat drivers screaming directions over a radio, an air conditioner and Gladys.
- I, K.F. leave eight JPS cheerleaders memories of laying on the Edison High School field hiding from the police after painting the pressbox at 4:00 a.m.
- I, K.F. leave L.F. memories of her midnight pool party and to S.C. of our chicken fights.
- I, K.F. leave C.B. and C.G. all our schemes.
- I, J.R. leave M.B. a first period lab every Mon., Wed., and Fri.
- I, J.R. leave M.B. 180 tardy notes for gym.
- I, J.R. leave M.B. all the absent notes he wants.
- I, J.R. leave Dr. La Place a brand new PA system to play with any time he wants.
- I, J.R. leave Mr. Esterman a dozen copies of Garraty.
- I, J.R. leave Ms. a dozen cream filled donuts and a roast beef sub with white American and mayonnaise.
- I, J.R. leave Linda all the viruses she can handle.
- I, J.R. leave Tim enough sports articles to fill two pages in each issue of Hawkeye.
- We, J.R. & T.F., leave R.K. one free phone call to Florida per week and many thanks for all the special things we shared.



549-2356

**Charles Farrell
Dance Studio**

184 Route 27, Edison, NJ
PICK UP SERVICE AVAILABLE

283-1616
EAGLE

HARDWARE

and
GARDEN CENTER

1369 Oaktree Rd
Edison

Scott's Lawn Supplies
Benjamin Moore Paints
Carnes

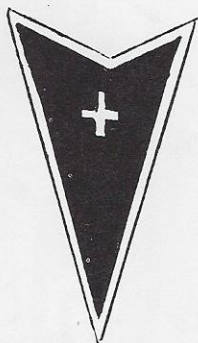
Prestige
HAIR FASHIONS



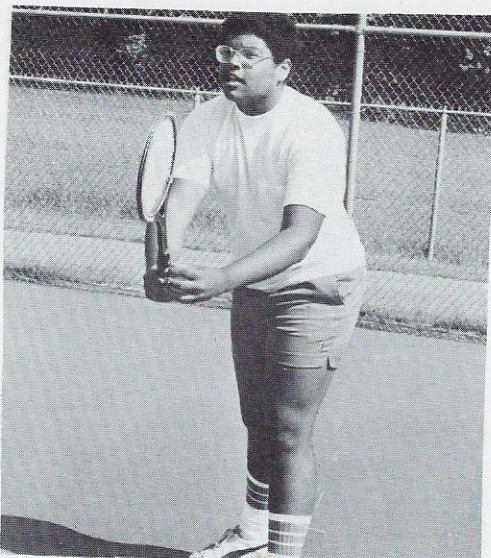
236 Inman Ave
Colonia, NJ
574-8288

Kaiser's Flowers
499 Main St.
Metuchen 548-2578
also in Menlo Park

REYDEL
Pontiac



2034 Lincoln Hwy
Edison
287-2828



Team member James Wales at practice on the court

Joe Romer TROPHY SHOP
N. J. Largest Selection of Trophies

445 Main Street
Metuchen, N. J. 08840

(201) 549-3277

Tennis Anyone?

by Mary Karch

This year's J.P. Steven's Tennis Team consists of 19 guys, who are coached by Mr. John Shafrański. The seven members who start are: seniors Mike Cohn and Rob Finkel; juniors Todd Kaplan, George Neelen and Steve Sitrin; and sophomores Randy Brause and Dan Brady. The other 11 members of the team include: seniors Jon Cimene, Steve Stein, Jim Wales and Rick Weinbaum; junior Martin Baron, sophomores Steve Brody, Jay Messing and Kenny Pluskota; and freshmen Scott Glickman from John Adams, Dave Rosenberg from Woodrow Wilson and Mitchell Stein from Herbert Hoover. Sophomore Richard Buyer is the manager.

The team's hard work and dedication has been exemplified in their record of 12 wins and 1 loss, as of May 12th.

The last match of the season is May 27th, with the exception of a non-conference match against Metuchen on June 1st. Come out and support the team!

ATHLETIC TEAM UNIFORMS
AND EQUIPMENT

(201) 548-0423

Metuchen Center, Inc.

SPORTING GOODS
PHOTO SUPPLIES

CRAFTS
TOYS

HOBBIES
ART SUPPLIES

400 MAIN STREET
METUCHEN, N. J. 08840

CONGRATULATIONS

to the Class of 1977
from the Edison Township

Councilmen

Mayor

Thomas H. Paterniti
Council President

Edward S. Grygo

Lewis M. Bloom
Herbert H. Daugherty Jr.
Dorothy K. Drawl
Margery S. Golin
John P. Hogan
Paul A. Muzzo

